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RECOLLECTIONS OF CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

LIFE OF MADAME LA MARQUISE DE LISLE.*

BY A VISITOR.

“Four days had now passed since the abdication of Charles. Order was restored throughout the city—a new government established—national pride gratified, and individual valour rewarded. But, with the cessation of the violent struggle, the tension that had strung the feelings beyond a sense of personal calamity, also slackened, and widows now turned to mourn, and desolate orphans to bewail, the dire effects of civil contentions. Up to this time I never entertained the slightest apprehension for my father’s life; although his wounds healed but slowly, and the one inflicted on his side showed symptoms of irritation and unhealthiness, the idea never flashed upon my mind that he could leave me lone and friendless in the world. The possibility was as remote, as when hale and well he stood before me, in the full enjoyment of his vigorous frame. Thus is it with affection, when health and pleasure attend upon the objects of our love. Fears will at times arise within the breast—the heart becomes chilled at the possibility of danger—the cheek will blanch in the anticipation of remote evil; but when the stern reality is at hand, when death stands at the portals, the soul rejects all fear: hope becomes brighter as its final extinction becomes inevitable, and not till the last pang is past, and the pallid lifeless form of the dead forces conviction, will the mournful wretcher believe that the object of solicitude and love is mortal.

Every expedient that affection could devise was tried to cheer the tediousness of my father’s confinement. The periodicals and daily papers were duly gone over, and whatever intelligence I could obtain of passing events, that these vehicles of public information failed to convey, I related to him. He loved society; but, as exciting conversation was strictly prohibited by the physician, this indulgence was limited to those friends on whose prudence I could rely. Amongst those I

counted the banker in whose hands our fortune was placed. He was a man of quiet, pleasing manners, of a well-informed and reflecting mind, and his company always afforded us pleasure. I was little prepared for the change the disasters caused by the revolution had wrought on his feelings. The object of his visit, which unfortunately I learned too late to prevent the sad result, was to apprise my father of the utter and irretrievable ruin of his affairs, and the consequent loss to us of the money entrusted to him. The sudden reverse of fortune had impaired his reason; and, poor man! he subsequently passed many years in a mad-house! But to my father the shock was more immediately fatal.

“When our ill-omened visitor departed, he desired the attendant to call me. His voice was weak, almost extinct with deep emotion—his countenance deadly pale—his looks wild and haggard. I had scarcely time to note the alarming change, when he drew me closely to his breast: ‘My poor, poor orphan!’ he exclaimed, ‘my own, my darling Agalé! is it—must it be—that I leave you destitute and friendless to the neglect and scorn of an unfeeling world! Forgive me—oh, forgive your doting, your distracted father, if he leaves you but wretchedness and sorrow for an inheritance! O merciful God! could I but live to shield her youth, to spare her the humiliation of dependence—could I—’ A choking sensation impeded his words, his utterance failed. With difficulty I extricated myself from his close embrace; and, summoning the medical attendant, waited in trembling apprehension, his report.

“‘There was danger,’ he said; ‘the agitation of his mind had increased a fever, to which he was before predisposed, and he feared a tendency to mortification; but, notwithstanding these symptoms, all might yet go well.’ This was poor food for hope; yet for two days it sustained

* Continued from page 202.

me. I watched, with unremitting vigilance, in full faith of his recovery; but the third day saw me a solitary orphan!

"It would be impossible to describe the agony I experienced when my father's mortal remains were removed forever from my sight. For some time a mental lethargy overpowered my reasoning faculties; but when at length the necessity of actual exertion dispelled this dreaminess of grief, I looked around in dismay to see myself alone in the world—alone, at the age of twenty. There was not one on whom I had the claim of kindred—not one. This sense of loneliness oppressed me. I never for an instant grieved at the poverty to which I had fallen; never looked with sorrow to the prospect of penury before me. All I had lost I would freely have given—aye, if it were told ten thousand times over—to recall my father to existence, if it was but for an hour; or to be assured that M. de V. breathed amongst the living of the earth. At the time, I think, I would not, if I could, be restored to fortune. It was a sort of consolation, mixed with bitterness, if you will; but still a something soothing to my misery, when the bonds of love that bound me to the world were rudely broken, that the minor links of wealth and station were also dissolved. I might have thrown myself for counsel and support on the friends of my prosperity; but my pride recoiled from owing obligations to the mere impulse of humanity. It was a season, too, when calamities like mine were too frequent to excite more than brief sympathy. Pride in the past, joined to indifference for the future, prompted me to conceal, with jealous care, the state of destitution to which I was reduced.

"To one female friend only did I confide my situation; to her alone I looked for commiseration in my trials. The reciprocation of sorrow drew us together; our afflictions were similar, our prospects the same. She was the widow of a subaltern in my father's regiment. Her husband had perished on the banks of the Volga, in the disastrous retreat of the army from Russia. His colonel and he had been early friends: the elevation of the one did not diminish the friendship of either. When overpowered by disease and fatigue, he sank expiring beneath the inclement skies of that frigid region, my father lingered beside him—received his last breath—and soothed his departing spirit, with a promise that, if he lived to return to France, his wife and children should never want a protector whilst life was spared him. He faithfully adhered to his promise. Of two sons the widow had when she learned her husband's fate, one died in childhood; the other, a promising youth, was, when he obtained a proper age, placed by my father at

the Polytechnic school. The fond and partial mother looked forward to his manhood as the stay of her age—to his bright and rapidly developing genius as the ornament of his country. How many mothers at that time cherished hope like her, and like her, too, was doomed to anguish surpassing the bitterness of disappointment! He was one of the first victims of despotism; and his death, with the reckless massacre of the other young pupils, on the 26th of July, was the first impetus given to the popular spirit, and which ultimately led to astounding results. Bound thus by sympathy and suffering, we cling to each other; our sorrows were the same—joys we had none. I threw myself upon her experience, and resigned to her prudent management my embarrassed affairs—glad to retire to her obscure dwelling, that I might more freely yield to the woe of a bereaved heart.

"The residue of my once handsome fortune was, when all claims were liquidated, reduced to a few hundred francs—a miserable pittance for one accustomed to luxury and ease. My poor friend had been for years a pensioner on my father's bounty; and I saw, with pain, that age, devoted to labour, had terrors for her. This aroused me to exertion. Whatever I might undergo, I resolved that her comforts should not be diminished. I began to calculate my resources, and at the first cursory glance believed my education sufficient to preserve us from the horrors of want, or the degradation of a servile station. I played upon the harp and piano, spoke English and Italian, had learned drawing. 'At least,' thought I, 'there can be no hazard; I shall give lessons in some or all of these various branches;' but a close inspection of myself, and a recollection of my school days, awakened doubts of my capability—that discipline, necessary to a thorough acquirement of any branch of knowledge, had been totally disregarded. Suffered to learn what I pleased, I never persevered in the effort to master difficulties; and it so happened, though I had applied myself to learn every accomplishment deemed necessary to the education of a well brought-up girl, I was not perfect in any. On consulting with professors, I had my melancholy misgivings confirmed. Yes, it was too true, that I must study long and learn much before I could presume to instruct. In music I was imperfect in time, and unable to read it at first sight; my pronunciation in English and Italian was barbarous—I knew but indifferently the grammar of either language—and, to acknowledge the truth, was as ignorant of my own. Drawing was rather a favourite occupation with me; in it I had made a greater proficiency than in other studies; but yet I was far from having attained a respectable

moderately. What was to be done? Whilst deliberating, the situation of governess to the daughter of a rich banker in the *Chausée d'Autin* was offered, and accepted of.

"What a miserable time I passed in this family! The child entrusted to my care was an *enfant gâté*, in the fullest force of that term. The father recommended me to be strict and even severe with her, if necessary; whilst the mother gave me to understand that her daughter was so sensitive and delicate, she could not bear contradiction. This lady was young, whimsical, and coquetish. She treated me by turns with kindness and disdain. Her caprice I could have submitted to, for my spirit was subdued; but the demands made on my time, for the amusement of her hours of lassitude, were incompatible with the duty I owed my *élève*.

"When giving lessons to the child, I was often called upon to read a romance to the mother, or play a favourite piece, which was rarely attended to, or probably interrupted, with as little regard to my feelings, as if I was a piece of mechanism. Sometimes every thing went wrong: the child, whose most unpardonable offences were usually overlooked, would, at those seasons of ill humour in the parent, be reprimanded without reason; and, if I attempted to excuse her, I was reproached with *lostering* the faults of a child entrusted to my care. This was a discouraging trial in my first essay of self-dependence. I had not expected much; but I was unprepared for what I met with. Labour would have been sweet, cheered by a smile of kindness; assuence was insupportable, attended with insult and scorn. After three months' passive endurance, I resigned my unenviable post, determined not to place myself again in the power of the wealthy, as experience made me dread they might be unfeeling.

"In a short time I considered myself fortunate in having procured the situation of teacher to a second class in one of the most distinguished seminaries of the city. The tuition of thirty young persons devolved upon me. To these I had so many things to teach, in which I was myself imperfect; that the night, the only time in the twenty-four hours, in which I could enjoy a moment's liberty, was devoted to study. A life of such unremitting labour, added to the inroads grief had made, impaired my health. I struggled long with the disease I felt was overpowering me; but my strength was at last prostrate, and, in my sickness, I was carried to my humble home.

"The nervous debility which remained, when the crisis of my disorder passed, utterly incapacitated me for the laborious life I had undertaken; and, with a painful apprehension that increased

my disease, I saw day after day *our little star* diminish, through the generous anxiety of my poor friend to procure me such delicacies as might tempt my appetite, and which affection led her to think essential to the restoration of my health. Something must be done; but to what could I devote my time? During my convalescence I employed myself in little works of taste, to please the eye of the luxurious: ornamented boxes, fans, screens, and such trifles—to dispose of these things was difficult, and the demand uncertain. The experiment convinced me that a competency must be secured by other means.

"An attempt at authorship—*pray don't smile*—but an attempt at authorship was my next effort to ward off poverty. A lady of an ancient *émigrée* family, with whom I became acquainted through my friend, led me to this act of vanity. Descended from one of the highest families in France, she was now reduced to a position in the world resembling my own, and asked out her means of subsistence by translating German works, sometimes for celebrated authors, at others for periodicals; in the latter case she arranged her translations, curtailing chapters, and transposing portions to suit the pages they were intended for. She urged me to adopt a similar pursuit. I selected a work of Miss Edgeworth's, to which I thought I could do justice; but I had little idea of the labour I had undertaken. However, I consoled myself, pending the task, with visions of fame that awaited me as an authoress. After fifteen days of incessant toil, I completed a volume. My literary friend read over the work, made some corrections and undertook to dispose of it to the proprietor of a magazine, by whom she was employed. It was excusable in my age to believe I had completed a *chef-d'œuvre*. I sincerely thought the praise bestowed by my friend was cold, and felt short of the merits of the work; but my vanity was doomed to receive a greater humiliation. The novel was returned to me, the margin covered with marks of correction, and such alterations required as would have occupied as much time as the original translation. I had not courage to face the task. Weeping bitterly, I threw the manuscript into the fire. 'Ungrateful country!' exclaimed the Greek patriot, 'you shall not have my bones!' 'Wretched journal!' I mentally cried, with as much pride as the indignant Greek, 'you shall not have my prose!' I vowed to write no more, convinced that a literary life was of all things the most unhappy and laborious. In justice, I must admit that my disappointment blessed my judgment. In mixing more in the world, in seeing more of life and its realities, I have learned that every undertaking has in the commencement

its peculiar difficulties—that obstacles surmounted are the hoarded treasures of the mind, enhancing, as we revert to them in after life, the pleasures of ultimate success. With these successive failures my despondency increased; life appeared before me a sad and dreary journey—wretched in the present, hopeless of the future. I lived but in the past, upon the recollection of each look and word of love—the tenderness with which each wish was anticipated, every expectation gratified—how the most trifling work of fancy, fashioned by my hand, was prized—and now to make the contrast—to feel there was not one to value, for my sake, productions that had cost me weary days and sleepless nights to accomplish—these were bitter thoughts, bitter to the youthful breast, when the heart most covets the love and approbation of its kind.

“But, though desolate, I was not deserted. Providence watched kindly over me; and, by means unforeseen, and to which human foresight could not lead me, shortened the term of my probationary trial. My new friend, pained by the distress my ineffectual attempt at authorship caused me, took a warm interest in my fate. Almost as poor and friendless as myself, her cheerfulness and gaiety of heart never forsook her: that smiling, happy face, and pleasant voice, when she sometimes came to our dark, dreary room, was like sunshine on a winter’s day, enlivening whilst it lasted, but with its disappearance leaving the world more dull and cheerless than before its brief beaming.

“Her first effort was to inspire me with hope, and revive the spirit of emulation, that may be dormant, but is never extinct in a young mind. Painting, as I said, was my favourite accomplishment. M. de V. had long ago noticed and commended the boldness of my sketches, and, since my misfortunes, I had practised sedulously. My kind-hearted friend, observing this predilection, exerted her little interest in procuring me engravings to colour, from a celebrated picture dealer. This led to an engagement for drawings, to furnish the albums and portfolios of the indolent, whose wealth could purchase the reputation of talent, without the labour of cultivation. Costly drawing-books were decorated with my productions—richly encased portfolios, exhibited to admiring friends, contained the labours of my pencil—and little they who gazed upon those pieces in praise or censure, knew how often tears had marred the colouring and blotted the designs.

“The certainty of employment, and the remuneration it brought, relieved me of anxiety for the companion of my solitude, on whose constitution grief was making rapid inroads.

“The winter and the spring had passed; sum-

mer was advanced to the anniversary of the revolution; and my employer’s demands upon my time and skill increased, to furnish illustrations of a period, to me fraught with recollections of the bitterest misery. From constant practice, and employing the best models, I had attained to a vigorous and masterly style; and the scenes on which I was now engaged had made so strong and vivid an impression on my mind, that I transferred them to canvas with singular success. From many paintings I had completed—groupings designed by fancy—there were some reserved for my own contemplation, and held sacred from other eyes. One of a series represented my last interview with M. de V. The fidelity with which I portrayed each lineament and feeling—the flashing of the eye—the enthusiastic expression that lighted up the patriot’s countenance as he approached me, flushed and animated from the excitement of debate—surprised myself. The next conveyed an equally faithful resemblance; but the emanation of an heroic spirit was exchanged for the tender and impassioned look of the lover, just as it remained engraved on my heart, since the first and last avowal of his affection. Beside these were various likenesses of my beloved father, taken as memory presented him to me in different moods of feeling. But to return to the anniversary. The morning was ushered in with all those demonstrations of rejoicing usual on such occasions. The festering sores inflicted on society, (and time had not yet cicatrised the harrowing remembrance to some,) the discontents of many were cast into the shade, by the exhilarating sounds of martial music, the glittering show of military parade, and the enlivening sight of gaily-dressed citizens, crowding through the flower-strewn streets, and garlanded archways, intent on the enjoyment of a holiday. Whilst the busy world without was thus engrossed in the pursuit of pleasure, I was anxiously endeavouring to finish some transparencies required for the decorations of the evening; but the nervous agitation, produced by the painful contrast of the present with the past, made it impossible for me to achieve the task. A trembling hand and a palpitating heart will retard the best artist in the world. It was in vain I tried to conquer this physical inability; the hour had already passed for which they were promised, and much yet remained to be done. I had thrown my pencil down in despair; and, as in fits of despondency I had often done before, placed a likeness of my father before me, as he appeared, wounded and bleeding, borne from the battle, when the person for whom the transparencies were ordered came himself to enquire into the cause of delay. He was a man of gentle-

manly and urbane manners, and most prepossessing exterior. On seeing my trepidation, and consequent inability to give a suitable finish to the work, he kindly offered to take it as it was, only suggesting a few touches necessary to the effect. Whilst I was thus engaged, he examined the paintings scattered through the apartment. The painting of M. de V. particularly attracted his attention. As I turned to where he stood, to have his opinion on what I had done, I saw him examine it attentively. 'Mademoiselle,' said he, 'congratulate you; you have succeeded in giving the truest likeness I ever beheld of the most popular man in Paris. When, may I ask, did monsieur sit to you?' 'It was taken from memory,' I answered; 'and is the likeness of a valued friend, now no more.' 'It is, notwithstanding, an extraordinary likeness of M. le Marquis de Lisle,' replied my visitor; 'and this,' he continued, taking the picture of my father, 'this of the brave and worthy Vaillancour, is it also from memory?' I bowed in acquiescence; for the terms in which he mentioned my father's name brought tears to my eyes, and I feared to betray my emotion by speaking. He looked more earnestly at me: 'Forgive me,' he said, 'and do not impute my curiosity to impertinence, but I think I have the honour of addressing Mademoiselle Vaillancour?' Again I acknowledged the correctness of his supposition by a low bow. 'Ah, mademoiselle, pardon the freedom of my language, but I must tell you that you have acted unkindly to your friends, cruelly by your country. It is not by the exercise of her talents that the daughter of the valiant soldier, to whom France owes so much, should live.' He glanced round the dingy apartment, as he continued: 'It is not in the abode of penury she should find a home.' I could no longer restrain my tears—they flowed freely. 'Wealth and poverty,' I answered, 'were alike, when those I loved were lost to me forever—the one could not restore me lost happiness—nor the other render me more wretched.' The stranger appeared affected by my sorrow, and besought me to forgive him the pain he had inflicted. 'You have friends, dear lady,' he said, 'sincere and strongly-attached friends, who have never ceased to deplore your disappearance, and have used every effort to discover your retreat. Permit me to reveal it—nor suffer yourself, through the false dictates of a romantic mind, to continue a reproach to your country, on whose bounty you have the strongest claim.' The kindness of the stranger's manner won upon my confidence. I spoke to him frankly of my situation, and promised to reflect upon his advice. With many expressions of esteem, and wishes for my happiness, he bade me fare-

well. For the first time since my father's death, the tears I shed had their source in pleasure. To find his name was rescued from oblivion—that it lived in the affections of his countrymen—that glory shed a halo round his memory—this was balm to my bruised heart.

'Some time had passed—an hour or two—it might be more, but not much over, for day was on the wane when the stranger left, and the shades of a summer evening were but now closing in—near and distant the streaming floods of light showed that the rejoicings of the day were destined to be eclipsed by the splendour of the night: every object became more distinctly visible than when lighted by the meridian sun. In the garish effulgence there was no shadow. The dark alley where I dwelt was thought too insignificant to play a part in the magnificent pageant, or the dwellers therein wisely deemed it best perhaps to screen their poverty in gloom. Be it as it might, a glimmering lamp or two just served to conduct its residents to more joyous scenes; and, at the hour I speak of, myself and my desolate companion were the only living beings of the human kind that remained within its dull precincts. We saw men and women, and children of all ages, in groups, singly and in pairs, issue from the neighbouring houses, and hurriedly betake themselves to the brilliant thoroughfares; and when there was no more to see, we still were seated at the open casement, and, as we heard the prancing of horses, the rolling of carriages, the wavering, humming sound of gathering multitudes, mingle with music and glad voices, we wondered how so many thousands could be happy in a world where death held sway. Thus communing with our thoughts we sat, when footsteps, ascending to our apartments, gave us some alarm. Twice a gentle tapping was repeated before my friend summoned courage to give admission to the applicant. The gloom prevented me at first distinguishing the intruders. The voice, however, of the stranger who had left me but a short time ago, reassured me. He offered a brief apology for the unseasonableness of his visit. 'I hope for pardon,' he said, 'in consideration of my friend, the Marquis de Lisle's anxiety to be conducted to the presence of Mademoiselle Vaillancour. A trepidation seized upon me: I could not move, nor did I dare to raise my eyes, lest the gush of hope that sprung within my breast should be crushed forever. The stranger introduced, approached, bent familiarly over me. You might have heard the beating of my heart. 'Agulé, my beloved!' It was the voice of M. de V. A cry of joy burst wildly from my lips: I threw myself upon his breast, regardless of all else, but that the friend,

the lover I had mourned as dead, was restored to me. "Agalé," he said, as he pressed me fondly to him, "why did you fly from me? why abandon to unutterable anguish one that loves you to distraction? who valued life but for your sake?" Abashed at my own boldness, I tried to extricate myself from his embrace, but he would not suffer it. "No, no, let me hold you here; let me for a moment feel that I have found my lost treasure? Again I ask you, Agalé, my own dear Agalé! why, faithful and fond as I find you, why should you have concealed yourself from me?"

"But as you know the result it is useless to dwell upon this happy meeting. Our mutual explanations were satisfactory. This was the last night I spent in my cheerless lodgings. The next day I removed to the residence of the benevolent stranger, to whose providential interference I was indebted for restoration to happiness. I found him surrounded by a lovely family; and, as the bride elect of an intimate friend, his wife and daughters welcomed me with that warmth and cordiality that removed restraint.

"In a few weeks I gave my hand, and pledged my vows where my heart had long made its home. As Madame la Marquise de Isle—a peeress of France, the wife of her sovereign's friend—love and ambition had nothing higher to aspire to. My first act of bounty in my new station was to make liberal provisions for my widowed companion and literary friend. By many trifling and delicate attentions, I was fortunate enough to make a more acceptable return for the disinterested kindness of the latter than mere wealth would have enabled me to do. Restored, through my introduction, to the rank her birth entitled her to, she was supremely happy; and this, believe me, if any thing could, increased mine.

"With the fervent aspirations of the patriot, yet unallayed, and the faith of an enthusiast, yet inexperienced in the fickleness of mankind, the marquis believed that in placing the present king on the throne of France, the lacerating wounds inflicted by tyrants on the one hand, and factious discontent on the other, would speedily be healed; and, order being restored, France, his beloved France, would repose, after years of internal strife, peaceful and happy, in the enjoyment of rational liberty, under the sway of an enlightened and liberal ruler. When the fallacy of these hopes became apparent; when conspiracy and treason were again fomented, and the spirit of intrigue insinuated itself into every circle of society; when the energy that subdued the betrayers of the nation's liberties was now turned against its protector, the marquis withdrew from influences he could not control, and to which, if

exposed, through the frailty of human nature, he might be induced to yield.

"We have now passed some years travelling through different countries, returning at intervals to our native city. Free from all party bias, we enjoy with extreme zest the reunions of friendship.

"The year preceding this, our wanderings were directed to South America. The death of a very dear child, and a prolonged sojourn in a tropical climate, brought on the same description of nervous debility from which I had suffered years before.

"Travelling northward, the celebrity of the Caledonia waters attracted me hither; and whilst with gratitude I testify to the benefit I have received from their use, I must, with equal sincerity, declare that the agreeable society, and the gay and pleasant tone of the circle surrounding me, has contributed in no small degree to the restoration of my health."

Finding that madame had concluded her adventures, I expressed myself charmed with the recital; but ventured to enquire why her husband, at their first introduction, presented himself under a false name, and for what purpose he continued to preserve the incognito?

"Yes, yes," said she, good humouredly, "you are right; I had forgotten all that; but I only learned the motives after my marriage; and as the knowledge I became possessed of after that event had nothing to do with my painting—the leader, if you remember, to my egotistical story—I passed it all over. However, you shall be gratified." At this instant a dark-eyed grisette appeared at the door; she might have served as a model for Sterne, had she been in existence in his day; so trim and shapely was her person—so perfectly in keeping with her station, her toilet.

"Will not madame dress for dinner?" she enquired, in her bland, respectful tones.

"For dinner!" exclaimed both at once. "Can it be possible?" Yes, it was possible—a glance at the time-piece told us there were but five minutes for the important business of the toilet.

"Another time," said madame, as she rose to follow her maid to her dressing-room, "another time I shall revert to my story. I am in hourly expectation of the marquis. He joined a hunting party to the prairies, and despatched me hither alone, supposing I could not meet with company more distinguished than the aborigines of the country, some Canadian settlers, of habits similar to the natives, and perhaps a few English traders, with manners more rude than either. I fancy his surprise on meeting a society as elegant and refined as any I have had the pleasure

of enjoying in my European travels. But I detain you; the dinner bell rings."

The heavens still presented the same changeless mass of vapour; the rain still poured down; but the heaviness of the atmosphere did not yet sink the temperament within doors. We dined with more than our usual liberality of spirits; for strangers had arrived just as we sat to table, a circumstance that never fails to increase our good humour. Assuredly there is not a spot on the globe where curiosity is more boundless or more good-naturally tolerated than at the Springs. There appears to exist a tacit understanding that the visitors established are privileged to enquire into the particular objects the visitors arriving have in view—whether for health or enjoyment? If for the latter, it is all very well; enquiry ceases, and they are warmly welcomed; but if a halting gait, defective sight, or any other symptom, proclaims an invalid, what a sensation is created! Scarcely has the stranger been divested of his travelling costume, when he is assailed by some blandly-toned questioner, who, with a most sympathetic countenance, enquires into the nature of his sufferings, the time he proposes staying, the kind and quantity of water recommended, and so on. A group perhaps gathers round, looking so interested and full of compassion, that the person might fancy he had suddenly encountered so many ministering angels, eager to assuage his sufferings; or, as these investigations sometimes take place at table, knives and forks are arrested in their busy progress; some benevolently offer their opinions, with admonitory hints regarding regimen; whilst the luxurious fare that fills the board is any thing but calculated to encourage a neophyte in abstinence. This gratuitous advice is usually followed up, by initiating the stranger in the local customs—such as the especial hour for rising, the precise moment the different mineral impregnations may be taken with the most salutary effect, the time that must elapse between each engurgulating process, &c. &c.—This kindly interest, manifested by persons seen for the first time, is generally taken in a friendly spirit; a consciousness, perhaps awakened by present suffering, that all are alike subject to the same infirmities—that all are doomed to the same penalty of mortal pain—subdues the fastidious pride, that, in another place, might resent such freedom as impertinence.

The strangers last arrived were two military gentlemen, from their regiment stationed at Kingston; very agreeable young men. They did not escape the ordeal of the friendly inquisition I have just noticed; though it was obvious a more deferential tone was unusual, and a greater de-

gree of tact brought into play, to obtain their confidence than was deemed at all necessary to use towards civilians. But this little *finesse*, or compliment to their inferred knowledge of the world, was quite superfluous. The gallant officers entered at once into the humour of the place: they answered frankly, and, in their turn, questioned freely. In half an hour they were as much at home as if they had been born there, and were surrounded by the friends and acquaintances of their boyhood. To say the truth, curiosity is not the only moral faculty that expands in this favoured region. Generosity, mirthfulness, harmony, and all those delightful hues of the intellectual economy that comprise a disposition to diffuse happiness—attain to exquisite perfection. Shadows sometimes lit across the pleasant scene, in the shape of a cross-grained, irritable invalid; or darker still, in the guise of a would-be exclusive, who glances disdain around; but a few days usually softens the acerbity of the one; and removes the silly conceit of the other. This partial restoration of the golden age, so different from my experience of other small communities, has led me into fanciful speculations as to the cause. I have almost convinced myself that the atmosphere possesses some active principle, as favourable to the healthful powers of the mind, and inimical to its distempers, as the waters are to the disorders of the physical frame. Whether I succeed in winning others to adopt my theory or not, is a matter of minor importance, since my failing to do so will not diminish the pleasures that result from health, mirth and good-breeding.

AN HONEST MEANS OF GETTING A LIVING.

THERE seem to be but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth; the first is by war, as the Romans did, in plundering their conquered neighbours—this is robbery; the second by commerce, which is generally cheating; the third by agriculture, the only honest way, wherein a man receives a real increase of the seed thrown into the ground, in a kind of continual miracle, wrought by the hand of God in his favour, as a reward for his innocent life and his virtuous industry.—*Franklin*.

A BROKEN FORTUNE.

OVIN finely compares a broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such, that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but should his wants be such, that he sees for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum.—*Goldsmith*.

TIME'S CHANGES.

BY DELTA.

I saw her once—so freshly fair,
That, like a blossom just unfolding,
She open'd to life's cloudless air,
And nature joy'd to see its moulding;
Her smile it haunts my memory yet—
Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing—
Her rosebud mouth—her eyes of jet—
Around on all their light bestowing.

Oh! who could look on such a form,
So nobly free, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly storm
Should dim such sweet delicious splendour!
For in her mien and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Nought could the raptur'd gazer trace,
But beauty's glow and pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an altered charm—
But still of magic richest, rarest,
Tian girlhood's talisman less warm,
Though yet of earthly sights the fairest:
Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother;
Which ever to her smiling smiled,
They seemed to live but in each other.

But matron cares are lurking woe,
Her thoughtless, sinless look had banish'd,
And from her cheek the roseate glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanish'd;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some vision'd woe
Had broke th' elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had array'd her,
Yet beautiful she seemed to be,
Even as my reveries pourtray'd her;
The glow, the glance had pass'd away,
The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter:
Still, though I noted pale decay,
The retrospect was scarcely bitter.

For, in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
In feeling which, the bosom felt
That every louder mirth is folly—
A pensiveness—which is not grief—
A stillness—as of sunset streaming—
A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
Till earth looks like a landsjejo dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
Beyond life's dim uncertain river;
A glorious mould of falling clay,
From whence the spark had fled for ever!
I gazed, my breast was like to burst—
And as I thought of years departed,
The years wherein I saw her first,
When she, a girl, was lightsome-hearted—

And, when I mused on later days,
As moved she in her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the blaze
Of ripen'd hope, and sunny beauty—
I felt the chill—I turn'd aside—
Fleeting desolation's cloud came o'er me,
And being seem'd a troubled tide,
Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.*

I.

GREAT Nature loves the silent tongue,
The watchful eye, the musing mind;
For only these her songs are sung,
From hill to vale along the wind;
Their burden still; "Ask what ye may,
And I will answer, yea or nay."

II.

To these she tells her secret laws
In open field or tangled wood,
Where all is murmuring of its cause,
From quiet rill to roaring flood;
Whispering where hidden waters sleep,
Or thundering of the mighty deep.

III.

Nor only of today they hear:
The wondrous tale she tells of earth
Clear rings upon the th' unsealed ear,
The ancient story of its birth:
Grandeur than orphic hymn of old,
That music sung—that story told.

IV.

Nor rock nor shell nor leaf-marked stone
To listless souls have aught to tell;
But to the faithful eye alone
Reveal how ancient forests fell;
How waters from their beds were driven,
Fulfilling each dread 'hest of heaven.

V.

Lo! Time rolls back, and chaos gray
Stands darkling to the patient eye,
That sees the long primeval day,
Its moving things, its misty sky,
Sudden to wreck and ruin hurled,
A perished and imperfect world!

VI.

When Mammoth and when Mastodon
Majestic strode the leafy plain,
While every leaf they looked upon
Was theirs, from mountain to the main;
Unwatched their strength by human guile,
Undimmed for them the sunlight's stain.

VII.

See, too, the steady earnest eye
Gaze on the far-off planet world,
And triumph o'er its mystery!
To Thought's strong eye the scroll unfurled
That hidden lies to earth's dim light,
While gleaning on the inward sight.

VIII.

But dream not thou may'st look and see,
Or sudden tear the veil away;
Full oft must thy communing be
Ere thou shalt hear or "yea or nay;"
From morning tide to evening-song
Must be thy watching, calm and long!

IX.

Then bring with thee, to nature dear,
The loving heart and quiet soul;
Now on other hath the vision clear;
On other ear shall never roll
The oracle and song divine
She singeth to her God and Thine.

* Kniekerbocker.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.*

BY E. L. C.

WARR Evelyn, on the preceding evening, made his furtive retreat from Cecilia's apartment, he was in a state of mind far from enviable. He had been deeply touched, to meet, in return for his coldness and neglect, such tender and endearing love, such fond trust—and words of gentle soothing, where he expected only censure and upbraiding. His conscience was awakened to remorse, by the tears of anguish which fell from her eyes, upon his throbbing temples—by her sad entreating smiles—her tender and earnest words, which pierced like the points of naked daggers to his guilty heart. Then was the propitious moment to have avowed all his past errors, and to have atoned to her, whom he had so grieved and wronged, by turning from his devious course, to devote himself henceforth to her, and with her, to the fulfilment of those high and noble purposes, for which our Creator has bestowed upon us life.

But, though Evelyn was the creature of impulse and of passion, he shrunk, even in a moment of self-accusation and penitence, from laying bare his polluted heart to the pure gaze of Cecilia—he was destitute of moral courage, and he wanted that elevation of mind and of principle, which would have given him a juster view of her character, the singular beauty and loveliness of which, he knew not how to appreciate. Yet, had he now repaid, as he should have done, with unreserved confidence, her trusting love, how, even guilty as he was, would she have opened her whole heart to welcome him to its embrace—and, from the midst of temptations and perils, how gently would she have lured him back to the path of virtue—and led him, by the sweet accents of affection, the holy influence of example, onward and upward, to the great source of true and eternal happiness—from whom flows the highest bliss of earth, and the indestructible and purer joys of heaven. Had he done this, what evils might not have been spared to both. Instead of which, in the weakness of a vain and foolish pride, he stifled the voice of conscience and of virtue that cried aloud within him, and turned, with wanton folly, from the peace, the happiness, with which one fond and loving heart yearned to bless and brighten his existence.

An hour of stormy self-conflict Evelyn passed alone and in silence after leaving Cecilia, and then, with secret resolutions, that threw a gleam of

hope upon the future, and might have cheered and blessed it, had they endured even beyond the temptations of that night,—he left his house, and walked slowly towards the residence of Mrs. Sinclair.

He found her awaiting him in a small apartment, crowded with the tasteful and costly *bijouterie* of distant lands, and beguiling the time, till his arrival, with her guitar, which she accompanied with her sweet and powerful voice, the rich strains of which had so often entranced the senses of Evelyn; that as in approaching the room they now fell upon his ear, he almost dreaded their effect upon his vacillating and passionate heart. Mrs. Sinclair was alone, unless a creole, of exquisite beauty, who was always in attendance upon her mistress, and who now sat at her feet, might be termed a second person. But she was a mere child as yet, and her presence was therefore permitted on all occasions; though, for the girl's sake, it might perhaps have been as well had it been sometimes dispensed with. An astral lamp shed its soft moonlight rays through the apartment, yet scarcely served to reveal to a cursory glance the figure of its fair mistress, which was partially hid by the rose-hued draperies of the window, near which she sat, and from which, as they fell gracefully around her, her glowing cheek, and ripe lip, seemed to steal a hue of even added brilliancy. Flowers, in lavish profusion, every where met the eye; but their delicate fragrance was lost in the more powerful perfume of the burning pastilles that evolved light wreaths of odorous smoke through the apertures of a small silver censer, which the creole, Zilla, swung idly to and fro, as she reclined at the feet of her beautiful mistress, till the atmosphere of the room was loaded with the almost overpowering vapour.

Mrs. Sinclair held forth her hand, with one of her most bewitching smiles, to greet Evelyn as he entered; but the remembrance of Cecilia's fond and tearful eyes, and of his own better resolves, steeled him for the moment against her enchantments, and gave unwonted coldness to his manner, as he returned her salutation, and then, contrary to his usual custom, threw himself carelessly upon a distant seat, instead of occupying one on the couch beside her. She marked his disturbance; but, aware that it was not a moment

* Continued from page 213.

for chiding words, she said, in a tone of tender anxiety :

"You look ill, my dear Evelyn! can any thing have occurred to cause you new uneasiness?"

"And if not, have I a right to look as serene as the morning?" he asked, querulously; "I, who am already harassed by perplexities, which are enough to crush the boldest and most daring spirit to the earth?"

"You are involved in no inextricable difficulties, Evelyn; and, if you will but listen to the suggestions of that friendship, which you wound by refusing to confide in, all may again be well with you."

"Ay, Gertrude, I may be free from pecuniary embarrassment, thanks to your generous kindness—free from the dread of exposure—but even then ——"

"And what then?" she asked, in mingled mockery and earnest.

"Nothing, till you have sent away that yellow minion, Gertrude. Do, for mercy's sake, contrive to exist without her for one half-hour, at least. I detest a third person, be it only a poodle dog, at a *tête-à-tête*, avowedly confidential."

"You are dreadfully nervous tonight, Evelyn; what can have befallen you? But pray do not heed Zilla; she is as harmless as a butterfly, and quite as beautiful."

"Harmless!" he repeated; "there is a cunning devil in her eye, that may one day work you ill, Gertrude, if she be made the confidant of all your secrets. She comprehends us too, although you aver she knows nothing of English; for mark that sudden flush! what but my words called it forth?"

"Your look, pointed so directly at her, caused the emotion," said Mrs. Sinclair, glancing carelessly at the girl, who, with an unconscious air, held down her head, and seemed intent only on feeding her small brazier with its fragrant fuel. "See, she understands us not—yet, if it be your wish, she shall go, Evelyn—only suffer her to remain till she has consumed her pastiles, of which, you perceive, there is but one left."

"Poh! how can you bear so much of this sickening vapour, Gertrude? I am more than half suffocated by it already!" and, rising, he threw up the sash of an opposite window, and leaned out to inhale a breath of fresh air.

Mrs. Sinclair, with a shudder, drew the folds of an India shawl, that lay upon the arm of the couch, across her ivory shoulders, to protect them from the sudden cold, and said, quickly:

"She shall go, Evelyn," motioning, as she spoke, the creole from the room; "any thing, if you will only shut out that wintry blast—or, not I alone, but my pet flowers, and my darling

canary, will be congealed to icicles. Come now—never heed the slight perfume that remains; it will soon evaporate, without the aid of old Boreas; and time with us is too precious to waste upon idle fancies."

He slowly closed the sash, and sat down gravely and in silence beside her. She was the first to speak.

"And now, Evelyn, that the cause of your annoyance is removed, that comfort is restored, and we are quite alone, may I ask if you have given up your purpose of meeting Delzoni to-night, and if you will so deeply oblige me as to ——"

"No, no, it cannot be, Gertrude," he said, hastily interrupting her. "I am already too deeply ensnared by perils and difficulties, to add to my embarrassments by making myself so hopelessly your debtor. Moreover, circumstances have occurred this evening, to awaken my slumbering conscience, and shew me, in my reckless colours, the folly, nay the guilt, of my recent course; and—smile if you will—when I tell you that I have resolved, by one strong effort, to extricate myself from the toils that are around me—to confess all to Cecilia—with her sanction to liquidate the remainder of the count's demand, and then forever forswear the vice that has so nearly betrayed me to my ruin, and live henceforth a worthier and a happier man!"

"Magnanimous resolves, forsooth!" exclaimed Mrs. Sinclair, in a tone of the most withering contempt—yet pale she was, and trembling with agitation, at the bare thought of a re-established confidence between those whom it was her object to alienate, and which must inevitably weaken, if not destroy her power and influence over a heart that was each day yielding itself more entirely to her sway. "No," she continued, "you have not the courage, by this confession, to make yourself a thing to be despised by the wife you have so wronged and slighted."

"She is too just, too gentle, too generous, to receive my concessions, late as they are rendered, save with such tears of joy as the angels in heaven weep over the returning penitent," said Evelyn, his fine face lighting up, as it rarely did, with the glow of virtuous thought and purpose.

"Believe you this?" asked Mrs. Sinclair, disdainfully. "I, then, am better read in woman's heart than you, and, trust me well, her love for you is too cold and passionless a sentiment to brook the knowledge of all your aberrations from her standard of purity and virtue, without changing its very nature into scorn, to pity, and contempt. Endure, if you can, Marice Evelyn, cold accents, and averted looks, where you have been wont to receive fond words and tender

smiles; and the frigid observance of duties, which have heretofore been but the offerings of a trusting and a loving heart—steel yourself to meet this galling change unmoved; or never breathe in the ear of your pure and virtuous wife, the dark details of your liaison with the Count Delzoni."

"Merciful heaven! then I have become a wretch indeed!" exclaimed Evelyn, as, striking his hand forcibly upon his brow, he rose, and, with rapid strides, paced the apartment.

Mrs. Sinclair rejoiced in the impression which her artful words produced upon his facile mind, and, hastening to pursue her advantage, she said, in the gentlest and lowest tone:

"Only for this once, dear Evelyn, be governed by me, and you need not risk the loss of your wife's esteem, by the humiliating confession you had resolved to make. As an especial favour, I entreat you to use the sum I have placed at your disposal, for the liquidation of Delzoni's claim. Why will you not thus far oblige me? I have absolutely no use for it; and, if you will not accept it as the gift of a too fond heart, use it, I entreat you, as a loan, which is to be repaid whenever you find it convenient so to do."

Evelyn paused in his hasty walk, and looked upon her as she spoke. Her voice was soft and pleading, and tears stood in her dark and beautiful eyes. He could not see them unmoved. How magical, he thought, is a loving woman's tone of tenderness and sympathy! then, turning towards her:

"Gertrude, I can but thank you for this kindness," he said; "I dare not avail myself of it—I dare not make myself your debtor for an amount which I may never be enabled to refund—never, at least, while Mrs. Howard lives—for the fortune which her granddaughter brought me on her marriage, is already more than half wasted by my folly, and secretly to encroach still further upon it, I dare not—certainly not till the whole which she is to inherit on the death of her relative, is in her possession."

"Why trouble yourself with the thought of repayment for so slight a loan, Evelyn? When I require it I will ask it from you; but now I seek only to free you from the net in which you are entangled. Accept the means I offer to rid yourself of Delzoni's importunities. Once satisfied, he will depart—he writes only for this to quit the country, and you will have nought more to dread from his malice or his importunities. Then, if with her to whom you have given your name, it is not your heart, you can find content, I will not seek to mar it—but depart hence upon my solitary way, praying that you may possess that happiness, which I vainly seek in new and

changing scenes, that can at best win me for a transient time to forgetfulness."

Her bosom heaved with emotion, and tears fell fast and bright, but in silent showers, from her downcast eyes, as she spoke; and Evelyn, ever the victim of her arts, was in a moment by her side. Grasping her yielding hand passionately in his:

"Gertrude," he said, "there is reproach as well as sorrow in your words; but I deserve it not. You know my heart—you know all it would sacrifice for you, owed I nothing to another. But this slighted wife, whom of late I have deemed so cold and passionless, has bound up in me, notwithstanding my unworthiness, her fondest hopes. I had proof of this tonight, in gentle tears, and words that wrung my heart with their sad tenderness, and I resolved henceforth to atone, as best I might, for the suffering I have caused her, since this fearful love of play has a second time seized upon, and absorbed me."

"Ah, Evelyn, you love this fair and gentle wife of yours more than your heart acknowledges," said Mrs. Sinclair, in a tone of soft reproach. "Yet, is it right that it should be so—and I am wrong, in my weak fondness, to covet one of those tender thoughts that belong alone to her."

"Yet, Gertrude, they were first your own—yours only—and you well know what divided us, and wherefore I sought Cecilia Howard. Had she been hideous as Medusa, I should not have shrunk from wedding her; for she had wealth, and I could not live without it. But I found her lovely, pure, and fond; and I should have wanted human feeling, had I failed to return, tenderly, the love with which I inspired her: Yet the spell endured not over long—although, still I love her—yes, truly—reverently, and were I other than I am, other and worthier of her goodness, she would make my home a paradise of joy. But now she sits within it, like the enchanted lady of Milton's Comus, in whose pure presence every spirit of evil felt rebuke, and, like her, she ever seems to say, or so my guilty thought is wont to interpret her gentle silence, or her gentler speech—

"None,

But such as are good men, can give good things;
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well governed and wise appetite."

"This is indeed to love a bright particular star, shining in a heaven too pure and high for our approach," said Mrs. Sinclair, with disdain.

"And yet I have often felt that could I ever follow its soft and guiding ray, it would assuredly conduct to happiness and peace," he said, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps so," she replied, striving to dispel the cloud which his moment of better feeling caused to overshadow her brow. "Yet, Evelyn, these choice and pure spirits belong to other spheres than ours, and ask for higher sympathies than we can give, who, claiming kindred with the earth, must find our happiness in its joys, mingled, though they oftentimes are, with much of sin and evil."

"But, Gertrude, though she has an angel's purity, she has also a woman's tenderness; yet I know not how it is that she fails to move—to absorb me, as you have power to do—with all her softness and her beauty, she awakens not my heart to that ecstatic and delicious joy, which has been so often kindled within it by the magic of your wondrous spell."

"Ah, Evelyn, between us there is no antagonist thought or feeling—our tastes, our habits, our inclinations, are in harmony—and we have firm trust in each other, knowing that our love springs from no sordid or prudential motive, but is the free outpouring of souls, that abandon themselves to the full influence of a bewildering and delicious passion, one hour of whose absorbing rapture is worth a whole life of calmer and more tempered joy!"

A vivid glow flushed her cheek, as she spoke—her tones were those of thrilling tenderness, and the liquid glance of her soft and speaking eyes, as she turned them lovingly upon him, was full of pathos, and of passion, more seducing than her words. Evelyn had not strength, even in a moment when conscience was uttering her warnings in his ear, to resist the witcheries of this modern Circe; and, throwing his arm around her, he drew her passionately towards him.

"Gertrude! what a power is yours!" he exclaimed. "It asks more than human strength to resist it!" and as he spoke, he pressed upon her ripe and tempting lips the burning and unhallowed kiss of lawless love.

She struggled, with a gay smile of mingled joy and triumph, from his arms, and, snatching up her guitar, softly touched its chords, in accompaniment to the tones of her sweet and thrilling voice—and Evelyn, again forgetful of all better thoughts, hung fondly over her, drinking in each sound, while she sung to an Italian air, and with looks, and an expression which were a tender commentary on the words, an impromptu of the moment:

"Though other ties have bound me,
My heart is all thine own;
And, midst the joys around me,
Its thoughts are thine alone.

Naught can my path enlighten,
By one benignant ray,

Unless thy dear smile brighten
My lone and weary way.

Be that my sun for ever,
The beacon light of love,
To guide and bless me ever,
Like you bright orb above.

The spell wrought wonderfully upon the fickle Evelyn, who, subdued by its power, wildly exclaimed, as the strain ceased, and he lavished a fond caress upon the siren songstress:

"Almost, ay, almost you win me, enchantress that you are, to burst asunder every tie of duty, and flee with you from the very remembrance of all that here holds me in thrall! Could, we not, sweet Gertrude, find happiness far from here, and in each other, even though forsaken and scorned by all besides?"

A sudden flush of joy crimsoned the beautiful face of Mrs. Sinclair at this proposal, which she had long waited and hoped to hear; and, with emotion which she sought not to control, she clasped, with a more fervent pressure, his hand between her own, and, holding it upon her heart, she said, in a tremulous and tender tone, while her whole soul shone out in the passionate glance of her dark and lustrous eyes:

"Evelyn, what have I to live for but you?—my world is in your presence—its sun is your smile, without whose light, my heart is in darkness. Why, then, should I not fly with you? There are none to miss me—none to mourn over my absence, or my error; and you, except the pain which it may cost you to rupture one tie, what have you to leave behind, save evils—disgrace, perhaps, from which it were far better to escape?"

"True," he answered, thoughtfully; "and my unworthiness would soon heal the wounds of the only heart which I should grieve; and yet, it may be, grieve less by my desertion, than by remaining, after the avowal I had purposed, to ask forgiveness and endurance."

"And to have it witholden and denied," said Mrs. Sinclair, with an artful smile.

"Yes, and that I could not brook," he vehemently answered. "No, she shall still live on in ignorance—and so perishes my high resolve."

"And, Evelyn—"

"Forbear, Gertrude!" he said, hastily interrupting her, "forbear to tempt me. I know what you would say, and I dare not listen to you. I spoke just now in a moment of delirium; but my resolution is ever weak when summoned to resist your power, and if indeed you love me, you will spare me further conflict."

Her countenance changed, her unworthy hope failed, for she saw he was not in a mood for importunity at present; but she trusted to some

more favourable moment to resume the subject, and pursue it, if she might, to the completion of her long cherished wish and purpose. He had risen, as if preparing to depart; in very truth, not daring to trust himself to her resistless wiles, it was his design to go, and, as he still lingered by her side, she, in obedience to his wish, adroitly quitting the exciting theme that had so agitated him, asked carelessly:

"Tell me only, Evelyn, so that this night may pass with me in peace, how it is your intention to arrange this affair with Delzoni? He has sworn that he will not wait beyond tomorrow for its adjustment, and yet at this hour you have decided upon no plan to rid yourself of him."

"I had done so, till you shook my resolution by your arguments, Gertrude; now, I fear indeed, that by making all known to Cecilia, I should but inure her pity and contempt."

"To accept my offer, then, is all that can save you."

"I may be compelled to it, Gertrude, but only as a *dernière resort*. I will go to Branton's, where, at this hour, I shall be sure to find the count, and meet him in one more desperate contest of skill. If I win, I shall again be a free man, but if defeat attend me, I must perforce become your debtor for a time."

"And why not now, Evelyn, and so spare yourself the risks and anxieties of this night? I dread these serious encounters at the gaming table, they have so often led to fearful, if not fatal issues."

"It shall be my last, at all events, Gertrude; but fear nothing, for I have a strong presentiment that Fortune's fickle smiles will be all my own tonight, and rid me fairly of doubts, debts, and cares. But I must be gone, or my work will not be accomplished," he said, as a small French time-piece chimed three quarters past nine. "*Au revoir*, my fairest—I will see you in the morning—and let no thought of me, sit heavy on your heart this night. Remember you are to ride with me at two tomorrow, so pray bid Grendal give Celeste a dainty grooming, and a double mess of provender, that she may bear her bright mistress worthily," and, guiltily kissing the fair hand extended towards him, he turned, and, quitting the house, walked rapidly through the nearly silent streets towards that noted resort of gamblers, known by the name of Branton's Saloon.

While this scene was passing in the house of Mrs. Sinclair, the unhappy Cecilia, recovered to full consciousness, was conveyed to bed, and, through the influence of powerful opiates, soon fell into a deep sleep, which remained unbroken through the night. Grace had sat with her till

towards morning, and then, overcome with weariness, had left her to the care of Rose, who was watching beside her when she awoke. It was still early, but, with that restless desire of change, which ever haunts the disturbed and anxious mind, Cecilia persisted in rising, and removing to the adjoining dressing-room, which was a large, airy, and cheerful apartment, where, when in health, she usually spent her mornings, and which she had filled with objects that gave it an air of quiet home comfort, and enjoyment.

There she reclined, pale and silent, when Arthur, learning she had risen, hastened to greet her, and ask after her welfare. She held out her hand to him as he approached, with a smile so mournful, that he could only press it in speechless emotion to his lips, touched to the heart by the deep shadow which rested on that fair brow, and darkened the beauty of that young and lovely face with a cloud of hopeless sadness. And yet she wore a calmness that astonished him; but soon he saw it was the calmness of a heart, whose trust was fixed on heaven—whose bruised and slighted affections had there found higher and truer objects for repose, than those from which they had been ruthlessly riven on earth. Wounded and smitten, she indeed was; desolate, and cruelly blighted, were her fondest hopes, and dissolved forever her dream of human bliss; for how could she again fasten her pure affections on him, whom her fond fancy had arrayed in garments of beauty, and whom she had loved for the radiance in which they had enrobed him, since, as by the touch of Eithuriel's spear, the light that dazzled her had changed to darkness, the beauty that had charmed, to ashes, and her spirit shrank, in shuddering dismay, from the ghastly skeleton, that stood unveiled before her.

She replied, in the gentlest, yet saddest tone, to Arthur's kind enquiries, who dreaded each moment lest she would ask if her husband were at home. She did not, however; but, with that unselfishness that ever marked her character, she spoke, even in the midst of her own acute mental suffering, with kind concern of his pale and worn countenance, and added, with a meek tenderness that moistened his eyes:

"Do not distress yourself for me, dear cousin, 'Whom God loveth he chasteneth,' we are told; and should I be so ungrateful as to repine at the discipline of a Father's love?"

"No, if so it is intended, dear Cecilia," he replied; "but may it not be, that you have judged too hastily in interpreting the expressions of an artful woman into a proof of Evelyn's guilt?"

"Ah, Arthur, would she dare utter such sen-

timents had they never been responded to? or allude to transactions which —." She paused abruptly, overcome by the certainty of her husband's unworthiness, and, with a slight shudder, covered her face with her hands.

"And even so, Cecilia," said Arthur, soothingly, "yours is a gentle and forgiving spirit, and he may not have sinned past hope. I, at least, have faith to believe that his heart is yet open to the healing dews of penitence."

"God grant it!" she ejaculated, fervently, "and may He pardon him as fully and as freely as I do. Yet, even let it be so, Arthur, never with me can that past dream of happiness be renewed—it is dissolved for ever—and, come what may, henceforth life must wear to my disenchanted heart an aspect of deeper and more solemn meaning than it has ever done before."

"Less joyous, but as calm, and still as sweet, I trust," said Arthur, briefly, for his heart was labouring to suppress its strong emotions, and he dared not trust himself to utter many words.

She sadly shook her head, and a tear rolled silently down her cheek, as she replied:

"Arthur, weeks and months have been slowly *doing the work, which last night received its fatal consummation.* Ah, now too forcibly I feel, that

"There are things,
Whose very breathings on the soul erase
All record of past love, save the chill sense,
Th' iniquit memory of its wasted faith,
And vain devotedness!"

She turned away her face, as with tremulous earnestness, she uttered these lines; and one low and half-suppressed sob, told how poignant were the sufferings she endured.

Arthur was deeply moved by her quiet and uncomplaining grief, which touched him far more than louder and more violent demonstrations of sorrow could have done. Yet it seemed like mockery to utter words of consolation, where there was scarcely one ray of hope to illumine the night of her despair; and, his heart divided between deep and tender pity for her wrongs, and secret reproach and indignation against the cruel and deluded man who could wantonly cast from him a being so lovely, and so confiding,—he sat, gazing, with moistened eyes, upon her sad, and half-averted face, which, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," wore to his eyes the resemblance of a fair and fading rose-bud, blighted by the chilling breezes of the north.

For many minutes that deep and painful pause remained unbroken, when, on a sudden, an unusual bustle in the hall, startled each from their melancholy musing, and, before Arthur, who instantly sprang up, could leave the room to

ascertain its cause, the wild shriek of Rose rung through the passage, and the next moment, Grace Cleveland, pale as death, burst into the apartment.

"Oh! go, go, Mr. Mayburne!" was all she could articulate, so excessive was her agitation; and, as Arthur rushed past her towards the door, he had only time earnestly to whisper:

"Whatever may have happened, for Cecilia's sake, be calm."

But, young and inexperienced, she had yet to learn, on sudden and fearful emergencies, the virtue of self-control; and, bursting into a passion of tears, she threw her arms around Cecilia, who, struggling from them, seemed in a moment to have regained her wonted strength and vigor, for she darted swiftly towards the still open door, and was on the point of passing through it, when Grace, aroused to a sense of her own selfish and imprudent weakness, in so palpably betraying her emotion, sprang after her, and, with entreating words, and gentle force, endeavoured to detain her.

Cecilia, however, fully persuaded that some evil had befallen Evelyn, broke from her clinging hold, and, without the utterance of a word, rapidly descended the stairs, and approached a group of persons, who surrounded some dark and indistinct object in the centre of the hall. All were too much absorbed to hear, or notice her, till, noiselessly, she penetrated the circle, and knelt, pale and speechless, beside a lifeless figure that lay extended on a mattress, which had been hastily cast upon the floor. It was her husband, upon whose bleeding and motionless form her stony gaze was rivetted; and when Arthur saw her there, with tearless eye, and wild and haggard countenance, he started with dismay, and, trembling even for her reason, approached, and, throwing his arm around her, entreated her to come away.

Looking earnestly upon him, her pale lips moved, as if she would have asked what all this meant; but no sound issued from them, and the silent agony of her glance, words never could describe. Arthur understood it, and said, soothingly, in answer to her mute appeal:

"He lives, Cecilia—and his wound is not dangerous, I trust—every thing shall be done for his comfort; and you shall know how all happened, as soon as I can leave him; but you must not linger here a moment longer."

She yielded to the impulse of his hand, as he drew her gently away, and moved on with him, a step or two; then suddenly paused, looked back, and mechanically returned again to the side of her husband. Arthur saw immediately that her eye had assumed a look of vacancy, and that her

motions did not appear the results of a conscious mind; and, without further hesitation, as the exigency of the case admitted no delay, he raised her quietly in his arms, and bore her to her chamber. Grace, who stood upon the stairs, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, watching, with terror and anxiety, the effect of the scene upon Cecilia, turned and followed her to her apartment, and, at Arthur's low and earnest entreaty, made a violent effort to compose herself, and speak to her with calmness.

The sound of her pitying voice, and the warm pressure of her lips, as, bending over her, Grace, with fond words, kissed her forehead, unheeded the deep fountains of her soul; her bosom heaved convulsively—her cheek and brow grew flushed—and a shower of grateful tears gushed forth, cooling as they fell the burning fever of her brain. Arthur was rejoiced to see her weep, he had so feared the effect of such intense and tearless agony upon her mind; and, in haste to return to Evelyn, he was quietly gliding from the room, when her entreating voice recalled him.

"Oh, Arthur! do not leave me," she exclaimed, "till you have told me by what fearful accident my husband——" She paused abruptly, unable to complete the sentence.

"Dear Cecilia, you shall know all shortly," he replied; "but now, Evelyn requires my aid—and I am sure you would not wish to detain me from him. I shall return soon, and bring you, as I trust, a good report of him."

"And Arthur," she said, faintly, yet with an earnest accent, "deal with me fairly—you know how I abhor deceit—and now, now, surely it is better that I know the worst, terrible though it may be."

"I promise to conceal nothing, Cecilia—why should I? knowing as I do that your spirit is trained to meet with heavenly weapons, the sorest trials and assaults of earth."

He left her as he uttered these words, in a tone of such serious meaning, as to make her feel that a history of fearful import, connected with her husband's situation, was yet to be revealed to her. Already subdued by suffering and exertion, she sank back upon her pillow, and lay silent and absorbed in anxious thought, yet intently listening for every sound that reached her from below. But at length, when fifteen or twenty minutes had passed thus, and every added moment seemed an age of suspense to her tortured mind, Arthur returned. Pale he looked, yet calm and self-possessed, and, as he approached her, gently said:

"Make yourself easy, dear Cecilia, Maurice has been carefully attended, and is, as the physicians assure us, likely to do well."

"Thank God!" she fervently ejaculated, and

tears again gathered in her eyes. "And now, Arthur, let me go to him—*—nay,*" she added, as she read denial in his face, "you must not prevent me—it is right that I should be beside him, that——"

"Cecilia, you overrate your strength," interrupted Arthur; "already you are suffering from the effects of recent fatigue and excitement, and are not able at present to endure more. Wait only till tomorrow, and, if the doctor permits it, I will not oppose your wish."

"Yes, dear Cecilia, be persuaded," said Grace, eagerly. "You tremble now from exhaustion, and your colour changes so rapidly, that I am sure this effort will be too much for you."

"You are right, Miss Grace," said Dr. Leslie, one of the attending physicians, who at that moment entered the apartment, sent by Dr. Thornely with some message to Arthur. He was a skilful and kind-hearted man, but, like too many of the profession, had an abrupt mode of speaking, and a positive manner, oftentimes offensive and wounding to the feelings of his patients. "It will not do for you to see your husband today, at all events, Mrs. Evelyn," he continued, addressing Cecilia. "His state is very critical, and I cannot answer for the consequences of any excitement to him just now. Perfect quiet is indispensable. Those cursal Italians," he said, turning to Arthur, "are devils incarnate, and if that dastardly count's weapon had gone one hair's-breadth more to the left, Mr. Evelyn would have been a dead man upon the spot. Moreover——"

But his sentence was cut short by an impatient exclamation from Arthur. Cecilia had fainted in his arms, deprived of consciousness by the knowledge, so unguardedly communicated, of some affray which her husband had been concerned in with the person mentioned as the *count* in Mrs. Sinclair's note; and, pointing towards her, he said, in a tone of reproof:

"See, doctor, your imprudent words have been the cause of greater harm than it was your purpose to prevent. When you spoke, Mrs. Evelyn had then to learn, that her husband was not suffering from an accidental injury; and too much caution, ill as she has been, and is, could not have been used in imparting to her the unwelcome truth.

"The devil take my unlucky blundering," said the doctor, with chagrin. "I supposed the whole affair known to her, or confound me if I would not sooner have cut my tongue out than have spoken as I did. Lay her on the sofa, Mr. Mayburne—and here—rub her temples with this ether; it will soon revive her. God grant no worse consequence come of my folly than a fainting

fit. I will go and send Thornely to you," and he withdrew, muttering to himself, "He should have come on his own errand, and all this mischief would have been saved—only the family physician knows, in these critical cases, when to speak."

Cecilia, however serious had been her fears respecting the cause of Evelyn's disaster, was not prepared for the shock conveyed by Dr. Leslie's abrupt and cruel words. Tried as she had already been, within the last few hours, agitated, excited, her strength tested to its utmost power of endurance, she sunk at last completely subdued by the sorrows and the trials that so suddenly and fearfully multiplied upon her. Happily, perhaps, for her, she remained through the whole of that trying day in a state of unconsciousness—reviving at intervals for a few brief minutes—and then again relapsing into insensibility. The evening found her alarmingly ill and weak, and so she continued for several successive days. Evelyn's situation, also, awakened in the minds of his medical attendants the most serious apprehensions, and, under such circumstances, the house became a scene of silence and of gloom—every voice was subdued to a whisper, and stealthy steps glided through the darkened rooms—even the joyous spirit of Grace was chastened almost to sadness, and Arthur wore a face of deep and anxious thought.

He spent most of his time in the chamber of Evelyn, who seemed soothed by his presence, though seldom able to converse; never for many minutes in succession. The wound from which he was suffering was deep and dangerous, and the very excited and agitated state of his mind increased the irritation of his system, and, in a great measure, counteracted the effects of the skillful and judicious treatment he received. He knew that his recovery was doubtful, and the fearful stings of an awakened conscience fastened like a scorpion's fangs upon his soul, and fed the burning fever that consumed him, till the anguish he endured was often so intolerable as to produce delirium. His lucid intervals were to him seasons of painful retrospection, or of still more terrible anticipation; and then he would sometimes speak of Cecilia, make enquiries respecting her illness, of which he had been informed, and reproach himself for the evils he had caused her. It was also during these brief and interrupted moments, that from time to time he made known to Arthur the history of his many deviations from truth and virtue during the past winter, up to his fatal encounter with Delzoni, at the gaming table, when he received the wound from which he was now suffering.

He had gone, as was his purpose, after leaving

Mrs. Sinclair, on the night of the interview which has been detailed, to meet the count at Branton's Saloon—and he had found him there, with the usual set, who nightly held their orgies in those halls of vice. The challenge which he gave was eagerly accepted, and the contest commenced in earnest. At first he was a loser, but desperately he persevered, till a trifling turn of fortune in his favour lent him fatal encouragement, and then, on he rushed with mad determination, heeding nothing that passed around him. Neither the oaths of vengeance, the stifled groans of despair, nor the yet more frightful exultation of triumph, that burst from hearts agitated by the fiercest and the stormiest passions, won him to lend an ear of sympathy or pity.

And so the night waned—the lamps burned dim, and were replenished with fresh oil—and the parching thirst that tortured him was momentarily assuaged, to be yet more deeply excited, by icy and delicious wines. His senses reeled, his blood was on fire, but yet his fingers clutched the cursed cards, for he was on the point of winning—another stake and he was victor! By mutual agreement, Delzoni's claim was cancelled—he was once more free—and, with a shout of wild insulting triumph, he sprang up, swore a deep oath that never more should play lure him to sin, and, seizing the counters, cards, and dice, he flung them all, with fierce violence, to the remote corners of the room.

The count, also, enraged by his defeat, rose angrily from the table, and, with menacing gestures approaching Evelyn, accused him of false play: when the latter, exasperated at the charge, and deeply inflamed with wine, struck him a violent blow in the face, which was instantly returned; and then followed blow for blow, with a savage fury on either side, which threatened a speedy, if not a fatal, issue to the combat. No attempt was made by any one to part them—on the contrary, the scene seemed to be generally enjoyed, and looked upon as a pleasant diversity to the more serious occupations of the place. Many voices cried: "Give them room, and let us see it out!" and bets were laid upon the instant, as to who would be victor in the fight.

Evelyn had no other weapons than his sturdy fists with which to do battle, but with these he would shortly have quelled his less vigorous opponent, who, aware of his disadvantage, and maddened by the hurrahs which already forestalled the victory of his foe, with the subtle art which characterize the Italian, drew from his bosom a stiletto, and, at the very moment when he felt himself about to be overpowered, struck it with all his force into the breast of Evelyn. A red torrent followed the withdrawal of the

steel, and, with a deep groan, the wounded man fell to the ground.

"He is fairly dead"—"done for"—"wound up," said three or four voices in a breath, as all who were not so deeply absorbed by their cards, as to feel indifferent to a fellow creature's life or death, gathered around the spot where Evelyn lay.

"That cursed Delzoni will swing for this," said one.

"Ay, will he," responded another, whom the count had often eased of his gold; "I, for one, will bear witness in any court of justice that he struck this deadly blow with malice prepense."

At these words, the Italian, who for a moment had remained, paralyzed by the deed he had just committed, waited to hear no more, but, as two persons advanced to seize him, he threw up a window beside which he stood, and sprang from it, a distance of ten or twelve feet, to the ground. Once in the street, he lost no time in making good his escape from the city, and the evening of the day, which was then dawning, saw him safe in New York. After lurking for a brief time among the dens and sinks of iniquity, which disgrace that modern Babel, he took passage for France, and, arriving there, resumed in its capital the infamous career, which was shortly after terminated by a miserable and violent death.

The rumour of what had occurred at Branton's soon spread through the city, and Mrs. Sinclair was among the first of those to whom the tale was repeated, by one who had been an eye-witness of the scene. Violent in every feeling, her grief and consternation, on hearing of Evelyn's disaster, were of the most extravagant nature—and found expression in hysterical tears and lamentations, which were aggravated by the unfavourable reports of his situation, brought in answer to the enquiries which she continually caused to be made respecting him at his door. For twenty-four hours she endured a state of intolerable suspense, and then, no longer able to bear its torture, she went in person to the house, to satisfy herself in regard to him.

But she was refused admittance—the servant said his master was "desperate bad"—that the doctors despaired of his life, and had commanded that the house should be kept perfectly quiet, and he dared not disobey their orders by suffering any one to enter. Scarcely able to conceal her chagrin, she turned away with a flushed cheek and a tearful eye, yet not discouraged—the next day, and the next, she ventured again, but still met only disappointment and repulse. Almost in despair of attaining her object, she then wrote a note to Mayburne, requesting that he would favour her with a call, when she hoped through his agency to accomplish it; but he had bitter

and indignant feelings against her, and, suspecting her purpose, he resolved not to expose himself to her personal entreaties; and accordingly, in a note of chilling politeness, replied that at present not a moment of time was at his command; but that he should do himself the honour to obey her wishes, when circumstances left him more at leisure.

Mrs. Sinclair bit her lip with impotent rage, at what she termed the cool impertinence of this reply; but, resolving not to be baffled, she hit upon an expedient, (and there were few emergencies in which the wary lady failed to find one), that she thought would enable her to effect her purpose. She had learned, through some indirect medium, that Dr. Thornely was solicitous to procure an experienced nurse, whom he might trust with the care of his patient, and that as yet he had not succeeded in obtaining a suitable person. Mrs. Sinclair, therefore, lost no time in sending for a woman, who was just thrown out of employment by the death of a person, on whom, for the last two years, she had been in attendance, and who was, as she well knew, a faithful and experienced nurse. On this female, who, besides being under many personal obligations to her, had formerly been for a long time in her service, and was trained to comply with all her whims and requisitions, she knew she could depend. Accordingly she sent her to Dr. Thornely, as an applicant for the situation he wished to fill, and so well satisfied was he with the credentials she bore from her late mistress, that he had no hesitation in engaging her, and, on the fourth day of Evelyn's illness, she was installed as chief nurse and attendant in his apartment.

This object accomplished, Mrs. Sinclair anticipated the speedy fulfilment of others to which she intended it should lead. Daily she continued her visits of enquiry at the house of Evelyn, but, without requesting admission, merely signified a wish to see the nurse for a moment, that she might hear more particularly concerning him. This could not be denied; and many might have been the tender tokens, which, through this medium, would have found their way to Evelyn's darkened and silent chamber, had Mrs. Sinclair not feared, that, in his present state of suffering and danger, evil might accrue to him, and to herself naught of good, from any attempt to renew their intercourse. Yet, as day by day went by, and each one increased his peril and his weakness, the wish revived in her more strongly than before, that she might see him. To her impassioned, unrestrained heart, there was frenzy in the thought, that he must die, and speak to her no more—and a hundred half-formed plans were

nursed, and then rejected, to procure an interview.

One morning, shortly after her customary visit of enquiry, Evelyn, on awaking from a feverish and unquiet slumber, found lying on his pillow, a bouquet of the choicest flowers, whose exquisite fragrance came like the very breath of nature to his languid senses. Stretching forth his feeble hand, he drew them towards him, the better to enjoy their perfume, and in so doing a slip of paper, which environed the stalks, became disengaged, and, as it fell from them, his eye caught the words, "*Pensez à moi*," written upon it in characters but too familiar to his gaze. As if a serpent had stung him, he cast the delicate blossoms from him, and the multitude of painful thoughts which these words, traced by that well-known hand, awakened, produced in him a degree of agitation, which manifested itself, for many successive hours, in augmented fever and delirium.

During all these weary days and nights of suffering, Cecilia was unable to see her husband. A brain fever had been the consequence of the terrible shock she received on the night when he was brought wounded to his home, and it left her in a state of such debility, that she was not, even yet, permitted to visit him. The history of his affray with Delzoni, had, in consequence of her partial knowledge of it, been as favourably as possible, made known to her, and it had led to other developments, which could not well be concealed, relative to his recent habits, that shocked, more than they surprised her. In silent, yet bitter anguish, she saw dissolve the last trace of that sweet illusion, which, for a few brief months, had cast its golden radiance on her life. Yet no complaining word escaped her lips—quiet she was and calm, communing in silence with her heart, and with Him who only could teach her how to still its murmurs, and whose love could fill it with that peace which earth can neither give nor take away. She enquired frequently after her husband, but the doctor had forbidden them to tell her of his danger; and, impressed with the belief that he was recovering, she no longer expressed impatience to go to him, feeling within herself that she was yet unequal to the meeting.

In the midst of these mental struggles, she was one night visited by a dream, which took singular hold of her mind. The image of Mrs. Sinclair was predominant in it, who appeared to her as standing beside Evelyn's bed, over which she was spreading a velvet pall, while the canopy above seemed surmounted by funeral plumes. She awoke in terror, and, starting up, looked wildly around her chamber, dimly lighted by a

feeble night lamp, in the gleam of whose flickering rays the gigantic shadows of the furniture danced fitfully upon the walls. All was still and silent—Rose slept soundly upon the sofa—and a sudden thought, the promptings of her vivid dream, induced Cecilia to arise, envelope herself in her dressing-gown, and steal softly towards the apartment of her husband. It might be said that she still walked as in the shadow of that dream—its spell was yet upon her—its impressions fresh and deep, as though reality had stamped them on her mind; and as, if expecting to behold its strange, dark imagery clustering round the couch of Evelyn, she paused upon the threshold of his apartment, the door of which stood partially unclosed, and gazed into it, with the fixed yet troubled look of one who has nerved himself to meet some sight of terror, which yet he trembles to behold.

The room was as dimly lighted as that which she had just left—the same spectral shadows danced upon the walls, and threw their gloom, like the waving folds of a sable pall, over the curtained bed—noiselessly she stole towards it, as a low murmur of voices met her ear; yet she ventured not too near, and still, as in a dream, gazed through an opening in the hangings, on the scene revealed within them to her view. Wan, emaciated, motionless, as the dead, Evelyn lay upon his pillow, and over him bent the very form which had made Cecilia's vision one of dread and prophecy—the form of Mrs. Sinclair! the hood thrown back from her beautiful head, and the cloak falling from her graceful shoulders, as she hung in fond abandonment over the victim whom her arts had helped to abuse from happiness and duty. Enchained, as by some potent spell, Cecilia stood silent and motionless, shrouded by the deep shadows that fell around her, and listened, with an almost pulseless heart, to the low and murmured words that met her ear.

"Leave me, Gertrude!" said the faint voice of Evelyn—yet were its tones those of the most agonizing entreaty.

"Yes, since you bid me, I will go! go for ever!" she said passionately. "Alas! Evelyn, an age of torture could not so have wrought on my heart, as have these few days of suffering, in changing and embittering yours."

"Time may shew, Gertrude, that I can harbour no bitterness against you; but spare me now, for I am unequal to this contest. Yet let us part as friends," and, with a feeble effort, he held his pale thin hand towards her.

"Friends! cold, cautious friends!" she exclaimed, with bitter passion—"we who have been—"

A deep, convulsive groan, which burst from

Evelyn, arrested her impetuous utterance, and, in reminding her of his extreme illness, suggested the fear that she was inflicting on him serious injury, by this unrestrained indulgence of her feelings. Desirous, therefore, to atone for her imprudence, she changed her tone to one of gentle sadness, as she said:

"Evelyn, forgive me if I have pained you—I cannot always quell the strong emotions of my soul, yet for your sake I should have been more guarded. I will try you now no longer—tell me only that I may come to you again—at night, as now, when all sleep, save those whose restless hearts know not rest. Your attendant may be trusted—she is faithful in her attachment to me—and, while she keeps guard for us, we have nothing to fear."

"Wait but till I have gained more strength," he said, faintly. "Now you are not repaid for the danger you incur."

"True, I have risked much to come to you; but, Evelyn, I would have encountered a thousand sorer perils, rather than not have won even these few, few moments of a brief and painful intercourse."

He seemed to struggle with himself for a moment, and then, in a faint, but exceedingly low voice, he said:

"Gertrude, my heart thanks you for this and all your kindness; but, let me not deceive you, since I lay upon this bed of pain, I have endured the tortures of the damned—ay, worse—since better far, the slow and unconsuming fires of a material hell, than those which burn with anguish and remorse the guilty soul. Yet pure thoughts and holy aspirations have at times been mine; and, if it be my doom to die, I would have them with me in my parting hour; but, if to live, God grant they may be henceforth the guide and temper of my mind, or I crave not even now the boon of a prolonged existence."

Exhausted by this unwonted effort, he closed his eyes, and, almost gasping for breath, lay motionless upon his pillow.

"I understand you, Evelyn—purity and goodness cannot be associated with me; but, whatever change of thought or purpose may be yours, my heart, in life or death, will ever remain the same—inalienably your own. Farewell!" and, bending low towards him, she murmured a few inaudible words in his ear, and then, rising up to her full height, drew her cloak around her, and departed.

As she lifted its dark and ample folds from the bed on which it had fallen, there was so strong a similitude in the action, and in the proud and haughty bearing of her face and figure, to the strange phantasma of Cecilia's dream, that it

seemed to rouse her from the trance-like state in which she had looked upon, and listened to this scene. "Was all then real?" and, as this thought arose, her brain reeled, an icy shudder passed through her veins, her heart grew sick, her limbs failed her, every object around faded from her darkened sight, and she knew no more, till, on reviving, after several hours, she found herself in her own bed, and Rose standing beside her.

The apartment was filled with the effluvia of many volatile essences, which had been used to effect her restoration; but whether she had just awakened from sleep or from a swoon, she knew not. Her dream, with all its striking details, shortly returned to her recollection, yet she could not satisfy herself as to the reality of the scene in Evelyn's chamber—had it actually occurred, or was it only a part of that vision, whose fantastic vagaries had so strongly impressed her imagination? She could not tell; but had she spoken of it, which she could not do, for the pain it cost her, she would have learned that she was found by the nurse, lying insensible upon the floor in her husband's chamber, and, with the assistance of Rose, conveyed, in that state, to her own. The nurse, fearful, should this be known, that it would lead to the discovery of Mrs. Sinclair's visit, whom she had stealthily admitted, and guarded, as she thought, from surprise, by watching in the passage during the interview, persuaded Rose, under the pretence that she might incur blame for not more vigilantly attending on her mistress, not to speak of it, unless questioned, and then to pass it over, as the mere fancy of a wandering mind, to which, at intervals, Cecilia had been subject since her illness.

But the girl was not called to sacrifice truth to prudence, since she was never questioned with respect to the occurrence. Yet its impression did not pass from Cecilia's mind—in silent thought she brooded over it, dwelling mostly on those words indicative of suffering and penitence, which had been so feelingly uttered by Evelyn, and which, whether they had been the mere conceptions of sleep, or she had really heard them spoken, were written ineffaceably upon her heart, and seemed to echo ever in her ears. The more she dwelt on them, the stronger grew the wish they generated, to see, and herself attend upon, her husband; and with this object of deep and earnest desire in view, she seemed to rouse at once from long inaction, and to gather health and strength with every hour that passed. Nor would she be debarred from him, when they no longer attempted to conceal from her that his recovery was doubtful. From the night of Mrs. Sinclair's visit he had changed for the worse; and, though outwardly the appearance of his wound was

favourable, there were symptoms of internal inflammation, which greatly alarmed his physicians. He had, besides, repeatedly requested to see Cecilia, and it was, therefore, not judged expedient to prevent the interview.

She had nerved herself for the meeting; but the restlessness which even its anticipation produced in him, almost made his attendants afraid to grant it at present; yet the effects of delay might be more dangerous, and it was consequently thought best to gratify him. Dr. Thornely was with him when she entered his apartment, and, quietly bidding her be calm, he led her towards the bed. Calm she was, though full of deep emotion, and tears trembled in her eyes, which forcibly she restrained from falling. Yet when she stood beside him, and saw the fearful change that disease and suffering had wrought in that once beautiful and vigorous frame, she could no longer control the drops of tenderness and pity that gushed fast and bright from the unsealed fountains of her heart.

And as he, in the first impatient glance which he cast towards her, read in her attenuated form, her bloodless lip, her wan and smilken cheek, the history of the anguish he had caused her to endure, shame, remorse, awakened love, and tender gratitude rushed like a mingled flood of sweet and bitter waters on his soul—his ashy cheek grew crimson with emotion, every vein in his broad and deathlike brow swelled almost to bursting, and, with an effort of unnatural strength, rising suddenly from his pillow, he cast himself upon her bosom, exclaiming, in low and broken tones: "My angel wife! can it be that I am forgiven?" Cecilia struggled vainly for the power of utterance—it was denied her; but she pressed him closely to her heart, and, sealing her quivering lips upon his forehead, bathed it with her tears. But in a moment his brow grew icy cold beneath her fervent kiss, and his form too weighty for her feeble arms to sustain.

She raised her head to look on him, and, with a cry of terror, laid him gently back upon the pillow. His eyes were closed, his countenance ghastly as with the touch of death, and she was deluged with the blood, which gushed in a purple torrent from his mouth. The effort, the emotion, had been too much for him, and occasioned the rupture of an important blood-vessel connected with the heart—thus confirming the worst fears his medical attendants entertained of the nature and extent of the wound. The most prompt and effective means were used to stop the hemorrhage, and the strictest quiet was imperatively enjoined. But no argument could prevail on Cecilia to leave the apartment again; and when, after long insensibility, Evelyn once more revived, and

turned his first conscious glance, with a look of grateful love towards her, she rejoiced deeply that she had persisted in remaining.

Nor from this time would she consent to quit him—day and night she hovered around him—and, contrary to the earnest advice and wishes of her friends, she had a low couch placed beside his, on which, when over-wearied, she cast herself; yet, if sleep ever visited her, it was so lightly, that, at the slightest sound or motion, she was ready to rise, and minister to his wants. Frail and delicate she looked, as a wan lily trembling on its broken stalk; yet wonderful was it to see with what unflinching faith and courage she bore up beneath the burden of care and trial that assailed her. Only from one source could she have found strength to sustain her in that hour of deepest sorrow and despondency—and to that source, which never failed her, she turned, with humble trust in its power to support and heal, even a heart wounded and smitten as was hers. Arthur saw, with reverence and tender admiration, the beautiful manifestations of character which she developed, under the most trying of human circumstances, and it was his delight to cheer and aid her, in her task of duty and of love. Grace also remained with her, and she felt her heart elated, her mind elevated, her whole nature changed from that of a volatile child to a mature and reflecting woman, by the living influence of her friend's pure and beautiful example.

To her husband, who, though forbidden to speak, and most of the time unconscious of all that passed around him, her presence, whenever he recognized her, seemed to be a source of deep, yet often troubled joy—and then, by a feeble pressure of her hand, or a glance of grateful affection, he would mutely testify how deeply his heart was touched by the unchanging kindness, the enduring love, which he so ill deserved. Yet, neither her tender devotion, nor her earnest prayers, availed to lengthen out the days of the self-sacrificed Evelyn. She had fondly thought, that if it were God's pleasure to restore him, purified by suffering, and taught by terrible experience, he might in future live as became a rational and immortal being, and so prove to her the realization of that bright and pure ideal, which she had loved in him during the cloudless and happy days of their early intercourse. And this hope she had suffered to shed a soft and tremulous ray over the scattered wrecks of her lost happiness, even as the calm moon rising over the ruins of some fair city, which the earthquake or the tempest has desolated, reveals to him, whom the midnight convulsion has made a wanderer and an outcast, in many a broken capital and prostrate pillar, the

elements of a new city and a sheltering home, bright and peaceful as those from which he has been exiled. But in vain her hope—day by day he failed, till at last a deep lethargy wrapped him in a deathlike sleep—the fatal precursor of dissolution—and from which, she heard, with speechless awe, he would never more awaken.

In that dim and dread silence, which enchains, as in a solemn spell, the weeping circle that surrounds the death-bed of a friend, they who were nearest and dearest to Evelyn now waited in his darkened chamber, for that awful moment, which was fast approaching, when the wronged spirit should struggle from its crumbling tenement, into that untried state of being where it was to reap, even more fearfully than it had done on earth, the fruits of its errors and its misdeeds. Cecilia knelt beside her husband, clasping his cold and clammy hand in hers, her face bowed down in the deep earnestness of silent prayer, yet raised at intervals to look, with streaming eyes, upon the dying, and to wipe, with trembling touch, the gathering death-damps from his brow. Arthur stood, with folded arms, at the foot of the bed, silent, yet filled with solemn thought; while Grace, standing for the first time in the visible presence of death, leaned apart, weeping with the violence of a grieved and smitten child. The nurse moved on tip-toe through the still chamber, in which no sound was audible, except the deep and laboured respiration of the expiring man. Occasionally, she fumigated it with some potent aromatic, or paused by the bed, to moisten the parched lips of the sufferer, or to perform some other trilling act, which, though of no avail, yet as appertaining to her calling, she deemed it not becoming to omit.

Presently she was beckoned out—but soon returned, and whispered Arthur: "One," she said, "to whom, in other days, Mr. Evelyn had shown kindness and friendship, prayed permission to look upon him, if only for one moment, before he breathed his last." It was a strange petition to be presented at that hour; but he knew that Evelyn, without any fixed principle or feeling of benevolence, had sometimes, from the impulse of the moment, performed kind, and even noble actions. Supposing this person one of those whom, in such a moment, he had relieved from want or trouble, and who retained a grateful recollection of her benefactor, he had not the heart to deny her admission. He knew Cecilia would not refuse such a request, dictated, as he supposed it, by attachment to her husband; and, without even appealing to her for permission, he signified that the stranger might enter.

The nurse withdrew, but almost immediately returned, conducting a female, enveloped in a

cloak, and so closely veiled, that not a feature was distinguishable. Her step faltered as she drew nigh the bed, and, when her eye fell on the changed and ghastly countenance of Evelyn, she started back, and her whole form shook convulsively. But again advancing, she bent over him, in silence, for the space of several minutes, her hands clasped tightly upon her heart, as though, in that earnest pressure, she would subdue its deep and bitter agony. Then, she rose—retreated from her sad contemplation—paused a moment, and, once more returning, stooped over him, and, pressing a kiss upon his brow, turned away, and, with a sob that seemed to rive her heart, hurried from the room. But, in the engrossing sorrow of the moment, she did not heed the disarrangement of her veil, which, having fallen partially on one side, displayed to Arthur, as she passed him when retiring, the brilliant face of Mrs. Sinclair, swollen and distorted with excessive weeping.

Pity and indignation struggled in his breast for mastery, and involuntarily he looked towards Cecilia, who, aroused from her own absorbing sorrow by the wild sob of anguish which burst from the intruder, started suddenly up, as from a dream, and gazed after her retreating form, till it had passed beyond the threshold of the chamber. That stately step and figure, none who had ever noted, could mistake, and for an instant Cecilia's look was troubled, and her thoughts disturbed—but only for an instant—and then the serene and heavenly sweetness of her countenance returned, and again, falling on her knees beside her dying husband, she breathed a prayer for the wretched and unhappy woman, whose evil influence had blighted the fairest blossoms of her life.

Before another hour had circled its little round, Evelyn's spirit had passed beyond the narrow bounds of this brief and fitful being. His tale of life was ended—a sad, dark tale—that left on many hearts the memory of a warning not to be forgotten or despised.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.]

DOGMATISM.

Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject; and even if excessive scepticism could be maintained, it would not be more destructive to all just reasoning and enquiry. When men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have there given reins to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.—*Luce.*

LINES TO A CHILD.

BY S. J. D.

Be thy life like a stream that smoothly flows,
Yet gently murmuring to the ocean wide,
Freshening each floweret on its bank that grows,
Reflected on its fair and glassy tide:
Mirror of loveliness, whose waters glide,
With gentle music, through the lonely vale;
Joy reigns unbounded on its fairy side—
The raptured ear what sounds harmonious hail,
The streamlet's rush, the song of birds, the whispering
gale.

Thus glide the current of thy life along,
Sweet, calm, and lovely as a fairy dream—
Or air-borne music of some seraph's song—
Scarcely heard at eve when love is still the theme:
Fair as the sunbeam on the trembling stream—
Sweet as the gentle breath of infant spring—
Pure as the crystal fount's clear waters seem—
Soft as the balm that vernal roses fling—
Best as the hours of joy that childhood's memories bring.

Mild as the dawning of the placid morn—
Fairer than skies of soft and stilly eve,
When balmy gales along the groves are borne,
And the pale shades seem lingering, loath to leave;
When something stirring bids the heart to heave—
Perhaps the thought of by-gone days like thine,
While fancy still its magic web can weave,
Clothing the past with something of divine,
Where memories of bliss and innocence entwine,

May all the ideal pleasures that await
On man's full, strange, and changeful course below,
In bright reality attend thy fate,
With every blessing that the gods bestow;
Ne'er may thy gentle bosom taste of woe—
But, ah! if e'er the tear should roll unain,
Still for the griefs of others let it flow—
A mournful pleasure mingling with the pain:
The heart that weeps for pity will rejoice again.

TO A LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY M.

SWEET Lily of the valley, tell
Wherefore is thy snowy bell
Purest in the lonely dell?

'Thou spreadest through the ambient air
Fragrance from thy chalice fair,
Hiding 'mong the green leaves there.

'Thou lovest not the sunny glade,
But the cool sequetered shade,
Meek emblem of my lovely maid.

She, like thee, my favourite flower,
Delighteth in her home's calm bower,
Where virtue wings each passing hour.

She ever shuns the glare of fame—
Her loveliness and thine's the same—
And gentle "Maria" is her name.

If we did not take great pains, and were not at
great expense to corrupt our nature, our nature
would never corrupt us.—*Clarendon.*

THE PRESIDENT.

BY H. P.

TAVERN not man! boast of thy skill no more—
Thy proudest works do but thy weakness show;
High on the wings of science thou may'st soar,
Still there's a hand o'er stretch'd to bring thee low.

Huge was the bark, and human skill was task'd
To frame her to resist the tempest's force;
Arm'd with the plashing wheel, they scarcely ask'd
A favouring breeze to speed her on her course.

The tow'ring palace seem'd it to deride
The loftiest surge—the whirlwind's wildest sweep;
Splendour and luxury their aid supplied
To tempt the sons of ease to brave the deep.*

They knew not of the dread which men of core—
Pilgrims for homes, or venturers for gain—
Felt, when with frail and puny prow they bore
For unknown lands, on an untravell'd main.

The man of wealth saw his own halls excell'd
By the saloons deck'd with the pride of art;
Their forms, in mirrors bright, the fair beheld,
And scarcely seem'd from the *boulevard* to part.†

What was their fate? Must it remain unknown,
Whether by blasting thunn or furious gale?
Will not in seaman's path one plank be thrown?
Does not one soul survive to tell the tale?

Their lot was common, and alike we mourn
For the rough seaman and the tender bride;
For he who ne'er before on wave was borne,
For he who toil'd through life on oceans wide.

Thou diest, we trust, soon change their mortal wail
To hymns of joy, in regions free from care;
And wilt vouchsafe the help that does not fail,
That bereav'd mourners may Thy judgments bear.

With meek submission to the dread decree,
Which gave th' Atlantic's depths the lawless band,
Conscious of helplessness we bend the knee,
And own the might of Thy resistless hand.

Frail as man's self his labour'd fabrics prove,
When ocean raves—when earthquakes rend the tower;
Say, does not Heaven, in its own time, reprove
Our pride and confidence in earthly power.
Sherbrooke, March, 1812.

GOOD HUMOUR.

GOOD humor is the clear blue sky of the soul,
on which every star of talent will shine more clearly,
and the sun of genius encounters no vapors in
his passage. 'Tis the most exquisite feature of a
fine face—a redeeming grace in a homely one.
It is like the green in a landscape, harmonizing
with every color, mellowing the glories of the
bright, and softening the hue of the dark.

Tit: more one speaks of himself, the less he likes
to hear another talked of.—*Lavater.*

* Suggested by the description of *The President* in the
English papers.
† *Id.*

MARCO VISCONTI.*

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY—TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF TOMMASO GROSSI,

BY HUGO MONT.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON the day appointed for the banquet, the family were assembled in a hall of the Balzo palace. The count strutted up and down, casting an occasional look of admiration at his dress, which was conceived in the height of the reigning fashion. A robe of flowered velvet fell in heavy folds from his shoulders; his hose, which were of blue scudal, with puffs of white satin appearing through the slashes, were prolonged half a yard beyond his toes, and turning upwards with a graceful curve, the points were fastened below the knee by a small chain of gold.

"Haste thee, Beatrice!" he said to his daughter, who sat robed in white at the end of the hall, and in whose hair Lauretta was twining a silver-edged riband of blue. "Haste thee, girl! 'Tis time we were on the way."

The mind of the maiden had been seized with a secret apprehension as the hour approached when she must appear in the presence of him whose anger had been so excited against Ottorino on her account, and she had made use of every excuse to delay their departure. Another source of anxiety was that Ottorino had never visited them during the whole of that day; and this was so contrary to his usual custom, that she feared some mishap had befallen him.

Every excuse of delay at last exhausted, she took an affectionate leave of her mother, and accepting the offered hand of her aunt, the Countess Susanna, accompanied her father towards the entrance of the hall. Ere they had reached it, however, it was thrown hurriedly open, and Ottorino rushed in, with grief and anxiety depicted on his pale countenance.

"Lupo! my faithful Lupo!" he breathlessly exclaimed. "The satellites of the abbot have seized him—treacherously seized him—in my own house, at dead of night, while all around slept. They have condemned him to death, and to-morrow is his last day on earth."

Lauretta, of whose presence the knight had been unconscious at first, stood for a moment as if stunned by the dreadful tidings, then, whilst a flood of tears burst from her eyes, darted away to apprise her parents of her brother's threatened fate.

"My prayers, my promises, my threats," continued Ottorino, "have all been in vain. The abbot must have secured the consent of Marco; he would not otherwise have dared thus to treat a squire of mine."

"I warned thee of this, Ottorino," stammered out the count; "thou wouldst have thine own way, and see the consequences! I altogether disclaim—"

But here both his wife and daughter interrupted him, beseeching him rather to lend his aid to repair the evil.

"Why dost thou not hasten to Marco?" he said to Ottorino, unwilling to meddle in the affair. "The insult has been offered to thee, and thou art bound to him by ties of blood and friendship." "I have sought an interview, but he refuses to see me."

"How! how!" exclaimed the count; "what sayest thou? Marco refuse to see thee?"

"Yes! and hath done so for some time," replied the youth, forgetting the reserve he had hitherto maintained.

"Thou art then in disgrace with the Visconte?" returned the count. "Aye! aye! there is the reason that you have said nought of your espousals: the mystery is out. You have told all to Ermelinda—to me, nothing. How can I then interfere? I wash my hands of it entirely."

"And thou wilt then let the son of a faithful servant perish," exclaimed Ermelinda. "without a word passing thy lips to save the life that he willingly endangered for his native place—aye, and for thyself?"

"Thou seest well," objected he, "that I am already suspected by the abbot. And then what influence have I? What claim do I possess upon the heart of Marco?"

But here his sister came to the aid of the other suppliants.

"What!" said she, "art thou not the most familiar friend that Marco hath—his most intimate confidant? Hast thou not said so thyself an hundred times—and does not all Milan know it to be true? And wouldst thou now draw back, when the life of a follower is in danger? Surely not, Otrado?"

"Holy St. Barnabas! if I could—"

* Continued from page 257.

"Thou canst!" insisted his sister, "and honour calls for thine exertions."

During her address, the eyes of the count glanced uneasily towards the entrance, whence the sound of approaching lamentations was heard, and Ambrose, Marianna, and Lauretta now entered, their faces bathed in tears, and pale with terror. The falconer threw himself at the feet of his master, embraced his knees, and raising a look of anguished supplication, endeavoured to address him, but his lips gave utterance only to a few inarticulate sounds. All eyes were turned on him, and even his wife and daughter seemed to forget their own grief in beholding the keen agony that shook his powerful frame.

"My son! my son!" at length burst from his trembling lips. "Oh! give me back my son!"

The count endeavoured to raise him from the ground; but he, shaking his head and waving his hand with a gesture of denial, cried out:

"No! no! Leave me here—rather leave me here to die! I will not rise till you have promised to save him."

"I will do all I can, my poor Ambrose!" said the count, and at the time he really meant what he said. "Rise up and take heart! I promise thee my utmost exertions."

"You promise? You promise? Thanks, gracious master! Oh! tell that man in whose hands is the life of my Lupo—a single word from whom would give him back to me in safety—tell him to remember the time when he too was the beloved son of a doting father; and if the abbot still insists on a victim, here am I!" and he struck his hand on his broad breast. "Here am I—the same flesh, the same blood—I who have counselled him to this! The blame be mine: he hath but obeyed his father."

Catching sight of Ottorino, whom he had not till this moment observed, he sprang to his feet, and advancing towards him, accosted him more resolutely than respectfully.

"It is your business to save him!" he said; "you who have placed him where he now is."

"For shame!" interrupted his dame. "Is this the mode in which to address the kind and gracious seignior, who hath done so much for him, and is now here with the same object as ourselves?"

"The Lord bless him for it!" exclaimed Ambrose. "Pardon me, good sir! Have compassion on a poor father, who scarce knoweth what he saith or what he doth. Lose no time, I beseech you, my lord!" he added to the count; "go, and let your return restore me to life!"

"Doubt not my zeal," said his master, drying his eyes; "I will be as earnest for him as for my own son. Come, Beatrice!"

Lauretta had stood on one side during this scene, weeping in silent sorrow. As Beatrice followed her father and the countess Susanna, she ran after them, and seizing her mistress' hand, kissed it passionately amid a flood of tears; she was unable to utter a word, but earnest entreaty shone in her expressive countenance. Beatrice replied with an affectionate pressure of the hand, and the party issued to the outer hall, where they found Bernardo, the other son of the falconer. His mother, as we have said, cherished a high opinion of his cleverness and powers of argumentation, and her first impulse, when she had somewhat recovered from the shock of grief and surprise, was to address him thus:

"Run, Bernardo, run to the count, and entreat his interference! We are but rude folks, but thou knowest how to speak, and will tell him all as it should be told."

Her son set himself to think how he should begin the address to his master; but, without waiting for him, the falconer hurriedly descended the stairs, followed by his wife and daughter. While Ambrose, in the scene we have related, was addressing the count, in words which, coming warm from the heart, were sure to go direct to the heart, the good dame, though rejoiced at her husband's success, could not help wishing that Bernardo had been there to address the count properly, and not with that weeping and wailing, which she thought she could have done as well herself. It was, therefore, with gladness that she saw her son in waiting without, and, running up to him, she took him by the arm, and said:

"Come! speak thou to him, Bernardo! We have been able to say nothing."

Bernardo accordingly took a few paces in advance, and addressed the count, in the stiff manner and freezing tone of one who recites a prepared speech.

"Most sublime and magnanimous count! my respected progenitor has doubtless explained to your excellency the peculiar circumstances in which we, an afflicted family, are now placed. Although Lupo—although my unfortunate brother—it may be that he —"

Here he paused, having completely lost the thread of his discourse; and his "respected progenitor," taking him by the shoulders, pushed him aside, saying:

"Let the count pass, in the name of all the saints!"

The liberated noble passed on, while Bernardo stood motionless, with his hands hanging by his side, gazing after him with a stupid stare.

When the count, with his sister and daughter, entered the festal hall, they were received by

Marco with the utmost attention and courtesy, and the Lombard noble was thus encouraged in his resolution of requesting the pardon of Lupo. After the first salutations, the Countess Susanna, taking the hand of her niece, led her amidst a company of damsels and demoiselles, who were gathered together at the upper end of the hall, while Marco paced backwards and forwards near the entrance where he had met them, but following with his eye every motion of Beatrice. Count Oltrado walked by his side, and several times opened his lips to introduce the dreaded subject; but his heart always failed him, and the hall uttered word died away in a faint murmur, all unheeded by the Visconte.

"Listen to me, noble sir!" he at length managed, with a mighty effort, to stammer forth. "It may seem too bold in me thus to address you; but your affability, your benignity, have encouraged me to—*to ask a favour, which —*"

"A favour! from me?" interrupted Marco, in a cold and haughty tone, as he turned into a window-recess, followed by the count, who was completely disconcerted by this exclamation, and having altogether forgotten his prepared speech, now stood beside him in silent anxiety.

"Why ask such a favour of me?" again asked Marco, when he had waited in vain for a reply; "why not rather ask it from Ruscconi?" he continued, with a bitter smile; "he who will no doubt be so much gratified by it, will certes grant it thee at once."

"How? what!" exclaimed his perplexed auditor. "Have I offended any one? What have I to do with Ruscconi? I have never even seen him."

"Doubt not," continued Marco, in the same tone, "that thou wilt soon have that pleasure. The Lord of Como is not a man to receive such a favour without taking speedy occasion to thank thee for it."

As he thus spoke, he made as if he would have joined his guests in the hall; but the count, full of alarm and anxiety, seized him by the mantle:

"Tell me, my good lord, what is your meaning?" he said; "speak to me openly, I beseech you. In very truth, I know no reason—unless it may be that foolish affair of your young kinsman Ottorino?"

Despite his tone of enquiry, Marco remained silent, and, after a pause the count resumed:

"I will convince you that I was not to blame in the matter. 'Tis true that he offered to espouse my daughter; but I told him plainly that I would do naught displeasing to your lordship, and that without your consent —"

"But Beatrice," interrupted Marco, impatient-

ly, "did she consent willingly to these nuptials? Quick! answer me!"

"Beatrice!" repeated the count, with hesitation: "did you ask of Beatrice? She would have accepted whomsoever was presented to her by her parents as her husband, poor simple dove! none but her mother and myself have a place in her heart."

"Then thou thinkest," eagerly enquired the chief, "that were this connexion broken off, it would not grieve her much?"

"Grieve her? not in the least; I am certain of that."

Marco paced hurriedly to and fro for a few minutes in silence, then, turning to the count, resumed the discourse where it had broken off:

"So much the better for her and for myself," he said. "Ruscconi is not a man easily satisfied, and I could ill brook to see divisions among my dearest friends. And besides," he added confidentially, "perhaps thou wert never aware that this alliance between Ottorino and Francesca Ruscconi was negotiated by myself, and that my honour is therefore concerned in its fulfilment."

"I pledge myself," returned the count, "that you will find no hindrance from me or mine. Had I known this before, no persuasion in the world would have led me to risk your favour, by admitting Ottorino's pretensions."

"Enough, enough! my good lord!" exclaimed the Visconte; "it pleaseth me that we part better friends than I had thought before introducing this subject, and learning your sentiments thereon."

With a friendly pressure of the hand, he left the count, and was soon lost amid the crowd that filled the hall, while the latter remained in the recess, confused and agitated. It was not till he had somewhat allayed his terror and anxiety, by the reflection that he and Marco were once more "bosom friends," that he remembered Lupo, and the pardon he had pledged himself to request. But neither the remembrance of the grief, the tears, the entreaties of his aged parents and his affectionate sister, nor the remorse he experienced for his broken promise, nor the compassion which he even at that moment felt for them, could induce him, after what had just passed, to entreat of Marco a favour for the squire of Ottorino.

Beatrice had anxiously watched the conference apart, of her father and Marco, little deeming all the while that she herself was the subject of their discourse, but believing that they treated of Lupo and his misfortunes. When Marco issued from the recess, she looked in vain to his countenance for some augury of the fate of the falconer's son; and when, after some time

further, her father issued from the shade and rejoined her, her first eager question was:

"Well, dear father, what was the reply?"

"To what?" asked the count in return.

"Ask you, to what? to your request, of course, for the pardon of Lupo."

"No pardon did I ask of him for any one, so that—"

"Ah, holy saints!" interrupted she. "I see that he has refused you: but I will speak to him myself—I will throw myself at his feet—"

"Look to thine own affairs, Beatrice! and meddle not with those that are too grave even for men. Remember my warning, girl!" he added, as, seeing Marco approach, he withdrew amid the crowd.

The chief, accosting Beatrice, entered into conversation with her, and pointed out the various personages of note that passed before them, and amongst others the holders of the approaching tournament.

"There are twelve of these knights," said Marco, as he escorted her through the hall: "eleven of them—all that are here—I have pointed out to thee: the twelfth thou hast known for some time—hast thou not?"

A crimson blush overspread the fair maiden's face; but she made no answer.

"I noticed," continued Marco, "that he saluted thee with much courtesy, one day lately whilst riding with him; and knowing that he had spent some time at Limonta.—"

"Yes!" said the damsel, timidly; "his true I know him, and there is a squire of his for whom—"

"Nay, fair maiden: I would speak to thee of himself, not of his followers."

As Marco thus spoke, he conducted her to a side apartment, the first of a suite that stretched towards the wing of the palace. Beatrice, as she entered, noticed her father, standing a little distance apart, who placed his finger on his lips, with a solemn shake of the head. This, as she very well knew, signified that she should say nothing of poor Lupo to her companion; but, whilst they traversed two or three apartments of the suite in silence, she gathered courage to disregard the injunction.

"May I hope, my lord," she said, when they had reached a vacant apartment, "that you will listen to an humble and earnest request of mine?"

"Hast thou not accepted me for thy knight and vassal?" replied Marco: "why then this language of entreaty? Thy requests are commands."

The maiden paused for a moment, then, throwing herself on her knees before him, she exclaimed:

"A single word from you can save him; have compassion on a distressed family. O! if I could only weep as I saw them weep an hour ago—if I could only use the persuasive and affecting words of his poor father, I am sure you could not deny me."

"Nay, nay, Beatrice! why this action to me? Rise, I entreat of thee, rise!"

But, still retaining the same humble posture, she looked up, with a timid and entreating glance, which recalled at once to the mind of the chief, the scene when he had last parted with Ermelinda. Thus had she thrown herself at his feet; thus, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, had urged her supplications. Raising the damsel from the ground, he conducted her to a seat, where, overcome with a mixture of grief, alarm, and maiden modesty, she covered her face with her hands, while the tear-drops forced their way through her delicate fingers.

"Tell me your wish!" exclaimed Marco, more than ever excited by this spectacle, for who can stand unmoved the tears of her he loves. "I swear to thee by all I hold dearest that I will fulfil it, if man can do so—aye, should it cost me life and honour. Of whom speakest thou—name him?"

"Lupo!" answered the maiden, amidst her tears.

"The vassal of the Monastery of St. Ambrose who hath been condemned to die?"

"Yes! He is the son of my father's falconer, and brother of my faithful and dear attendant. If you had only beheld them when they heard the fatal tidings!"

"Dry these tears; Lupo is safe; I give him to thee. I would shed my blood to spare thee one of those precious drops. Come, Ermelinda!—thou makes me rave—come, Beatrice, weep no more! Lupo shall not die."

"You promise me faithfully that he shall not?"

"Yes! by all the saints I swear it."

At these words Beatrice hastily rose, and would again have prostrated herself at the feet of Marco, to thank him for the grace he had shown; but as he caught her to prevent the action, the revulsion of feeling from grief to joy for a moment overcame her, and she fell powerless into his arms. Marco felt her tears of joy fall hot upon his hand—he felt the gentle burthen of her head upon his shoulder—he almost felt her heart beat beside his own—and in the delirium thus caused, he stooped down, and imprinted a kiss on her fair forehead. Beatrice was not unconscious of this, but, in her grateful mood, thought of it only as she would of a kiss from a parent. She disengaged herself gently from his supporting

arms, while in her eyes, still red and swimming, on her face, still partly clouded by anxiety, there shone a gladsome smile, like the bright rays that break through the clouds, when an April storm has passed.

The hero was in the hands of a maiden. Marco proceeded to the table, on which stood writing materials, and, without sitting down, wrote to the Abbot of St. Ambrose, in confused terms of entreaty, command, and menace, to set at liberty, without a moment's delay, the Limontine, of whom he had spoken a few days before.

"Let the abbot have this," he said, when he had bound the letter with a silken riband, and sealed it with his signet; "let the abbot have this, and Lupo will at once be restored to you."

"Heaven will reward you for the innocent blood you have thus spared," replied Beatrice; "for the tears you have dried up, and for the pangs you have soothed. You shall ever have the prayers of this now happy family."

"Beatrice!" said Marco, detaining her as she proceeded towards the entrance, "stay yet an instant; the letter will be in time tomorrow. Listen! I depart tonight on a long journey, but the remembrance of these few moments—the remembrance of thee—; believe me, Beatrice! thou shalt ever be in my heart."

"And I, my lord, will never forget the favour you have shown me; my prayers, too, will ascend for you. I needs must smile to think how afraid I was to approach this subject. Truly said my mother, that you had a kind and generous heart!"

"Thy mother can think of me, then, without hatred? she hath then pardoned me? And thou, too, Beatrice! canst thou pardon me? canst thou think of me without hatred?"

"I! without hatred?" repeated she; "far, far from it! Gratitude for your kindness—"

"'Tis not enough!" exclaimed the Visconte, taking her hand in his own, now trembling with emotion; "not that I ask of thee! Know, Beatrice, without disguise, that from the moment I first saw thee, my destiny has been in thine hands. Couldst thou love me, Beatrice? I await from thy lips the words of life or death."

The maiden trembled like an aspen leaf, and endeavoured to withdraw her hand. But Marco, as if suddenly struck by some new idea, let her hand drop, and, folding his arms on his breast, regarded her fixedly for a moment.

"Tell me," at length he said in a stern voice, and with an altered countenance, "this Lupo, is he not the squire of one whom we have this evening spoken of?"

"Yes, he is his squire."

"The squire of whom?"

"Of him—of your kinsman—of that knight,"

she replied, without the courage to pronounce his name.

"Name him!" exclaimed Marco, fiercely.

"Ottorino," she answered, with a deep blush.

"Now answer me, as thou wouldst answer to the confessor at point of death," pursued Marco, in a broken and trembling voice. "is it at his request that thou hast asked the pardon of Lupo?"

"My father had promised to ask it of thee."

"'Tis not of him I ask. Did Ottorino urge thee to this step?"

"No! but he entreated my father to it, since, being in disfavour with you, he could not himself."

"Ah! then thou knowest all his affairs!

When sawst thou him?"

"A few minutes before entering this mansion."

"And thou see'st him every day—every hour—lost thou not? And this promise—the truth thou hast plighted him—was it plighted willingly? Is thine heart his, or is it still free? Answer me, girl!"

Beatrice, trembling with fear and agitation, remained silent.

"Thou deniest it not, then?" repeated Marco.

"No!" answered the maiden, with momentary courage, "I deny it not. He—Ottorino—hath won my affections, and—"

"Death and perdition!" burst from the lips of Marco at this avowal, as, taking a hasty step forward, he snatched from her hand the letter to the abbot. The room seemed to swim round before the eyes of the poor maiden; her limbs failed her, and she sunk senseless on the floor.

The Visconte stood for a moment regarding her with a stern and fiery look, his right hand involuntarily seeking the handle of his dagger; but he quickly withdrew it, placed the letter in her girdle, and then, after a long and steadfast gaze, wherein his former fierceness was softened by tender sorrow, he opened a side-door, and rushed down the narrow staircase to the courtyard. A powerful steed stood at one side ready equipped for his journey, and, without pausing to call for cap or helmet, he loosened the reins, sprung upon its back, and dashed through the outer gate. One only of his many attendants noticed this; and, mounting another horse, he followed him at some little distance, unable to get near him, but still keeping him in sight.

Such was the temper of Marco's mind, that, on the first outbreak of passion, the present always deprived him of all sense of past and future; and thus, burying his spurs in his courser's flanks, he galloped on, heedless where he went, and absorbed by the rage and jealousy that gnawed at his heart. The attendant, who had no such

mental spur to urge him on, was thus soon distanced, and on, on the Visconte hurried alone, without drawing bridle, till the first rays of morning recalled him somewhat to himself, and showed him his steel covered with foam, his skin smoking, his flanks bloody, his nostrils wide distended, his pace wavering and unsteady. Looking around, he desisted at a little distance the grey towers of a castle which he recognised as his own feat of Rosate. Towards this he proceeded, and claiming admittance, the drawbridge was lowered after some little delay, and entering in, he was received by his castellan—Pelagrus, the former Procurator of Limonta.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Beatrice regained her senses she found herself on a couch in a strange chamber, with a damsel by her side, who was assisting her aunt in recovering her from her swoon. Her eyes wandered restlessly through the apartment till they fell upon her father, who was at the other side of the couch, when springing up, she seized him by the arm and exclaimed:

"Let us hence, my father! let us hence immediately."

The count obeyed, though not without many demands for explanation, to which she only replied by quickening her pace, anxious to arrive at home, where alone she considered herself safe. As she hurried along she noticed in her girdle the letter to the abbot, and said as she gave it to her father:

"'Tis here, 'tis here! I feared he had destroyed it."

"What is it?" he demanded.

"A pardon for Lupo," she replied: "a letter from Marco to the abbot."

"Thou hast spoken to him then, spite of my warning! And did that name escape from thy lips—the name of Ottorino?"

"Yes! at his own demand."

"And he—what did he say? and thou—what didst thou answer? quick, girl! tell me all."

"Cease, cease, dear father! I will tell all—all to my mother."

"Aye, see the end of your secrets and hidden consultations! Enough! mark what I say—henceforth thou see'st Ottorino no more; understand me, thou partest with him forever."

The mind of Beatrice, agitated as it was, could scarce comprehend either this announcement, or the unceasing torrent of reproof which her father showered on her on the way homeward. The parents of Lupo, Ermelinda, Ottorino and the whole household were waiting anxiously to receive them, and as they entered, a single glance at their troubled countenances convinced

all that the fate of Lupo was sealed. The count, leaving his daughter, who threw herself into her mother's arms, took Ottorino aside, and placing in his hands the letter of Marco:

"Here," he said, "is the pardon of your squire, take it and depart. God be with you both; but be assured that neither the one nor the other shall ever set foot in my house again."

Ottorino recognised the hand and seal of Marco, and in his joy for the safety of his faithful follower, scarce heeded at first the sudden and severe intimation of the count. The latter immediately retired and shut himself up in his chamber, while the former hurried to the anxious group, holding the packet above his head.

"A pardon! a pardon!" he cried. "here is a letter from Marco! Quick! time presses. To horse, to horse!"

While steeds were preparing for himself and the falconer, the letter passed from hand to hand, each wishing to touch, to kiss the blessed parchment.

"Here, give me the packet!" said Ottorino, as they were about to mount.

"Oh, leave it with me!" said the falconer, pressing the tear-bedewed letter to his bosom: "'tis safe with me, and if I did not feel it, if I did not keep my hand on it, I should always fear that it were lost."

Towards dawn of the following morning, four soldiers were keeping watch in front of the ground chamber of one of the towers of the Abbey of Chiaravalle: a fifth—the same Vineiguerra who had accompanied Bellebuono in his last expedition—was within, conversing with the prisoner, Lupo. A large walnut table, on which stood a lighted lamp, a heavy oaken bench, and a wooden crucifix hung against the wall, completed the furniture of the apartment.

"How these confounded Limontine scoundrels did thrash us after all," said Vineiguerra, in pursuance of their previous conversation.

"A truce with these hard names, comrade! if we are to remain friends," replied Lupo.

"Aye, aye! you will bear one another through in any thing. Thou art a mountaineer and 'tis enough."

"A mountaineer! yes; and proud I am of it. Betray by far the rock-hawk than the marsh-snipe."

"Thou art of Limonta, I of Chiaravalle; but we are both rissals of the monastery."

"For my sins, I am; but no service have they ever had from me."

"Well, we were comrades once at any rate. Dost thou remember how we fought together under Marco Visconti?"

"Viva Marco!" exclaimed Lupo, at that

name, whose sound caused the heart of every Lombard soldier to beat quicker. "He is the man for a leader. Always the foremost in battle himself, doing wonders with his own sword among the enemy; and then so kind and affable to his followers. Aye, if there were any work to be done, all worked together, general, officers, and soldiers; not like these fine leaders of thine, that cry, 'Forward! forward!' but always themselves, keep behind lest a drop of sweat or blood should soil their sweet countenances. Famous exploits you must expect from such captains! like this of Limontina, for instance; a band armed to the teeth, falling by night upon unarmed peasantry—was this a matter for soldiers to be engaged in?"

"'Tis too true, *Lupo!* I regretted it at the time, and still more so when I learned that my old friend and comrade was their leader. I must do my duty here in guarding thee, but believe me, it is a duty which goes against my heart."

"Come, come! wash away these thoughts with a cup of wine!" said the Limontine, as he filled two horn vessels from a large flask beside him; and giving one to Vinciguerra, drank the other. "To the health of Marco!"

"I will pledge thee, willingly," replied Vinciguerra. "Marco is cousin to the abbot, and a good friend to the monastery. To Marco's health and thine own!"

"Thou didst drink to my health," resumed *Lupo*, when each had quaffed his portion; "to the health of my soul was surely thy meaning; as for the health of my body, in present circumstances, that is of little matter. See!" he added, as he looked through the small window of the chamber, "the eastern sky begins to lighten; it must be within an hour of sunrise."

"It is; would it were farther off. Thine hour approaches, my poor *Lupo!*"

"Are we not soldiers?" rejoined the Limontine, "whose business it is to meet death boldly, come he when or how he will. Die we must; and what matters it whether 'tis by the blow of an axe, that shreds me off your head like an apple, or by the stroke of a sword that transfixes you like a frog? what matters it, I say, so that you are conscious you have done your duty? and when the axe falls upon my neck, I shall feel that I die for having done my duty. But still, Vinciguerra!" he added, after a pause, "reason I may, 'tis hard to finish your days on a scaffold, bound like a thief, in face of a scolding rabble. Oh, how different a thing it were to die on the battle-field, bestriding your gallant steed, boldly facing the foe to the last—to die, with the music of the trumpet in your ears, and the hope of victory in your heart!"

The eyes of his companion kindled at this picture; but the sound of a bell from the neighbouring tower checked the ardent reply he was about to make, by reminding him how fast his comrade's sands of life were sifting. With a heavy sigh, he refilled the two drinking cups, and emptying his own, signed to *Lupo* to do the like with his.

"No, no!" replied he; "if ever a man should have his mind clear and unclouded, it is when his last moment is drawing near. I drink no more, Vinciguerra!"

"Shall I send Father Atansio to confess thee?" said the soldier; "I can recommend him as always making a short shrift."

"It needs not," returned *Lupo*; "all these matters I settled last night. But I have others to arrange, and little time to lose. I have a favour to ask of thee. When thou goest next to Milan, seek out the house of the Count del Balzo, in the *Becca del Guercio*: there you will find my family—my father, my mother——"

But at these sacred names, emotion choked his utterance, and he made two or three hurried turns through the narrow chamber, in silence, while Vinciguerra tossed off another cup of wine; and, turning his head aside as if to wipe the moisture from his moustache, took occasion to draw his hand hastily across his eyes.

"Thou wilt do it?" at length asked *Lupo*, pausing opposite to Vinciguerra.

"As I hope for good in this world, or happiness in the next," replied the other, "I pledge myself to do thine best."

"Tell them to keep this for my memory," said the Limontine, taking a silver chain from his neck; "and tell my sister, that in the drawer of the cupboard, beside the old falcon's cage, she will find a small wooden box, with a gold ring enclosed. It is of *Tuscan* workmanship, and I had bought it to present to her when she should be married—let her wear it for my love."

"Harkye, *Lupo!*" said the soldier; "I am not overburthened with wealth, but, Sr. Nicholas be thanked! I have a few spare coins, as thou see'st," taking a handful, as he spoke, from a pouch at his side. "Now it will be a charity for thee to accept a few of these; I will convey them to thy father, mayhap he hath need of them, and in any case they are sure to do more good with him than they could ever do with me."

"Most heartily I thank thee; but——"

"Come, do me this favour; allow me this consolation! I was myself once very near paying for my deeds, or, as they called them, *misdeds*, with my life, and I know how at such a moment every one at home becomes doubly dear, father and mother, first of all; and how the faults we

have all displayed at times towards our parents then return upon the mind with double bitterness. I well remember how uneasy I was, because I had no memorial to send them of their son."

"True, true, Vinciguerra! But stay, one thing I had forgotten. I have a brother, with whom, in verity, I have had little intercourse; but now, at point of death, I must send him something, were it for nothing but the love my mother bears him. This silver crucifix I had intended leaving to thee; but now —"

"A brother of thine?" interrupted Vinciguerra; "that matter is soon settled. I take the crucifix from thee, and give thee this relic to send to him," and, opening his doublet, he took out a small purse, which he opened, and displayed the contents. "It is a fragment from the pillar of St. Simon Stylites. I took it with my own hands from the scrip of a pilgrim just come from Palestine, whom I encountered one starlight night in Romagna."

"I willingly agree to the exchange," said Lupu. "Take the relic to him, with the same message as to the others. And see here, comrade!" taking a small scrip from his side, "had my father been in want, which, thank heaven, he is not, I could have sent him the contents of this, without accepting your free offer. Divide it among your sixty launces."

"Sixty we were when we went to Livonta; but we came away only forty-nine. This will I hand them from thee."

They bade each other an affectionate adieu, Vinciguerra retiring beside the other guards, and Lupu kneeling down before the large crucifix that hung on the wall.

An hour elapsed, during which the court-yard of the monastery gradually filled with intending spectators of the execution, who waited impatiently for the coming of the officers to take away the criminal. At length a cry was heard of "They are come! they are come!" and a bustle took place about the lower end of the court. Vinciguerra hastened to resume his place in the inner chamber, and as he entered, Lupu rose from his knees, and with a serene and unaltered countenance exclaimed, "Is it time?"

Before the soldier could reply the door again opened and two of the guards entered, ushering in a monk with a letter in his hand, over whose shoulder, to his utter astonishment, Lupu caught sight of the face of his father, and in an instant was pressed to his heart in weeping silence.

"Father! father!" he exclaimed, when he found voice, "this is not well done. Why thus inflict on us both the pangs of parting?"

"No! no! thou shalt not die!" was all that Ambrose could utter.

"There is no hope, my father! more for you than for myself I grieve —"

"Thy father is right," interrupted the monk, "the abbot hath granted thee his free pardon."

"A pardon! a pardon!" cried the guards who were in the chamber. "A pardon!" repeated the sentinels at the doors, and the cry spread from lip to lip through the court-yard and into all the streets of Chiaravalle.

"Thou art deeply indebted to the clemency of the lord abbot," resumed the monk, but his exhortation was cut short by the falconer, who exclaimed:

"We came hither—Lord, Ottorino and myself—with a letter from Marco to the abbot to demand thy pardon."

"A letter from Marco Visconti about me," said Lupu; and life seemed to him still more precious as the gift of the hero. "Viva Marco!" and this cry, like the former, immediately resounded through the crowd in the court-yard and adjoining streets.

Holding his father's arm and attended by his former guards, Lupu issued amid the acclamations of those who had assembled to witness his execution, and who were quite contented to receive the desired excitement through another channel. Without the monastery they found Ottorino, who cast his arms around the neck of his recovered squire, amid renewed plaudits from the crowd. Three steeds were in waiting for them, and Lupu having taken an affectionate leave of Vinciguerra, they galloped off towards Milan.

At first, Ottorino rode forward, leaving the falconer and his son to exchange their congratulations, but after some time they made up to him to thank him for the zealous activity he had displayed on behalf of his servitor.

"We must hasten on," he said, in order to cut short their praises, "lest we be too late for the joust of today. Thou knowest, Lupu, that this is the first day of the tournament, and that thou must do thy duty as my squire?"

"I know it my lord! and at Chiaravalle there, one of the objections I had to that ceremony they were about to perform with me, was that it would hinder me from serving you in the lists."

"Aye, and were it for nothing else I rejoice thou hast escaped."

"And to think," exclaimed Lupu, "that Marco Visconti should remember me! it is a condescension; a grace beyond all measure!"

"It was out of regard to the count, my master," rejoined Ambrose; "who went, accompanied by the Lady Beatrice, to beseech thy pardon."

"I am for ever indebted to him for it," replied the youth, a little mortified, however, at finding

that Marco had not, as he at first supposed, written the letter of his own proper motion.

When they reached Milan the young lord said to his squire: "In an hour we must be at the lists; thou canst meet me there, meantime go with thy father."

The reader may imagine for himself the reception that awaited Lapo at the Balzo Palace. We will only say that his mother, Marianna, for the first time in her life found the conduct of her other son, Bernardo, unbecoming and conceited, when he began to rate his brother for his adherence to schism, and to infer that to this was owing all the misfortune that had befallen him.

To Lapo's enquiry for the family of Balzo, it was answered that Beatrice was confined to her couch, that Kemelinda was watching the invalid, and that the count had shut himself up in his chamber, refusing to see any one. Notwithstanding this last intimation, he made an attempt to convey his thanks to the count, but without receiving any answer from the sulky inmate of the chamber. Having put on his armour and taken leave of his parents he was proceeding through the hall to saddle his steed, when he was met by his sister, Lauretta.

"Salute Ottorino," she said in a low tone, "in the name of my mistress, Beatrice. She trusts that he will bear himself gallantly in the tournament, and that in absence he will not forget her."

Lapo would have asked an explanation of this last phrase, but the sound of footsteps was heard approaching, and the damsel, placing her finger on her lips, darted away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CARD PLAYING.

It is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his species complaining that life is short? —Spectator.

USEFUL EMPLOYMENT.

Would it not employ a beau prettily enough, if instead of eternally playing with a snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one? Such a method as this would very much conduce to the public emolument, by making every man living good for something: for there would then be no one member of human society but would have some little pretension for some degree in it. —Steel.

THE DREAM.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

METROGOUR last night I saw thee lowly laid,
Thy pallid cheek yet pale, on the bier;
And scattered round thee many a lovely braid
Of flowers, the brightest of the closing year;
Whilst on thy lips the placid smile that played,
Proved thy soul's exit to a happier sphere,
In silent eloquence reproaching those
Who watched in agony thy last repose.

A pensive, wandering, melancholy light,
The moon's pale radiance on thy features cast,
Which, through the awful stillness of the night,
Gleaned like some lovely vision of the past,
Recalling hopes once beautiful and bright,
Now, like that struggling beam, receding fast,
Which o'er the scene a softening glory shed,
And kissed the brow of the unconscious dead.

Yes—it was thou!—and we were doomed to part,
Never in this wide world to meet again.
The blow that levelled thee was in my heart,
And thrilled my breast with more than mortal pain.
Despair forbade the gathering tears to start;
But soon the gushing torrents fell like rain
O'er thy pale form, as free and unimpressed
As the rash shower that rocks the storm to rest.

For all this gloomy earth contained for me,
Of bright or beautiful, lay withering there:
What were its gayest scenes, bereft of thee?
What were its joys, in which thou could'st not share?
While memory recalled each spot, where we
Had twined together many a garland fair,
OF hope's own wreathing, and the summer hours
Smiled not on happier, gaye hearts than ours.

Hearts, chilled and silent, as the pensive beam,
Whose shadowy glory resting on the pall,
Casts on the dead a sad portentous gleam,
And serves past hours of rapture to recall,
Till the soul roused herself with one wild scream,
As shuddering nature felt the powerful call,
And I awoke, in ecstasy to find
'Twas but a fleeting phantom of the mind!

THINKING.

THINKING leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn, whatever he pleases: he will never know any thing of it, except that which he has thought over, that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind. Is it then saying too much, if I say that man, by thinking only, becomes truly man. Take away thought from man's life, and what remains?—Pestalozzi.

RELIGION AND MORALS.

If we are told a man is religious we still ask, what are his morals? But if we hear at first that he has honest morals, and is a man of natural justice and good temper, we seldom think of the other question, whether he be religious and devout?—Shafesbury.

HOURS OF REALITY.

FROM THE EXILE'S PORTFOLIO.

WE have often seen the beautiful display of the Aurora Borealis—some even say they have heard it crackling in the more northern hemispheres. For this latter part of the phenomenon I cannot vouch, but will for its splendid appearance, having often witnessed it during this my lonely exile; yet never has it assumed such beautiful and magnificent forms as it did yestereve, when about ten o'clock, collecting, as if obeying the potent wand of an unseen magician, it sported into an exceedingly immense and brilliant plume, stretching across the vast concave, almost from one horizon to the other, the feathery edge shooting out in different places into smaller plumes—the rest of the firmament of the purest blue, studded over with glittering stars. The plume, in colour like phosphorus, by degrees changed its form into as perfect an ellipsis as ever compass sketched. After remaining for about fifteen minutes in that crown-like glory, and changing into a variety of brilliant colours, such as the dolphin might display, or like numerous silk scarfs fluttering in the wind, it began to disperse, and then moved off towards the west, briskly, like the waves of the ocean, or clouds of dust chasing each other.

The interest that was excited by viewing this ponderous phenomenon was heightened by observing the brilliant crown which seemed to hover exactly over a house of sorrow, for in it the disconsolate widow mourned him who was beloved by all, and who then lay, unconscious of the general grief at his loss.

The day passed; crowds assembled to pay respect to his remains. He was a member of a masonic lodge, and several of the brethren attended, bearing the usual decorations—first, those of the military, then the civilians—one in each department bearing the Scriptures, resting on a sable cushion. They all bore branches in their hats and hands. But three days before, *his* wore a *laurel*, as he headed them during their exercises, he having distinguished himself at Waterloo, the anniversary of which they that day celebrated.

Behold the victor now the victim!

The whole of the military now in Montreal attended in mourning; and the melancholy, yet imposing procession, with arms reversed, slowly proceeded, to the solemn notes of music, so low as scarcely to catch the ear. Many a manly cheek was wet with the tear of regret, as they laid their companion and commander in his narrow house. They then fired the usual salute, that may be styled the "soldier's farewell."

The young widow's eyes filled with tears, and

her pale and wan countenance showed the grief of her heart, as she spoke of the loss she had sustained, and the desolation of her house. Now cruel death had laid low its support, its pride—her chosen friend, her lover—the father of her now fatherless orphans—the husband of her happiness—he who had "set her as a seal upon his heart." She appealed to me, if I had not seen him, but a few days before, strong in health, the model of manly beauty? None but herself could know the thousand amiable traits that endeared him to her, and rendered their domestic hearth one of sweetest, uninterrupted happiness; yet this part of her theme, though it pierced her heart to think it was vanished for ever, was her consolation. No remorse embittered his last moments, nor her sad surviving ones. In speaking thus of their sweet sympathy and happiness, she proved that the purest and truest is to be found, where it ever ought to be, in the *halcyon nest of home*. The attractions of the crowded assembly and gay ball-room, had for a time engaged their attention, and monopolized their time; but soon, experiencing the insufficiency of such objects to gratify the yearnings of the immortal soul, after true happiness, they forsook the giddy throng, whose continual round of empty and selfish joys, tend but to the destruction of precious time, health, and all ennobling and serious thought; they sought the more peaceful shades of retirement, as far as his profession allowed—with reason and affection for their guides, rearing their promising offspring, and looking forward with elated hope to length of years, in the enjoyment of all earthly bliss; but oh, sad *Reality!*

Death suddenly grasped, with his withering hand, nor spared the father, to behold and bless his babe yet unborn.

But the widow and the orphan have *One* who careth for, and will never forsake them. "To Him!" said the weeping young lady, with pious and gentle faith, "to Him do I look and commit my trust—on the God of mercy do I rely for fortitude and support in this my day of unspeakable bereavement."

A WIT.

A WIT is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror with it; and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit in company, as a woman of a gun which she thinks may go off of itself, and do her mischief. Their acquaintance is, however, worth seeking, and their company worth frequenting; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.—*Chesterfield*.

SCENES ABROAD.

BY ONE OF US.

No. IV.

A VERY brief acquaintance with the Spaniards of Andalusia, removed an impression my mind had received, that bravoes thronged the streets of city and town, after nightfall, and that stiletos and murderous knives peeped out from every coat-sleeve. The impression had been made by descriptions of Spanish character, drawn by that artful and most deceptive flatterer, national prejudice. I believe a similar impression on British minds, is general; at least, I have had occasion to remove it in very many instances. A more docile, and kind, and better-behaved peasantry, than the Andalusian, I have never seen. Yet the idea entertained by most British people unquestionably is, that the Spaniard and his Southern confrere, the Italian, are more addicted to the shedding of blood than other nations. Due allowance made for the difference in feeling between the cold-blooded animal of the lands of snow, and him of the burning South, I am quite sure they are not more prone to blood-letting than other people. It is true, there is a vast deal more stabbing and cutting, in Spanish cities, after nightfall, than in German, French, or English; but this proves not a whit, that less of the milk of human-kindness, flows in their veins. It proves, merely, bad government. Bad laws; or good ones, badly administered, cause a venal police, and the latter, encourages the assassin. I shall give an example of this. It is but a few years since the harbor of Havana was the resort of pirates: they trafficked openly in their blood-acquired merchandize; they were known as pirates, and yet they were not arrested; the small town of Reglas, on the side of the harbour of Havana, opposite the city, was the abode of their families;—during that period, assassination was an affair of every night occurrence. An energetic Governor General, (Tacon was his name,) he cured the evil. On his assumption of power, he perceived at once the cause; and, until the majesty of the law was vindicated, no murderer, assassin or pirate, escaped the headman's axe, or the cord. Until a wholesome terror of the law was universally established, the executioner was never balked; until this was effected, justice never hearkened to mercy. One act of firmness crowned his work. On that occasion, the stuff he was made of, was sorely tried. A priest was

an assassin. The church was powerful, and it put forth all its power to save the cloth of church from ignominy. The Bishop petitioned, prayed, and finding entreaties ineffectual, he threatened; but the Governor General was all iron to the prayers, and all derision to the fulminations of Holy Mother Church. Execution was done upon the priest! Thereafterward, for rank, nor wealth, nor wickedness, but crouched in all humility and awe, before the law. Thereafterward, there were no safer places than the harbor and streets of Havana, for aquatic and terratic promenade. To close this portion of my subject, I will say, my rambles in Spain, completely eradicated the idea I had entertained, that Spaniards were more addicted, naturally, to the shedding of blood, than other people.

How erroneous, too, was the idea I had formed of the Spaniard's personal appearance! I had fancied him a little, diminutive, swarthy fellow,—yet, never in any part of the world, have I seen manlier forms than the Andalusian. I have frequently surveyed the promiscuous groups of a neveria, or cafe, with surprise at the number of sturdy, fine-looking fellows; in fact, men of superb developments. They patronize the whisker muck, these Spaniards, and glossy black hair usually sets off to advantage, the coal-black Iberian eye, and Moorish tint. Be it known, if known it be not already, that Southern Spaniard there never was, with yellow hair. In Italy, now, one frequently sees, in the North, say at Milan or Venice, the golden locks that tell of Teutonic origin, of fiery Goth and ruthless Hun, but in the Peninsula, never, by any chance.

The costume of the Andalusian peasant is peculiar and becoming. It is the very dress for a well-formed, light-bod, sort of a man. The sombrero, angliced, hat, has a rim turned up all round, forming a capitol reservoir for water of a rainy day,—and a crown, round as a barber's basin, and ornamented with tinsel and tassels and ribbon. When jauntily set on the head; it bespeaks a rakish look. No long-tailed coat disfigures the peasant; jackets are the inviolable costume; and the holiday jacket is a very stylish affair indeed,—exhibiting lace and tassels, and little sugar-loaf buttons, in profusion. Short breeches and

gaiters, complete the attire; rows of buttons extend from waist to knee adown the side, where soldiers sport the red or yellow stripe; and the leathern gaiter has buttons in profusion likewise. The British button trade is none the worse for this taste. The gaiter is buttoned at the ankle, and below the knee, only; so as to display to the greatest advantage, the muscular and well-turned calf. A handsomer dress for a pretty fellow, there cannot be.

I was wont to feast my eyes every day during my Cadiz sojourn, in the fruit market; and not the eyes only, but the palate. One luxuriates on fruit in a Southern land, if not too far South. Within the tropics one sees not the choicest fruit; but the South of Europe is the spot for it. What delightful *bonne-bouches* of cherries and apricots, and pomegranates, and plums, and grapes, and figs, &c. &c. I used to enjoy there! Alas! it makes one's eyes and mouth water, in this snow-vestured Canada of ours to think of such luxuries; but what is far worse, eyes and mouths water all in vain.

The Alameda! what an exciting word that is! No sooner is it written, or pronounced, than bright visions of nut-brown Donnas and Signoras flit before me in aerial muster. I see the dark glancing eye of the daughters of Spain, peering coquettishly, or otherwise, from behind the envious veil, or mantilla.

What is the Alameda? It is the resort of the *beau monde*; the fashionable promenade; and necessarily the promenade likewise of those who are not fashionable. The latter always throng where the former congregate.

Scarcely has the sun descended, when the sea are seen wending their way, by high-ways and bye-ways, to the dear, delightful Alameda. Old and young, sedate and gay, proud and humble, matron and would-be matron; paralytic age and springy girlhood, all hasten to the Alameda. What follows? or rather, who follow? The Caballeros, or young and old bucks, to be sure! The flying-fish within the Tropics are not more closely pursued by the dolphin, than the Signoras and Signoritas of Spain by Caballeros. There is a difference in the feelings of the *pursued*, however; which is, that whilst the fish are in fear, the girls are quite delighted. As may be supposed, from what I have said, great is the concourse on the Alameda, of a fine summer evening.

The French military were seemingly great favorites with the Donnas. If there was not much love lost between Spaniards and Frenchmen, during the invasion of 1824, I can venture to say from what I saw, neither was there any of that commodity lost, between the Donnas and the latter. In the case of the men, there was no

mutual liking; in the other case, there was a good deal. So, with a very different signification of the term, "no love lost," it was, in either case, very applicable.

From the Alameda, on oneside, the eye stretches over the ocean, which dashes against the Baluarte de Candelaria and sea-wall, that rises from its surface to the level of the promenade; on the other, runs a range of palace-looking houses. The space is about the same as the Champ de Mars in our good city. It is ornamented by rows of trees, through whose foliage the sea breeze rustles pleasantly to the ear, and visits the cheek most agreeably. The gardens of the *Tuilleries*, Sunday or holiday, captivating as they are, are not so splendid to my taste, as the well-thrugged Alameda of Cadiz, of a beauteous summer Sunday eve. On one side, as I have observed, far off to the boundless horizon, stretches the "deep, blue sea;" the breeze from the briny element is: delicious to the senses; around, are the elegant habitations of refinement; and in the centre, the countless throng of pleasure-chasers; promenading beneath the trees, or reclining on the numerous convenient benches.

On the Alameda, the veil that, usually, only partially discloses the beautiful features of the Donnas, is wholly drawn aside; and the whole artillery of female charms is brought into the field, under the executive direction of the fan. It will scarcely be believed by the uninitiated, how eloquently that little instrument can discourse, in the hands of a Spanish Juliet. Here, in this sober climate of ours, the fan is only in request to create a tiny zephyr, of an August night;—but, in Spain, it absolutely talks, tells a thousand things the tongue scarce dares reveal. I was not long enough among the Signorittas, to learn the language of the fan; but a language it has, as authentic as Johnson's Dictionary, and as spell-like, as Freemason's sign. It is a fact, admitted, beyond all evil or dispute, that a Spanish dame or damsel will make known to Cecisbeo, or Caballero, all her wants and wishes, with her fan, as perfectly as ever Representatives of people in House of Assembly shall make known to Governor General "the well understood wishes" of their constituents, by word of tongue.

Who'd think there was so much in a fan? On the Alameda, each fan is a "perpetual motion;" it is never out of Signora's hand: she manages it, as none but she can; in the hands of British or American belle it is an airy nothing, but in those of a Spanish Juliet,—Cupid, speak! what can it not do?

The Lord Poet must have had the Alameda in view when he wrote the following stanzas of the *Childe*.—

Fair is proud Seville;—let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days;
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
Ah! vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is unattling, who can scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A cherub-hydra round us, thou dost gaze,
And mould to every taste, thy dear, delusive shape.

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed Time!—
(The queen who conquers all, must yield to thee);
The pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
And Venus, constant to her native sea,
(To nought else constant) hither deigned to flee;
And fix'd her shrine within these walls of white;
Though not to one dome, circumscribeth she
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine,
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!
Soon as the matin-bell proclaimeth nine
Thy Saint Adorers count the rosary;
Much is "the Virgin" teas'd to shrieve them free
From crimes as numerous as her beadsman be;—
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare,
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

With reference to the poet's allusions to the matin-bell, let me say a word about the Vesper-bell. When the Alameda is most crowded, and the tongue and the eye of all, most eloquently discoursing; flirtations at their highest flight, and politicians most earnestly gesticulating;—suddenly, the Vesper bell is heard; and, as suddenly, every tongue is mute, every finger continually upraised, every form remains motionless, just in the attitude the bell surprised them in. For a minute, not a sound is heard; every eye is closed, every tongue is mute, every hat is raised; all intently repeat the prayer, and then, as suddenly, the flirtations recommence, the political disquisitions are renewed. A city of the dead is not more silent, nor more motionless a marble statue, than the Alameda's throng, at one instant; and, at the next, the racket is so great—the conflict of tongues at Babel's tower cannot have been greater.

It is most touching, this mark of veneration for the Deity! To a stranger, it is as edifying as curious. When first observed, a sensation of awe creeps over one. It is a sudden, startling, simultaneous, universal recognition of the God-head, and a public prostration before Him. We think, it were a practice well introduced in every Christian country. The practice of prayer does good to all; and many there are, too many, in Protestant lands, who do not even bend the knee in public or private prayer, still less, bow the head at the sound of the vesper-bell. To such, the practice spoken of, would at least remind them once in twenty-four hours, of the Creator

of the universe; and the reminiscence would inspire veneration.

Every Spanish town has its Alameda; and this fact speaks loudly in favor of the social disposition of the people. The climate, however, may have much more to do with the fact, than the natural disposition of the people. The humid atmosphere of the British isles, makes "home" the spot of greatest comfort. The godly atmosphere of the north makes us Canadians court the artificial fire; but, in the south, all "out of doors" rejoice; and all rejoice to be "out of doors." The lazzaroni of Naples never enter doors, unless they be the doors of a church; for it is seldom or never necessary they should have a place of refuge; from storm, or blast, or snow. The lazzaroni live "out of doors," because they have no domiciles but the outer air; their countrymen, however, who have domiciles, spend most of their time out of doors, accompanied by their entire *menage*;—and so it is, almost universally in those blessed lands of the south, of whose blessedness, few hyperboreans know more, than people, generally, who read poetry, know of a poet's feelings.

The Plaza San Antonio is a square of Cadiz much visited by the multitudinous city throng. Save space for the streets, on the four sides, it is flagged with large, smooth, stones; and around it, as a border, is a low wall, fashioned into seats for the multitude. It would be very desirable, our Corporation should do something of the same sort with our Place d'Armes;—and, at but little cost, with the concurrence of the military authorities, our Champ de Mars might be made available for other purposes than military. It were a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

Hundreds of persons earn their livelihood in Cadiz by carrying about cold water in jars for sale, by the tumbler. When the day is at the hottest, the cry of "agua, agua fria," is at the loudest, given forth by lungs of Stentor, and accompanied by a continuous nasal sound, that would put to shame entirely the sharp nasal twang of New England. Much more noise is made about cold water in the streets of Cadiz, than is made, even here, by Temperance Societies, and it is much more highly prized. None think, there, of diluting the water with brandy; still less, of diluting their brandy with water.

The *Active*, frigate, came into port a few days before I reached Cadiz, and much vociferation and swearing at John Bull, on the part of the French masters of Spain, had been caused by Captain Gordon having distinctly declared, he would recognise no national flag at Cadiz, but the Spanish. In proportion as the French were irritated, were the Spanish authorities gratified. The Spanish "Board of Health" gave the fri-

gate *Pratique*, the day after her arrival, in consequence, it was supposed, of the flattering reply to arrogant French meddling. As is usual with all conquerors and subjugators, the French lorded it right arrogantly over both Spaniards and foreigners. A British Falmouth Packet chanced to come in, whilst the *Active* was lying in port, and was boarded by one of her boats immediately after coming to anchor. The French authorities construed this into a breach of the Quarantine Regulations; and they sent an impertinent message on board the *Active* to know who had dared to board the packet before she had been admitted to *pratique*. The reply they got was sharp, short, and decisive: "Tell those who sent you, the Captain *dared do so*, and will repeat the act, if necessary;" for, it would seem, the packets from Falmouth never had been subjected, rigorously, to the Quarantine laws. John Bull and Mounseer can never agree well. They agree best when fighting. This is rather an Irish mode of agreeing; but those who know most of the passages at arms in the Peninsular war, will understand what I mean.

Another cause of disagreement between the French and Spanish authorities of Cadiz, was, that the former relieved the latter from all profitable peculation and plunder of the public funds and revenues. They collected all the taxes, and did all the smuggling. This enraged the Spaniards awfully. It was touching their nationality roughly on the sore spot.

The head waiter at the Hotel of Don Jose Wall, was English; and, of course, all his prepossessions and prejudices were English. He liked the Spaniards, little, but he absolutely abhorred the French. I discovered the cause of Richard's somewhat marked severity when the Mounseers were on the *table*; and he behind my chair,—for he usually wound up by exclaiming: "They never give any thing to the servants; they're a poor, miserable, sneaking set; they come here and give a world of trouble, and never, by any chance, remember the waiter." The British practice of paying the servants is the practice no where else,—but Richard was ignorant of that fact; and I fancy, if he had even been convinced of it, he would never have admitted, it was a practice more honored in the breach than the observance. The young Mids of the *Active* were the subject of Richard's warmest eulogy and admiration; their fun, frolic, and devilry, and their dislike of the Mounseers, suited admirably the English taste of Dickon.

A splendid mansion, facing the Alameda, was pointed out as that of Solano, the Governor of Cadiz, murdered by the mob, for his Gallic predilections, when the French were advancing

upon the city, in the Napoleon war. It would seem, the mob burst into his palace, and sought him, high and low, during best part of two days; when, just at the moment the search was about being given over, an elderly mason appeared, who had been engaged in the erection of the edifice; he remembered there was a secret chamber built in the wall, and he told the mob as nearly as he could, where it was; pickaxe and sledge were soon brought to bear on and about the spot indicated; and soon, they discovered the chamber; soon was the unhappy Solano dragged forth and—but his fate may be conjectured. He was a man of noble presence and a gentleman; and it was pitiable, so said my informant, to see him in the hands of the rabble rout, subjected to the pollution of the rude and brutal clutch. He bore himself like a gentleman, at that trying hour. He deigned no word of expostulation; his grey hair streaming in the wind, his head erect, he looked disdain of the assassin crew. At last, in the street of San Francisco, a despicable and infuriate wretch plunged a pair of scissors in his back; wincing under the sharp pain, he turned, and, fixing his eye on the coward, exclaimed, "strike in front." The ruse was successful. He courted immediate death, and it came; a plunge of a knife in his body, and all was over; he was beyond the reach of brutality.

Byron refers to this event in his *Childe Harold*, in the following stanzas:—

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
When all were changing, thou alone wert true;—
First: to be free, and last to be subdued:
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye;
A traitor only fell beneath the feud:—
Here, all were noble, save nobility;
None hugged a conqueror's chain, save fallen chivalry!

It is a curious fact, that the only class that favored Napoleon's usurpation was the noblesse. It suggests a question. Can it be that rank and wealth and splendor enervate patriotism?

MAN.

EVERY physician knows, though metaphysicians knew little about, that the laws which govern the animal machine are as certain and invariable as those which guide the planetary system, and are as little within the control of the human being who is subject to them.—*Priestley*.

PREJUDICE.

PREJUDICE is an equivocal term, and may as well mean right opinions taken upon trust, and deeply rooted in the mind, as false and absurd opinions so derived.—*Hurd*.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

No. III

I MENTIONED in my last a young musician, to whom I promised to recur; and now, what I have to say is so ordinary, that, while redeeming the promise, I feel almost regret at having made it. I introduce him again, not only from partiality of recollection, but also because he is connected in my thoughts with some loiterings and strollings—a few reminiscences of which I mean at present to give you.

When my acquaintance commenced with this young friend, he was a student in the University of Glasgow. About eighteen years of age, handsome, and of goodly presence, he was wical a youth of most excellent spirit. To the refinement of mind, which springs from liberal studies and good society, he joined the courtesy of an affectionate nature, and the frankness of an honest heart. More a musical enthusiast than a scholastic reader, he loved the divine art with his entire soul; and whatever hours he could abstract from his academic exercises, and whatever money he could spare from his necessary expenses, he devoted to its cultivation.

My residence for a time was in Greenock; and Greenock, which now by railroad is within an hour's travel of Glasgow, was then about two hours' sail by steambout. By means of this facility, my young friend had frequent opportunities of pleasant relaxation, and I the privilege of agreeable society. My dwelling was outside the town; and the waves of the beautiful Clyde washed almost the steps of my door. Beyond its ample waters we could see from my windows the towers of Rosneath, crowning the noble woods which the high-horn Campbells had long called theirs; farther in the view arose the Ayrshire mountains, and sublimely over all was spread the many-coloured, and the many clouded sky of Scotland. Often were the occasions, and pleasant, when we watched this landscape together—a landscape that had endless changes, and in every change was glorious. Morning, evening, noon, there was novelty, and when grief was absent, novelty was rapture. Sometimes the sun arose in clearness, and forest, and glen, and mountain, and lake, met the eye in splendour, and filled the heart with joy. But this sun, which came out so fair, often went down in blood-red flame, leaving the tempest and the seas to rage in darkness. We gazed, and we admired; but also

we felt, that while we gazed and admired, others trembled and wept. The shore had mourning, and the deep destruction; through the starless arch of heaven were borne the wailings of despair, while death, walking in terror, gave his victims to a fathomless sepulchre, with the shrieking winds above them for a dirge, and the eternal waters around them for a shroud. Sometimes the morning dawned in gloom, with the river merely visible through the sleepy vapours, and the high lands hidden within depths of cloud. But as the day advanced, this curtain of mist would be folded up; gradually the panorama expanded—first, the plain came out freshly to the light; the hill-side next appeared, with every hue playing along its hither; finally, the bare and rocky peaks boldly raised their lofty foreheads in the open azure.

Numerous, also, were the wanderings which we have had in company; and he who has roamed in Scotland with a congenial friend, has few greater luxuries to regret, and none greater to envy. With most moderate funds, and no ceremony, we had enjoyments which prompted us to pity kings. The hills and the valleys at our threshold were in themselves exhaustless; and taking a wide circuit, staff in hand and wallet on shoulder, satisfied with course fare, and rest where we could find it—after a short sojourn, we returned to the point whence we set out, not much poorer in purse, and vastly richer in happiness.

Let me sketch a few of these vagrancies for you, as illustrations of humble tourists in search of the picturesque—no, not in search, but in enjoyment of it.

Once we set out from Greenock, on a summer evening, to walk to Largs. Largs is a village on the border of the Clyde, nearer to its mouth than Greenock, by, I believe, about sixteen miles. Our way lay along the river, widening at every step, until it mingles with the ocean. The atmosphere was so balmy, that it was luxury to live; the horizon was serenely clear, and, except the evening star, there was no speck in the canopy of blue. On our left were the thick-leaved woods—on our right the drowsy river—and, between them both, we jogged on merrily, as to a bridal. In the twinkling of an eye, the weather changed—the air darkened—the winds grew loud

—the rain fell in torrents—the waters roared to madness—night came—no shelter was at hand—and we were yet some miles from our resting place. We reached the town at last, drenched to the bone, and found a warm shelter in a hospitable inn. We were soon laughing lustily in cosy blankets, extracting pleasure from our pains, with a table between our beds, smoking with hot cakes, hot coffee, and hot outlets. Willingly, I would take at any time again the same endurance with the same enjoyment.

Sailings on the lakes, we have had also. We have seen the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, and mused through the groves of Inverary. We knew nothing of common-place and systematic travelling, and all to us was the freshness of nature, and the romance of tradition. Inverary,—seat of the great Campbells,—shrouded in the magic of story, and girded by flood and mountain, was exciting to us, as if a steambóat had never darkened its waters. Just as we were entering the gate, a gentleman went in at the same time, of the ducal family, who was then on an electioneering expedition in the neighbourhood. I had long desired to see a Highland gentleman in native costume, and as I went into the hall of Inverary Castle I was fully gratified. Campbell of Islay was standing there in full array, with kilt and dirk, bonnet and plume, and the tartan of his clan. He was all that a chieftain should be—of manly appearance, of chivalric courtesy, and of hospitable speech. Changed as society has been by modern revolution—and in much changed for the better—the costume which this gentleman assumed, when his desire was to ingratiate sympathy, evinced how long old-world notions dwell in the popular affection, even when they have vanished from the popular theory. Fact it is, that nations, as they grow in age, exist like individuals in the past; and though the advance of years be often in both an advance towards idioey and decay, the mere instinct of life renders the past proportionately more precious. Fact it also is, that whatever be our logic, our feelings are conservative, and our logic has no power, until a goading pressure has entirely reversed our feelings.

Bodily, you were never, I apprehend, in Scotland; much, doubtless, you have been there in spirit; for you have read—as who have not?—Scott and Burns. I will show you, however, what in reality may be done in the way of touring in no great number of hours. After an early breakfast one day, my young friend and myself departed from Greenock: we sailed up Loch Gair to Arrochar; from Arrochar we crossed a few miles to Tarbolton; passed from that point to the head of Loch Lomond; sailed down on

the other side to Rosdinnan, where we stopped for the night at the foot of Ben Lomond. Rising at dawn, we climbed the mountain, and met the sun upon his summit. Descending from the celestial to the earthly, we did ample justice to a Scottish breakfast—and, even at this distance of time and space, I can honestly testify that Dr. Johnson has not overpraised it.

The scenery, as we again embarked on the lake, appeared lovelier than before; for it is indeed wonderful, how a hearty meal brightens the face of creation. Never, if you can possibly avoid it, let hunger beset you in an excursion amidst the beautiful. It is worse than fog, cloud, rain—either separately or all together. It is a foul fiend, which sun, stars, hills or glades can soothe into no complacency. It banishes the smile of pleasure, and it silences the laugh of mirth. I have noticed a company grow dull and sullen amidst scenery fair as Eden. This insidious 'demon' was amongst them; and it was not until the wretch was banished, by the powerful charm of a massive loaf, that the scales fell from the eyes of his victims.

To return, however, to our tour. Quitting the foot of Ben Lomond, the steamer carried us to Dalloch, the extremity of the lake on the low land side. Our travel then lay by Leven Water, until we reached Dumbarton, from which another steamer took us on to Greenock. Within a circle, which may thus be traversed in a day, we passed through a succession of scenes, glorious to the sight, but more glorious to the fancy—inspiring from variety of objects, but more inspiring from wealth of association. When from the pinnacle of Ben Lomond I looked down on the islet-speckled lake that lay at his base in sunny sleep, or around on the wild wilderness of hills and waters, my imagination began to work, and it was solitude no longer, for it became peopled by the witcheries of Scott. The poetry of Smollet came with the evening breeze that played on Leven Water; and the memory of his genius, by his native streams, made that stream sacred in pensive thought, as we gazed on the shadow of his monument in its placid brightness. And, while leaning over the precipice of Dumbarton, the moral sublimity of the patriot and martyr-hero, Wallace, to whom its castle gave a dungeon, was more exciting to us than the material sublimity of the sombre rock on which the castle stands.

Will you allow me to intrude on you the recollection of one ramble? I had decided on a visit to Edinburgh, and take in my way a loiter through the vale of Clyde. My friend wished to bear me company as far as Lanark. I reached Glasgow in the afternoon, and found him ready

to join me; but, unfortunately, the single-coach, which was the last for the day, had only one vacant place, and as I had an engagement next morning on the way, that I was obliged to secure. I went on, therefore, without him. It was a fine autumn evening; the sun glanced gaily along the river, which here is within narrow banks, and dashes on sportively in rustic buoyancy. The hard smooth road, upon which previous rains had laid the dust, was gemmed on each border with cheerful cottages; luxuriant orchards, burdened with fruit, hung over its sides; the horses pranced away proudly and speedily; the driver gossiped by turns with his passengers and with his steeds; nameless jest and hearty laughter hastened the time and shortened the journey, until I found myself at the place where I was to quit the coach. From this I was to take a by-way to a village on the hills. Lovely are these by-ways of Britain; lovely their hawthorn hedges, trellised with ivy and honey-suckle; lovely their shade and solitude—their wild flowers and their birds—their perfumed banks for the traveller's repose, and their warbling concerts for his solace. The twilight was on the verge of darkness, when I entered the hamlet at which I was to rest. I had fixed myself in the parlour of its quiet inn, and was musing over a still cup of tea, when, to my surprise and pleasure, my friend bolted into the room. He had crossed the country on foot, and enthusiasm bore him on without fatigue, charmed by the new phases of beauty which opened to his view at every step. An hour's chat, and then to sleep, with the stillness of nature around us, deep enough to keep a Cockney awake. When an early hour the next morning found us again upon the road, we proposed to breakfast with a farmer, to whom I had an introduction, and whose residence was a few miles distant on our way. The head-man of the place, whose acquaintance I had the privilege to make, came to escort us beyond the borders, and to do the honours of his village. This head-man was the shopkeeper of the place, a dispenser of most complicated merchandise, from pins to reaping-hooks, from thimbles to plough-shares, with a godly assortment of hams and harrows, of ginger-cracks and gingerbread, of hogs' lard and primers, of soap and psalm books. He was the grandee of the neighbourhood, the speculator, the capitalist, the man of wealth and wisdom, a combined epitome of Rothschild and Solomon. He put on his hat with dignity—buttoned his coat with satisfaction—walked with measured pace—shook his head with profound sagacity—and intimated the possession of a marvellous knowledge by his pauses. When we had attained the summit of some rising ground that overlooked the village,

he turned round, folded his arms, and remained some moments in eloquent silence. A fine contemplative serenity marked the expression of his features, as he surveyed the sphere of his mercantile activity and his social consequence. There it was, flooded with the lustre of the morning sun, about a half a mile beneath us, and no corner of it concealed: a score of low thatched cabins on one side, "all in a row," and a score to match them, "all in a row," on the other. This architectural uniformity was elegantly relieved by two houses, which had each a second story—*one the tavern, and the other belonging to our venerable friend.* After a while, he addressed himself to me, with most imposing gravity: "Wonderful times these, sir." "Yes, verily," answered I. "Wonderful times, sir. All things going by steam, sir. Even babies grow faster now than when I was a bairn. Great times for knowledge and improvement. We've come on a bit here, I can tell you, sir. Would you believe it, sir, but thirty years ago there was not a dozen houses in that town, and see, sir, what it is now!" He seemed quite elated in pointing to this remarkable illustration of rapid progress. "But we know how to do things here, sir; we're an enterprising people, sir, that we are. We don't get on I ken, so quick as the Glasgow folks; but in our own way, sir, we manage matters to please ourselves: we're steady and sure, that we are." "Though," said I, "you have no foreign commerce, I suppose you've an extensive domestic business?" "We've our share, sir," and he shook his noddle. "You don't happen to sell," I enquired, "any Kilmarnock night-caps?" "No, sir, no, sir; they're a drug here: we can knit night-caps ourselves, sir—it's a branch of native trade. We're concerned a bit in the egg business, and we're about to form a joint live chicken company; it'll be a handsome speck, sir. We've a building company, and we hope by and by to have an assurance office: I've a small investment in the building, and I'll give them a decent penny towards the insurance affair. Sound to the bone here, sir. Capital well vested, sir—good return, sir. Nothing like spirit, sir. What's a man, what's a community without spirit? Nothing, sir, nothing; you could't do better, sir, than settle among us—a growing place, on the high road to prosperity. We intend soon to light our town with gas—finest coal for gas here in the world, and we're talking of having a gas company." This was too much—it was not in humanity to keep down cackinnation; so, pleading haste, I bade him a rapid good morning, and saved my reputation.

Having reposed a few hours with our farmer host, and partaken of his hospitable fare, a

leisurely stroll brought us in the afternoon to Lanark. The farmer came with us, and did not leave us until he consigned us to a brother of his for the night. Though in the humble occupation of a carrier, this brother had a house that was the perfection of neatness, and his wife and himself were the perfection of good nature. Our supper was from a board covered with homely plenty. We slept in compact little chambers, with beds and windows curtained in the purest white; and we arose to a breakfast, at which we had trout, which were that morning caught in a contiguous stream. The scenery around Lanark is inexpressibly lovely, and the falls of Clyde, with more beauty than sublimity, to any one who has seen Niagara, yet, like all cataracts, defy description. But, though I cannot describe to you the torrent, or the woodland paradise in which it is embosomed, I can tell you something of a young blacksmith, who was my voluntary and unpaid guide. At the upper fall, we sat in a rustic bower; we listened to the roar of waters, and watched the tumbling flood, which seemed, as its broken gushings mingled with the sunbeams, a shower of gems and rain-bows. Romance is in all conditions; and in every condition the poetry of the heart has purity and exaltation. While I was admiring this summer aspect of the fall, the blacksmith dwelt on some of its winter appearances. He used to see it, when the frost congealed its brilliant dribbles on the rocks, and when the moon poured her splendour upon the forest and the fall. And one used to see it with him; and here was the charm. In this bower he came to meet his ludy-love; and here they mingled the outpourings of affection with the voice of song; and she, who was then a glad some lassie, was now a youthful matron. Very oddly, had they heard Rossini's music, or read Bulwer's novels, they could not have courted with more romance, or been funder of sylvan shades for their whisperings. But nature, after all, is the greatest teacher. Young man and maiden, royl or rustic, may differ in expression, but in little else; for nature, which is no monopolist, is not in the texture of the garment, but in the living pulse that throbs beneath it. This young pair, as well as the most refined of aristocrats, would woo in silence and alone—they sought the moonlight and the grove, and here they had a trysting place, which Queen Mab herself might choose, if she had an elfin lover; but no doubt the anthem of the eternal cataract, that rushed beside and beneath them, was a faint sound, while they breathed their mutual vows; and the vista between hills to the far-off sky, and the gleaming of stars upon the dancing waters, were little heeded in the reflection of love in meeting eyes. Wherever

nature can act in freedom, life in its essential has much of equality—the worst anomalies of life arise from the paralysis of nature by sordid destination, or the perversion of nature by artificial desires.

The truth of these remarks had practical illustration in another, but very opposite kind of person, whom I came across in this neighbourhood, and on this evening. A few nights previously, I had been in the theatre in Glasgow, and was profoundly affected by the pathos which a young performer threw into his acting. He was, as I found upon enquiry, a person of some genius, but of no discretion. He once had highest prospects on the London boards—was admired by the elder Kean, and at his recommendation procured an excellent engagement. But drinking and dissipation ruined all. In the foam of the goblet all high aspiration was drowned, ambition quenched, and hope forever darkened. He not only neglected his studies, but forgot his appointments, and when he ought to have been in the green-room, was insensible in the tavern. The result is clear: confidence was taken from him, and he was east upon the world with pitiless contempt. Now and then a provincial manager would have him in a favourite part, and on such occasions needed all precautions to keep him sober. On the evening that I was in Lanark, I saw, by bills through the town, that he was to give recitations, and I went to hear them. The place, I think, was an old market-house. The elocutionist came from behind a sort of screen. His face was pale and pimpled, his eyes heavy, his graceful person clad in vesture that was as worn as himself. His boots were patched, his trousers brushed to thin elemental threads, and his coat buttoned closely to the chin. He was accompanied by a female, already passée in age and beauty; her dress was tawdry, rouge was stuck upon her pallid and withered features. She took part in some dialogue pieces, and was affectation, vanity, and poverty, personified. The gentleman, although he seemed to have taken some strong drink, recited with exceeding truthfulness and force, and with a simplicity that combined fine perception with high culture. But to whom did he recite? Besides my young friend and self, there were two factory girls—three men, in soiled fustian jackets—half a dozen young scamps, that yelled like wolves or jackalls—a dandy, that kept his hat on, and sucked the head of his cane, and an old crimson-nosed toper, that snored after the first five minutes, to the close of the performance. The weary and wretched speaker retired from this beggarly bundle of auditors without enough to pay for the dirty tallow candles, which dropped their grease upon the floor,

and made the darkness both dismal and visible. And thus, while this man of genius was a ruined outcast, without friendship or funds, by means of inordinate passions and disordered will, a humble mechanic, by moderate wants and unsophisticated affection, had secured all the pleasures which wisdom can seek, or which earth can bestow—the blessings of health, competence, love, and home.

At Lanark, my young friend and I separated; he returned to Glasgow and I went on to Edinburgh. Once again I saw him. He was going home to England, to spend the vacation. He was in the heyday of life and hope; already the gladness that awaited his return was before him in anticipation; the clasp of his father's hand and the pressure of his mother's bosom; the merry welcome of his brothers and sisters, and the hearty greetings of his school-day companions. He arrived to enjoy all that he had anticipated, but he did not enjoy it long. From an evening circle of mirth and gaiety, he came away loaded with fever, and died, after an illness of two days. As his image often comes to me in the recollections, that people the summer twilight or the winter interval, between the closing of the shutters and the lighting of the candles, I could not omit a reminiscence of him, from the individual musings which these scribblings are intended to record.

Edinburgh, the beautiful and the far-famed, I mention only for the sake of a little incident. Lions, I like well to see, and I saw them; but they have been described to the extremity of a hair and the point of a claw. I have nothing to add to these zoological researches; and, truth to say, if I had the ability, I want the inclination. The most agreeable hour I spent was with Mr. Steele, then a young sculptor of eminent promise; promise which he has since fulfilled. The stamp of an artist was on his pale and thoughtful countenance; his mere gestures and expression had a grace which evinced an innate perception of the fair and the fit. Like every man of a true inspiration, he was modest and courteous. He led me through his studio; shewed me works in different stages, from embryo thoughts, rudely fashioned into clay, to those which stood completely embodied in the full maturity of chiselled marble. Sculpture, I ventured to observe, was the most perfect manifestation of ideal beauty through material form. He seemed pleased with the remark; merely, I suppose, because it implied a desire to judge of his art with a rational appreciation. I went from his door, confident of his progress. I had no critical skill; I could give no reason for the faith that was in me; but the faith was there, and it has been since justified. A few minutes after quitting his door, I was

sent in a canal packet boat, making all speed back to Glasgow. One other passenger was in it, and that was a young lady. The circumstance justified conversation without an introduction, and ere long we were deep in gossip about things in general, and Edinburgh in particular. I mentioned my visit to Mr. Steele, and gave hearty utterance to the feelings which it inspired. "I, sir," said she, "am Mr. Steele's sister." Pleasant it was to me, that my words were not words of censure; pleasant to me afterwards was the memory of this praise; and, flowing honestly and warmly as it did from a stranger's lips to a sister's ear, I would fain hope that to the lady herself it was also pleasant. I would not for the critical powers of Longinus, and the opulent wit of Rabelais, have wounded that young girl's feelings; and yet, unconsciously, I might have stung them to the quick. Mr. Steele has recently been selected by Sir Robert Peel to execute one of three great national works.

Thus the stream of years flows on, sweeping some to oblivion, and carrying others to the open day of fame. But, after all, this course is only comparative. The most noted will sink at last with the most obscure. My young friend awakened a few tones of emotion within the circle of a span, and then came silence. The Scottish sculptor has made for his conceptions lasting habitations in solid forms. Yet had my young friend an imagination as mighty in harmony as Handel's, he would, notwithstanding, be forgotten; and had the Scottish sculptor the plastic chisel of Phidias, a like destiny would also be his. The statues of Greece are in ashes, and the music of Zion has not left an echo. Time not only wears out arts, but ultimately wears out nature. Not only the sound of the lute and the lyre die, but so will the sound of the wind and the wave: the colours of the pencil fade, so will the glory of the sun: the sculptured marble moulders, so will the mountain from which it was hewn. The only immortality is Thought, and that which thought inhabits—SPIRIT.

CONJUNCTION OF EVENTS.

THE progress of human intellect is subject to the same general laws observable in the individual development of our faculties; being the result of that very development considered at once in a great number of individuals united in society. But the result, which every instant presents, depends upon that of the preceding instants, and has an influence on the instants which follow.—*Condorcet.*

It is better to think in poetry and write in prose than to think in prose and jingle in rhyme.

THE VESPER OF LAKE COMO.*

"The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell,"
The *White Squall*.

Smoothly sped the bark o'er Como's tranquil breast,
Bearing its living freight. The placid lake
Glowing with radiance from the setting sun,
Shone like a molten mirror. From the shore,
Softened by distance, fell upon the ear
Full many a sound of rural cheerfulness;
The feather'd songsters blithesome carolling—
The goat-bells tinkling on the rocky steep—
The lambskin's bleat—the lowing of the ox—
All, in their mingled harmony, but seem'd
Scarce louder than the wavelet's rippling sound.

Close by the prow a female form there sits,
Whose arm, not unaccustomed to the task,
Plies the rude oar, and urges on the bark.
One at the stern her lightsome toil assists;
Lover or newly wedded spouse he seems,
For oft his sun-bronzed features are lit up
With meaning smile, and glance of fond affection,
And ever and anon his manly voice
Breaks forth in some rude snatch of an'rous ditty.

Of different mood is he—their passenger—
A cold, stern man, upon whose darksome brow
Is never shed the sunshine of the heart—
Within whose mind the peaceful scene around
Wakes no responsive chord. The pilgrim's garb
Is his, but not the pilgrim's heart. Amidst
The gloomy shadows of his breast he broods
O'er all his vanish'd glories. Once his name—
De Bracy's name—was sung in many a lay,
In field or joist the foremost ever he:
But, rash and headstrong, once his sorrel's fire
Some hasty deed provok'd, and words of arrogance
Increas'd the feud, till, driven from his lands,
A homeless, homeless wanderer he roved,
A man of desperate deed.

The self-same fire
That melteth silver only hardens steel;
And thus the trials of affliction oft
Will only plunge in deeper callousness
The proud and haughty spirit; while to minds
Of purer, gentler feeling, they convey
Wholesome correction, penitence, and peace.
De Bracy was the steel. Marauding bands,
Under his conduct, ravaged through the land,
And his once-honoured name became a word
With which to frighten babes. Crime after crime,
With bloody dye, unstained his ruthless soul,
Till outraged Justice drove him from the shores
Of his fair native land, in hopeless exile.
Nor even then secure from hostile search,
He seeks concealment in the pilgrim's garb—
Assumes the holy sign which he contemns—
And thus, with staff, and scrip, and rosary,
He wanders on throughout his land of refuge.

While he, in bitterness of spirit, thus
Recall'd the mem'ry of his dark career,
His gentler guide, with sudden start, exclaimed:
"Hush! hush! Stefano! cease thy mirthful song!
The Vesper Bell! hush! 'tis the hour of prayer!"

And o'er the waters, clear and calm, there stole,
In sweet and silvery tones, the vesper chime;
Now swelling full and solemn on the breeze,
With mingled accents of the holy chant;
Now dying off till scarce a sound is heard,
Save where the moisture from the lifted oar
Drips in bright tear-drops on the lake below.
The boatman's carol ceased; unbowed,
With reverent air his orisons he spake,
While she, with folded hands and downcast eye,
Murmur'd her evening hymn.

That vesper bell
Calls up before the exile's dreary sight
Visions of childhood—long-forgotten scenes;
When, at the lovely sound he ran to seek
His loved and loving mother, at her knee
To slip his evening prayer; her face the while
Beaming o'er his with mild and gentle grace,
And, as she strove to point the heavenward way,
Beaming with heav'nly ardour. Oh! how keen
The pang of self-reproach that pierced his soul,
As, in a flood of tender memories,
These holy counsels, long contemned, arose!
The rock was struck—the melting waters gush'd;
And as his spirit, humbled and subdued,
Upward arose in unaccustom'd prayer,
He bowed his head and wept.

The fragrant balm
Is scarcely scented till its leaf be bruised;
And holier incense rises from the heart,
Crushed with the weight of its unworthiness,
That from the breast, where spiritual pride
Maintains its haught dominion.

On the breeze
The sounds have died away; the bell is hush'd,
The murmur'd chant has ceased. Again the oars
Dip in the sparkling waters of the lake;
The gondolier resumes his careless strain—
And more melodious seems it to his ear,
For that a gentler voice the chime bears;
No longer on their hearts the burden hath dwelt
Than on their ears. But still the pilgrim's face
Is buried in his mantle; still the tears
Of penitence and sorrow downward flow;
And never from the tablet of his heart
Shall that enshallow'd vesper be effaced.

GOOD TEMPER.

THERE is no quality which is so essential to our own happiness and the happiness of others, as a good temper. In society the noisy blusterer is detested and avoided, while the moderate even-tempered man is loved and admired. If he is assailed with harshness and wrath he turns it aside by decision, mildness and reason. He is a peace-maker and is blessed by all who know him—he is no backbiter—he is no tale-bearer—he is no slanderer. On the contrary, by his just and cautious remarks he discourteages all such things. In a law suit good temper has its advantages—in difficulty and danger, good temper is calm and collected, seizes upon the important moment of safety and escape.

* Suggested by a beautiful Engraving by Sade, from a painting by C. Rubin.

TO MY COUSIN.

BY J. B. P.

Wine: it not for my limited powers, cousin Kate,
And that summer's not yet in its prime,
I might send you a garland of flowers, cousin Kate,
And strive to address you in rhyme.

I might send you the wild-briar rose, cousin Kate,
But too many thorns it hath;
And I would not be one of those, cousin Kate,
Who may strew them along your path.

Hear's-ease, I might send you tea, cousin Kate,
But I know you require it not;
For all is at peace with you, cousin Kate,
And long may it be your lot.

A sprig of the rue I might blend, cousin Kate,
Were it but for the sake of a rhyme;
And you'd not be displeas'd, should I send, cousin Kate,
So neglected a flower as thyme.

I might send you forget-me-not too, cousin Kate,
But with some hesitation about it,
For I'm sure, though no emblem's in view, cousin Kate,
You'll remember me kindly without it.

I might send you the blue heath bell, cousin Kate,
And a slip from the fragrant broom;
But one day, from their own mossy dell, cousin Kate,
You shall call them in all their bloom.

And we'll watch the wild bird on the wing, cousin Kate,
And list the glad hum of the bee;
And you'll feel that from each living thing, cousin Kate,
There comes forth a glad welcome to thee.
Montreal, May, 1813.

EXTRACTS FROM LADY SALE'S JOURNAL.

HOW SHE PRESERVED HER JOURNAL.

I LOST every thing except the clothes I wore; and, therefore, it may appear strange that I should have saved these papers. The mystery is, however, easily solved. After every thing was packed on the night before we left Cabul, I sat up to add a few lines to the events of the day, and the next morning, I put them in a small bag and tied them round my waist."

ORIGIN OF THE OUTBREAK.

In former times, under the feudal system, when the sovereign of Cabul required troops, each bold chieftain came forward with his retainers; but these vassals had been taken from them, and were embodied in corps commanded by British officers, to whom they owed no affection, and only paid a forced obedience, whilst their hearts were with their national religion; their chiefs' power was now greatly limited, and the chook guaranteed to them was withheld on the plea that the Company had commanded retrenchments. But the saving required by Government was a curtailment of those expenses which were defrayed by its own rupees, whereas the 40,000 rupees now the subject of

dispute, were, in fact, no saving at all to us, as that money was never paid by the Company, but was the chook, or money, excused to the chiefs out of the revenues, or dacs, owing to the King, on condition of their enforcing the submission of the petty chiefs and the payment of their rents. The sum, whether paid to Schah Sojah or not, would never have replenished the Hon. Company's coffers; and by upholding the Schah in such an act of aggression we compromised our faith, and caused a pretty general insurrection, said to be headed by Meer Musjude. * * * * * The Indian Government have for some time been constantly writing regarding the enormous expenditure in Afghanistan; every day has reiterated retrench; but, instead of lessening the political expenses, and making deductions in that department, they commenced by cutting off these 40,000 rupees from the chiefs.

SIR WILLIAM MACNAGHTEN.

The general impression is, that the Envoy is trying to deceive himself into an assurance that the country is in a quiescent state. He has a difficult part to play, without sufficient moral courage to stem the current singly. About two months since Sir William wrote to Lord Auckland, explaining to him the present state of Afghanistan, and requesting that five additional regiments should be sent to this country, two of them to be European. To these statements a written war succeeded between the Envoy and the Supreme Government of England. Letter after letter came calling for retrenchment. Sir William had been appointed from home Governor of Bombay, and was particularly chosen for the office from being a moderator and a man unlikely to push any violent measures; he hoped affairs might take a turn for the better, and was evidently anxious to leave Cabul and assume his new appointment. In an evil hour he acceded to the entreaties of Sir A. Burnes (who appears to have been blinded on the subject), and wrote to Lord Auckland to nullify his former request for additional troops, and to say that part of those now in this country might be withdrawn. The 1st brigade under Sale was accordingly ordered to be in readiness to move down; and it was generally understood that all would be withdrawn as soon as the Schah had raised five more regiments of his own. The letter of recall, as we may term Sir William's, was sent off only two days before the breaking out of the Zeornut affair."

Let young people remember that their good temper will gain them more esteem and happiness than the genius and talents of all the bad men that ever existed.

BALLAD.

"IF YOU LOVE, DEAR, OH BREATHE NOT A WORD."

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND,

BY FRANCIS WOOLCOTT.

ANDANTE.

The musical score is presented in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system features a piano solo with a complex melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The third system continues the piano solo, ending with a 'Rit.' (Ritardando) marking. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and dynamic markings like 'V' (fortissimo).

It you love, dear, oh breathe not a word, Lest your

p

lips should secret un - told; In a sigh it should only be heard, By a

glance it should only be told. For there's more in an elo - quent sigh, Than the

soft - est of ac - cents can tell; And there's that in the glance of an

Ral?

eye, Which no language can utter as well.

Colla parte

Ral?

If you love, dear, oh trace not a line,
 Lest your pen should the passion betray;
 To a blush its avowal consign,
 By a smile the sweet transport convey.

For there's more in a bright-blushing cheek
 Than the readiest pen can indite;
 And the smiles which Love's message bespeak
 Are brilliant as letters of light.

OUR TABLE.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES IN NORTH AMERICA—BY
A. S. BUCKINGHAM.

MR. BUCKINGHAM is well known in this region, as a traveller of no inconsiderable note; and many of our readers have, doubtless, perused his book on the subject of America, with much gratification to themselves. He possesses a happy facility of clothing his thoughts in language, and a quick and discerning eye to perceive whatever is worthy of note or comment in the countries through which he passes. His works, up to the present time, have been much admired and read, and will continue still to have many readers and admirers.

The work now under notice has not reached "Our Table," but we have met with several reviews of, and many extracts from it, all of which afford evidence that it will sustain the reputation of its author. The subject of it, to Canadians, will make it a desirable book, to read, as we all, of course, have a natural desire to see what well-informed and unprejudiced men have to say about our country, our habits, our prospects, and our hopes. Among the reviews which we have met with, several have contained the extract which we here subjoin. The extract is descriptive of an astonishing and tremendous storm, with which, within the recollection of the older inhabitants, our good city of Montreal was visited:—

"It was on the morning of Sunday, the 7th of November, that the sunrise of a pink colour, seen through the hazy atmosphere, and with a greenish tinge on all the clouds that were visible; this was succeeded by a dense mass of black clouds, from whence descended heavy rains, depositing on the earth large quantities of a substance that had the appearance and smell of common soot. On Tuesday the 9th, the same phenomenon was repeated, but with more intensity. The rising sun was of a deep orange colour; the clouds in the heavens were some green and others of a pitchy blackness; the sun then alternated between a blood red and a deep brown colour, and at noon it was so dark, that candles were obliged to be lighted in all the houses. All the brute animals appeared to be struck with terror, and uttered their fears in mournful cries, as they hurried to such places of shelter as were within their reach. At three o'clock it was as dark as night, and out of the pitchy clouds proceeded lightnings more vivid, and thunders more loud, than had ever before been heard, causing the floors of the houses to tremble to such a degree, as to throw those who were seated or standing off their feet. After this, torrents of rain fell, bringing masses of the same sooty substance as before; a short period of light followed, and after this, at four o'clock, it was as dark as ever. The ball at the top of the Roman Catholic Church was next seen enveloped in flames—the fire-alarm was given by all the bells in the city, and the cry of 'fire' was repeated in every street. The populace rushed to the open square, near the church, called the 'Place d'Armes,' and every one seemed impressed with a belief that some great convulsion of nature was about to take place, or

that the last day was at hand. The iron cross, which was sustained by the ball on fire, soon fell on the pavement with a loud crash, broken into many pieces; the rain again descended in torrents, blacker than before, and as the water flowed like ink through the streets and gutters, it carried along on its surface a foam like that produced by the violent action of the sea. The night was darker than ever, and the fate of the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii seemed to be awaiting the town of Montreal! Fortunately, however, the following day was light and serene, though it required some time to tranquillize the fears which those singular, and hitherto unexplained appearances had very naturally engendered. It is said that many of the towns east and west of this, as far indeed as Kingston on the one hand, and Quebec on the other, had witnessed somewhat of these appearances, but they were nowhere exhibited with so much intensity as at Montreal.

The above is rather an exaggerated picture, of what was in reality a frightful storm; but at this distance of time some exaggeration may be expected. Mr. Buckingham, doubtless, gave the story as it was told him, though a slight additional colouring may have been given by himself. Such errors, however, are not very important, and will not diminish either the interest or value of the book, which, from what we have seen of it, we are of opinion, may be safely recommended to every reader.

DOINGS IN CHINA—BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

THE events which, within the last few years, have occurred in the Celestial Empire, have afforded a fruitful theme for those who, having sought "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," desire to add the literary chaplet to their warlike laurels. Among these the gallant Lieutenant whose book is now under consideration, has not been the least successful. His personal narrative—for such, in reality, it is—extends over but a brief period of time, it is true, for he did not become an actor on the scene, until after the recapture of Chusan, in 1841, and he appears to have closed his warlike career with the peace of Nankin, in 1842. But during that time he saw his share of service, and encountered many "moving incidents by blood and field," which were well worthy of a place in his amusing diary. His observations, indeed, were more limited in their nature than is agreeable, his position making it necessary for him to confine himself within the sphere of his own regiment, the Eighteenth or Royal Irish, which did good service during the war, for the Queen of the Ocean Isles, and occupied a prominent part in all the military "Doings in China." As affording glimpses not readily met with elsewhere, into the every-day life of the strange people about whom he writes, we think Lieutenant Murray's book possesses strong claims upon the reading public, and we are mistaken if it does not become a popular one.

JOURNAL OF THE DISASTERS IN AFGHANISTAN—

BY LADY SALE.

THE justly celebrated Lady Sale has given to the world a Journal of her life and adventures in Afghanistan, embracing a rapid view of the military doings during the unhappy period between the massacre of the British troops and the liberation of the captives from the power of the Afghans. The heroic dame has filled a large space in the eyes of the world since the time at which our misfortunes in the East began, and multitudes have borne testimony to her self-sacrificing spirit, when her life and the lives of her fellow-prisoners were supposed to stand in the way of the vigorous prosecution of the war against their captors. With a patriotism worthy of the old chivalric times, she urged her warrior lord and the leaders associated with him to forget every thing but the honour of their country, and the injury which had been inflicted by the treachery of their foes. She was rewarded at last, and lived, as she expected, to see the banner she had so devotedly served floating over the scenes of former humiliation and defeat. No wonder that her Journal was anxiously waited for, and eagerly sought. No book of modern times has been read in England with so much avidity. It is full of striking and stirring incident—the language nervous and unstudied—and beyond all, the spirit which pervades it gives a charm to every line which only those who read it can understand. Lady Sale will scarcely be less celebrated as an authoress than as a heroine.

THE HOME. BY FREDERICKA BREMER—TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

THE press, prolific as it is, has rarely produced, in these latter days, a more readable book than this, which, although possessing no claim to extraordinary commendation, is highly interesting, at the same time that it affords valuable lessons in the practical every day life of those whose aim it is to make their home a happy one. The clever translator, in her preface, describes the work as “a sketch of home discipline, in which is seen how, without great worldly fortune, or extraordinary events, a deep interest may gather about a group of individuals, and how faults and failings, and diversity of dispositions, which, without the great saving principles, would lead to sorrow and disunion, are by these saving principles, love and good sense, made to work themselves out, and leave behind them a scene of harmony, affection, and moral culture, most charming to contemplate.” And such, in truth, it is. Miss Bremer appears perfectly to understand, and enthusiastically to enter into, the subject which she proposed to illustrate, and she has

been eminently successful, as all who read the book will cheerfully and “gratefully acknowledge.”

THE WORKS OF W. E. CHANNING, D. D.

THE first complete American edition of the works of the celebrated Dr. Channing has just been issued from the press; and we believe we are justified in saying that no more valuable work has for many years been given to the American public or to the world. Dr. Channing laboured assiduously to advance the literary character of America; and, independently of his gigantic abilities, his memory will long be cherished as that of an excellent and exemplary man. The works now published are in six handsome volumes, comprising within themselves a library of useful knowledge. It is a legacy which the greatest man of this or any other age might have been proud of bequeathing to his country.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

THE publishers of the *Albion* have begun to reprint this popular and excellent work. The announcement of this will be sufficient. It is a periodical so well known that to speak in commendation of it would be as unnecessary as it would be true. Every body knows something of the Journal, if not by reading it, at least by the praises bestowed upon it by some one who has. We therefore content ourselves by simply stating that it may be had at a reasonable rate, on application at the office or agencies of the *Albion*.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN.

THIS is another periodical, invaluable to Canadian readers. It is an excellent literary newspaper, and furnishes copious extracts from the papers of the “Old Country.” The Editor was for some time connected with the *Albion*—a capital school to learn in—and he has made good use of his opportunities. The *Anglo-American* deserves the support of the Anglo-Canadian public.

THE NEW MIRROR—EDITED BY GENERAL G. P. MORRIS.

IT will be known to our readers generally, that the publication of the *New York Mirror* has been for some time suspended; and, knowing the taste with which that publication has been conducted, they will be pleased to learn that it has been succeeded by a “New Mirror,” surpassing its predecessor in neatness and elegance, and equaling it in literary merit. The accomplished Editor, invigorated by his short respite from labour, has come out with more than his former spirit. Each number has a spirited etching by Chapman, and in its typography it cannot be surpassed. We wish it every prosperity which its talented Editor can desire.