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THE LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. IV.

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No. 2.

ISABELLA; OR, THE MAIDEN OF GLEN SAUGH.*

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

BY S.

CHAPTER V.

"There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
My heart grew cold—it felt not then;
When shall it cease to feel again?"

Montgomery.

THAT evening, Mr. Lindsay drank tea with them at the cottage, and still further delighted Isabella with his agreeable manners and conversation. Lillias was very silent and dull; for that very day, Mr. Munro, her greatest and most favoured admirer, had left S——, and proceeded to London upon business, which would probably detain him for some months. Lillias missed him greatly, for there was a wit and liveliness about his conversation, which accorded well with her own. She listened for some time to the conversation which was passing between Mr. Lindsay, Isabella and James, but finding it too grave and learned for her taste, she put on her bonnet, and went to take a short ramble along the sea shore.

After walking a while, she wrapped her shawl tightly around her, for the north wind was chill and piercing, and, sitting down upon a rock, she gazed with awe and delight upon the scene before her.

The noise of the ocean has a strange effect upon those who have not been accustomed to its presence, whether heard in those low rippling waves which roll gently and playfully along, and break with such a sleepy murmur upon the sandy beach; or, when lashed into fury and impotent rage, they dash their snow-white crests upon the unyielding rocks, and spend the expiring efforts of their fury, in showers of silvery spray. Our

minds are wafted away upon the rolling billows, and fancy roams to the distant shores whence they have come. The contrast between its mighty overwhelming force, and our own puny insignificance, strikes our hearts, and bids us think, whether we will or not.

Lillias felt thus as she gazed upon the foaming waves, as they rolled majestically along, and laid at her feet their watery tribute of sea-weed and shell. She thought of her own conduct, often so childishly frivolous and thoughtless, and her imagination wandered back to the lonely Glen Saugh. She remembered the joys and sorrows she had experienced there, and the pale faces of her departed parents seemed to rise before her.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lillias, "it is not that I am hard-hearted or unfeeling, but affliction has not the same effect upon me as upon Isabella and Robert. I feel keenly at the moment, but my spirits soon revive. But who is like Isabella? I never knew her real worth till now, when she is surrounded by so many others, to whom she rises so far superior. Were I but as good as Isabella, how happy I would be! I will not tease her about Mr. Lindsay, and laugh next time she tells me I am wrong."

"Ah, ha! how d'ye do! Soliloquizing, I suppose; how romantic! Quite in love, eh! What a charming evening! Sister quite well at home, and all the rest? Why, surely, child, I have not frightened you out of your wits! How you jumped when I spoke to you!" said the dashing, bouncing Miss Williamson, as she interrupted Lillias' serious meditations by a good, heavy thump upon the shoulder, but which she intended for a gentle tap.

"Good evening, Miss Williamson," replied

*Continued from page 31.

Lilias, as soon as she had recovered her breath :
 "are you also enjoying this delightful evening?"

"Oh, yes! ha! ha! I always like to walk upon the beach when it is stormy, the breeze is so delightfully refreshing, and it elevates one's spirits so charmingly. But," she continued, flying with her usual rapidity from one subject to another, "have you heard the news; all S—— is in a commotion about it?"

"No," replied Lilias, "I have heard nothing. What has happened?"

"Nothing as yet, child, but something, no doubt, will soon happen, for a great heiress and beauty is coming here, and we are all making up our minds to lose our lovers, though after all she can only carry one off. You may be very glad that Munro is absent, for she may be married before he returns, so you have the best chance among us."

"But who is this great heiress and beauty?" inquired Lilias, "who is to overthrow in a moment the work of years?"

"Why, my dear, her father was old Mr. Hepburn, of Craigmile, a very rich old man, who married a very pretty young wife, and they say that she inherits all her mother's beauty, and what will serve her still better, all her father's cash; for he is dead, and she is now Lady of Craigmile, a property which none of our S—— beaux think is to be sneezed at. But come along, child, and have a walk, for you will catch cold sitting upon this rock, with the spray dashing over you."

So taking a firm grasp of Lilias by the arm, off she marched with long steps, detailing all the news she had heard concerning this new star, which was to outshine them all.

"MR DEAR MRS. FORSYTH,—Again I take up my pen to furnish you with some more news and nonsense, in the hope that it will amuse you as much as the last.

"Time has sped swiftly onwards since I left Glen Saugh, and we are now surrounded by 'gloomy winter.' How often, when in the midst of gaiety, do I shut my eyes, and fancy myself seated beside you at the cheerful fire-side, listening to your amusing tales. Oh, happy days!—days of simplicity and peace, which can never more return!

I have now discovered why winter is here hailed with so much delight, for there is now a continued round of balls, assemblies and card parties. I frequently attend them, but, as you know, do not dance; however, I amuse myself very well, admiring others. I have looked in vain for a sight of one of those minuets which you used to speak, and the other evening, when I

asked Miss Williamson if she could dance one, she laughed heartily at my rusticity, and exclaimed:

"Where in all the world did you hear of such an old-fashioned dance; why, surely, you read nothing but Sir Charles Grandison. I believe my grandmother used to dance it, but don't let any one hear you ask such a silly question, or they will be sure to laugh at you," and she ended with a loud ha! ha! which drew the attention of the whole room upon us.

"Mr. Lindsay came forward, and inquired the cause of so much mirth. I informed him, notwithstanding Miss Williamson's admonitions, upon which he very gravely remarked, that it was a pity minuets had been discarded, for nothing but tiresome country dances had supplanted them.

"I told you that I would let you know whether Mr. Lindsay answered my expectations upon a more intimate acquaintance, and I can only say, that he far surpasses them. He is a constant visitor at our residence, and is almost our only intimate friend; for the good folks here are so fashionable, that they have no time for friendship.

"James has sent Robert to college; he makes rapid progress in his studies, and is extremely attentive. Poor boy! it is well that he is so, for by his own exertions alone, he will have to make his way through a cold, hard-hearted world.

"I have an excellent joke to tell you about one of our S—— ladies, and it is Miss Kate, that specimen of benevolence and oddity, to whom it relates.

"The other evening, I was at a party given by Mrs. Graham, and Miss Kate sat next me at table. After we had finished supper, a plate of oranges and almonds was handed to me, which I declined. To my great surprise, I observed Miss Kate help herself very liberally to a couple of the largest oranges, and, at least, half the almonds, and turning to me, she urged me to do the same. I thanked her, but said I thought I had already done full justice to the supper. With a very significant shove of her elbow, and a peculiarly comical wink, she said:

"'Troth, lassie, tak' it,' and then whispered: 'Just put it in your pouch.'

"I did not know what to do, and in my confusion, she emptied them into my lap. I watched for an opportunity, when she was looking another way, to deposit this pilfering upon the table, unobserved; but I did it in a manner so thief-like, that Mr. Lindsay's quick eye caught me.

"'Is it possible, Miss Leslie!' he exclaimed, laughing; 'can I believe my senses?'

"But upon observing my embarrassment, a

significant nod, which he directed to my neighbor, showed that he understood who was the author of this petty larceny: and well he might, for in his boyhood he had often profited by Miss Kate's prudent foresight; for the day after a party, she watches for the school boys as they pass her house, and especial favorites are summoned to receive these marks of her favor, which vary according to the size of the party she had attended the previous evening. When she had been out to tea, merely 'in a friendly way,' a pilfered lump of sugar, or a biscuit, only, was forthcoming, whereas, a ball furnished cakes and other dainties; and so it may be easily supposed that Miss Kate enjoys great popularity among the juveniles.

"Last week, as I was proceeding to call upon her, I met a lady upon the way, who said that she would accompany me. Miss Kate, I suppose, had been actively engaged superintending her domestic duties, and probably was in her *dis-habill*, as she calls it. With me she would have been upon no ceremony, but upon seeing the lady by whom I was accompanied, she retreated to her room, and desired the servant to say, 'not at home.' This announcement, however, had not the desired effect, for my companion said:

"I am sorry that Miss Duff is not at home, but as I am very much fatigued with my long walk, I will take the liberty of sitting down in the drawing-room for a few moments."

"We were accordingly ushered into the house, and the servant, by Miss Kate's direction, I suppose, very kindly offered us a glass of wine, which I declined. My companion did the same, but added, that she would thank her for a tumbler of water.

"'Trot, trot' the wine, it'll do ye guid after your long walk, diann be fear't o't."

"'Tak' it, bairns!" cried the well-known voice of Miss Kate, through the key-hole of an adjoining room, greatly to the confusion of the servant girl, and in accents so kind and hearty, that we could not resist them, and each swallowed the wine as quickly as possible, and made a hasty retreat, lest our uncontrollable laughter should reach the ears of the hospitable lady, who was 'not at home.'

"You bid me beware of my heart, lest it is transferred to Mr. Lindsay, without its possessor's knowledge, and you tell me of one who is constantly making kind enquiries after my health and happiness. To your warning, I say, fear not; for as yet, I only esteem, admire, respect—but do not love. With regard to Broombank, I can never forget him, but my feelings have already undergone a great change, and I will confess to you, that I no longer love him. Do not question

me further upon this subject, for I cannot assign any reason for my fickleness. It is not the effect of time, nor of his unworthiness, nor of another attachment upon my part. I only hope that absence may have the effect of alienating his affections from me, for it would grieve me to wound his manly, generous heart, by unlessered coldness, and I can henceforth regard him only as a dear friend.

"But to change this painful subject, I must give you a piece of news, which creates quite a commotion among the inhabitants of S——. This is, the arrival of a great beauty and heiress among us, who threatens to throw all the other ladies of our good town, into the shade. I have seen her several times, and she is certainly the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! Her figure is about the middle height, and she is particularly elegant in appearance. She possesses those delicately formed and regular features, with which we seldom meet, and her long yellow hair falls, like a shower of gold, over shoulders white as snow. She dances most gracefully, and reports says, is as accomplished as beautiful. Nature has, indeed, in every respect, been very bountiful to her. Upon her appearance, all the gentlemen deserted their old flames, and crowded around this lovely specimen of human nature, in a manner which I thought must have confused and embarrassed her extremely, and I was not a little astonished to observe that she received all their homage as a matter of course, and an acknowledged right. I will own to you, that it was with feelings of great pleasure that I beheld Mr. Lindsay retain his seat by my side for the evening, and he did not even request an introduction to Miss Hepburn. He certainly admires her, for I read it in his looks, and I observed her regard him several times with an appearance of interest; but this may only be imagination in me."

"I resume my pen to finish this letter, after a lapse of two days. I attended a magnificent entertainment at Craigmile, last evening, which was given to celebrate the birth-day of the beautiful Ellen Hepburn. She was looking, if possible, lovelier than ever.

"Alas! jealousy is the test by which to prove love, and even to discover if such a feeling exists. To you, my early friend, I will confess, that your suspicions have been, for my peace of mind, too well realized, and the conviction that I love Mr. Lindsay has most cruelly been brought home to my heart. It was not until I heard him talking to another, in the same low, soft tones, in which he used to converse with me alone—it was not till I beheld the same flattering attentions bestowed upon another, which I alone had shared,

that I felt the horror of jealousy, and knew what it was to love. You will perhaps say that I am wrong to judge his conduct after such a brief acquaintance, but comfort me not. I foresee all that will happen. Oh! that I had never left Glen Saugh! There, I would at least have passed a life of quiet and contentment, and never felt the anguish of unrequited love. It does not alleviate my grief when I reflect that I am inflicting the same woes upon another. Poor Broombank! I pity him, but I hope he will not feel so acutely as I do.

"You inform me that he is coming to see me very soon, but I dread to behold him. I feel as I would upon meeting a person to whom I had done an injury. But if I have injured him, am I to blame? Actions may be restrained—words may be controlled, but the feelings of the heart spurn the dictates of prudence and of reason! Unbidden, they rise, and unwished for, they come! Had I remained in Glen Saugh, I would have become his, and my life would have passed away calmly and peacefully as the silvery stream which glides through my native vale. That dream is over now. I feel a strange foreboding, that henceforth, like the mountain torrent, my path will be thorny and rugged, and I only pray that if such be my lot, resignation may be mine.

"I cannot blame Mr. Lindsay, for the shrine at which he bends is worthy of his homage. I entertain no feeling of envy towards her, but, on the contrary, admire her as much as *he* possibly can. Last night she was requested to play upon the harp, which she accompanied with her voice, and as the clear, liquid tones fell upon my enchanted ear, I became unconscious of aught else around, and only wished that I might not re-awaken to sad reality!"

CHAPTER VI.

"Sad thy tale, thou little page,
And rueful thy alarms;
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms!"

"Fate oft tears the bosom's chords,
That Nature finest strung;
So Isabella's heart was formed,
And so that heart was wrung!"

Diurns.

AFTER the short respite the orphans had enjoyed, and as time was beginning to alleviate their sorrow for the dead, affliction again visited them, and inflicted another hasting pang upon their already lacerated hearts.

One cold, stormy evening, James Leslie was called away to attend a patient, who resided at a

distance of some miles. It was midnight ere he left the dwelling to return home, and during his absence, the river which he had to ford, became swollen to a great height and rapidity, in consequence of the great quantity of rain which had fallen upon the hills, among which it derived its source. He would not listen to the entreaties of the farmer and his family, who begged him to remain with them all night, but assured them that he was so well acquainted with the river, that there could not possibly be any danger. Cheerfully he bade them farewell, and departed homewards.

Next morning, at dawn, his lifeless body was found many miles down the stream, and conveyed home to the disconsolate family.

There is a state of feeling which cannot be described, so intense and hopeless it is, and it was thus that the remaining orphans felt. First their father had gone: ere another week, their mother had followed; and now, James, their remaining prop and protector, was laid beside them in the silent grave. Their grief was violent and lasting, and it was long before they could bring their minds to think of temporal concerns. Isabella was the first who felt the necessity of exerting herself, and the consciousness that her younger sister and brother now looked up to her for comfort and support, roused her to exertion. The lease of the farm of Glen Saugh expired with the life of James, and therefore the annuity they had enjoyed from that source, had ceased.

In this emergency, the eccentric, but kind-hearted Miss Kate Duff, came forward, and both by her advice and efficient assistance, endeavored to brighten their gloomy prospects. She called upon Isabella, with an expression of joy upon her naturally good-natured countenance, and informed her that she had just received a letter from a friend, Mrs. Lee, of Belfield, who resided in the metropolis, saying, that her governess had left her, and inquiring if Miss Kate knew of any young lady whom she could recommend to supply her place. There were only two children, neither of them six years of age, and the duties were so light that Miss Kate advised Lillias to take it into consideration, and she would inform Mrs. Lee.

Lillias replied, without hesitation, that she would thankfully accept this offer, for she would not then be a burden upon Isabella.

It was finally determined that Lillias should depart for the metropolis, and Isabella, thinking that in such a large city she would certainly find some suitable employment, resolved to accompany her, and also to take Robert with them.

She was determined that her reduced circumstances should not influence his prospects in life,

and she resolved that if unwearied industry and rigid self-denial were of any avail, they would be exerted in his behalf. She therefore disposed of all their furniture, and prepared to depart from the cottage, which had been to her the home of few joys and many sorrows.

Before going, she refused to see any but a few particular friends, and though Mr. Lindsay had called several times to inquire after her health, she would not see him, for she thought it was better they should meet no more, especially as it was already reported that he was the favoured suitor of Miss Hepburn. She had made up her mind to lose him, and she did not wish her newly acquired firmness to be shaken; besides, her pride would not allow her to meet him, lest he might discover by her emotion, that love for him still lingered in her heart.

The night previous to their departure from S——, they spent with Miss Kate and Jeanie Duff, and while they were talking over their plans for the future, the servant entered, and informed Isabella that a person wished to see her. She immediately descended to the drawing room, and started back when she beheld Broombank before her.

"Oh, Isabella!" he exclaimed, "so you were going far away, without coming to bid good bye to your old friends at Glen Saugh. But perhaps you have forgotten us all!" he added, in a saddened voice.

"No!" replied Isabella, "I have not forgotten any of you, and never shall, wherever I may go; but why should I add to my grief by going there, only to bid them another long adieu?"

"But you need not bid us adieu, Isabella," continued Broombank, "for I have come to take you away with me, and you must never leave us again. Mrs. Forsyth has sent you this letter, begging you to accept a home with her, and, Isabella, you will require that home only for a few months, for by that time I will have one to offer you, if you will but render me happy by sharing it."

"No, Broombank," she replied; "I gratefully thank Mrs. Forsyth and you for these proofs of your warm and disinterested love, but I cannot accept of either of these offers. I have one dependent upon me, and for Robert's sake I must use every effort in my power."

"Then, Isabella," interrupted he, "will you not allow me to assist you in this labour of love? I will act by Robert as if he were my own brother, and while I live he shall never feel the want of those who are gone. Answer me, Isabella; will you now be mine? or," continued he, gazing into her embarrassed and averted countenance, "do you no longer love me? Do not speak! I

see it all. I did hear that you had been greatly admired by many when you came to S——, and that one in return was favoured by your love, but I did not believe it! I find, alas! that it is too true, and my hopes are all blighted. The thought of your return to the Glen has cheered many a lonely hour, but I must think of that no more. I might have known that when you got among the braw town gallants, you would forget a plain country lad like me, for they can speak such fine, sweet words, and tell you of love that their hearts cannot feel—but *my* heart feels what my tongue can never tell!"

Poor Broombank was deeply agitated as he uttered the foregoing sentence, and his tremulous voice betokened the agony of his disappointed affections. Again he urged her to accept Mrs. Forsyth's offer, but Isabella's independent spirit would not allow her to be a burden upon the scanty annuity which she well knew was all that Mrs. Forsyth possessed.

Finding persuasion ineffectual, Broombank rose to depart, and taking her hand, he added, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion:

"Farewell, Isabella! you are going far away, and I wish you all that happiness I can never feel. Our last parting was sad, but this is sadder still. Then I had hope, but now even that comforter is denied me. Farewell!"

As he ended, he turned away, and in silence and sadness of heart, Isabella Leslie beheld the departure of her truest friend.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as he left her, "why is my destiny so sad? Where I am loved, I cannot love again, and where I love, I can hope for no return. When will fate be weary of persecuting me?"

Next morning, with heavy hearts, and after many wishes for their prosperity, from their warm-hearted hostesses, they bade adieu to S——, and proceeded on their long and weary journey. It was the evening of the day after their departure, before the stage rolled along the streets of the metropolis. Much as Edinburgh has improved since that period, yet, even then, its splendid buildings and spacious streets were sufficient to fill their minds with wonder and delight. Though, at that time, it was as nothing when compared to its present magnificence, yet already did its noble structures of modern times look with disdain upon the venerable, time-worn buildings, within whose wainscotted walls kings and princes once dwelt.

They felt completely bewildered as the stage drove through street after street, and as they beheld the brilliantly illuminated shops glittering with their costly wares, and heard the voices of the ballad-singers mingling with the clear and

often melodious cries of the fisherwomen. This confused medley of sounds, so different from the stillness which had always reigned in the streets of S—— by night, almost terrified them, and they drew closer to each other, as if for protection. That night, they remained at the inn, and slept soundly after the fatigues of the day.

Next morning, Isabella accompanied Lillias to her future abode, which was situated in the New Town, where she was to begin her career as governess. True, her occupation was not very arduous, for the youngest child had yet to be taught her alphabet, and the other was not much further advanced, (for these were not the days of precocious genius, and babes were not taught to read ere they could lisp the words.) Her feelings were such as all must have experienced, who have known what it is to be separated from their family, and to enter a dwelling whose inmates are strangers, and where but a cold reception perhaps awaits them. Poor Lillias felt thus as she traversed the spacious hall, and ascended the ample staircase which conducted to Mrs. Lee's drawing-room.

When they entered it, they found a lady, apparently about thirty years of age, seated at a work table, sewing very busily, while two little girls at her feet, were dressing a doll almost as large as themselves.

Mrs. Lee saluted them very kindly, and desiring them to be seated, proceeded to read the letter with which Miss Kate had introduced them.

"So you are the young lady whom Miss Duff recommends so warmly," said she, addressing Lillias; "and if only one half of what she here says in praise of you, is true, we shall be excellent friends. These are your young charges," continued she, pointing to the two little girls, whose dolls were laid aside as they gazed upon the strangers.

Mrs. Lee then began talking to Isabella concerning her prospects, and desired her to apply to her if she could be of any assistance to her.

While they were conversing, little Margaret and Agnes Lee were rapidly making acquaintance with their new governess, and Agnes discovered, greatly to her delight, that Lillias' eyes and hair were exactly the same color as her new wax doll, and that her cheeks were almost as rosy. By the time Isabella rose to depart, she was on excellent terms with her little pupils.

She felt more cheerful than could have been expected when she bade adieu to her sister, whom Mrs. Lee said she might visit frequently.

Isabella now proceeded back to the inn, escorted by a little boy, whom she had engaged as a guide to conduct her through the intricate mazes of the town, and, accompanied by Robert, she

went to deliver another letter she had received from the good Miss Kate. For this purpose she had to traverse the greater part of the Old Town, which was not then, as now, the abode of misery and poverty.

Robert and Isabella beheld with astonishment, the lofty houses, some ten and twelve stories high, and the long narrow streets crowded with busy faces.

After threading a perfect labyrinth of streets and wynds, they arrived at their destination, and were ushered into the abode of Mrs. Galbraith, a decayed gentlewoman, (as a lady in reduced circumstances was termed,) who, being a widow, resided alone, with her daughter.

Mrs. Galbraith received them very graciously, and presented Isabella to her daughter Mary, a pretty mild-looking girl, who was engaged in bordering shawls.

Mrs. Galbraith was an excellent specimen of the lady of the old school, and the antique fashion of her dress, and the formal politeness of her manners, betokened that she was no friend to modern innovations. It was agreed that Isabella should be received by her as a boarder, and she was delighted with the air of peace and quiet which pervaded the abode, which was as old-fashioned as its mistress.

After the sale of the furniture and effects belonging to their house in S——, Isabella was left in possession of a sum of money, small it is true, but sufficient to maintain Robert at college for some months, and by that time, she trusted that she might acquire an occupation, and be thus enabled to retain him there.

Accordingly, next day he departed to the college, and she took up her abode with Mrs. Galbraith. She explained to her the circumstances in which she was placed, and asked her advice concerning what she should do. The kind-hearted Mary immediately said:

"Miss Leslie, if you would like such work as this, I can easily procure you plenty?"

"But I cannot embroider," replied Isabella, "or I would thankfully accept your offer."

"Oh! as to that," said Mary, "a few lessons would soon render you capable of doing it very well, and you can begin with a coarser kind of shawls, and as you improve, you can procure such as these."

Isabella thanked her with feelings of the warmest gratitude, and immediately began taking lessons in embroidery. She possessed excellent natural taste for this kind of work, and in a short time even excelled her obliging preceptress, both in the beauty of the style, and the richness and originality of the patterns. This species of embroidery had but newly come into fashion, and

therefore it was well remunerated, and Isabella carefully hoarded up her gains, in order that the darling wish of her heart might be accomplished, that Robert might complete his studies. On her the support of two persons depended, therefore it was only by the most unremitting diligence that she could hope to accomplish her plans. From daylight till midnight she plied the busy needle, and submitted with a good grace to the scoldings Mrs. Galbraith gave her because she would not stir out of the house. In vain she told Isabella that she would ruin her health, her beautiful eyes and fine complexion, by sitting at work so constantly; but what were health, eyes, or complexion to her, when compared to the welfare of her brother!—and unweariedly she toiled on.

Fashion, that reckless tyrant, whose slightest variation works ruin to thousands, soon deprived her of this resource, and after she had been about a year in Edinburgh, those shawls were no longer required; therefore embroidery was useless. She could have procured plenty of plain sewing, but this was so badly remunerated, that the profits arising from it would never be adequate to her own support and the education of her brother.

The merchant by whom she had been employed advised her to remove to a manufacturing city, which was situated at a distance of about forty miles, and he offered to give her a letter of introduction to one of the mercantile houses there.

Isabella felt that this removal would be a great trial to her, for this step would separate her from Robert and Lilius, and she would be unable to see them excepting at long intervals.

Lilius still resided with Mrs. Lee, who treated her as a daughter, and the children had also become strongly attached to her. She had always contributed towards Robert's support, the little she could spare from her salary, but the sum was so very trifling that he almost wholly depended upon Isabella.

Sacrificing her own feelings to the interests of her brother, Isabella resolved to leave Edinburgh, and after having affectionately, and with many tears, bade them farewell, and given them strict orders with regard to writing punctually, she hastily prepared for her departure.

It was with mutual regret that she bade adieu to Mrs. Galbraith, and her amiable daughter Mary, whose unflinching kindness and cheerfulness had rendered her residence in Edinburgh much happier than it would otherwise have been.

She now departed, and alone, for a city with which she was wholly unacquainted, and where no friendly smile would greet her arrival. One short year ago, and she would have shuddered at

the prospect, but Adversity, that stern monitor, had taught her self-dependence, and she felt that the same all-powerful Being, who had hitherto protected and supported her amid her many trials, would not now desert her. That engrossing desire, which precluded all minor considerations, namely, the advancement of her brother, made every trial appear light, and she looked forward to his success in the world, with feelings of the most delightful satisfaction.

Immediately after her arrival she delivered the letter to the manufacturer, by whom she was at once supplied with embroidery. She obtained lodgings in an obscure part of the city, and unremittingly toiled on.

There are some beings in this world who appear doomed to continual afflictions, and who, were it not for their dependence upon a higher support than that which earth affords, would sink into gloomy despondency. Such was the fate of Isabella. Nurtured amid peace and plenty, surrounded by a fond and united family, her lot had promised to be happy, though perhaps humble. Now, far from the place of her birth, in the midst of a noisy city, without friend or protector near her, she toiled on, denying herself even the comforts of life, and wasting health and strength. Nor was this all. Death had robbed her of all those kind relatives, except two, from whom cruel necessity had separated her, and the pangs of disappointed love still ranked in her bosom. Amid these various trials, religion alone supported her, and but for its strengthening influence, she would have sunk under them. During this time, Robert was unconscious of all that Isabella was enduring for his sake. Had he been aware of it, he would not have permitted her to continue, for he was a noble-hearted, generous boy, and would have sought any employment by which to support himself. Of this Isabella was aware, and therefore it was always in a cheerful strain that her letters were addressed to him.

CHAPTER VII.

" Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known:
Each wave that we danced on at morning, ebbs from
us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!"

Moore.

TIME, impartial alike to the happy and the wretched, swept onwards on his undeviating course, and Isabella still remained the same. We behold her again, after the lapse of four years, through which she has wearily struggled.

But those four years have not passed without marking another dark era in her existence.

Lilias, the laughing, light-hearted Lilias, slept with the dead, and her grave was close by the murmuring waters of the Shannon. She had wedded the object of her choice, but had not long survived her marriage. He was poor, though well deserving her love, and Mrs. Lee, ever kind to her, had procured him a situation with a relative who had an estate in Ireland, and thither they had removed. She survived only a year, and Isabella, thus deprived of all other objects of affection, now centred all her love in Robert. He was the only oasis in the desert of her existence.

We behold her when four years have elapsed since she entered this city, and that period has wrought many changes in her appearance. She still possesses the same fine dark eyes, but they now wear a melancholy, sad expression. Her features retain all the delicacy of their outline, but anxiety and fatigue have chased the colour which once mantled on her cheek, and left it pale and colourless as marble. She is still seated in the same small room, containing its humble, scanty furniture, and beside her lie a heap of rich shawls, which owe to her the gay wreaths of flowers with which they are embroidered.

Suddenly a hasty knock comes to the door; Isabella rises and opens it, and in a moment is clasped in the arms of her brother.

"Oh, Robert! is this indeed you?" she exclaimed; "you know not how glad I am that you have come at length."

Robert, without replying, gazed earnestly in her face, and then around at the humble apartment.

"And is it for my sake?" he passionately exclaimed, "that you have endured all those privations that I read so plainly in your pale, thin cheeks? Oh, Isabella! I hope that I may never prove unworthy of all the sacrifices you have made for me. If it is in my power to prevent it, you shall never more know poverty or sorrow."

The joy of that moment, amply repaid Isabella for years of toil and suffering, and as she gazed upon her intelligent, noble-looking brother, she felt with pride and joy, that she had made him what he was.

He had just received his diploma as surgeon, and many flattering encomiums had been bestowed upon him by the medical board, by which he had been examined. One gentleman, in particular, had taken a great interest in him; and after having invited him to call upon him next day, made him a very advantageous offer of the situation of surgeon of a large vessel, which would shortly sail for Van Dieman's Land. He would return with the vessel on its homeward voyage, and his

services would be most handsomely remunerated. Robert thanked the stranger most warmly for his kindness, but said that he must consult his sister before accepting this offer, adding, that he would see him in a few days, and that he would immediately write her decision.

It was with a variety of conflicting feelings, that Isabella listened, as Robert enumerated to her the advantages which would result from accepting this offer. She felt it cruel for him to be torn away from her, just as she thought their long separation was at an end. On the other hand, would it not be selfish to deprive him of this excellent situation? She was so generous and disinterested, that she did not hesitate for a moment, concerning the course he should adopt.

"Go, Robert, she said, though it will grieve me to part from you. Go, and my prayers shall attend you!"

"Isabella!" he replied, "I would not be so cruel as to leave you alone for such a long period, but I think it will be to your advantage also, that I go. Thanks to the generous man who has befriended me, I have it in my power to leave you in comfort till I return. So you must lay aside all that work, and spend the time, while I am absent, in endeavouring to regain the roses that have fled from your cheek."

Isabella smiled sadly, as Robert proceeded in this cheerful strain, but she endeavoured to appear resigned to this long separation. She immediately made the necessary preparations for his departure, and resolved to return to reside with her old friend, Mrs. Galbraith, in Edinburgh, till her brother's return. Robert accompanied her thither, and resided also with the good lady, till his departure upon his long voyage. Although Isabella felt the separation very keenly, Hope still pointed to the future. But, alas! it only told a "flattering tale."

After having seen Robert on board, and bidden him many a tender adieu, Mary Galbraith and Isabella watched the receding vessel, as long as it continued in view, and then with tearful eyes returned to their home.

Isabella was rendered independent for a time by the sum Robert had placed at her disposal. Her long and severe application to needle-work had impaired her health; but being gifted by Nature with an excellent constitution, by using exercise, and entering a little into amusement, she soon revived, and began, once more, to look like her former self. For the gentle Mary, she felt all the affection of a sister; and Mary in return, regarded Isabella almost as a being of a superior order, for she was aware of all the hardships she had endured on her brother's account. But Mary would often murmur to herself, "If I had only

such a brother as Robert Leslie, what would I not also suffer for his sake !

With Isabella, now comparatively happy, time sped quickly away, and about eleven months after Robert's departure, Isabella received a letter from him, informing her that he was married. This information, so sudden and unexpected, completely bewildered her, and she could hardly believe it possible. In her eyes, Robert was still a mere boy, and indeed, the idea of his ever marrying had never entered her imagination. She had always pictured to herself, a quiet, snug little home, where Robert and she would spend their days in comfort and happiness, without even a third party to share their joys ; and this was a death-blow to all these fond anticipations. The letter stated, that in the vessel in which he had sailed, there was also a merchant, who had been unfortunate in business, and, disgusted with the world, which had treated him rather unkindly, he and his family were proceeding to Van Dieman's Land, as settlers. He had a daughter, about seventeen years of age, extremely pretty, and engaging in her manners. Thrown every day into her society, and conversing so much with one in whose regrets and hopes he could sympathize, Robert's affections had soon become engaged, and she also became aware, as the time of their separation approached, that she entertained similar feelings towards him. The father had procured a grant of land, but it was far distant in some of the back settlements, and Robert feared that if he allowed her to depart with her family, he might never behold her again. He felt, at the same time, that his duty towards Isabella,—that fond sister, who had watched over his youth, and toiled for him with all a mother's fondness,—demanded that she should occupy the first place in his attention. Love and duty struggled for a time, but, as is generally the case, the former triumphed, and he married. He had, he imagined, one excuse for taking this hasty step. He had been appointed Colonial surgeon, at Hobart Town, as the person who had filled that situation, had died shortly after his arrival. He was quite delighted with the country, and had accepted the situation for the period of a year. His services were very handsomely remunerated, and he comforted himself by thinking that he was now able to send home for his sister, if she would join him. On the contrary, if she would not leave her native land, he resolved to return thither, and endeavor by unremitting kindness to repay her for all the sacrifices she had made to secure his welfare.

The feelings with which Isabella perused this letter, may be readily imagined ; but, generous and confiding in her disposition, she readily excused Robert's hasty marriage, and easily perceiv-

ing that he wished to remain in the land of his adoption, she hesitated not to follow him thither.

A year had elapsed, and Isabella was now on her way to rejoin her brother. She had been to Glen Saugh, and had wept over the changes which time and the presence of strangers had wrought in that peaceful and well-remembered spot. She had bidden farewell to the graves of her parents in the quiet churchyard of Torwood, and also to another next theirs, which had a plain tablet erected over it, dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Ercsyth. She had visited S—, and the good Miss Kate, and Jennie Duff, and she had also seen Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, of Craignuil, and bade them all farewell. She did not go to Broombank, but she was told that its young master still remained unwedded.

This was all over now, and Isabella had left the land of her birth, for one of promise. Often did she stand for hours, gazing over the side of the vessel into the waves, picturing to herself the wild country for which she was bound, and wondering if the land, which Robert had received from government, and named after his native Glen Saugh, resembled that which she had left behind.

They had been at sea several weeks, when, one day, they were hailed by a British man-of-war, and a small boat came alongside, and boarded them. Isabella was admiring the noble ship as it floated slowly and majestically over the bosom of the placid waters, as if monarch of that treacherous element, when she heard a voice reply to the Captain, in tones familiar to her ear. Hastily, she turned round, and beheld him addressing a young midshipman, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age, whose curly locks, and a certain roguish expression of the eye, were familiar to her. She gazed earnestly at him, and endeavoured, in vain, to recall to mind where she had seen that countenance. Attracted by her steadfast gaze, the young officer in return, bent his full blue eyes upon her face for an instant, and then, heedless of all around, he darted forward, and putting his arms around her, greatly to her surprise and consternation, saluted her with a hearty kiss. Confused and angry, Isabella started back indignantly, but ere she had time to give utterance to a word, the young sailor exclaimed, laughing.

"So, Isabella, you have forgotten poor 'wee Pattie,' and Crocus, and Auntie Tibbie's kittilins, and Torwood,—and Broombank, too," he added, with a sly look.

"Oh ! Pattie, can that be you !" replied Isabella ? How tall you have grown, and how different you appear in that uniform !"

"You expected me always to remain 'wee Pattie,' I suppose, Isabella !" replied he, and as for

the uniform, it makes me look very handsome, does it not, Isabella?"

Isabella could not look upon the young sailor, without admiration, and in his frank, manly countenance, she traced the well-remembered lineaments of her former little friend of Glen Saugh. She enquired most affectionately for Crocus, and Pattie informed her, that, during his absence, Maria Stuart, his fair cousin, acted as guardian, and that Crocus throve remarkably well under her care.

After a few minutes longer conversation, Pattie was obliged to rejoin his ship, and after bidding Isabella an affectionate farewell, he departed, and the two vessels held on their opposite courses.

After a remarkably quick voyage, they neared the shores of Van Dieman's Land, and Isabella looked forward with feelings of the most intense anxiety, to her approaching meeting with her brother. For several days previous to their arrival, she could neither sleep nor rest, she was in such a state of agitation. All night long, she paced the deck, till, completely exhausted, she would sit down for a little, and then resume her vigils. In vain, the passengers remonstrated with her, and tried to calm her mind, till the Captain, thinking it would perhaps have a salutary effect told her that they were not so near their destination as he had previously imagined.

This had a soothing effect upon her strongly agitated mind, and calmed her so much that she retired to her cabin and slept, for the first time for many nights. She awoke about mid-day, and immediately ascended upon deck. As she reached the top of the cabin stair, she heard the man at the mast-head, shout "Land!" As if struck by an electric shock, she started forwards with clasped hands, and murmuring—

"Oh! God, I shall see Robert again!" she fell heavily upon the deck.

She was immediately raised up, and every means attempted to restore her to life—but human power was of no avail. In an excess of joy, the spirit had left its tenement, and death had terminated alike her earthly sorrows and her joys.

Gradually the gallant ship, which contained the living and the dead, neared its destined harbour, and among the first who came on board, was a young man, who was accompanied by a fair young girl, and both had an expression of joyous expectation, as their eyes wandered over those assembled upon deck, as if looking for some dear one whom they anxiously expected. Robert Leslie, for it was he and his youthful wife, went up to the Captain, and inquired—

"Is my sister, Isabella Leslie, here?"

The Captain attempted to reply, but the words died upon his quivering lips, and silently pointing

to the cabin door, he turned away, with a tear glistening in his eye.

It were needless to attempt picturing the feelings of Robert, as he beheld, instead of his long expected sister, her lifeless form, calm and motionless, in all the repose and immobility of death. They could be shared by none but the fair and gentle being by his side.

In the burial ground of Hobart Town, there stands a plain, white tablet, and upon it are simply recorded the name and age of Isabella Leslie. Far from the land of her nativity and the graves of her kindred, she rests in the tomb, and only in the memory of the few friends who still survive her, and in this simple "Tale of Real Life," are recorded the misfortunes and virtues of Isabella, the Maiden of Glen Saugh.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY MRS. TRAILL.

Wild flowers, wild flowers, your beauties
Are scattered far and wide;
By the fountain in the desert,
On the barren mountain's side.

Where cedars dark are drooping,
Above the still lake's wave,
The lily fair is stooping,
Her ivory breast to lave.

There, mirror'd on its bosom,
The snowy hills appear;
Or broken like the sunbeam,
Upon its wavelets clear.

Along the sunny meadows,
And upland pastures green,
The ruby freckled cowslip,
With fairy bells is seen.

The crimson tipped daisy
That groweth wild and free,
On mountain or its valley,
In woodland or on lea;

Upon the barren moorland,
Grows wild the purple heath;
And there the azure harebell,
That waves with scarce a breath.

Like modest maid the violet sweet,
Her beauties seeks to hide;
And the wild rose shews her blushing cheek,—
Meet emblem of the bride.

O! many a lovely blossom
Is graven on my heart;
With memories of happy hours,
That never may depart.

Though ye blossom in the wilderness,
Where mortal foot ne'er trod;
Yet ye offer up an incense sweet,
On the altar of your God!

Peterboro', Oct. 12, 1845.

MONICA; OR, WITCHCRAFT.

BY MRS. HOODIE.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a bright moonlight evening that followed the events of this day, and Monica Conway had barred the door of her chamber, and was busily engaged, by the light of a small silver lamp, in thrusting her slight person into a strange dress, made of the skin of a huge bear, the grim head still crowning the whole, and glaring upon the spectators with a pair of fierce green eyes, made of glass.

Ever and anon Monica paused in arranging her strange toilet, and, glancing at her hideous shadow in the mirror, burst into fits of exultant mirth.

"By our lady! if this does not scare him out of his wits I know not what will. I will stand in that lonely dingle in the park, just behind the great oak tree, and growl at him as he goes past. Ha! ha! I think I see the terror depicted in his wan face—hear his teeth chatter and his knees shake. Ha! ha! Master Wilde! If this does not repay you for your impertinent remarks, I am no witch."

Then opening the door gently, she called in a subdued voice, "Alena! Alena!"

In a few minutes the waiting woman appeared, but sprang back with a ghastly shriek, the moment she entered the apartment.

"Hush! hush! foolish feather-pate. It is I, I, Monica—what did'st thou take me for?"

"Sathanas!" murmured the girl. "Good lord! how you scared me. My heart flutters yet. What dost thou, dear lady, in this rude, bearish dress?"

"Do I not make a charming bear? The bear's legs are rather too long for me, my grand-dad was a tall fellow—and I have no doubt was a delightful barbarian. And look at my paws, Alena. Now don't run away from me, I want to give you an affectionate hug."

The woman drew back, and turned very pale.

"Why, surely, Alena—you are not afraid of me!"

"I don't know, my lady. You do look so awful like. It makes my flesh creep."

"Ha! ha, Alena. Only think how it will frighten him—"

"Whom, my lady?"

"That solemn prig, Laureus Wilde. Master

Vincent sent him to the town, to bring up his valise, and it will be late before he returns. I know he will come the back way through the park, and I will slip out through the garden, and meet him, as the clock strikes twelve, in the lonely dell."

"Ah! do it not, dear lady, do it not! That man, I hate him—should he think it was you he would not fail to do you a mischief."

"Nonsense, Alena! He will run away as fast as his legs can carry him. Ha! ha! I think I see him scampering up hill and down dale, and the bear after him. If he ever walks by moonlight again in Conway Park, I will eat him."

"The fellow is a strong, resolute man, my lady, and should you fail to frighten him, you might lose your life in the frolic."

"I shaw! He believes in ghosts; and because I repeat poetry aloud to myself imagines me to be a witch. He must be a desperate coward, as all ignorant people are. Now, dear Alena, do not attempt to persuade me out of my frolic, for go I will."

"Then let me go with you!"

"No, no; Barbara would miss us both. She has not been so kind to me as formerly: I think Master Vincent has set her to watch me. I hate spies. I shall feel more pleasure in cheating her. When she comes to bid me good night, tell her I am in bed and asleep, and do not wish to be disturbed. But sit thou up, and we will have a hearty laugh together when I return."

Monica's hand was upon the latch of the door. Again the woman, who really loved her, laid hold of her arm and detained her.

"Stay at home, dear lady, some evil will befall you. I feel faint and sick, when I think of your going out alone in that strange dress on this wild errand. That man hates you!"

"Mere fancies, Alena," said Monica, shaking her off—"what have I even done to offend him."

"You have abjured your faith, lady Monica, but he retains his. Since you burnt the rood, for which crime may God forgive you! he has spoken bitter things against you!—things I dare not repeat to you! Is it not madness to throw yourself, alone and undefended, in his path?"

"If he entertains these uncharitable feelings towards me, I shall feel more pleasure in tor-

menting him. And now for my adventure!" and gliding down a back flight of stairs that led to the offices, she gained a door that opened into the gardens, and was soon hid from the anxious gaze of her faithful domestic among the tall shrubs.

How peacefully the white moonbeams slumbered upon the greensward, as Monica emerged into the wide park. The little brook brawling and leaping over its stony bed, glittered like living silver, and sang a glad carol to the dewy flowers that nodded to the night-wind over its glossy bed. Monica enjoyed the fresh beauty of the summer night; she laughed and sang aloud in the glee of her heart, till the reflection of her own hideous shadow in the brook, suddenly stopped the gay tones of her ringing voice. It was a phantom of terror in a scene of surpassing quiet and beauty, and as she drew back from the clear mirror, and concealed herself under the shade of a gigantic oak, she trembled at herself.

"Shall I go back?" was suggested by fear. "How foolish you would look in the eyes of Alena!" whispered pride, and the love of adventure, and a reckless daring spirit urged her on. Entering upon the footpath, she silently and noiselessly traversed the greater part of the park, until she halted in the centre of a wide deep dell, where the moonbeams played at hide and seek among the shadows of the huge trees which grew on either side. "Here is my ambush," said Monica, stepping behind a hollow stag-oak which grew beside the path. "Here will I couch for my prey." She had scarcely concealed herself, when the sound of some one whistling, and the tread of approaching feet met her ear. Perhaps at that moment, Monica wished herself safe in her own apartment: The lonely place, the lonely hour, the holy hush of Nature around her, so still, so awful! It seemed silently to reprove her levity. But the man came on with the valise upon his back, followed by two stout dogs; and all the impetuous daring of her heart returned.

Unsuspecting any danger, Laurence, who was really afraid of ghosts, although of nothing else afraid, was trying to keep his courage up, by singing an old ballad, which was calculated rather to increase than diminish his superstitious dread:

There were three knights in the olden time
Met in Sir Roland's hall;

The bell was on the midnight chime,
And they were drunken all.

One boasted of his good broad sword,
Another of his cheer,

But Sir Roland only spake this word—

"There's nothing that I fear!"

With that up rose the stout Sir John,

He was a soldier brave:

And many combats he had won

On land, and on the wye.

"Sir Roland, speed to the dark green wood,
If thou art void of fear;
And swear to us on the holy rood,
To bid the Devil appear!"

Sir Roland laughed at the pleasant joke,
And drained the wine cup dry;
In loud and mocking tones he spoke,
But darker fell his eye.

"If he should come with fiery tail,
With cloven hoofs and horn,
My knightly courage shall not fail;
I'll meet you ere the morn."

"If he should come like a grizzly bear—!"

"Ow!—Ow!—Ow!" growled Monica from behind the oak. The song ceased, the valise dropped from the gardener's hand, his large limbs shook, he turned of an ashen, livid hue, and big drops of perspiration broke out all over his face, but he did not attempt to move from the spot. Slowly Monica raised the bears' head above the cleft trunk of the oak, and resting her shaggy arms upon the two mighty branches into which it divided on either side, uttered a loud supernatural yell, in which wild tones resembling suppressed laughter strangely mingled.

Terrified—appalled—but not daunted, the man continued to stare at the frightful apparition. He happened to be one of those sullen, stern characters, to whom despair gives both coolness and courage. His spirit was fast rising to combat with the difficulty of his situation. "Mother of God!" he cried in a loud, resolute voice, "Give me strength to overcome the evil One!"

He sprang towards the oak, and the dogs with a deep growl, leaped upon the astonished, and in her turn, terrified girl, who had not expected such a result. A vague uncertain sense of danger rushed upon her mind. She recalled Alena's earnest entreaties, but in that moment she had no time to think, but springing to the ground endeavoured to fly. Alas! for Monica, her feet caught in the bear's paws which were attached by way of ornament, or, to increase the deception, to the lower part of her musquerade dress, and she fell heavily to the ground. "Save me, Laurence Wilde, save me from the dogs!" she cried in a voice rendered sharp with agony. It is—your mistress, Monica—it is all a joke!"

"Seize her Rollo! Bruno! seize her!" shouted the man. "The infernal witch!" Down to Hell with her, the proper place for the blaspheming heretic!" And drawing a long broad-bladed knife from his breast, he sprang towards his victim.

Monica had risen from the ground, and flung off the fatal dress, and now stood arrayed in simple white, in all the dignity of youth and innocence. The dogs who knew and loved her, were crouched at her feet, and she, like her

brutal enemy, gathering courage from despair addressed him with a lofty and unflinching demeanor. "Stand back!" she cried, "stand back, nor dare to approach one foot nearer. I, your mistress, command you to stand off."

"Not until I have seen if that dainty body is made of flesh and blood," returned the insolent, pressing nearer. "To kill such as you, is to do God a service."

That he would attempt to murder her, had never once entered into the head of Monica. But she could not mistake the fierce menacing gestures, the raised knife, and the revengeful glare of those terrible eyes. Death was in their blaze, and, disencumbered of the fatal skin, she had only one chance remaining—flight! Could she regain the hall, or even the public road, she was safe. Without pausing one moment for deliberation, or marking precisely the path which she ought to pursue, she sprang past the ruffian, instead of turning from him, plunged boldly among the forest trees, and ran for her life. Hard upon her track, came the rapid, heavy leaping tread of her pursuer. Once, and once only, as she gained an open part of the park, she glanced back and she saw by the clear light of the moon, the fierce glaring eyes, the clenched fist, and the knife upraised to slay. On! on! panting, on! her young, strong heart, beating as if it would burst against her aching side, ran the poor, terror-stricken Monica.

Another dark grove crossed their path. It was a spot just suited for the commission of a deed of blood. The sombre, spruce fir, and heavy yew, threw every object into intense shade. "Oh! that I could rest one moment," she thought. "My heart will burst, I must die." Then the thought of the brutal grasp, the butcher knife, came with sickening horror over her. A figure glanced through the gloom. It was him. He was close upon her. The strong, hardy peasant, was not to be baffled by the slight, delicately reared maiden of sixteen, his stout limbs were still untired, while her strength was well nigh exhausted. "Ha! are you there!" shouted the man. "Stay, or it will be the worse for you." Monica fled on; the grove was passed. The park paling stretched its long grey line before her in the moonlight. At one bound she sprang over it, darted across a deep dark lane, entered an upland lawn on the opposite side, and sunk with a loud fearful cry for help upon the door step of an antique looking farm house. A light glanced along the narrow line of windows, and the old-fashioned door creaked upon its hinges. Laurence Wilde drew back from his victim with a deep curse, and calling to his dogs re-entered the park.

"She has escaped my vengeance this time," he muttered; "but it shall pursue her yet!"

CHAPTER VII.

AN hour had elapsed before Monica Conway recovered the least consciousness of her situation, and when she did awake from the deep stupor into which fatigue and terror had thrown her, it was to find herself in a strange place, surrounded by strange faces.

She was reclining in a large easy chair, her head supported by pillows. A young and neat looking woman in a night cap and wrapping gown, was bathing her temples with vinegar, and a tall man, some thirty years of age, was standing beside her, holding a light. His dark intelligent eye was fixed upon the pale face of Monica, with an expression of intense interest, and when her lips moved and her eyes unclosed, he said in a tone of lively pleasure:

"Thank God! she is not dead—she lives!"

Monica raised herself upright in the chair; she did not speak, but she glanced timidly from face to face, then covering her own with her hands, she burst into a passion of tears.

"Do not distress yourself, Mistress Monica Conway—you are safe," said the gentleman, respectfully.

"I am known to you then?" sobbed Monica.

"Who that has once seen, could ever forget the lady of Conway place?" returned he.

"Oh, what a foolish, mad girl, you must think me, Sir? But you have saved my life, and I have no words with which I can sufficiently express my gratitude."

"I feel a natural curiosity," returned her preserver, "to learn the cause of such fearful danger as that to which you have recently been exposed. A lady, so young and fair, abroad at midnight, and pursued by a ruffian, who seemed intent upon taking her life! These are startling and surprising facts."

"Your curiosity shall be gratified," said Monica, "when I have strength to tell you how consummately I have played the fool, and how severely I have been punished."

At this moment an old lady entered the room, with wine and confectionaries, upon a silver salver. The gentleman took it from her hand, and offered it upon one knee to Monica. The light fell full upon his regular features as he gracefully bent before her, and she thought that she never had seen a face so full of natural dignity and courtesy. There was a noble frankness and simplicity in his easy, unaffected manners, that charmed her, and above all this, he was the preserver of her life. She took a small silver

cup of canary wine from his hand, and after partaking of some of the confectionaries, she appeared greatly refreshed. Without waiting to be again entreated, she related, with a charming drollery, her adventure in the park, not sparing herself at all, but freely deprecating her imprudence, in venturing, unknown to her father or cousin, to undertake such a dangerous frolic.

"And now," she added, having concluded her narrative, "may I learn to whom I am indebted for succor and protection, and how you came to be walking at this dead hour of night?"

"I am a solitary man," replied her host, his fine dark eyes still fixed upon Monica's face; "a great student, and most of my solitary hours are spent with my books. In them, I hold converse with the mighty minds of old; and their deep thoughts and burning words drive sleep from my pillow. My good aunt and kind sister chide me for my wakeful nights, but I enjoy pleasures in my study which they wot not of. You have, perhaps, heard tell of Edmund Brandon, who suffered at the stake, (for what were then deemed heretical opinions,) in the reign of Queen Mary. I am the Martyr's son—Richard Brandon, at your service—and member of the reformed Protestant church."

"I have heard Master Vincent talk of you," said Monica.

"He is a good man, and my friend—was my lamented father's friend," replied Brandon.

"Did you not lose much of your property, by your father's death, Mr. Brandon?"

"Our lands were confiscated to the Crown, for my father was convicted on a charge of high treason. Sir Luke Conway was at that period a zealous Catholic. He it was who apprehended Edmund Brandon, and he received the larger portion of the lands that surround Conway Place as a reward—shall I say, for his treachery in delivering up his old neighbour, and his boyhood's friend."

"Good God! could my father act thus. When he embraced the Protestant faith, did he not offer to restore these ill-gotten lands?"

"Lady Monica—we will say no more upon the subject. I rejoice that I have had it in my power to succour the child of a cruel enemy. I am not destitute; my mother's brother died lately, and left me this comfortable homestead. If I am not rich, I am independent. And now you have my simple history."

"Ah!" cried Monica, rising and speaking with energy: "if ever the daughter lives to inherit the father's wealth, she will restore to you, noble Brandon, your rightful inheritance. Yes, I swear it!" she continued, raising her small

white hand to heaven. "And I give you my hand in assurance thereof."

She placed her hand in his, which he carried respectfully to his lips. "Oh! that you would give me this pledge in lieu of the lands. What is the worth of a thousand broad acres, when compared with this lovely seal of generous truth!"

Those words, and that glance burnt into the heart of Monica—the red blush glowed upon her cheek.

"I must return home," she said, "and explain, in the best manner I can, the mystery of my absence. Will you, Mr. Brandon, further oblige me by becoming my escort?"

"I am only too happy," he cried; and wrapping his sister's mantle round Monica, he led her from the house, but not before she had bade adieu to Dame Brandon and her niece Matilda, kissing them affectionately, and promising speedily to return and visit them. How differently Monica felt during this moonlight walk homeward through the park than when she had traversed it in the early part of the night, full of wild, uncontrollable, girlish glee. That night's adventure had done more for her than years of experience. It had made her at once a woman in thought and action.

She felt humbled and ashamed of her childish frolic, yet acknowledged no regret that it had happened, for had it not been the means of introducing her to the high-minded man on whose arm she leant, and in whom her young heart had already begun to feel a deep and tender interest? But now that she was alone with him under the glorious canopy of night, and the everlasting stars smiled lovingly down upon them, her lips were mute, and she had no words wherewith to answer the eloquent language that flowed in unpremeditated poetry from his lips. They had more than two miles to walk, through beautiful rich scenery, set off to the best advantage by the magic light of a midsummer moon. Brandon discoursed on the beauties of nature, on the high mysterious destinies of man. He described his father's holy zeal, his unaffected piety, the cheerfulness with which he met his cruel fate. He represented him, surrounded by the flames, yet wearing a serene and happy countenance, and he repeated the gracious words which fell from his dying lips, as he delivered up his ransomed soul, purified by fire, into the hands of his Redeemer. Monica was deeply affected. Tears fell fast from her eyes.

"Dost thou think, Monica Conway, that thou couldst stand such a fiery trial, and still hold fast thine integrity and trust in God?"

"It is dreadful! Flesh and blood shrink from

it," shuddered Monica. "I am no coward, but I fear that my spirit would give way."

"Oh! I have thought, in such a cause, and to win such a crown, I could dare any torment," said the young man, raising his kindling eyes to the bright heavens. "But not in mine own strength! What a splendid destiny," he cried, with increasing enthusiasm, "to die as a witness for God!"

As he pronounced these words, a holy rapture lighted up his pale face. He looked like one inspired. Monica gazed upon him in silent awe, and wished from her very soul, that she was as good, as pure, as full of faith, as fit to die. She sighed heavily, and her hand trembled upon his arm.

"Why that sigh, young friend?" he asked, with a serious smile.

"It was occasioned by a painful thought," returned Monica; "I felt at that moment, how useless had been my life—how unfit I was to die!"

"These are thoughts of hopeful promise. Seeds, which sown in a faithful heart, in time bear fruit for heaven. We must, young lady, feel our own nothingness before we seek to be filled with the fulness of Christ."

"Ah! I perceive that you hold the doctrine of original sin," said Monica, in a lively tone; "while I believe, that man by nature is good, that earnest prayer, self denial, and works of charity, combined with an ardent desire to become perfect, even as God is perfect, can alone save the soul."

"The pious pagan holds the same opinion," returned Brandon; "but he knows not the true God, and never heard the name of Jesus. Monica Conway, examine your own heart, severely trace back all your actions, and the motives which induced them, from your earliest years, compare them with the requisitions of the moral law, and candidly will oblige you to reform your creed. There are moments, when the very worst of men regret their crimes, and wish that they were good. But how seldom this leads to an alteration in their lives. They perceive not the natural corruption of the heart; and that without the grace of God, they can do nothing to save themselves. Dost thou understand me?"

"I think I do," returned Monica. "Ah! that I had you for a teacher."

"You possess a far better instructor in the way of righteousness, in good Master Vincent," said Brandon, smiling at her enthusiasm. "Divest your mind of all prejudice and listen to him."

At this moment, the name of Monica rang through the lonely dingles of the park, and

figures were seen glancing in the moonlight through the trees. "They are seeking me," cried Monica. "There is my dear father, in defiance of rheumatism and gout, abroad in the night air. Good Master Vincent too, and Barbara, with only a mantle over her night dress, and her feet bare. Let us fly, to satisfy their doubts."

"Monica! dear Mistress Monica! is this you? 'The Lord be praised!' cried Alena, rushing breathlessly up to them. "Yes, yes, it is she, alive and well. What ho! What ho! The Lady Monica is found. Here! here!"

And thronging around them came the domestic group, old Sir Luke himself, heading the party.

"My dear father, forgive me, for having caused you so much uneasiness," exclaimed the truant, flinging herself into the old man's arms, and kissing his cheeks and forehead. "If it had not been for this gallant gentleman, you never more would have beheld your child!"

"To whom am I indebted for this signal service?" said Sir Luke, turning to Brandon. "Accept, I beseech you, a grateful parent's warmest thanks."

"You owe me none, Sir Luke Conway," replied Brandon, coldly. "Your daughter's generous heart has greatly over-rated my paltry services."

His voice and manner seemed greatly to affect Sir Luke. He staggered back and gazed upon him, with eyes in which fear and remorse strangely mingled. "Edmund Brandon, alive!"

"In heaven, I trust," replied his son. "The stake and the faggot performed their part; and all that was mortal of that holy man of God, has been scattered by the winds of heaven over the earth. If I am indeed so happy as to inherit my father's features, may I inherit his spirit also. Sir Luke, I bear you no ill will; the injury you did to me and mine, was done by the proud heart of an avaricious and unconverted man. Let me hope, that, as a convert to a purer faith, you have become a better Christian. Receive your daughter at my hands—she is the only treasure among your vast possessions that the son of Edmund Brandon would ever covet. Farewell!"

He disappeared among the trees, leaving surprise depicted on every countenance, while his words had planted the sting of remorse in the heart of Sir Luke Conway. "Come, Monica," he cried, "let us in; the night air is cold, and the dews fall heavily. I long to hear what account thou hast to give of thyself, and why I find thee in that young man's company."

Seated on a low stool, at her father's feet, with Master Vincent, Barbara, and Alena, standing

around her, Monica related faithfully all that had that night befallen her. When she concluded her story, Master Vincent sighed heavily, and slowly glided from the room. Sir Luke's anger against Laurence knew no bounds. He ordered him instantly into his presence, but upon search being made for him, he was nowhere to be found; and Monica, after administering to her father a sleeping cordial, retired with Alena to her own chamber, just as the red sun lifted up his bright face above the eastern horizon. Sinking upon her knees, she poured out her whole heart in fervent prayer, and lay down to rest, a subdued and altered creature.

CHAPTER VIII.

MONICA slept tranquilly upon her own bed, and soon forgot in that happy oblivion the terrors of the night. Other hearts awoke, to weep and pray for her. The morning was pretty far advanced before Hubert Vincent rose from his knees, and she, that rash fair girl, had been the subject that he had borne upon his heart to the throne of grace. For her he had wrestled with his human infirmities, had wept and prayed. To win her soul to God, he would have submitted to the tortures of the stake or wheel, yet he reproached himself for the intense love he felt for a frail, erring child of clay. He more than suspected that earthly passion mingled with his devotion in her cause, and this thorn in the flesh, this messenger of Satan, sent to baffle him, occasioned him much sorrow and anguish of heart.

With feelings nearly resembling those of the good minister, but more allied to joy, for Richard Brandon was no gloomy bigot, had that young man offered up deep and heartfelt prayers for the lovely creature whom his timely presence had rescued from a horrid death. Feeling no inclination to return home to his bed, when daylight and sunshine were again abroad upon the earth, he paced up and down a sequestered avenue in the park, enjoying the balmy freshness of the dew-bright hour, and a delicious revivener which sprang out of the events of the past night. He had only just returned from Geneva, where he had passed the last ten years of his life, in scholastic studies. So severe had been his application, that, without knowing it himself, he had greatly impaired his health; and he returned, by order of his physician, to his native place, to cultivate the small property left him by his uncle, and to recruit his shattered constitution by resting for a while from literary labours and enjoying the country air. No monk, in the seclusion of his monastery, had lived more apart from the world or the company of

women. Brandon had always contemplated the pure love of a virtuous woman, as one of the greatest blessings that the Almighty has bestowed upon man. Much had he theorized and written upon the subject, and many times had he fancied himself the object of an ideal passion; but, never had he experienced the reality of love, and its electrical effect upon the heart, until that night. It was not Monica's beauty that had charmed him. He had often looked unmoved upon faces yet more fair. It was her strong, frank, guileless character, that attracted and riveted his attention. An intense desire to become the only one in her heart—the beloved friend and companion of her domestic hours,—to win back her wandering feet from error, into the right path, and to walk hand in hand with her to heaven—took a powerful possession of his mind and filled his whole soul with inexpressible delight.

What greatly contributed to these feelings, was a consciousness that he had made a favorable impression upon her; that he was not an object of indifference. Yet, to ask her of Sir Luke was impossible. The man who had been the means of dragging the father to the stake was not very likely to confer so great a blessing upon the son. "It is in the gift of God," he cried, "I will not despair. If it seems good in his eyes, she will yet be my wife."

He had scarcely pronounced these words, when looking up, he beheld a tall, sturdy man, advancing towards him at a rapid rate, with a bundle over his shoulder, suspended at the end of a tough oak cudgel and followed by two long shaggy dogs. In a moment, he recognized the ruffian who had attacked Monica.

Not the least daunted by his appearance, he did not attempt to avoid him. Laurence glanced gloomily up at him, as he passed; and touching his hat, said, "Good day, sir. A fine morning—How far is it from this to Leicester?"

"Make short tarrying at Leicester, friend. You know the town far better than I do myself, who was born and brought up in these parts. Sir Luke Conway is in search of you. Make the best use of your time, and fly from this place. The vengeance of a rich man never sleeps. You deserve death, but I will not betray you; I would rather that you lived to repent of your crime."

The man halted, and looked hurriedly around; then advancing to Brandon, said, in a subdued voice, "I am penniless. The wages of many years of hard service are in Sir Luke's hands. Will you give me a trifle, to save me from starving, or commencing a course of crime?"

Brandon took from his purse a couple of crown pieces, and placed them in his hand.

"This is all I have about me. It will keep you until you can gain employment. Take my advice, and seek it far from Leicester."

"God bless you, Sir," returned Wilde, clutching the money in his eager hand. "When I acted as I did, last night, I thought I was right, and," he added, in a lower voice, as he shouldered his bundle and trudged on, "I think so still!"

"There is the bitter effect of superstitious bigotry operating upon a powerful, but ignorant character," thought Brandon. "Poor madman! I pity thee, who in thy rash, mistaken zeal, couldst imagine that thou didst God a service, by lifting thy hand against the life of a gay-hearted, innocent girl. Alas! of what manner of spirit are we made? Are not these facts enough to humble to the dust the proud heart of the vain tyrant, man?"

"Shall I tell your fortune?" whispered a soft low voice in his ear, and Azubah, the gipsy, stood before him.

"It is out of your power, woman," said Brandon, sternly; "you live by deception, and I wish not to be deceived. If it were good for man to read the dark secrets of the future, God would not have concealed them from him. Go—I would that thou wert a Christian, and had a better calling."

"Yet I can tell thee, who at this moment is thinking of thee," said the gipsy, nothing daunted, in the same sweet insinuating voice.

"Thou canst tell me nothing that I wish to know. But stay—I would have one trial of thy pretended skill. My father had two wives, and sons by both. Of which am I the offspring—the first, or second marriage?"

"The children of first love are strong," returned the wary gipsy. "Thou art pale and sickly. The shadow of an early grave hangs over thee. Thou art the fruit of convenience, the unblest issue of a second marriage."

"The spite of a woman spoke there,"—said Brandon, with a frown. "Thou art what I declared thee to be, a base impostor. I am my father's first born son by the beloved wife of his youth. The children of my dear step-mother, a woman of rare virtue, all but one gentle girl, died in the cradle."

"May the curse of Pharaoh light upon you!" muttered the disappointed woman, as she turned away.

"Had I gold to reward thy falsehood!" said Brandon, taking the path that led to his home, "how quickly would the curse be converted into a blessing!"

Monica's adventure in the park was soon

noised by the servants throughout the neighborhood; and great and manifold were the additions it received, in passing from mouth to mouth. Those who dealt in the marvellous hinted that the young lady of Conway Place studied magic, and had been seen by Lawrence Wilde, in the form of a huge black bear, in the Park; that, upon his holding up the crucifix, and calling upon the Holy Mother of God, she had been forced to resume her own shape, and implore for mercy. That the man had been obliged to leave the country, for fear that he should reveal the truth, and bring a scandal upon a noble family.

But these things were only breathed in whispers. The calumniators dared not utter them aloud, for Sir Luke Conway was a powerful man, and was both feared and hated throughout the county. Common as these reports were, they did not reach the ears of Monica, and those who knew and loved her, regarded them as idle tales; and after the nine days wonder was past, they were forgotten. There was one, however, who hoarded them up in his memory; although he scorned to believe them true. Walter Fenwick received these reports, as a means by which he might one day force Monica to become his wife. Her manner, always distant to him, was now perfectly repulsive. She not only frowned upon his suit, but shunned his company. Exasperated by her disdain, he sought, in his amour with Dorothy Snell, to forget the scorn of the high-born beauty. This degrading connexion—for the girl was vile in the extreme—was the fruitful means of plunging him into scenes of low immorality and vice, until the unfortunate young man appeared lost and degraded in his own eyes.

Credulous in the extreme, he still gave ear to the gipsy's promises, that she would bring about a private meeting between him and his inflexible mistress, and, by the influence of her talents and skill, persuade Monica that the stars had determined her union with him, and that there was no resisting the commands of fate.

CHAPTER IX.

MONICA awoke to a new life—love had entered her heart, and the world was changed around her; she breathed another atmosphere, and for her Nature wore a more poetical and heaven-born existence. All things coarse and common were removed far from her. She walked the earth like an enfranchised creature, and the immortal spirit of truth seemed hovering far over near her. A tender melancholy pervaded her soul; she shunned the old familiar domestic faces, and sought in solitude to hold converse

with the mysterious voices that spoke within her. The image of Brandon was ever before her, and she talked with him as with one present. Yet how jealously she hoarded her treasured secret. Not even to Barbara, or to Alena, on whose bosom her head often rested, did she breathe a syllable of her secret devotions at the shrine of love.

Her cheek grew pale, her figure appeared taller and lighter, her eyes of a deeper blue, and a shade of thought, which rendered her far more beautiful, rested upon her high smooth brow.

Brandon never came to Conway Place. She saw him but once a week, and that was at church. During the service, his eyes never turned to her, and it was only as he left the sacred edifice, that he raised his hat to her as he passed out, and fixed upon her one long, tender gaze, from those dark soul-lighted eyes. But that look shed a tranquil joy through her whole frame, for it revealed at one glance, the history of a heart that she felt certain was all her own.

The summer had passed away; the woods were in their autumn livery, and Monica sought in a long ramble through the park, to hold communion with the master spirit that possessed her soul. In her wanderings, she came to the stile which led to the basket-maker's dwelling: It was a lovely, quiet spot. She sat down upon the stile, and fell into a train of musing. A robin, perched upon a willow spray, whistled near her his firewell hymn to summer, and the stately pheasant called to his mate, from the fir copse which bordered the lane. The last mellow beams of the golden sunset danced in the fairy stream at her feet, and the willow dipped its long yellow branches in the water, as if to kiss its own shadow. Monica's eyes rested upon the reflected image of the tree, but her thoughts were neither with the tree, nor the brook; they had wandered far, far into the spirit world, and held high commune with unearthly things.

"My soul is dark!" she mentally exclaimed. "It cleaveth to the dust. Oh! that I could realize something of that spiritual life—that image of God in the soul, which is the promise of eternal existence. My whole being is absorbed by earthly love, and lives but in the hope of earthly enjoyment. Brandon! Brandon! how unworthy of heaven and thee!"

A step sounded upon the bridge of planks; Monica started, awoke to the consciousness of reality, and saw before her the Gipsy Azubah. Lovely in her beauty, as a dark night studded with bright stars, did the daughter of the east appear to the love-sick maiden. For some seconds, each attentively surveyed the other. Both

were women of native talent, and surpassingly fair; but one possessed the beauty of the serpent, with its guile; the other, the frankness and simplicity of the dove.

A crimson glow flushed the clear, olive cheek of the Oriental, as she said:

"Nature has bestowed upon you two of its best gifts—Beauty, and with it Power."

"I may return the compliment," said Monica, with a smile. "Right gladly would I exchange my paper skin, for thy warm, sunny color, ruby lips, and dark eloquent eyes."

"You can flatter," returned Azubah, again blushing at praises she was unused to hear; "and would have made a rare fortune-teller."

"Is that your trade?"

"Aye, one out of the many I follow."

"You are a Gipsy, then," said Monica, amused and interested by the mystery which her strange companion contrived to cast around her.

"Yes; call me what you please, and yet be far wide of the truth. I am one of that despised and wandering race. Will you permit me to tell your fortune?"

"Not if I were really convinced that you were able to do so."

"To those who lack faith, my art is indeed vain. Try me. Shall I tell you of the past?"

"No, for it is possible that you might obtain information from others. Besides, that is already mine own. Tell me of the present. What was I thinking about when you approached?"

"That is a hard question," returned Azubah, though well she knew it to be an easy one for her, to solve, having listened to Monica's soliloquy, which had been pronounced aloud, as those of ardent and impassioned minds often are. "Your thoughts were not of earth—they were dark and troubled, and yet they were of God."

Monica started, and her eye fell upon the dark lustrous orbs of the Gipsy, and, in spite of herself, a superstitious dread stole over her.

"You have answered truly. No human power could have revealed that to you."

A smile flitted over the face of the Gipsy as she said:

"Will you trust me further?"

"To what purpose?"

"If only to satisfy the natural curiosity which exists in the human heart, to learn something of the future."

"It is sin. I will trust to God, who, in His providence, overrules the events of life, and brings them to pass in His own good time," said Monica.

"It is not by supernatural agency that I de-

elate the fate of others," said Azubah. "Observation and experience are the parents of knowledge. With the assistance of these two wonder-begetting powers, I declare truths that astonish the ignorant and superstitious. You are not one to be startled by shadows. Yet I read in the melancholy expression that clouds that brow of noble intelligence, that yours will be a sorrowful destiny."

"Why do you form such a conclusion?"

"By the same token that an experienced eye can read, in the morning cloud, the aspect of the closing day. The common mind, adapted to the common purposes, seldom inherits an uncommon destiny. It fires and dies amidst every day occurrences. But you—there is nothing common about you! The noble figure—the face of beauty—the clear eye, and lofty, thoughtful brow, all proclaim a mind that cannot be trammelled by the paltry usages of society—that dares to think and act for itself."

"This is dangerous flattery," said Monica, proudly. "I dare not trust myself longer in your company."

"Stay," said the Gipsy; "our conference is not ended; I have still much to say to you. You cannot receive as oracles, the stale fables that win credence from the vulgar. Your lofty mind scorns the idea of superhuman agency. The black art is with you a doctrine of lies; and yet, that popular error, contemptible as it is, will, in the end, master and over-rule your destiny for evil."

The Gipsy spoke with earnestness—perhaps a touch of pity for the young and beautiful creature before her, made her hint darkly at events which she knew were in progress against her. Monica felt bewildered. She did not understand to what she alluded, but she replied calmly:

"I never can submit my mind to give credence to such childish tales. Reason is the light of the soul—the lamp which God has placed there to lead us to the knowledge of the truth. My reason rejects magic as a vile invention of wicked men, by which they endeavour to obtain dominion over their weaker brethren, by impugning the power, and blaspheming the majesty of God."

"Keep your own way of thinking," said the Gipsy, with a sarcastic smile. "I seek not to contradict you. All theories are alike to me. I learned much from one of your race, who thought himself strong, but, in the end, fell below the weakest. I read with him many books, and he tried to convert me to the Christian faith, but when I saw how they quarrelled constantly with each other, that not two of them were

agreed upon one subject, I returned to the God of Nature, and to mine own people."

She paused, and some bitter reflection seemed to come over her, for when she again raised her eyes to Monica's face, a tear glittered on their long dark lashes, and she resumed her mysterious conversation.

"You think yourself strong, yet you are not above the common weakness of your sex. You love! That mighty power which has subdued so many, will conquer you."

A vivid blush overspread the pale cheek of Monica, and she remained silent.

"Yes," resumed the Sybil; "you would fain ask of me, although you doubt my powers, who it is that you love. I will tell you, and your own heart shall respond to the truth. He, with the pale face and the dark eyes. Aye! you start, you thought that secret safe in your own heart. Now listen to me. He may be your mate; but there is one to whom your destiny is irrevocably linked—one whom you love not, but who fondly loves you. As the sun to the ripening corn, and the dew to the flower, so is your love necessary to his existence. You may hate and shun him, but death alone can destroy the mysterious tie that links you together."

"Then let me die," quoth Monica, "for his wife I shall never be!"

"I said not his wife! But now go thy way. Think over my words, and mark thy dreams to-night, and seek this spot to-morrow, at this hour, and you will perhaps behold him to whom your soul cleaveth in its vain idolatry."

She cast a long searching glance upon Monica, and left the spot.

With a heart saddened to tears, Monica turned to retrace her steps. She had scarcely entered the precincts of the Park, when she was accosted by Hubert Vincent.

"Monica, dear child," he said, "is it wise—is it prudent for a Christian maiden, to hold long conversations with a woman who deals with the powers of evil?"

"Master Hubert, my revered teacher, is it possible that you can believe in magic? To hold such a belief is to dethrone God in his own universe!"

"Softly, rash child! We read in holy writ, that mortals like ourselves have possessed such powers; and to reason by analogy, we may suppose, that what has been, may be."

Monica regarded Master Vincent with an expression of unfeigned surprise, not unmingled with contempt. He remarked it, and continued:

"Monica, I do firmly believe, and Scripture warrants that belief, that witchcraft exists, at

this moment, in the world,—that that ungrateful woman with whom you even now conversed, is a witch."

Monica made no reply; she felt very much inclined to laugh, so absurd did this declaration appear in her eyes, while Master Vincent continued:

"Monica, I know too much of this woman; I first met with her when I was a student at Leyden; she was then a lovely, intelligent child. I often visited the Gipsy camp, on purpose to see and converse with that gifted child. She seemed to have formed a romantic attachment for me, and always ran to meet me, with little offerings of fruits and flowers. My vanity was flattered; I wished—ardently wished,—to possess that child of nature, and to convert the rude offspring of a despised race, into an enlightened and accomplished Christian. I tried to beg her of her mother—father she had none. I represented to her the advantages which education would confer upon her child, and she laughed at me, and treated my proposals with scorn. I offered her gold, she flung it at my feet, and mockingly called it the price of blood. I was young and fiery then, and possessed a strong will. I argued myself into the belief that I had a moral right to the child, that I was authorized by God to take her from her pagan tribes, and rear her up in our most holy faith. One night I met her alone, and far from the camp. I took her in my arms, I shed bitter tears over her, and entreated her to leave her own people, and come with me. She joyously consented, and that night I left Leyden with my prize, and returned to England. I placed her under the charge of an old aunt, who kept my house, changed her eastern name to that of Agnes, and she passed for an orphan cousin. What delight I took in teaching her to read, in opening up the powers of her strong, talented mind. I idolized her; my very soul was wrapt up in her. She learned with facility many languages. The Hebrew, especially, claimed her preference. She mastered it with as little difficulty as if it had been her native tongue. But the doctrines of Christianity she treated with contempt. The Bible, she called a beautiful imposition—the miracles of the blessed Saviour, pious frauds, in order to introduce a new system of religion into the world. The Prophets, she regarded as magicians, and excused the practice of necromancy, as having its origin in the word of truth. It was then, Monica, that I repented of my folly—that my sin at last found me out. I loved, and in my human longings, I wished—vainly wished, to make her my wife. But conscience forbade such an unholty sacrifice. Then came the sleepless nights

and day of weariness, while she regarded, with cold, un pitying eye, the anguish of my heart. I was sick—sick unto death. She nursed me, and so much of tenderness spoke in every look and tone, that I believed I had wronged her—that she did regard me with affection. One night a heavy sleep oppressed me, but at midnight I awoke, and the odor of strong perfumes filled the chamber. I looked up, and saw her, whom I will call Agnes, standing in the middle of the room, dressed in her Eastern costume, with a long ivory wand in her hand, with which she stirred the hot ashes of the various herbs and spices that were burning in a small furnace. Ever and anon she looked at me, and sang in low, mysterious tones, some infernal incantation.

"Ill as I was, I rose up in my bed, and demanded the reason of what I saw.

"'Peace!' she said. 'It is a charm to heal the sick—lie down and sleep; and you will awake fresh and well.'

"I was too weak to argue with her, though my mind was filled with horror, at having so long retained in my house a sorceress. Sleep overpowered me,—and, strange to say, when I again awoke, the fever had left me, and I was able to quit my bed.

"I questioned her about the incantation—she said, 'it was a simple thing, practised among her people for healing the sick—which they called a vapour bath.'

"'Why then,' said I, 'did you use all those mystic ceremonies?'

"'They are but forms,' she replied, 'which neither increase nor decrease the efficacy of the remedy. They are something like the ceremonials in your religion. They produce a certain effect upon the senses without adding to the devotion of the heart,—why do wise philosophers like you persist in using such solemn vanities?'

"'Agnes,' I said solemnly. 'if you persist in holding these infidel opinions, you will bring a scandal upon my house—we must part!'

She was overpowered, and wept many passionate tears. She flung herself at my feet, and clasping my knees, implored me to have mercy upon her, and not to send her away—that she had no other home or friend in the world—that she loved me with all her heart and soul; and was ready to lay down her life for me.

"Although I looked upon this as a delusion of Satan, my old love for her triumphed, and, raising her from the ground, I told her that if she would embrace Christianity, and be baptized, I would make her my wife. Instead of receiving my proposal with gratitude, she said promptly:

"'I never will make a public profession of that which I believe from my soul, to be false; though

by so doing, I could secure the only happiness I covet upon earth. It is indeed time that we should part. In the solitudes of nature, and among my own despised people, I can worship unmolested the God of my fathers—yet I would fain have you to think kindly of me, when I am gone. This ring, which I received from my mother, is all that I can truly call mine own—wear it for my sake, and forget that you ever loved Azubah.'

"Yes, Monica, she left me—the ingrate left me, and I saw her no more, until this day, when I heard her trying to pervert your unsophisticated mind by her accursed arts. And that ring, which she left with me—as long as I wore it, I shrunk away. My appetite failed me, and I was just sinking to the grave. My aunt, who suspected that it was poisoned, persuaded me to take it from my finger, and I soon recovered my former health."

"And is this all the proof that you can bring against her?" said Monica, for Munster Vincent had become very little in her eyes during this relation. "Poor injured girl, how my heart bleeds for her. This accounts for the bitter spirit which dwells within her. To your selfish love, she may trace back all the sorrows of her life. To you, she owes her present humiliating condition, and it is you that have made her view with contempt, the whole human race."

They were now upon the steps that led to the house, and, with a deep sigh, Monica hurried from her companion, and sought the solitude of her own chamber.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BALLAD.

FROM THE OPERA OF "MARITANA."

Scenes that are brightest
 May charm awhile,
 Hearts which are lightest,
 And eyes that smile;
 Yet o'er them, above us,
 Though nature beam,
 With none to love us,
 How sad they seem.

Words cannot scatter
 Tho' thoughts we fear,
 For, though they flatter,
 They mock the ear;
 Hopes still deceive us
 With fearful cost,
 And when they leave us
 The heart is lost.

THE BEREAVEMENT.

A FRAGMENT FROM FOREST GLEANINGS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

It was one of those soft warm mornings in April, that we not unfrequently experience in this country during the melting of the snow, when the thermometer indicates a degree of temperature not less than summer heat. The air was filled with insects which had either revived from their winter torpor or been prematurely awakened to the enjoyment of a bright but brief existence. A few sleepy, dusty looking flies had crept from their hiding places about the window—while some attenuated shadowy spider made vain attempts at commencing a web to entangle them. Without all was gay and cheerful—a thousand spring-like sounds filled the air—flocks of that pleasant warbler, the Canadian song-sparrow, mingled with the neat snow-bird (*fringilla nivalis*) flitted about the low wattled fence of the garden; at the edge of the cedar swamp, might be heard from time to time the rapid strokes of the small spotted woodpecker; full of energy and animation, the mellow drumming of the Canadian partridge. (Or ruffed Grouse,) mingled not unharmoniously with the wild cry of that bold but beautiful depredator, the blue jay. There too was the soft melancholy whispering note of the little chickadee, (*parus palustris*.) as it restlessly pursued its insect prey among the feathery branches of some old gnarled hemlock—the murmuring melody of the breeze stirring the lofty heads of the pines, with the "still sweet sound of waters far away," combining made sweet music to the ear.

Bright and blue as was the sky above, warm and genial as was the air around, and inviting as were the sounds of nature abroad, I yet found myself obliged to be an unwilling prisoner; the newly melted snow had rendered the surface of the ground porous as a sponge; half decomposed ice and pools of water, made the roads and paths impassable. The luxury of India rubbers had scarcely at that time reached our settlement; they were among the rare things heard of but seldom seen. How I envied the more fortunate flocks of wild geese and ducks that were revelling in the azure pools, that lay so invitingly open to them, on the ice-bound lake in front of our log house. Sorely tempted as I was by the bright sunshine, and all spring's pleasant harmonies, to go forth into the newly uncovered fields—yet I dared not risk wetting my feet, having but recently recovered from a severe fit of illness.

I was still lingering at the open door, watching the graceful manœuvres of the wild fowl on the lake, when my attention was attracted to a bare-

footed, bare-headed, uncouth looking girl, who was hurrying towards the wicket, and panting from the speed which she had used. The little damsel, as soon as she could speak, told me she had been sent by her mistress, (a nice young Scotchwoman, wife to the overseer of a neighbouring saw-mill,) to entreat me to go and see her baby, a lovely infant of eight weeks old—which lay dying as she feared. I hesitated. Of what use could I be in a case of such emergency? I asked myself. The road lay through a tangled cedar swamp; the mudholes would be opened by the soft air—and I cast a glance at the wide pools of water, and the honey-combed ice. The bare-legged little messenger seemed to read my thoughts.

"Ye'll no find the path sae vera bad, gif ye'll gang the same gait wi' me. The mistress is greeting, greeting sairly a' the time, about the sick wean—she'll weary till she sees ye coming."

The simple entreaties of the little lassie prevailed over the dread of swamps and mudholes, wet feet and draggled garments. If I could afford no aid to the suffering child, I might yet support and console the afflicted mother—it was worth some little risk. Joy sparkled in the eyes of my little conductress as she watched me adjusting my tartan shawl; and as a reward for my compliance, she declared that I looked "like a bonny Scotch ledly."

My rough but warm-hearted little guide set off at a good round trot before me—heedless of mud or mire, stone or log; plunging most independently through the first, and scrambling fearlessly over the second—more than one high pile of logs she invited me to cross, after having set me the example with the agility, if not with the grace, of a squirrel—I might as well have followed a Will-o-the-Wisp, as little Maggie Freebairn.

Half an hour's quick walking brought me to the dwelling of the young mother and her sick infant. The babe had been ill several days, and many improper remedies had been successively adopted; among the most pernicious of these whisky punch, (the country people, by-the-by, call all mixtures of spirits and water punch,) and bad port-wine had been forced down the babe's throat. It now lay, convulsed and evidently dying, on the lap of the weeping, sorrowing mother, a pale and wasted shadow of what had been so lovely only a single week before disease had seized it. The hand of Death had set its seal upon it—and "life's young wings were fluttering for their flight!"

By the advice of my sister-in-law, who happened to call in a few minutes after my arrival, we put the babe into a warm bath, and applied gentle friction to its body and extremities; but alas! it was beyond the reach of human skill or

human care. It seemed almost cruel to torment it with unavailing remedies. It was sad to see the anguish of the poor mother, as she hung in tearful agony over its pale unconscious face. It was her first-born—her only one, and the bare possibility of parting from it was too bitter a grief to be dwelt upon. With what tender solicitude did her sad eyes wander towards it continually, as it lay upon my knees, while she almost unconsciously performed those household tasks which her situation rendered imperatively necessary, having to cook for some ten or twelve workmen, belonging to the saw-mill. How often would she throw herself upon her knees beside me to take its cold damp hands and place them on her bosom, or bathe them with her scalding tears—and ask with despairing accents, if I thought it could yet recover—and with what eager looks did she listen to the assurances of the compassionate millwrights and lumberers, that the infant would surely live—they had seen many young children brought as low and yet grew up fine stout boys and girls. I felt as if it were cruel to deceive her.

Towards night, the convulsion fits became more frequent, and, yielding to the passionate entreaties of the poor young woman, not to leave her alone with her dying babe, I consented to take share in her painful vigil. The little Scotch lass was again sent forth on a message to my household, and I prepared to act the part of nurse and watcher, while poor *Jessy* laid down to sleep—that heavy sleep, that the weary in heart and body alone know. Alone, in silence—I watched, by the flickering light cast by the pile of logs that had been carefully built up in the ample chimney (for candle there was none,) the last faint glimmerings of life in the unconscious form that lay upon my lap. No sound but the crackling and settling of the burning logs upon the hearth, the shrill chirp of the crickets, and the deep breathing of the tired slumberers in the loft above, met my ears within the dwelling; the ever moving waters of the river, as they rushed along their rocky bed, was the only sound abroad: and thus I passed the long night.

The first grey dawn found me still watching—I had not the heart to rouse the worn-out mother. I knew she could only waken to renewed anxiety, I felt the chill air of the early frosty morning blow bleak through the wide chinks of the imperfectly framed apartment. The infant appeared to have sunk into a tranquil sleep, and cramped with having maintained one posture for many hours, I now placed it in the cradle, and looked forth upon the face of Nature—and a lovely sight it was! The frosty earth was gemmed with countless diamonds—the mimic picture of those bright orbs above, which were still gleaming down from the

clear blue sky; the saffron tint of early dawn was streaking the East. A light curling mist was gathering on the face of the rapid river, which lay before my eyes in all the majesty of its white crested waves, darkly shaded by the then unbroken line of forest on the opposite bank.

The little hamlet with its rude shanties and half erected dwellings and mill, lay scattered before me on the wide area in front—it was a scene of quiet and of freshness, save the rapid restless river rushing over its ledge of limestone rock, and hurrying away beneath the newly erected bridge in its downward course. It recalled to my mind Moore's lines written at the falls of the Mohawk river :

From rise of morn till set of sun,
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run—

* * * * *

Rushing alike untired and wild
Thro' rocks that frowned and flowers that smiled.

From the contemplation of things like these, I turned with a subdued and humbled heart to look upon human suffering and human woe. Without all was beauty and magnificence, for I gazed upon the works of God. Within was sorrow and death—the consequence of man's sin.

On my re-entering the house, I found Jessy sitting beside the cradle—her hopes had risen with the new day.

Her profound sleep had refreshed both body and mind, and she came to her labour of love with renewed spirits. She was anxious to get breakfast for me, but I preferred the reviving influence of the morning air to anything she could offer me, and promising to return in a few hours, I set forth on my solitary walk homeward.

There is no season when gratitude seems more naturally to fill our hearts, than at early dawn—it is the renewal to us of our existence, we feel that we have been cared for and preserved, and we lift our hearts to Him, from whom all blessings flow. How indeed, can we listen to the chorus of thanksgiving poured forth at sunrise, without being assured that an instinctive feeling of gratitude animates all things living—nay, even the very flowers, and trees, and herbs seem to rejoice in their freshness. Do not the Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament shew his handy-work!

The day was now risen, and the silent woods seemed suddenly to become eloquent with melodious notes, heard at no other time. The ground was white and crisp with frost, a comfortable change from the soft mud and half melted ice of the preceding day—the breeze blew sharp and cold from the river, but it seemed to revive my exhausted spirits and wearied frame. The woodpeckers were at their ceaseless work, hammering

away at the pines and hemlocks—the red squirrels were out crossing my path in every direction, now stopping to regard me with furtive glance, now angrily erecting their beautiful feathery tails and darting up the stem of some rough barked tree, pausing from time to time in their ascent, to chatter forth some indignant remonstrance at my unseasonable intrusion on their privacy at such an hour—seldom, I ween, had lady fair been seen at dawn of day among the deep solitudes of these hemlock and cedar shades, through which I then wended my way. I was lost in a train of reflections to which the novelty of my situation had given birth, when a heavy tread upon the frozen ground near made me look round, and I perceived my husband advancing among the trees to meet me. He had risen thus early to escort me home.

I had not been home more than two hours, before the little Scotch maid came over to tell me that the babe was dead. The deep sleep, in which I had left it, was its last—it breathed its little life away so peacefully, that it might indeed be said, that it fell asleep and wakened in Heaven. The golden bowl was broken, and the young spirit, wearied with this earthly strife of pain, had returned to God who gave it!

It was evening when I renewed my visit to the house of the afflicted mother. Exhausted with weeping, she lay stretched upon her bed, fevered and ill at ease in body, and bowed down with the grief that belongs to human nature, when deprived of the object of its love. It was her first-born, her only one. It was piteous to hear her sad wailing, as she cast her eyes down upon her arm, and exclaimed :

“ It used to lie here—just here, but it will never rest upon my arm again. It is gone—gone—gone !”

I did not then know the pangs of a bereaved mother, mourning for a dear babe, but I have often thought of poor Jessy, since that day—and felt how natural was her sorrow.

It was the third day, after this last sad visit, that I again re-entered the house of mourning. It was a day of sunny brightness. The sounds of business and labour had ceased—the axe no longer made the woods echo to its heavy strokes, the rush and whirl of the mill-wheels was stopped—it was the Sabbath morning, and silence and repose reigned over that busy spot. The door of the dwelling stood open, and I entered unbidden. A solemn feeling came over me, as I stepped across the threshold, from the broad glare of daylight into the dim religious light of the darkened room. In the centre was a table, decently covered with a snow white damask cloth; beside it sat the father of the child, his hat craped and tied with the simple white riband, symbol of

the youth and innocence of the dead ; his head was bent down over the big Bible, that rested on his knees; he was habited in decent mourning. As I entered, he raised his head, and bowed with an air of deep reverence, but spoke no word, and I passed on, unwilling to intrude upon his wholesome meditation. The father was gathering strength from the Book of peace and consolation.

At the further end of the apartment stood the mournful mother, her face bowed over the pale shrouded form of the idol of her heart. Her fair hair, gemmed with tears, fell in long soft ringlets over her face, and swept the pallid brow and tiny ice-cold hands of the dead infant ; they were wet with the holy weeping of maternal love.

The sound of my steps made her look up, and forgetting all distinctions of rank, and alive only to the sympathy that had been shewn to her in her hour of deep distress, she threw her arms about my neck, and wept—but her grief was softened and subdued. She had schooled her heart to bear the sad reality, and she now sorrowed, as one not without hope.

Silently, she drew from within the folds of her muslin handkerchief, a small packet, carefully fastened with a thread of black silk—it was the fair hair of her lost treasure. She regarded it with a look of inexpressible tenderness, kissed it and replaced it in her bosom—then imprinting a last passionate kiss upon the marble brow and cheek of the dead babe, she suffered me to lead her quietly away, while the men approached to screw down the coffin, and throw the white pall over it.

With tearful earnestness did poor Jessy entreat of me to join in the procession that was about to form, but the burial ground was three or four miles off, on the opposite side of the river, and I was unequal to so long a walk.

I watched the funeral train, as it slowly crossed the bridge, and ascended the steep banks of the river, till the last waving of the white pall and scarfs of the mourners was no longer visible among the dark pines. I turned to retrace my steps, and felt that it was better to go into the house of mourning, than the house of mirth.

'Tis a sweet quiet spot, that burial ground in the woods. A few rudely sculptured stones—a heap piled here and there—a simple cross of wood, or a sapling tree planted by some pious hand, are the only memorials, to point out where rest the poor forgotten emigrant or his children. But the pines sigh above them a solemn requiem, the wild birds of the forest sing their lullaby, and the pure white lily of the woods and the blue violet, grow as freely on their green mossy graves, as though they slept within the holy shadow of the sanctuary. Their resting place is indeed hal-

lowed, by the tears and humble prayers of their mournful relatives.

There is one that sleeps there among the children of the soil, unknown and unweared for, save by one who sadly remembers his guileless childhood, his early promise, and the bright example of a talented, but too indulgent father, and of a doting mother—

"But thoughtless follies led astray
And stained his name."

Cut off in the reckless levity of youth's mad career, he fills an early grave ; and I might say of him in the words of the old Scotch ballad :

"Ah! little did thy mother think
The day she cradled thee,
Through what lands thou should'st travel,
And what death thou should'st die!"

THE OWL'S SOLILOQUY.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

'Twas the twilight hour. "Tuwhit-tuwhoo!"
Said the owl, as he peered the branches through,
Of the grim old church-yard tree.
"Tuwhit-tuwhoo!"—and he plumed his wing;
"They are silent now— they shall hear me sing—
'That will gladden their hearts," quoth he.

"I'm the king of birds, and 'twould ill agree
With my royal state and my dignity,
To mix with the vulgar throng;
So I wait till the shades begin to fall,
And the earth is hushed—then I charm them all
With my soft melodious song.

"If I were to sing in the broad day-light,
I've not the least doubt they would all be quite
As pleased and as mute as now;
But I've often been told, and I think they're right,
That my voice has a grander sound by night,
And my notes a richer flow.

"Aha! there's that silly young bird again—
That nightingale, with his tedious strain—
Now really it's very wrong:—
He listened to me, one summer's eve,
And ever since then, without my leave,
He has tried to learn my song.

"Tuwhit-tuwhoo, tuwhoo, tuwhoo!
He'll be sensible soon, what a vain to-do
He has made, with his rivalry;
Indeed, I've a mind myself to teach
The bird, how completely beyond his reach
Is the tone of my minstrelsy.

"So now for a stave!—tuwhit-tuwhoo!"
Said the owl, as he fluttered the branches through,
Of the grim, dark church-yard tree:
And a proud old fellow was he, that hour,
As, perched on the top of the belfry tower,
He hooted right dizzily.

THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.*

A POEM.

BY THE LATE DR. HASKINS.

Quotenus hoc simile est quod mente videmus.

LUBERTIUS, IV. 754.

PART II.

I.

Farewell Calabria's coast!—Now onward, free,
With flowing sail we woo the western wind,
Where less'ning on the view, bright Sicily,
With Etna's distant cone, left far behind,
Shows like a cloud above the rough'ning Sea.
Northward by east our ready course we find;
And gliding by thy glorious gulf, Taranto.
And Luca's Cape, arrive at famed Otranto.

II.

Oh!—Horace Walpole!—trifler, proud, and mean,—
How did'st thou slight of Genius the true Son!—
A second Shakspeare haply earth had seen,
Hadst thou befriended luckless Chatterton.—
Alas! for him who found the world, I ween,
A stepmother full harsh,—of friends not one!—
Poor Boy!—I mourn thy sad, untimely fate,—
Nor envy his—the coxcomb-lord elate.

III.

Otranto—scene of Walpole's wild romance,
Wherein a villain's part doth Manfred play,—
How did thy story strange my soul entrance,
In Boyhood's blithe, enthusiastic day:
"Th' Old English Baron," too, did much enhance
The joy that o'er my spirit then did stray;—
"Udolpho," too, and "Children of the Abbey,"—
Tho' now such compositions seem but shabby.

IV.

"Th' Arabian Nights," and dear, delightful "Crusoe,"
The last is of a worthier, nobler caste—
Worth a ship-load like Voltaire and like Rousseau,
And has within it what will make it last.
'Tis odd that Printers could De Foe abuse so,
As not to buy his work, and make'st agast!—
A book for youth so fit, and so opportune,
That has in later times made many a fortune.

V.

In our young days Ghost Stories seem delightful,
We gorge them down with hunger ever new;
Nothing can be too horrible or frightful,
But we with joy the grizzly tale pursue;—
Black Valleys, and grim Ghosts, and Spectres spiteful,
Friars, Monks, Pirates, Cut-throats, staunch and true,
Deep Dungeons, Castles grey, with vaults mysterious,
Abbeys, Banditti, Caves, Knights, Counts imperious.

VI.

Farewell—a long farewell—to hours romantic,
When "Santo Marco's," could my soul delight!—
In vain for me do Ghosts cut capers antic;—
Little care I for Spectre or for Sprite.
In vain for me Hobgoblins fierce and frantic
Play tricks in Castles at the dead of night;—
Though Akenside* says such deep interest win—
I now don't value them one headless pin.

VII.

And yet, and yet—for that and ten times more,—
Tho' Intellect's proud March such dreams hath scar'd;
Though youth of present days no longer pore
On Ratcliffe, Roche,—but science study hard—
Dynamics, Optics, till their eyes are sore,—
I have for old Romance a fond regard;—
'Tis weak, no doubt,—Steam Pow'r and Spinning Jennies
Are fitter subjects far; for youthful ninnies.

VIII.

Amusing Logarithms!—compar'd with ye
How dull Romance, how barren of delight
The Tale of Times of Old, proud Chivalry
Chieftain, and Warrior, and Errant Knight!—
Sweet Conic Sections!—Trigonometry!—
How base the soul that your pure joys can slight!—
To pore on "Porisms" what exstatic pleasure—
With "Calculus"—bewitching beyond measure!

IX.

Maugre all this, for Knights and for Crusaders,
Romantic feelings haunt my bosom still;—
Small sympathy have I for fierce invaders—
Yet at their story doth my spirit thrill.
My Muse once had sharp eyes; but she has made hers
Dim, with star-watching; so no more with skill
Directs her bark, but blunders on strange coasts,—
Thus now she errs, digressing about Ghosts.

X.

Ossian was great in Ghosts. The Grecian Drama
Seldom admits such things upon the Stage;—
The Spiritual World in panorama
Is best disclos'd by Dante—gifted sage!
Darius' splendid spectre, like Digamma,
Tow'rs o'er all ghosts in Æschylus' spage;—
Shakspeare has some—Banquo's, the Royal Dane,
Also of those by crook-back'd Richard slain.

* Hence, finally by night,
The village matron round the blazing hearth
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment."

* Continued from page 16.

XI.

Perhaps if we through Poetry should canter
In search of the terrific,—not to mention
The Witches of Macbeth and Tam O'Shanter—
With Tasso's Demonology—the declension
Of sage Ulysses, through th' infernal antre—
Æneas's, sublime past reprehension—
The "Edipus Baloneus," with its thunder,
And blind old man,—most makes our spirits wander.

XII.

Monk Lewis gives us spectres grim and ghastly;
The old Romances many an apparition,
Curdling the blood that elsewhere flows so fastly.
The Book of Job's unequal'd for its vision
Of a true Ghost.—I wonder if Sir Astley
Cooper—don't think I say it in derision—
Was troubled by the dead. His oft dissections
No doubt at times gave him some queer reflections.

XIII.

Physicians generally think less of death—
That is, his outward form—than other people;
So oft they view the scene of parting breath,
While tolls the knell from some adjacent steeples,
For all must die—unlike the Son of Seth—
Their fear of the grim phantom waxes feeble;—
More beautiful, too, than aught beneath the skies,
Seen some foul things, to Anatomic eyes.

XIV.

Farewell Otranto's walls!—with foamy swell
Blue Adria bears our bounding bark along;
Strange stories of the sea the mariners tell;
The helmsman carols loud his mirth song;—
Pipes the shrill wind.—Now sterner blasts impel
The straining sails and creaking cordage strong:—
Dark murky volumes the blest sun enshroud:—
The deep is white with foam—Heav'n black with cloud.

XV.

Beauty enrag'd—still lovely in its wrath—
Shouts the wild sea, of late so still and calm;
The storm sweeps forth on its impetuous path;—
The echoing thunder roars sublime its psalm
Of praise to the Creator. Nature hath—
To tell his might—th' Omnipotent I AM—
Nought dread as seas in storms—when Ocean's thunder,
With Heav'n's blast, fierce rends the poles asunder.

XVI.

The earthquake, too, tearing the solid ground—
Deep salt with sudden throes—the hollow tone
Low muttering with subterranean sound—
Prelude to heavings whereby towers, o'erthrown,
Crash down in hideous ruin all around,—
When earth rolls up her waves, and with dread groan
Convulsive yawns 't' o'ertomb her living pray—
God's might—man's impotence—alike display.

XVII.

From Animalcule to Stars that roll—
From drops of dew to Saturn's glorious Ring—
From th' instinct of an Oyster to Man's soul—
From motes in sunbeams to yon orbs that tinge
Their lustre upon earth.—God rules the whole,—
Unerring Wisdom orders ev'ry thing.
Soul, Spirit, Seraphs, Demons, Earth, Heav'n, Hell,—
Worlds, Time, Eternity, His pow'r loud tell!

XVIII.

Let me not deem, then, with insensate mind,
Aught overlook'd in His stupendous plan;
Let not my spirit, unbelieving, blind,
Deem that He lightly cares for suffering Man:—
He calms the tempest, stills the stormy wind—
The waves surcease the frenzied course they ran;
The mariners, swift gliding o'er the sea,
Soon reach "the haven where they fain would be."

XIX.

The storm is o'er;—gliding the troubled tide,
The sun looks out amid the clouds, that rent,
And torn, scatter'd o'er the welkin wide,
Hurry still wild along the firmament.
Lo! Venice, o'er the waters far element,
Lifts her fair form 'bove the blue clement
That once she ruled—life-lorn, in spectral state,—
Living in widow'd pomp, all desolate.

XX.

Lone City of the Dead!—for of the Dead
Thou speakest, rather than of that low throng
That tread thy streets;—unto the ages fled,
And their proud men of might, thou dost belong;—
Thy marble palaces dim shadows shed;
Thy halls superb, that echoed triumph's song,
Are still and silent, as though wintry Death
Had chain'd life's currents round with frozen breath.

XXI.

And yet the Sun looks warm and gladly down
O'er thy cerulean waters, and the grey
And antique roofs that picturesquely crown
Thy wave-reflected walls with joyous ray,
As though no blight had wither'd thy renown:
Thy form soft floating amid the billowy play
Of thine own Adriatic, seems us fair
As though thou ne'er hadst mourn'd, nor felt despair.

XXII.

A mystery hangs o'er thee:—bright, yet sad,
Thou seemest in thy dreamy mournful trance
Alive, yet from life's fond emotions glad,
Estrang'd, but breathing forth intense romance.
Of the pure bliss that once thy Being hind
Berelt, yet lovely with thy tearful glance;
Not dead, scarce living,—smote by sorrow's hand,—
A beautiful wreck on desolation's strand.

XXIII.

Oh!—Interruption! worst of all the ructions
That e'er perplex'd and plagued poetical wight!
When some dull visiter with introductions
Of chit-chat subjects makes one frenzied quite:—
As stupid as a lecture upon Fluxions—
Such folk oft mar my lucubrations bright,
Would that I were where once reign'd Esarhaddon,—
And of thy wondrous lamp possess'd Aladdin!

XXIV.

With "Fortunatus' Cap," and eke withal,
Though Wisdom sanctions not such wish—his purse;
Of divers ills that unto men befall
Labour without reward is sure a curse.
People can't pay their debts—some folk, not all—
Yet give you constant trouble;—which is worse
Than trudging from Chaleur to Penetanguishene—
A journey dread, afflictive, and most anguishing.

XXV.

"Miss A—wants her tooth out;"—"Has she the money?"
 "No—but be quick—she's frantic with the pain;"—
 So down I haste, looking by no means funny,
 Extract the snag—may pocket it as gain.
 "Thanks! till you're better paid"—with smiles quite sunny
 Your patient cries,—such hope's indulg'd in vain;
 Your pen you now resume with indignation,
 Though much relief'd by her absquatulation.

XXVI.

At midnight, in mid-winter, to turn out,
 And cross a frozen lake some dozen miles,
 While howls the storm, is solving no doubt,
 And doth the spirit of its grief beguile:
 Doctors are things the world can't do without—
 Though render'd services oft seem but vile—
 Like eaten bread—beside the law's so lenient,
 They're paid or not, just as it comes convenient.

XXVII.

Oh! for an hour of St. John Long—the scrubber,
 To cury well the hide of each Bezonian
 Whose conscience's planter than Indian Rubber!—
 Oh! that the awful mighty shade Thompsonian
 Might rise, and purge the land of lout and lubber—
 Each tricky knave as true as Catalonia,—
 With fell Lohella and stout Number Six,
 Might put them in an everlasting fix!

XXVIII.

Oh! Age of Humbug and Homoeopathy!—
 What rare inventions hast thou brought to light;
 How deep a debt do mortals owe to thee!
 Man was of old a melancholy wight,
 Ere fobbd'd of sense and cash as now we see,
 Oh!—St. John Long—thou Star of Physis bright!—
 Lord of the Scrub-Brush—see thou ne'er didst fall in—
 Eclipsing Celsus, Hippocrate, and Galen.

XXIX.

Hydrophy's a cure for all our woes—
 The body's—not th' immortal mind's, slack!—
 The "Chrono-Thermal" too, far as it goes,
 Is sensitive for ills of head, breast, back.
 "The Grape Cure" unto some amazing shows—
 Making folks well, ere you can cry out "Whack!"—
 Put all these in one scale with "Pills of Parr"—
 They'll far outweigh th' inventions new in War.

XXX.

Not this my theme;—but Fancy's so capricious!
 Now am I on the Himalayan Steep
 With Prester John; while comes a condor vicious
 And trusses up my comrade at one sweep.
 I'm now by Babel's Wall—then Namur's Ditches,—
 On Taurus top,—then my night vigils keep
 By Ismir's turbid'd tombs,—then macaroni
 Eating in Timbuctoo with poor Belzoni.

XXXI.

I'm now in Mars, now in the Georgium Sidus—
 Playing ho-peep with stars 'neath Saturn's Ring—
 I'm now in the Levant, with lovely Cuddus
 Before me rising deck'd by hand of spring.
 Could "We"—an editorial phrase—divide us
 You still would find in Fancy's wandering,
 Part of us ev'ry where;—so multifarious
 Do we become in our excursions various.

* Smyrna.

XXXII.

Desolate Venice!—as the wild sea wave
 Around thee breaks—methinks, with plaintive tone,
 It mourns for thy lost glory in the grave—
 Laments for thy renown for ever flown.
 Th' heroic throng—the Beauteous and the Brave—
 The triumphs of thy fame—all, all are gone;
 And thou art left alone, here, and proud,
 With thy dim splendour round thee like a shroud.

XXXIII.

Farewell!—the fluttering breeze, with dew-bright wing,
 Fresh from yon azure hills, now calls away;
 Yet Venice! unto thee will mem'ry cling,
 With sad, yet fond, regard; for many a day,
 Greece—classic land, doth o'er the waters sing
 Her lovely shadow, touch'd by meek decay;
 And woo's us to her shores with placid smile,
 Where sorrow blends with beauty's charin the while.

XXXIV.

How calm thy bosom—bright Ionian Deep!—
 How tranquil on thy tide yon islets rest;—
 Unvaried Nature here may wake or sleep—
 To joy still waking—just as she loves best.
 Bountiful heav'n doth in luxuriance steep
 Earth, and beneficently make her blest,
 With beauty, richness, an unbounded store
 Of gifts, till her full lap can hold no more.

XXXV.

Heav'n hath done all that mortals could desire
 For this fair land, but Man its work hath marr'd.
 Here Genius dwelt, here Glory fann'd its fire,
 Here bright Philosophy reap'd rich reward.
 But ah!—no more her sons to such aspire;
 For Love, for Wisdom, small is their regard.
 Oppression, Tyranny, unblest Misrule,
 Have crush'd their spirits down in sorrow's school.

XXXVI.

Greece lies as in a trance—not sleeps in death;
 Yet much I doubt she ne'er will wake again
 To genuine life, to vigorous strong breath.
 Nations their deep denseness have like men;
 Greece hath *Brain-Palsy*; and true science saith
 Her doom is writ with an unfaultering pen.
 Yet may she rally, and once more revive,
 Tho' slender is the string that bids her live.

XXXVII.

If Greece hath *Palsy*, Italy lies low
 In pining *Atrophy*: her springs of life,
 Havenought to stir them, so deep languors grow.
 Listless Inaction with diseases rife—
 Soul-immobility, source of careless woe.
 If deathn't to recover, inward strife
 Must stir those springs, rouse up the morbid soul,
 And actuate and energise the whole.

XXXVIII.

Stern Aearnania's hills at early dawn
 Show wild and rude, yet gilt with gold of day;
 Night's cloudy curtain from the heav'n's withdrawn,
 Those airy summits greet the welcome ray.
 Mountains at morn when envious mists are gone
 Have charms for me since boyhood's blissful day,—
 Cliffs, rocks, ravines, the purple blossom'd heath,
 All redolent of mornings' sweetest breath.

XXII.

The rolumed vapours with majestic motion,
And graceful curve, slow sweeping from the height,
The broad unbounded view o'er earth and ocean,—
All round me beauty—all above me bright,—
Deep wake within my soul supreme devotion,—
Give to my spirit pure and fond delight;—
Mountains, land, sea, the firmament above,
Breathe forth enchantment, ecstasy and love.

XI.

O!t gladsome youth!—whence comes that wild ring spell,
Th' inexplicable charm—the mystic trance
Of feeling, thought, hope, passion,—known too well
Yet not to be express'd—whicli forms romance,
The soul of life's young bliss; that makes hearts swell
With rapturous dreams, that common joys entrance,—
And expectations never realized
Upon this earth—yet ah! too dearly priz'd.

XLI.

Who hath not felt, when Music thrill'd around
With voice of melody—strange sadness steal—
Yearnings for somewhat upon earth ne'er found—
Over the spirit;—Hope, that hearts may feel
Yet ne'er define, sweet blending with that sound?—
Light dawning on the soul, that doth reveal
The Future—Past—worlds wondrous—with its beam,—
And beauteous Forms, which are, perchance, no dream:

XLII.

Romance is kindred to our nature. Yearns the mind
For bliss that earth will not—can not bestow;
In its ideal dreams relief we find
For longings vain, and our deep inward woe—
The thirst intense—the enthusiast's blind,
Aspiring after that ne'er found below—
The blending of the soul with things beyond
The reach of earth, impassion'd, wild, and fond.

XLIII.

Lepanto's Gulf wide opening on the view
Gives glorious glimpses of a lovely land;—
Deep roll its billows tinted with bright blue;—
Tall mountains curve around on either hand;
Smile down the heavens, with their celestial hue;
While from the shore green spreading slopes expand,
Vivid with verdure. Radiant is the scene;
Skies, seas, earth, mountains, rob'd in blue and green.

XLIV.

Beside that gorgeous gulf fair Corinth lies,
Of old the haunt of love and every bliss;
Circled by hills, o'erhung by beauteous skies,
Her breezy strand the wanton waters kiss;
Green spreading slopes around in verdure rise;
While 'neath yon floating cloud th' Acropolis
High lifts its head to heav'n, and o'er yon town,
Far spreading out beneath, looks deeply down.

XLV.

* Not unto every traveller it befalls
To view sweet Corinth with her azure hills,
Her rich green fields, bright banks, and glowing walls;—
To hear the music of her tinkling rills,—
To mark the dazzling splendour that entralls
Her groves, and foliage her vales that fills,—
With yon dusk mountain on its brooding base,
Dark frowning to the heavens with gloomy grace!

* Non culvis contigit adire Corinthum.—HOMER.

SONNET

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. JAMES HASKINS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Neglected son of Genius! thou hast pass'd,
In broken-hearted loneliness away;
And one who prized thy talents fair would cast
The cypress wreath above thy mould'ring clay.
Ah! could she yet thy spirit's flight delay,
'Till the cold world, relenting from its scorn,
The fadeless laurel round thy brow should bind,
Crowning the innate majesty of mind,
By crushing poverty and sorrow torn!
Peace to thy manesless ashes—till revive
Bright memories of thee in deathless song.
True to the dead, Time shall relenting give
The meed of Fame deserv'd—delay'd too long;
And in immortal verse the bard again shall live!

DR. JAMES HASKINS, late of Frankfort, on the River Trent, was a learned and accomplished man of genius. Like too many of that highly-gifted, but unhappy fraternity, he struggled through his brief life with the most depressing and heart-crushing cares. The neglect and want of sympathy which he experienced from persons of his own class, pressed sorely upon the sensitive man of talent and refinement. A new country, where all are rushing forward to secure wealth and independence, is not a favourable soil to nourish the bright fancies and delusive dreams of the poet; and Dr. Haskins found few who could understand or appreciate his literary tastes and pursuits. Disappointment and disgust were the natural consequences arising out of these untoward circumstances. His mind was not cast in that iron mould, which enables the possessor to meet and combat successfully with the ills of life. He endured proudly and firmly the evils of his situation; but he failed in surmounting them, and untimely drooped and died, as too many like him have died, heart-broken and alone. Of the last days of the poet, little is known.

Could the many fine poems which he wrote in his solitary exile, be collected and published, we feel assured that posterity would do him justice: that his name would rank high among the bards of the Green Isle. In him, was sadly verified the beautiful lines of our English Sappho, whose end, like his own, was involved in loneliness and mystery:

"Fame may pour her sunlight on the picture
When the artist's hand is mouldering in the dust
—And fling the laurel wreath upon a harp,
Whose chords are mute forever!"

LA DERNIÈRE FÉE.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

BY T. D. F.

CHAPTER III.

THE GOOD CHEMIST DIES.

THE lapse of time between the picture which the laboratory presented in our first chapter, and the epoch we are now about to enter upon, has produced many changes which require another description.

The good inhabitants of the cabin no longer went to bed with the sun, but, as twilight approached, Caliban lighted and placed upon the table a lamp filled with a fragrant oil, manufactured by the chemist; the good man himself, sat on his worn-eaten chair, the pretty wife on a low stool on one side, while the beautiful Abel was seated on the other; the old white-haired man, whose face was covered with wrinkles, which the light of the lamp rendered still more prominent, would take the "Cabinet des Fées," and teach his son from it to read the mystic characters in the book, the engravings of which had so charmed his infancy.

The mother listened as her son learned to spell, as if his difficult utterance and frequent repetitions had been the music of the angels; she had taught herself to embroider, that she might have the pleasure of decorating her son's clothes, and his white muslin collars were always wrought in some graceful pattern traced for her by her husband. She had made for him a dress copied from one of the costumes in the "Cabinet des Fées," which, as it much resembled the short riding coats, and full pantaloons worn in Paris, had nothing ridiculous in it, and was very becoming to him.

This son of the chemist and his pretty wife, had a fine form admirably proportioned; his whole air was distinguished by an elegance quite uncommon; his eyes were full of fire, yet beamed with candour and innocence; around his broad and snowy forehead clustered his jet-black hair, which fell in ringlets to his shoulders. His face had that flower of youth—that vivacity of colour—that softness of expression—that modest air, united

with a certain pride and loftiness, which forms the embodied idea of the ancient Greeks; his large finely shaped eyes were shaded with long lashes, and his whole expression was that of an Apollo. When he was reading, his eyes never turned from his book, except an occasional glance to his mother, for her look of approbation; and sometimes, after he had achieved an entire phrase with less difficulty than usual, he would kiss the forehead of his serene old teacher, thus expressing his gratitude to him for the labour he was taking to instruct him.

Caliban often quitted his work to admire this *chef d'œuvre* of nature—this idol of his mother, and even nature herself seemed sometimes to pause to look in upon and smile at this group of virtue and beauty, placed under the black vault of the cabin, in the midst of furnaces and the implements of chemistry, like a bouquet of wild flowers blooming in a cave of rubbish.

Abel's highest enjoyment in his infancy had been to look at the engravings in the fairy tales; at sixteen years it was his greatest happiness to read and listen to those tales; the magical adventures related, were the subject of all his meditations; and the whole strength of his intellect, in the very germ of its development, became imbued with the charms and wonders of the fairies' land; his own ignorance and *naïveté* combined to make him believe in the existence of those charming creatures & elept fays; he never for one moment doubted the truth of these histories. In truth, this *raut* mythology of modern times always finds something in harmony with it, in every tender soul disposed to the gentle religion of mystery.

It is not to be wondered at, with such an education, that Abel was fully imbued with the reality of these fairy tales, and the brilliant conceptions of the East.

Thus happily passed away two or three years, while Abel assisted his father in his chemical labours, aided Caliban in the garden, and walked with his mother in the forest. Such little items composed a life of true joy and gladness, and day

by day displayed more of his real goodness of heart, to the unceasing joy of the good chemist and his wife, who pleased themselves with the idea of their son passing just such a life as their own, with a modest cottage, and a pretty wife, and another Caliban.

But the heavens had decided otherwise—man proposes, but it is God who disposes. One day when the chemist was busily engaged over his furnaces, his wife and son went out to walk; the old man, who imagined himself on the very verge of finding the great secret of making gold, had passed many nights without sleep, till he had become exhausted with fatigue; wearied out, he sank down in a heavy sleep; the deleterious fumes of the charcoal played about, and finally stifled him. On the return of Abel and his mother from their pleasant promenade, they found Caliban on his knees before his master, weeping bitterly! The wife sank down by his side, Abel stooped to raise his father; he found him cold; he took the head of the old man upon his knees, and strove to recall the spirit by his prayers and supplications. At last he comprehended the fatal truth, that he was indeed dead; he covered him with kisses, and a funeral wail rose from those loving hearts. The chemist's face, gentle and serene, still wore the sweet expression which had made the charm of his life, and bound him to those about him with such strong ties of affection.

When night had come, by the soft light of the moon, the three inhabitants of the cottage placed their beloved in a grave, which Caliban, while digging, had watered with his tears; and the morning sun surprised the groupe, still on their knees before the little mound, which contained their hearts' dearest treasure; they had not spoken one word, and the deep silence had only been broken by the auroral songs of the birds.

"Ah! they tell me," said Abel, as the sweet sounds came upon his ear, "that the soul of my father has gone towards heaven, but it still lingers over the flowers which blossom around his tomb!"

"Dost thou believe it, Abel?" asked his mother, alternately regarding her son and the grave of his father.

"Certainly!" replied Abel.

"Ah! let me think," continued she, "that that soul has entered into thee," and a sweet hope shone into her desolated heart; she laid her head upon the bosom of her son, and wept.

As the day deepened, the three returned silently to the laboratory, where every thing recalled the beloved lost one; every thing was so imbued with his spirit, that he seemed to be still with them. But it was long before cheerfulness was restored to the sorrow-

ing circle; for hours the mother and son would sit together, hand in hand, gazing listlessly upon the furnace, as if they almost expected to see spring out from its wide and dark cavity, the loved form of the chemist. Caliban wept when at evening he lighted the lamp filled with fragrant oil, and placed it upon the table, now no longer illumined by the presence of his master.

Abel soon engraved upon a small stone placed over the grave of his father, these words, dictated by the oriental taste his reading had formed:

"As the young girl, who, on the borders of the Ganges, consults the success of her love by delivering to the waves of the river her frail bark, composed of the leaves of the date tree, and follows with her eyes the light she has placed within it, so we had charged a frail bark with all our hopes, but the waves of death engulfed it."

One year afterwards, Abel had to add another name to the epitaph, for the love of the son could not compensate to the wife the loss of her husband, and she was laid by the side of him to whom she had been so faithful a companion.

Abel was inconsolable; even the "Cabinet des Fées" had no longer the power to charm him; his world, his universe, the laboratory, was no longer the same to him as when it was blessed with the presence of his father, his mother. At the decline of each day he went out with languid steps, and seated himself at the tomb of his parents. Caliban would follow him without speaking, seeming to delight in inhaling the fragrance of the flowers which blossomed luxuriantly over the graves, and which he thought bore on them the impress of his master's soul. Twilight would deepen into night, and the stars would look down upon their sombre reveries; Abel, child of nature, yielded to his unhappiness, without seeking to shake it off. Sometimes, when his heart, too much oppressed, could no longer contain the world of sad and pure thoughts enclosed in his soul, he would say to Caliban:

"Wherefore do we live? Oh! why do we not die? This garden is a desert, these flowers please me no longer; the morn which formerly smiled upon me, hides itself in clouds; but I regret not its light, I love only the harmonious murmurs of the wind in the forest leaves, because it seems to me like the echo of their voices who speak to me from the heavens. I cultivate these roses—they are born of their ashes, and their odour is the exhalation of their souls; this lily shall be my mother, and this lilac, with its fragrant clusters, shall be my father, whose science and genius exhale themselves in its rich perfumes."

Caliban listened to this song of grief, and if a bird poured forth its mellow notes in cadence, he

chased it gently away, for its joyful tones seemed like a mockery to both; and these two souls, so widely different in their organization, blended together in the same regrets, and the chastened influences which surrounded him, imparted refinement to the rough servitor. One day he said to Abel:

"Abel, the storm bends the flower, but it soon rises again!"

"It is not broken!" answered the young man.

Caliban could not answer him, but he wept at the sad tears of his young master.

Thus these two beings remained without being known, without succour in the midst of the world, as isolated as if they had dwelt upon a desert island, in the centre of an ocean. After a few months Abel began again to read his fairy tales, but he only granted himself this indulgence in the morning, because Caliban told him they must be very prudent in the use of their oil, as the good chemist could no longer make it for them. Caliban, since the death of his master, seemed to have had his spiritual nature awakened; he listened as Abel read aloud from his fairy books, and then they conversed together on the nature of these mysterious beings.

Soon an intense desire took possession of Abel to see a fairy, and he strove to learn how to evoke one; he read and re-read, and could find only that the fairies came of themselves to those who were unhappy.

"Wherefore have we not seen them? Why have they not come to me? Ah, I understand! my father was a genius, my mother a fairy; they have abandoned us, but they will return!"

From the day that this idea took possession of his mind, hope once more sparkled in his heart; he became joyous as on those days when he played upon his mother's bosom. He often felt a strong desire to raise the hearth-stone of the chimney, that he might become possessed of the secrets therein buried, but he checked his wish by the remembrance that his mother had told him never to do so till he was ready to quit the cabin forever, and he could not bring himself to do that. Every thing remained in the laboratory as when it was blessed by the presence of his parents. Abel would not allow any thing to be changed. The worship of the children of nature for the objects of their veneration, is full of the finest thought and deepest feelings, and their grief is far more noble than that which is painted on the garments: the mourning of the soul is the religion of suffering—that of the body, only an external devotion.

"I am sure," said Abel to Caliban, looking at the hearth-stone of the chimney with lively curi-

osity, "that there is below there, the entrance to a subterranean palace, like the garden in which Aladdin took his lamp, with a pavement of sapphire, pillars of diamond, golden fruits, the seeds of the pomegranate, rubies, and where a little fairy with a wand, is seated on a throne of mother-of-pearl; she is beautiful as a spring morning; she has a chariot drawn by pigeons, and she will take me to see my father and mother."

"Ah, Abel!" replied Caliban, "thou talkest like a book!"

It was a curious and interesting spectacle to see the old and deformed servitor by the side of Abel, whose form, beauty, and gentle expression, gave the idea of an angel conversing with a gnome. Often he would say to Caliban:

"Thou art ugly, Caliban, because thou art not the son of a fairy, like myself. See how the flower flushes and fades, how the nightingale dies after its song, how the storm breaks down the roses, how even the other day an oak larger than myself, fell to the ground. But me, I change not, my voice is the same, my cheeks bloom, my eyes sparkle: I remain beautiful, because I am the child of a fairy."

"It is true," said Caliban, "I am from Mantz."

"Mantz—what is that?" asked Abel.

"It is a place where there is much of the world, many authorities—it is a city."

"A city like those in our tales? in these were princes and princesses; I should like to see one."

This was the state of Abel's mind at eighteen years of age; the sum of all his ideas was in the "Cabinet des Fées;" his life was contemplative and dreamy; and all the strength of his rich imagination and his oriental soul, was lavished upon these chimerical beings; his very language was imbued with the images and similes of the East, and his mind was opened to all their superstitions.

During the long interval of time since the chemist's first arrival, many changes had occurred in the neighbouring village. With regard to the cabin of the devil, the death of the chemist, and his wife, had led the villagers to think of it with a little less terror, and when the chimney no longer vomited the black smoke which they had looked upon as the index to the very outlet of hell, it produced a great effect. Many of the young people who had served as conscripts in the army, where they had learned to laugh at all fears, and particularly at every thing supernatural, had returned to ridicule the fancies that had so long possessed the good villagers, till at last they were ashamed even to think they had ever imagined there was danger near the chemist's cabin.

Jacques Bontemps, *maréchal* of the Cuirassiers,

and a great man in his own estimation, proved to the satisfaction of every body, that the beadle, who had first spread the alarm, was a fool, but that his daughter Catherine had not her like in the world.

It is only now, that our tale really commences; what has gone before, has been only what was necessary for the reader to know, ere the curtain was raised: but at this moment we lift the veil.

—
CHAPTER IV.
—

A FAIRY.

The last part of preceding chapter, introduces us to Jacques Bontemps, and Catherine, the beadle's daughter. This beadle was now a great personage; from beadle he had become mayor, and the richest man in the village, because he had the good sense, at the time of the Revolution, to buy the goods of the church, that they might not, he said, get out of the hands of the clergy; "heaven will not punish me," he argued, "because I mean well." But at the same time he promised to enjoy them well.

Thus, in a few years, he found himself very much at his ease, for he sold for a great price, what he bought for a little. His daughter Catherine was the prettiest, as well as the richest girl in the village, and she found herself surrounded by admirers. Among them was Jacques Bontemps, an old soldier, returned from the wars without a pension, for he had only served twenty years; but he hoped to atone for this by marrying Catherine; he had written to one of his comrades, who was sold to the Minister of Finance, to try and obtain for him the place of Collector, pretending that the one who now filled the place was a barber; he thought if he succeeded in getting the old collector turned out, and securing the post for himself, he should easily persuade the fair Catherine to marry him. Bontemps had gained the cross at Austerlitz, and when he returned to his country, he sought ever to entwine the red riband into his discourse, and to gain for himself more credit than he deserved.

Jacques Bontemps was a little of a liar, or romancer, as he would have termed it, to which he was led in part by the desire to exalt the glory of France, and the superiority of her brave ones, like himself, over all others, and the wish to impress upon the mind of the ex-beadle the idea that he was an important person; this was added to a disposition naturally given to amplifying, and with such motives, one can excuse a little deviation from the truth. He made no scruple at even diminishing the number of the French regiments, and doubling those of their antagonists. According to his own account, he was one of the

fifteen cavaliers, who, with General La Salle, entered Stettin, and with thirty-two blows of the sabre, and a gallop, carried the city. The peasants who gathered round him, to hear his wonderful stories, opened their eyes as the *maréchal* told them that a little drummer, with his two drumsticks, could make an attack upon the outposts of the enemy, and bring back as prisoners, Cossacks, with their horses, brilles, lances, sheepskins and all. After telling them wonderful stories, and how he leaped through an embrasure and took a city with his own hands, he would twist round his mustachios, smile complacently, knock the cinders from his pipe, and say: "Behold! how I gained the cross!"

Thus this *maréchal*, a man of five feet six inches, with a battered face, a warlike strut, and the certain air and manner of the cosmopolite soldier, succeeded in persuading the ex-beadle mayor, that he knew great generals, the councillors of state, and that he had credit, even at court. For a long time there had been a process at law, between a neighboring corporation, and that of which Grandvoni was the mayor, for the goods belonging to two corporations, which remained undivided; each community wished to have more than the other; and for ten years, they had pleaded, they obtained decrees and arrests; but the affair was not ended. The mayor had not the means to go to Paris, to follow up the advocates, the judges, and the ministers, to spend money in dinners, carriages, presents; and the corporation had still less. The mayor, who did not refuse to believe the stories of Bontemps, asked him, as a proof of his influence, to arrange for him this affair, in which he was so much interested; Jacques a prudent man, asked for time to do it, and proposed that in the interval he might be allowed to be near Catherine, with the hope of inspiring her with love to him, and then he thought he would manage all things so well, that the mayor could not refuse to let him marry her. He made his correspondence with the valet pass for a correspondence with the heads of the bureau, and as his correspondent addressed the letters under cover of the minister, Jacques assumed an air of great importance, when these envelopes, which he took good care to drop in the street, were picked up and restored to him; he felt assured that, could he but obtain the office of collector, his success was insured, and all the community would bow to his powers.

Thus this little village was a prey to intrigues, almost as entangled and numerous as those in the Marriage of Figaro. The collector was struggling in the toils of Bontemps, but he wished to keep his place, and defended it with courage. There were parties for and against, differences of opinion and disputes, but Bontemps was very

civil to the collector, and the collector to Bon-temps; it was a court; nothing was wanting but the rich dresses, the fine language, coaches, and the rumours of changes in the ministry.

Abel and Caliban knew nothing of these intrigues; they lived in a world above them, and seemed to view them like the wise man, whom the poet represents as looking down upon the clouds of inhabitants of the earth, running breathlessly in pursuit of gold and fortune. The happy Abel still lived in his own charming world of fairies, enchanters, genii, princes, and princesses, with their blooming gardens, forming a terrestrial paradise. He waited for the coming of a fairy, as the Jews wait for their Messiah; he read and re-read the tales, and often having read them, he would express to Caliban his strong desire to fly up to heaven, and seize upon a golden cloud, which should bear him to the realms of these charming beings. He painted to himself a fairy, and he adored her; when at evening a flash of light would sparkle in the air, he would run towards the forest, as if he expected there to find his fairy, thus announced. If in the night a harmonious breeze played among the leaves, and sighed over the flowers of his garden, "Oh," he would say, "my fairy passes by!" Whether waking or sleeping, the imagination of this child of nature, was pervaded by this one train of thought. Actual life was as yet a sealed book to him, and he lived only in the unreal.

One morning, he was seated before the door of his cabin, on the stone which served him for a bench; he wore the beautiful dress made by his mother; the wrought collar of his shirt was turned over, shewing the white throat; his hair clustered in full ringlets around his face and shoulders; he looked like a very Apollo, reading Homer, to see if the bard had painted him correctly. Flowers were around him; the very vine seemed to grow only to shade him. He was reading the history of Fair Star, whose celestial origin was proclaimed by the brilliant mark upon her forehead. His train of thought, and reading, were interrupted by a light step, that of a fairy, or a woman; his imagination kindled; he waited with feverish impatience; now he saw coming from behind some shrubbery, a young girl, simply dressed, her black hair escaping from a handkerchief carelessly thrown over her head; a red bodice, and white skirt set off to advantage a light and graceful figure; her throat was white, and her face sparkled with an attractive freshness; her bare arms were round and polished, and her beautiful hands would have been the envy of many a high-born dame. Her whole air expressed *nature* and purity, and grace spoke in every movement. She walked rapidly up the hill, but when she perceived Abel,

she stopped, and looked upon him with an eager surprise and admiration, which brought the colour to her cheek; she could not but see the eagerness with which Abel examined her, and she cast down her eyes, and appeared to hesitate whether to turn back, or venture to pass the cabin.

As there are some men, who, in their walk and bearing, and all they do, show dignity and strength, so there are some women, who unite in a high degree all the womanly perfections; they are surrounded with a perfect *cortège* of seductions and attractions, graces and pretty manners; so this young girl had enough, to quire overturn the head of a young man, who had never seen any one but Caliban, his mother, and an old chemist at his furnace. Abel sprang forward. The young girl retired; but the great beauty of the young man, and the perfect candour and goodness which sparkled in his whole person, attracted her, and she only retreated to the edge of the forest. Abel followed her, took her hand, which he felt tremble, and said to her in a gentle voice:

"Thou art not a fairy, for thy hand trembles, thy cheek blushes; thou walkest upon the earth, thou hast no wand; but thou art pretty as a fairy!"

The young girl drew away her hand; she understood not one word that he had said to her; she did not reply to him, but she was seeking to comprehend what his words meant.

"Come, and sit by me upon my stone!" and he accompanied the phrase with a smile of invitation.

She went with him. After a moment or two of silence, Abel said:

"I wish often, to have you seated by me!"

The young girl, answered—

"You do me honour."

Abel looked at her uneasily, for he did not understand what she intended by these words. She continued—

"Do you live in this cottage?"

"Yes," answered he. "And you—do you come from the village below there? I have never been there; my father and mother forbade me going there?"

"Ah! cannot you come now?" said she, with a *native* accent of regret.

"No!" answered Abel; "but thou canst come to my cottage; it is very pretty. Thou shalt see there, the clothes my father, the enchanter, and my mother, the fairy, wore when they lived upon the earth; I have preserved them carefully."

The young girl looked at him, with profound astonishment, and the more she looked, the more she admired the rare beauty of the young man; he was a miracle of love!

"Without doubt, thou hast a name!" continued he, "as all princesses have; but I will not ask

theo what it is. I will call thee, '*Charme de Crur*.'"

"Ah!" said she, "I am called Catherine."

"What does that mean?" asked Abel, thinking the name signified some quality, as all the names in his fairy tales did.

"It means, that I am the daughter of M. Grandvoni, mayor of the village," replied the artless Catherine.

At this moment Caliban, who was in the cabin, hearing another voice than that of his young master, rose and looked out of the door; the young girl, at sight of his hideous face, was frightened, and ran hastily away. Abel watched her flight, and when Caliban asked him what it was, answered it was a young girl almost as beautiful as Graciosa; perhaps she was a fairy in disguise. Catherine in her flight, could think only of the beautiful young man; and before she arrived at the village, she had persuaded herself that it was better to hide what she had seen. The more she reflected, the more difficult she found it to believe that Abel was a human being, he was so very unlike any one she had ever seen. She was quite certain he must be a superior being; she could think of nothing but his celestial beauty, the freshness and *naïveté* of his manner; and when Jacques Bontemps came to pass the evening with her, he found she answered his questions at random, and that her mind was wholly distracted.

Abel, too, thought much of the new being he had seen; the fairy tales he had read, had taught him the nature of love, for all the deeply interesting legends were founded upon the history of persecuted lovers; he knew a man loved a woman, and a woman a man, but he thought himself destined to love a fairy; therefore, the impression the pretty Catherine made upon him, was far from being so lively, as if he had deemed her a fairy. Nevertheless, he thought much of her, and the more he thought, the deeper was the impression engraved upon his mind. For many days, he ran to look up and down the road, then seated himself on the stone to wait for her. The fourth morning, he saw her coming slowly towards him; he ran to meet her, and led her in silence to the rustic bench, then said:

"Catherine, for I have remembered thy name, thou art more richly dressed than the other day; thou hast a rose in thy hair, thy bosom is veiled with a cloth of roses; thy hands are embellished with rings of gold."

He paused a moment to wait her reply; she blushed deeply, and cast down her eyes, but remembering the ignorance of the young man, she raised them, and said:

"Oh! it is the custom in our world, to deck ourselves, for those we wish to please!"

"Do they please by their dress?" replied he, with much vivacity. "Oh! I hope I shall be beautifully dressed, when I meet a fairy."

"What is a fairy!" asked Catherine.

"A fairy!" answered Abel, smiling, "is a spirit divine which clothes itself in a human form, and appears to us borne upon a cloud; their garments are like the azure of the heavens, their faces are sparkling, and yet gentle as a star; they walk upon the flowers without bending them. As the bee nourisheth itself with honey, they drink from the rose, and lie in the chalices of flowers; they embellish nature, they reign sovereigns every where, they make happy all they protect, they give them talismans against misery; sometimes they take them to their own golden palaces, where the pavements are of marble, and the roofs like the vault of heaven on fire; they surround the mortals they love, with an atmosphere of happiness and pleasure, and this enchantment comes morning, noon, and night."

"If this is truth," said Catherine, "love is a fairy we have in the heart!"

And her eyes, full of tenderness, turned towards Abel, with a glance of admiration.

"Love!" answered Abel, taking Catherine's hand, "is not a new word to me; but I cannot yet understand all it expresses."

At these ingenuous words, Catherine felt her heart beat; she gently drew away her hand, and passed it across her eyes, to wipe away the tears that gathered there; Abel *naïve* and tender, with his long ringlets, dried her eyes.

"Love!" answered the young peasant, "is a suffering—"

"Oh, no!" replied Abel, "those should be happy, who love; if my fairy presents herself to me, I feel I shall love her, but I shall not dare to approach her; I shall respect her, I shall admire her in silence, for it seems to me, a word will soil her soul; I shall be content to think of her; I shall not take her hand, as I do thine, but I shall love to breathe the flower whose perfume she has respired. I shall prefer pain with her, to pleasure with others; when she is away, I shall still see her. She will be my mother, my father, my sister, all—every thing—all will come to me through her—light! happiness! joy! I shall live only in her; she shall be my morning, my day, my evening, my nature."

"Enough, enough!" said Catherine, sobbing.

"Thou weepst—wherefore? are you in pain?"

"Yes," replied she, "that village which you see, is full of pain and torments!"

And to turn his attention from herself, Catherine sketched for him, a picture of the intrigues of the village.

Abel could understand nothing, except that the beings, who lived in the village, were unhappy.

"Ah! better for them to live as I do, in a cabin, with a nice garden—then they would be happy. Let them come here, and I will console them; there are none so unhappy, they cannot be cheered. Ah!" continued he, thinking of his wretchedness, when he lost his father; "have they all seen their parents die?"

"Ah, no!" said Catherine, "there are other misfortunes than that; there is in the village a young girl, whose history I will tell you next time I come, if I do come again," she added, "and you will tell me how to console her."

"If thou comest!" repeated Abel. "And why should you not come?"

Catherine tried to make him comprehend the idea of propriety, which forms the base of society, but he understood her not.

"I do not see why we should be forbidden to do that which will add to our happiness."

Catherine looked at him for some time, with a painful feeling—then slowly left him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VILLAGE BELL.

BY M. A. M.

(These lines were written at a time when the writer was about to leave her birth-place, with a heart crushed by recent calamity and sorrow—be this the apology for their melancholy, and for that hopelessness, so unusual in youth.)

Sweet Sabbath bell! thou hast rung on
Unchanged through many a year,
Though they who heard thine earliest peal
Can now no longer hear.
Full many a change hath pass'd o'er all
The little world around,
Since first the echoes of the dell
Responded to thy sound.

I heard thy soft and solemn voice
Upon the evening air,
When erst a simple child I roved,
Unknowing aught of care.
I thought thy tones were very sweet
But yet they were not then
Linked with the memories of the past,
And histories of men.

Yet, even then I loved to note
Thy voice upon the breeze,
And see thy taper form arise
From out the churchyard trees,
When 'mid my playmates glad and free,
Thy "ding-dong" met mine ear,
I ever paused amid my sport,
That soothing sound to hear.

I heard thee in more recent days,
When girlhood's bright romance
Enwarr'd me in its shadowy veil,
Its soft and dreamy trance.
I heard thee—and the thrilling tone
Awaken'd hope's fair dreams,
And all the darksome scene around
Was gilded with her beams.

I hear thee now, when every peal
Bears record of the past,
Of buoyant hopes and sunny hours,
All far too bright to last.
I hear thee now when time has damp'd
The hopes of earlier youth,
And cold experience shown the world
In all its chilling truth.

Aye! e'en thine own shade is chang'd;
I mind me well the time,
When far from other dwelling-places
Was heard thy warning chime.
It was an ancient burial-ground,
A ruin dark and lone,
A simple fabric which decay
Had branded as her own.

They 'reft thee from thy home of years—
They razed it to the ground—
When next we heard thee, it was where
The forest waved around.
Amid the tall ancestral wood
We whilome saw thee placed,
When a stately modern edifice
Our simple village grace'd.

Age after age hath passed away,
Since thou wert hung on high,
And still thou hast a sad farewell
To each as it flows by.
To thousands of the sons of earth
A requiem hast thou rung;
To th' aged and the worn of heart,
Aye! and the gay and young.

And now thy voice is full of woe,
Since thou hast rung the knell
Of those whose memory rests enshrined
Within my heart's deep cell.
I would that thou might'st ring mine own,
And that I too might rest
Beneath the quiet churchyard trees,
With those who loved me best.

But yet a little while, old bell!
And I, too, shall have gone
Where I can hear thy voice no more,
Yet wilt thou still ring on!
As sweetly wilt thou fall upon
The youthful poet's ear,
And as surely unto him become
A record sad, though dear.

And I may roam long weary years,
Beneath a foreign sky,
Unknown, unloving and unloved,
Yet here I fain would die!
Here, where my name perchance may wake
Thy retrospective sigh,
And kindred hand may strew with flowers
The green grave where I lie!

LAKE COLONGE.

FROM TOM CLIFDEN'S "OTTAWA SKETCHES."

BY H. J. FRIEL.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and frowning falls to lean;
'Tis not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

—*Child's Harold, Canto II.*

TELL me not of the pleasures of a sleigh drive on a cold December evening, when the chilling frost, aided by the piercing gusts which rude Boreas, ever ready to assist his ally, constantly hurls at your devoted visage; and more perhaps on that of your fairer companion, who, much as your presence may soften its asperity, is still of mortal mould, and although apparently comfortable is still not "all right." Nature versus Nature; but it is the winter season, and frost asserts its right. The moon, perchance, may illumine the dull scene with her cheering rays, and if so, Jack Frost will get incensed at her presumption, and, as is generally the case, choose the time of her intrusion to give us gifted animals a tortuous taste of ginger-nipping propensities. Sensible reader, pray pardon the comparison. A jolting in a summer conveyance—the noisy unwieldy ponderous four-wheeled vehicle—jump! jump! jump! "What awful roads!" you exclaim—from my soul, I pity you. Philosophy loses its efficacy, and you can only inwardly suggest, that "man was made to mourn." Dull melancholy interferes, to be succeeded by nervous headache, until calm, kind and soothing Morpheus invites you to his temple, and then, perhaps, his invigorating influence may cause your dreams to quiet, at least, your mental faculties. You may fancy yourself in a railroad car, reclining on a cushion; one, perhaps, beside you, to whom you are all attention, but alas! in the full expression of a tender sentiment you arrive at your destination—"blow off steam"—you give your arm to your companion, and, *exult*—almost inclined to curse the greatest of modern inventions. It may have been that it was a moment of destiny, perhaps, "for better, for worse," but steam presumptuously interposed, and the worse side is the victor. Per-

haps you enter the region of fancy, and sailing with an aeronaut through the lofty clouds on high—now losing sight of old mother earth, (the thought is, sublime); but the upper regions disclaim you—you lose your gravity, and are convinced that to *terra-firma* you must return; in fact, that you must not soar above your station. The carriage is again in requisition—again the rack assails you—coachee drives too hard—now too slow—he cracks his whip—the leaders frighten—now they go—conchee pulls, but all in vain—away, away they go! Ah! that bridge—they wheel—they take the parapet—over they go, and you are in *b-e-d*, no doubt a little frightened.

I have departed from my subject—a sketch, 'tis true, but not of city life—not of gay assemblies, where the muses and their train of fairy-like attendants alone delight to revel;—not of pleasure trips, where mirth, music and the view of beautiful scenery are the pastimes;—not of picnics—but why describe! I have digressed, but it may be pardonable—'twas written in a bark canoe. Comfortably seated in the bottom of the frail bark, like the greatest of modern poets, Moore—I enjoyed a feast of soul. My gay companions revelled in the details of by-gone scenes—sleigh drives, pleasure trips, picnics and social parties; and so confused were my ideas that I had no resource but to give them as they came. The idea of my pleasing situation so took my fancy that all other pleasures vanished, like a certain ghost of Shaksperical celebrity, into thin air. How frail is mortal happiness! We had now entered the Colonge Lake, after passing the "fort" of that name, when the clouds, the sure forerunners of a storm, assumed the place of "Sol's refulgent beams"—the wind began to roar, and Nature seemed to have conspired against us. The lake

is about three miles broad, and is generally crossed through; some voyageurs keep the shore, to avoid the swells which the slightest wind will create. We had chosen the former course, and had made about half the distance over, when the mutterings of the fast approaching gale gave us to understand that the sooner we took our leave of the bosom of Lake Colonge the better. Now comes the "tug of war"—each paddle bends to the very shaft, and the voyageur's song gives place to shouts of encouragement from one to the other—the steersman resigns his post to our friend Mirsdale, who had often held that difficult station in time of danger. To avoid being swamped by the fast increasing swells, he was obliged, as is done in such cases, to steer in a direction across the breast of each wave, for if our airy vessel was allowed to rock in the cradle formed by the motion of the water, farewell to friends on shore.

"Fluttering, between the dim wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity."

Evening advanced, as we tugged away, but we had hopes that we would have reached the other side of the lake before the storm in its full fury burst. We were doomed otherwise; the wind increased, and we were at last obliged to quit our paddles, with the exception of Mirsdale and the bowman, who kept our little craft in a position to avoid being swamped. The rain now began to descend in torrents—darkness threw her dusky mantle around this sublimary sphere, and our situation was anything but pleasing.

"For now the moon her orb has lidd,
And dwindled to a silver thread,
Dim in middle heaven;
While o'er its curve, careering fast,
Before the fury of the blast
The midnight winds are driven."

Locked in each other's arms we were obliged to sit in every position, in order to trim our little ship. Oh! the horror of these few hours—racked by the uncertainty of our fate—anxious to know the worst, and the great apparent danger which threatened us, filled us with gloomy forebodings. Suddenly we discovered a small island—we uttered a shout of reciprocal satisfaction, and our bark was almost overturned in the excitement. We made for it, and had much trouble in landing. We immediately prepared a tent of an old sail, which we had in the bottom of our canoe, and "camped," as our friend Mirsdale remarked. Although we had tinder, it was impossible to raise a fire, and so we had to exercise our philosophy in dripping jackets and drenched skins. With the dawn of day we determined to proceed upon our course; for the present, each one resigned himself to the murky broodings and selfish silence which such

a predicament would naturally enough create. Mirsdale, inured to such adventures, in vain endeavoured to amuse us with the relation of his participation in many such scenes, and often railed at us poor collegians, as he termed us, for our want of resignation. As the night advanced the storm abated, and by dint of exertion, we kindled a fire and made ourselves a little more "at home." One of our voyageurs prepared some victuals, and in the midst of puns and witticisms, which had taken the place of more gloomy feelings, Mirsdale, who had superintended the culinary department, summoned us to partake of the staff of life. "*Pardonnez moi*," he exclaimed, "tis not a dainty *dejeuner à la fourchette*, but it is the best which under the circumstances we can afford; so cheer up, Morton, 'let's drive dull care away.'" Morton caught the bait, and being proud of his vocal powers, commenced the favorite old ballad—Pownall joined—we all chorused—the voyageurs caught the contagion, and a most unmelodious concert ensued. The Canadians chimed in with "*a la claire fontaine*,"—Morton would put forward, "Home, sweet home"—another, the victim of sly Cupid's insidious wiles, proposed a love ditty. This spoiled the performance—a tremendous burst of laughter succeeded, and we all squatted like so many Turks, and did full and ample justice to the rude repast before us.

With the first glimmer of the morn we again embarked, shaping our course as direct as possible for our first destination. We had not proceeded far, before a fog, which generally descends about the break of day on the Canadian rivers, made its appearance, as if to fill the measure of our woes. As day advanced it became more dense, and our situation, if not critical was at least vexatious. To those who have experienced the "cold comfort" of being ensconced in one of those aerial visitors, it will not seem incredible that the bow of the canoe was scarcely visible—in fact, that total darkness could not be more disagreeable. Joined to this, the idea of being immersed in a fog is far from being conducive to health. But to the point—we paddled on, ignorant of our course, but relying on the mere suggestion that we had started right. Mirsdale remarked, in his customary strain, that, like Jones, we unfortunate collegians were the cause of all the mishaps. By watching a floating object in the water, we discovered the course which the current took, and one of our voyageurs, with an impious ejaculation, affirmed that we were returning whence we came. We changed our course, and when we had almost begun to despair, reached the north shore. After making calculations we discovered that we were about half a mile below the place where we had embarked the previous day at

noon. We made for a house at a little distance, and determined, although the fog had dispersed, to partake of a few hours of Nature's healing balm—refreshing sleep—before we should again launch our "birchen erniser" upon the now placid breast of Lake Colonge.

For man, Nature has provided many pleasing and invigorating, soothing and health-refreshing pastimes. Not the least among the many is that enchanting state of almost second existence, of which, among the ancients, the drowsy Morpheus was dubbed the deity supreme. Lost to all actual motion, your perhaps wearied limbs stretched on the downy plunings of the feathered tribe, and covered with the outer coat of the quiet peaceful "mouton," the almost-to-be-detested occurrences of every-day life lost to your recollection, you enjoy (excuse the exaggeration) the lofty idea of having soared to the highest pinnacle of earthly happiness. It is a well known fact, that if fatigued, even with the natural exercise which, according to physicians, is necessary, and not if disturbed by disease of mind or body, man enjoys in sleep dreams of happiness which it is almost impossible to realise when exercising his full waking powers. Reverse the picture, and suppose that man is afflicted with disease, what remedy is superior to calm repose? In all cases, it is the most essential portion of the regimen. And to him of troubled mind what sweeter solace can be found—lost to all the cares and troubles of a moving life; like a celebrated hero, he

"Consigns to heaven, his cares and woes,
And sinks in undisturbed repose."

But a truce to drowsy sentiment—return, Clifden, to thy task. Once more we are afloat, and now with lighter hearts we join in chorus with our voyageurs, as they sing the lively tune which tickled the fancy of the Poet-laureate of the Emerald Isle in times gone by—the chorus is short, but all hands on board their voices lend—the paddles keep time—all seem elated, and the little craft bounds at every dip; the very words imply that we are on the move—

"A l'ombre d'un bois, je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois, je m'en vais danser."

We are now nearing Pouquette's Rapids, which, although so called, is rather a swift current, caused by the narrowness of the channel through which pass the waters of the Lower Allumette lake. The transport of stores past this place is performed in some degree by towing the canoes up stream, by means of ropes hauled by men on shore, sometimes wading to their armpits. Being lightly-laden we headed the current with some difficulty, and halted for the night. The banks of the river here are pretty thickly settled, and

here and there are some very handsome homesteads, the property of lucky lumberers, who have in quietude chosen to spend their wealth, where they have amassed it. We passed to-day the residence of a French Canadian, and were reminded of a scene in Lower Canada. A small and rural chapel, neatly painted, with a well fenced graveyard in rear, formed part of the embellishments. At a short distance, scattered here and there, were those simple white-washed houses which have so often attracted the notice of travellers, when they visit the back grounds of the Lower Province. On a commanding position may be seen, as it were, the mansion of the Seigneur or landed proprietor—though here aristocracy is but in feeling; still, there are leading bipeds in all societies, even suppose the location to be the back woods. In front stands a flag-staff painted in flashing style, more perhaps for ornament than otherwise—all tending to give the passer-by an idea of the enterprising spirit of the owners. It is said the best settlements on the river above the Chatts will be in the neighborhood of the Allumette. These are on to-morrow's course, and I must make them and ourselves the subject of another chapter.

Bytown, January, 1846.

SCRAPS FOR THE "GARLAND."

BY A. J.

SCRAP THE FIRST.

THE SLEIGH BELLS.

Oh! cheerily over the frozen ground,
The joyous sleigh bells merrily sound,
As o'er the cahots and drifts of snow,
To the lively music we lightly go
Hurray! hurray! what joys have we
Who sweep o'er the snow like a frozen sea.

Luke Erie saw us at dawning light,
But far we'll speed ere the dews of night;
Till Hamilton, far behind, in vain
Shall list our sleigh bells to hear again.
Hurray! hurray! o'er the Lake we'll flee,
As the Petrel glides o'er the stormy sea.

Fair Burlington Bay, is now passed o'er,
And again we mount to the ice-land shore
And many a line of softened light
From cottage windows is gleaming bright,
Across our track, as we lightly go,
With lively speed o'er the frozen snow.

Oh! little they know who shiver away
Their hours by the blazing fire all day,
The joyous feeling, the proud delight,
We feel when the moon is shining bright;
And free as the wild deer on we go,
With merry chimes o'er the coldwhite snow.



THE ATTACK OF THE GLOW.

THE ATTACK OF THE LION.*

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

Abner Khan one day,
Calling his servants, bade them saddle straight
And bring his war steed, Muza, to his palace gate;
Tired of his harem's sway,
As appetites get cloyed with sweets—
Sick of the noise of streets,
And pestered with a cringing courtier-crew,
He had resolved to throw all forms aside,
And with no friend but Muza, forth to ride,
Far from the city's walls, where mountains threw
Their mighty peaks to heaven!
And where the stream glimmers with sunlight's sheen,
And torrents raise their thunder-pealing voices,—
Where valleys wear their livery of green,
Over whose verdure Persian thrush rejoices,
And bul-buls sing at even.

He left the city minarets behind
Till they seemed specks in air,
While he and Muza snuffed the fragrant wind,
That wandered where
Sweet shrub and flower breath'd their pure odors out,—
Now by the low-toned rivulet that creeps
With dear entrancement from its mossy bed—
Now by the surgy cataract that leaps
Mad and infuriate to abyssal dread!—
Now by the copse-wood green, and tangled glen,
Of darksome wood scarce sought by daring men,
Where beasts of prey prowl hungrily about;
Or where the monster-serpent draws its slimo
O'er brake, through reed, to place its charmed eye
On bird or beast—sad tenants of a clime
With earth so fair, and 'neath so bright a sky.

He outrode half the day,
And when the sun had turn'd the arch of heaven,
And 'gan to mark the moments toward even,
That, from their morning's rest,
In the great halls of the far, rosy West,
Thronged fast to give him escort to his home,
Abner upon his steed continued still to roam.
Lorlily and proud,
His eye flashed like a scymetar's keen edge,
As though to live beneath its beams were privilege
For high-born prince. His humble subjects bowed
To his feet, and bared their necks,
Submissive to his favor or his wrath.

The doubt, or fear, that often checks
The timid, never cross'd the path
That his ambition plumed to. As well
Have chained the winds, or bound the ocean's swell!

He knew this—Abner Khan,
And had forgot that Allah was the source
Whence issued all the greatness of the man;
His rule, or law, was force,
And he who broke the code that Abner gave,
Paid with his head—the tribute of a slave!
Great with excessive pride,
Turning an abrupt point where jutted out a cliff,
Upon whose brow a tuft of palm-trees grew,
A breath of wind—the smallest whiff—
Lifted a leaf—a motion, scarcely—but an inch aside—
But just enough to give a riev
Of two fierce eye-balls glaring.
Abner was fumed for reckless daring,
But such a sight went like an arrow through his heart.
"Allah, preserve me!" was his first exclaim,
For now he felt his prowess and his fame
Were bubbles in the air wide blown apart.
Muza grew wild, and with a frantic leap
And fearful cry of terror sprang toward a steep,
Down whose rough sides a torrent's might did thunder.
A hungry lion that had watch'd all day

Impatient for his prey,
Sprang on the steed, and in his glossy neck
That had so oft arch'd proudly on the plain
In lordly cavalcade or princely train,
Fixed his strong talons, till hot blood did fleck
Its glancing whiteness. Onward dash'd the horse,
Mad with great fear, wildly upon his course;
And Abner cried to Allah and to heaven
To keep him and such horrid fate assuager,
Or grant his errors be forgiven!
At every tree, and limb, and twig he grasp'd
Till terror choked him, and for breath he gasp'd.

Down 'mid the roar and foam
Of howling waters, leapt the frantic steed
With his two riders—while the zoned dome
Of the bright heavens canopy'd a dead
That, done by man, had made his name enroll'd
On glory's page, in characters of gold!

DOLLY'S CHOP-HOUSE.

TRANS from the bustle and tough beef of New-gate street down a quiet court, silent as a cloister, and on the right hand side you will see Dolly's Chop-House—than which a more celebrated tavern does not exist within the precincts of London. Talk of pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre, or Mahomet's sacred house of Mecca, or even to a Becket's shrine of old, at Canterbury! How shall we number the great and celebrated men who have many a time and oft visited the venerable gridiron at Dolly's Chop-house. And a rare gridiron it is! For upwards of a century that gridiron has never cooled; by night and day, from luncheon-bearing morn, through dinner-inviting mid-day, till suppers eve, perpetually are its bars simmering and simpering forth their greasful admiration of the tender steaks which lie upon them. Charles Lamb has celebrated roast pig—the Great Unknown wrote three volumes on mutton chops—Wordsworth has an unpublished ode on the art of boiling chickens—Shelley's imaginative verses on a roast duck are not unknown to our readers—Leigh Hunt's ode to a fried beef-sausage, and Lord Byron's stanzas on pickled pork, are now lying before us—each and every one of these distinguished men had their some one loved condiment; but, one and all, were unanimous in praise of a steak at Dolly's. The traveller of classical taste who visits Rome, when standing in the Forum by moonlight, finds himself wrapt in the visions of the past, and recalls to mind the glorious spirits which have there figured; to him appear the gentle Scipio, the severe Cato, the eloquent Cicero, the luxurious Lucullus, Mark Antony the dexterous, Cæsar the magnificent. But what must be the thought of him who sits down in the coffee-room at Dolly's, over a glorious steak! What visions, as it steams red hot before him, rise to his mind, of men glorious in the history and the literature of the country! Here, may he say, I see Dr. Johnson sitting, escaped with Thrale from the pleasant chattering of Mrs. T., to discuss a quiet bottle at the beef-steak house; while chatting over it—the brewer, with his finger under his wig, overborne by the profundity of the doctor's wig, and the ponderosity of his sentences—hither enters Boswell, glad to find the man whose glorious sentences he was biographising, and anxious not to lose a word. To them enters Goldsmith, kind-hearted creature, driven in by stress of weather; and soon, ear-trumpet in hand, Sir Joshua Reynolds, fatigued by endeavouring to intellectualise the piggish proboscis of some city knight. Then come the flashes of wit—the sentiments, the mer-

rinents—perhaps Topham Beauclerk has fallen in with the goodly company, and then, indeed, the table is in a roar. But soft! the waiter brings in a pint of stout, and the vision vanishes. Hark! the laughing in the corner! Yes! 'tis he! who can mistake the perpetual motion of that nose? 'Tis Brougham himself, and seated with him half a dozen noblemen—engaged on a capital bottle of wine (for Howell's wines are all superb) and talking over old times, and the great men of former days who here visited, and caroused. In another box may be seen Lord Denman with his two sons, chatting over their rowing exploits, with the Shadwells, and a merry crew of youngsters. Still in their ashes live the wonted fires; and still do many of the noble veterans of literature hover round this their ancient haunt. Who can forget old Dr. Farmer, the commentator on Shakspeare? Here in that corner was his favourite seat. There, too, was poor Richard Brinsley Sheridan's favorite chair; and here, in the centre, have often sat George IV. (aye, when Regent) and his confidant, Sir William Knighton. Often, indeed, has the latter, when travelling to the city to invest money for his Royal Patron, (or, mayhap, sell out,) sojourned here on his road, and discussed "the other bottle," to give him confidence to sell out £300,000, as he did on one occasion shortly before his majesty's death—to save the legacy duty to the Marchioness! But what think you of your steak? Does not Howell keep up the ancient character of the house? Firm, tender, juicy—sweetened by its sauce of oysters, as beauty is heightened by the advantages of fortune. And what wine! What port! The true wine in which the stout-hearted, three-bottlers of old, drank Church and King! Wine, to give heart and strength. Aye, Howell is indeed "mine host."—"Waiter, a cigar!"—"Yes, sir, but the smoking-room is there, sir." "Well, well, we will break no rules, and is this the smoking-room? Say rather a room fit for a House of Commons!" "Yes, sir, Mr. Howell is about to establish a City House of Commons here." "Indeed! then you will go and celebrate a festal night. What is to pay?" Here, to our great surprise, instead of receiving an enormous bill, we were charged as moderately as if we had dined at a common tavern. "Oh!" said we to ourselves, "if we can get a good dinner, such wines, and such associations for such a price, farewell for the future all foolish thoughts of economical *slapbangeries*, and sloppy *Table d'Hotes*, we will wend our way to the City henceforward, and refresh our inward man for ever afterwards at Dolly's Chop-house."

GABRIELLE D'ESTRÉES.

BY C.

BEFORE entering upon our tale, it will, perhaps, be advisable to present a brief summary of the events of the few years preceding, with a slight sketch of the state of France at that period. In the very commencement of the year 1589, Catherine de Medicis died, with almost her last breath counselling her son, Henry, to stay the persecution which had so long been waged against the Protestants, and to establish entire religious freedom in France. The treacherous murder of the Guises, the disastrous consequences which she apprehended would attend that murder, joined to the reproaches of the Cardinal de Bourbon, and the stings of her own conscience, probably hastened that event. Sound had been her advice to her son, but it needed her courage, strength of mind, and resoluteness of will, to carry out the project. The flame had raged too long to be quelled by the vacillating Henry. The murder of the Duke of Guise, by which he had hoped to seat himself firmly upon the throne, had raised a tempest which not only threatened to hurl him from the throne, but even to dismember the kingdom. If, as was pretended, the murder of the Guises was an unavoidable act, to retain the crown, Henry lost, by his weakness, all that he had gained by his dissimulation. With the Duke of Guise the League did not expire; it had but received fresh fuel; it was now fed with fierce hopes of revenge. The Duke de Mayenne had placed himself at its head, swearing to avenge his brother's blood; the people were frantic at the death of their chief, their idol, on whom they had bestowed the appellation of "our great man." The streets and churches were crowded with mourning processions, and the air resounded with their wailings for the Guise, and their curses on the monarch. By this act he had also incurred the severe displeasure of Sextus V. and was by him openly denounced as an heretic. The only way which remained for Henry to extricate himself would have been to boldly declare his rights, and maintain by force of arms what he could not by force of argument; and had he then joined himself to the king of Navarre, he might have defied the armies of the League. But Henry weakly strove to justify an inexcusable act, by declarations and explanations which neither were, nor deserved to be, believed. Later he had found

himself reduced to the necessity of craving the assistance of Henry of Navarre against the League. This conjunction had been formed but a short time, when after a few unimportant victories, and as the two kings were besieging Paris, Henry III. was stabbed by Jacques Clement, a Jacobin monk, who had obtained admittance into his apartment under the pretence of having letters of importance, which he would deliver only to the king. The wound, though not severe, proved fatal, for the poignard had been poisoned, and Henry expired on the following day; having declared Henry of Navarre his successor, and begging those Lords, who were attached to his person, as a proof of their fidelity, to maintain his brother-in-law's rights. Though declared by the late king as his successor, and acknowledged by a part of the noblesse, Henry IV., as he must now be called, found himself surrounded by difficulties and dangers which demanded all his courage and perseverance to surmount. Upon the death of Henry, the Duke de Mayenne had proclaimed the old Cardinal de Bourbon king, although he was still a prisoner, under the title of Charles X. and had himself assumed that of Lieutenant General of the kingdom. Not only did Henry behold himself surrounded by the powerful army of the League, but what was worse, he beheld himself surrounded by malecontents even in his own army, many of whom retired under frivolous pretences. Being thus reduced, and the foreign powers to whom he had applied, aiding him as yet only with fine words, or offers which could be of no avail, Henry found himself under the necessity of abandoning Paris.

On his retreat he took several small towns, and on being joined by a regiment of 1,200 foot, and finding the Normans well affected towards him, he determined to attempt the capture of Rouen. But, whilst making preparations for this important siege, Henry was informed that the Duke de Mayenne was preparing to give him battle. Having secured his retreat to Dieppe in case of necessity, he resolved to maintain his ground against Mayenne, although his army consisted of only 3,000 men, while that of the League amounted to over 25,000 efficient foot, and 8,000 horse. It is related that one of the Leaguers, the Count de Belin, having been taken prisoner, sought anxiously, yet

vainly, for the king's army, supposing it impossible that the few lie saw collected about him, could aspire to such a title. Henry, marking his surprise, said gaily, "You see not all, for you reckon not God, and my just right, who will assist me." By his courage and skill he did in effect maintain his position, until reinforced by a body of 4,000 English and Scotch sent him by Queen Elizabeth; he was soon after joined by a still larger number under the command of the Count de Soissons, Henry of Orleans, Duke of Longueville, D'Aulincourt and Biron. But Mayenne had deemed it prudent to retire before this junction, leaving Henry master of the field. The advantage gained at Arques was followed by brilliant successes, until, by the celebrated engagement of Ivry, the overthrow of the League was almost consummated. In consequence of this victory, Henry advanced upon Paris, which he would soon have reduced by famine, had not the Duke of Parma by a skilful manœuvre obliged him to raise the blockade. The Duke then set himself down before Corbeil, which after an obstinate resistance was obliged to capitulate. This was, however, his last achievement of importance; he had bought this victory too dearly, to wish to purchase more at the same price. He retired into the Low Countries, to the extreme regret of the League, which was now left almost powerless. Our story opens a short time after the retreat of the Duke of Parma, when Henry was enjoying a brief repose from the active duties of war.

It was early Autumn—that delightful season which retaining all the beauties of the younger daughters of the year, elevates and refines them by its calm and chastened air. There was as yet nought of decay; the verdure of the forest was unfaded, bright flowers still bloomed in profusion, and the feathered choristers poured forth as glad notes as those with which they had welcomed the approach of Spring. The evening was drawing on, but slowly and gently its shades fell, for the sun seemed unwilling to retire from a world so calmly beautiful.

Of all the scenes which had that day joyed in its influence, none was perhaps more beautiful than that of the ancient Castle of Couvres. It was a rude irregular pile, which seemed to have been thrown together as chance or necessity dictated, and yet this very irregularity contributed to the beauty of the scene. On one side it presented the appearance of an almost impregnable fort, built of rough unhewn stone. It had evidently been constructed before gunpowder was in general use, for the stone around the loop holes had a more modern look than the main part of the building. Nature, as well as art, contri-

buted to its strength; it stood upon an elevated portion of the demesne, and where the descent was almost perpendicular for about forty feet, whilst beneath lay an extended plain, incapable of affording either sustenance or shelter to a besieging army. The fort had not been suffered to decay; indeed, it even now had the appearance of being prepared to act upon the defensive; nor were these precautions unnecessary, for the flame which had so long raged, was scarcely yet subdued. Nothing of the castle was visible in this direction from the high road, except the guardian fort. On the south side the view was unobstructed to the river, beyond which, to the right, lay a considerable extent of forest, and to the left were seen, cultivated farms and a smiling village; for the village was so small that it had not tempted the rapacity of either party. Fearsful that my description may tire, I will hasten on; and leave the beauties of the scene to develop themselves as the castle did, from chance or necessity.

In an apartment, furnished in the then modern style, where the light was admitted through richly tinted glass, and which threw a softened hue on every object, sat a young girl between eighteen and twenty. She held an embroidery frame in her hand, but, judging from her listless manner, her thoughts were wandering from the flowers which her skilful hand had called into life. Yet she seemed anxious to still the dreaming fancies that were waking in her breast; for a few minutes she worked rapidly, as though determined by her assiduity to dispel them. But again she relapsed into her abstraction, the embroidery frame gradually slipping down, till the noise of its fall upon the marble floor roused her a second time. And now more effectually to dissipate thought, she opened a brilliantly illuminated volume, which lay on the table beside her. Long did she pore over it, sometimes murmuring half aloud, as the sentiment inspired her. But as she continued to read, a cloud stole over her face; the expression of thoughtfulness which it habitually wore, deepened into one of sadness; her lip quivered, and burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears. She was not alone; her sobs awakened a lady, who, seated in a recess in a distant part of the room, had allowed the calmness of the scene to lull her into a slumber, which the good lady found had been of somewhat longer duration than she designed. This lady was apparently about sixty years of age, and was still lovely, for hers was not a beauty which withers when the first freshness of youth has passed away. It was of the soul—a beauty that animates and irradiates the countenance, even in the winter of life,—a gem that brightens in the keeping. Un-

perceived, she approached the weeping girl, and gently laying her hand upon her shoulder, said—

“Why dost thou weep, sweet Gabrielle? thy young heart should have no grief. Come, dearest,” and she folded her to her breast, “tell thy tale of sorrows to me; I am old, but age has not yet dried the springs of feeling!”

She answered not, but sobbed even more violently than before. The volume from which she had been reading lay open upon the table; her aunt, for in that relation she stood to her, glanced towards it and smiled, yet withal somewhat sadly; for the tale was one of love, the songs in which Thibaut king of Navarre, depicts with the simple eloquence of truth, a pure and lofty passion. Again the lady spoke:

“Dost thou weep for the sorrows of the royal bard? Sweet one! long since have they passed away. From the cloud the rainbow had its birth, and both are now vanished.”

Still the sobs continued, though now she strove to subdue them. For a few moments, the Lady Margaret gazed upon her in silence; then, in a low persuasive tone, again addressed her:

“Dear Gabrielle! I must know what grief thus moves thee, for those lays which thou hast so often read, could not, methinks, alone unseat so bitter a spring. Speak, speak freely! whatever may be thy thought, I will not chide thee. Nay, do not think but that I can enter even into thy summer sorrows, and if thy grief be indeed weighty, confide in me, I will strive to lighten it—I will never betray thy trust!”

Gabrielle, who had now, in some measure, recovered her composure, strove to smile, as she replied—

“Nay, dearest aunt! it was nought but folly; I have no sorrows. Perchance, if I had, I should not be so weak.”

“Gabrielle! thou canst not deceive me; thou art unhappy. I have marked of late, that thy tones are sadder when thou singest those favorite lays, that tears oftimes dim thine eyes, and oftentimes when I speak, thou dost start and blush, as though thy thoughts were indeed wanderers, which would not be controlled; even though that blush speak of the dominion of love, breathe the tale to me; I still remember the time, when I bowed to the same gentle power.”

“If thou wilt perforce be my confessor,” said Gabrielle, striving to speak gaily; “I am sure thou wilt quickly shrive me, when I own that I wot not because of love’s burden, but that I am to be led to the altar, by one who hath never awakened in my breast aught of the feeling which the poet sings. It is true, I hold none higher than the brave Collogarde; yet I feel

that he has not called forth the deep love, that might—must yet dwell in this heart. And even his devotion, methinks, is brisker in the tongue, than it is deep in the heart!”

The Lady Margaret looked grave,

“Indeed, Gabrielle, thou shouldst strive against such thoughts. And yet,” she added, after a short pause, “it were better thought of before, than after thou art wedded. I take not as a truth the proverb which says, ‘Marry first and love will follow.’ Better that thou now shouldst break the bonds which others have woven for thee, than prove a recreant wife. I do not hold that as true, however, which leads one to swear a falsehood, even at the altar. Gabrielle, I detest as ardently now, as I did in my own spring time, the cruel policy that would barter happiness, and thou my nursing shalt not be its victim. Many months have now elapsed, many more will probably pass, before thou wilt again behold Bellegarde. But when that time comes, wisely must thou shape thy course, for thy decision then, may be the moulding of thy destiny. And now go, weave brighter fancies; let not shadows cloud thy brow, or dim thine eye. Leave me now, for thou hast awakened a world of memory, o’er which I would linger for a little.”

Gabrielle rose, and, approaching the Lady Margaret, embraced her in silence; then gladly retired from the apartment.

CHAPTER II.

THE scene of our tale now shifts to one of the royal forests, not many leagues distant from Cœuvres. The time was high noon; but so dense was the forest that the sun, unable to penetrate the leafy veil, just tipped with gold the lofty trees, and stole glimpses of its own beauty in the unruffled surface of a tiny lake, which seemed to have been placed here, decked with its fringe of wild flowers, for the moonlight revels of those fairy sprites who still hold dominion in every lovely scene. But others than the mystic band now held revel here. At the door of a sylvan lodge, so beautiful that it too might have seemed the work of fairy hands, had not its walls been graced with the grisly trophies of the chase, engaged in earnest, yet not o’er serious converse, sat two persons clad in rich hunting suits. The elder, for there was apparently a difference of several years in their ages, seemed already to have reached the meridian of life, while the younger, who uniformly addressed his companion with deep respect, appeared not long since to have earned his knightly spurs.

“If I mind me, Philippe,” exclaimed the elder, “the Castle of Cœuvres lies not many leagues dis-

tant, and as you desire to see the noble lady ere you return to court, you have my leave to proceed thither, while for a little longer we continue our sports. But mark me, Philippe, ye will meet us here before many days have passed, for I already tire of the mimic war."

"Thanks, sire, you are indeed ever gracious, and kindly divine your servant's pleasure; I will proceed thither and pay my respects to the Lady Margaret and the fair Gabrielle, and return hither ere three days have passed."

"Nay Philippe, you need not so hasten; you have so long been banished from our gay court that the presence of the noble ladies may tempt you to break your knightly word."

"Indeed, sire, I care but little for ladies' smiles—perchance, because I am so little heeded, amid the more brilliant knights that pay them homage. And as for the fair Gabrielle, spite of my knightly spurs I know she will still deem me but an untried boy; and should I strive to play the gallant and use courtly language, I would lose my labour, for she would neither heed nor know it."

The king's dark eyes flashed with a sudden thought, for this was not the first time he had heard of the fair Gabrielle, though he had never seen her, as she had not yet made her appearance at court.

"Well, Philippe, I am almost tempted to try my chance with the fair lady. Perchance your art is not so deep as you deem it, and you think that when you tell fair tales of yourself, you play the gallant to the lady."

"Nay, sire, she would heed still less if you talked of herself. I have heard the brave Bellegarde pour forth all his treasury of gallant speeches, yet win neither kind look nor word from her. She seemed indeed to listen far more eagerly to the songs of her favorite birds than to his knightly wooing. But he marked not her indifference; so confident is he in his own eloquence, that he takes for granted others feel its power."

"A rare bird this must indeed be," said Henry, laughing gaily. "Who will not be won by the recital of the gallant deeds which a young soldier so truthfully relates of himself, nor melted into kind looks and tones by a knight, who, in his devotion to himself, knows not whether the lady of his love listen to his tale or the song of her sister minstrels. I must thither with you to behold the fair Indifferent. But before we mount I will hold a moment's parlance with the other gallants—and mark me, Philippe, whisper not whither we are bound."

As he finished speaking, he advanced deeper

into the forest, and, pursuing a winding path, soon approached a party of thirteen or fourteen young nobles, who, seated beneath the umbrageous foliage were whiling away the hours. One party were relating their adventures and laughing over past dangers; others were amusing themselves by singing, and listening to the echoes, which again and again repeated the melodious sounds, as though unwilling that they should entirely pass away; while somewhat apart from the rest sat a young knight, busily engaged in writing a sonnet in praise of the lady of his love; and well had he chosen the scene, it was indeed one that might have inspired a less poetic soul than his.

"How speeds the time?" said Henry, as he approached slowly. "Ah! Do Maury, you would rather pour song into the lady's ear, than this?"

"Nay, deny it not," he continued, as the young man strove to frame a reply; "there are others here who would fain bask again in their ladies' smiles. And now, sirs, knowing that ye tire of sylvan sports and music, I permit you each to hasten whithersoever his pleasure may lead him, laying no commands upon your will, save that we meet at the appointed rendezvous. And, in the meantime, I claim the same favour for myself; and shall forthwith proceed whithersoever my royal will shall lead. And now, adieu!"

The nobles, who had remained standing, cap in hand, bowed low as he concluded. The king, returning the salutation with graceful dignity, retired before they could express their thanks in words. For Henry had formed a somewhat romantic resolution, and with his usual impetuosity, could not endure a moment's unnecessary delay in its execution. Leaving the astonished gallants to form their own conclusions for this abrupt command to disperse, we will continue in company with Henry and his young favorite.

Although it was but little past noon when Henry took the resolution of proceeding to Cœuvres, yet so much time had been consumed in giving orders and making the necessary arrangements, that the afternoon was considerably advanced when they set out upon their journey, accompanied only by a confidential servant. The path which they pursued was for some distance so narrow, that two could not ride abreast; but, upon entering into a broader portion of the road, Henry checked his horse and motioned the youth to advance. Bourdasière spurred his horse forward until he had nearly gained the king's side, then reined him in so suddenly, that, owing to the unsteady footing which the forest afforded, the steed staggered and almost fell, while the youthful rider, remaining firmly seated, ere the animal had

fully recovered himself, exclaimed, raising his cap, and bowing:

"Your pleasure, sire?"

"My pleasure, mad-cap!" said the king, smiling, "is, that ye for a time drop the sire and all other titles of our royalty, and address me only by that of the Count d'Albret. Nay, boy, do not look so astonished; I mean no treason to our royal person, and fear not that I think long to abdicate my state. I am tired of court forms, and would for a while escape them. I have often heard of the dignified and open hospitality of the Lady Margaret, and now I would prove it, without causing needless trouble by my dignities. She will not recognise me; she has not seen me since the days of my boyhood, when she visited the court of Navarre."

Again Philippe bowed, but this time an arch smile played around his lips, as conscious that he had divined another and more weighty reason for the incognito, than those the king had chosen to avow. As they rode on together, when the width of the path would permit, Henry conversed freely with his young companion, gaining from him much that would enable him the better to maintain his assumed character, by appearing on most familiar terms with the boy. If Philippe suspected the drift of the king's many unimportant queries, he in no way betrayed his suspicions; indeed he felt a mischievous pleasure in imagining the defeat of his project; for remembering Gabrielle's uniform gentle indifference to all who had paid her homage, he scarce thought it possible that the king, stripped of his dignities, should succeed in winning her favour.

While in the forest, they could proceed but at a very slow rate, for much of the way was a mere bridle path. Henry, however, still hoped to reach the castle before sunset. But on entering the road, they found that their progress must be still slower; a bridge, spanning a narrow but deep stream, with banks so steep that they could not be scaled, had been swept away, and as the road was but little frequented, it had not been replaced. They were thus obliged to make a circuit of nearly a league: this hindrance, with the continued roughness of the road, detained them so long that the sun had not only set, but the castle clock was striking nine, when they drew up before the gate. Ready admittance was obtained, for it so happened that the warder, strolling past the gate, heard the noise of horses' feet, and mounting the wall, thought he recognized the form of Bourdaisière. Nor was he long left in suspense, for Philippe, perceiving some one, hulloosed, and the old man immediately descending, opened the gate, at the same time casting enquiring glances upon the stranger. Philippe asked a few friendly

questions, to his evident gratification, while the boy was even more than gratified by the old man's declaring that he "had become so courtly a gallant, and managed his steed so gracefully, that he would not have known him, save that he had grown to look even more like the Marquis, his father."

Before entering the castle, Henry again warned Philippe and the servant to drop his titles, and address him only by that of the Count d'Albret. He also bade Philippe enter and pay his respects to the ladies, saying that he would follow in a moment.

After changing friendly greetings with the old servants, who had congregated around him, Philippe hurried forward to salute his aunt and cousin. Bounding up the stairs, he traced his way rapidly through the familiar corridors till he had gained his aunt's apartment. Gently opening the door, he perceived her intently engaged in the perusal of a bundle of time-seared letters. Creeping softly forward until he had gained her side, he addressed her as "Dear aunt!" The lady started, and uttered an exclamation of surprise, for she had supposed Philippe far hence. But when she turned and saw that sunny laughing face, over which no shadow seemed ever to have passed, she rose, and putting back the clustering locks from his fair brow, kissed him with all a mother's tenderness. The youth warmly returned the affectionate embrace. Lady Margaret, still retaining his hand, gazed upon the noble boy with a fond pride, while a tear rolled down her cheek. Tears stood in the boy's eyes too, though he knew not why.

"God bless you, Philippe! but you are too beautiful and bright—too like your mother," and she heaved a deep sigh. For a moment she continued to regard him, but suddenly recollecting herself, she smilingly said: "Ah! Philippe, you still retain your sharp appetite, and would like to prove it, would you not? I will forth and order that your supper be prepared."

"Nay, aunt, I am before you—it is already bespoken; we have rode so far, that my appetite is indeed whetted, and the Count's, methinks, is as sharp."

"The Count's!" ejaculated the lady.

"Yes, aunt, I am accompanied by the Count d'Albret, a right noble gentleman, who stays with me until I return to the king. And let us now go forth—I think he awaits us."

"You should have told me of this before, Philippe," said his aunt, reprovingly. "I would not willingly so long have withheld my welcome."

"I would, but he bade me enter and greet you, and said he would follow in a few moments. Nay, be not vexed. Come, I will present the Count

to you, and then go seek my fair cousin; if we have been tardy, her welcome will atone for our fault."

"No, my boy, you must not seek Gabrielle; she is ill, and has retired to rest." Marking Philippe's look of disappointment, she resumed: "Indeed you must not look so sad; I trust she will be much better to-morrow, and you will look more of the gallant when clad in a less travel-soiled garb."

Henry was just entering as they descended. Advancing towards the Lady Margaret, he apologised for his intrusion, pleading "that Bourdasière had given him so charming an account of everything belonging to Cœuvres, that he could not resist the opportunity of yielding himself to its delights."

The lady gave him a cordial welcome, adding, with a smile, "that she feared he would find the reality far short of Philippe's partial description." Then, turning, she led the way into the supper-room, where a substantial banquet already awaited them.

We will not linger over the feast, as did our hungry travellers. Henry learned, while at table, that he must dismiss all hopes of seeing the Lady Gabrielle that night, so that, soon after rising, he availed himself of Lady Margaret's permission to retire. The *sal-lisant* Count's apartment had been selected by our young Philippe, as the fittest to impress him with the beauties of Cœuvres, which the boy held as only second to those of the gorgeous Fontainebleau. He conducted the king thither, and proffered his services, but Henry kindly refused, saying that he had letters of importance to write, which must be dispatched on the following morning. Willingly would Philippe have lingered, for his late familiarities with his royal companion lay like a burden upon his heart, of which he would gladly have eased himself, by the humility of his devotion in private. Henry, divining his thoughts, laughed gaily at his tardiness; in quitting the apartment, and, jestingly, observed, "that he already felt the difference between a king's command and a count's."

"Nay, indeed, sire!" said Philippe, impetuously, "you should never feel the difference in my devotion, were you only the *Sieur d'Albret*, instead of Henry, King of France and Navarre. My heart and my sword shall ever be yours."

The tones of Henry's voice were almost melancholy, as he replied:

"Your words now come ungarnished with false flatteries from your young heart, but how long will that spring roscin uncorrupted?" Then, checking himself, he kindly added: "But, no! I will believe that many suns shall set, yet no

dark clouds of crime or falsehood ever dim with their gloomy shades your truth."

Familiarly stroking back his favourite's clustering locks, he again bade him adieu. Philippe bowed with more of gravity than had ever before shaded his face, and ardently kissing the monarch's extended hand, retired from the apartment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GARLAND AND CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Running my eye carelessly over a newspaper of this city, a few days since, I was induced to peruse with attention the verses I now have the honor to enclose.

I transmit them to you in the hope they will find a place in the GARLAND, as I consider them well entitled to the distinction.

It is seldom the harp of Canada is so melodiously, harmoniously, and poetically tuned.

It is to be regretted Canadian writers of such power, should select a medium of communication with Fame, so perishable as a mere newspaper. We have so few of them, 'twere well to preserve proof of their existence, in the more enduring pages of your Magazine.

Your very obedient servant,

A CONTRIBUTOR.

LIFE LIKE A RIVER.

I stood by the side of a gentle rill
Which rose at the foot of a woody hill,
And it bubbled and flashed in the sunny ray,
Like the merry laugh of a child at play.

I watched the stream as it bounded on,
But its quiet ripple was lost and gone,
And it leaped and foamed in its rapid course,
As it grew to a torrent loud and hoarse.

Fiercely it flew from rock to rock,
And shot o'er each fall with a sudden shock,
And I thought, as I viewed it, on man's gay prime
Ere he feels the rough grasp of the spoiler's time.

I looked again, and the mountain stream
Was peaceful and calm as a maiden's dream,
Yet though it rolled not with so fierce a tide,
It deepened and widened on every side.

And o'er it the purple sunbeams fell,
And lit up the breast of each gentle swell;
—But hush is the halo which virtue throws
O'er the evening of life and its calm repose.

The mighty river has reached its home,
And mingled its tide with the ocean's foam,
And I looked in vain o'er the billows green,
For a trace to show where its track had been.

The mighty river is seen no more,
And the ocean looks as it looked before.
River of Life! such shalt thou be,
In the boundless sea of Eternity.

Nicolet College, Lower Canada.

December 2, 1845.

GALOP.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass, joined by a brace on the left. The time signature is 2/4 and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody in the treble staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features similar notation to the first system, with a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff includes some slurs and dynamic markings. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

The third system shows more complex rhythmic patterns in both the treble and bass staves. There are many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, along with slurs and dynamic markings. The bass staff has some notes with stems pointing downwards.

The fourth system features a dense texture of notes, particularly in the treble staff, with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment. There are several slurs and dynamic markings throughout the system.

The fifth system concludes the piece. It features a treble and bass staff. The music ends with a double bar line. Below the bass staff, the instruction "Repeat last part 8va." is written in italics. The system contains many slurs and dynamic markings.

OUR TABLE.

THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY.

THIS very handsome and richly illustrated series of volumes, was originally published in Edinburgh, during several successive years. They are now introduced more immediately to the Canadian public, by Messrs Armour and Ramsay, in the same mode of monthly issue, which has been found to succeed so well with their other re-publications.

Eight volumes have already appeared, treating minutely of the Ornithology of the British Islands. Succeeding numbers will carry the reader through the whole range of that science, as well as of Zoology, Ichthyology and Entomology. The letter press has been supplied by Sir William Jardine, one of the most zealous and learned Natural Historians of the day; and the illustrations, which accompany it in such profusion, are engraved by the celebrated Lizars. These plates glow in all the rich colours of nature, having been carefully painted by experienced hands, and present a Gallery of Natural History, at once interesting and instructive. In addition, each volume bears, as frontispiece, the portrait of some eminent Man of Science; a memoir of whom also prefaces the more scientific portion of the work.

The letter-press does not deal simply in dry detail, but is readable and amusing; and—what may weigh more with our readers, in this Age of Commerce—the plates alone afford the purchaser full value for his money.

THE ODD FELLOWS' RECORD.

THE "Independent Order of Odd Fellows," as it is styled, has, within the last few years, made astonishing progress throughout Great Britain and her Colonies, as well as in the United States of America. In Canada, only about four years have elapsed since the establishment of the first Lodge, and we believe that there are now upwards of twelve hundred Odd Fellows in the City of Montreal, besides many Lodges working in various parts of the Province. These, we regret however to say, form two separate and distinct bodies, although of common origin. The principles of both are identical, while the mode of their application differs but very slightly, and we should rejoice to see them advancing, "shoulder to shoulder," in their work of "Friendship, Truth and Charity."

It is a proof of the rapid and successful pro-

gress of this Society, that a periodical, peculiarly devoted to the interests of Odd Fellowship, was projected, a short time ago, by some members of that branch styling themselves *Canadian* Odd Fellows, (we presume, from the fact that they are under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada,) the first number of which is now before us. This work was originally advertised under the title of the "Odd Fellows' Chronicle;" but this has since been changed to the name at the head of this notice, its conductors having learned that a periodical was issued in England under a similar title, in connection with the Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity—or, as they claim to be distinctively termed, the *British* Order. This change has been made in a spirit of brotherly concession which we are pleased to see; the more especially as the English periodical alluded to, is now in circulation through this province.

We wish them both—Record and Chronicle—all prosperity; and we are satisfied that even such of our readers as are not Odd Fellows—ladies inclusive—will find much to please and gratify in their perusal.

L'ALBUM LITTÉRAIRE.

SHORTLY after the first establishment of *La Revue Canadienne*, we had pleasure in noticing it with commendation; and we now understand that its success has been such as to encourage the Editor and Proprietor, Mr. Le Tourneau, to issue it twice a week, instead of weekly, as at first. We rejoice at the proof thus given of the literary taste of our French-Canadian fellow-colonists, a quality which is still more clearly displayed in the many contributions from Canadian pens, which have appeared in the *Revue* during the past year.

The encouragement met with has further induced the Editor to commence a monthly periodical, under the title of "*L'Album Littéraire*," the first number of which—that for January—he has presented to his readers as a New Year's Gift. The contents are partly original and partly selected, and both departments present an amount of talent highly creditable to the Editor and his contributors. Several pieces of music, vocal and instrumental, close off the first number of "*L'Album Littéraire*," which we trust may be as successful as its elder sister, *La Revue Canadienne*.