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THE

LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine:

A MONTHLY REPOSITORY OF

TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, MUSIC,

AP5 .L77

&c. &c. &c.

"A fragrant wreath, composed of native flowers,
Plucked in the wilds of Nature's rude domain."

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THE BUCCANEERS OF TORTUGA.

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND.

CHAPTER I.

"He did not follow what they all pursued,
With hope still baffled, still to be renewed."
BYRON.

THE exploits of the Buccaneers of the West Indies are over, and peaceful colonies now occupy these pleasant isles, which were once the abodes of piracy and rapine. These lawless communities have disappeared from the land and wave—the places that knew them know them no more: yet the record of their crimes and daring deeds, will long haunt the fair islands of the west—will long be remembered and repeated on the Spanish main, with almost superstitious awe.

Among the many wild adventures that are told of these singular men; those that befel a French nobleman of high rank, are the most remarkable; but before relating the errors and misfortunes of Henri St. Amande, (for that was the name the Duke De —— bore during his sojourn with the pirates,) it will not be amiss to describe the customs, manners and origin of the rude people with whom he united his destiny.

The French and English colonists settled on the Island of St. Christopher, were driven from thence by the Spaniards, who regarded them with the most bitter jealousy and animosity. The unfortunate fugitives, however, succeeded in establishing themselves in the northern part of St. Domingo, and afterwards in the small Island of Tortuga.

At first these expatriated families confined themselves to the peaceful enjoyments of hunting, fishing, and cultivating the earth. They lived in little huts built on some spot of cleared ground, just large enough to dry their skins, and to contain their bucanning houses. These spots they called boucans, and the huts they dwelt in ajoupas. As to laws, the Buccaneers acknowleged none but an odd jumble of conventions made between themselves, which, however, they regarded as the sovereign rule. At first the new settlers were harmless and inoffensive in their habits, till the exterminating wars the Spaniards carried on against them, roused in them a spirit of revenge and retaliation, and transformed them into warriors and pirates; at whose very name their enemies learned to tremble.

Those whose outraged feelings led them to adopt this new and perilous life, fortified themselves in the Island of Tortuga, and invited their countrymen to quit their European homes and join their association. Many adventurers obeyed the summons, actuated either by avarice, necessity, or hatred to the Spanish nation, and soon every name and race might be found among those pirates; who, bound together by a league of rapine and violence, outcasts from the world—and united in one cause—became the scourges of the New World; and the avengers of the injured natives of Peru and Mexico.

Among these lawless men, Henri St. Amande was distinguished for his daring exploits, and refined manners; and even the Buccaneers themselves wondered why a youth of such promise had quitted his native France, to become their associate, and waste his patrimony in fitting out privateers to devastate the shores of South America.

Henri had received no injury from the Spaniards of the New World; he was not tempted by that insatiable love of wealth which sometimes leads even high-born men to engage in enterprises unworthy of their name and rank. Even the spirit of adventure, that often enlists the young and unwary in the cause of crime, had found no entrance in his bosom. No feelings that had their first origin in virtue, had led his heart astray. His infant mind had kindled at the wrongs of the Indians of Mexico and Peru—and even then the child had planned in idea the line of conduct he afterwards fatally adopted in manhood,—even then had determined to become their avenger and liberator—but alas! it was not destined for a man of crime and error to win such proud titles as these. No! the slave of imagination—the dreamer who deceived himself into the belief that to shed the blood of those who at least had never injured him, was lawful, right and holy—won the name of the "Exterminator," but never gained that of the "Liberator."

His first exploits were so brilliant that they gained him the respect and confidence of the Buccaneers of Tortuga; who on the death of their chief, elected him to fill that important post, although the courage and long services of one of their most distinguished captains had entitled him to become their leader.

If Hector Montbelliard were really angry and mortified at the preference shown to his rival, his displeasure found no vent in words, for he made no complaint, and far from contesting the rights of St. Amande, was the first to congratulate him on his new dignity, and manifested the greatest attachment from that time to his person; and soon the firmest friendship subsisted between the two pirates.

Time only seemed to increase Montbelliard's generous affection for his chief, and similarity of tastes and habits bound them closely together: yet though constantly associating with each other, neither ever spoke of home, country, or parentage. They conversed of the present, they planned for the future, but the past was never alluded to by either. In fact, they both united to bury it in the deepest oblivion. There was a strange resemblance between these bold Buccaneers—in features, though not in expression,—and there was something in the voice and carriage, that when one alone was present, would unconsciously remind the spectator of the other. Their dispositions, however, were totally unlike—St. Amande was impetuous and daring,—and cruel, only to the Spaniards, to whom he never gave quarter, and so reckless of the spoil as seldom to receive any share of the plunder his courage had acquired; but it was rumoured that Montbelliard had amassed considerable wealth during the time he had dwelt among the Buccaneers.

The pirates, to whom the conduct of their chief was new, could not comprehend the feelings that influenced him to pursue the Spaniards with such remorseless fury, and to sack and burn cities from whose capture he derived no emolument. He had declared himself the champion of the Indians alone, but they believed him not—for how could ignorant and unlettered men imagine that mistaken notions of humanity could lead him to the commission of fearful crimes? The thinking part of the community imputed his conduct to unbounded ambition, and suspected he meditated the conquest of the New World, as soon as he could organize a sufficient force to make the attempt.

The mass of the freebooters, however, concerned themselves very little about the supposed plans of their leader, although they sometimes started conjectures respecting the causes that had induced a young man of elegant manners and person to join their fraternity. They would have been still more astonished if they had known that Henri St. Amande was the representative of a ducal house; and that he had abandoned a vast inheritance—given up a lofty name—to become a Buccaneer. Nor did they think that this champion of freedom had been a tyrannical oppressor in his early boyhood, and had cruelly misused the power he had held over an unfortunate relative.

François Montauban was the illegitimate son of a former Duke De ——, and like his cousin was left an orphan at an early age, and unfortunately for a boy of an aspiring temper, completely dependent upon his bounty. The young duke was of a very haughty, arrogant disposition, in which François greatly resembled him; but then, Henri's wildest sallies were overlooked, while those of François were rigorously punished by the unjust and narrow-minded tutor, to whom the education of the noble kinsmen was entrusted. Henri's smallest acquirements were extolled to the skies, while those of François were wholly disregarded; till a spirit of mutual animosity grew up between the children, that threatened to increase into the most determined hatred. Left to himself, perhaps Henri would soon have repented of his ungenerous conduct; but the domestics, to whom the gloomy temper and scornful manner of young Montauban frequently gave offence, fanned the flame of discord between them; and aggravated the feelings of François till he quitted the castle in a fit of despair, and fled—no one knew whither.

His disappearance filled the heart of Henri with remorse, and plunged him into the deepest melancholy; and it was during the period of a long fit of illness, brought on by sorrow for his cousin's loss, that he read of the injuries, and resolved to become the avenger of the oppressed natives of South America.

As soon as he became master of his princely fortune the young duke hastened to put his wild design into execution; though not before he had vainly endeavoured to discover the retreat of his unfortunate relative. He changed his name, laid down his rank, and having fitted up a noble ship, embarked from a port in Holland, and joined the Buccaneers of the West Indies, among whom he soon signalized himself by his daring exploits and implacable hatred to the Spaniards, with whom he waged the most exterminating war.

CHAPTER II.

"Why did he love her? Curious fool! be still,
Is human love the growth of human will?
To her he might be gentleness; the stern
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,
And when they love, your smilers guess not how
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow."
BYRON.

THE once familiar and distinguished name of the pirate chief, had now become so foreign to his ears, that even the mention of the city from which he had derived it, scarcely recalled it to his memory. His blooming cheek and fair brow, darkened under the rays of a tropical sun, till the bright locks and deep blue eye seemed scarcely to belong to the embrowned and weather-beaten Buccaneer.—Yet the erect carriage, martial step, and haughty glance, clear enunciation, and air of command, would still to the observer betray the man of rank. St. Amande could be courteous, but he never descended to be familiar with any one. He respected the flag of every nation but that of Spain; but woe to the Spanish vessel that encountered the flag of the Exterminator on the seas over which his bark swept triumphantly, for no native of that country had ever received mercy at his hand, till the charms of a young Castilian female subdued and softened his inexorable heart, and half avenged the wrongs of her countrymen.

Returning from a successful cruize on the Spanish main, it was the fortune of St. Amande to fall in with a frigate bound for Mexico, and notwithstanding the superior force she carried, the Buccaneer ventured to attack her; and a desperate conflict ensued. The crew defended themselves with the most desperate bravery, for a treasure more precious than the cargo of dollars they carried, was on board that ill-fated vessel; the daughter of the Viceroy of Mexico had been entrusted to their care, and they had sworn to conduct her safely to her father's court, or perish in her defence. The battle lasted several hours—and long and desperately did the crew of the San Lorenzo maintain the fight; but the fortune of the Exterminator prevailed, and he succeeded in boarding the Spanish frigate; and encircled with wreathes of smoke, stood on the deck like a destroying and avenging spirit, against whom the cutlass flashed in vain, and from whose breast the bullet rebounded as if it had been musket-proof. At length victory—dear bought victory—crowned the valour and nautical skill of the Exterminator, who took possession of the disabled vessel, and put the brave crew to the sword, without mercy, and was contemplating his dead enemies with a savage satisfaction, when a piercing cry from the state cabin arrested his attention, and at the same instant a dense cloud of smoke broke from the hold, followed by a burst of flame, for the ship had been fired during the action, and in a few minutes was in a blaze. The cry was again repeated, and in a female voice, and in another moment, St. Amande forced open the door of the state cabin, and there beheld her, whose charms even in the breathless haste of that instant, made an indelible impression upon his mind.

She was kneeling before a crucifix, supporting in her arms another terror-stricken female, and endeavouring to calm the fears of her screaming attendants, by directing their thoughts towards heaven. Her beauty, her dignified demeanor, her utter disregard of self, won the admiration of the pirate chief, who stood for a moment gazing upon her in silent wonder. At sight of him, the Spanish lady uttered a piercing shriek, and hiding her face in the folds of her velvet robe, swooned away. To snatch her from the dreadful fate that awaited her, and to bear her on board his own ship, through the flames that enwrapped the captured vessel, was the work of a moment, and scarcely could he prevail on himself to leave her, while he hastened to the assistance of her terrified attendants, calling at the same time to his crew, to leave the San Lorenzo before the fire communicated to the powder magazine, and to stand out to sea.

The explosion of the burning vessel restored Donna Victoria Toledo to a full consciousness of her situation; she opened her eyes, and beheld the Buccaneer leaning over her with an expression of compassionate tenderness and anxiety in his face, that, in spite of herself, softened her indignation. He no longer looked like that terrible man, red

with the stains of battle, and blackened with smoke, whose appearance had frozen her senses into a swoon so death-like. In a few moments, St. Amande shook off the tarnish that years of association with guilty men had thrown over his manners,—and again appeared the gentleman and man of rank. He saw with delight the surprise of his lovely captive, and improved it to his own advantage. The young and enthusiastic Spaniard suffered herself to be taken with the delusive and impassioned eloquence of a man whose wild dreams had led his heart astray, and warped him from the paths of virtue. New to the world—or only knowing it through the medium of romance, she was deceived, or rather she deceived herself, and her captivity on the Island of Tortuga soon not only ceased to be irksome, but even became delightful to her.

She listened to St. Amande's glowing description of the natives of the New World—with surprise she heard him relate the heroic constancy of Guatimazino,—his patriotism, his firmness on the rack—with astonishment and tearful indignation, and blushed, while she remembered that she was a Spaniard; and looked upon the Buccaneer chief as the champion and avenger of an injured and oppressed people, rather than as a lawless freebooter.

The young friend and companion of Donna Victoria was as inexperienced and almost as romantic as herself; and when alone with the viceroy's daughter, Senora Almeria Guarda could speak of no one but the brave and enterprising Frenchman. Unfortunately for the Spanish lady, her old nurse and faithful governante had died of a fever during the voyage, and her attendants spoke no language but their own, so that ample opportunity was given St. Amande to win her young and ardent heart.

From her lips he learned that she had lost her mother during her infancy, and had been brought up in a Spanish convent; ever since that she had been affianced to her cousin, Don Fernando Toledo, by her father, before he sailed for Mexico; but of that father, and that affianced husband, her memory retained no trace, though she was hastening to meet the one and espouse the other, when the fortune of war threw her into his hands.

St. Amande quickly perceived that he was not indifferent to the lovely Spaniard, yet honor forbade him to take advantage of her affection. No! never should it be said by the haughty viceroy, that he compelled his daughter to espouse him. For what Spaniard would believe that the beautiful and high-born Victoria consented of her own accord, to become the bride of an outlaw? No, he would restore her—freely and unransomed, restore her to her father—would give her up, in whose presence he now only seemed to exist, rather than be branded as a base, dishonorable wretch.

During two months the pirate chief struggled hard between love, honor, and the undying hatred he had sworn to the Spanish name; and the mental torture he endured half avenged the wrongs of Spain. Honor at length prevailed, and he ordered immediate preparations to be made for the departure of her who had shaken all the firm purposes of his soul; and who had well nigh conquered, by a single glance from her radiant eyes, the prejudices of years.

"Donna Victoria, you are free," exclaimed the Buccaneer, entering the apartment in the fortress of Tortuga, which he had appropriated to her use, with an erect carriage and haughty air.

"Free!" replied the lady with a start indicative of surprise,—of terror, of anything but pleasure.

"Oh, Holy Virgin!" sobbed Almeria Guarda, bursting into tears, and flinging her arms around her noble companion's neck, "must we leave this dear place?"

The eyes of Victoria were full, but some nameless feeling forbade the bright drops that glistened in her long dark lashes to fall; but her voice faltered as she replied,—"My father has ransomed me."

"No! loveliest and priceless jewel," returned St. Amande, "I restore you to him unransomed, though he has offered to purchase your freedom at any sum I might name; but the Indies are less precious in my sight than a single glance from your eyes. I give you up. I give up my hopes of winning that young and tender heart, for it shall never be said that Henri St. Amande made war with women, or profited by their misfortunes. To-night you sail for Mexico."

"To-night!" screamed she, and then as if conscious that she had betrayed her feelings too much, she concealed her face on her friend's bosom, and wept.

"You love me!" exclaimed the Buccaneer, sinking at her feet, "and oh, that you had been a peasant maid in my own native France, and I would not have hesitated to bind the coronet of my ancestors round your lovely brow. Yes; I am noble, Victoria," continued he, with great emotion; "by birth at least your equal; I could give you wealth, title, but I have pledged myself to stand or fall with these rude people. I have constituted myself the avenger of wronged America, and I will not forsake her cause—no, not even for Victoria Toledo—though I love her, madly love her."

"Must we then part?" replied she, her fear of losing him overcoming every other feeling. "Alas! I shall be called upon to fulfil engagements formed in childhood—shall be compelled to wed a man for whom I have conceived an absolute aversion, even before I have beheld him. Save me from such a bitter trial," and she raised her streaming eyes to her lover's face.

His resolution was shaken for a moment; but pride came to his assistance.

"No! dear Victoria, your father shall never despise me. He shall be compelled to respect the man on whose head he has set a price. I will not impose upon your young simplicity. Go! be happy, forget that the Buccaneer dared to love you, and only remember that he is not a monster who delights in blood; but one who in becoming the champion of the oppressed Indians, has sworn never to show mercy to their conquerors till their chains are broken. You have taught me to forget my vow—you have taken the edge off my sword, for henceforth I fear I shall consider these robbers are the people of Victoria."

He became silent and abstracted, at length he said:

"You will forget me, and will wed this happy cousin."

"Never! never!" exclaimed she, passionately, "No force shall compel me to fulfil my engagements with him."

A flush of proud joy illumined the sun-burnt features of the pirate.

"Yet this Don Fernando is said to be the pride of all Spanish cavaliers, and is your father's choice."

"But not mine!" replied she, fiercely, "therefore I will not wed him, or bestow my hand when my heart adores another."

"You shall not, my fairest, truest Victoria," said the Buccaneer; "if after your restoration to your father, you still retain your present sentiments for Henri St. Amande, he will yet claim you as his own, and bear you away to his island home, though you stood upon the steps of the altar—or sat in courtly halls, surrounded by all the chivalry of Spain."

He then conducted her to the vessel that was destined to carry her to Mexico, and bade her farewell with a voice that was almost as faltering as her own; and the lovers parted,—and well perhaps would it have been for both, if they had never met again.

CHAPTER III.

> "My bark is waiting in the bay,
> Night darkens round: Leila, away!
> Far, ere to-morrow, o'er the tide,
> Or wait and be—Abdalla's bride!"
>
> The Improvisatrice.

Victoria Toledo entered the palace of her father with eyes full of tears, and a heart full of repining, nor did the reception given her by her parent change her feelings, or direct them into a new channel. His stately figure and august air inspired her with awe, rather than with affection, and she involuntarily sank on her knees and rendered the homage of a subject to a sovereign, instead of falling on his neck, and paying the duty of a child to a parent. She blushed at her mistake, and her voice died away in imperfect murmurs; but he was evidently gratified by it, and there was pride in his powerful eye as he raised her to his bosom; but she could trace no workings of parental love in his face. Instead of the fond breathings of affection, he questioned her respecting the standing force of Tortuga, its internal government, and means of defence.

Scarcely could his daughter suppress her displeasure, or prevent its expression from flashing from her full dark eye, though she felt her indignation had flushed her pale cheek with the deepest crimson.

The viceroy, who had passed his youth in camps, and his meridian years and age in councils and courts, either did not notice the change in her complexion, or if he did, imputed it to some other cause.

He spoke of her captivity,—he asked of him who had held her a prisoner; and she related the particulars of her capture and enlargement with all the enthusiasm that formed a striking feature of her character, and extolled the courtesy and generosity of her conqueror to the skies.

It is difficult to speak of him we love without betraying the interest we take in his character; and the little reserve with which his daughter spoke of the Buccaneer, St. Amande, and the indiscreet encomiums she lavished upon him, offended the viceroy, and he coldly remarked, "that the pirate was generous because he feared to be otherwise."

Again Donna Victoria stifled her indignant feelings with difficulty, and struggled to seem calm and indifferent, and repressing the sarcastic answer that was rising to her lips, she complained of fatigue, and besought his permission to retire to her own apartment. Her request was immediately granted, and the short separation was a mutual relief to both father and daughter.

Although she had unconsciously wounded his pride by her flattering mention of his deadly foe, the viceroy was charmed with her beauty and talents; and if he could have unbent the cold dignity of his manners, and shown the affection he really felt for his child, all might have been well, but he fancied his reserve became him, and his austerity froze the confidence that ought ever to exist between father and daughter.

The deep dejection into which Donna Victoria sunk, was unnoticed by one who considered gravity as highly becoming in a young lady of quality; and he now frequently spoke of her nuptials with Don Fernando with pleasure and pride. Towards this favored individual his affection seemed to be unbounded; and the unqualified terms of admiration and praise he applied to his nephew, gave a jealous pang to his daughter's heart, and increased the unfounded aversion she had already conceived for her cousin.

This object of her dislike and jealousy was then absent in Chili, occupied in quelling a rebellion that had broken out in that province; and his return was to be immediately followed by her marriage. Oh! how she dreaded his return; how often, in the midst of that courtly circle, where she presided as queen, did she sigh for the presence of the pirate chief of Tortuga, and wish herself an inmate of an ajoupa with him, on that little island, rather than a princess in Mexico.

Almeria Guarda, equally enamoured, could think and speak of no one but St. Amande; and never had this friend been so dear to Victoria as now, for to her she could impart the aversion she felt towards her affianced husband, and her love to the Buccaneer. That wild enthusiast had completely inspired her with his own feelings with regard to the Spanish conquests in the New World; and the very country in which she dwelt contributed to keep the flame, which he had kindled, alive. Remains of the fallen greatness of Mexico surrounded her on every side; and those monuments of Indian ingenuity excited painful feelings in her breast as she surveyed them. Their paintings transmitted their history through a hitherto unknown medium to her mind; and her breast heaved with sorrow as she examined those living records of vanished glory, and traced the progress of Cortes and his ruffian bands, in lively delineations on cloth, or wrought in feathers of the most brilliant hues. The architecture, the statuary, the floating gardens, the curious mirrors, and arms of stone, all told a tale of Mexican grandeur, and inspired her with sympathy for the sufferings they had endured beneath the oppressive yoke of Spain. The interest she took in this enslaved people, led her to acquire their language, and harsh as it really was in sound, it became almost harmonious on her lips.

The gardens of the viceroy's palace were bounded on one side by the lake, and by that expanse of water Donna Victoria loved to sit and muse upon the fate of the last emperor of Mexico, for it was here that he had made his last glorious stand for liberty; it was here that he had defied and endured the torments that the rapacious Cortes had inflicted upon him, with a magnanimous resolution, worthy of a better fate. The picture often rose before her eyes with all the dreadful force of truth, and her abhorrence of the Spanish conqueror was only equalled by her veneration for his august victim; and she hated herself for being the daughter of a Spanish viceroy.

Blinded by prejudice, she never considered that men of rank and character ought not to be weighed in the same balance with a mere adventurer; and she would have blushed for herself, if she had known how really just and upright her father's administration had been; and that he had laboured with her cousin, to heal wounds and ameliorate hardships he had never inflicted. The return of Don Fernando was now hourly expected, and the preparations that were making for her nuptials filled the heart of Victoria with despair. She surveyed the portrait of her betrothed with horror; yet perhaps she was the only female in all Mexico who could have regarded the noble features of the brave and generous Toledo with such feelings. The splendid attire, the sumptuous jewels and ornaments, were hateful to her, for whom they were provided, yet she dared not avow her reluctance to her father, for his very presence inspired her with an awe she could not overcome; and the evening before that which was to bring the detested Fernando to woo her for his bride, she quitted the courtly circle to weep with Almeria in a sequestered part of the palace garden.

It was a night of beauty; the night flowers of various brilliant hues unknown to Europe, were expanding their petals, and shedding their rich perfumes to the wandering breeze; the distant mountains, tipped with light, were reflected in the lake, whose clear bosom imaged the city, the trees, and the starry heavens, in its ample mirror, in brighter beauty. The fire-flies were sparkling through the air like winged gems or fairy lamps lighted up by some genii to illuminate the Eden like garden. How could Victoria sit amidst such a scene, and not think of him who she feared had forgotten her. Alas! he was so twined with every chord of her heart that his remembrance was blended with every thought. The softness of the

hour, the beauty of the evening, stilled the agony that lately throbbed in her breast, and her gentler feelings flowed in song:

"When kindred hearts are parting,
And tears from fond eyes starting,
Wilt thou remember me?
When sailing o'er the azure main,
Dreams that we yet may meet again,
Beyond that western sea?

When moonlight on the wave is glancing,
And white tipt billows round thee dancing,
And fretful breezes sleep;
Let fancy whisper in thine ear,
'The sighs of those thou canst not hear,
The prayers of those who weep."

Was it the echo from the grove of palms that prolonged these sweet sounds, or had the song of the Spanish lady called him into her presence whom she had invoked? She trembled, and threw a hurried glance around her, and clasped Almeria in a tighter embrace, as if she expected to behold the majestic form of the Buccaneer emerging from beneath the tall trees that flung their dark shadows over the lake. She sighed—her sigh was echoed, and the well-known and dear loved accents of St. Amande answered her song in his own rich melodious voice:

Oh, lady! dost thou fear to fly
With me through paths of gloomy night?
No goblin drear shall meet thine eye,
Or midnight storm thy soul affright.

But moon-beams clear and bright as those,
Which nightly deck the dewy lea—
The bird that sings tired day to close,
Shall wake the wood's lone minstrelsy.

Awake! while round thee nature sleeps,
The traveller's lamp is on the mead;
O'er day's bright footsteps pale night weeps—
Awake! and mount my gallant steed!"

It was then no illusion of the senses. He was near her; and Donna Victoria drank in those sounds with rapture, and again cast a hurried glance round the thicket in search of the invisible minstrel. The tremor of her companion told her that it was no dream. The branches shook; they parted, and Henri St. Amande knelt before her. Love, admiration, and delight, sparkled in his eyes; and the breeze that scattered the fragrant blossoms from the bower, lifted his glittering and sun-bright ringlets, while the moon shone full on his noble face. Victoria surveyed her lover with mingled emotions of joy and terror, for the idea of his danger flashed like lightning on her mind, and she would have spoken, but the power of utterance and almost of thought was denied her, and she threw herself into his arms and wept.

"Oh! witching creature, what spell have you thrown over me, that I am compelled to seek you, even in this place!" cried he, fondly embracing her.

"Oh, fly, rash, inconsiderate man!" replied she, recovering her voice with difficulty. "To linger here is certain death!"

"I knew the penalty before I ventured hither," answered he, with a smile. "Little thinks the viceroy that the Exterminator is now in Mexico."

She shuddered. "Cruel and unkind Henri—why have you risked your life in such a mad adventure? Oh wherefore are you here?"

"Not to grace your nuptials, Victoria; but to claim your promise, and bear you hence. Do you love me still, or are you willing to become the wife of Don Fernando?"

"No, no," replied she, with quickness; "and yet he is hourly expected to claim my plighted hand. Go, leave me, rash Henri. Fate has placed a bar of adamant between us. Oh! think if my father should surprise you, what doom would then await you?"

"A death of torture, I know it well; and yet I brave the peril to gaze upon your face. I am changed—deeply changed from what I was, Victoria. The chase, the storm of war, the bounding wave, delight my soul no more. Nature has lost her charms—once she was like an open book, in which I read a new and mystic language; but now her woods and wilds, her rushing streams, are silent. I am compelled to seek you in this hostile land—to wander like a ghost in search of you—and having found you, I can die; but cannot leave the spot you render sacred by your presence."

Donna Victoria hung weeping over him. "It is death to bid you stay—madness to part with you; and yet to-morrow I must pronounce abhorrent vows—vows that will bind me to another in life-long chains—vows that will make it sinful to think of you."

"Nay, rather fly with me to-night, and be the sun of my existence—the beacon of hope to the storm-beaten mariner, the tender friend, the beloved wife—my own beautiful and adored Victoria."

"Oh! surely you were born to be my ruin," answered she. "I feel that I ought not to love you—ought not to wed you—and yet I feel that whither you lead I must follow you."

He took her hand. "Then let us hasten hence; time presses, and farther delay is dangerous. You have given me another life—restored to me the sunny days of early youth again. Come then, my treasure, let us leave this land of crime, for a home of freedom." He was leading Donna Victoria away, but Senora Almeria clung to her robe.

"Oh! leave me not, noble lady, to endure your father's anger;" cried she, weeping violently.

"No, no, my sister—my bosom friend, thou shalt share my flight and future fortune," replied Victoria, tenderly embracing her, and soon the trio stood by the lake shore.

St. Amande whistled, and an Indian canoe, rowed by natives, appeared emerging from under the deep shade of the embowering trees; the Buccaneer placed Donna Victoria and her companion in it, and struck out from the shore, and long before the viceroy's daughter was missing, she was beyond the reach of all pursuit.

CHAPTER IV.

> "And half contemptuous, turned to pass away,
> But the stern stranger motioned him to stay;
> A word! I charge thee, stay and answer here
> To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer."
> BYRON.

In the chapel the Buccaneer chief had erected in Tortuga, and adorned with the spoils of many a goodly church and fair cathedral, Donna Victoria Toledo gave her hand to the sworn and implacable enemy of her countrymen! Yet while she stood before the altar, a weary foreboding of evil stole over her mind, and banished the bloom from her cheek; St. Amande's passionate expressions of love and gratitude chased that gloomy feeling away; but when long afterwards, despair and remorse agonized her soul, she remembered the dark presentiment that had flung its shadow over her spirit on her bridal morn.

Months flew away in a dream of happiness, and Victoria forgot her father and her people: and when with maternal rapture, the wife of the pirate clasped her infant son in her arms, she declared herself to be the most enviable of her sex.

St. Amande no longer carried on a war of extermination against the countrymen of the adored Victoria—his character softened, and he spent more time in the bower of his bride than on the sea. His people at length began to murmur at his unwonted inactivity; and to appease their clamours, he agreed to accompany Morgan on his celebrated voyage against Venezuela; and the tender and affectionate Victoria accompanied him to the beach to witness his embarkation, which took place half an hour before sunset.

The crowd had dispersed, but one solitary individual still lingered on the shore to watch the white sails of the vessels as they receded from her sight. The tropical sun was setting in unclouded beauty over the island, tinting the breast of ocean with resplendent hues unknown to the temperate climes of Europe, and the falling dews began to warn the lonely wanderer to avoid their deadly influence; but she still pursued with her eyes the little fleet, and wished for the wings of the dove to follow the course of her absent lord. The sound of approaching footsteps disturbed her contemplations; she turned hastily round, and beheld an armed Indian close behind her. There was something in the appearance of this man that excited her alarm. He seemed to have been watching her, and she thought that his lofty expression and haughty step suited ill with his Indian garb and complexion. Her path was bounded on one side by the mighty waters of the Atlantic, and by a thick grove of mangoes on the other; but though the walk was lonely, the boucans and ajoupas of the Buccaneers were not so distant but that a single cry might send out a hundred armed men to her assistance, should she require their aid. The knowledge of this fact quieted her alarm, and she was hastening forward when the Indian overtook her; and suddenly checking his steps, regarded her with a look of deep and searching penetration. A shuddering chill crept through the veins of the fair Spaniard, as she shrank abashed from his gaze, and endeavoured to pass on; but the intruder detained her, though not rudely, and said in a low but distinct voice, and in very pure Spanish:

"I have sought to gain your private ear, Donna Victoria Toledo, from week to week and from month to month, in vain; but now fortune has been favorable to me beyond my hopes."

"Who are you, bold man?" replied she, indignantly, attempting at the same time to extricate herself from his grasp. "By what right do you presume to intercept my path?"

"By a right so sacred that even the degraded and unhappy descendant of an illustrious house will hardly contest it. Answer me truly one question. Do you love this dreadful man, or are you his unwilling and reluctant victim? Nay, struggle not, you shall both hear me and reply to my queries."

"Release me instantly, ruffian, or——"

"You will summon the demi-savages—the human tigers, who swarm in the neighbouring huts, to your assistance; and will calmly look on while they transfix me on their boar-spears, or set me up as a mark to try their skill in musketry! Have you then forgotten the woman as well as the Spaniard?"

"No—I do not desire your death," replied she with some quickness. "I only wish you to release me. You are no Indian—for who of that unhappy race would bar my path in Tortuga? Your speech betrays you for a Spaniard."

The stranger answered by flinging the large sombrero that partially concealed his face, on the

said, and fixed his dark eyes earnestly on her countenance, as if he were challenging her recollection; but his fine manly features, deeply stained to imitate the Indian complexion, awoke no chord of memory in her bosom.

"You know me not, and yet the same blood that fills your veins, flows in mine—I boast the same proud lineage, bear the same name—and more than all, once held a dear, a sacred claim upon you—for were you not my own affianced bride?"

"Oh, Holy Virgin! you cannot be my cousin?" cried she, in a voice of alarm.

"Hush! madam, or you will arouse those myrmidons of whom you spoke," replied he, somewhat reproachfully. "Yes; I am Fernando Toledo, your next kinsman, and affianced husband; and I come to take you from this nest of piracy and crime. Tell me then, unhappy daughter of my more than father, that you were injured and constrained—the victim of a villain, and I will still fulfill those vows I made to you in childhood—will still devote my life to you."

"You wrong him, and wilfully deceive yourself, my kinsman," answered Donna Victoria, deeply blushing. "I love him—fondly—truly love him——"

"Oh, shameful acknowledgment. Oh, lost and degraded daughter of a noble sire!" exclaimed Don Fernando, in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by passion. "Oh! that thy seducer were here, that I might wash out thy dishonor in his blood!"

The indignant blushes that overspread the fair face of the Spanish lady, almost rivalled the deep crimson of the glowing heavens; and her dark eyes flashed with anger, as she replied:

"For what lost and degraded creature does Don Fernando Toledo presume to take his high-born cousin? I am his wife!"

"His wife! his wedded wife!" reiterated Don Fernando. "Rash—miserable—undone lady!" He released, and abruptly quitted her, and then as returning, regarded her with eyes full of tears, while his manly bosom heaved with uncontrollable emotion.

Donna Victoria was deeply affected by this unexpected burst of feeling; and the remembrance of her father and forsaken home, rushed across her mind; she felt herself undeserving of her noble cousin's tears.

"Farewell the fond hopes I have so vainly cherished," continued Toledo. "Farewell the romantic dream that haunted my childhood. Look here, Victoria, at this talisman," and he put aside the folds of his Indian vest, and pointed to a portrait concealed beneath its plaits, "this image shut out all meaner things. My honored uncle gave it me, and he told me the angelic semblance was that of my betrothed wife. Hers to whose infant ear I had breathed my childish vows. Thou hast forgotten the day of our betrothing, but I never can forget it! Vain remembrance! idle ceremony! Victoria, I have sought my affianced bride from clime to clime—from shore to shore—and at last I find her here.—Not a captive—not a wronged angel, whose injuries should plunge a world in war; but the partner of a wretch—the wife of a savage murderer. Say, did you fly with him, or did he ensnare you to his den?"

"I fled with him to avoid nuptials I abhorred," said she, averting her eyes, as she uttered the words.

"And did you—could you think so meanly of me, unkind kinswoman, as to suppose I would have taken your reluctant hand? You wronged me—cruelly wronged me, Victoria,—aye, and your noble parent, too. How could you leave him—rash Victoria?"

"He did not love me. If he had been more affectionate and kind, I had been more dutiful."

"You did not know him—were ignorant of the warm feelings hidden under that reserve; but could you see him now,—could hear his sighs,—see his falling tears, you would not doubt his love."

"And does he weep for me?" replied Victoria, bursting into a flood of tears, "for his unworthy and ungrateful child?"

"You repent—your heart is softening towards your father. Return with me, and the past shall be buried in deep oblivion."

"I am a wife—a mother!" replied the weeping Spaniard. "I cannot leave my husband and my child."

"Donna Victoria, this place is devoted to destruction, leave it, or you will share in its ruin. If you would save your husband and infant from the sword, quit this nest of piracy, for the palace of your father."

The lady trembled violently; a sudden suspicion crossed her mind, she did not express it in words, but Don Fernando read it in her looks.

"Victoria Toledo, you wrong me!" cried he, a flash of proud disdain darting from his eyes as he spoke. "I would not wed you now, if you could offer me both the Indies for your dowry. No, the conventual shade is now the only refuge I can offer the daughter of the viceroy of Mexico."

A party of Buccaneers at this moment appeared in sight, and before the Spanish lady could find words to answer his last speech, Don Fernando whispered:

"Meet me by the haunted hill at this time to-morrow," and then plunged among the thick underwood, and vanished from her sight.

Donna Victoria shrouded her face in the silken folds of her basquina, and hurried onward as if she hoped to escape from the maddening thoughts that crowded on her mind, and almost deprived her of reason. Her own misconduct,—the danger of St. Amande,—her kinsman's actual presence on this island, that the Buccaneers considered impregnable, terrified her, and filled her with alarm. She dared not confide the strange incident of her meeting with Don Fernando to her friend, Senora Guarda, for fear of involving her relative in peril—Almeria too was changed, and was no longer that affectionate and tender friend she had once been. Sometimes she thought she repented of having followed her fortunes, for she was pale, sad, and silent, and now rarely smiled. Poor Victoria retired to her own apartment to weep over her boy, and endeavour to find some way of escape from the sorrows and dangers that seemed to encompass her on every side, and threaten her adored Henri with death and destruction. She could not leave him, but she could perish with him; but while she made this resolution, a sudden ray of hope stole into her heart, for she might persuade Don Fernando to permit her to retire to France with her lord, and abandon forever the life of a Buccaneer chief; and exhausted by the internal warfare she had sustained, she threw herself beside the couch of her infant, and sunk into a deep and dreamless sleep.

[To be continued.]

MARY.

Thou 'rt gane awa', thou 'rt gane awa',
Thou 'rt gane awa' frae me, Mary,
In woodlan' bower or festive ha'
In vain I watch for thee, Mary.
When last the gowden Autumn moon
Shone o'er the trembling wave, Mary,
Ah! little did I think, sae soon,
'Twould shine upon thy grave, Mary.

How aft upon the primrose braes
Beside the murmuring sea, Mary,
I spent the live-lang simmer days
Sae blest wi' love and thee, Mary!
In dreams thy cherish'd form I meet,
As dearly lo'ed as then, Mary;
And, oh, that face sae fair and sweet,
Wakes buried hopes again, Mary.

THE TRAVELLER'S DREAM.

BY A SCOTCHMAN AND A SOLDIER.

The setting sun forsook the glowing west
As night's fair Queen assum'd her milder sway,
And sweet and grateful was the pause of rest,
When welcome twilight clos'd the summer's day.

Weary and faint I sought the night's repose,
And balmy sleep sooth'd ev'ry aching pain,
While fancy drew her scenes of joys and woes,
And dreaming shadows floated o'er my brain.

Methought a wanderer's life was mine no more,
And I had ceas'd from land to land to roam;
I saw with bounding heart my native shore,
And reach'd the borders of my earliest home.

All nature smiled refresh'd with vernal showers,
The fields were mantled in the robe of spring,
The breeze was scented with the mountain flowers,
And far on high the lark did sweetly sing.

Each mossy stone, each hillock by the way,
Each flowery glen that opened to my sight,
Rehearsed the story of some former day,
And spoke of friends whose eyes are clos'd in night.

The Parish School now close before me lay
Where oft I mingled with the happy throng;
It was the welcome joyous hour of play,
And youthful laughter there was loud and long.

Near stood the church where oft the words of grace,
Like heavenly balm fell on my spirit there;
With chasten'd feelings I approach'd the place,
And knelt once more within that house of praye'r.

Slowly I passed the dear, the sacred spot,
By Lossie's daisied banks and winding stream,
Where oft to one whose place on earth is not,
I told with throbbing heart love's rapturous dream.

At length I reach'd the cottage on the moor,
'Twas there I spent the sunshine of my days,
I paus'd as I approach'd my father's door,
And list'ning, heard the evening hymn of praise.

My elder brother raised the sacred song,
My sister's thrilling notes were sweet and clear,
My father's rustic strains were wild and strong,
But, oh! my mother's voice was wanting there.

The psalm was ended and the prayer was o'er,
Ere I received each dear, dear friend's embrace,
I vow'd to them that we should part no more,
Till death consign'd me to the land of peace.

My sister bathed my cheek with tears of joy,
In vain my brother with his feelings strove,
My aged father bless'd his long lost boy
With all the fervour of a parent's love.

But human happiness will quickly fade—
My vision vanished like the setting beam,
And all the scenes which busy fancy made,
Were but the sweet delusions of a dream.

STRAY LEAVES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.

BY H. V. C.

What a host of memories are sometimes called up by the unexpected recurrence of a long forgotten name!

Looking carelessly over the columns of a newspaper, very lately, my eye was attracted by an almost forgotten name in the obituary record; it was the last of an honored family, and she who bore it, having long since passed into the oblivion of old age, had now gone to her rest, and with her was buried the social history of a past generation, of which so few relics are remaining.

The venerable lady alluded to, I had never seen; but she was a near relative of my mother, and an intimate companion of her girlish days; and I had so often heard her mentioned in the graphic descriptions which my mother gave us of her early years, that as my eye glanced on that last record, she seemed to rise up before me like a visible presence of the past. In fancy I was transported back to the old family mansion, where her father—a Provincial Chief Magistrate, and a man eminent in the political era of the Revolution,—presided with that urbane and cordial hospitality, which was then so often transferred from the lordly halls of England to grace the humble homes of the New England Colonists.

Nothing could exceed my mother's enthusiasm when she described the ample house, with all its varied comforts and social enjoyments. The good and the gifted, the statesman and the student, the grave and gay, the prosperous and unfortunate—all who could claim affinity or companionship with the good President, as he was then called—were welcomed to his hospitable mansion. Then there were nieces, nephews and cousins, a goodly company of young people, who were always domesticated in the family, and shared with the President's own children, the duties and pleasures of the household.

Mrs. W.— the mistress of the family—was a sensible, kind-hearted, but somewhat stately lady of the old school; she was of an old provincial family, and somewhat proud of her descent, and she also felt, to its full extent, the dignity of her husband's official station; but no one could have presided with more graceful dignity on all state occasions, or with more courteous affability in the social circle. According to the custom of the times, she also kept a vigilant eye over her domestic concerns, and managed her extensive household with rigid discipline and exact order. The matrons of that day, like Homer's heroines, did not disdain the labours of the loom, and, like the virtuous woman of Solomon's time, "laid hold of the spindle and the distaff."

I can see before me, as I have often heard it described, the rich old furniture of the house, brought over, most of it, a century earlier, by an ancestor who fled from England for "conscience' sake,"—chairs and tables elaborately carved, hangings for the *best room*, and family portraits in massive frames, which gave an air of wealth and comfort to the large, low and stately apartments. Then there was an abundance of old fashioned plate, and ancient china, and fine damask from the Flemish looms—curious cabinets and quaint mirrors in the ample bed-rooms—high-backed chairs, covered with tapestry, or wrought in tent-stitch, and lofty bedsteads, with their heavy drapery—and quilted coverlids of patched work, oddly put together with a patient ingenuity long since obsolete. But more valued, and regarded with more pride than all exotic luxuries, were the ample clothes-presses, filled with snowy linen, fine and abundant, the raw material grown on the soil, woven in domestic looms, and made up for all household purposes by the skilful hand, or under the superintending eye of the mistress.

Such was the establishment of my mother's relative, President W., at the period just preceding the war of the American Revolution. Amidst his public cares, and the anxiety of the times, his good temper was never soured, nor his social affections chilled, and no one enjoyed more heartily the merry sports of the young people who were constantly gathered at his house. Among these, my mother was an especial favorite; her ready wit—her shrewd good sense, and the lively interest she always took in the questions of the day—amused and interested him. She was, besides, at that time, in the blush of early youth, and reckoned somewhat of a beauty—attractions which always carry their due weight of influence, even in the eyes of a grave, middle-aged politi-

cian. He loved to puzzle her with political problems, for my mother prided herself, above all things, on her political sagacity. She had been brought up in the sound whig principles of the old Bay colony; her youth was developed amidst the stirring scenes of civil strife, and her warm sympathies were freely given to the cause of her country's freedom.

One can imagine the intense interest with which passing events were observed and discussed, at that period, when hostile feeling was rapidly verging towards open warfare—when Boston was held in siege by a military force, and friendly relations with the mother country had entirely ceased. How eagerly was the daily paper perused—the only one then issued in the metropolis. Every day, after dinner, which was then served at an early hour, my grandfather took his accustomed seat in a tri-cornered elbow chair, and in all the dignified repose of a powdered bag-wig, a flowered dressing gown, and velvet slippers, enjoyed the luxury of a pipe, while my mother, seated on a low form beside him, read the newspaper aloud from beginning to end, often stopping to comment on the various topics brought in review before them. As affairs approached a crisis, more insufferable than all other grievances became the presence of armed soldiers in the streets; and when fresh troops arrived, and ships of war virtually blockaded the port, all business was at an end, and the citizens generally, who embraced the popular cause, disgusted at finding themselves subjected to military surveillance, requested passports to quit the town.

My grandfather and mother were among those who left, and their journey of some sixty or seventy miles, in the primitive fashion of the times, presents a quaint contrast to the easy and rapid travelling of the present day. Leaving the house in charge of a faithful negro servant, the most valuable family plate, a necessary supply of clothing, &c., was packed in saddle-bags, and thrown across a horse, on which a stout colored boy was mounted, following my grandfather, who with my mother, seated on a pillion behind him, thus set off on their long journey. Long it must have seemed then to the solitary travellers, though but a morning ride of two or three hours in the distance-annihilating cars of the present day.

But my mother's own words, transmitted in "The Stray Leaves of an old Journal," will best record her impressions, and the various incidents which occurred to her.

"May, 1775.—I left my dear home with a heavy heart," she wrote, "not knowing whether I should ever see it again, since the times have grown so dark and troublous; my dear brother R., too, we have left behind, in order that he may have an eye after our affairs, and also be in readiness to aid the *good cause* if need be. Our ride thus far has been not unpleasant, for the weather is fine, our horse in good condition, and we have passed through several small villages which look prosperous, and the country is very beautiful, and begins to be well cultivated. It is wonderful how eagerly people crowd about us at the places where we stop, to hear the last news from Boston. Indeed, there seems a general excitement, and an expectation of something fearful about to happen, so that men cluster together and talk of public affairs, instead of minding their farms and handicrafts. Yesterday evening we stopped at a comfortable farm house to crave shelter for the night, and we were hospitably entertained and lodged. We found the good man and his sons burnishing up some old muskets that had lain idle since the Indian wars, for it is rumoured that an army will soon be raised, and our good General Washington called to head it. God prosper the righteous cause!" * * * * * *

"We reached this place, H——l, at sunset today; it is an ancient town of much note in the old wars, and I well remember being here when a little child, for it was my mother's native place. We have some relations here whom we cannot pass without discourtesy, and so shall remain with them a few days, and it is a right pleasant place, with many goodly houses and fair gardens stretching along the river, which is broad and deep, and winds through green meadows, and at the feet of high hills, bordered all along with fine old trees, which seem stooping down to admire their shadows in the water. A little out of the town, however, it is still wild enough, and yesterday, on our way, and not far from it, we rode through a thick wood, which it seemed to me would never be at an end. We were told there were plenty of wild animals living in it, especially wolves, which often come out and carry away the farmer's sheep and worry his cattle, and I had not a little fear that they might take a fancy to sup on us. I looked sharply into every bush, expecting to see their fiery eyes glaring out upon me, and was once prodigiously startled by an unearthly howl from Cato, the boy, who came galloping after us in a great fright; but I found he had only caught his woolly pate in a thorn, which he took for the claws of a wild beast. It was no wonder, for our bridle path ran sometimes so close under the branches of trees, that my riding-hood once caught in them, and I very nearly shared the fate of Absalom myself. My hair was somewhat discomposed in the encounter, which

troubled me not a little, as I can hardly expect to find a frizeur in these parts who can *crape* it so well again. It was well dressed a week ago, in the most approved fashion, but when I sent for my hair-dresser to touch it over before I left home, he had gone to the red coat ladies, so I would give him no more employment. I wonder if the knave thinks he may serve honest towns-people and those gentry at the same time!" * * *

"I have heard a deal about this old town in my childish days; how sadly it was tormented by the Indian depredations—the savage foe forever hovering round it, in its early settlements—massacring the peaceful inhabitants, and carrying women and children away into captivity. God forgive me, but I think I should have borne a most Christian hatred to those black devils incarnate! Many block houses, which held a brave siege in those trying times, are still standing, and there was one shewn me, which my grandfather, Col. W., lost his life in defending. He commanded a small garrison who were surrounded and cut up, for they would not surrender, and no mercy would have been shown them if they had. His wife was within, and her two children, and also other women and their little ones had sought shelter there, when the fearful sound of the war whoop burst upon their ears. But my grandmother was a lion-hearted woman, and, driven to desperation when her husband fell, she hastened to secure the barricades, and with the other females, who were roused by her example, poured such a volley of shot from the loop holes, and such showers of scalding water on the heads of the wretches, when they pressed near to force an entrance, that they were glad to retreat, brandishing their tomahawks and uttering the most fiendish yells.

"Women were wonderfully gifted with strong nerves and courageous spirits in those days, as the marvellous story of Mrs. Duston can testify; she killed ten Indians with her own hand, and thus escaped from captivity, and then fearing her word might not be believed, went back and brought away their scalps as a trophy of her victory. Yet I have a shrewd suspicion that these brave women were not altogether free from the little weaknesses of their sex; at least, my grandmother, when quiet times came round, found a soft place in her heart, and gave not only her hand, but all her fine property, to a second husband, for which we, her descendants, cannot quite forgive her—even the old family plate, marked with the family crest and cypher, now garnishes the tables of an alien race.

"I have just returned from a long walk with my cousins, who had a mind to show me the 'W—— farm,' as it is still called, which was my grandfather's in his lifetime, and *should* have fallen to his descendants. As my eye glanced over the broad acres, swelling into hills and sinking into green glades, sweeping gracefully to the river's edge, and bordered all round with stately trees, I could not help wishing my grandmother had been a *true* woman, and kept all these fair possessions in trust for her descendants. My cousin Ralph saucily enough says, 'she *was* a true woman, and gave all things, like a dutiful wife, into her husband's hands;' and his sister Kate very quietly answers, 'that he was a true man, for with the true selfishness of his sex, he appropriated all he had to his own purposes.'

"We had a fancy to drink from the old well that has refreshed so many generations, and from which, it is said, my grandfather took a copious draught but a short time before his last fight. It was a fine occasion for my cousin Ralph to show off his gallantry. He is somewhat of a coxcomb, this cousin of mine; but though his wig is bagged and powdered in the latest fashion, and his ruffles are of the finest quality, and his gold shoe-buckles set off a tolerably neat foot to some advantage, yet he has, after all, a sort of rustic air about him, which always makes me smile. He must think me vastly good-natured, or perhaps his vanity interprets my smile into admiration of himself, for he takes occasion to say such very foolish things to me, as though I were childish enough to be taken with a string of fine words, and now that I am in my sixteenth year! We all stood around the well, and Ralph dropped the bucket down with such a great flourish, that if the well had not been fifty feet deep, we should have been refreshed with a cold shower. Then, when he stooped to dip up some water for us to drink, he let the silver can slip from his hand, and it would have gone to the bottom, only by good chance it fell into the bucket, and so was saved. We could not help laughing at his awkwardness, which so confused him, if it were not done in very spite, that he spilled a good pint of water over Kate's flowered muslin apron and new taffety gown, for which he was well rated, for the girl has a sharp wit of her own.

"Afterwards we went to see a huge oak tree, under which, tradition says, my grandfather hid a great sum of gold, when a cry was raised that the Indians were coming to attack the place. Long after that day, so many foolish people came to dig for the treasure, that the roots of the tree were laid quite bare, and it began to droop and fade, so that the present owner, who values the old relic, was forced to warn off all such persons

as trespassers. He has filled the earth round the roots again, and covered them with turf, which is smooth as velvet; the tree is of a noble size, and very beautiful to the eye, spreading its leafy branches broad and high. If there was any treasure hidden there, we may well believe my grandmother knew the secret, and did not suffer it to fall into other hands.

"Yesterday afternoon my cousin Kate had a quilting party, which is always an occasion of great merry-making here. She is soon to be married, and among other preparations has made a patch-work coverlit out of small scraps of silk brocade and damask, curiously put together. It can boast as many colours as Joseph's coat, and has a bunch of flowers in the middle, quite prettily designed. All the young girls of her acquaintance came to assist at the quilting; and though there was a good deal of talking and laughing, as may be supposed, yet we worked very industriously too, for there is a deep border of vines all around it, and the middle filled up with small diamonds, but it was all finished and taken out of the frame before tea time. There was such a display of good things spread out on the table—warm cakes and sweet cakes, pumkin pies and preserves, and a host of other things seen only in the abundance of a country town. All the powdered beaux of the village, friends and brothers of the young ladies, were invited to tea. Tea, we still call the social evening meal, though that is a proscribed luxury, since the ships were overturned in Boston harbour, some months ago. But my cousin Kate always manages to keep a small supply, and with a pretty self-will, which no one ever quarrels with, she will use it whenever she pleases.

"So as we were all sitting round the table, in the height of merriment, in came her black girl Rose, as neat as a pin, with a white apron on, and a showy plaid handkerchief twisted round her head, and bearing in her ebony hands a tray, containing a dozen delicate china cups and saucers, with a small silver tea-pot; the urn already smoked on the table, and a small caddy, inlaid with pearl, stood beside it. There was a very patriotic demonstration by those present, at this open defiance of public sentiment; but Kate coolly measured out the tea, and poured the boiling water upon it; while the urn hissed louder than urn ever hissed before, as if to fill up the awkward pause. Rose stood behind her young mistress, turning up the white of her eyes, and grinning, so as to show her two rows of ivory from ear to ear; and presently the fragrant vapor from the tea pot began to circulate, and soon acted like a charm on the spirits of the company. Then cousin Kate laughed one of her merry little laughs, and commenced filling the small tea cups, which were handed round, and I am sorry to say, very few had resolution enough to refuse the tempting beverage. But not a drop would I taste of it, for *I knew that the hateful duty imposed, had been paid on it;* so I sat fanning myself in a great flush, and looking daggers at Kate, who only smiled at me, and took a sip of tea, as if drinking my health. Cousin Ralph, too, who sat next me, looked so saucy, that I was resolved *he* should have none; so just as he was raising his cup, I touched his arm with my elbow, and sent the contents fairly over his plush small-clothes. His face grew very red, and he turned a sharp look on me; but I looked up with such innocent surprise, and asked his pardon so gravely, that he was fairly puzzled; and I think came to a summary conclusion, that the unlucky jog was purely accidental. But there was no more tea for him, so like the boy at the pastry cook's shop, he had to be satisfied with an agreeable odour.

"Luckily, the old fiddler who had been sent for, at that moment began to scrape his fiddle strings in the hall; and springing from the table, to the patriotic air of "Yankee doodle," we accepted partners, and began dancing right merrily. Cousin Ralph and I were soon the best friends in the world again, and we danced a minuet together with no little applause. In truth I was glad to escape a country dance, for the points of my satin slippers were made so very long, they pressed my toes sadly. What a foolish fashion this is, of making the heels so very high! We danced till quite late—nearly eleven o'clock I think, which they told us was out of all rule, and only allowed in compliment to their little cousin from the city."

* * * * * * *

"We left our kind friends at H——l, yesterday morning early, after a week spent very pleasantly with them, my father being desirous to reach the end of the journey, which had been delayed some days by my importunity. Cousin Ralph and Kate rode on some miles with us, and we parted very sorrowfully, and with a half promise on my part to return before her wedding. But the day was fine, and we travelled through a romantic country—very lovely for the most part; and beautifully broken into hills and valleys, with clear winding streams, and sometimes we rode through a thick wood, the trees meeting over our heads, and the birds singing sweetly in the branches. So my cheerfulness could not but return to me; and I tried to forget the parting with dear friends, and began to look forward to the meeting with new ones, and to fancy how they would all look, for I

had never yet seen any of them, except my uncle, the President, whom I remembered only as a stately gentleman, when I saw him at our own house, many years ago. My father was very taciturn that day, so I was obliged to carry on a conversation with myself, mentally, in which I was introduced to the family, received their welcome, and returned my answers in the most polite manner imaginable.

"We reached H—n before sunset, and President W's house rose before us, looking very imposing as it stood on an eminence surrounded by old elms, and the crimson western sky flashing brightly on the windows. It is a large, hospitable looking mansion, with a stately portico in front, covered with vines, and in the rear are extensive offices, and ample gardens. It commands a fine view of the country round, and on a clear day may be seen glimpses of the ocean, and the surge rolling in on H—n beach, about six miles distant. We had sent Cato on before us to announce our coming, so that when we reached the foot of the avenue, we saw all the family assembled on the portico waiting to receive us. We looked truly like dusty and way-worn travellers after the day's journey, and our horse drooped his head as if he were toiling before a plough, though he is a fine, mettlesome beast, when not tired and hungry. I had no fancy to make such a sorry appearance as we rode up in presence of the gay party who stood looking at us, so, quick as thought, I gave my father's wig a good shake, by way of smoothing it, which nearly unsettled his cocked hat, and caused him no small surprise. Then I opened my riding cloak a little to shew the smart lacing of my boddice, and tossed the hood jauntily a very little from my face; and taking out a pin, I quietly stuck it into the horse's side, at which, with a great snorting, he broke into a full gallop, which my father vainly endeavoured to restrain, for another sharp prick set him off again at the top of his speed, so that we were carried up with a sort of triumphal flourish to the door, nor should we have stopped there, but my father drew in the bridle so suddenly, that the good steed sank back on his haunches; and, in a convulsion of laughter, I was taken off by one of my cousins who stood waiting to assist me.

My father looked at his panting steed before he spoke a word to any one, shaking his head dubiously, and half believing the creature had gone mad—so that I was half tempted to betray my own secret, but wisely refrained for the time. My cousin Jenny received me with open arms, my aunt also was very cordial, and my uncle W. kissed me on both cheeks, and told me he had heard I was a sad little rogue, but a true whig, which pleased me mightily. Then Jenny introduced me to her brothers, and to half-a-score of cousins, who were there, and directly I felt quite at home. Jenny is so cheerful and bright, and so handsome too; she is two or three years older than myself, but we are sworn friends already, and long before bed time, we had strolled together into the garden, and told each other all the secrets of our lives. I am sure I shall be very happy here; that is, if there is not too much trouble abroad, but my father and uncle are now in grave counsel together, and news has just reached us, that the British commander in Boston has forbidden any intercourse with the country round, and will not give passports to go in or out. I could wish my brother R. were with us, only that I know he ought to remaina nd do his duty."

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S DIET.

Tell me, fair maid, tell me truly,
How should infant Love be fed;
If with dewdrops, shed so newly
On the bright green clover blade;
Or, with roses plucked in July,
And with honey liquored?
O, no! O, no!
Let roses blow,
And dew-stars to green blade cling:
Other fare,
More light and rare,
Befits that gentlest Nursling.

Feed him with the sigh that rushes
'Twixt sweet lips, whose muteness speaks
With the eloquence that flushes
All a heart's wealth o'er soft cheeks;
Feed him with a world of blushes,
And the glance that shuns, yet seeks:
For 'tis with food,
So light and good,
That the Spirit child is fed;
And with the tear
Of joyous fear
That the small Elf's liquored.

THE MARINER'S WATCH HYMN.

BY A SCOTCHMAN AND A SOLDIER.

While twilight veils the day's departing light,
And yonder orb breaks forth to cheer the night;
Let us adore the goodness and the power
Of Him, whose mercy shields us every hour.
O, tune our hearts aright,
To celebrate thy praise;
To whom the cloud of night
Is clear as noontide blaze;
Whose tender mercy, and whose goodness too,
Is every night and every morning new.

Hail! Mighty Lord of nature's wide domains,
To whom th' Archangel pours his lofty strains;
Vouchsafe to hear thy creature's humble lays,
While we attempt to sing the Eternal's praise.
But how shall tainted breath
Invoke Thy holy name,
Or feeble heirs of death
Omnipotence proclaim.
Yet He, our great High Priest, is ever there,
And consecrates our evening praise and prayer.

Eternal Sovereign, Lord of land and sea,
This ocean, wondrous world, belongs to Thee;
Thou holdst the mighty waters in Thy hand,
And storm and tempest wait on thy command.
The foaming troubled maze
In mountain waves uprear,
And thunder forth Thy praise
As onward they career.
The quivering vessel mounts their awful steep,
And man beholds thy wonders in the deep.

Yet He, whose frown is in the tempest's form,
And whose dread voice makes terrible the storm;
Once breath'd on earth an infant's feeble cry,
And groan'd in death that man might never die.
The wonders of His grace
And goodness we'll adore,
When ocean's wonders cease,
And tides shall swell no more;
When quench'd in darkness sets yon orb of light,
And day eternal shall exclude the night.

Guide us, oh, Father! through the tractless wave,
When danger threatens, be thou near to save;
Watch with our watch, and in the hours of sleep,
Be Thou our pilot through the awful deep.
And, oh! be ever near,
We ardently implore,
To those we hold so dear
On Britain's sacred shore;
And bid us quickly see that happy strand,
And all we love within our native land.

In Thee we trust, Thou fountain of all good,
To waft us safely o'er the raging flood;
Let favouring breezes breathe upon our sails,
And be our shelter from the angry gales.
And when life's journey's o'er,
And all its storms shall cease,
Oh may we reach the shore
Where dwells eternal peace,
Yon happy land where none shall heave a sigh,
Nor sorrow's tear shall ever dim the eye.

TWO CHIEFEST NAMES.

BY GOTTLIEB.

Protean spirit! Promethean mind,
Whose plastic wit, encompassing all time,
All human fates and changes, all sublime,
All beauty, and all lowness of our kind,
Like thine own Ariel, has thence designed
Shapes of surpassing power, some white with rime
Of hoar-discrowned age, some passion blind,
Or gay with laughter tones, or dim with crime,
Yet, matchless all:—chief singer of all song!
Through the worn social platitudes that fill
So much of life with barrenness and wrong,
On to the fresh ideal—be our guide!
As Israel once was led by Horeb's side:
Pillar of gorgeous cloud! prevent us still.

And thou, oh, solemn Milton! that with eyes
Closed to all outward things, didst shape within
A world of dim and awful phantasies,
Beholding holiest things,—oh, still arise,
Star-like upon our vision; death and sin
Haunt us with dreadful feet; thick darkness lies
Around us everywhere; night airs begin;
Only above the stars are looking in,
Through the lone desert and the Sinai sands,
Beacon us on to that delicious shore
Where dwell our dear ones, that have gone before,
Whose voices were as music, whose loved hands
Too warm, almost, for death itself to chill,—
Pillar of fire! oh, lead us onward still.

EVA HUNTINGDON.

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER I.

> "The rose was yet upon her cheek,
> But mellowed with a tender streak;
> Where was the play of her soft lips fled?"
>
> BYRON.

"WHEN is this daughter of ours coming home?" inquired Lord Huntingdon of his wife, as the servants disappeared with the tea equipage, leaving him to the privilege of freely venting the ill-humour that sat conspicuously throned on his countenance.

"I am sure I cannot say. To-morrow, perhaps," was the careless reply of his companion, a tall, elegant woman, who retained all the arrogance, and much of the striking beauty of her youth.

"You cannot say! Then, I think, Lady Huntingdon, you should make it your duty to ascertain. I trust you do not expect me to be dancing attendance on her when she arrives."

"I expect no such thing from you, my lord. One proof of it is, that I have never mentioned Miss Huntingdon's name in your hearing, till your own curiosity or fretfulness had previously brought it on the *tapis*. I received a very correct, very brief epistle, from her some days ago, informing me that she hopes to be with us soon. Half a page is devoted to dutiful expressions and enquiries about yourself. Would you like to see it?"

"I! no, why should I?" and Lord Huntingdon elevated his shoulders. "What do I know of her, except that we resigned her entirely to the care of a widowed aunt, when she was a sickly, dying creature, some twelve months old, and that after having made up my mind never to be troubled with her again, I find her suddenly thrust upon me, just at a moment when my embarrassments and debts render every additional expense a fresh cause of anxiety. Of course, the young lady must be "brought out" without delay,—dresses, jewellery, must be purchased, and heaven knows what expense and annoyance incurred beside."

"All very true; but your lordship seems to forget that you are not the only one who has cause for complaint. Your share of the annoyances will be very slight. 'Tis on the mother,—who will have to polish, tutor, and watch over her, *chaperone* her everywhere, see to her dress, manners, and final establishment—that the heaviest burden will have to rest. Looking, however, on the bright side of things, I have already resigned myself to the infliction, the more easily too, that there are some softening shades in the picture, which have apparently escaped your notice. In the first place, Miss Huntingdon delicately intimates in her letter, that she will, of course with our permission, live a year at least in total retirement, (which, by the way, I intended she should do, whether she wished it or not.) A just tribute to the memory of the relative who has heretofore filled the place of mother towards her, and whose inopportune death, at so unfavorable a time, inflicts on me the anxiety of her charge."

"What! then she will not come out, as you call it, this winter!" exclaimed Lord Huntingdon, his look brightening. "Well! 'tis a relief; we will not be bored with her, at least this season, in London."

"Not so fast, my lord. In saying that Miss Huntingdon should not be produced this winter, I did not pledge myself that she should not accompany me to London. I must see the young girl first, study her character a little, before I am able to decide whether I will leave her six entire months to her own guidance. If I can with any degree of certainty do so, I most certainly shall, for I am no more solicitous than yourself to enter so soon on my parental duties. If not, she must come with us to town, living there in the strictest seclusion, neither seeing nor being seen. Our first duty, however, is to provide Miss Huntingdon with a governess."

"Hang Miss Huntingdon and her governess!" exclaimed the affectionate father, as he impatiently pushed back his chair and caught up a newspaper. "Let us change the subject, I am sick of it; was ever an unfortunate man so worried and persecuted by a pair of thankless children! I am scarcely clear of the difficulties I got into, in my efforts to pay off all the debts of that rascally son of ours, when a daughter, whose name, whose very existence, never cost me a second thought, must turn up to plunge me more inextricably than ever into an ocean of anxiety and trouble."

"As I have frequently told you before, Lord

Huntingdon, you are really too impatient," rejoined his wife, the calm impassability of her countenance never varying. "I told you that there were many softening shades, and yet you would not hear me. The first is, the positive certainty that she will be no trouble to us for some time yet,—the second, that she will be no expense whatever. Her aunt has left her, besides the gloomy old hall or castle in which they lived, a couple of thousands, which I shall make no scruple whatever of devoting to her own benefit at once. It will pay for her governess, maid, in short all her expenses; and will continue to do so till she is settled in life, which will not be long, for I intend to dispose of her to the first eligible offer that presents itself."

"*Bravo!*" exclaimed her companion, "I do not wonder at the philosophy you have just paraded, when you have such saving reflections to fall back on. I, too, am perfectly resigned now. I only trust fortune will favour us still farther, by freeing us from her entirely in town. Have you any idea of what she is like—of her age?"

"She is about sixteen. With regard to her personal appearance, I am as ignorant as yourself, having never beheld her since she was six years of age. Yes; it is exactly ten years ago, that, yielding to a mingled feeling of curiosity and affection, I undertook a journey into the remote fastnesses of Cumberland to see her. You know the result. The shocking roads, the inns, destitute not only of the luxuries to which I had ever been accustomed, but of the common comforts of life, prostrated me, the very hour of my arrival, on a sick bed. With the first dawn of convalescence, came the impatient, the all-engrossing wish to bid an immediate farewell to the bare empty corridors, the smoke-stained pannelling of Huntingdon Manor. Positively, it took months to efface from my recollection, the remembrance of all I had suffered, mentally, as well as physically, on that terrible journey. Oh! the inns that we stopped at, the roads that we jolted over,—the recollection of it makes me shudder even now; and then, the house itself,—the coarsely prepared food,—the thin common carpets, the vulgar ignorant physician, and the dull stupid hostess. I thought I never would get away from the place, and the very extent of my impatience, retarding my recovery, delayed me an additional week in it."

"But, you saw the little girl, did you not?"

"Yes; at least I remember a little hoyden, her hair hanging in curls all around her, who burst noisily into the room where I was lying, my head throbbing with pain, my heart aching, if possible, worse, and who, when I somewhat sharply reprimanded her for her ill-breeding, looked at me a moment in mingled astonishment and terror, and then ran from the room. On my mentioning shortly after to her amiable guardian, the annoyance the child had caused me, she coldly replied: 'That she would take especial care I should not be so troubled again.' The promise was not forgotten; and during the few remaining days of my imprisonment at the Manor, my solitude was never intruded on, save by my hostess. Notwithstanding, however, the shock that the child had at first given me, and the weakness, mental and bodily, that overwhelmed, prostrated me, rendering society, noise, exertion, unbearable, I would have perhaps wished to see her, but she had been sent out of the way to some friend's house, and that, under existing circumstances, was a sort of relief. The evening previous to my departure, she was brought to me at my request, to say farewell; and the awkward, embarrassed way in which she met, or rather shunned, my caresses, watching me all the while so suspiciously, so keenly, from beneath her long lashes, irritated me so much that I brought our interview to an immediate close, having previously, however, given her a handsome ruby ring from my finger, that seemed to have divided her attention with myself. After a repetition of all my previous sufferings, softened, however, by the thought that I was approaching the end of my troubles, I arrived at home, entirely and eternally cured of my access of maternal enthusiasm. I never saw her since, for Mrs. Huntingdon seemed as careless about sending the child to us, as we were about inviting her; and that is the end of my long story."

"And so, you have no idea of her character—her looks? Your journey was indeed a profitless one."

"Not entirely, for I have a dim recollection that she had large eyes, and long fair curls."

"Well," rejoined her companion, surveying himself with calm satisfaction in a mirror that hung opposite. "If she resembles either of her parents, she will be handsome. Few could compete with Lord and Lady Huntingdon in their palmy days, and still, though beginning the descent of life, we can cope with the crowd. I only hope that the girl, for her own sake, has my hair and eyes."

"But even if she has them, with my figure and features besides," rejoined the lady, "what will it avail her? An unpolished, untutored country girl, destined to shame us by her forward hoydenism, or disgrace us equally by her rustic *gaucherie*. The very thought of presenting such a being as my daughter—the daughter of Lady Huntingdon, who is universally acknowledged to be one of the most polished, the most elegant women in London,—makes me shudder."

"Well, we have at least six months' reprieve," rejoined her husband. "Even that is not to be despised; but what carriage is this stopping at the door? As I live, it's our new-found relation!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lady Huntingdon. "She cannot have arrived so soon."

"You are out in your calculation, Isabel, for 'tis the young lady herself; but as I have letters to write, I cannot be bored with speechifying and embracing to-night, so I am off;" and taking one of the wax-tapers, he made a hurried escape into his study.

"My nerves will not bear a scene either," murmured his wife, "so I also, will put off the interesting exhibition till to-morrow," and ringing for her maid, she ascended to her room, having previously left orders with one of the domestics, "that Miss Huntingdon's wants should be carefully attended to, and herself informed, that Lord and Lady Huntingdon would be happy to see her in the morning, a pleasure which the lateness of the hour compelled them to defer till then."

CHAPTER II.

MIDNIGHT had just struck, the household had all retired to rest, but as Eva Huntingdon still sat wakeful in her own apartment, anticipating her coming interview with her parents, we will introduce her at once to the reader. Lady Huntingdon, as we have already described, was a very tall, very striking looking woman, with regular though haughty features, and dark piercing eyes. Her daughter was the reverse in every point. Slight and delicate, with a profusion of auburn hair arranged in a multiplicity of curls and braids, deep blue eyes shaded by very long lashes, and a soft timid smile. The exquisite fairness of her ever varying complexion, and the peculiar delicacy of her features, imparted to her appearance an air of extreme, almost childish youth. She was dressed in deep mourning and the sad hue of her garments harmonized well with the melancholy expression that shadowed her own countenance. She was contrasting at the moment the indifference her parents had so recently displayed towards her, with the fond yearning affection that filled her own heart.

"They must defer the pleasure of seeing Miss Huntingdon till to-morrow," she exclaimed. "Ah! what a cold heartless message, dictated too, by a mother—she, to whose heart I had expected to be clasped with impatient affection the moment of my arrival." She sighed deeply, and then after a pause, murmured in a more cheerful tone. "Well, perhaps I wrong them, I have been often told that in the great world to which they belong, every thing is done by rule, by measurement; that those who live in it are little better than slaves to its opinions and customs. Perhaps it might have been very wrong, very unfashionable, to have received me last night. I will wait till to-morrow, and I feel convinced that the interview will satisfy my most ardent expectations, my mistrustful affection. How could it be otherwise? From infancy I have ever met with kindness and affection, not only from friends, but even from strangers; need I fear, then, coldness, or indifference from my own parents? Oh, no! I will not even admit such a thought."

The following morning, Eva arose at her usual matinal hour, and hastily attired herself, in expectation of an immediate summons to the presence of her parents. Her toilette, however, was completed, her morning devotions performed and still her solitude remained unbroken. Anxious to dispel the uneasy doubts that were again assailing her, she endeavoured to occupy herself with an examination of the rooms destined for her use, and which were furnished with a magnificence her young imagination had never even dreamed of. "Ah! how happy I would be here," she sighed, "if the beloved friend of my childhood were still spared to me. Such splendour within, such walks and gardens without! But who is this?"

Her door softly opened, and a young lady, dressed with great elegance, a delicate blonde cap shading, rather than covering, the glossy hair which fell in long drooping curls around her face, entered. Miss Huntingdon in her provincial simplicity was about to offer the elegant stranger a chair, but fortunately for her, the latter, before she had time to commit herself, inquired after a rapid, though profound courtesy:

"Would not Miss Huntidgdon prefer breakfasting in her own apartment, as Lord Huntingdon had gone out riding, and his lady was still in her dressing room?

Eva hastily replied in the affirmative, and turned away, but not in time to prevent the waiting woman remarking the expression of wounded feeling, of mortification, that over-spread her features. With a promptitude that under any other circumstances would have excited her admiration, an elegant breakfast was immediately served up, but even to taste the delicacies before her, was out of the question—the extent of her efforts being to restrain the tears that rose unbidden to her eyes. Thankful to be relieved from the impertinent scrutiny of the attendant, Eva, as soon as she found herself alone, flung herself on a couch, to give full vent to the emotion that had so long op-

pressed her, but a sudden recollection that lady Huntingdon might send for her, ere she could efface from her countenance the traces of her agitation, froze her tears in their source. Another long, heavy hour elapsed, and then the smart waiting maid reappeared to say: "that her mistress would be happy to see Miss Huntingdon, if the latter was ready."

Eva bowed assent, and with a beating heart followed the girl through the long suite of handsome rooms that led to Lady Huntingdon's apartments. Throwing open a door, the girl announced her name, and then left her; trembling with agitation, she advanced two or three steps into her mother's elegant boudoir, and then paused. Enveloped in a magnificent cachemere, Lady Huntingdon reclined on one couch, whilst her lord lay at full length on another, a morning journal in his hand. On Eva's entrance, he half rose, and turned a quick, scrutinizing glance upon her. His wife, without disarranging even a fold of her drapery, a single feature of her face, examined the new comer a moment in cold silence, and then, exclaimed:

"We are very happy to see you, Miss Huntingdon."

Bewildered, stunned with such a reception, a reception so different from all that her girlish dreams had pictured, her warm heart yearned for, Eva made no reply, but after another pause approached her mother, and silently raised to her lips the delicate hand her ladyship carelessly tendered her. Enjoying the comic solemnity, the frigid awkwardness of the scene, Lord Huntingdon had again fallen back on his couch, but with his face turned towards his companions, evidently looking upon the whole transaction as a very entertaining affair in which he had no share whatever.

"Perhaps you did not hear me, Miss Huntingdon, but I have just told you that we are very happy to see you."

The sharpness of the speaker's tones, the implied reproach her words conveyed, were more than poor Eva's already overflowing heart could bear, and burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears. Lord Huntingdon commenced whistling and turned towards the window, whilst his wife, after a moment's angry silence, sarcastically exclaimed:

"Will you have the goodness, Miss Huntingdon, to inform us of the cause of your sudden grief? If 'tis anything in the department of Lord Huntingdon or myself, please say so, and we will endeavour to remedy it at once. Anything to prevent that climax of vulgarity—a scene."

Her ladyship's icy sarcasms, however, did not answer the purpose she had intended, her daughter's tears but fell the faster.

"Upon my word, this is highly entertaining!" she exclaimed, drawing herself up with a look of angry displeasure. "If your feelings, Miss Huntingdon, are so exquisitely sensitive that they must have vent, permit me to request that you will, in future, confine the display of them to your own apartment?"

Still, she obtained no answer from poor Eva, but her low convulsive sobs. Prompted either by some passing gleam of good nature, or a desire to avert a lecture from his wife, which was equally disagreable, whether addressed to himself or to others, Lord Huntingdon exclaimed, as he resumed the journal he had previously thrown down:

"Did you hear, Isabel, that Lord Villiers has sold his splendid country villa to pay off his gambling debts?"

"I wish some debts and obligations could be paid off in any way. I know I would joyfully sacrifice three such villas for the purpose," was the petulant reply.

His Lordship smiled, for he understood well the obligation to which his wife alluded, and after a covert glance at the unconscious Eva, he continued:

"Mysterious allusions are also made to some illustrious lady, a near relative of his, having disposed of her diamonds for a similar necessity, contracted on her own account."

"Is it possible?" rejoined his listener with a sudden look of interest. "I have of late suspected as much, and I must pay particular attention to her ladyship's jewels the next time we meet."

Oh! Lady Huntingdon! this, from you, the most elegant and refined woman in London. What inconsistency! Her husband continued to keep her engaged in conversation some time longer, till Eva had at length succeeded in repressing her tears. The latter, however, overwhelmed with confusion at the remembrance of her own ill-timed display of feeling, her mother's merciless reproaches, sat motionless, her eyes still bent on the ground, her cheek burning with blushes. Suddenly her father, who had been examining her a moment in silence, exclaimed:

"Why, Isabel, I declare our little friend is very, very pretty, though she does not bear the slightest resemblance to either of us. What is your name, young lady?

"Eva," rejoined the girl, starting and colouring violently.

"Just the name I would fancy best suited to

you. Fair, slight, graceful—what do you think?" and he turned to his wife.

"I have no thoughts whatever on the subject. Resemblance between names and persons is too fanciful a theory for me. As to Miss Huntingdon's beauty, I disagree with you entirely. I never did nor never could see anything to admire in a slight, undignified figure, an insipid pink and white face. When Miss Huntingdon, however, will have acquired the happy art of unfastening her eyes from the carpet and commanding her complexion, so as to prevent its constant alternations, impressing spectators with the idea that she is in mortal terror or embarrassment, she will be passable enough."

"Your complexion, Isabella, is at least faultless in that respect," said her husband with a significant smile.

The angry flush that mounted to Lady Huntingdon's cheek, showing even through her rouge, told her quick apprehension of the somewhat sharp jest, and she involuntarily glanced at her daughter; but her fears were groundless. Had the sarcasm been twice as pointed, it would have been incomprehensible to her. Re-assured on that point, she turned to Lord Huntingdon and with an icy dignity which he well knew masked an internal tempest, replied:

"'Twere better for you, my lord, to spare your daughter such lessons a little longer. At least do not presume to deliver them any more in my presence."

Eva involuntarily glanced from one to another with a look of puzzled surprise, and her father with a short, dry laugh, rose and left the room. An awful pause now ensued, during which she actually trembled as she asked herself what next? Her doubts were soon solved by her companion, who after motioning her to a seat near her, exclaimed:

"I will now, Miss Huntingdon, ask you a few questions, a liberty which I trust will be authorized, in your opinion, by our mutual relationship. Of course you have some idea of music?"

"Pardon me, madam," was the faltering reply. —"We had no professors or teachers of it, in the remote village in which we lived."

"Perhaps you sing then?"

"A little, but I have never had the advantage of instruction."

"Then, that is equal to saying that you do not sing at all. I suppose 'tis needless now, to ask if you have any knowledge of French, drawing or dancing?"

"I regret to say, madam, I am equally ignorant on all these points," murmured Eva, whose voice had become fainter with each succeeding reply.

"You are really a most accomplished young lady, Miss Huntingdon," exclaimed her mother with a clouded brow. "One whom 'twill be quite a pleasure, a pride, to present to the world as my daughter. If you do not know music, dancing, French, what then do you know?"

The question was an embarrassing one, and poor Eva could make no answer beyond a convulsive quivering of her lips. Lady Huntingdon reading the ominous sign aright, hastily terminated her interrogatory, by exclaiming:

"Well, I will make it my duty to provide you with a governess immediately, who will remedy, at least in some measure, your total, your deplorable ignorance. Humiliating, painful as that ignorance is to me, as a mother, I will not upbraid you with it, for it may be that you are not to blame. I will be enabled to judge of that, however, by the course of your future conduct, by your indifference or anxiety to further your own improvement. I may as well tell you, at once, that you will have one entire year to devote uninterruptedly to your studies, at the end of which time you will probably be introduced to society. I had at first contemplated limiting the period of your seclusion to six months, but your deficiency in all the accomplishments necessary to your sex, as well as the extreme youthfulness of your appearance, compel me to double that time. Are you satisfied?

Of course, Eva replied "she was." If her mother had informed her of her intention of delaying her presentation ten years, instead of one, she would not have ventured to express anything but concurrence.

"Well, now, that we have settled those points," resumed her mother, "I will not detain you any longer. If you should require anything, Willis will attend you. Your own woman will be here this evening. Remember we dine at seven."

Eva, interpreting aright the cold bow which accompanied her last words, arose, and with a respectful inclination, left the room, from which she was virtually exiled till the dinner hour. To describe the bitterness of the thoughts that occupied her for hours afterwards, were impossible, but at length she rose, and with a more cheerful air, evidently the result of some secret resolution, took up a book from her table, and passed out into the grounds. Eva was young, naturally cheerful, and 'tis not surprising that in wandering through the splendid avenues, the labyrinths of massive verdure, that surrounded the mansion, she forgot her previous sorrow, and thought Huntingdon Hall a charming place. Time passed swiftly,

almost unnoted, by her, and a few moments after she had re-entered the house, one of the domestics announced to her "that dinner would shortly be served." All her former anxiety and uneasiness returned with double force. To be again exposed to the cruel scrutiny, and still crueller reproaches, of her haughty mother, the mocking curiosity of her father; the very idea was intolerable, and she felt she could have sacrificed all, every thing she possessed, to have escaped the trial, even for that day; such wishes, however, were fruitless, and with a countenance plainly betraying her internal discomposure, she descended to the drawing room. Her confusion on approaching the door, was redoubled, for on glancing through it, she saw a strange gentleman, somewhat resembling her father in stature and appearance, leaning against the mantel-piece, and conversing with Lady Huntingdon, whose features wore a smile of great sweetness, very different to the expression which had animated them during her morning interview with her daughter. The slight noise which the latter made on entering, instantly attracted the stranger's attention, and he turned quickly round. Surprise and curiosity were blended in the earnest glance he fixed upon her; but the instant Lady Huntingdon had exclaimed, "Mr. Arlingford, Miss Huntingdon," he recovered his self-command, and springing forward, presented Eva a chair. He then fell back into his former position, and taking advantage of the embarrassment which prompted her to studiously avert her glance, examined her at his leisure. Lady Huntingdon's glance, which had again turned on her daughter, suddenly darkened, and in a freezing tone, she exclaimed:

"Are you aware, Miss Huntingdon, that you have come down to dinner?"

Eva looked up, then looked down, and finally faltered:

"Yes."

"Why, then, do you make your appearance in such a toilette as that? You will oblige me by returning to your room at once, and making the necessary alterations. Let Willis attend you."

Eva bit her lip, but resolutely repressed all farther symptom of emotion, and instantly rose from her chair. Mr. Arlingford, however, good-naturedly interposed.

"Nay, dear Lady Huntingdon, permit me to intercede for the young lady. Be but merciful this time, and the offence will not be repeated."

Lady Huntingdon's brow was still contracted, but Mr. Arlingford so earnestly, yet so respectfully persisted, that she at length exclaimed:

"Well, though 'tis a very dangerous precedent, I consent, and I trust it may be the last time I shall be called on to reproach Miss Huntingdon with so unpardonable an oversight."

"Yes, but the offence is not so very great, as we are *en famille*. Your ladyship must remember that Miss Huntingdon and I are relatives."

"Were it not for that very relationship, slight, distant as it is, Miss Huntingdon would not have made her appearance in the drawing room to-night. I have already mentioned to you that I do not intend to introduce her to society for another year—perhaps two. She is a mere child yet."

"She is indeed," he inwardly thought, as his glance rested on Eva's slight figure, her timid, youthful face, suffused at the moment with painful blushes. "A child in heart, as well as years."

At this juncture, Lord Huntingdon entered, and passing his daughter without the slightest mark of notice, approached his wife, and was soon engaged in an animated dialogue with her and their guest. Shortly after dinner was announced, and thanks to the interesting conversation of Mr. Arlingford, who contrived to engross the entire attention of the hostess, Eva passed safely through an ordeal in which she would otherwise, most certainly have failed. Returned to the drawing-room, Lady Huntingdon resumed her former seat, whilst her daughter took up her position as far as possible from her, finding no other occupation, meanwhile, to divert her sad thoughts, than to wish herself far, far, away in the old well known saloon at Huntingdon Manor. She was re-called from an imaginary flight she had taken thither, by the entrance of the gentlemen. Mr. Arlingford was soon engaged again in lively conversation with his fair hostess, whilst Lord Huntingdon, after making the round of the room, two or three times, suddenly paused before his daughter.

"Do you play chess, Isabella?"

He had forgotten already that her name was Eva. With trembling recollection of what she had suffered already, from her mother's cross questioning, she replied in the negative. "Chequers then,—surely you know something of that. What! don't know chequers either? Well, give us at least an air on the harp or piano, which ever is your forte."

Again poor Eva had to acknowledge her ignorance, and her father, elevating his eyebrows, walked off, muttering to himself: 'I wonder then what you do play?' Her eyes sadly followed him, and as he turned to Lady Huntingdon with some laughing remark, she felt her mother was indeed a blessed being, so secure in her own superiority, so certain of the admiration and respect of all

around her. From Lord Huntingdon her glance involuntarily turned to his guest, who was standing near him, and there it long dwelt.

Mr. Arlingford (who was apparently about thirty-six years of age,) was not what could be called a strictly handsome man, but there was an air of aristocratic elegance, of careless grace about his manner, his erect symmetrical figure, that amply compensated for the absence of mere regularity of feature. The expression of his countenance, too, was benevolent and intellectual in the extreme, tempering the mockery of the quiet, though ironical smile that at all times played round his mouth. Eva was still engaged in her earnest study, when the object of it suddenly raised his eyes and detected her. To say that she was confused, embarrassed, would not express half of what she felt, and the nervous start with which she averted her glance, the deep scarlet that suddenly dyed her cheek and brow, made Arlingford smile in spite of himself. Unwilling, however, to add to her already overwhelming confusion, he instantly turned away his eyes. After some time, he carelessly approached her, and leaning his arm on a chair near, exclaimed in the kind but soothing tone in which he would have addressed a petted child:

"Have we offended you, Miss Huntingdon, or is it, that our conversation is so uninteresting or disagreeable to you, that you are forced to shun it?"

Eva involuntarily glanced at her parents, and that rapid fleeting look was filled with a meaning that she herself was totally unconscious of,—a meaning that fully replied to the question that had just been proposed to her.

"If it would not be an unfair question, may I ask if you prefer Huntingdon Hall to your former residence in Cumberland?"

"Oh! far from it!" vehemently rejoined Eva, surprised for the moment out of her habitual timidity and reserve. "I enjoyed there a happiness which I need never hope to know again."

"Nay, my dear Miss Huntingdon, that is real despondency, a language which at your age is equally unsuited and unpardonable. Were it I who spoke thus, I who have mingled in the busy strife of life, discovering each day some new deception, some new falsehood, acquiring the sad knowledge that years and experience alone can impart, I indeed might be pardoned for speaking as one to whom hope is dead."

"But you are not so very old, surely?" was the simple remark.

Mr. Arlingford smiled, not ironically, as was often his wont, but mirthfully and kindly, as he rejoined:

"Older perhaps in worldly wisdom than in years, and still more than double your age, for Lady Huntingdon has just told me you are sixteen Remember, though, this confession is made in strict confidence, for human nature approaching forty, is apt to become very mysterious, very brief on the subject of age."

Eva looked up, and as her glance rested for a moment on his stately figure, his rich dark hair and speaking eyes, she knew, notwithstanding her simplicity, that he spoke in jest.

"Do you look forward with great impatience to the termination of your year of probation?" he asked.

"Oh! no; on the contrary, I wish I had three instead of one to count on. I have so many things to learn."

Arlingford smiled: misinterpreting the cause, she earnestly exclaimed:

"Oh! indeed, I have music, dancing, French; all—of the very rudiments of which I am entirely ignorant."

Her companion's late smile fled, and he half sighed as the sudden reflection presented itself, that the knowledge the young girl spoke of, would probably be acquired at the expense of a possession far, far beyond it in value,—her childish innocence and humility; however, he rejoined:

"Well, Miss Huntingdon, with perseverance and good will, you will probably accomplish more in one year, than others less favorably disposed, would do in three."

Her face brightened, but it soon again grew thoughtful, and she murmured, half to herself:

"I fear not. Mamma is so discouraged, so dissatisfied with me," she said; "yesterday, she had no hopes whatever of my ever being able to make up for the terrible amount of time I have lost."

"Lady Huntingdon, it appears then, is not of a very hopeful temperament. Well, Miss Eva, encouragement is generally acknowledged to be almost as necessary as study itself to advancement in any pursuit, and as her ladyship's desponding character incapacitates her from bestowing it, allow me to take upon myself that pleasant office?"

Ere Eva could reply, Lady Huntingdon called away Mr. Arlingford, and he found no further opportunity of prosecuting his newly framed friendship that evening.

Three days afterwards, Eva was summoned at an unusually early hour to her mother's dressing room. On entering, she found her engaged in conversation with a strange lady, whose plain dark toilette and rather unfashionable air, proved she was not one of her ladyship's visitors. On her daughter's entrance, she briefly exclaimed:

"Mrs. Wentworth, Miss Huntingdon. Eva, this

lady is your governess, and I suppose 'tis unnecessary to tell you that she is entitled for the future to the same deference and submission that you would pay to myself?"

Mrs. Wentworth turned on her new pupil a pair of singularly bright, piercing eyes, and then rejoined, evidently satisfied with the examination:

"From the young lady's personal appearance, I would hardly expect her to prove either a troublesome or a refractory pupil."

"That will do, Miss Huntingdon," said her ladyship, with a slight motion of her head towards the door. Eva comprehended it, and instantly withdrew. Her mother then turned to Mrs. Wentworth, exclaiming:

"You have promised me, that in the space of one year, you can make Miss Huntingdon a tolerable linguist and musician. 'Tis undertaking a great deal; and, pardon me, but I must say I entertain some doubts of your ultimate success."

"Your ladyship need have none whatever. Since I have seen the young lady herself, I feel more convinced than ever that my task will not be an impossible one. The full authority with which you have invested me, combined with my own endeavours and the gentleness and intelligence which Miss Huntingdon's countenance reveals, will enable me to accomplish all I have promised."

"I trust so, Mrs. Wentworth, and your success will render me eternally your debtor." Mrs. Wentworth comprehended from the silence that followed this speech, and the look of weary listlessness that overspread her companion's features, that their interview was at an end, and she accordingly rose and betook herself to the rooms that had been prepared for her and which adjoined those of her future pupil.

CHAPTER III.

The next day Eva entered on her new duties, and it was evident from the written rules her preceptress silently placed in her hand, that she was resolved to fully redeem the pledge she had given to Lady Huntingdon. Embracing a strict routine, commencing at seven in the morning, terminating at a similar hour in the evening, no relaxation, no time for recreation allowed, save one short hour at noon, Eva, who, under a more judicious, more indulgent system, would have found her new occupations so many sources of pleasure, soon learned to look upon them with unqualified aversion. Mrs. Wentworth was not a tyrant in the common acceptation of the word, she derived no paltry pleasure from the mere exercise of her authority, the display of her power, but she was a woman of rigid unbending will, merciless in the execution of what she considered her duty, which latter, we regret to add, was generally subservient to her interests. We have seen the assurance she had so unhesitatingly given to Lady Huntingdon, and that assurance she was resolved to fulfil, though her pupil's spirits, health and happiness, should be sacrificed. But one short month had elapsed since she had entered Huntingdon Hall, and already the bright rose had begun to fade from Eva's cheek, the joyous smile from her countenance. One morning that the latter, tormented with a violent head-ache, entered more unwillingly than ever on the labours of the day, her teacher struck by her pale and suffering appearance, the prelude, perhaps, to two or three days' sickness and consequent inactivity, permitted her to take her books out with her into the gardens, under condition "that she should return in an hour and that the tasks should be forthcoming then." Grateful for even this reprieve, Eva murmured her thanks and hurried out into the fresh open air. With a childish wish to be out of sight of the windows of the study, the scene of all her troubles, she hurried on till she reached the foot of the long oak avenue and then turning off into a small alley, flung herself on a rustic bench near. There panting and breathless she looked eagerly around. The quivering sunbeams, the morning matins of the birds, appealed most powerfully to every predilection and feeling of her heart, and involuntarily she breathed a wish "that she could transform herself into a linnet, a butterfly or even a flower, anything rather than a reasonable, responsible girl of sixteen, with the awful task before her of making up in one year, for all the deficiencies and neglect that had marked the course of the last fifteen." For a moment she yielded to the cheerful influence of everything around her and with a joyous smile, she raised her head and shook back her bright curls, but the volumes on her lap suddenly caught her eye and recalled her to herself. Her face, now dull and clouded, as it had been joyous a moment before, she resumed the odious French Grammar, more unintelligible and hopeless than the written ravings of the Sybils, cast a despairing glance at the birds, at the trees, at the sky and then burst into tears. The barrier once passed, she no longer thought of controlling her emotion, of turning to her tasks, but continued to sob on with the passionate vehemence of childhood. Thoughts of the happy home she had left, that home where life had been to her one long summer day, and which her eyes were never to rest on again, thronged upon her. Again she stood in its well known halls, and wandered be-

neath the lofty spreading trees that surrounded it, joyous, happy in the love of all around her, careless and unthinking of the future, and as the picture grew fairer and brighter to her inward gaze, she passionately exclaimed:

"Oh! would, would, that I were again in Cumberland!"

"Nay, Miss Huntingdon, that wish is unkind to your friends, to us all," exclaimed a manly but gentle voice, beside her.

Terrified and ashamed, Eva sprang to her feet, but Mr. Arlingford, for it was he, gently detained her. "Dear Miss Eva, why would you shun me thus? Am I not your relative, your friend also, that is, if you will accord me the coveted title? Sit down again," and he gently drew her to her former seat. "Sit down, and tell me the cause of all this home-sickness, this grief? I may, perhaps, be of service to you."

"Oh! no, no," she rejoined with a passionate sob.

"You cannot help me. 'Tis that hopeless, that heart-breaking French."

An irrepressible smile flashed across Arlingford's features, but he instantly checked it, for disproportioned as the cause might have been to the greatness of her sorrow, its sincerity at least called for his sympathy. Seating himself beside her, he took up one of the volumes, kindly exclaiming:

"Well, permit me at least to try what I can do? My knowledge of French may assist us both."

"What! you know French then," and the girl turned to him with a joyous start. "And you will explain to me those dreadful rules, and help me with the verbs."

"Willingly, willingly: we will accomplish it all in a short time."

"How kind, how good you are, but we will commence at once, if you please, for Mrs. Wentworth has limited me to an hour, and I have foolishly spent half of it in crying."

Hastily brushing back her thick curls from her face, she opened the book and entered zealously on her task. Her companion, who was as familiar with the language as with his own, smoothed all the difficulties that had heretofore appeared insurmountable, explained every difficult passage, and these were of very frequent occurrence, and with his aid the tasks were soon completed.

"Thank you, thank you!" Eva exclaimed with a look of devoted gratitude that would have more than repaid a kindness of ten times the amount. "My heart feels as free and light as it used to do long ago. Oh! if I understood and spoke French as you do, I would think myself the happiest being in existence. Yet, no, I would have music and drawing to worry me still, and I cannot play in time, I cannot draw straight lines. My castles are all on the plan of the leaning tower of Pisa; my trees like mushrooms."

"Well, you are a beginner, Miss Huntingdon," was the smiling reply. "And, I will venture to prophesy, that in a year from this, if you but evince as much quickness in your other pursuits as you have done this morning at your French, you will be satisfied even with your own progress."

"Oh! that one year—that one year!" murmured Eva, slowly shaking her graceful head. "How I dread it."

"Then, you do not still wish for three, as you did the evening I first had the pleasure of meeting you."

"Oh! no, I have learned to think very differently since then."

"But, notwithstanding all your trials, Miss Eva, surely you would still prefer to suffer on, in order to obtain the noble recompence that will crown your efforts in the end. Say, would you not rather study and endure here, than grow up in Cumberland in happy——"

"Ignorance, you would say," calmly added Eva, filling up the momentary pause. "No," she emphatically exclaimed, after a moment's thought. "No, Mr. Arlingford, whatever you may think of me for acknowledging it, I would rather never know a note of music—never speak a word of French—never sketch a line, than undergo the slavery of learning them according to Mrs. Wentworth's system."

"Ah! 'tis your governess' method that you dislike, not study itself. What part of it do you object to?"

"I do not clearly understand myself. Indeed, till this morning I had no idea of any other. I thought the path of learning was at all times harsh and painful, but since you have assisted me so kindly to-day, explaining so patiently, points that I fancied I could never understand, simplifying, bringing everything down to the level of my understanding, I feel that with such a tutor, I could learn to love my studies as much as I now dislike them. Do not misunderstand what I have said regarding Mrs. Wentworth. She is kind, attentive, anxious, but her great mistake is, that she over estimates my capacity, and my natural gifts. Impressed with the idea that I am what is called "quick," she puts long unintelligible lessons into my hands with the conviction that I am able to accomplish them all, that a non-performance of

them is the result of indolence or indifference. To any remonstrances or prayers that I may venture on, she replies only by a firm 'Miss Huntingdon, it must be done.' What can I say? I sit there for hours, puzzling myself over them, till my poor head aches, and my very senses become stupified and bewildered. Indeed, I never would succeed in learning one half of my tasks, were it not that I study two or three hours at night. I am thus enabled to fulfill them in some sort of way."

"What, after studying all day? How cruel, how injudicious?" exclaimed Arlingford, warmly. "Certainly, I do not blame you now, for sighing for your early home; but, does Lady Huntingdon sanction this unreasonable, this misguided system."

"I [illegible]," rejoined Eva colouring. [illegible]

Eva's friend, to tell her that she was mistaken, to whisper, that for one who would admire the cold stateliness of lady Huntingdon, twenty would prefer her own blooming, girlish beauty, and he quietly rejoined:

"Yes, indeed, Eva, Lady Huntingdon is in every sense of the word, a magnificent woman; but you, too, have your attractions, and those attractions will be doubly, trebly, enchanced in value, when they are accompanied by the charms of a cultivated intellect, and the graceful accomplishments of your sex."

"Accomplishments, alas! that brings me back to my troubles, my music, my wearisome French."

"It appears, then, that the French language is the most [illegible] of [illegible]."

vious, Eva tremblingly seated herself at her desk, expecting a double allowance of French and severity, but to her infinite surprise, the tasks so far from being lengthened, were diminished by nearly half, and she herself dismissed an hour earlier than usual. Whilst losing herself in efforts to solve the mystery, wondering whether it could be the result of any interference on the part of her new friend and champion, Mr. Arlingford, she was thrown into a greater state of surprise, by a message from Lady Huntingdon, requiring her immediate presence in the sitting room. With the feelings of a criminal cited before her judge, (with such sentiments she ever appeared before her mother,) Eva obeyed the summons, but on entering the room she breathed more freely for Mr. Arlingford was also there, engaged in conversation with her mother. He welcomed her with the warm friendly cordiality, which Lady Huntingdon's chilling stateliness towards her daughter never influenced in any degree, and her ladyship exclaimed:

"Mr. Arlingford has been kind enough to promise me that he will occasionally, when disengaged, read an hour with you in some of the French authors. Though you cannot sufficiently appreciate yet the honour he does you, nor the advantages you will enjoy of acquiring the pure accent, and elegant style of one so perfectly conversant with French as Mr. Arlingford is, I trust you will at least display your gratitude by undivided application."

"Oh! of course, dear Lady Huntingdon; but I must first earn Miss Huntingdon's gratitude, before she can be reasonably called on to bestow it," he exclaimed, somewhat impatiently. "Here, Miss Eva," and he turned to her, evidently anxious to put a stop to Lady Huntingdon's farther eloquence. "This is the book. We will commence, now, if you are ready." The work he had selected was a very clever essay on the French language in the form of a dialogue, and ceding to his young companion's evident wish that he should read first, he commenced. The rich, manly tones of his voice, the purity, the elegance of his accent, entranced his listeners, and Eva was so absorbed in the pleasure it afforded her, that it was only when he presented her the volume she remembered the part that she herself had to play. More ashamed than ever of her own deficiency, farther embarrassed by her mother's presence, she read even worse than usual. In vain Arlingford prompted, whispered, encouraged, she became more and more bewildered, till at length, Lady Huntingdon, who had been indulging for some time, *sotto voce*, in such exclamations, as "shocking! barbarous!" started from her seat, and exclaiming: "Excuse me, Mr. Arlingford, but I really cannot stand the infliction of Miss Huntingdon's French," swept from the room.

"There, Mr. Arlingford," exclaimed Eva, turning to him with tears in her eyes. "Did I not tell you, that my efforts, my struggles, were of no avail? See, even mamma, who is so solicitous about my progress, cannot disguise her discouragement, her disappointment. Mrs. Wentworth appears almost as hopeless—you are the only one that can even listen to me with patience, and I know, of course, that you, too, will soon weary of me."

"That fear is entirely groundless, dear Eva," was the feeling reply. "Such sweetness and gentleness as you evince, even if unaccompanied by your natural talent, would render the task of assisting you pleasurable instead of wearisome; but we are just as well alone; we will succeed far better when freed from the restraint of a third party." Arlingford was right, and Eva, regaining her confidence, soon found things advance as smoothly as they had done the day previous. With some smiling remark about "fearing to over-task her," he at length closed the book, exclaiming: "And now, tell me, dear Miss Huntingdon, how did you and Mrs. Wentworth get on today?"

"Much better than usual. She shortened my tasks considerably and dismissed me a whole hour earlier. I have been seeking ever since to divine the reason. Ah! you are smiling! 'Tis to you, then, dear kind Mr. Arlingford, that I owe this new favour. How can I ever repay you for all your goodness?"

"'Tis a debt already nobly repaid by your generous acknowledgment of it, but if I might request a boon in return, I would solicit a promise from you, that you will study no more after night. 'Twill work you more injury than good."

"I will willingly give it, if I can continue to satisfy Mrs. Wentworth as before, which I fear will almost be impossible."

"Impossible or not, my little Eva, it must be done. Your sight, your health, are of more importance than your French fables. Promise me then, that you will comply with my wishes at least for one month?"

"Well, if I do consent, how will I pass my evenings? They appear so very long, and will feel so very lonesome."

"Yet, it must be endured, Eva; I confess, Mrs. Wentworth cannot be a very entertaining companion for one of your age, but her conversation will certainly be of service to you."

"True, but Mrs. Wentworth and I seldom or never spend our evenings together. After seven, she retires to her own room, where her supper is served, I take mine usually in my own apartment, and I never see her till the ensuing day."

"Well, if you have not her, Eva, you have your parents, and could you not spend a happy hour in their society."

"I might, perhaps, were I permitted to be with them, but, papa, I rather think, finds me in the way, whilst mamma prefers that I should be always with Mrs. Wentworth. When I have done with the latter, I will be more suited to be a companion to mamma."

"God forbid you ever would!", inwardly murmured Arlingford to himself, as he endeavoured to smooth his brow, which had ominously darkened during Eva's last speech. "It would be at the sacrifice of everything that is good and noble in your nature."

His companion broke the pause which followed by exclaiming:

"When may I hope for another lesson from you?"

"To-morrow; I will be here about this hour, and if you bring your other books, I will assist you in preparing the lesson of the following day for Mrs. Wentworth. It will totally obviate the necessity of your studying at night. I regret to say, though, that I must then bid you farewell, for a fortnight at least, for I must leave for Arlingford Castle. I have received two or three pressing letters regarding some affairs which can only be settled by myself in person."

"And are you glad to go?"

"Far from it. The roads are rugged and unpleasant, the journey dull and tiresome."

"Then, I see, I am not the only one in this world who has troubles," said Eva, thoughtfully.

Charmed, as well as amused, by the serious expression that suddenly shadowed her sweet childish features, Arlingford smilingly rejoined:

"Yes, indeed, dear Miss Eva, and believe me, that notwithstanding the difficulties of French verbs and participles, the cares of an estate are still weightier. I will now, however, leave you. We will meet again to-morrow, and then, say farewell for a fortnight."

Eva frankly, freely, placed her hand in his, and then quickly turned away, congratulating herself that he had not seen the childish tears that, despite her efforts, rose to her eyes, but she rejoiced without reason, for Arlingford's quick glance had already detected them, and they but redoubled his compassion and sympathy for the gentle neglected creature, whose lot had been cast among beings of so inferior, so different a mould.

(To be continued.)

THE HUNTER TO HIS DYING STEED.

BY R. E. M.

> "Wo worth the chase, wo worth the day,
> That cost thy life, my gallant grey." SCOTT.

The hunter stood by his dying steed
  With deep, dejected mien,
And sadly stroked its glossy neck,
  As fine as silken sheen.
Thou'rt dying, aye! my faithful one,
  Alas! 'tis easy known,
Or, thy neck would arch beneath my touch,
  And brighten at my tone;
Ah! turn not then thy restless eyes
  Upon my saddened brow,
Nor look with such imploring glance—
  I cannot help thee now.
No more we'll bound o'er dew-gemm'd sward,
  At break of summer morn,
Or wind through dells and forests green,
  To the hunter's merry horn.
No more we'll brave the rapid stream,
  Or battle with the tide,
Nor cross the slippery mountain path,
  Its ravines wild and wide.
Oh! we have travelled many miles,
  And dangers have we braved,
And more than once thy matchless speed
  Thy master's life hath saved;
And many a night we've passed beneath
  The clear and starry sky,
The forest green our only couch,
  None near, save thou and I.
And pillowed on thy glossy neck,
  How sweet has been my rest,
By thee so truly loved and watch'd,
  So lovingly caressed.
How often, too, I've shared with thee
  The hunter's scanty fare,
For, to see thee suffer want or pain,
  My heart could never bear.
And, now, thou liest in agony,
  As if thy heart would burst,
And I! what can I do for thee,
  Save slake thy burning thirst?
That parting sob, that failing glance—
  The pains of death are past—
Thy glazing eyes still turned on me,
  Aye! loving to the last.
Well may my tears o'er thy cold form,
  My steed, flow fast and free,
For, oh! I have had many friends,
  Yet none as true as thee.

PEACE.

BY J. P.

The progress of civilization is the progress of reason. A nation is not civilized by its amount of wealth, its extent of territory, or its superiority of power, but by the expansion of the reasoning faculties of its people, and their subordination to its laws. It is this which marks the superiority of the United States over Mexico, of Great Britain over Russia. The progress of reason is co-existent with the progress of peace. Nations the most barbarous, are the most warlike; those most peaceful, are the most civilized. A taste for physical force increases, as the reasoning faculties decrease; as a people are mentally debased, are they physically cruel. War is the chief characteristic of physical force, and a pretty correct standard by which civilization may be measured. And as civilization progresses, as the human family improve, as they advance to that perfection to which their construction gives assurance, so will they perceive its futility for good, so will they perceive its long catalogue of evils, so will they strive to banish it from every portion of the globe. The young soldier, ardent to display his prowess on the battle field; the aged one, who glories in reciting the number he has hurled into eternity; the lover of the old school, who delights to listen to deeds of slaughter; the would-be-*militaire*, who glories in a pair of newly raised moustaches; all these, perhaps more, will sneer at the prediction, and pronounce it visionary and impracticable; but that period will come nevertheless; it *must* come; the Bible has said, it *shall* come! when

> "No more shall nation against nation rise,
> Nor ardent warrior meet with hateful eyes,
> Nor fields with gleamy steel be covered o'er,
> And brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
> But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
> And the proud falchion in a ploughshare end."

It is now about two centuries since William Penn presented the olive branch to nations as a substitute for the sword, when he held that war may be advantageously substituted by arbitration. This good seed fell apparently upon a stony soil; this ray of light shone for many ages only in the bosom of the Society of Friends. Seemingly, it was forgotten by all else; but, imbued with that imperishable element—truth, and sanctioned by that unconquerable element—reason, it has overcome all obstacles, and has now burst forth in a splendour which will eventually illumine the world. It is not more than twenty years ago, that these views of Penn's began seriously to occupy public attention, but since that period they have increased their influence most rapidly. Fifty essays have been published, and a very large number of public meetings have been held on the Peace Question in the United States, and several petitions have been presented to Congress. In Great Britain, one hundred and fifty meetings have taken place, and one thousand petitions have been presented to the Imperial Parliament, in favor of inter-national arbitration. During the last session, says Mr. Burritt, more persons signed petitions for Universal Peace, "than for all the other necessities of that nation put together," and on the 12th of June, Mr. Cobden brought the question before the House of Commons, when, after an animated but respectful discussion of six hours, it received the support of *eighty-one members*, who represented some of the most influential constituencies of Great Britain. When it is remembered how much fewer were the number of votes which many great reforms, now secured, obtained upon their introduction into that assemby, the Friends of Peace ought to consider their first effort there, as a triumph. In 1843, a Peace Congress was held in London, and attended by twenty-five delegates from the United States, and several from France and other continental countries. In 1848, a second was held in Belgium, consisting of one hundred and fifty delegates from England and the States, and about an equal number from Belgium and elsewhere. Last August, a third was held at Paris, and attended with far more cheering circumstances than its predecessors. No less than five hundred English delegates were present, who, together with forty from America, and many from France, Italy, Germany and other places, amounted to nearly one thousand! Assembled together in the *Salle de Ste. Cécille*, they presented a noble appearance, one which the nineteenth century may be proud of. There were black men and white, protestants and catholics, French and English, Americans and Belgians, Germans and Spaniards,—men different in lan-

guage and in creed, but united in an earnest desire to bind the whole human family in peace and love.

In Canada little has been done for the furtherance of this good cause, beyond the exertions of the Revds. Messrs. Cordner and MacLeod, and a few others, of Montreal. In June last, our first public Peace Meeting was held, when the Rev. John Cordner, and F. Frothingham, Esquire, were elected Delegates to the Congress at Paris. It is to be hoped that this beginning is to be the precursor of many similar efforts.

We now propose to offer a few observations upon the merits of this question, and in doing so, it will be scarcely necessary to state, that when we assert the total illegality of war, we allude to wars of aggression.*

I. We will first view this question on the ground of Christianity. Is its practice with the Divine precepts of our Saviour? We answer, No. Christianity commands us to "return good for evil," to "follow *peace* with *all* men," and expressly says, "Thou shalt *not kill*." The most sublime feature in the life of Christ, is his abhorrence of physical force. His career upon earth is a denial of the lawfulness of war. He was ushered into the world with the song of "*Peace* on earth and good will among all men." He left it, saying,—"All they that take the sword, shall perish by the sword." Does such language countenance war? Unless we can prove that war saves, and not destroys—that it is humane and bloodless, and not life-taking and cruel—that the scenes of devastation, of lust and intemperance, with which it has been associated, are false and fabulous; unless these things can be proven, no unprejudiced person can deny that it is diametrically opposed to Christianity. Such was the belief of the early Christians; and, as believers of that religion which we also profess, they refused to serve as soldiers, and solemnly denounced war.

"I am a Christian," said Maximilian, "and therefore I cannot fight." Such was likewise the reply of Martin to Julian the Apostate. "The *Devil* is the author of all *war*," observed Justin, the Martyr. "Can a soldier's life be lawful," wrote Tertullian, "when Christ has pronounced, that he who lives by the sword, shall perish by the sword?" And similar were the opinions of Cyprian, Chrysostome, Jerome, and Cyril, the most eminent of the Christian Fathers. While there are Apostles of the Christian Church in the present day, who so far degrade their calling, as not only to countenance, but to uphold war, there are others, eminent alike for their piety and ability, who boldly denounce it as unchristian and unlawful. Jeremy Taylor said: "If men be subjects of Christ's Law, they can never go to war with each other." Bishop Watson exclaimed:—"Would to God that the spirit of the Christian religion would exert its influence over the hearts of individuals in their public capacity, as much as we trust it does over their conduct in private life. Then there would be no more war." And, wrote Angell James:—"A hatred of war is an essential feature of Christianity, and it is a shame upon what is called the Christian word, that it has not long since borne universal and indignant testimony against that enormous evil which still rages, not merely among Savages, but among Scholars, Philosophers, Christians, and Divines."

"I think," wrote the present Archbishop of Paris, "that war is a remnant of ancient barbarism, that it is accordant with the spirit of christianity to desire the disappearance of this formidable scourge from the face of the earth, and to make strenuous efforts to attain this noble and generous end."* Similar testimonies might be adduced from such men as Robert Hall, of Cecil and Dr. Chalmers, &c.,; but those we have cited are quite sufficient to show the existence of something more than ambiguous grounds, when we assert the opposition of christianity to the exercise of physical warfare. Nevertheless we find every day, those who profess to preach its doctrines, acting in direct opposition. We find preachers of that Gospel participating in the mummeries and applauding the atrocities of military life. When a regiment is presented with a piece of silk attached to a pole, some reverend archdeacon will appear and *consecrate* it, and pray that it may be carried successfully in battle, while holding in his hand that Book, whose motto is "peace and good will among men." News arrives that English soldiers have filled an Indian river with dead Sikhs, "in which no compassion was felt nor mercy shewn,"† or that nine thousand Chinese had been shot in the streets of Ningpo;—and the Archbishop of Canterbury draws up a prayer, to be read "in all the Christian churches," attributing these "successes" to *Almighty God*, and returning thanks. Were such prayers addressed to *another* eminent personage, we think it would be far more appropriate.

*Since this paper was written, another Peace Meeting has been held. It took place in the St. Maurice Street chapel; it was addressed by several clergymen, Mr. Cordner delivered his Report, and the meeting was respectably and numerously attended. At its close, a Peace Society was formed, and office bearers elected. We ardently wish these gentlemen success; they have undertaken a good cause, and it must sooner or later be successful.

*Such was the description in a newspaper.

†See "Book of Peace."

II. We will now investigate the Question in a moral point of view. If we have proved it—as we hope we have—unchristian, we have at the same time proved it to be immoral. To stab, and sabre, and shoot beings, whom we had never perhaps before seen, and who had never done us wrong, necessarily requires the annihilation of all moral restraint. What a monster is man without that check; the lowest brute is civilized in comparison; the fiercest savage never acted worse than did professing Christian soldiers, in a Christian country, in the nineteenth century. The annals of the Peninsular Compaigns alone, might furnish deeds of immorality unequalled in the darkest periods of civilization. Look at the scenes of brutal intemperance, and cruelty, of murder, and of violation, which followed the capture of St. Sebastian, of Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo, which followed the English march to Corunna, and the French throughout the Peninsula, and they will seem as incredible as they are atrocious. They will show that war is as much a subversion of human morals, as it is a strife against human life. Well might one of its most boasted ornaments call it "a damnable trade." * Even Napoleon said, "it was the business of barbarians."

On this point we may be met by the assertion, that men, like Colonel Gardiner, of well known piety and morality, have been, and still are found among soldiers. Undoubtebly so—diamonds have been found in dung-heaps, but they did not create them, nor would any one think of looking there for them. Pious men may be found in armies, by uncontrollable circumstances; but no one would say their occupation was the cause of their piety, or that the army was a very likely place to find pious men. War is an unfit occupation for any man, much less for them. "Men," said the Duke of Wellington, "who have nice notions about religion, have no business to be soldiers."

III. The immorality of war will be further considered on the ground of humanity. From the first blast of its trumpet, to the sound of the last shot, humanity ceases to exist. It has a few isolated cases, where disinterested humanity is displayed, but as a whole, the picture is an unmitigated scene of cruelty. War is no sooner declared than its blood-hounds are sent to scour the country for men, leaving in their track, woe and suffering and desolation. They enter the widow's door, and snatch away her darling son, her only earthly support, her comfort and her pride, and they drive him to some foreign land, to mix in human bloodshed, or to be shot down like a dog, or perish from exposure and starvation. They enter the poor man's dwelling, and not his personal entreaties, nor the prayers of his wife, nor the cries of his little ones, can melt their hearts, or produce compassion; he is dragged away, the battle field requires him, the bloody gulph of war awaits to receive him a mangled corpse. Melancholy as are such scenes, they are trivial, compared to those which take place in the country of the invaded; and in endeavouring to describe them, we shall principally confine ourselves to quotations from military annals, written by military men. We will concede another advantage to the question. Instead of selecting from the history of past ages, when man is supposed to have been more ferocious in his warfares than in the present day, we will confine ourselves to a few of the campaigns of this century, and will, doubtless, find there sufficient to disgust, nay, to horrify, every man or woman possessing a spark of humanity.

The first is Napier's description of the scene which followed the capture of Oporto, by the French under Soult, in 1809:—

"Every street and house then rung with the noise of the combatants, and the shrieks of distress, for the French soldiers, exasperated by long hardships, and prone, like all soldiers, to ferocity and violence during an assault, became frantic with fury, when in one of the principal squares, they found several of their comrades who had been made prisoners, *fastened upright and* LIVING, but with *their eyes burst, their tongues torn out*, and their *other members mutilated and gashed;* those that beheld the sight, spared none in their way.

* * * * * * *

The frightful scene of rapine, pillage and murder, closed not for MANY HOURS, and what with those who fell in battle, those who were drowned, and those sacrificed to revenge, it is said that *ten thousand Portuguese died in one day!*"*

And the following is the same author's concluding description of the storming of San Sebastian by the English in 1813:—"This storm seemed to be the signal of hell for the perpetration of villainy, which would have shamed the most ferocious barbarians of antiquity. At Ciudad Rodrigo, intoxication and plunder had been the principal object; at Badajos, lust and murder were joined to rapine and drunkenness; but at San Sebastian, the direst, the most revolting cruelty, was added to the catalogue of crimes. *One atrocity, of which a girl of seventeen was the victim, staggers the mind by its enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity!*"†

* Sir H. Smith, at a public dinner in London, in May 1847.

* London Edition, 2nd vol. p. 200.

† VI vol., p. 205.

Had our space permitted, we should have given Napier's description of the capture of Badajos entire; we must, however, content ourselves with the following short extract, describing the scene presented after the battle. "*Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations*, the hissing of fire bursting from houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for *two days and nights*, in the streets of Badajos!" It is said that when the Duke of Wellington was made aware of the dreadful havoc occasioned in this engagement, "the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief, for the loss of his gallant soldiers."*

In the "Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns," we find the following account of the conduct of the French after the capture of Tarragona in Spain, in 1811:—"Within and without the town, the slaughter continued with unabated ferocity. The claims of age or sex were disregarded. Those who sought refuge in the churches were massacred even at the altar. *Beauty, innocence and helplessness did not save life, though they ensured violation. More than six thousand unresisting persons were butchered.*"

On the 4th July, 1808, the same author says, the French entered the Portuguese city of Leira, and here is a description of the scene which took place:—"The troops of Margaron entered on all sides, and the *unresisting inhabitants* were indiscriminately massacred. *Mercy was implored in vain. The savage and unnatural fury of the victors spared not even women and babes,—all* were butchered."

We here present Labaume's description of the field of Borodino, on the day after that dreadful battle between the French and the Russians, in which the former lost 50,000, and the latter 32,000 men:—"The next day we returned at an early hour to the field of battle. * * * * In the space of a square league, almost *every spot* was *covered* with the *killed* and *wounded*. On many places the bursting of the shells had promiscuously heaped together men and horses. The fire of our howitzers had been so destructive, that *mountains of dead* were scattered over the plain; and the few places that were not encumbered with slain, were covered with broken lances, muskets, helmets, and cuirasses, or with *grape shot and bullets as numerous as hailstones after a violent storm*. But the most horrid spectacle was the interior of the ravines; almost all the wounded who were able to drag themselves along, had taken refuge there to avoid the shot. *These miserable wretches, heaped one upon another, and almost suffocated with blood, uttering the most dreadful groans, and* INVOKING DEATH WITH PIERCING CRIES, EAGERLY BESOUGHT US TO PUT AN END TO THEIR TORMENTS. We had no means to relieve them, and could only deplore the calamities inseparable from a war so atrocious.*

But the havoc resulting from war is not confined to the field of battle. In its advances and retreats, one army destroys nearly as many lives, and far more property, than during its engagements with another. It is then that the fruits of the field, of the garden, and the vineyard, are trampled upon and destroyed; it is then that rural villages, picturesque towns and rich cities, are pillaged and burnt; and it is chiefly then, that the worst forms of murder, and many other diabolical atrocities, are perpetrated. It is also during such periods that the soldier suffers the greater portion of his hardships. These assertions we will corroborate by another reference to military authorities:

"The track," says Capt. Hamilton, "of the French army, to the frontier, was marked by desolation. The town of Legria, with the Bishop's Palace, was burned. The Convent of Alcobaça, one of the most ancient and magnificent structures in the kingdom, shared a similar fate. Batalha, a religious edifice of equal beauty and antiquity, was likewise destroyed. In the hearts of these degraded barbarians, all human sympathies seemed to have been dried up. The claims of age or sex afforded no protection from their murderous outrage. The bodies of murdered Portuguese were seen lying unburied by the road, many of them,—especially those of priests,—mutilated in a manner disgusting to humanity." † * * * * * * *

The following is the same author's description of the march of the English army to Lugo, under Sir John Moore, in 1809:—"The *road was bestrewed* by the *bodies of men dead and dying.* But the *agonies* of *women* were still *more dreadful* to behold. Of these, by some strange neglect, or by some mistaken sentiment of humanity, an unusually large proportion had been suffered to accompany the army. Some of these unhappy creatures were *taken in labour on the road*, and *amid storms of sleet and snow, gave birth to infants, who, with their mothers, perished as soon as they had seen the light. Others*, in the unconquerable energy of maternal love, would *toil on with one or two children on their backs;* till, on looking round, they perceived that the hapless objects of their attach-

*IV vol., p. 431.

* 5th London edition, p. 150.

†Annals Pen. Camp. iii. 54.

ment were *frozen to death*. But more frightful even than this, was the depth of *moral degradation* to which these wretched followers of the camp were frequently reduced. Nothing could be more appalling to the heart than to *hear the dreadful curses and imprecations which burst from the livid lips of intoxicated and despairing women, as they laid them down to die!* "I am aware," says lord Londonderry, himself a very distinguished actor in the terrible scene, "that the horrors of this retreat have been again and again described in terms calculated to freeze the blood of such as read them; but I have no hesitation in saying, that the most harrowing accounts which have yet been laid before the public, fall short of the reality."*

Let us now take a short glance at the hardships undergone by the French during their retreat from Moscow, as described by an eye witness, and which will also give an idea of the sufferings undergone by the invaders and the invaded in other parts of Russia. "No grenade or grape could have so disfigured these victims of the cold. *One* of them *had lost the upper joints of all his ten fingers;* and he showed us the stumps. *Another wanted both ears and nose.* More horrible still was the look of *a third whose eyes had been frozen; the eye lids hung down rotting, the globes of the eyes were burst, and protruded from their sockets.* Out of the straw in the car which brought them, I now beheld *a figure creep painfully, which one would scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and distorted were the features. The lips were rotted away, the teeth stood exposed; he pulled the cloth from before his mouth, and grinned on us like death's head.*"†

Space forbids us extracting more; but the annals of fifteen years of the nineteenth century of the Christian religion would fill a volume with such *christian-like* scenes! Truly, a sad commentary on our age, a dark cloud which dims all our praiseworthy achievements, a stain which may well create doubt whether we are more civilized than barbarians, or more humane than savages. Our extracts present not isolated cases, they are the natural fruits of the tree, the natural consequence of war. And ought not then humanity to call for the abolition of a practice attended with such awful consequences?

IV. We shall now turn to the expenses attendant upon war, and its influence upon national prosperity. Armies are costly appendages. The gold lace and the glaring colours, the banners and the feathers, the music and the variegated trappings of the soldier, are undoubtedly pretty to look at, but we much doubt if the sight compensates for the cost. The British army and navy entail an expense of about sixteen millions per annum,—the greater portion of this is drawn from the pockets of her working classes, and we are sure that that sum would do far more good, if returned to her over worked labourers, and her ill paid mechanics. During the past two centuries, her rulers have also incurred a debt of eight hundred millions, sterling, an amount almost inconceivable, and which has been principally devoted to purposes of war. This is the great cause of taxation, of suffering, and destitution; it is this which operates like a drought on a country, drying up its springs of vitality, and withering the energies of its people. It is not the expenses of civil government, but the expenses of military establishments, which create four-fifths of the taxes of Great Britain. It is to support them, that nearly all the food which enters the mouth of the British labourer is taxed; the clothing which covers his body, the furniture which ornaments his home, the paths on which he treads, and even the light of heaven which enters his cottage. Again, in time of war, when murder is thought to be no crime, to steal is very naturally considered to be no robbery. In fact, to plunder an enemy is held to be as honorable as it is profitable. As soon as war is declared between two powers, they immediately despatch vessels, whose especial duty is to pillage each other on sea, as their soldiers do upon land. England and France we will suppose at war: French ships meet with a large body of British vessels, laden with merchandize, they are immediately captured; and English ships return the compliment, by seizing every cargo of French goods which may cross their path. And this system of brigandage continues with the war, adding to the other trains of evils,—innumerable bankruptcies,—almost total prostration of trade.

The annual military expenditure of Great Britain is sufficient to educate every uneducated person in that country. The many millions which have been squandered in war by European nations from 1803 to 1815, is said to be sufficient to build railroads throughout their respective territories, and to erect churches and school houses in all their towns and cities; and the interest they annually pay on their war debts, and the sums they annually expend on war establishments, would amply relieve the destitution of their poor, and scatter far and wide the blessings of education and religion. How much wiser if such a course were followed. For the suspension of standing armies would render them unnecessary; a nation supports one as a protection against those of others; if none existed, none would be required. And how much more humane. For then we should be elevating and improving, not

* Book of Peace, p. 167.

†Annals Pen. Camp. ii. vol., p. 175

debasing and deteriorating. Such a change would give a greater abundance of labour, and would thus remove one great cause of revolutions, and other evils to which physical force is applied. It would produce in twenty years, such a change for the better, as the world has never yet seen. It may be held that this is desirable, but not practicable. Such is ever the language of the secret foe to reform. Everything that is good is right, and whatever is right is practicable.

V. War, like all objects founded on injustice, is supported by fraud. Her leaders, conscious of her hideous features, strive to beautify them by the assistance of gold lace, and glaring colours, of waving plumes, and bands of music. It is thus she dazzles and deceives them. The profession is even declared a *noble one!* and its havoc is called *glory*. If war is a noble profession, then, Courvoisier and Rush were improperly dealt with. We do not, nor cannot see the justice of presenting the destroyer of *thousands* with a monument, and condemning the murderer of *one*, to the gallows. Napoleon unnecessarily shed six millions of lives, and his fame is heard in every quarter of the globe. Tawell murders a woman, and he perishes amid ignominy and comparative obscurity. If the soldier's profession is noble, then the hangman, still more than the murderer, is a badly abused member of society. His duties are frequently "few and far between;" his subjects have all been found guilty of crime; his acts receive the solemn sanction of the law; yet, nevertheless, he is avoided, and looked upon with dislike, while the most distant nod from a pair of epaulettes, is esteemed an honor of no mean distinction. From whence arises this strange inconsistency? Is it because you really consider it entitled to so much admiration? And are you acquainted with its real character and history? Look at the few short extracts we have copied. There we find that thousands were unresistingly butchered. Priests hung up along the roads, dreadfully mutilated; innocent babes stabbed at the breast; wives violated in the eyes of their husbands, and daughters in the presence of their parents; acts of lust and plunder, of brutal intemperance and ferocity, which in the words of Napier, "stagger the mind by its enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity." Such scenes follow nearly all the steps of war; they are its natural consequences, and are they to be called *noble?* If so, then virtue is a crime, morality is vice, and christianity a lie!

To be shot down with thousands of others, on some distant field, is, by another extraordinary perversion of language—called, *Glory!* Napier, in describing the dreadful havoc at Badajos, says, "there were many died, and there was much *glory*." Napoleon, after riding through the memorable field of Malo Jaroslavitz, and had coolly surveyed the piles of dead and wounded, called it "*a glorious day!*" He may have thought so, but we are sure the poor wretches who were then suffering agonies of pain—the widows and orphans of those who were lying dead on the field, felt it was anything but a glorious day. We have always understood "glory" to signify, something which affords pleasure, but we cannot possibly discover what pleasure there can be, in having a bullet lodged in one's head, or a bayonet thrust through the body. Such is, however, the definition of mili y glory, and when understood, there are few, we hope, who would like to purchase it at the awful price demanded.

VI. In conclusion we will offer a remark upon the superiority of moral force—in other words, settling national disputes by arbitration. In times past, if two individuals had a cause of dispute, it was decided by combat, and this system of litigation was by no means uncommon. Civilization has since abolished this custom, and we are sure no one would desire its re-introduction. There was, also, a period when counties and districts would settle their differences in a similar manner; but we at the present day, would shudder at the thought of the Devonians taking up arms against the Cockneys, because of some pecuniary dispute, or of the Montrealers waging war against the Quebeckers, on account of some boundary-line. And is it then visionary to expect, that that influence which has made it illegal to use physical force in the settlement of disputes between individuals and districts, should also make it illegal for Nations? If it be wrong in the two former cases, it is equally wrong in the latter; the morals which bind the individual are equally binding on the mass. The moral obligations which require a Court of Justice for the adjustment of private litigation, also require a similar Tribunal for he adjudication of national disputes.

We have heard it asserted, as an argument against such a change, that in case a litigating nation should refuse to conform to the decision of such a tribunal, that it would be then under the necessity to enforce it by the sword. If this be an argument, then as well might we recommend the abolition of Courts of Justice, and the re-introduction of trial by battle, because physical force is necessary, when a party refuses to obey their judgments. Such an objection is absurd. A National Tribunal must necessarily have sufficient influence to create obedience to its decisions, and then there is little danger of a litigant's refusal to obey them.

And ask the spirits of the eight hundred thousand million of human beings, who have been sacrificed upon the altar of war, whether such a change is not much needed? Ask the widows and the orphans whom war has created, whether such a change is not much needed? Follow its bloody and desolating track through the long vista of the past, and ask your own conscience, whether such a change is not much needed? If nations would be wise—if they would agree to cease killing each other—if they would consent to obey the dictates of reason and not of passion, of right and not of might; and if they would only establish a tribunal, where their disputes may be rationally, justly and quietly settled, what an overwhelming and momentous change would soon be produced in every quarter of the globe. The mere contemplation of them startles the mind, as much by their magnitude as by their advantages. Such a reform would abolish that standing scourge, called "Standing Armies!" It would materially lessen the taxes which press so heavily on the people of Europe. It would enable the sixteen millions which England annually pays, for an object as debasing as it is cruel, to be devoted to better and nobler purposes. It would tend to relieve Europe of her enormous war debts. We should then no longer witness the melancholy absurdity of nations trying to create arguments by bullets, and conviction by cannon balls. We should then no longer witness burnt towns and cities, property pillaged and destroyed, brutal acts of intemperance and violation, and "fields loaded with the dead," because of some difference in opinion. No; remove that opponent of all that is good and great, and such scenes will cease to exist. The two millions of men, who are now taught in Europe to slay each other when called upon, will then have to support themselves by useful industry. Human life will then be estimated at a greater value than at present, and morals will be improved. And then, these beneficial influences must, sooner or later, spread themselves throughout the globe, and like an Angel of Love, drive away national jealousies, and religious animosity, and, finally, knit the whole human family in one bond of brotherhood. Then will be realized the divine prophecy, when "they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks; whe nnation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

And finally, ought it not to be our duty to assist in dispelling a custom, which is proven to be as barbarous as it is unnecessary, as inimical to national interests, as it is destructive of human happiness, and opposed alike by reason and morality, by experience and christianity?

Many years may elapse before this scourge is abolished. Another European war of opinion may again take place. But let this increase the exertions of the Disciples of Peace. It seems to be the lot of all human reformations, to meet with opposition in proportion to their value. So it is with this cause. Many war-lovers still sneer and laugh—dark clouds still obscure the sky, but, nevertheless, a small bright star whispers in the distance, that

> "The pen shall supersede the sword,
> The *Right*, not *Might*, shall be the Lord,
> In the good day coming."

We would earnestly offer these desultory remarks to the especial attention of the fair sex. It is in their power to engraft these principles upon the rising and the succeeding generation.

It is the mother who can really educate a child. It was during the hours of childhood, upon a mother's knee, when the stimulus was first imbibed which impelled some of the greatest men to eminence. It is, then, when a child begins to think, while springing from infancy to youth, that the lessons inculcated adhere, nevertheless, through life. It is then, that he stands constantly beneath her eye, and the words uttered from her lips, in such moments, have influenced the events of the world, far more than is generally supposed. It is she, who can also advance the cause of Peace, as much as we can by public meetings, or by printed books. Let her but teach her sons that war is a crime, and her daughters, that peace is a principle of religion, and that period will be materially advanced, which shall see the sword enter the scabbard, from which it shall never be withdrawn!

A PORTRAIT.

My love is beauteous as the lily queen
Roused by the golden sunbeam's amorous touch
To wake, and give her perfume to the morn;
Her voice hath music, as the south-wind's sigh,
Or twilight lute, touched by the lover's hand:
Her lip a treasury for honied sweets,
And trembling love kiss; whilst her fairy step
Sounds lightsome as the fawn's; how rich the tress
That slumbers on her bosom's snowy couch,
Unconscious of the heaven that lurks within!
But oh! the task, to picture her fond heart,
That scene of dreams, in sorrow and in joy,
Of storm and sunshine, faithful, tender, true,
As woman's should be, and a welcome home
For vows unnumber'd, and memorials dear!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER XII.

After a restless night passed in musings on her singular destiny, Isabella sank into a gentle slumber, but the revel of fancy was not yet over. Visions flitted around her pillow of all she had passed, and then the angel of mercy, which had chased from her all of suffering and dread, took the form of Gustavus de Lindendorf. At his approach the raging of the deep was stilled; the fury of the tempest was hushed; the wretch, whose power she dreaded, fled; the dagger aimed at her heart was dashed to the ground. But those imaginings at last were over, and deep and quiet sleep enwrapped her every sensation of joy or pain.

The sun was high in the heavens when Isabella awoke on the following morning. It was some moments ere she could recall her scattered senses, but when she did so, a thrill of gratitude pervaded her heart, that she was delivered from the hands of the fearful bandit, and now, perhaps, would be restored to her friends and home.

"My dear, my noble father, will once more press me to his heart!" she murmured; "my mother, the beloved mother, who so dearly loved her child, will bestow on me the dear caresses which blessed my childhood's happy days; my brothers will rejoice in their sister, the sister whom they have ever dearly loved and cherished with a noble pride; and I shall once more revel amid the joys of home, the home my heart as ever so fondly prized. And Francis d'Auvergne, he to whom my earnest love is given, who is far dearer than the father or mother who have so loved me!"

Her reverie of future bliss was interrupted by the mistress of the cottage, who softly entered the room, to see if her guest still slept, and who now kindly brought her a suit of clean, though coarse and homely apparel, and assisted her at her humble toilette. The matron gazed on her when she was at length arrayed, and then good-naturedly shaking her head, she said:

"Ah! this will never do! you will make but a poor peasant girl; for the true lady shines through your humble robes, and tells that you are nobly born!"

"It is not to disguise my rank, but for want of fitter robes, that I assume this costume; but, tell me, has Gustavus de Lindendorf yet departed?"

"Gustavus de Lindendorf," repeated the woman, slowly, and as if not fully comprehending her; "what, the gentleman who brought you here?"

"Yes! then you do not know him! I had hoped that Lindendorf castle was not so far away, that you were ignorant of its lord."

"Lindendorf castle! I never heard the name, and how should I know its lord? but if this be he, he is in truth a noble knight, so handsome, so gallant, and so fearful that you had suffered from the toil of the past night; and yet, poor youth, he is pale and weary, and much I fear his heart is ill at ease. He said he would see you before he left, for much he wished to know what had brought you into the hapless state from which he relieved you; he also would know if he can serve you farther, but he has gone out now, thinking, perhaps, you would not arise so soon."

Isabella left her chamber and descended with her hostess. A frugal breakfast was prepared, and awaiting the return of Gustavus; he came at length, but though he seemed pensive and thoughtful, the paleness which the matron had deplored, had disappeared, and a deep rich glow upon his cheeks, added much to the manly beauty of that ever handsome face. He took the hand of Isabella gently in his own, and pressing it fondly, inquired in tones of deep solicitude, if she had recovered from the toils of the past night, and then as his eye rested on her humble garb, he shook his head with a gay smile, as he remarked:

"This lowly costume befits not the lovely daughter of Glenelvin!" and he added in a voice of bitterness: "Still less does it become the future duchess of Avignon."

A deep crimson tint sprang to the cheek of Isabella, and Gustavus felt that he had wounded her, and smiling kindly, he led her to the table, where the viands prepared by the kind hostess awaited her.

Though Isabella still suffered from the fatigue of her recent toilsome journeying, yet they rambled onward until they reached the broken grounds which marked the mountain's base, and here they

*Continued from Vol. 7, page 560.

paused, as Gustavus with a smile, observed: "Would you wish to ramble up the mountain's side, or have you seen enough of the wild romantic scenery, which is ascribed to them?"

"I have seen enough, quite enough, of them for the present," she replied, "unless indeed I might behold the hills of my own loved land, those indeed would I ascend with lightsome heart!"

"And does the land which Gustavus de Lindendorf calls his own loved land, possess for thee no charms? are her mountains more wild and gloomy, and her plains less fertile than those of thy own Scotland? Isabella, I love thy native soil, I love all that bear the Scottish name, for thy sake,—would that my native Germany were loved by thee for mine?"

"You forget that Germany has been to me but a scene of suffering since first I trod its soil, and know not, perhaps, that since I entered it, sorrows of which I had never thought, have been mine! did you know all I have endured you would not wonder that it can awaken in my heart no pleasant associations."

"Isabella! it is to me a mystery that I cannot fathom that you are so far from your home! a greater mystery still is it, that you should be in the very heart of those wild mountains, far, very far, from any human abode, where even the daring foot of the adventurous hunter seldom comes, and greater still that you were in the hands of that fearful man, who dared to call you by the sacred name of wife! Isabella, might I ask you to explain what is to me incomprehensible?"

Isabella at once told the history of her wanderings, of her sufferings and toil, of the unfeeling conduct of others; she spoke freely of the joy she felt on beholding in her most trying hour, one whom she knew would prove her friend, and ended by expressing her gratitude for the zeal he had displayed in her rescue, and the many acts of kindness which she had since received at his hands.

"Cease, Isabella!" he cried; "name not gratitude to me! like a dagger, that cold, harsh word comes to my heart, when spoken by thee! Isabella, to forget thee, had I wandered far from my home, and from the parents who love me dearly as I have loved thee, and in the pastime of pursuing to death the inhabitants of these lone wilds, did I seek to cool the frenzy of a mind which feared its misery might drive reason from her throne! The hand of heaven guided me hither after many hapless days, that I might by saving thee, rivet my chains still closer. But shouldst thou ever reach the Scottish coast, and bask in all the sweet delights of thy happy home, remember that he who saved you from being the companion of an outlaw, and the sport of the ruffian creatures who own him for their chief, is wretched for thy sake; and though I would not mar thy happiness, I would not amid my sorrow be forgotten!"

"Do not, oh! do not speak thus! it would mar indeed my every joy, to know that he to whom I owe so much, is wretched, and for my sake!"

"I will not speak my sorrow if it gives you pain to listen to me, although it eases my aching heart to speak its grief. But hereafter will I bury my anguish deep, deep within my bosom, that it may never damp your joy! Isabella, may you never know the misery that I have known—the misery of having loved in vain!"

For a moment he sat in gloomy silence, every lineament of his face expressing the deep workings of the soul within, and then grasping her hand, he exclaimed vehemently: "Isabella, say have I nought to hope? Wilt thou not yet learn to love me?"

A convulsive shudder ran through the frame of Isabella; must she crush the last gleam of hope in the breast of one to whom she owed so much? And yet she felt that it were better to annihilate the faint spark of hope which might exist, than to permit him to create visions of happiness which could not be realized; and nerving her heart for the trial, she said in a scarcely audible voice, "Gustavus, my heart is another's, and think you it can be thine?"

"But may not time efface the image of that other? or he who no longer beholds you, may not his once fond love be given to another?"

"Though he may change, yet will I not? my heart shall acknowledge no other lord, but I will not doubt his faith, and until I behold him the husband of another, or from his own lips hear the tale, I will believe it not!"

A deep groan burst from the heart of Gustavus, and burying his face in his hands, he sat for some moments in silence, while his whole frame trembled with emotion. Isabella looked upon him, and truly did her heart bleed for the suffering she witnessed. Even her love almost yielded to the pity which she felt for Gustavus, and for a moment she resolved to purchase his happiness at the expense of her own. The thought was but momentary for the thought of Francis d'Auvergne flashed o'er her imagination, and dispelled the fleeting thought. She could sacrifice herself, but not the object of her most tender love. But it was dreadful to behold the misery of Gustavus, and placing her hand on his arm she exclaimed: "My friend, my benefactor! let me not see thee thus! would that thy misery might be transferred to me! Freely would I suffer if thou wert happy!"

"Isabella! do not mock me thus! thy hand only can assuage my misery, and thou hast said it can never be mine!"

"I would not, were I free, bestow my hand on you while my heart is wholly another's! No; I would not so abuse thy generous love!"

"Be mine, my Isabella!" he cried, as he clasped her to his heart; "yes, give me but thy hand, and I will teach thy heart to love me!"

"It cannot be! my faith is plighted, and must not be broken!"

Gustavus turned his dark eyes fully upon her for a moment, and in their depths she read deep despairing anguish, then slowly rising, he said:

"'Tis well! my heart shall bear in meekness its bitter grief! but I must go hence," and drawing her arm through his he led her back towards the cottage.

As they drew near the door, he paused, and grasping her hand suddenly, and pressing it to his lips, he murmured:

"Farewell, Isabella! may good angels guard you, and may your pathway be strewn with life's fairest flowers!" and then dropping the hand from his grasp, he sprang from her side, and was gone, ere she could utter one word either to detain him or to say farewell.

Isabella stood as if fixed to the spot where he had left her, with her eyes fixed on his receding form, as with rapid steps he crossed the level tract, and approached the base of the mountain; once he turned, and as she moved her hand to say farewell he bowed his head in answer to the sign, and then pursued his way, until he was lost to view among the forest trees which covered the mountain's side. Isabella moved not, and when convinced that he was no longer visible, she slowly left the spot and sought the cottage; she entered it, and seeking her chamber, threw herself on the humble bed, and gave way to a passionate burst of tears. What was she now to do, or what hope had she of ever again beholding her father's home? Alas! none! her only hope had been in his assistance, and he had now deserted her and left her to her fate.

Having dried her tears, she descended from her room and sought her hostess, whom she found in a little yard adjoining the house. The woman turned to her as she approached with a glad kind smile, and said: "So you are returned, and much good your walk has done you; you look as blooming as a new blown rose! but where is the good knight?"

"He has left the valley to seek his home, which is far away, and as the day was far spent, he could not come to thank you for your hospitality, and say farewell!"

"And when will he return?—full soon methinks, we shall see him again?"

"He will return no more, at least he spoke not of it."

"And you, fair lady, who will conduct you home?"

"Alas! I know not, unless you would guide me beyond the mountains, and then, I would seek to find my way to my native land."

"Beyond the mountains! why child, I was never beyond them in my life—and though I might send you to the little village some ten miles away, where I have sometimes been, you would not still be beyond the limits of those mountains. But where would you wish to go, if you were to leave this valley?"

"To Scotland, to my own dear home!" replied she, the hopelessness of her state breaking with all its force upon her mind.

The old lady fixed her eyes on her in mute surprise, as she murmured: "Scotland! the child must have come from a long way off; I never heard of that village in all my life; but maybe 'tis a great city." Isabella explained as well as the rather limited faculties of her condition would permit, that it was neither village nor city, but a kingdom far to the north.

"And not in Wirtemburgh, nor yet in all Germany neither?" cried the woman. "How did you ever come so far? and why did you not stay at home?"

Isabella, though wearied of the conversation, related to her the manner of her having reached the German coast. And many were the exclamations, and interruptions of her listener, who declared it was too strange to be believed, and ceased not to express her wonder until her son came in from the mountains, where he had been hunting the fleet chamois, and then to him recounted the wonderful tale, while Isabella again escaped to her chamber, and throwing herself on her bed, wept long and bitterly, at the forlornness of her situation.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WHAT once I was, no more am I;
What once I was, alas! can be no more!
On hasty pinions doom'd to fly,
My blooming spring and summer now are o'er.

Thee beyond all the immortal powers
I served, O Love! and gloried to obey thee.
But, were restored my vernal hours,
More perfect homage would thy votary pay thee

LIFE BEHIND THE COUNTER.

"We do too little feel each others's pain,
We do too much relax the social chain
Which binds us to each other!" L. E. L.

CHAPTER I.

"SEND away the tea things, Mrs. M., it is past seven o'clock—Herbert must have dropped in somewhere, I am sure," was the exclamation of Mr. Markham on a certain winter's evening, as, crossing his slippered feet before the fire, he returned a large silver watch to its stand on the mantel-piece, and drew from his pocket the evening paper.

"Aunt," whispered a gentle voice on the other side of the room, "may I ask Jenny to save the tea-pot, in case Herbert should not have had either dinner or tea? I know he is gone about a situation—he took down the particulars of two or three advertisements this morning."

"You know, Alice, the servants———" Here, however, Mrs. Markham's speech was cut short by a ring at the bell, so we can only surmise what the remainder would have been. Herbert had returned; but before he is introduced to the reader, let me say a few words about his uncle and aunt, the present host and hostess of himself and his sister.

Mr. Markham was what is called one of the most "respectable" men in the city, and that emphatic word comprehends a world of proprieties. He was in the grocery line of business,—his shop situated in one of those narrow, crooked streets, the tall houses of which, it is said, (if not swept away to make healthy openings and modern improvements,) may still outlast the buildings of today. In that house had he begun business; and in that house Mr. John, his only son, married and taken into partnership long ago, now resided; his "respectable" parent having of late years preferred the luxuries of a morning and evening ride in his one-horse chaise to and from his suburban residence.

Mr. Markham's world consisted of the people with whom he transacted business in the day, (he always dined with his son in town,) and the two or three neighbours they visited: but as they all belonged to the same *genus*, I do not think he ever knocked out a cube of his wall, through which to take a peep beyond. His only daughter, an elderly young lady of about thirty, and his wife, completed the home circle, to which his orphan nephew and niece had lately been introduced.

The father of Herbert and Alice had been a very different character from his elder brother. He had been a music master in a provincial town; and though early left a widower, had brought up his children in much respectability. But so precarious did he know such a means of existence as his own to be, that it had long been the wish of his heart to establish Herbert in trade. Of his brother he knew little else than that he was a prosperous man; and when he found that an illness of some standing had assumed a dangerous turn, it was a very natural thing to leave his children to the guardianship of his only relative, and two hundred pounds, the savings of a life, to his care till they should be of age. Mr. Markham considered that the only sensible wish "poor Charles" had ever expressed was that Herbert should be a tradesman; it met his cordial approbation; but as for advancing any of the two hundred pounds for apprenticing him, he should do nothing of the kind. The youth was nearly seventeen—let him get a situation which would "lead to something." Alice, who was three years her brother's senior, was equally desirous of independence; and perhaps the fondest hope of both their hearts was that they should not be separated. Yet they both knew that there were few situations in which this would be the case, therefore was Alice proportionately grateful when she heard from Herbert on that eventful evening the cause which had detained him so late. He had found employment for himself and sister as assistants in an extensive drapery establishment; nothing remaining to be settled except Alice seeing the parties, and the necessary reference to their uncle being made.

What a benevolent dispensation of Providence it is, that youth, soaring aloft on the wings of hope and expectation, and looking at life as it *will* look through its own brightly coloured imagination, should find in its own untried spirit the strongest weapon of defence against the world with which it must wrestle! How else could the suffering youth of this great metropolis, not counted by tens and by hundreds, but by tens of thousands, live through their fearful course of slavery, in numbers sufficient to make at last their deep-toned cry audible. Alas! alas! we take no account of the myriads who have sunk after their term of suffering into the crowded sepulchres or the dense city. And yet how great a thing is every human heart, with its little world of hopes and fears, its warm affections, its trusting faith, its bright imaginings! And how desolate indeed—desolate as the last survivor of a world's wreck—must that one be who hath not some dear ones to mourn and rejoice with him. So desolate, that I would fain believe the earth counts them by units; and least of all do I believe they would be found among the struggling and oppressed—for such have warm sympathies. But this is a mass of misery, past, irrevocable, though good for us sometimes to think on; there is another picture yet more painful, because more present to our sight, and more disastrous in its results. The myriads who do not die, but purchase a lingering life by the sacrifice of health for its remainder; or worse still, the myriads whose minds are wrapped by evil training, and then in their weakness are corrupted by overpowering temptation—who are themselves made selfish by cruel oppression, and whose tempers are irritated (catching the infection beyond all cure) by the endurance of constant acts of petty tyranny! Reader, is this a digression? Nay, only a dirge ere we draw up the curtain.

The establishment of Messrs Scrape, Haveall and Co. was situated in one of the principal thoroughfares of London. From small beginnings it had grown into an "immense concern;" over the squares of plate glass, each of which was as large as a modern sized dining table, which formed the shop windows, ran a line of figures, intimating that five houses had been taken in, namely from 70, ——— street, to 74 inclusive. Brussels carpets and gilded mirrors adorned the interior, showing to advantage the gorgeous fabrics—here suspended in graceful festoons, there in studied but apparently careless disorder, again in massive heaps—conveying altogether an air of wealth and profusion, that might make the heart tingle with a just pride at the power, energy and resources of our princely merchants. But Messrs. Scrape and Haveall required—to cut their satins, measure ribbons, fold shawls and perform duties of like kind, innumerable as are the stars of heaven—nearly one hundred assistants; mostly young men and women between twenty and thirty years of age, though a few of them had passed the latter period of life, and some—Herbert and Alice Markham for instance—were still in their teens; and the heart turning to such blighted youth, forgets wealth and splendour.

It was towards the close of a May-day—bright May, when the hedgerows are sweet, and the hawthorn is in blossom; when even the dusty lilacs in the London squares put forth their pale flowers, and the smoke-begrimmed sparrows twitter their merriest note; but the large rambling shop of Messrs. Scrape, Haveall, and Co., with its long straight counters, and winding ways, where the houses taken in joined one another, was redolent of anything rather than spring flowers, the atmosphere, formed by so many human breaths being of that close, unpleasant character which makes the buyer of a yard of ribbon exclaim, even on a winter's day, "How pleasant to get into the fresh air again!" Walking up and down the shop, occasionally speaking in courteous phrase to a customer, and often reprimanding an assistant, was a man of about forty. It was not that his features were irregular, but there shone through them so cold and hard an expression, that every one would have called him an ordinary man. He walked with a shuffling gait, and it might have been observed that he wore a peculiar sort of gaiter, the better to support and conceal the bandages it was necessary to wear. For as linen-drapers' assistants are *never* allowed to sit, except during the few minutes in which they snatch their meals, swollen legs and absolute disease are the quite common results of fourteen or fifteen hours standing; and this is a low average to what is and has been!

This superintendent, or shop-walker,—hardened into a tyrant by the wrongs of his own youth,—was speaking to a lady near the door, when Alice and Herbert chanced to meet, without either of them being at the moment engaged in waiting on a customer. They were at the further end of the shop, and instinctively withdrew a few paces till they brought themselves behind a pile of goods, which shielded them from observation. To converse in business hours, even if there were nothing to do, was a forbidden pleasure—nevertheless it was indulged in for a few moments, especially as it was evident Alice had been weeping bitterly.

"No, no, not for myself," said she, in answer to his inquiries; "it is that you should have acted

their falsehoods as I have seen you do to-day."

"What have you seen me do?" replied Herbert, his face flushing, and yet in a tone of voice that implied a resolution to brave out aught he had done.

"A poor trick; a lady wished some silk—it was not that what you showed her was too inferior for her taste, but it was not dear enough, in her opinion, to be good; you saw this—you feigned to fetch another piece, but you only cut that in half, and added a shilling a yard to the price."

"And suppose I had not done so, she would have left the shop without purchasing."

"Well?"

"Do you know why poor Martin was dismissed so suddenly last week?"

"I did not hear the reason exactly;—impertinence, they said."

"A refusal to do such things as these; and by a perversity of fortune, thrice in one day, persons who spoke to him went away without buying."

"But, Herbert, wrong cannot come right," returned Alice, raising her earnest, tearful eyes again to his.

Herbert put his hand affectionately upon her shoulder, and was about to speak, when an angry voice crying "Markham—Mr. Markham, where are you?" quickly separated them; yet was it a moment they could never forget; a seemingly trifling incident like many we can all bring to mind, that takes fast hold of the memory whether we will or not. In reality, it was the moment in which the sister felt that the influence, the sort of affectionate authority, her three years seniority had hitherto given her, was over. The chain of habit was broken, she could now only lure to right by soft persuasion or bright example. Yet one had overheard their discourse, and had read both their hearts, by that intuitive knowledge of human nature which genius gives. For genius lived and had its being in at least one noble heart behind that counter; genius of that high order which makes its possessor the pioneer to a promised land, even when meeting, as more or less such minds so often do, with scorn and ingratitude, forming as it were the living angle of a wedge, that makes the opening, to die perchance in achieving.

"If we can get out by half-past ten to-night, will you take a stroll with me?" said William Howard to Herbert Markham, an hour or so after the conversation of the latter with his sister, to which I have just alluded.

"Why, I don't know—I am sure," replied Herbert in a hesitating manner; "I half promised to go with some of them to a shilling concert, and to supper afterwards."

"You had better change your mind," returned the other; "a walk in the fresh air—say across one of the bridges—will do you much more good, besides costing you nothing."

"Oh! I don't mind a few shillings."

"I know that; but I wish you would come with me instead—I really want to speak to you."

It seemed that William Howard could always have his will, when he took the trouble of trying for it. And yet none of them could account for his influence, although many felt it. In person he was slight and fair, with a high forehead shaded by soft brown hair, which, though he could not have numbered more than eight and twenty years, was already streaked with white; his eyes were of that changing colour which so frequently belongs to genius, and which might be called chameleon grey; while, alas! the hectic cheek and frequent cough told a tale of suffering to those who could read such signs.

Herbert scarcely knew how it was that he had been so easily persuaded to give up the concert; yet, certain it is, that towards midnight he found himself inhaling the pure air from the river, instead of the vitiated atmosphere of a crowded room. Moreover, he was enjoying the conversation of his companion extremely; perhaps, too, his vanity was a little gratified, that Howard—whom he soon discovered to be no ordinary person—should think it worth while to converse with a youth like himself so seriously; for they had, in fact, become quite confidential, and they spoke of their mutual hardships with the freedom of friendship. They stood on Waterloo Bridge, the slanting shadow of whose arches were thrown distinctly on the rippling waters by the bright moon above, as it seemed to rend asunder every now and then the fleecy floating clouds. There was a hush—a repose about the scene, affecting even to the most careless, after the fatigue, and noise, and feverish hurry of the day; while north and south, and east and west, arose the darkening masses of domes and dwellings, and above them the lurid glare which, once observed, is always recognised as the reflection of London's myriad gas lights.

"How wealth and poverty neighbour one another!" said William Howard, after a pause; "and yet they are unknown to each other, and have worlds more widely different than thousands who dwell in different hemispheres. *This* is the mischief,—the intense selfishness which, having no faith in a governing Providence, will plan and purpose for its little self, according to its little knowledge, getting entangled in an inextricable manner in its vain efforts to work out truth from a falsity, 'right' out of 'wrong.' It is this fearful

selfishness, this want of human sympathy, that is the canker stretching through the social chain, even to the sufferings of you and me."

"Perhaps;" replied Herbert, but half understanding his companion, and yet deeply interested in their discourse: "but how is it to be cured? I have heard politicians say it is easy to discover a fault, but often very difficult to remove it."

"By working a different problem," returned Howard, without attending to the last observation, —"by working *from* right, withersoever it may lead, instead of struggling after happiness by the cross roads which have no connection with it. It is by moral influence—no other force—that the suffering must have their wrongs redressed. The light will come—the dawn is already apparent."

"Is it true that you write poetry?" said Herbert;—a strange rejoinder, yet not *mal-à-propos.*

William Howard smiled as he continued—"I do not call my verses by so dignified a name. Strange that to those who find no such channel for their thoughts, the effort seems extraordinary—to me it seems so natural. But, Herbert Markham, it was not to talk of poetry that I asked you to walk with me. I have lived in this world, and a beautiful world it is, ten years longer than you have; will you listen to me, and hear my advice, as if I were an elder brother?"

"That will I, and gratefully," said Herbert, with real emotion—for he felt the reverence, and yet elevation, we most of us experience when brought into communion with a superior mind.

"You are surrounded by temptations—strong ones I grant, if you look not beyond the present moment; but I entreat you yield not to them. Independent of your own loss, in choosing a path that must lead to ruin, remember that it is by showing ourselves worthy of liberty that we slaves shall become free. Every falling off of an individual is a backward step for our fellow-sufferers. Already a small body is organised, and we meet often—will you add another voice, another unit, to a little party who, working out their principles in the light of religion and morality, hope confidently to bring about a better order of things."

"But I am so ignorant," exclaimed Herbert; "what can I do?"

"Only at present be worthy—and yield not to the vile trickeries which disgust while they degrade."

"And do you never," replied Herbert, with real astonishment—"and do you never name two prices, or sell faded articles at candle-light, or soil things to make them seem a bargain, or——"

"Never!"

"And yet have been seven years in the house!"

"At first I suffered severely—and was fined half my salary for my indiscretions; for the list of fineable offences was even longer then than it is now. But by one of those consequences—I will not call them accidents—which follow us on the right path, in some unlooked-for manner, it has happened that once I was the means of preventing an extensive robbery; and that three of Messrs. Haveall's best customers have for years insisted on being waited upon by myself,—these reasons, I believe, induced them to put up with my 'folly;" and I tell you again there *is* a little band who will not lend themselves to these vile trickeries."

"And yet for seven years you have not bettered yourself. It is a hopeless prospect."

"*Think of the doing right—and bettering for all of us will come.* But speaking in a worldly point of view, others who have followed the plan have been benefitted personally by it; for I need scarcely say that those who resist this sort of temptation are not likely to fall into the habit of seeking bad company; and the very money they have saved from the gulf of idle dissipation has enabled them to start in business for themselves."

"And you—why not you?"

"I am still poor—for I have my dear mother to support."

"What is it your little band is struggling for?" returned Herbert.

"To procure an alteration of existing customs, by which our time of daily labour may be reduced to twelve, or, as I say, ten hours daily. I am satisfied it only remains for our wrongs to be known for them to be redressed; but the evil has grown so gradually and stealthily, that habit has accustomed the world to its frightful reality, and, slow to change, it cannot at first understand the miseries of this monstrous system. Even those who are the greatest sufferers, the most ruined in health and degraded in mind, are often the last to stir for their own relief. In fact, the movement is taking place among the few whose establisments are conducted on upright principles towards their customers, and humanity to their servants; for, my young friend, we have the sanction of *some* employers on our side, and honour and gratitude are their due. It is our individual misfortune to be under the control of narrow-minded masters, who have not even the understanding to feel the cruelty they are practising; the men who always clog the wheel when social advancement is intended. And this is to be accounted for easily, I think. But come, promise me that you will be one of us—if only for your sweet sister's sake—promise!"

"I do—and I will pray to God to help me to

keep such promise. Howard, I shall never forget to-night; but there you are coughing again—it is not well for you to be out so late?" And as they walked away from the bridge, the deep tones of St. Paul's boomed forth the midnight hour; while William Howard's continued cough measured time—the mortal term of his life—in a manner as significant!

—

THREE months passed away, changing bright, flowering May, to fruitful, golden August. Not that the different seasons, indeed, were much perceived in the establishment of Messrs. Scrape, Haveall and Co.; unless it were that the more balmy the air, or inviting the day for out-of-door enjoyment, the more crowded was the shop, and the later was it kept open; and when at last it was closed, there were the goods to put away,—so that it was no unusual thing for the jaded and worn-out assistants to see the dawn before retiring to their yet more crowded dormitories—whence to a[illegible] in three or four hours, with wearied limbs and aching head, to fulfil again the sad routine of their unvaried life. Yet though the glad sunshine, or the perfumed summer breezes, made little difference to Herbert and his companions, a change, a something to be felt rather than described, had taken place in the establishment; or perhaps I should say, in a small division of it—for Howard, and the few who listened to his advice, formed, after all, a very decided minority. Yet it was remarkable that these few were the most respectable and best-conducted individuals in the house; and, moreover, the chief favourites with regular customers, who naturally prefer being waited on by some one in whom they have confidence.

It may have been guessed that Alice Markham possessed a stronger mind, and more fixed principles, than her brother: perhaps it was so, or perhaps his youth may be pleaded as an apology for the one act which had caused her so much pain—for in three years, at their age, the mind takes a great spring. However this might be, William Howard soon found that in Alice Markham he had met a kindred spirit—one who in a righteous cause would play the martyr, either by action or endurance. But why lengthen the tale?—could they speak with earnest reasoning, and exchange high thoughts with glowing enthusiasm, without perceiving that their hearts were growing one? And in the joy and glory of a pure and passionate love—*health* and *life*, and a *few* hours in the four and twenty for *social intercourse and mental improvement*, seemed more than ever worth a struggle. So greatly had poor Alice suffered from the fatigue consequent upon the unreasonable hours of attendance in the shop, that William Howard persuaded her to petition for employment in the rooms, where needlework necessary in making up things for sale being done, she might sit a portion of the day. It is true that this arrangement deprived them of opportunities of exchanging many a cherished word; but in all human probability it saved the life of Alice—we shall see presently for what.

It was the custom of Herbert and Alice to spend a portion of the Sunday with William Howard and his mother. The three usually attended church together, and then taking a walk—for fresh air in the parks if possible—made the humble dwelling of the widow their halting place for the day. Sometimes, but not often, Alice and her brother dined by invitation, at their uncle's, and on one remarkable occasion a postcript was added to the note of invitation intimating that if they liked to bring with them the young friend they had so often mentioned, he would be welcome.

(To be continued.)

BALLAD.

—

LOVE's a bird you should not cage—
  Leave him free of wing;
And with gentle lure engage
  The flutterer to sing.
A prison—though 'twere barred with gold—
  Would make the captive sigh,
Till, struggling vainly 'gainst his hold,
  He'd break his heart and die!
    Believe, believe a maiden's word—
    That Love's precisely like a bird!

Speak not harshly—he can't brook
  Words of chiding sound;
Smiles of coldness—doubtful look,
  Oft are fatal found.
Though you bind him not to roam,
  Let him think he's free;
And he'll make his fetter'd home
  The nest of Liberty!
    Oh yes! believe a maiden's word—
    That Love's precisely like a bird!

—

PROMENADE.

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

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THE CHRISTMAS OF THE STRANGER CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Amid a spacious town
The Christmas lights are blazing
Beneath the cold night's frown
A foreign child is gazing
Sadly up and down:

In every house he sees
Fond fingers intertwining,
Through lamp-illumined trees
The bright warm rooms are shining,
Ah! bitter sights are these!

He weeping speaks: "To-night,
To every child is given
A Christmas tree and light,
But I by earth and heaven
Am now deserted quite:

"A sister's gentle hand
Had given me all I needed,
If I at home did stand;
But here I am unheeded,
In this cold foreign land.

"Will none the orphan see,
And let him in for pity?
Oh, God! and can it be,
That in this crowded city
There is no place for me?

"Will no kind hand relieve
The orphan's deep dejection?
Alas! I must receive
But only the reflection
Of this strange Christmas Eve!"

He taps with fingers thin
On window and on shutter,
They hear not for the din,
The weak words he doth utter,
Nor let the orphan in.

The father's lessons mild
The listening boy's ear drinketh—
The Christmas gifts are piled
By mother's hands. None thinketh
Of that poor orphan child.

"Oh! Christ, my Saviour dear,
No father and no mother
Have I my heart to cheer,
Be all to me—no other
Consoler, have I here."

Cold, cold his small hand grows,
He rubs his frozen fingers—
He shivers in his clothes;
And in the white street lingers
With eyes that will not close.

There cometh with a light,
Which through the dark street breaketh,
In robes of simple white,
Another child—who speaketh
These sweet words of delight:

"Behold thy Christ in me,
Again a child's form taking—
A little child like thee—
Though all are thee forsaking,
By me thou shalt not be:

"My word's impartial boon
I waft o'er hill and valley,
I send my aid as soon
To this poor wretched alley,
As to yon gay saloon;

"My hands, with light divine,
Thy Christmas tree shall kindle,
Thou'lt see, compared with thine,
All other trees shall dwindle,
How beautiful they shine."

To Heaven his little hand
The infant Saviour raiseth—
There doth a great tree stand,
Whose star-lit branch out-blazeth
All o'er the azure land:

The child's heart bounds with glee,
At all the starry tapers—
His eyes grow bright to see,
Through Heaven's transparent vapours
That glorious Christmas tree!

Before his wondering eyes
A glorious vision shifted—
A dream of Paradise!
For Angel hands uplifted
The orphan to the skies.

Within that blessed sphere
A home he now hath gotten—
Even with his Saviour dear:
There soon is all forgotten
That he hath suffered here.

OUR TABLE.

THE OGILVIES—A NOVEL.

In this age of novels and novel-writers, of mawkish twaddle and demoralizing trash, it is really a pleasing task, if task it can be called, to skim over the pages of a story like the one before us. Not that it is altogether free from the faults and foibles that stain and disfigure the great mass of the light literature of the day. A criminal attachment, for instance, is interwoven throughout with the main incidents of the tale, and although the wretched victim of this unholy passion, in her fearful and resolute struggle against its influence, sinks, broken-hearted, into an early and untimely grave, thereby affording, as the author doubtless intended, another instance of the truth of the moral apothegm, that "sin brings its own punishment," yet such warning lessons are never productive of any salutary effect; on the contrary, they always disgust when they do not contaminate.

Proceed we now, to the more pleasing task of briefly adverting to a few of those numerous portions of the work in question, which have led us to award to it all but our unqualified approbation.

In the first place, the style is good, and, saving a very few exceptions, quite correct. It is a first attempt—the author tells us so—and, as such, it is entitled to no common praise. These exceptions are so trifling, that we can hardly advert to them more particularly without subjecting ourselves to the imputation of being hypercritical. But we must let the work speak for itself.

The following passage is worthy of Charles Dickens, and not unlike him :—

Yet, there is a wondrous might in loving—a might almost divine. May it not be, that there are those around us whose whole spiritual being, transfused with love, delights to aid where our human affection fails, unable to fulfil its longings—who stand in our stead, and give to our vain blessings, our almost weeping prayers, our wild lonely outpourings of fondest words, a strength so omnipotent that our beloved may feel in their souls the mysterious influence—and drawn thence comfort and joy?

And if so, when, as poor sick Philip watched the creeping sunshine along the dusky wall—the blessed, thoughtful sunshine which in London always visits most the poverty-stricken attic—or when, during his long, restless nights, the pure moonlight came in like a flood, and in his half-delirious mood he thought it was the waving of an angel's wing—who knows but that the faithful love which rose up to heaven in an unceasing prayer for him, may have fallen down again on his spirit in a holy dew of blessing and of peace?

We would earnestly recommend the following beautiful passages to the reader's particular attention. We need not say a word as to the appropriate application of some of the sentiments they contain; it will be quite obvious enough without. One might almost imagine that the unknown author had lived among us, but we fear the world is pretty much the same every where:

Katharine alone—for the first time in her life present at a wedding—was grave and silent. She trembled as she walked up the aisle; she listened to the solemn words of the service with a beating heart. "*To have and to hold* * * *until death us do part.*" And this vow of almost fearful import, comprehending so much, and in its wide compass involving life, soul, and worldly estate, either as a joyful offering or as a dread immolation—this awful vow was taken lightly by two young creatures, who carelessly rattled it over during the short pause of jests, and compliments, amid lace and satin flutterings, thinking more of the fall of a robe, or the fold of a cravat, than of the oath, or of each other!

Katharine divined not this, for her fancy idealized all. The marriage scene touched her pure, young heart in its deepest chords. She saw not the smirking bridegroom—the affected bride; her thoughts, travelling into the future, peopled with other forms the dim, gray shadows of the old church where she had worshiped every Sunday from a child. She beheld at her side the face of her dreams; she heard the deep, low voice uttering the troth-plight—"*I, Paul, take thee, Katharine;*" and bowing her face upon the altar-rails, the girl suffered her tears to flow freely.

* * * * * * * * *

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." And better, far better, to stand face to face with the struggling, the sorrowful, nay, even the dying, than to dwell entirely amidst a world of outside show. More precious is it to trace the earnest throbs of the most wounded heart, than to live among those human machines to whom existence is one daily round of dullness and frivolity. Looking on these, Youth, with its bursting tide of soul and sense, shrinks back aghast—"Oh, God!" rises the prayer—"Let me not be as these! Rather let my pulses swell like a torrent, pour themselves out, and cease—let heart and brain work their work, even to the perishing of both—be my

life short like a weaver's shuttle, but let it be a life, full, strong, rich—perchance a day only, but one of those days of heaven, which are as a thousand years!"

The deep piety, and the poetic sublimity of the following extract, will, doubtless, be considered a sufficient apology for giving it to the reader:—

There are many phases which the human soul must go through before it can attain even that approximation to the divine, which is possible on earth. We cling to prop after prop; we follow longingly whichever of earth's beautiful and blessed things seems most to realize that perfect ideal which we call happiness. Of these joys the dearest, the truest, the most satisfying, is that which lifts us out of ourselves, and unites us in heart and soul—ay, and intellect, too, for the spirit must find its mate to make the union perfect—with some other human being. This blessed bond we call Love. But the chances of fortune come between us and our desire;—the light passes, and we go on our way in darkness. There are times, when we must stand alone, and see earth's deepest and most real joys float by like shadows. Alas! we can but stretch out our arms toward that Infinite, which alone is able to fill the longings of an immortal spirit. Then, with our wounded souls, lying naked and open before the Beholder of all, we look yearningly toward the eternal and divine life, complete, unchangeable, and cry with solemn, thankful voice, "O God, Thy fulness is sufficient for me; O God, Thy love is an all-boundless store."

Through this portion of his inward life had Philip passed. But while learning the deepest mystery of all, he also gained other knowledge, other power. It seemed as though his intellect had sprung up, strong and mighty, from the ashes of the fire which had consumed his heart. Perhaps the same would be the secret history of almost every poet-soul, whose words go forth like lightning; man heeding not the stormy cloud and tempest from whence it leaps forth. Philip's world-ideal had been the woman he loved; when that became a dream, as he now deemed it was, all human love seemed to pass out of that world with her. The heart's life shut out—the soul's life began.

Who or what the author is, we have no means of ascertaining. The dedication of the work, as a solemn offering to the holy memory of the writer's mother, is given without even a date to it. But in the next quotation, which must be our last, a little of the secret is divulged. It is evidently—the extract we mean—a page from real life, and has, doubtless, been indelibly written, by the hand of affliction, on the inmost core of the author's heart, and the writer stands revealed to us, a woman and a mother:—

He smiled—what a heaven is there in the happy smile of the dying!—and suffered her fond, ministering hands—unwilling even yet to give up their long tendance—to unfasten the cloak and put the wine to his lips. Then she sat down beside him, laid his head on her bosom, and awaited—oh mighty strength of a mother's love!—awaited, tearless and calm, the passing away of the life which she had given.

"He is quite content—quite happy—he told me so," Philip whispered in her ear, with his soft, comforting voice.

She turned round one moment with a startled air: "Yes, yes, I know. Hush!" and she bent down again over her child, whose faint lips seemed trying to frame, scarcely louder than a sigh, the last word, "*Mother.*"

Then there fell over the twilight-shadowed room a solemn silence, long and deep—in the midst of which the spirit passed. They only knew that it was so, when, as the moon rose, the pale, spiritual light fell on the calm face of the dead boy, still pillowed on the mother's breast. She turned and looked upon it without a cry or a moan, so beautiful, so heavenly was it! At that moment, had they put to her the question of old, "Is it well with the child?" she would have answered like the Shunamite, "It is well!"

"God help her!" murmured Philip Wychnor, as she at last suffered him to take the beloved form from her arms, and bear it to "Leigh's room"—they call it so even now. Ere the young man left the chamber—once the scene of suffering and pain, now of holy peace and death-slumber—he looked long and earnestly at the white, still image before him. Then he turned away; and thought no more of the dead likeness of what poor Leigh had been, but of the now free, glorious, rejoicing soul.

We intended to have concluded this brief notice of the work before us, with a few observations upon certain defects and mis-quotations, which we would have pointed out, but after reading the above, where we made the discovery already adverted to, we could not find it in our hearts to "breathe a syllable of blame."

THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

We have already directed attention to this excellent and useful publication, and we embrace the opportunity afforded us by the completion of the issue, to express our gratification, that the enterprise has been so warmly supported throughout the Province. The last number, in addition to the Maps, contains a very large and copious Index, and a handsomely engraved Title Page. Taken altogether, we are confident that, in cheapness, accuracy, and beauty of execution, the National Atlas has scarcely an equal in the same line, and most certainly no superior.