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DURANTI ALGHIERI.

BY T. D. F.

FLORENCE during the thirteenth century, was disturbed by a series of cabals and divisions, which for a time threatened it with destruction, and rendered it an unmeet residence for the quiet and peaceful. The rival factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, the Bianchi and Neri, were almost as fatal to the beautiful city, the Italian Athens, as the desolating war of the "Roses," which not long after deluged fair England with the blood of its bravest and best. Daily skirmishes took place in the city between the adherents of the different parties, and the councils of state were disturbed by the angry disputes of factious leaders, too intent upon the struggle for favour to care for the real interest of those who looked to them for guidance and support. Happy was it for those who, living retired from the city, could avoid the daily conflict; and many of the wealthy nobles, who took no decided interest in either faction, retired to their mansions in the country.

Among the most lovely of the retreats which studded the banks of the Arno, was the palace Portonari, alike remarkable for its elegance and beauty of location. Its owner had in early years engaged in public life, by turns the senator, the warrior, and the ambassador; but wearied at last with the constant exertion, and with the ingratitude and deception he had found among men, he retired in disgust, and sought happiness in the country, where he could enjoy, undisturbed by political excitement, the pleasures of domestic life.

His son had taken his place in the political arena, and was one of the principal leaders of the Guelph party; but the Count himself found sufficient enjoyment in the society of his beloved wife and daughter. The leisure he had, gave him an opportunity for the cultivation of his tastes, which were of a high order. He delighted to pore over the works of Virgil and Homer, and would often amuse himself by painting upon canvass the scenes so vividly depicted by them; and though he guided not the pencil of a Romano or a Guido, he was no mean proficient in an art which *he* practised for amusement,—*they* for immortality and life. Beatrice, his daughter, was the companion of his studies, and she gathered from him more classic lore than was the common possession of ladies of that period. Her's was a richly cultivated mind, and its progress and development were a never-failing source of enjoyment to her father.

When not engaged with her father, or embroidering with her mother, it was Beatrice's chief delight to wander about among the beautiful grounds attached to her father's residence; and her eye never wearied, and her heart never ceased to enjoy the loveliness with which she was surrounded. On one side the silvery Arno glided along in tranquil beauty, bordered by the rich vineyards and dark olive trees, which give such peculiar depth of light and shade to an Italian landscape; on the other the undulating surface dotted with lovely villages, formed a *coup d'œil*, seldom surpassed. But her favorite resort was the "Lady's Bower," where her father in his fondness, had clustered all things bright and beautiful. Boccacio himself could not more luxuriantly or tastefully have arranged the scene.

Birds of the rarest plumage and sweetest notes, were confined in nets so delicate and extended, that they could not feel themselves prisoners; shrubs from all the known world, the English primrose and hawthorn, the Frenchman's darling mignonette, the fragrant rose, and the graceful clematis, were wreathed with the myrtle and acacia, into a foliage so dense, they formed a perfect shelter from the noon-day sun. Marble vases filled with fresh flowers, were scattered around; and in the centre of this little paradise was a *jet d'eau*, which threw its sparkling dew-drops high in air, to be caught as they fell, by vases held by fairy naiads, whose beautiful proportions even Cellini need not blush to have chiselled.

On a little knoll which rose to meet the sun's rays, stood a dial, on which was the motto, "*Horas non numero, nisi serenas*"—"I count only the hours that are serene,"—and but few others had it yet counted for Beatrice Portonari; and yet a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, had passed over the edge of the dial, and she feared it might increase, and cover its whole surface.

It was Beatrice's invariable custom to pass the time given by her parents to their *siesta*, in this sweet spot, where with her lute and books, she whiled her time away; yet not alone with them; her fancy was ever busy with those fairy castles, "Chateaux d'Espagne," which give so much delight in construction, but which are crushed by the first cloud that hovers over them. Often were her silent meditations interrupted by a visitant from the distant city, in the guise of a carrier-dove, who had been trained to bear messages of love to the fair girl. The bird seemed to know his errand would give pleasure. When he came, he always hovered a few moments in the air, rustling his wings, and cooing in a low tone, to attract her attention, an object quickly gained, for her ear was ever intent to catch the first sound of his approach. With a gentle whistle, she wooed him to her hand, when he would raise his wing, and show to her eager gaze the precious billet he had borne her many a weary mile, and which unerring instinct taught him to deliver to her alone. He was always repaid for the faithful discharge of his duty, with fond caresses.

On a lovely day in October, Beatrice was reclining on the soft turf, watching the fleecy clouds that wreathed themselves into a thousand fantastic shapes, when her feathered visiter broke upon the revery which her fancy had conjured up. She had not expected him that day, but he was none the less welcome. With a trembling hand, she untied the silken string that confined his precious burden, and with eager haste perused the note. There was that in its contents that moved the maiden with deep emotion. As she read, the rose tint flushed her usually pale cheek, and then retreated, leaving her fairer than before.

It told of perils and escapes; of the fear of faction; of the sudden insurrection in the unquiet city; but above all, it breathed a spirit of tenderness, which hallowed even this picture of unhappy Florence. The messenger bird had nestled in her bosom, to find there a rest for its weary wings; but as if anxious to speed on its homeward course with some message of love, it flew to the water, dipped in its pretty head, and soft wings, then smoothing its ruffled plumage, and completing its rustic toilette with as much coquetry, and far more grace than the fair *belles* of the cities of the earth, it rested again upon Beatrice's shoulder, and cooed forth a few farewell notes. "Stop, pretty pet," she said, "I cannot let thee go without some token of remembrance, else will thy master deem thou hast been rifled by another." So drawing a turquoise ring from her finger, she tied it with the silken riband that confined the bouquet in her girdle, to the wing of the dove, who circled round a few times in the air, and then his rapid wing was cleaving the way in the direction of Florence.

Again and again did Beatrice read the scroll, where thoughts that breathe were expressed in the glowing language of the poet. She might be pardoned if a feeling akin to pride swelled her breast, as she felt that she alone was the inspiration of the youthful poet. "No one knows him as I do," she murmured; "to the world, he is Duranti, the Guelph; to *me* Dante, the lover-poet, the impersonation of my day-dreams. Would I could but withdraw him from the cabals in which he is engaged! I tremble at the thought of the danger to which he has but now been exposed. I will make one more effort to obtain my father's consent to our marriage, and *then* I can induce him to relinquish these ineffectual struggles to establish the liberty of Florence."

With the letter in her hand, Beatrice sought her father. When very young she had attracted Duranti Alghieri by her extreme beauty, which was of a style altogether different from her countrywomen. Her fair hair fell in rich profusion over a face it was for the poet not the painter to depict; its ever-flitting expression could not be caught on the canvass. The heavenly purity which beamed from her eyes gave her so spiritual a look, that no one who gazed on her could think of the mere beauty of the woman. She was well fitted to inspire the poet in this world, or to be his guide in his visits to another and more mysterious existence. To his early love for her,

which aroused his spirit, and afforded images or figures for his poetic mind, are we indebted for the most beautiful of Dante's creations. His attachment had at first been repulsed by Beatrice's father, owing to some early prejudice; but finding his daughter's happiness depended upon his consent, he had reluctantly yielded it, though he deferred their union from time to time upon the plea that Duranti was too much engrossed by the politics of his native city to make a good husband.

A few months previous to the period of which we are writing, a memorable battle had been fought between the Ghibelines and Guelphs, at Campoldino, in which Duranti distinguished himself for his bravery; but he received a severe wound, which his friends hoped would extinguish his fiery zeal. It only served, however, the more to excite it, and on his recovery he plunged with even more ardor into the excitement of the times. Count Portonari was seriously displeased, and represented to Duranti so vividly the consequences of his rashness, that he promised to withdraw himself as soon as possible from the coils in which he had been entangled. It was at this period that Beatrice received the letter we have mentioned, informing her of a new outbreak in the city, where Duranti had himself been attacked by a party of the Ghibelines, and would have been sacrificed but for the opportune arrival of some friends. She could not endure to think of him exposed to so many dangers which she could not share; and when she sought her father, it was with a determination to prevail upon him to consent to their union.

The loving father could not resist the entreaties of his fair child, and he promised, when they went to Florence to celebrate the Carnival, he would make the necessary arrangements for their nuptials.

It was the time of Carnival. The whole world of Florence were engaged in it, save the few who were sick, who then, more bitterly than ever, regretted that Azrael should be looking upon them with his evil eye; and the two lovers, the world forgetting, enjoyed that delightful intercourse which had been so long denied them. Duranti read many of his compositions to Beatrice, and listened with delight to her playful criticisms. They were indeed but the germ of the plant which was to bear such glorious fruit; yet the promise of its strength and beauty could be seen in these its first fruits.

He had already conceived the idea of writing an epic poem that should elevate the Italian language, which had not been thought to possess sufficient power for any great literary composition; but Dante felt that the "lingua vulgare" was capable of much, and it was his aim to raise it to the rank of a classic tongue. How well he succeeded in his great endeavor, each succeeding age bears witness, in the immortality it has given to him and the gentle being whom he has made his guide through the world of spirits.

How full of happiness were these few days, but oh—how brief! A world of tender emotions and deep heart-feeling was compressed into them; and all his life long did Duranti Alghieri turn a backward look upon these, the only truly happy days which his stormy life permitted him to enjoy. The last day of the Carnival came. On the next, Beatrice was to return home; for her father kept sacred the days of fasting and penance which followed, and preferred passing them in the privacy of his own palace. The arrangements had been made for Beatrice's marriage at an early day in the bright and sunny month of May. There was comparative peace in Florence, and Alghieri had promised to withdraw himself from its divisions. He was not to accompany them home, having many arrangements to make previous to resigning the offices of trust which he held under the Guelph party. With a light heart, though a tearful eye, Beatrice bade him adieu. She thought they were soon to meet never again to be separated. No shadow cast its gloom upon the dial of her young heart; but Duranti was sad; a cloud was upon him which he could not remove—and a chilliness as of death crept over him while he watched the graceful guiding of her spirited jennet, as she rode away; and he could scarce return the smile which she gave him with the parting glance before she was lost to his view.

The travellers did not leave Florence till late in the afternoon, for the day had been hot, and they preferred to await a less fervid sun. Gaily passed the first hour or two, for Beatrice's heart, relieved from the anxiety she had long felt for her lover, was blithe and buoyant, and the motion of her favorite exercise made her almost unnaturally gay. As soon as they were out of the city in the beautiful open campania, she removed the velvet mask, which had partly shaded her exquisite face, and which it was the custom for ladies of her rank to wear when desirous to escape observation, and yielded herself to the "abandon" of the hour. Her father listened with delight to her playful sallies, and her bright picturing of the happiness she should enjoy, when united to Duranti. With love's prophetic hand, she sketched for him a future of undying fame. He was to immortalize not only himself but his age;

he was to be the founder of a new school of Italian literature, and she was to place upon his brow the laurel chaplet which would be decreed him by the general voice.

But now the air became oppressive; the horizon gathered clouds, first beautiful and bright, and varying in color like the dying dolphin, then growing deeper and darker, until the whole heavens were covered with a sable pall. The party on horseback became alarmed, the servants were sent forward to find a carriage or safe shelter for the Lady Beatrice, who, though terrified, kept her jennet to its utmost speed, and clung almost breathless to the saddle. But the storm burst upon them; the heavens were rent with the forked lightning; and the thunder, reverberating from the distant hills, was terrific, while the horses dashed on, maddened by the roar of the elements. Beatrice's strength was nearly exhausted when they were met by their own carriage, which her mother, knowing they were to return, had sent to meet them. The half-fainting girl was lifted into it, and she soon arrived at home, well nigh dead with fatigue and agitation, and shivering with cold.

Beatrice's angelic spirit had been enclosed, as is often the case, in too frail a casket; and those who looked upon her, often phophesied that she was a flower destined in its bud for heaven; meet offering for that holy shrine! It was soon evident to all about her that disease had laid his withering hand upon her. The unnatural excitement of her spirits ended in delirium. A messenger was despatched to Florence for an eminent physician, and to Duranti, informing him of her illness.

The physician arrived the same night, and his sad looks as he surveyed the fair girl indicated his fears; but there was hope that the youth of the patient would enable her to triumph over the malady. The servant brought back the letter for Duranti; he was not in Florence, having been suddenly summoned to Pisa by the illness of an uncle, to whom he was much attached. Portonari hesitated whether to send for him thither, but at length decided that it might prove unnecessary thus to alarm him.

For several days Beatrice continued delirious, and in her wanderings she fancied Dante by her side. She talked to him ever of love and poetry, exhorting him to immortalize himself by some great work. Again she would reproach him for not being by her, and in such agonizing tones, that her father despatched a messenger to bring him to his villa without delay. But the days of his daughter were numbered. Her delirium ceased, but every hour wasted her little strength. Very beautiful it was, and yet most sad to see that fair girl sinking so gently to her last sleep! She asked once for her lover, and being told a messenger had been sent for him, she did not again ask for him, though her countenance brightened, and her glance was eager and anxious at the least sound without. She felt the sands of life were wasting swiftly, and her only aim seemed to be to administer comfort to her parents, to reconcile them to her irreparable loss.

Towards evening of the sixth day of her illness, she begged to be placed upon a couch near the window, and to have the curtain undrawn, that she might once again see the beautiful sun, which was never more to gild those loved scenes for her eyes. She gazed upon it long and earnestly; and as she lay with the last rays of the sinking luminary upon her features, she looked like the angel she was so soon to become. All earthly taint seemed gone, when suddenly a painful shade crossed her face, and she mumured:

"Mother in Heaven! holy and pure! for thy blessed Son's sake! bless him, bless him!" Then turning to her weeping parents, she said: "Will you be father and mother to him—to my beloved? Would that I could once more see him—only to bless him! But it may not be! Tell him to live for Beatrice. She will watch over him; though her mortal body has left him for ever, her soul will still be in communion with his; she will be his guardian, his friend. And now your blessing, my beloved parents! Forgive me if I have ever been undutiful. The cold grasp of death is upon me......... I must leave you!...... I must be gone!...... Farewell!"......

She closed her glazing eyes, her lips moved as if in prayer; one slight shudder passed over her frame, and that angelic spirit had left its beautiful tenement for its native home.

The passionate grief of the mother, and the agony of the father, it were impossible to describe. Life had lost for them its charm; and they longed to lay themselves beside the cold insensate marble, which was all that was left them of their heart's best treasure. But even in this most trying hour, they thought of Duranti Alghieri, his long attachment, and the heart rending surprise which awaited him. They dreaded his arrival, which they knew would not long be delayed. That night he came! His impatient summons at the door was soon answered; and breathless with agitation, he demanded of the trembling servant:

"How is the Lady Beatrice?"

Before he could be answered, Count Portonari met him in the hall. With a strong effort, the father composed himself, and said:

"Come with me, my son, and you shall see her; but be calm, and pray for strength."

The fearful truth flashed upon Dante's heart; but there was that in the father's deportment which awed and silenced the stern conflict of his soul. They passed on through the various apartments, until they came to Beatrice's door. Portonari paused for a moment; then opening it, he turned to Dante:

"Enter my son," said he, "and behold all that is left us of our earthly treasure."

A veil must be drawn over the agony of that hour. Dante could scarcely believe that his soul's idol, the pulse of his heart, had indeed gone. But the sad paraphernalia of death surrounded her. The wax tapers were burning at her head and feet, and the black cross lay upon her bosom. A changed being was Duranti Alghieri, when he went forth from that silent chamber of death.

Love has been often said to form the whole of woman's being, while it is but an episode in the busy, bustling life of man. But if Duranti Alghieri's love for Beatrice Portonari was an episode, it was one that coloured his whole after existence, and deepened the violet hues of his poetical temperament, to darkest purple, casting gloom and shadow over all his stormy and unquiet life. Had Beatrice lived, in his own happy home the spirit of unrest in Dante's bosom would have been exorcised, and his interest centred there. He would not have plunged headlong into the political divisions and excitements of Florence; but this very circumstance probably brings him down to us a greater poet than if he had been nursed in the lap of repose. The noblest works of genius have been produced in times of tumult and confusion, and the most powerful minds have been developed by these trying occasions which crush the weak; when every man must be his own master, and the boldest heart can alone take precedence. Dante and Milton afford striking examples of the effect of political excitements upon a high order of epic mind. They were similarly situated; both struggling for liberty; both suffering neglect and persecutions for their principles; and both finding a resource against enemies, and the world's struggles, in the creations of their fancy.

Macaulay, with his diamond nibbed pen, has drawn a beautiful parallel between these gifted men. "Their poetry," he observes, "has in a great measure taken its character from their moral qualities. They are not egotists. They rarely obtrude their idiosyncracies upon their readers. They have nothing in common with those beggars after fame, who extort a pittance from the compassion of the inexperienced by exposing the nakedness and sores of their own minds; yet it would be difficult to name two writers whose works have been more completely though undesignedly coloured by their personal feelings. The character of Milton was distinguished by loftiness of thought, that of Dante by intensity of feeling.

"In every line of the Divine Comedy, we discern the asperity which is produced by pride, struggling with misery. There is perhaps in the world no work so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time we can judge, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of earth, nor the hope of heaven could dispel it; it turned every pleasure and every consolation into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil, of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the language of the Hebrew poet, 'a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness.' The gloom of his character discolors all the passions of men, and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise, and the glories of the Eternal Throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curl of the lip, and doubt they belonged to a man too sensitive to be happy.

"Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover, and like Dante had been unfortunate in ambition and love. He had survived his health, and his sight, the comforts of his home, and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men, by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come, some had carried into foreign climes their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons, and some had poured forth their blood upon the scaffold. That hateful proscription facetiously turned the 'act of indemnity and oblivion,' had set a mark upon the poor blind, deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of an inconstant people, and profligate court. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe vile thoughts in the style of a bell-man, were the favorite writers of the sovereign and the public. It was a loathsome horde, which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus, grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human, dropping with

wine, and bloated with gluttony. Amidst these, his muse was placed, like the chaste Lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless, and serene, to be chattered at, pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rabble of satyrs and goblins. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, it might have been in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor domestic afflictions, nor abuse, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious and stern, but it was a temper which no sufferings could render fretful or sullen. Hence it was, that though he wrote Paradise Lost, at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are beginning to fade even from these minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety or disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and moral world. His poetry reminds us of the pinnacles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy land, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche."

Such is the distinction between these two great poets, drawn by the master essayist of the day. Had they changed birth-places, their peculiar dispositions would have appeared influenced by the varying climates. Milton's radiant and beautiful spirit seemed to have been born under the sunny skies of Italy, where no cloud dims the brightness of the heavens; while Dante's fitful, gloomy temperament, seemed more fitted to be the child of the fogs and storms of England.

Dante's early life was a happy one. His family was one of the most ancient in Florence. Some records say, that Eliseus, the father of the race, existed in the time of Julius Cæsar, but this idea has been rejected, yet it is allowed he acquired great distinction in the time of Charlemagne, when he removed from Rome to Florence. One of the descendants of this Eliseus married into the noble family of Aldighieri, or Alghieri of Ferrara, and his son assumed his mother's name, and became the immediate ancestor of Dante, who was born at Florence, in the month of May, of 1265, and christened by the name of Duranti, afterwards abbreviated to the one he has rendered so immortal.

Visions, prophesies, dreams, and many remarkable events pointed him out for a wonderful child, and according to Boccacio, this light of Italy, by the special grace of God, was welcomed at his birth, by as many lofty hopes as tender caresses. His father died too early to see any of the predictions verified, but his mother cherished them in her heart; and, strengthened by them, performed with unwearied faithfulness all her maternal duties. Dante was placed very early with Brunetto Latinti, one of the first scholars of the age, and he fostered and developed with great care, the powers which early showed themselves in the young Duranti. He had not only a great taste for poetry, but a decided talent for music and painting, which he cultivated with great success. One of his early and strong friendships was formed with Giotto and Aderigo, then the universal themes of admiration for their paintings; the taste for the art just beginning to revive in Italy. Giotto begged as a favour, that he might be permitted to take a likeness of him; so that we have the portrait of the first poet of his age, drawn by the first painter of his time.

Like the head of our modern Satanic school of poetry, Byron, Dante was very young when he first felt that love which has indelibly associated the name of Beatrice Portonari with his works and himself. In his ninth year, he was invited to keep May-day, with several young companions, at her father's, when the quiet, gentle beauty of the young "Brice," as she was called, attracted him, and the sentiment in a few years became the absorbing one of his being. To this he attributes the early exercise of his muse, and the following sonnet is the first of his printed ones. It is an address to the initiated in love, who could alone be supposed to understand him :

"To every captive soul, and gentle heart,
For whom I sing, what sorrows strange I prove!
I wish all grace; and may their master, Love,
Present delight, and happy hopes impart.
Two thirds of night were spent, but brightly clear,
The stars were shining, when surprised I saw
Love, whom to worship is my will and law!
Glad was his aspect, and he seemed to bear
My own heart in his hand, while on his arms,
Garmented in his many-folded vest,
Madonna lay with gentle sleep oppressed,
But he awoke her, filled with soft alarms,
And with that burning heart, in humble guise,
Did feed her, till in gloom the vision fled my eyes."

We cannot but believe that the account Dante has himself given of his early passion was too much exaggerated by the warmth of his imagination; but it shows what an absorbing power it had upon him; and we can imagine how deeply the severing of a tie which had been cherished for so many years must have affected him, although he says he was prepared for it by visions and prophecies. But he struggled with his grief, entered again into the service of the republic, and instead of brooding upon his loss,

kept his mind active with politics or his literary pursuits.

But he was not happy, and his friends, deeming that marriage would be the most effectual cure for disappointed affection, persuaded him to receive a wife at their hands; an undertaking compared by Boccacio to that of "a physician who should endeavour to cure an acute fever by fire, or an ague by immersion in snow or ice, or to refresh any one sick or feeble by carrying him from the sweet air of Italy to the burning heats of Lybia or the eternal gloom of Mount Rhadope; for certainly," says he, "no one else would ever have conceived the notion of curing amorous tribulations with a wife!"

On this homœpathic principle Dante married Gemma di Monetto di Donati, a woman of high birth and fortune, and one who would improve and strengthen his political connexions; but her jealous and imperious temper kept him constantly unhappy.

His heart was devoted to the memory of Beatrice, and he could not give that love which Gemma herself yielded, and which her heart craved. This early sowed the seeds of discord between them, and they reaped a whirlwind of unhappiness which blighted their lives, destroyed all harmony and domestic comfort, and made Dante an alien from home and country, and so embittered his existence that even the sweet bonds of parent and child lost their power over him, and he became a neglectful and unloving father. But he suffered less from this cause, from the active occupation of his mind in the affairs of the republic. It is reported that he was sent on fourteen embassies, and in all met with distinguished success.

But unfortunately for Dante's political prospects an under current of discord and faction was at work, which soon welled, destroying the delusive peace which had rested for a short time upon Florence. New difficulties broke out between the Neri and Bianchi; the hatchet was unburied, and daily aggressions were committed by each party. Dante, whose superiority of intellect placed him at the head of the Bianchi, was deputed to Pope Boniface to implore his aid in their cause; but the pontiff secretly favored the Neri, and though he received Dante kindly, and promised him his influence, it was only to lull his suspicions, and to transfer the power to his own hands. This it was that gave Dante his hatred of the priests, and excited him to the burning satire against them all, the pope and cardinals especially, which is found in his "Commedia."

The sentence of banishment was soon pronounced upon six hundred of the Bianchi, and to that of Dante was added a fine of eight thousand livres, and in default of payment his estates and goods were confiscated, on the trivial excuse of mismanagement of public money; but the high name which he bore for public integrity refutes the charge. This severe sentence was pronounced on the twenty-seventh January, 1302, and on the tenth March in the same year, it was repeated, with the addition that if he was found within the territories of Florence he should be burnt alive. What a disgrace to the republic was this act, which from political motives alone prescribed the noblest ornament of the age, and banished the poet and patriot from his country! Not all the statues, paintings, and inscriptions, which were afterwards offered to his memory, could atone for this injury, which was not so much a disgrace to Dante as to the country, which, blinded by prejudice, could not appreciate him.

From this time Dante, an exile from his beloved Florence, was a wanderer over Italy, and none of his chroniclers have been able to trace the exact course of his various pilgrimages. His first sojourn, however, was at Arezzo, where a party of the Bianchi had fortified themselves. Here they formed the plans which resulted in the sudden attack upon Florence, which took place the very night Petrarch was born. Their hopes of success were very sanguine, but they were totally discomfited, and with this failure Dante lost all the little hope he had nourished of being restored to his home. While at Arezzo he formed an intimacy with a nobleman of great merit, whose friendship cheered and solaced him under his misfortunes. After wandering about for two or three years, now at Padua then at Luvigiani, where he was kindly received by the Marquis Morello Malaspina, he went to Gubbio, and there tradition reports that in the convent of St. Croce, near that place, he composed most of his poems. His chamber is even now shown, and a marble bust, with a suitable inscription, has been placed to commemorate the spot.

Some portion of his "Commedia" was composed in Florence, and it is said his wife rescued with difficulty seven cantos from the populace when they pillaged his house, and sent them to him while he was with the Marquis Malaspina. After leaving Gubbio he went to Verona, to which place he was attracted by the kindness of Francesco and Alborno Scaligori, who jointly exercised the sovereign authority. They were patrons of all literary merit, and felt a peculiar sympathy for Dante's distressed state; but although honored by them, his restless spirit would not be content.

He was unfitted by his irritable feelings for a residence at court; and annoyed by some fancied coolness on the part of his noble patrons, he withdrew to the French capital, which was during the thirteenth century more celebrated than any other city in the world for its learning and philosophy.

The constant excitement, however, and the restless feeling of being without a home, had now almost worn him out, and he ardently wished for some place where he might repose in quiet, and pursue undisturbed the studies to which he now devoted himself. He had resigned all hope of rescuing Florence from its state of degradation, and his mind turned with loathing from further political excitement. He was therefore well prepared to accept the invitation he now received from Guido Palenta, Lord of Ravenna, a nobleman of distinguished worth, who had truly sympathized with the sufferings of Dante, and who feared his unsettled life would extinguish the torch which had lighted up so brilliantly the Egyptian darkness of Italian literature. Here at last in the beautiful city of Ravenna, soothed by the kindness of his friend and patron, did Dante find that peace he had so long sought, and his freed mind poured itself forth in psalms and penitential hymns, which still remain as monuments of his piety, and beautiful specimens of his poetical taste.

But Dante could not long enjoy this state of repose. Guido became involved in a war with the Venitians, which he found so injurious to his state, that he determined to negociate if possible with that haughty republic, and knowing the experience of his guest in these matters, he solicited him to undertake the embassy. Reluctantly did Dante come forth once more on the arena of public life; but he could not refuse Guido's request, and accordingly with a suitable retinue proceeded to Venice; but so determined was the opposition of the Venitians to Ravenna, that they would not even admit the ambassador to an audience, and he was obliged to return home with the object of his mission unaccomplished. No blame attached to him, but the mortification sank deep into his lacerated and susceptible heart, and from this time an unconquerable sadness oppressed him, which so wore upon his frame, debilitated by previous suffering, that in September 1320, he died.

His death was bitterly lamented by Guido and all Ravenna, and they showed their love and respect for him by the honors which were rendered to him. The coarse Franciscan robe which he had worn for some time, was replaced by rich garments, suitable to his birth and genius, and the trappings of the funeral were as gorgeous as if he himself had been the lord of the land rather than a travelling exile. Guido pronounced an eulogy over him, and he was laid in his long rest in the Franciscan church at Ravenna. Cardinal Bernbo a few years after, erected a splendid monument to his memory, a tribute scarcely needed; for the writings of Duranti Alghieri will remain a fitting monument to his genius long after the costly pile reared by his friend shall have been destroyed by the elements.

It was nearly a century before Italy was aroused to a sense of the greatness of Dante's genius, and the vast debt she owed to him for exhuming the Muse who, covered by the lava of ages, was forgotten and unsought even in the asylum to which she had fled when exiled from her native Greece. But though tardily accomplished, the *amende honorable* was at length made to Dante's memory, and the fifteenth century saw Florence humbly begging for his hallowed remains, that they might rest in his much loved birth soil, and that she might atone to the honored dead for the neglect of the exiled and discarded living. But vain was the petition! Ravenna valued too highly the relics of the poet, and Duranti's body was permitted that repose which his living spirit so vainly sought. The disappointed Florentines were obliged to content themselves with causing his portrait, painted by Giotto, to be hung, with a suitable inscription, in a public place; and they instituted a professorship to explain the divine mysteries of the Commedia, the chair of which was filled first by Boccacio, then successively by the most learned men of Florence. Bologna, Pisa, Venice, and other towns soon followed the example of Florence, and all Italy resounded with the name of Dante, the creator of their poetical language, and the father of their poetry.

THE STATUARY.

A SONNET.

BY E. W. W. G. HOUSEAL.

This cannot surely be a form of stone,
The mere production of my feeble art!
From off the pedestal, she soon will start,
And softly whisper, "I am still thine own"—
But no, alas! Herself, herself I've known,
But Death, he smote her with unsparing dart,
And I am now condemned to live apart—
Weeping that on my birth, the sun e'er shone!
Oh! could I drink oblivion in the wave,
Soon would I dare the tempest and the storm,
And leap yon rock, 'gainst which the billows roar;
But on that rock, her name I would engrave—
Place on its pinnacle, this angel form,
Where all might see, and seeing all adore.

BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

WIESBADEN.

A FRIEND has suggested that this ballad requires a note. It is merely to say, since necessary, that it was founded upon the story of Lady Ellenborough and Prince Schwartzenberg, and that it would have been well for the cause of morality had the catastrophe been the same.

She came amongst us with the Spring—those moist delicious days,
When odours steal like fairies forth, from all the woodland ways;
And Hope the huntress, with her train, outruns the rising beam,
And danceth with the dancing leaves and singeth with the stream.
She came amongst us with the flowers—so fragile yet so fair,
With eyes like the blue twilight stars, and rings of golden hair.

REFRAIN.

We know our songs are very sad, for mirth is all too loud,
For us to tell of 'neath the weight of Famine's closing shroud:
So wonder not our memory most lingers with the dead,
For we'er but poor German childerkin, and beg "our daily bread."

Her voice, like winds through Autumn leaves, had a low and mournful fall,
But yet our bruised hearts leapt up as to a mother's call.
Her cheek, like Spring's first rose, so pure, so lofty delicate,
Made us dream of those sweet seraphs that at Mercy's portals wait.
We could not think—'midst youth's own hues—the ruthless worm was there,
Or that dust would soon be strewed upon her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, yet who of joy could sing,
Where Poverty keeps chilling watch and saddens all our Spring;
Where Memory's embers only shine and heavy tears are shed,
For we're but poor German childerkin, and beg "our daily bread."

And he on whom she leant at last, her anchor of the heart,
How watched he for the closing surge that tore the chain apart!
Was it fear or pain that shook him when in each long look she gave,
He marked within its dreamy depths the shadows of the grave?
No—were the shrouded breast laid bare—no yearning thought is there,
For that gentle English lady with her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, but Life's unfolding scene,
Still shews upon its sunniest spots some serpent's trail hath been;
O'er every flower that bloomed for us the blistering slime is spread,
For we're but poor German childerkin, and beg "our daily bread."

Sleep sitteth down with dove-like wings, in that dim shaded room,
The grudging menials watch alone, like phantoms 'mid the gloom;
And the lovely lady dreams away her last calm dying hours,
'Mid the grand old woods of England and her own sweet garden flowers.
The thrush thrills with his gushing pipe the hedgerow low and fair,
And the winds of home come wandering through her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, but where we loved so well,
Our thoughts like summer birds fly back with Memory to dwell:
So wonder not our strain is grave, we seem on graves to tread,
For we're but poor German childerkin, and beg "our daily bread."

Why rings that stunning pistol shot at midnight's silent hour?
Why streams the pool of bitter blood o'er that dull chamber floor?
The gamester's latest die is cast, and thrown his final main,
The doom of God is on his soul! the false dice in his brain!
Thanks, Holy Saints!—*She* sank at once—nor lingered in despair,
And pillowed on his bloody breast her rings of golden hair.

We know our songs are very sad, our hearts are full of cares,
And that lovely foreign flower is blent still with our songs and prayers;
We dare not wish her back again,—she's happy with the dead,—
And we're but poor German childerkin, and beg "our daily bread."

DRACHENFELS.

Halt—hear ye not the matin bell? it is the holy hour!
What sanctuary so meet for prayer as this old vintage bower?
Cheer the browsing mules to rest beside the chiming mountain rill,
While Holy Mary bends above our cell serene and still!
AVE MARIA!

Now while the breeze is singing through the dark embowering vine,
Where its tendrilled tresses wind around in many a fairy twine:
While the purple Rhine sweeps on beneath like a sea-king to his home,
And the eagle in the far blue air proclaims his halidome.
I'll tell a tale of glamourie, of old unholy spells,
That a Nixie o'er a Yager threw by haunted Drachenfels.

'Tis said those gaunt and grisly crags, whose shadows fall like night,
And from the fearful Lurlee-Beg frown back the blessed light,
Where fiends that prowled on Hallowmas, and fettered by a *word*,
Stood still for ever, locked in stone, beneath Ithuriel's sword.
Grim sentinels! what have they seen amid that gloom profound,
Where the yawning whirlpool weaves its lure for ever round and round?

Dark Max the hunter, loved from youth each silent solitude,
That shadowed forth his dreaming world and fed his wayward mood.
He shunned the household merriment, the jousts by daring won,
To seek, like an unquiet ghost, the solemn night alone.
And he hearkened with a fierce delight the Nixie's silvery spell,
As she sailed adown the moonbeam like a wreathe of asphodel.

"Lurlee! Lurlee!" so ran the chant—"our ocean halls are fair,
No taint of earth, no chill of death, no weary sound is there.
Outblazed by many a lovelier light the diamond feebly shines,
And shrinking from our red, red wine, the faded ruby pines.
The gnomes of earth in vain have watched their donjon stores of gold,
For broadly 'neath our pearly feet they're like a carpet rolled.

"Lurlee! Lurlee! the warlike Jarls, the stormy ocean lords,
Are dancing with our merry maids and shouting at our boards.
The golden browed and belted of the noble German line,
Are throned on our eternal thrones and quaff our deathless wine!
Lurlee! Lurlee! oh, fearless heart! 'tis sweet with us to stray,
Amid our rich romantic realms, undimmed by dull decay."

The huntsman gazed with straining eyes down through the shadows grim,
And saw her floating like a flame, above the cauldron's brim—
While like a drowsy nightingale, as soft as soft might be,
Still faltered up her silvery call—"'Tis sweet to roam with me."
And wild desires rose fiercely up and banished holy fear,
While Rûbezahl, the foe of souls, hung whispering at his ear.

He heard his mother's Ranz-de-vache, his brother's folding horn,
And the Kloster's solemn vespers from the vine-trailed slopes upborne;
But he turned away with longing ears to list the elvish thing,
That o'er the seething Lurlee-Beg was brightly lingering.
"Lurlee! Lurlee! come roam with me," still rang the witching strain,
He plunged into the fatal depths—and ne'er was seen again!

Montreal, February, 1847.

RICHARD CRAIGNTON;*

OR,

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES IN THE HISTORY OF THE "MARKHAM GANG."

BY HARRY BLOOMFIELD, ESQUIRE, F.R.S.

CHAPTER IX.

THE mind of Richard Craignton was fearfully agitated. What course to pursue, he could not decide. He felt as if guilty of a crime in not disclosing the knowledge he possessed, in order to furnish a track, the pursuit of which might lead to the discovery of the perpetrators of the daring attack upon the residence of Captain Willinton—a gentleman personally although not intimately known to him, as he had only met him once at Mr. Gardner's—and the public press had filled up the picture which to him had been but sketched in outline by his mother's fears, and his father's haggard appearance, as he staggered into his own house on that terrible morning, wounded and disabled, and—unrepentant.

Days had passed since he had seen him—days which to him had seemed like years, so lazily they waned. In the meantime he had voluntarily released from her engagements his betrothed bride. He had proclaimed himself—to *her* at least, and to him she was the world—as a felon's son; and it seemed that she had taken him at his word, for he had neither heard of or from her. Did he feel hurt at this? In spite of his generous nature—in spite of his hopes, he did. He blushed as he confessed it to his heart. Of his own will, freely and unconstrainedly exercised, he had sought her, and renounced her; and yet he could not but confess that he had hoped to be longer remembered—more deeply regretted. True, even if she had offered to forego the shame, as indeed she had all but done—and to become his own, regardless of the world's opinion, he would not—he could not have accepted the sacrifice she made. Still there was a something—he knew not what—that added gall to the bitterness of his lot. She was all to him—he had believed and hoped he might have been all to her.

"Shame on me!" he said to himself, as he paced his narrow chamber. "Should I not rather rejoice that she has suffered me to remain alone with my infamy! It is an insult to her nature, for me to think of her! I must think of her no more."

He continued pacing the room for many minutes, when the door was opened and a newspaper handed to him. He opened it mechanically. His eye fell upon a paragraph, with the title of "Daring Attempt at Robbery," which immediately chained his attention. It ran thus:

"On the night of the 7th instant, about eleven o'clock, a daring attempt was made on the life of Captain Willinton, formerly of the 86th, now residing in this Township. There were three robbers. Fortunately the gallant Captain had been sitting up rather later than usual, all his men being absent at some country merry-making. He sat outside the door, the evening having been exceedingly mild and agreeable, and saw the approach of the robbers. Two only ventured near, and one of them, from some conversation he overheard, the Captain believed to be already alarmed,—yet on they came to the very spot where he was sitting, when Captain Willinton, who had been observing them, caught the man who came first, and threw him down the steps. The second man, being a bolder villain, he encountered, having on their first appearance entered his house and armed himself. After a short encounter, the robber was disabled, when the third man came up and attacked him. This man, after fighting for some time, drew a pistol, when the disabled robber threw himself between the combatants and intercepted the ball with his own body. To this interposition Captain Willinton attributes the preservation of his own life. After this the fight was renewed, and the issue was still doubtful, when a neighbour—Mr. Bradshaw, a worthy and brave old man, a farmer, arrived at the scene of action, accompanied by his son, having been alarmed by Mrs. Willinton. The sturdy old man terminated the contest by knocking down the robber. Captain Willinton, we are happy to say, has not been seriously hurt, although he suffers severely from the many and heavy blows he received during his double encounter.

*Continued from page 118.

"The most painful part of our narrative remains yet to be told. Mr. Bradshaw's son, who was left by his father to take care of the prisoner, (for one of the men had been secured,) while he entered the house with Captain and Mrs. Willinton, was found on his return, dreadfully wounded, and the prisoner gone. It is evident that he had been rescued by his associates. For some time the young gentleman's life was despaired of, but we are happy to say that Dr. Greenleaf, who has been in attendance upon him, is now of opinion that he is out of danger.

"No clue has yet been found by which to discover the perpetrators of this daring outrage, but we learn that a reward of one hundred pounds has been offered for the conviction of either of them, and we hope no means will be left untried to discover them. Such doings have become alarmingly frequent of late, and this is the most atrocious we have yet heard of. No man is safe while the authors of it remain at large. The mystery connected with the self-sacrifice of the robber who ventured his own life to save that of the man he sought to plunder we cannot solve. It must be left to be unriddled by time."

Richard Craignton had seen the matter mentioned by the press before, but he had seen no notice of it by any means so circumstantial, and the question arose—Could it have been his father by whom the life of Captain Willinton was saved? The more he reflected, the more probable it seemed. His father had evidently been wounded by a pistol shot—the remarks he had heard made by Whitley, while engaged in bandaging his arm, left no doubt upon this point. Only one shot had been fired. This also seemed clear to him from all he had heard and read. His father, it must have been, who had received it. The thought itself, though it perilled his father's life, was one that gave him comfort. He was not utterly depraved. He had gone astray indeed. He had linked himself with villains. He had become one of them. But he had not forgotten himself so far but that he could still be generous even to the sacrifice of his life.

"My poor father!" he murmured, for the conviction was strong within him that Captain Willinton owed his life to him. "What can have come over him? For what end—what purpose—has he made himself an outcast?"

He sunk into a deep and painful reverie. The whole scene with his mother rose painfully before his mind. He upbraided himself for having left her in her grief, although he felt conscious that the sight of him deeply pained her; still, in her deep distress, it was a duty he owed her to have supported her by his presence. And his sister—so young—so utterly guileless—her, too, he had deserted—selfishly and recklessly deeming his own burden greater than theirs.

He determined at once to repair his fault, as far as it could now be done, by immediately returning. The day was already far spent; but nevertheless, he did not defer his purpose. Indeed he did not think of hours. In a few minutes he was on horseback, and rapidly proceeding on his journey.

The thoughts that coursed through the mind of Richard Craignton as he pursued his solitary way, it needs not that we should dwell upon. They were haunting and hope-destroying, and yet there were some spots of light and beauty even upon them. He had convinced himself that his father only could have been the man who, at the peril of his life, had prevented murder, and he had almost taught himself to hope that he had gone upon his fearful errand, in order that he might save the man whose life was perilled. It was a wild and a foolish hope, or thought, for had his purpose been so, and had he had no participation in the crimes of those who had planned the robbery, and had he possessed a knowledge of their purposes, the course he should have pursued would have been far otherwise, and he would have taken a safer and a surer means to protect the intended victim. But feeble as the hope was, it still existed, and worlds, had they been at his disposal, he would have given to have had them realized.

The distance from the city where he resided, was nearly thirty miles from his father's house. When within about six miles of what had once been his home, he found it was already midnight, and fearing that his unlooked for appearance at so late an hour might cause alarm, he stopped at an inn for a few hours to rest, with a resolution to resume his journey at the earliest dawn. But before the appointed hour, he was on the road again.

He rode slowly along, communing with himself as he proceeded. He had probably travelled half the distance, when he was surprised and startled by finding a company of men, at the head of whom marched old Anthony Slatefield, escorting a bound and wounded prisoner. It was the morning on which old Anthony had so adroitly managed to secure the person of Nathan Gray, and the procession was composed of the neighbours by whom the old man was surrounded. Young Craignton was known to almost all the crowd—old Anthony among the rest.

"Ah! Mr. Richard," he exclaimed, "What d'ye think of this? We've caught the murderer of old Gregory ——."

"Old Gregory!" cried the youth, "Has he been murdered?"

"You've not heard of it, then!" old Anthony replied. "He was butchered in his own bed only the night before last. Here's the murderer! He would have served me the same, if it had not been for your mother ——."

"My mother! what of her?" cried the young man, eagerly.

"Your mother—master Richard! is an angel," replied old Anthony. "To her I owe my life, and may God forget me, when I forget it!"

"My mother—your life—what do you mean?" exclaimed Richard; "how could—how did she save your life?"

"By telling me of this villain's plans. I never thought of asking how she knew them. The consequence is that you see me alive, and the murderer of poor old Gregory a prisoner."

Richard bent his face to his horse's mane, and the tears rolled down his cheek.

"My mother! my poor mother!" he said, though he did not speak so as to be heard by the group around him. "The villain must have been with my father, and she must have heard them talking. Can it be possible that he could have had a hand in this! No—no—I will not believe it—it is a shame to me that I could think it."

The crowd began to move on, having first volunteered a cheer for Mrs. Craignton, a cheer that grated harshly upon the heart and ear of Richard, as he thought how she must have become acquainted with the design of the wretched man before him.

Old Anthony remained behind until the last man had passed. He then spoke in a low voice to Richard.

"Your father is very ill."

"He is!" cried Richard, "Is he—has he—been confined to bed?—how long has he been ill?"

"About a week. He has not left his room for several days."

"Thank God for that!" cried Richard, when seeing the look that old Anthony cast upon him, he saw the indiscretion of his remark. Old Anthony smiled sadly.

"It is a strange thing to be thankful for. Nevertheless, my dear boy, you may have cause to thank God even for a father's sickness. I wanted to say one word to you. I am afraid your father is in trouble. If I can help him out of it—I have some dollars—and will spend them freely to assist him. I am a blunt man, and speak openly, so don't feel hurt or angry. If you need such aid come to me. In the mean-time take an old man's thanks to your angel mother—for if one ever lived on earth, its her."

And bidding the young man good bye, old Anthony proceeded after the prisoner, whom he had determined to see safely lodged in the county jail.

Richard immediately bent his steps to his father's house, at which he soon after arrived. Early as it was, he saw, as he approached, his young sister out in the neglected garden, wandering listlessly among the fading flowers. The girl saw him coming, and rushed to meet him as he dismounted from his horse.

"Ah! Richard! you are come back," she cried. "Mother said you would never come again, and she cried, oh! so much. Father is very, very sick!—But we'll be all well again, now you are back. Come, quick! my mother will be so glad to see you."

Richard stooped to kiss her, as he had done of yore, but a tear fell from his cheek on hers. She started.

"What! are you crying, too?" she exclaimed, and her childish instinct, catching from his glance the knowledge of some calamity which she could not comprehend, she too burst into tears.

Richard did not attempt to soothe her. He felt that the effort would still more unman him. He therefore led his horse to the stable, and taking off the bridle, took his sister's hand, and led her to the house.

His mother met him at the door. She was worn and haggard, and her face bore many furrows caused by recent and heart-wept tears. The same mild and gentle light still dwelt in her clear blue eye; the same smile, but saddened with bitter grief, greeted him as he approached, and the embrace she gave him was almost convulsive. She was the wreck of what had been a noble and high-souled woman—no, not the wreck, but the shadow rather, of what she had been. The heart of Richard was full to bursting, and his lips refused to speak the commonest words of greeting. At length he said, in a whisper rendered hoarse by his intense emotion,

"My father! where is my father?"

"Your father," she answered, "is himself again. He has awakened from his dream—and, oh! the comfort it has given me! But, alas! he is dreadfully ill in body, and will not suffer me to seek for medical assistance, and, without it, I fear he will never rise again."

She wept bitterly for a few moments, while Richard regarded her with feelings of intense love and pity. His own sorrows were forgotten, and all his affection for his father was revived.

"Then, my dear mother, medical assistance he must have. The village is but an hour's ride from here. I will go for Dr. Burnet, and be back before nine o'clock."

"Go, my son," said his mother. "Heaven has sent you back to us, and its promptings must be obeyed. Bring Dr. Burnet, and I will prepare your father to receive him. When he finds that the doctor is really coming, he will probably consent to what appears unavoidable."

The young man hurriedly embraced his mother, and a minute had scarcely elapsed ere he had remounted his horse and departed.

THE DISCLOSURE.

WHITLEY, as he sought the dark recesses of the wilderness, finding himself beset on every side, and seeing no prospect of escape, should he again fall into the power of his former friends, determined as the least dangerous course, to seek the residence of a magistrate, with whom he knew that Craignton had had some quarrel, and to communicate to him the whole particulars of the robbery, hoping that he might still receive the mercy of the Crown, in consideration of the benefit which would result from the disclosures he had it in his power to make.

He passed the remainder of the long night within the depths of the forest, not daring to seek a human habitation, not knowing where Greene and his companions might have gone. With the earliest dawn, he directed his course to the village, in which the magistrate had his residence, and when within its walls he for the first time breathed freely, for though he did not believe he should escape totally unpunished, he had no fear for his life, and the last night had shewn him, the perilous position in which he stood.

Mr. Warren was an early riser, and usually indulged himself with a stroll about the village, in order to provide himself with an appetite for breakfast. He was a bachelor, and as he had passed the grand climacteric,—nay, indeed, as his "day of life was waning into the sere and yellow leaf,"—it seemed likely that he would continue so. His household was composed only of a widowed sister, and a boy who acted in the various capacities which his unpretending household required. Already they were both astir, and the merry laugh of the boy, as he pursued his early tasks, was heard by Mr. Warren, as he was about to issue from the house. It sounded rather strangely at such an hour, particularly as in his well regulated household, which, although it was sufficiently cheerful on all ordinary occasions, was rarely the scene of boisterous mirth. Curious to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound, Mr. Warren entered the kitchen, determined to administer a little wholesome correction, unless the cause of the uproar were satisfactorily explained. An unexpected sight awaited him, and he was as much surprised as pleased, to find Whitley seated there, the boy gibing and jeering at him with malicious pleasure. The spectacle he presented, however, was not one calculated to inspire mirth or laughter. He was the very picture of misery. The long night passed in watchfulness, in the dreary woods, in addition to the terror in which he had lived for many hours, had left deep traces upon his countenance, which was haggard in the extreme, and evidently had been long unwashed, while his unshaven chin, and matted and uncombed hair added to the woe-begoneness of his appearance. It was evident that he was in no enviable mood, and the good-hearted magistrate felt pity as he looked at him, although he was prepared to believe him guilty of many a grievous crime, for, in the course of the previous day he had heard of all that passed at Captain Willinton's, and being a shrewd observer, and a deeply thinking man, he was convinced that Whitley had been connected with the abortive attempt at robbery, which had alarmed the neighbourhood during the previous week.

We have said that Mr. Warren was surprised, when he found Whitley in his kitchen. He did not, however, suffer his surprise to be apparent to his early visitor. He eyed him steadily for several moments, and he could see that Whitley writhed and cowered beneath his glance; but he did not attempt to speak. Mr. Warren was the first to break the silence:

"What!" he exclaimed, "is it possible I see you here at such an hour? From what I heard of you yesterday, I hardly expected to have the pleasure of seeing you so soon. May I inquire your particular business with me?"

"Mr. Warren," said Whitley, hesitatingly, and with an expression of abject humility, for the hope which had hitherto supported him was rapidly giving way; "Mr. Warren, I come to you to ask you to save my life—"

"Your life!" exclaimed Mr. Warren, "what ails you man? Surely nothing so grave as that, you seem as if you had been upon some debauch, but there's nothing, I hope, very dangerous in that. I hardly think it is the first time. You'd better take a soda, man, and you'll get over it at once. Besides," he continued, assuming a more serious tone, "if your life's in danger, you'd better see the doctor. There's one of the Faculty, I'm of opinion, has some wish to see you. Dr. Greenleaf, I mean."

Whitley winced at the name, and Mr. Warren eyed him earnestly.

"I don't mean that," said Whitley, humbly; "it's a more dangerous matter. It is ——; but I must speak to you alone. Will you give me a few minutes conversation with you in a private room?"

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Warren, who suspected what the wretch was aiming at. "You shall have all the benefit of a private audience. Dick," he continued, turning to the boy, "I shall want the gig after breakfast,—get the horse ready, and step next door to Mr. Wilson, and say I will be glad to see him as soon as he's ready. He can call in about half an hour."

Mr. Warren led the way into a private room, followed by Whitley, who trembled excessively. The irretrievable step was now taken, and yet he had not courage enough to pursue it steadily. He feared that he should not be able to make as good a story as when at a distance he had imagined. But there was no retreat, and he could only hope the best. Mr. Warren came to the point at once.

"You called yesterday, I have been told, at Captain Willinton's," he said. "You had something important to communicate about the robbery and the robbers—what was it?"

Whitley was not prepared for so abrupt a commencement, and the question staggered him. He was silent.

"What was it?" again abruptly asked the magistrate, looking sternly at the self-convicted culprit as he spoke.

"I called on Captain Willinton," he replied, "to tell him I could prove who it was that made the attempt to rob him. But I expected—that is—I wanted—I hoped he would promise to take no steps against one of them whose safety I wished—was anxious—to secure."

"And Captain Willinton," said Mr. Warren, "very properly refused. So I have heard. Was it not so?"

"He did refuse," replied Whitley, trembling more violently than before, "and therefore I held my tongue. But now I have come to tell all to you. But, I want a pledge that you will protect the man for whom I am interested."

"I'll pledge nothing. You must first tell all you know, and then trust to the Queen's mercy. If you don't reveal all, I'll commit you on suspicion, and trust to circumstances for further information."

Whitley was confounded. He was not prepared for such a consummation. It seemed as if all were leagued against him, and for some moments he remained perfectly silent. At length, he mustered courage enough to proceed:

"You are aware that the robbery was attempted by three men—one of whom ——"

"All the particulars are pretty well known to me," said Mr. Warren. "Dr. Greenleaf and Captain Willinton called to consult me on the subject, and put me in possession of the facts. I want now to hear who were the actors."

"Craignton ——"

"What! Edward Craignton!" said Mr. Warren. "It is impossible that you are going to accuse him. Be careful what you do. He's not the man to trifle with."

"I am," said Whitley, gathering courage. "Two of the men went towards the door. I—for I will conceal nothing,—was one of them. Craignton was the other. He forced me to go before him, and followed close behind me. When Captain Willinton threw me down, Craignton attacked him, and fired a pistol, ——"

"There's something wrong there," said Mr. Warren, "take care you speak the truth. I don't like Craignton, so you must do him justice when you speak to me. Proceed."

"A pistol was fired," said Whitley, losing some of his newly acquired courage, "and I thought it had been by him. At any rate the Captain was too much for him, and got the better of him."

Whitley paused.

"Proceed," again said Mr. Warren. "There was a third man. Who was he?"

"Greene—Bill Greene—one of Captain Willinton's men. He it was who was struggling with his master, when Mr. Bradshaw came upon them. He tried to murder me last night, because the whole thing was heavy on my conscience, and he thought yesterday that I was going to confess. This is the whole truth, and you may arrest them at once, if you can find where they are."

"Your story," said Mr. Warren, "does not greatly disagree with the facts as I have heard them. But who was it struck young Bradshaw? He says it was not the wounded man."

Whitley stammered, and said he supposed it must have been Craignton.

The Magistrate looked intently at him, and Whitley felt as if he was reading what passed within him. Mr. Warren asked no further questions.

Mr. Wilson now came in, and Mr. Warren desired him to sit down, and take a copy of the notes which he had made as the conversation proceeded. He then read it over for Whitley's

approval, and having attested it, he said they would proceed no further in an informal manner, but as soon as breakfast was over, they would ride over to Dr. Greenleaf, and in his presence go over the whole matter thoroughly.

Mr. Warren, accompanied by Mr. Wilson, left the room, and proceeded to the breakfast parlor, leaving Whitley to his cogitations, taking care to turn the key upon him. He sent him some refreshments, however, as he appeared worn out with fasting and fatigue. Whitley, notwithstanding his anxiety, devoured them with avidity, and had hardly completed his repast when he was summoned to proceed, under the charge of a couple of stout constables, to the residence of Dr. Greenleaf.

Mr. Warren had already gone. He anticipated Whitley, as he determined to call upon Captain Willinton, whose presence he desired at the examination, and he feared the appearance of the prisoner might alarm his accomplice, Greene, for whom he had already made out a warrant of arrest, which he intended should at once be executed, should the man be at home. In this he succeeded, and in the presence of his master Greene was arrested. The Captain enquired the meaning of the proceeding somewhat testily, but Mr. Warren, handing the attested paper, simply said:

"Read that—if you want any other explanation, come with me. In the meantime, let this fellow be taken care of, and brought along. He and Whitley can be sent to jail together. We have time enough to get the other before dark."

"Imp[illegible]ible!" exclaimed Willinton. "It can't be that Greene can be such a villian. There must be some mistake."

"Deuce a bit!" said Mr. Warren. "Look at him! If I had not believed it before, his face would have been proof enough of his treachery."

In fact the face of Greene was a sad spectacle to look at. Fierce passions seemed to have got the better of him, as he roughly, though vainly, struggled in the grasp of the constables, who, with the assistance of his fellow servants, were binding his hands tsgether.

"Fool—idiot!" he muttered, "as I was, to let the villain escape. I might have guessed all this! But he shall suffer too! The blow on young Bradshaw's skull shall not be overlooked."

Captain Willinton had already entered the house to take leave of his wife. In a few moments he returned, and the whole train set off for the residence of Dr. Greenleaf, where they shortly after arrived. Whitley with his convoy were there before them, having followed the direct road, while Mr. Warren diverged from it to call upon Captain Willinton.

Dr. Greenleaf was considerably flurried when he found the assemblage becoming so large, for already the noise of all these doings had gone abroad, and a crowd had collected, but he nevertheless shook hands with Mr. Warren and the Captain, and shewed the way into his study where a young gentleman who acted as his clerk was in attendance, and they proceeded minutely to investigate the evidence which had been offered by Whitley, who in a short time was called before them to repeat in a more formal and regular manner, what he had already said.

This time he was confronted by Greene, but although he stammered and hesitated, he persisted consistently enough to satisfy all who heard him, that he spoke the truth. Dr. Greenleaf, however, and Captain Willinton, were much more searching in their enquiry than Mr. Warren had been, and they were not satisfied with the meagre confession of the traitor. Dr. Greenleaf said:

"All this, Whitley, is well enough, so far as it goes; but we must have more. Let us know who it was that so treacherously struck young James Bradshaw. I think he must have been the worst of the three of you."

"I don't know," said Whitley.

"You lie, you villain!" exclaimed Greene, interrupting him. "It was yourself."

They were the first words he had uttered. Until this moment he had maintained a dogged silence.

"It must have been so," said Captain Willinton. "By your own shewing, it was Greene who was struggling with me when Mr. Bradshaw released me. Craignton, therefore, must have been the man who interposed between him and me, and his arm was broken with the pistol bullet—I am sure it was, for it caught the ball which otherwise would have been fatal to me. He could *not* have struck my gallant young friend; and Greene, also, by your acknowledgment, had made his escape while the young man was in my house. There is not a doubt but that Whitley is himself the man."

Whitley staggered, and turned pale as death. He muttered an indistinct denial, in which he was interrupted by Greene.

"It was Craignton who saved your life, no matter now about who it was he ruined by it. If you want proof, go to his house; you'll find him there, dying probably from the wound. You need not be afraid of his escaping, unless death put him out of your power, and beyond the malice of this cowardly scoundrel."

Whitley was dumb.

"If this be so," said Dr. Greenleaf, to Whitley; "you shall suffer for it. Your treachery, welcome as it is, will serve you little. As I said before, none but a murderer ever struck such a blow. And now I think of it, I am as well convinced of it as Willinton is. The blow was struck from behind, and from its position could have been dealt only by the right hand. We will go and see if Craignton is really as Greene describes him, and if his right arm is powerless, there can no longer be a doubt about the matter. Mr. Crawford, make out warrants for the commitment of these men, William Greene and Solomon Whitley, and see that they are safely lodged in ——— gaol, before sunset. Captain, come with me; in a couple of hours we will see Ned Craignton—a decent man he used to be. If all this be true, bad as he is now, you owe him something. If he is well enough we will have him arrested. If he be dying, your forgiveness may make his passage easier."

"You have only anticipated my wishes," said Captain Willinton. "I am most anxious to see and speak with him. A vague idea seems to float upon my mind, that there is something mysterious in his connection with this matter. The name is familiar to me, and yet I cannot think where I heard it. Let us begone at once."

"Wait till Mr. Warren and I have signed these documents," said the doctor. "We have time enough yet. It is only eleven o'clock. We shall be at his house by three.

Mr. Warren and Dr. Greenleaf having signed the necessary warrants, the prisoners, accompanied by several volunteers, as well as by a retinue of constables and town officers, were placed in a waggon, and sent off to the county gaol, in which, in the course of the same morning, Nathan Gray, wounded and suffering, had been safely lodged.

Placed together in the same vehicle, the two accomplices pursued their way, but long before they reached the end of their journey, it became necessary to separate them, for, manacled though he was, and in the power of those whose duty it was to minister the law, Greene could not restrain the evil passions of his nature, and he poured forth a torrent of oaths and imprecations, and struggled with his bonds to perform some murderous deed upon his companion, utterly reckless of after consequences, and for the time forgetting his own peril in his desire for immediate vengeance upon him whose fears had been the cause of his detection and his ruin. Once separated, however, his fury subsided into sullen gloom, and before the night, both were placed in secure keeping, and in separate cells, to think over their guilt and its consequences as might be permitted to them.

We will not follow them into their lonely, and to them most loathsome cells. They felt, that whatever might befall them had been deserved, and the reflection—for they did reflect—was gall added to the bitterness of their lot. Whitley knew well that for him there was nothing to be offered in palliation, far less in extenuation of his crime. Wantonly, and in the mere lust of wealth, he had thrown a competence away. Greene had betrayed the confidence of one by whom he had been kindly entreated, and Nathan Gray had the guilt of murder on his soul, and excruciating pains of body. They were each of them alone, and had they been together, what comfort could either have derived from such companionship? Perhaps Whitley was the least wretched of the three. He felt that for the present his life was safe, and to him, coward as he was, life was all. But even he was stung with other feelings. He believed that Craignton, for whose destruction he had plotted, was in less imminent peril, that the very steps he had taken to be revenged upon him had recoiled upon himself, and that he whom he had destined for his victim had rather profited than otherwise by his treachery. It was a scorching thought,—it presented itself to him in a thousand varieties of shape—and the long night passed, fatigued and weary though he was, without his eyes having once been closed in sleep.

(To be continued.)

FOR MUSIC.

BY P.

Oh! give me back the sighs that vainly fell,
The looks that speechless were,
Yet told thee all a loving heart could tell,
While Hope yet linger'd there!
As summer sunshine lasts—I thought 'twould last,
Not thus so fleeting be:
But now I know, love only gleam'd and pass'd
Like shadows o'er the sea.

Oh! give me back those hours, with pleasure fraught,
Those nights and days all gone,
That flew so swiftly, while I fondly thought
Myself the favour'd one!
But now, each moment leaden-winged seems,
And slowly glides away—
For well I know, my thoughts were only dreams,
Like phantoms seen by day.

Montreal, February, 1847.

THE STEPMOTHER.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER VII.

Such was Amy's first night of pleasure, and it may be imagined with what feelings of repugnance she looked forward to another. It was not the mockery, the persecutions of Sir George, that had rendered it so insupportable. Oh, no! The bitterest pang was the overwhelming consciousness that Delmour was false. Until that evening she had, unknown to herself, cherished some faint hope of his returning, and repairing the unkindness which had arisen from some momentary fit of impatience, some misunderstanding; but now, the proofs of his inconstancy were too evident. Even when he had last visited her, soothed her with words of affection, another's image filled his heart. What baseness had he shewn! and she shrank from dwelling on it, for it added immeasurably to her sufferings, to discover such unworthiness where she had fondly imagined honor and nobleness alone existed. Two days after this, Sir George called, and Amy, who fortunately was in her room, refused to see him, under pretence of indisposition. A very short time elapsed ere he came again, but she was out driving, and her satisfaction, as may be supposed, was great, at having escaped the penalty of seeing him.

One evening, however, as she was alone in the drawing room, Mrs. Morton being confined to her room by a slight headache, the servant flung open the door, and Sir George entered. Recovered from her first embarrassment, her reception of him was polite, but excessively cold; and he had not been long in her society, ere he found she was not the shy school-girl he had imagined. On the night of the ball, nervous and bewildered, she certainly had not appeared to great advantage; but in her own house it was quite a different thing, and her demeanour was now as graceful as it had then been constrained and embarrassed. Her pertinacity in refusing to see him, shewed also she was not to be annoyed with impunity. He resolved then, at least for the present, to change his tactics, and he was accordingly as respectful and agreeable as she could desire. But having penetration enough to perceive that his society was anything but welcome to her, notwithstanding her efforts to make it appear otherwise, he soon took leave. But he suddenly arrested his hand on the door, and drew forth a note from Lady Travers, to her stepmother.

"My sister would have been very angry at my negligence, for she charged me strictly to give it myself to Mrs. Morton. 'Tis a pity I cannot see her."

On Amy's promising to deliver it immediately, he thanked her, and left the room. She then rang for the servant to take it up; but the summons was unanswered, and remembering that it might require an immediate reply, she determined to give it herself. Knocking gently at the door of the lady's apartment, she heard her silvery voice exclaim, "Come in!" With some feeling of embarrassment, for it was the first time she had ever been in her stepmother's room, she entered. It was furnished with the most luxurious elegance—rose-colored hangings, delicate paintings, exquisite *statuettes*, everything was in keeping with the taste of the owner, who, reclining on a velvet couch, in an elegant morning undress, seemed certainly the fitting occupant of such a chamber.

"What is it?" she negligently exclaimed, supposing it was the servant, without raising her dark eyes from the silly French novel they were perusing. "Speak, girl," she added with impatience, turning towards the intruder. She started on perceiving Amy, and tutored as she was in dissimulation, she could not repress her first movement of astonishment, on receiving a visit so unexpected. The former, after asking how she felt, and giving Lady Travers' note, prepared to leave the room.

"Will you not be seated, Miss Morton?" she said, with one of her most winning smiles; "'twill really be an act of charity to pass a few moments with an invalid like myself, who has nothing to dissipate her *ennui* but this wearisome novel."

Amy could not, without ungraciousness, refuse; and inwardly wondering at her unwonted affability, she seated herself; Mrs. Morton begging her to excuse her, rapidly glanced over the note, and then threw it from her, exclaiming—

"What do you think of Lady Travers? Is she not a charming person?"

*Continued from page 140.

"She is certainly very handsome, but I think too supercilious in her manner."

"Oh! that is in keeping with her majestic beauty. She suits her deportment to her style of figure. You know it would not do for a diminutive being like myself, to assume the carriage of a sultana, and Lady Travers would certainly as ill become the light, volatile bearing which suits so well my *petite* form."

Amy smiled at this new system of philosophy.

"Oh! you need not laugh," said her stepmother earnestly. "The gift of beauty is worthless, unless its possessor knows how to set it off to advantage; but, seriously, Miss Morton, have you never thought of that yet? You are certainly a novice in the world, and 'tis time you should begin to know something of it."

"May I ask," said Amy, as gravely as she could, "what peculiar carriage I should adopt, who am neither handsome nor interesting."

"Pardon me—though you do not possess beauty—I know you will excuse my frankness—there is a certain timidity, a childish grace, about your air and figure, which render you very interesting; and you cannot disguise it from yourself, your eyes have really a magic power. Did I possess *them*, with your expressive countenance, I should soon cause myself to be admired in preference to others, who like a statue have chiselled but lifeless features."

"How am I to accomplish all this?" asked Amy, catching at anything which changed in some degree a conversation which greatly embarrassed her; for Mrs. Morton had been scrutinizing her with the most perfect deliberation whilst she was speaking.

"In the first place," she rejoined, "your timidity, though attractive, is carried too far, thus preventing your displaying to advantage your conversational powers, which certainly are of no mean order; and then you have no idea of suiting the colours of your dress to your complexion. Your hair also, instead of being carelessly thrown back as you wear it, should be brought down on your face in smooth broad bands, and would thus contrast well with your high forehead and fair skin. And lastly, your general expression being that of gentleness, and your eyes having a shade of thought in them, you would do well to adopt that *triste*, pensive demeanour, which would render you doubly interesting."

"Many thanks," interrupted Amy, "for your kind counsel. Perhaps, if I practised it, I would succeed, if not in attracting admiration, at least in escaping being called 'a pale, lifeless creature,' as I had the satisfaction of hearing myself styled the other night."

Inwardly amused at her companion's simplicity, in thus recounting a tale so little favourable to her vanity, Mrs. Morton rejoined:

"Certainly you had more than enough to counterbalance so slight a mortification, in the attentions of one of the most elegant persons in the room. However, 'tis nothing more than you might have expected on your *début*. Every young lady is more or less criticised, on her entrance into life. I know that the first season I made my appearance I underwent a truly fiery ordeal. Every one had some unfavorable remark to make, or fault to find. Some said I was too short, others that my hair was not dark enough. The ladies all found me unbearably forward and pert, the gentlemen thought me capricious and satirical. Yet, I pursued my way, undaunted by criticism or sarcasm; and ever preserved the same manner and deportment that I had assumed the night of my first ball. Now, no one has anything unfavorable to say of me. The world saw I was indifferent to its blame, and, as a necessary consequence, heaped adulation and favours upon me." After a few moments silence, she resumed, "But I must not be so egotistical as to fatigue you by thus conversing solely of myself. Let us talk of other subjects. Did Sir George remain long, to-day?"

"Not very," replied Amy.

"How do you like him?" she interrogated, fixing her eyes penetratingly upon her companion, whose cheek glowed beneath that enquiring gaze; and the consciousness how much her confusion might be misconstrued but increased it. At length she rejoined:

"Not at all! I find him too self-sufficient, and presuming—"

"Strange! I must say your conduct and sentiments are somewhat at variance. It is not customary for young ladies to dance and talk nearly the whole evening with a gentleman, when they find him so presuming and disagreeable."

"I could not help his attentions, and you may believe me when I say it was his very persecution that rendered the evening so interminably wearisome. Had it been otherwise, I would not have been so rejoiced when the hour for returning home arrived."

"Was not Sir George then dancing with the handsome Miss Aylmer?" asked her stepmother, while a smile of covert sarcasm lurked on her lip.

"Yes! and it was the first half hour of tranquillity I had enjoyed."

"What is there then in Sir George to call forth so strongly your dislike?" interrogated Mrs.

Morton, almost tempted by her earnestness into believing her. "Is he not handsome, witty, and refined? Certainly, he would not suffer by being put into comparison with any one present that night, or even with any one *absent*."

The tone in which the last word was uttered, jarred on Amy's feelings, and she somewhat coldly replied:

"Sir George may indeed possess all the qualities you have mentioned, yet still they do not command esteem, and his very name would perhaps be forgotten when those of less gifted individuals would ever be remembered."

"Doubtless, the less gifted person alluded to, whom you remember with such fidelity, is your cousin, Mr. Delmour?"

Unheeding the deep, angry flush, that passed over her companion's face, the stepmother gravely continued—

"But, believe me, Amy Morton, he is unworthy of you, and you will yet repent the delusion that leads you to cherish as warmly as you do, a being who will never repay you."

"I know my cousin's character well, by this time," said Amy, bitterly; but Mrs. Morton little imagined how unfavorable to him was that knowledge.

"And I knew him well too," said the latter, while her cheek flushed, and an expression of pain shadowed her features. "I knew him at a period, when, uncontaminated by intercourse with the world, his better feelings, if he had any, were in their first strength, when, if ever worthy of a heart's devoted love, he should have been worthy of it then, and yet how did he repay my affection?"

Amy involuntarily started.

"Nay! you need not look so surprised, Miss Morton; you have long ere this heard the whole story, and you cannot but acknowledge, even prejudiced as you may be, in his favour, that his conduct was unpardonable. Be frank! is it not so?"

"If I must speak, to judge from what I have heard, I should be tempted to say he acted as he should have done."

"And you believed all he said? Think you, foolish girl! he would not exaggerate my coquetry, and diminish his own base jealousy and inconstancy, when he said that the ardent affection he once entertained for me was but a boyish fancy? I appeal to your own judgment."

But Amy was silent; Mrs. Morton adjusted round her the rich folds of her cashmere shawl, and fell back on the couch, with quiet disdain. An embarrassing pause ensued, which she was the first to break, by exclaiming:

"I tell you, Amy, you are deceiving yourself. Awake from your idle dreaming, which may destroy the happiness of your future life; banish the remembrance of this boy lover, whom you fondly imagine devoted to youself, but who loves rather the rich dowry that you would bring him."

"Nay, Mrs. Morton," rejoined Amy, firmly; "as I have once before said, you do him great injustice there. Accuse him, if you like, of inconstancy, of heartlessness; but not of interested views,—of that he is incapable."

"Have I not cause to know him?"

"Perhaps so; but, be that as it may, I entreat that this subject may be dropped between us, never to be resumed again. I fear," she continued, rising, "that I have exhausted your patience by my long stay."

The dark shade that had rested on the fair brow of her young stepmother, during the latter part of the preceding conversation, vanished, and with the same bright warm smile with which she had greeted her on her entrance, she thanked her for her kindness, in thus devoting part of her morning to wile away the tedious hours of illness. And thus they parted, seemingly good friends, but, in reality, more estranged than ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was night; a perfect stillness reigned throughout the large saloon of Mr. Morton's abode, and yet, there were two occupants in it, who were formerly wont to wile away every lonely hour, by affectionate and cheerful intercourse. What a change had one short year effected in the sentiments of that father and daughter! The warm confidence and love that once existed, were changed to restraint and fear on one side,—to self-reproach and coldness on the other. Mr. Morton held a book in his hand, but it was not difficult to see, it interested him but little. Once he spoke, and that was to ask where was his wife. On Amy's replying that she was in her dressing-room, trying on her new dress for Mrs. Sutherland's ball, he relapsed into silence. His daughter silently worked on, yet from time to time the glistening tears fell on her embroidery, dimming its bright hues. Yet this was a scene now too often repeated, and to which she should have been accustomed, still it had not lost its bitterness for her sensitive heart, and it but caused her to revert the more frequently to the happy period when she was indeed the first, the only object of her father's love. But she now well knew that that time had passed away forever, and he could never again be to her what he once had been. Her sad reflections were diverted by the entrance of her stepmother, who was splendidly attired.

"How do you like my new dress?" she asked with sparkling eyes. "Is it not superb?"

"It is really very handsome," replied her husband, looking proudly upon her.

"It should be," she quickly rejoined. "This Brussels lace," and as she spoke, she raised the rich trimming which might have adorned the robe of a duchess, "cost me an immense sum. It has left me actually pennyless. However, I shall have the satisfaction of outshining all there. But do you not perceive that something is wanting to my toilette?"

"No, indeed, 'tis perfect."

"Really, 'tis astonishing, how blind you are," she said somewhat pettishly. "Do you not see that I have no ornaments in my hair?"

"Why, to speak truly, I never observed it; but I assure you, Louisa, your curls look far better free and unconfined as they are at present. You remember ——."

"Oh! spare me! that hackneyed quotation of 'beauty when unadorned, is adorned the most.' 'Tis mighty well in theory, but not so admirable in practice. But, do you recollect the Countess of Neville—how well she looked the other night at Lady Heathcott's?"

"Yes, she was one of the most elegant looking women in the room."

"Well! did you remark her splendid diamond tiara? It was that that made her look so queen-like."

"I believe you pointed it out to me," innocently rejoined Mr. Morton. "It was really very becoming."

"Then would you not like to see your wife rivalling the Countess of Neville?" she said, changing her tone to one of winning sweetness? "Do, dear Morton, give me a tiara like hers for to-morrow evening."

Her husband actually started, and exclaimed with an air of grave surprise:

"What! more jewelry, Louisa? Where are your pearls, and that set of rubies I bought for you last week at your own request, and then, the costly diamond bracelet I gave you a fortnight previously?"

"Oh! I remember them well; but you will not surely refuse to gratify me in this request. I promise not to ask you for anything else for a long time."

"'Tis utterly impossible. Reflect for a moment on the immense sum those jewels will cost. Had you not purchased the last set I might have done it, but now 'tis out of my power."

"Then you will not give it to me?"

"I would if I could, but I have not sufficient ready money; and surely out of all your ornaments you can select some becoming enough to wear."

"Of that I am the best judge, Mr. Morton," she answered, her dark eyes kindling with passion; but let me tell you I find your excuse for refusing me a paltry jewel, very improbable. I know but little of your affairs, for of course you keep them as secret as possible from your wife; still, I am not quite as ignorant as you suppose. How are the revenues of your vast estate in Dorsetshire employed?"

Mr. Morton felt there was to be a scene, and for once he determined to remain firm; he therefore coolly replied:

"Where does the money that keeps up your establishment, pays your numerous retinue, opera box, and carriages, come from?"

"That is very well," she triumphantly rejoined, "but it does not account for the large yearly rents you receive from Hillingdon Manor."

"Your expensive entertainments, costly dress, jewelry, and unceasing demands for pocket money, can best account for that."

"Since you have so satisfactorily answered for the others, perhaps you can find some equally plausible pretext for the outlay of that estate in Scotland, which, if I mistake not, your agent once said in my presence, was a very valuable one."

"That is my daughter's, exclusively. She inherits it in right of her mother, and with that, Mrs. Morton, neither you nor I have anything to do."

This did not tend to appease her, and, trembling with anger, she exclaimed:

"I care not where the money comes from, but answer me definitely, am I to have those jewels or not?"

"I have already answered you."

"Then, till I obtain them," she passionately rejoined, "I shall not leave this house. You shall go alone to Mrs. Sutherland's to-morrow night, and let them know 'twas your despicable meanness that prevented my accompanying you. Hortense shall have this dress," and as she spoke, she tore the rich trimming from her robe and flung it away.

"Then be it so," said her husband, who with some difficulty had preserved his self-command, "You are your own mistress to go or to stay as you think proper; but since we are on this subject, let me tell you, Louisa, your expenses for the last two months have been really enormous. Do not think for a moment I wish to curtail your pleasures or amusements. Far from it; but still you must learn to be a little more economical,

for I cannot or will not permit such unbounded extravagance."

The effect of this admonition upon the spoiled beauty was really startling. Her eyes flashed fire, and, springing to her feet, she confronted him, saying in tones whose trembling accents betokened her deep passion:

"Is it come to this, Everard Morton? Do you dare to tutor and threaten me as you would a child? If you can forget I am your wife, I still remember I am your equal in every point, and therefore I will not submit to be treated as your slave."

"Nay, Mrs. Morton, I do not wish to exert any unlawful authority, but still you must not forget, that, quiet as I am, I intend retaining a little sway in my own house."

"Really, Sir! but though you may retain unlimited authority over your house, your daughter, and your other slaves, I tell you, you have yet to learn you have none over me. I am free as air, and though you are my husband, expect neither obedience nor affection from me, for I owe you none."

This was too much. He had hitherto borne with wonderful patience her bitter sarcasms, her insulting remarks, but at the last words his brow grew dark as night, and, seizing her arm, he exclaimed in a low, stern tone:

"Beware, Louisa! you are going too far."

Fearlessly she raised her flashing eyes to his face, but there was something in that severe, menacing countenance, so different from its usual calm, gentle expression, that quelled her haughty spirit, and uttering a faint cry, she fell back on the sofa in violent hysterics. It was easy to perceive there was no pretence on her part, and all the fond husband's anger vanished as he gazed on that cheek, whose warm roseate hue, was now changed to ghastly paleness. Mrs. Morton had ever been indulged from her cradle, in every whim and fancy. An only daughter, beautiful and fascinating when she chose, her parents had never contradicted their idol; and she had grown up to maturity with no other idea, no other care than that of consulting her own pleasure and satisfaction in everything. Married at an age when some girls only make their entrance into society, she fancied she should rule her new home as she had done that of her childhood. The gentleness and indulgence of her husband had strengthened this delusion, and it may be divined with what feelings the spoiled child, the worshipped wife, heard for the first time, the words of stern rebuke. Already excited to a most fearful degree, the sudden angry change in Mr. Morton's manner was more than she could bear, and it was long ere she recovered from her alarming nervous attack. Thanks to Amy's skilful attentions, she at length unclosed her eyes, and taking the arm of her maid, who had been flying about all the time in a state of great agitation, distractedly calling for Eau de Cologne, Esprit de mille fleurs, and hartshorn, left the room without uttering a word. As the door closed upon her, Mr. Morton resumed his seat, and leaning his head upon his hand, sighed long and heavily. Oh! how Amy felt for him at that moment! His decreasing affection, his momentary harshness, was forgotten, and she longed to throw herself in his arms and soothe him with a daughter's warm, gushing tenderness. But that might not be, and casting one long, tearful glance upon him, she noiselessly departed. Of course the young wife never left her room next day; and to speak truly, the unwonted agitation she had undergone, yet told on a constitution naturally extremely delicate.

At breakfast her husband's first question was for her, and Amy seeing the assurance the servant gave him of her being a little better, was far from satisfying him, resolved to see her herself. Rising from the table she mentioned her intention, and her father's grateful look well repaid her. She immediately proceeded to Mrs. Morton's apartment, and meeting the servant at the door, she told her to ask if she might see her. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, she entered. Her stepmother was seated in an easy chair, wrapped in a large shawl. She was very pale, and the dark unhappy expression that clouded that usually bright and youthful brow, really touched her visiter. In a voice full of sympathy and kindness, she asked if she felt better. No change came over her countenance, and in a tone absolutely freezing, she prayed her to be seated.

"And now, Miss Morton, may I ask if you come on the suggestion of your father, or of your own charity? but, perhaps," she continued, in the same constrained tone, "you may feel curious to see how I have borne my first lesson in obedience."

Though hurt by this unkind reception, Amy resolved not to take offence. She saw her companion's irritable feelings were not yet calmed, and therefore gently replied:

"I really did feel anxious to know if you were better."

"You might have spared yourself the trouble, for though real sympathy might have proved some little consolation, its counterfeit but adds to the unhappiness it would pretend to alleviate."

"You judge me rather harshly, Mrs. Morton,"

said Amy, with some spirit. "Did I not feel some regret for your indisposition, you should not see me here."

"Nay, child, why should it be otherwise?" she bitterly rejoined. "You have little cause to love me; of that I am aware, and 'tis but natural you should rejoice at the mortification of one who has never spared you. 'Tis useless to protest to the contrary," she continued, seeing her companion was about to reply, "I should know the human heart now, if ever I am to know it."

"Perhaps you have only read its darker pages," was Amy's almost involuntary rejoinder.

"Thank you for your epigram; 'tis too pointed to be mistaken. Still, Miss Morton, I think you might have chosen some other spot than my own apartment to commence your lesson. But no doubt you are early profiting by the example your worthy father has set you."

This taunt stung her listener to the quick. The unwearying gentleness her parent had displayed throughout the whole of that trying scene, the conduct of her stepmother, so totally the reverse, vividly recurred to her remembrance, and she replied:

"'Twould indeed be well for me could I imitate him, for I should thereby acquire a more than usual share of patience and forbearance."

"Better and better, Miss Morton," said the lady, in the same unnaturally calm tone; "you are improving in satire; but, of course, stinging as it may be, I must endure it without murmuring, from the heiress who inherits a large estate in Scotland, in right of her mother, and totally independent of any one. 'Tis wonderful you never told me that before; 'twould have been a fine opportunity of triumphing over the wife, who, though her husband possesses two such estates, cannot obtain a paltry ornament. But, perhaps, Miss Morton, you, who have no one to restrict your expenses, may think fit to purchase it. I really advise you to do so."

"It would ill become me," was the gentle reply of Amy, who now repented having retorted as she had done. Suddenly a thought flashed across her mind, and she joyfully availed herself of it, as affording an opportunity of reparation. She therefore added, while her cheek colored and her manner became somewhat embarrassed:

"Do not be offended, Mrs. Morton, if I attempt to offer you a trifling gift. I expend but little, for of course I dress simply, as my age requires; I have, therefore, more than sufficient ready money in my possession to purchase the tiara. Believe me, in accepting it, you will confer a real favor upon me."

"No, no," replied her companion, somewhat softened by the generosity of the offer, and the delicacy with which it was made; "I never could consent to accept from the charity of a daughter, what the generosity of a husband would not bestow."

Fearing to wound Mrs. Morton's delicacy by pressing her offer, and thinking it best to take leave while they were in this tolerably peaceful intercourse, she rose. Her stepmother, with stately politeness, thanked her for her visit, but as Amy turned away, the thought of her father's sad, anxious face, rose up before her, and in a pleading tone she said:

"Will you not come down soon? my poor father will be so uneasy till he sees you."

"The same ominous frown that had darkened that youthful countenance on her entrance, gathered on it again, and in a voice as harsh as its silvery accent would allow, she rejoined:

"Miss Morton! that is a subject with which you have no right to interfere. Your own delicacy should have told you that."

The formal bow that accompanied these words was unanswerable, and, sad and dejected, she left the room. No longer could she repress the hot tears that sprang to her eyes, and she had to remain a considerable time in the hall in order to free her countenance from any traces of emotion.

Her father was pacing the room with hasty step, when she entered. Amy felt repaid for her humiliations, her outraged feelings, by the look of happiness that overspread his features on her imparting the welcome tidings that the patient was better.

The next day she took good care not to visit Mrs. Morton personally, but she sent up the servant several times to enquire how she felt. That evening she was alone in the sitting room with her father. He was seated near a table, his head resting on his hand, whilst his eyes were cast down, evidently absorbed in deep and painful thought. His daughter unconsciously allowed the book she was reading to fall from her grasp, and with an intentness she was not aware of, perused every lineament of that beloved countenance. With acute pain she marked the lines of care that now furrowed that so lately smooth brow, and she could scarcely forgive the being that had wrought this change. Suddenly he looked up, and that glance of warm, commiserating affection, those soft speaking eyes, touched a chord that had long slumbered in his bosom, and recalled to his memory days long past. Yes, even the remembrance of her whose whole wedded life had never witnessed one scene of discord, one harsh, unkind word. Almost timidly,

for his conscience reproached him with the wrong he had done that gentle girl, he asked her to sing some favorite ballad, to wile away the time. With a heart bounding with joy, she prepared to comply; her father helped her to adjust the instrument. Another moment, and that painful estrangement, so distressing betweent wo beings formed to love each other, would have been removed forever, when the door slowly opened, and Mrs. Morton entered. A single glance told her how matters stood. There was no mistaking the bright, happy expression of Amy's face, the awakened tenderness of her father's, and she saw that she must make a vigorous effort to preserve her sceptre, and prevent its passing back to its original owner. This discovery, however, did not interfere with the plans she had previously formed. It but confirmed her in them. Kindly accosting Amy and her husband, who stood the personification of mute surprise, she threw herself on a sofa. Never had she looked more interesting. There was something more touching in the pallor of her cheek than when it had worn its brightest bloom; and it would have required as great an adept in dissimulation as herself, to have divined the consummate art with which that apparently careless toilet was made. Balls where she had been the queen of the night, had not cost her more elaborate care than that simple attire. A plain white morning gown, and rich dark shawl, so different from her usual elegant dishabille, was all she wore. Her glossy hair, instead of being adjusted in clustering ringlets, was brought down in dark waves upon her cheek, serving, by contrast, to enhance the paleness of her complexion, which, of course, was what she wanted. With a gentle smile she asked them if they had missed her, and declared that as they had not sought her society, she felt so lonely, that notwithstanding the lateness of the hour she could not resist the temptation of seeking theirs. The evening passed delightfully. Of course, any allusion to the scene of the preceding night was carefully avoided, and Mr. Morton could scarcely credit his senses, that the fascinating, delicate looking girl at his side was the angry, unconquerable woman who had so lately defied his power and outraged his best feelings. Though enlivening the conversation by many little anecdotes, related in her own winning style, she took good care to let an appearance of languor pervade her whole manner, and even the tones of her voice, as if she yet suffered from the effects of the violent agitation she had undergone during her dispute with her husband. Ere the night was far advanced, she retired, pleading fatigue, and Mr. Morton was again alone with his daughter; but the spell was now broken, and he thought only of the idolized being who had so soon forgiven and forgotten what he inwardly termed his harshness. So absorbed was he in his reflections, that he forgot even the presence of Amy, and left the room without interchanging a word, whilst she sought her sleepless pillow to mourn over her desolate, unloved lot, and the blighting of the hopes of sympathy, of old affection renewed, that had sprung up in her bosom during that evening. Far different were Mr. Morton's thoughts. Joy and surprise alternately agitated him. He was prepared for violence, for sullenness, for open rebellion, for anything but this. In any of the former circumstances he would have remained firm as a rock, but her unexpected gentleness had entirely disarmed him, and her empire was but more firmly established than ever.

The next morning, on awaking, she found a small packet on her dressing table. Quickly tearing off the cover, she saw, as she expected, the diamond tiara. It was not the rich setting, the sparkling brilliancy of the costly gems, that caused her dark eyes to flash with such proud exultation. No! but in them she read a tale far dearer to her haughty heart. They told her she had—*conquered.*

CHAPTER IX.

From that period her will was law, and her quiet husband shrank from farther contention, in which he plainly saw he would come off a loser. Mrs. Morton's jewels were the costliest, her fêtes the most brilliant, her equipage the most perfect, and he had the satisfaction, if indeed 'twas such, of hearing his young wife cited everywhere, as the standard of elegance and fashion. Launched into one unceasing round of dissipation, her nights were passed at the opera, or in the heated atmosphere of the ball-room, whilst the greater part of the day was passed in her own apartment, recovering from the fatigues of the preceding evening. Her success indeed had been unequalled, and no entertainment was thought complete unless she was present. As may be supposed, her husband soon wearied of accompanying her to these gay scenes; though, when he went, he had no cause to be dissatisfied with her. Never was her smile more joyous, her countenance more animated, than when conversing with him. In addition to her other imaginary good qualities, she was held up to admiration by all, as a pattern wife. Every one envied Mr. Morton. She was so beautiful, so winning, so devoted. Well for her they saw her

not in private life, or he would have been rather an object of compassion. Amy frequently accompanied her to these scenes of pleasure, as it was her father's wish, and it is needless to say, that even though her large fortune and gentle graceful manners procured her much attention, her lovely young stepmother, conscious of her own irresistible attractions, felt no jealousy of her.

One morning the latter was seated in the saloon; Lady Travers, her dear friend, had just taken leave after a short call, and though she had been both as amusing, as satirical on her neighbours as usual, Mrs. Morton seemed in no very good temper. The cause of her displeasure was simply this. She had purchased not long previously a beautiful plume, which she fondly flattered herself was not only unsurpassed, but unequalled. It happened Lady Travers wore one that day almost similar, but of a more delicate tint and glossier texture. This trial was beyond her patience, and she resolved to bestow hers on Hortense, and never rest till she had procured another, no matter what it might cost. Amy sat at a table reading, whilst she amused herself by caressing a hideous little spaniel, curled up on a velvet cushion near her, whose only recommendation was its excessive rarity. Something connected with her stepdaughter had also apparently tended to disturb her equanimity, for she frequently glanced indignantly upon her, and then fondled her ugly pet with renewed ardour. The door opened and her husband entered. She raised her eyes and then dropped them again, without a word of greeting.

"I have a letter for you, Louisa," he exclaimed. "What do I deserve for my good news?"

"Nothing," she pettishly rejoined, glancing at the superscription and carelessly tossing it aside. "'Tis from that tedious Lady Hamilton, who will persist in constantly writing to me. Her letters contain nothing but sermons, as if I were not capable of directing myself, interspersed with minute details of Helen's cough and Robert's measles."

"I have heard you formerly speak of her as having been a very kind friend to you." Here he inadverteutly rested his hand on *Bijou*, who immediately resenting such unprovoked intrusion, sprang up and inflicted a somewhat severe bite upon his arm. Already a little irritated by his wife's disagreeable demeanour, he gave her pet a push that sent him tottering from his throne.

"I am really much obliged to you, Mr. Morton," she angrily said. "I wonder why you cannot allow my poor dog a little quiet. I am sure he does not annoy you much. But you are not the first to have attacked him to-day," she continued, darting a resentful look at Amy. "Miss Morton has just very politely informed me that he is the most mischievous animal she ever saw."

Her stepdaughter had good cause to say so, for Bijou had that morning after elaborate labor, succeeded in tearing into the smallest possible fragments, a beautiful crayon drawing she had just concluded, and to whose completion she had devoted many long hours. She, however, made no remark, and her father, after murmuring something about not doing it intentionally, changed the conversation. After a few minutes he turned to leave the room, but Bijou, who had not forgiven or forgotten his former treatment, was in the act of making a treacherous but deadly attack upon his heel. In moving Mr. Morton trod upon him, and he immediately filled the apartment with a succession of yelps and howls actually deafening. His wife's forbearance was not proof against this, and bursting into tears, she passionately exclaimed:

"I see your motive, Mr. Morton! poor Bijou is the only creature that loves me, and he has therefore incurred your hatred. Yes, contemned and ill-treated, he resembles his mistress."

"In more respects than one," thought Amy.

The whole scene was unspeakably ludicrous; the childish grief of his wife, the menacing attitude of her pet, who had his small fiery eyes fixed on his adversary, evidently burning yet fearing to make another attack, and who still continued his dismal cries, at intervals interspersed with savage growls. 'Twas too much for Mr. Morton's gravity, and after two or three ineffectual struggles to repress his mirth, he burst into one long hearty peal of laughter. With a look of blank astonishment, his wife raised her head and looked steadily at him. She who had expected he was compassionating her tears and framing some humble apology, which she intended receiving with cold dignity. But recovering from her surprise, she burst forth into a torrent of reproaches against his cruelty, his hard-heartedness. Happily for her husband the servant entered at the moment with Miss Aylmer's card. This stayed the course of her indignation, and after reinstating Bijou on his cushion, and bathing her eyes, which certainly bore no great traces of weeping, with rose water from a flask on the stand near her, she prepared to receive her visitor.

Miss Aylmer gracefully glided into the apartment, and saluting them with her usual affectation, and honouring Amy with her usual patronizing bow, threw herself on a *fauteuil*. After the first few minutes, Mrs. Morton being in no talkative mood, the conversation soon languished, but this

did not annoy the young lady in the least, who always acted on the excellent principle of never putting herself out for any one. She therefore lay back on her seat, waiting with great complacency for her hosts to entertain her. Mr. Morton who had inwardly blessed her appearance, felt himself bound in gratitude to amuse her, but this was no easy task. After touching on many topics which elicited nothing more than a monosyllable in reply, he suddenly remembered her uncle, and asked if she had received any tidings of him.

"Oh, yes! I had forgotten," she rejoined with some animation. "We heard from him not long since, and it appears that they have had a severe engagement with a pirate vessel, but they came off victorious."

"He escaped unwounded, did he not?" said Mr. Morton, congratulating himself on his skill in at last having selected a subject that seemed to awake her from her indifference.

"Yes! but that was entirely owing to the bravery of a young midshipman, who at the risk of his life sprang forward and warded off the raised cutlass of one of the pirates. He performed actual prodigies of valour."

"What is his name?" was the unsuspecting question.

"Delmour. But is he not a relation of yours?"

The revulsion of Mr. Morton's feelings may be imagined, and in a cold measured tone he laconically replied:

"Yes! a distant one."

"I truly congratulate you on being at all connected with him, for my uncle speaks of him in the most flattering terms. He cannot find words to do justice to his bravery, and manly open character. When he recovers from the wound he received in defending him he will be promoted, and he says that Mr. Delmour will yet rise to the highest dignity in the career he has chosen. You know that once my uncle interests himself in any person, his future success is certain."

Mr. Morton stole a glance at his daughter. Apparently heedless of the foregoing dialogue, she had stooped to pick up an engraving that had fallen at her feet; but either the task must have been very difficult or her sight must have failed her, for a long time elapsed ere she succeeded in finding it. At length she raised her head, but not the slightest trace of emotion was visible on her pale countenance, and her father inwardly exclaimed:

"'Tis as Louisa said, she has forgotten him."

"Miss Morton, have you not heard my glowing description of your cousin's heroism?" said the visitor, turning towards her. "I wonder how you can remain so indifferent."

"I dare say Miss Morton takes all the interest in Mr. Delmour that he deserves," interrupted Mrs. Morton, speaking for the first time since the present subject had been introduced. Amy well understood the covert sarcasm her words conveyed, but what could she reply? Did she not even take more interest in him than he merited.

"I declare," continued Miss Aylmer, pertinaciously clinging to a topic otherwise indifferent to her, expressly because she perceived it annoyed Mrs. Morton.

"I can think of nothing else but this young hero since my uncle's epistle."

"I beg you will not say so in public, Miss Aylmer," answered Mrs. Morton, with as much irony as politeness would permit, "or you will drive Lord Hilton and Sir Frederick Vincent to despair. Your constancy in such matters being proverbial."

"Nay, you are too severe," good humouredly rejoined the heiress. "'Tis not my fault if I have a wretched memory, but my uncle says I would never do for a sailor's wife. I am too giddy and changeable. You know with me, once out of sight, no matter how estimable or beloved the person, he is soon forgotten. But am I not right, Miss Morton? Is it not more sensible to forget those who very probably will soon forget us?"

Amy embarrassed knew not how to reply, knowing that her father or stepmother would certainly put a false construction on whatever she might chance to say. The latter, however, relieved her from her perplexity, by exclaiming in the cold mocking tone in which she ever alluded to Delmour:

"I am certain Miss Morton will utterly disagree with you there. She adheres to the system of remembering the absent, whether worthy or not."

"Then, she is indeed a miracle—a thing to be admired, in this age of inconstancy," replied the lady, secretly wondering at the vivid crimson that suddenly flushed Amy's cheek.

"'Tis an amiable trait, when not carried to excess," said Mr. Morton, annoyed at his wife's unprovoked persecution of his daughter.

"Which no one can accuse Miss Morton of doing," she returned in the same accent.

By this time, Miss Aylmer, tired of the discussion, and wearied even of the novel and exquisite pleasure of tormenting Mrs. Morton, which she could tell by her demeanour she had done to her heart's content, took leave. Mr. Morton left the room at the same time, and Amy soon followed under pretence of practising her music. The stepmother was left therefore, to the

pleasant task of pinching Bijou's curly ears, or if she preferred it, revolving in her mind the preceding conversation, which was anything but agreeable.

In such scenes as these were Amy's days passed. Parties of pleasure in which she found no amusement, persons whom she almost hated, conversations which wearied and disgusted her; by such were the happy hours she had known, previously to her entrance into society replaced. How often when preparing for some glittering *fête*, in which her heart was not, did she look back with a bitter sigh to that blissful period when she was at least free. But that time was past, and now too frequently she had to wreathe with flowers a brow that throbbed with suppressed agony. The only circumstance that tended to render these scenes of gaiety supportable, was, that in them she enjoyed tolerable quiet. 'Tis true, Sir George was ever beside her, but he had totally laid aside the impertinent manner that had so shocked her on their first acquaintance. His attentions though devoted, were unobtrusive and delicate, and her prejudices against him were imperceptibly wearing away. In this monotonous and unvaried life time sped rapidly on, and she little heeded its flight.

(To be continued.)

TO MY SISTER.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

'Tis night—but not a night to sleep—
Upon the blue and moonlit deep;
It is a night to think of home,
And friends, and all the heart holds dear,
And though so far from thee I roam,
My sister! thou wilt lend an ear.
Three thousand miles now intervene
Between that happy home and me,
But though three millions it had been,
They could not keep my thoughts from thee;
I know too, thine will often stray
To him who wanders far away—
I know that not a night has past,
Since thou did'st gaze upon me last,
But what thy lip has breathed a prayer
To heaven for me, thus doomed to rove,
Far from a happy land I love,
To one which cannot be more fair,
And never half so dear—Alas!
How many more such nights must pass,
Ere I can hope to see thy face,
And clasp thee in a long embrace!
I said 'twas night upon the sea—
Our little bark, with wings unfurled,
To waft us to that western world,
Which soon will smile beneath our lea—
Leaps joyously from wave to wave,
O'er many a gallant seaman's grave—
Down where the stars reflected shine,
Like jewels in an eastern mine.
How often, on such nights as this,
So calm, so bright, so full of bliss,
When the young moon has stooped to kiss,
Each rapid billow in its flight
And tinged it o'er with mellow light,
I've scanned our graceful ship with pride
And wished that *thou* wert by my side,
To pace the moonlit deck with me,
And breathe the hour's tranquillity.

But Lucy, see! even while I sing,
The storm to windward gathering!
That little cloud of silver hue,
Which hid the young moon from our view,
(As if she would have blushed to stray,
Unveiled along the milky way,)
Has spread itself o'er all the sky,
And called from far those sleeping gales,
We long have wooed to fill our sails;
It freshens—fleeter, and more fleet
Along the foaming main we fly—
But, ah! the scene that was so sweet!—
All now is darkness to mine eye.

O! thus, thus, many a dream I've cherished,
And many a hope, long, long since perished—
And many a bright and rosy hour,
I've passed in Love and Friendship's bower,
Although replete with all the joy
That earth could give—and soon destroy—
One single moment has o'ercast,
Till I have learn'd to feel at last
Some other world contains the bliss,
Which I had vainly sought in this.

Four bells!—'tis time to sigh adieu!
Would that the bark which bears to you
These lines, could bear *me* o'er the main,
And give you to my arms again.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN ON THE BLACK RIVER.

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

Yes, oft when o'er the sleeping main,
The moon has shone serenely bright—
And the pure stars, like silver rain,
Have strewn it o'er with liquid light,
In the lone mid-watch of the night,
When slumber had no charms for me—
My thoughts would sweetly wing their flight,
To home and thee, sweet home and thee!

And when, through billows white with wrath,
Where myriads have met their doom—
Our ship has ploughed a foaming path,
And every billow seemed her tomb,
And fitful lightnings lit the gloom,
Where would my heart, my fancy flee?—
Where *could* they wander, and to whom,
But home and thee, sweet home and thee!

And now, as down this peaceful stream,
I urge my light canoe along,
By forests bathed in sunset's beam,
And golden isles all bloom and song,
Though not a wild flower blossoms nigh,
But has some gentle charm for me—
Still, still I think, and thinking sigh,
Of home and thee, sweet home and thee!

THE JEWESS OF MOSCOW.*

BY M. A. M.

THERE was consternation throughout all France when the shattered and miserable remains of the Russian Army (as it was called) arrived there. Accounts, it is true, had from time to time reached Paris, of the sufferings endured by these troops; but it was only now that a just estimate could be formed of the extent of those sufferings. "Could it be possible," men asked each other, "that the army which had a few months ago defiled from the gates of Paris in all the pride of military pomp and equipment—so vast in numbers that it seemed as though it might conquer the universe—could it be, that this was all that remained of it?" No—no—what had these poor, sickly, famished-looking battalions to do with the noble columns they had last seen, whose very air and bearing as they proudly marched past, had inspired enthusiastic confidence. But yet there was no possibility of doubt. Strange as it seemed, the sad truth forced itself on every heart—the glory of France was tarnished—the arms of Napoleon had failed of success, and, in short, the spell was broken which had made men regard him as invincible. There was yet another and a sadder reason for the prevailing gloom. The individual members of that gigantic army which had perished, had each left sorrowing relatives, we may suppose, and thus it was that throughout all the provinces one loud voice of sorrow made itself heard. Even from the far north to the southern extremity of the land—from the fertile banks of the Seine, to the lovely shores of the blue Mediterranean, that wailing sound arose. The Languedocian and the Provençal became suddenly silent—hushed were their merry lays; and even the graver peasant of Normandy and Bretagne became still more grave and serious, when the fatal news reached him. All was grief and disappointment—each mourned his own private loss and that of the country at large. Alas! they could not foresee that Leipsic and Waterloo were to follow as almost immediate effects of the disaster which they now bewailed.

A few days subsequently to the arrival of the shattered army, there was seated in a sumptuous apartment of a hotel in the Rue Ste. Honore, a young man attired in the undress of a dragoon regiment. His face was pale and emaciated, and the thin, attenuated form spoke of much recent suffering, while a feverish lustre lit up the dark blue eyes, showing all too plainly that disease was going on within. Before him on a table lay an open letter, on the contents of which he seemed to reflect. The subject was not very pleasing either, for ever and anon as he referred again to some particular passage, he threw the letter from him with a gesture of impatience. Then leaning back in his chair, he seemed for some time lost in thought.

"Mine is the most affectionate of mothers," he said, half aloud, prosecuting the train of thought which filled his mind. "She is ever judicious and clear-sighted, and studies my interest with unwearying solicitude; but I cannot see why she should urge me on this point. Surely I should be left to judge for myself here. Oh! by-the-bye, she reminds me that the large estate in Picardy, which forms the bulk of my fortune—at least of that which I expect—has this condition annexed. I am to marry my orphan cousin when she reaches the age of twenty-one, or forfeit my claim."

He was silent for some moments, but a new thought again found vent in words.

"What if I offered to divide the property?—but unfortunately that depends not on me to do—well, I must only confide in the generosity of Eulalie—that is if she possess such a quality."

The young man seemed wearied with the intensity of his own thoughts. He pushed aside with his hand the mass of shining hair which hung neglected on his burning brow, and his cheek became flushed and heated. Yet still the mind was busy—it had roamed far into the past, and the memories thence conjured up, seemed to excite a tender and even soothing melancholy.

"And yet, Eulalie," he murmured, "there was a time, as my mother justly observes, when the prospect of wedding thee would not have been looked upon as painful;—when in childhood and earlier youth we rambled together through the sunny hills and dales of Provence, I deemed thee the sweetest and loveliest flower there. I love thee still, Eulalie, but it is as a dear and precious sister—thy fair face is before me as I last saw it, bedewed with tears for my departure;

*Continued from page 128.

but the remembrance wakes no glow of passion—would that thy feelings towards me might have no warmer character! And yet this change is unaccountable to myself," he continued, musingly. "It cannot be that one so far inferior in personal charms could have touched my heart—no—no—impossible! and yet how to account for it!"

He arose and paced the room with hurried step, when a servant announced Captain Lacroix. A muttered execration escaped the young man's lips, but with an effort he composed his features, and bade the captain "good morning," with a tolerably cheerful air.

The officer who now entered, was a rosy-faced, bustling little man, who appeared on the best possible terms with himself and all the world. He was, moreover, just the sort of person whom you would suppose likely to mind the affairs of every one else as well as his own. He had a restless pair of small gray eyes, which seemed ever occupied in examining all around. This personage then approached the young man, with whom he warmly shook hands, and then without more ado seated himself near the fire.

"And so you've got back from Russia, eh?—cursed affair that same campaign. *You*'ve no right to complain, however, De Lorinval! since you're here once more safe and sound, while so many of our poor fellows are lying unburied on the snows of Russia. I see you're a good deal the worse for wear; considerably reduced in bulk and so forth—but, hang it, man! you're by no means alone in that—why, the Emperor himself is looking as bad and worse than you are—so, cheer up, comrade, there are, I trust, better days before us all!"

It was with difficulty that De Lorinval could attend to the garrulous captain, which the latter was not slow to perceive. A gentleman so well informed in all the gossip of the day, could not fail to guess, at least, at the cause of the other's thoughtful mood.

"Oh! by-the-bye, De Lorinval, a rumour has reached me that you are to be married soon to a certain fair lady who brings you a still fairer estate in the provinces. It is confidently expected that the union awaited but your return from Russia—eh! Is it so?"

"I really am not so intimately acquainted with my own affairs, it would seem, as the Parisian world is," replied De Lorinval, in a tone of vexation. "I must confess myself highly honored by their bestowing on me a fair and wealthy bride!"

"Then you are not to be married?" inquired Lacroix, eagerly.

"Stop there, my good friend!" exclaimed De Lorinval, laughing. "You can draw no such inference from my words; I merely say now, that you have been so very fortunate as to arrive first with the news. I give you joy, Captain, you have certainly won the race!"

This was said in a tone where contempt involuntarily mingled, and the captain was at first somewhat disconcerted. He speedily recovered, notwithstanding, and continued to rattle on during the remainder of his visit, talking to his almost silent auditor of every one and every thing—affairs both public and private—nothing escaped him. At length he took himself off, to the no small relief of De Lorinval; and the latter, wearied and exhausted, threw himself on a couch, not to sleep, but to give free course to his interrupted reflections. There was one portion of the letter which had cast a gleam of sunshine over the darkness—his mother was about paying him a visit—nay, she even proposed spending the remainder of the winter in town.

"And after all," he mentally concluded, "even if I do not marry Eulalie, and consequently am to lose that property, why we can still live; my mother has her jointure, which, small though it be, suffices to place her above want. I have still my little patrimonial estate, and this together with my pay will support us; our habits are happily not very expensive, so that if I can only convince my mother that with my sentiments I cannot marry my cousin, all will go well."

Poor De Lorinval! He was then about to sacrifice a fair prospect of even splendid happiness, to a dream as shadowy and unreal as ever crossed the mind of the sleeper. In fact, he himself had scarcely any defined idea of the cause which induced him to take this line of conduct. Had he known the priceless value of the prize which he thus wantonly resigned—the innumerable virtues and simple graces of her, who, in her remote and quiet home, had grown up a fair and modest flower, unknown to the world, but filling the hearts of the few who surrounded her with the perfume of her gentle kindness and innocent gaiety; then indeed would he have given up the faintly defined shadow which filled his mind, and have flown to the place where Eulalie reigned a feudal baroness, as it were, in the lonely grandeur of her old *château*. Had he known, above all, that his image still remained impressed upon her heart—that for his sake she had rejected the proposals of more than one individual of rank and station, then would his heart have returned her love, shamed

by her constancy and devotion. But this was not to be.

Time rolled on. A few weeks and the mother of De Lorinval embraced her son with a heart overflowing with gratitude for his escape, where so many thousands had perished. They then quitted the expensive hotel where De Lorinval had been hitherto staying, and betook themselves to a handsome but unostentatious dwelling which they possessed in one of the suburbs. Some time had elapsed without Madame having mentioned the proposed alliance, and Edouard, knowing her anxiety on the subject, was not a little surprised by her silence. Yet it was easily accounted for,—she but waited his recovery from the fatigue of his terrible journey. At length she saw the rich bloom return to his cheek—she saw his natural cheerfulness restored, and then she opened upon the marriage question. So fully did she seem assured of her son's even joyous concurrence—nay, of his delight—(for she had no doubt that he loved Eulalie)—that he, on his part, could scarcely bring himself to tell her what he knew would give her no ordinary pain. His hesitation was, however, too apparent to pass unnoticed—his mother regarded him with surprise.

"Why, what is the matter, Edouard? You seem anything but rejoiced."

"Nay, mother, it were meet cause of joy to most young men—but—but—."

"*But* you do not love Eulalie. I see it all—you have forgotten the love of early years—and my gentle Eulalie is rejected, together with her noble inheritance. How is this, Edouard?" and the mother regarded her son with a look of deep sorrow, rather than of anger.

Edouard was touched by her unexpected mildness and evident disappointment.

"Mother, I am unworthy of my cousin—I cannot offer her an undivided heart, and it would be criminal to offer her my hand, merely for the sake of her fortune—let her keep it all—I freely resign it."

"But tell me, my son! What is the cause of this decision? Am I really to believe that you love another—otherwise you could not regard our sweet Eulalie with indifference?"

"Mother! my dear mother!" and Edouard as he spoke, averted his head, that his mother might not see his embarrassment. "Do not ask me why I cannot marry Eulalie—one day I will tell you all. But in the meantime, can you forgive me for rejecting one whom I know you love as a daughter, and depriving you at the same time of the affluence which you had so long looked forward to enjoy? Speak, mother, can you forgive me?"

"Dearest Edouard! how can you ask that question? Know you not that my only earthly hope is for your happiness. It matters not how good and fair she is; if you love her not, she could not bestow happiness with her hand. That is the first consideration—for wealth, I covet it not. If *you* can so easily resign it, why should I think of it? I am old now, my son, and my only object is to prepare for death, and leave you happy."

Edouard threw his arms around his mother and pressed her to his heart with the tenderest affection. "Bless you, my own dear mother! May Heaven grant you years of happiness—and make me at the same time worthy of such a parent!"

Spring came and went—summer followed—month after month rolled by and saw the affairs of Napoleon waxing worse and worse, till at length the fatal day of Leipsic came, and its setting sun beheld him a ruined man. Obliged to submit, even as a chained lion, to the will of his conquerors, he was sent to Elba; and of the eighteen hundred men allowed to him as a guard of honor,—the poor semblance of respect—Edouard De Lorinval was one. Again he left his beloved mother to follow the fortunes—now broken and blighted—of him the adored of the soldier's heart! The gentle Eulalie, having understood that De Lorinval gave up his inheritance and her together, had long since buried her sorrows in a convent, where she speedily learned to forget the world with its frail and deceitful hopes and pleasures.

But all this time where was Deborah?—was she still in the white cottage at Laniskoff, prosecuting her studies with Miriam—made she still one of the family of the generous and hospitable Rabbi? Not so!—not so!—she had with her father quitted the neighbourhood of Moscow, just one year after we saw her last. Great was the sorrow of the amiable family she left, for she had indeed become as one of themselves, and greater still was the grief of Manasses, for not even his severe and dry studies had rendered him proof against the charms of Deborah; and, to use his own words:

"His heart yearned towards the fair daughter of his tribe, and he would gladly have made her the wife of his bosom."

Even this temptation did Deborah withstand, although the young man's parents and sister united in their entreaty that she would bless his love. Her parting with Miriam had been, indeed, a sore trial, but this sacrifice too, was made. "A love passing the love of woman," bound their young hearts together—a sweet and holy, and most enduring bond—perhaps none the less last-

ing that it was secret—they were Christians. Yes! Miriam had indeed succeeded in convincing her friend that the Messiah was long since come—she had taught her the fallacy of looking for an event so long past. Together they had pondered over the inspired pages of the sacred volume, imbibing lessons of love and charity, until Deborah became a pious and sincere Christian. These holy studies received an added charm from the secrecy with which they were followed, but now all this was at an end.

"Yet I go, sweet friend!" said Deborah, "to put these lessons in practice. I go into the stormy world; but thanks to your instructions, I go moored to the rock of faith. Oh! would that my father—that all our beloved ones, could say the same—but let us pray for their conversion—who knows but our prayers may be one day heard for them."

About the same day that saw Napolean land on the coast of Elba, there was at Florence a grand *fête* given by a distinguished *Marchesa*. Her *palazzo* stood on a gentle eminence overlooking the Arno. The descent was formed of terraces covered with the richest and most luxuriant products of that sunny clime, with here and there an arbor composed of the intertwining branches of the vine, and the rich flowering shrubs of the country. Within those fairy grounds were collected the trees and flowers of the south of Europe—while even Asia had contributed her *quota*, for there over the silver stream hung the graceful boughs of the "lone *Acacia*," shedding its sweets around upon the air. In one corner of the spacious grounds rose a little pagoda composed of native Italian marble—this was furnished as an oratory, having a small altar, and was used by the *marchesa* as a place of retreat when weary of the world she sought to hold communion with her God.

It was a lovely evening, even for fair Italy—the world of nature was rich in beauty, but fairer than all were the forms that glided amid the alleys, their light drapery contrasting with the rich dark green of the surrounding foliage. The city of the Medici had poured forth her proudest and loveliest to grace the scene—artists were there who have shed on fair Florence even more glory than the illustrious deeds of her nobles—men, the creations of whose genius adorn the stately halls of Europe's royal dwellings, and are looked on as the richest possessions even where all around is splendor.

There were mingled, too, with the Italians themselves, French and English, and even Swedes—in short all strangers of distinction had been invited, for the Marchesa del Altora celebrated on that day the anniversary of her only son's birth. Lorenzo del Altora had on that day completed his twenty-first year, and never had mother more cause to rejoice in a son than had the *Marchesa* in her's. Amongst all the youthful nobility of Florence none was handsomer or more accomplished. Generous and high-spirited—ardent in his friendship—and unlike his countrymen in general, quick to forgive, Lorenzo was universally beloved. Never was truer heart or more intense devotion to any beloved object, and his mother's fears were ever awake lest he should form some unworthy attachment. Yet of this there was little danger—for there was in him an innate nobility which ever secured him against the wiles and artifices of the worthless and base. The most unerring perception of right and wrong had from an early period marked his character. Such was Lorenzo del Altora, who at eighteen had inherited his father's title with his large possessions, yet, had now attained his twenty-first year without being infected with any of the vices to which young men of fashion were and are exposed.

It was the evening, as we have said, of Lorenzo's *fête*—the guests were scattered through the grounds—some were formed into little knots, and stood chatting over the various topics of the day. Some were seated in the little arbors enjoying the beauty of the scene, together with "the melody of sweet sounds," for in various quarters, concealed, however, from the public view, were stationed performers, whose *hautboys* and French horns, clarionets and other wind instruments, "by distance mellowed, breathed upon the ear"—and died away on the calm surface of the blue river. It was a scene of almost unearthly loveliness—there did Italy display all her own peculiar characteristics—her deep ultra-marine sky—her unequalled luxuriance of foliage, and herbage, and flowers—her calm, soft air, and her cloudless sunshine. The latter, however, was now becoming more dim and faint, for the twilight was approaching. And oh! the twilight in that fair *Val d'Arno*!—softly and noiselessly did it come—adding grace even to that scene which one would have deemed required none.

The *Marchesa* was seated on a low rustic bench not far from the door of her oratory—by her side stood Lorenzo, his dark yet fine countenance beaming with admiration as he gazed on a young girl who was seated by his mother. And what was there in her face which attracted the eye of that proud young Florentine? Was it blooming in radiant beauty as were many of those around? No! no! there was no beauty of colouring—the face was pale, nay, almost blood-

less. The features were fine and perfectly regular, but it was the expression that charmed the beholder. There was an air of almost pensive thought traced on every lineament, and when she raised her eyes—those large, soft, gazelle-like eyes—it was impossible to regard her with indifference, for in those eyes shone forth a soul as fair and spotless as ever came from the creative power of God. The young lady might have seen perchance nineteen or twenty summers, yet from her quiet and subdued air she might have been taken for three or four years older. She was conversing with the *Marchesa*, and their theme was one which the young seldom find interesting—it was the life and sufferings of the divine founder of our faith. Why was it that the Marchesa and her son listened in such breathless attention to the words which the young girl poured forth? Her eyes were cast on the ground—her sweet voice was low and almost passionless in its tones, marking the depth and intensity of her feelings; yet still it was strange that they were so interested by her views of a subject with which they were necessarily so familiar. The mystery was easily explained—she was a convert—that fair young girl—she had been brought up in the Jewish religion, but in the course of a wandering life had fallen upon one who obtained an influence over her heart, which she used for the holiest purpose—she had led her into the "one fold." Need we say that it was Deborah—our young friend of Moscow—who now sat by the *Marchesa?* So it was!—her father had seen fit to remove to Florence, and having there accidentally discovered her change of religion, he had utterly cast her off, on finding all his efforts to bring her back again unsuccessful. Fortunately, the story had just then reached the ears of the benevolent Marchesa del Altora, who had taken the deserted daughter—the devoted christian—to her own princely dwelling, and treated her as a beloved daughter. For this she was richly rewarded. From the cultivated mind and superior understanding of Deborah, she found her a most charming companion, while by her fervent piety and meek resignation she was much edified. Ruben was still in Florence, but the stern old man obstinately refused to have any communication with his daughter, unless she recanted her grievous error, as he termed it.

"Well now, my sweet child!" said the Marchesa, "I think we had better adjourn to the saloon. I see that many of our guests have already done so, and though we are none of us wearied of this lovely hour, yet the evening air is chill, and we must not sacrifice health to pleasure."

So saying, the *Marchesa* arose, and taking the arm of her son, who presented the other to Deborah, they repaired to the saloon, where dancing had already commenced. Many a bright eye was that evening turned on Lorenzo, in the vain hope of catching his glance, for, as may well be supposed, he was an object of no common attraction—to the young *senoras*, as the handsome and accomplished Lorenzo del Altora—to their parents as the *Marchese* of that name, one of the wealthiest of the Florentine nobles. So completely, however, had Deborah riveted his attention, that it was only when his mother reminded him of his duties as a host, that he mingled with the guests. So gracefully, notwithstanding, did he perform his part; so generally and impartially were his attentions distributed, that none had cause of complaint—even those who would fain have received more tender and more marked devotion could not but confess that the young *Marchese* was perfectly fascinating.

At length, the *fête* was over—about three in the morning, the last lingering guest had departed, and after interchanging a simple "good night," our little party sought repose.

The next day brought a letter to Deborah, from her kind friend, the Rabbi Zenoti, inclosing a draft on a Florentine banker, for five thousand pounds. This was from one of her mother's relations, a wealthy London merchant, to whom Zenoti had written an account of his young relative's situation. This was a sort of independence for Deborah, who, by the advice of the *Marchesa*, had permitted the money to remain in the hands of the banker, as a reserve in case of necessity. There was also in the packet a letter from Miriam, and this gave even more pleasure to Deborah's affectionate heart. But what was there in that letter that brought the warm blood mantling on Deborah's cheek? There were kind messages from all the family—there were, too, the most earnest assurances that the writer's heart was still with her distant friend. These called up the glow of pleasure, but surely their's was not that burning flush which crimsoned even the brow of Deborah. Ah, no! there was one passage which, though only a few brief lines, had power to thrill every chord of her heart. Near the close of the letter, were found these words—"I have caused the enquiries you mentioned to be made—at present all is well—at least no immediate danger of poverty—your friend is gone in the train of his Sovereign, to the place of his exile. His mother is in rather easy circumstances. So far, all is well, dearest Deborah; we know not, however in these unsettled times what change may come; but depend upon it, you shall have the earliest intelligence of whatever may occur. I can rely on the fidelity

of the friend whom I have engaged, to observe the motions of our *protegé*. May we not call him so, though he is unaware of the interest we take in his affairs!"

Deborah sighed, as she folded the letter.

"Alas!" she internally exclaimed. "Does he for whom my earnest prayers are breathed—and for whose sake only life is valuable—does he ever bestow a thought on Deborah?—Be still, my fluttering heart! be still—why should gratitude have power to agitate thee so. Yet is it, after all, a holy feeling; why should I try to check its growth? Is there aught unbecoming a maiden in cherishing the remembrance of a most signal benefit conferred? No, no—be it mine to keep it alive in all its pristine fervor."

Sweet dreamer! thou art not the first, and assuredly wilt not be the last, who admitted one feeling under cover of another. For the present, Deborah devoted herself wholly and entirely to her kind protectress. There was one thing in which she could not comply with the wishes of the *Marchesa*—she could not go into gay society. Her kind friend merely urged it, with a view to recruiting Deborah's spirits, and when once convinced that retirement was more conducive to that effect, she willingly consented. Nay, she herself withdrew as much as custom would permit, from the haunts of dissipation, and many a sweet hour did the two friends pass, seated in the *Marchesa's* oratory, in calm and profitable converse.

It required all Deborah's pious resignation to bear up against her father's cruel desertion. True, he was a cold and stern man—nay, a hard and griping miser; but Deborah saw not his faults as others saw them. As a good and dutiful child, she threw a mantle over her father's faults and failings, and willingly shut her eyes to all that might impair her filial affection. Besides, she could not forget that she herself was the only living thing that he loved—hard and selfish in relation to others, his bearing towards her, his only child, had been much more gentle, nay, at times, even affectionate. Even for his present harshness Deborah was not without an excuse, and her heart yearned towards her sole remaining parent, all but forgetful of his cruelty.

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It was about this time, that there was forwarded to Col. De Lorinval, in Elba, a small parcel, on opening which he beheld a drawing. There was evidently no extrinsic value in the object—it was a simple card, and could boast of no very great superiority in the execution—why was it then, that its sight had on De Lorinval all the effect of an electric shock? Why did he become pale as death, and then again flushed cheek and brow, as he continued to gaze on the drawing? Answer! for I know not—ye imperceptible links which chain the heart to one place, while the body is far distant—answer ye mystic associations, which even the slightest touch or sound can awaken even from the sleep of years—and say, why was it that yon rough sketch of a domestic scene—and of one, too, of which the features were anything but pleasing—should have such power over the soldier's heart? It was the little room, in Moscow, where De Lorinval had seen Deborah, the Jewess. She was there standing before her father—her young face lit up with the fire of resolution—the soldiers in the fury of their unmanly attack—and he himself was there, too, in the very act of throwing himself between the girl and her adversaries. Then it was that De Lorinval felt a thrill of pleasure run through his every vein, for in the truthfulness with which his lineaments were represented, after more than two years of absence, he fathomed the depth to which his image had sunk in the soul of the artist. As to the identity of the latter the colonel had not the slightest doubt.

"Sweet, sweet Deborah!" he softly murmured, "may I live to call you mine, and then I shall have obtained my most cherished wish! I have often doubted whether your girlish heart had not long since forgotten any impression which my fortunate service had made upon it; but now from this delicate memento I find that time has not effaced my image from your mind. Would that I were rich, that I might have at least competence to offer you, dear one!—but such a mind as yours, or I have been much deceived, can soar above the desire of wealth. Yes, Deborah! I will hope that you can love me even as I am—a mere soldier of fortune—we shall be, at least, out of the reach of want. And my mother!" He suddenly started from his reverie—"ah! yes, my mother!—with her strictly orthodox principles, will she ever consent to my marrying a Jewess? Yet who knows!" he continued, with all the sanguine hope of a lover—"she may delight in having the prospect of making a convert!—Oh! we can get over this—I can trust in my mother's love—she will not oppose my wishes!"

The door was suddenly opened—a message from the Emperor, requesting Colonel De Lorinval's immediate attendance in his cabinet.

Wondering at the sudden summons which he had received, De Lorinval approached a mirror, and cast a hasty look over his dress, to see that all was in order, for Napoleon was as strict a disciplinarian in Elba as at the Tuilleries; he at once descended to his Majesty's apartments. Napoleon was busily engaged writing—some

scattered maps of the French provinces lay before him, to which he ever and anon referred. He was alone, and so intently was his mind occupied, that De Lorinval had been several minutes in the room before he was observed.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Emperor, as he bent over his papers, "they thought that the sovereignty of such a spot as this would suffice. Fools! they should have removed every vestige of royalty—better for them had they not given me a foot of earth. Elba!" he repeated, with a scornful laugh, "why, yes! it is a right royal territory, at least for him who but a few months since held the *actual* dominion of Europe! But they shall find that the eagle submits not tamely to bondage. While he breathes the free air of heaven, and has still mountain heights before him, he cannot, will not, wear a chain—no, he will again wing his lofty flight even over the heads of these self-exulting schemers!" His soliloquy was here interrupted—his quick ear caught a motion of De Lorinval's, who was unwilling to continue unobserved, knowing how dangerous might be an undesired intrusion on the privacy of princes.

"What, De Lorinval! you here!" exclaimed Napoleon, somewhat angrily.

"Yes, sire, I have been here some time!" replied the colonel, judging that candor was his best course. "I was given to understand that your Majesty desired my attendance, but seeing you so deeply engaged, I was unwilling to disturb you!"

The momentary cloud passed away, and Napoleon was again calm.

"I sent for you, Colonel De Lorinval, as one of my most trustworthy adherents, to consult with you on a plan which has been revolving in my mind during some days."

He paused, and De Lorinval took the opportunity to express in a few words his grateful sense of the honor done him.

"Now, tell me candidly, Colonel," the Emperor resumed, "do you consider this island a meet sovereignty for Napoleon? Is it an area of sufficient extent for the exercise of that mind whose single power has shaken all Europe to its centre, until her princes and potentates have tottered on their thrones? Say, must the Emperor of the French people, the head of the French army, must he remain cooped up here, where mean, dastardly jealousy has placed him?"

Seldom, indeed, was it that Napoleon deigned to speak of himself with praise—his pride was too deeply seated, too lofty in its character to be displayed in words—and as for his ambitious designs, they were ever kept confined to his own bosom, except, inasmuch as he required to explain them to the agents by whose assistance they were to be carried into effect. Now, however, the case was different—he was obliged to remind his dependents of the glory they had seen around him in times past, in order to excite their drooping courage. It was necessary, also, to awaken their wonted confidence in himself, and in the resources of his own mind, for even now that restless spirit was at work projecting a new enterprise.

De Lorinval was taken somewhat by surprise, by the novelty of Napoleon's address; quickly recovering his self-command, however, he replied:

"That every true Frenchman mourns your Majesty's *seclusion*"—he paused at the word, for he could not bring himself to say *confinement*—"in Elba, there is not, cannot be the slightest doubt—would that it could be put an end to!"

"And why not, De Lorinval?" interposed the Emperor. "What is there to prevent me from landing again on the shores of France—once there, and a few days will see me again at the head of Europe's first army?"

De Lorinval gave an involuntary exclamation of surprise.

"You seem surprised, De Lorinval! but your surprise will cease when I explain all."

Here he entered into a full explanation of his views, and the means by which he hoped to fulfil them. The case was certainly a desperate one. De Lorinval was far from being blind to the numerous obstacles which might impede their way, but Napoleon was again to lead—the object in view was to restore him to his throne, and all the enthusiasm of the soldier was again called forth.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, "the attempt must be made, whether defeat and death, or glorious victory be ours. Our leader will be still the victor of Lodi—him whom we have so often followed to victory. France, now drooping and depressed, will arise in her might; even as though animated by one soul, she will open her arms to welcome back her chosen chief, and the minions of the allied kings who have dared to usurp an authority over Frenchmen, shall be driven from our shores! Yes, sire, I am ready to follow where you lead!"

"Have you then forgotten the unexampled sufferings to which our army was exposed on the frozen soil of Muscovy, and all through my shortsightedness, as men say! Surely the remembrance of Leipsic has not already faded from your memory—you witnessed those defeats—fear you not to see them renewed?"

Napoleon smiled—it was a stern smile—as he

put this question—well he knew its effect. De Lorinval's national pride took fire as he thought of that fatal field, when the troops of France had given way and fled—aye, fled—before the confederated armies.

"Yes! before high heaven I swear that I would give this right arm—nay, suffer death itself an hundred times, to see your Majesty again seated on the throne of France, were it only to humble the pride of those who are leagued and banded against her."

This was all Napoleon desired. The other officers of his guard were now summoned to a general council, (the Emperor had taken each of the principals apart, as in the case of De Lorinval,) where all was finally arranged. With Napoleon to resolve was to act, as all the history of his life attests, and but few days after this step was decided upon, all Europe was astounded by the intelligence that the exile of Elba had landed on the coast of France—that many of the provinces had already declared in his favor and that the various divisions of the army were again ranging themselves under that banner, which was to them as the Ægis of Minerva to the warriors of Pagan times.

For some time all went on triumphantly. The joy of the French Nation knew no bounds—the disgrace and humiliation of the past were now blotted from the minds of men—Napoleon—their idolized Emperor—the star of their hope—was again in the ascendant, and all was gilded with the light of anticipated success. Leipsic—the fatal rivers of Russia, crimsoned with the best blood of France—these were scenes over which the public mind had brooded in gloomy silence—now they were to be avenged—one glorious triumph such as Napoleon had of old so often obtained, and all these foul stains would be wiped away from the French name, and their banner should again float over victors only. Yes, the *violet* was again bursting forth—it alone was the chosen emblem of France—for it alone was connected with her days and years of conquest, and the *lilies* of the Bourbon, soiled as they were, and contaminated by mingling with the banners of the stranger, and waving above the heads of their ancient adversaries, should once again sink into the shade. One rally—one general and simultaneous rally around the well-known standard of Bonaparte, and France would be again the queen of Europe.

And where all this time was De Lorinval? Was he, in the flush of rejoicing, overlooked by his master? Not so—with all the faults of Napoleon, ingratitude was never laid to his charge, and accordingly we find our friend Edouard on the field of Waterloo at the head of a division, and addressed as Major-General De Lorinval. It may well be supposed that none shared more fully in the public joy than did the new general. As a subject and follower, he rejoiced in the prosperity of his master; as a patriot, he entered into the triumphant rejoicing of his country; and as a lover, enraptured by the prospect of being now in a condition to propose for his beloved Deborah.

Such was the state of things on the morning of the eighteenth of June, 1815. Every thing tended to promise success. The superiority of numbers was on the side of the French. Napoleon himself commanded. The troops in high condition, burned with the enthusiastic desire of regaining their lost glory. Alas! for their hopes! If Napoleon commanded on their side, they forgot, or at least under-rated the fact that Wellington was on the other. If *their* arms were nerved by the recollection of Lodi, of Austerlitz, of Marengo, of Jena, and of Wagram, they dreamed not that the British ranks were pervaded by as ardent a courage, and that they, too, had such things to remember as Vittoria and Talavera, with many other reminiscences equally glorious and equally exhilarating.

Yes! with all the fatal vanity of their nation, they over-estimated their own advantages, and despised in proportion those of the enemy. If the thought of the adverse commander's fame did sometimes smite their hearts, it was quickly succeeded by the empty boast of Napoleon, (speaking of Wellington) which had passed into a proverb in the army of France—"He has never met the Emperor!" said they; "we shall see now if the glory of his Portuguese and Spanish campaigns will continue untarnished!"—and they did see the result to their eternal sorrow and discomfiture. Without attributing *all* the merit of that most brilliant victory to the Duke of Wellington, for Grouchy's defection (by whatever name it may be called,) certainly had a very considerable share in the triumph of the allied army, we shall pass it over. Those three fateful days came and went. They beheld the French troops outdo themselves in bravery and devotion—all, all in vain—and their close saw the soldiers of France completely humbled, flying in all directions, and strewing the ground with their bodies; and their idol—he for whom their blood had been poured out like rain—he was a houseless and homeless wanderer—totally undone! *He* had indeed encountered "the hero of a hundred fights!"

Follow we now for a brief space the fortunes of De Lorinval—the general of three days—

now the almost penniless *refugée*; and such he truly was, for he obstinately refused to submit to the Bourbon dynasty, and was therefore debarred from entering Paris. Even his patrimonial estate, small as it was, would have supported him, but this was not permitted to remain his— it was confiscated to the crown. His chief solicitude was for his mother who still continued to reside in Paris. In order to secure this dear parent from the reach of want, he remitted to her all the ready money in his possession. For himself, his hope was to escape from France, and by the sale of some valuables which he possessed, make his way to a place of safety; when there he must try and find a means of subsistence. Alas! the worst and most cruel stroke of all— Deborah was lost, for ever lost, to him!

(To be concluded in our next.)

SCRAPS FOR THE GARLAND.

BY A. J.

SCRAP THE SEVENTH.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF MDCCCXLVII.

In these golden days, even Cupid they say,
Has cast his old bow and his arrows away,
He finds it in vain to lay siege as of old,—
His arrows must now be all pointed with gold.

The time has gone by, when a heart might be won
By courage, devotion, and merit alone—
Such old forms of wooing are now out of date,
And love is now valued according to weight.

Two suitors advance to the siege of a heart,
With manly advances, the first plays his part;
Young, noble and poor—his opponent is old,
But staggers along with a sack full of gold.

They come to the scales, where their chances are weighed—
Love, beauty and valour, in one side are laid—
While poor little Cupid, still hoping to win,
To help, with his bow and his arrows jumps in.

In the other—a being decrepid and old—
Is placed with his pockets and hands filled with gold;
And as his advances at first seem to fail,
Another five hundred is thrown in the scale.

Little Cupid, who laughed as his quick eye did trace
The head without hair, and the deep furrowed face—
Turned round with a gasp, and a look full of fear,
As he read on his pocket, "Ten thousand a year."

And scarce had he done so, when, light as a feather,
Both he and his advocate flew up together;
And the guineas came down with a crash to the floor,
That frightened poor Cupid clean out of the door.

Love gazed for a moment in horror profound,
At his conqueror, rolling in gold on the ground—
Then turned with a sneer from the ill-fated pair,
For he felt he was out of his element there.

But yet ere he left them, again did he turn,
And prophecy's fire in his eye seemed to burn—
And his voice as a voice from the dark future broke
The silence, ere thus to the bridegroom he spoke—

Do June and December move on side by side?
Do snow-wreaths and flowers together abide?—
Would autumn in garments so yellow and sear,
Meet partner for Spring and its roses appear?—

Dost think she can love thee, so wretched and old?
Fond fool!—she will shun thee,—she loves but thy gold!
And soon from the search thou shalt turn in despair—
She sold thee her hand—but her heart was not there!—

She clasp thee!—as soon shall the delicate vine,
In tender embrace, round the icicle twine!—
She love thee!—such love as the trav'ler may bear
To the circling snow-wreath, is all thou shalt share!—

She cling to thee!—no! had she loved thee in youth—
She had plighted her heart, her affection, her truth;
Had she shared in thy hopes and thy joys, she had never
Recoiled from thy sorrows, but loved thee for ever!—

Yon old ruined tower supported when young,
And sheltered the ivy that to it hath clung—
And now from the storm and the pitiless shower,
'Tis the ivy that shelters the old ruined tower!

E'en thus 'tis with woman—in youth she will rest
Her delicate form for support on our breast—
But when youth hath forsaken, and friendships have past,
'Tis woman still clings to us true to the last!

But thou—frail memento of manhood gone by,
Like the lone stricken pine in the clearance shalt die—
And the love that in youth from thy heart thou hast torn,
Shall turn from thy relics, with loathing and scorn.

When broken and aged—in sickness and pain—
Thy head on the pillow of death shall be lain;
Think—think what remorse shall embitter the sigh,
To feel that uncared for—unheeded you die!

That she who sits by thee, cares, no not a jot,
How soon thy remains, in a coffin shall rot;
And who watches thee not, out of care for thyself,
But that she may inherit thy riches—thy pelf.

And thou (to the bride) who thy purity sold,
And bartered thy young heart's desire for gold—
Thy riches shall prove but a sorry return
For the love which in youth from thy heart thou did'st spurn.

The delicate creeper will pine without stay—
The vine in the wilderness wither away,
And down to the dust will unheeded be borne,
When by the rude tempest its tendrils are torn.

Farewell, aged bridegroom—and young blooming bride!
Through life's rugged pathway, move on side by side—
While I—and he smiled with a smile of disdain,—
Will ne'er by my presence insult you again.

Exit Love.

PARISH PERSONAGES.*

OUR BEADLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY ERASMUS OLDSTYLE, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER II.

There is, it is said, a class of readers who refuse to peruse a book until they are informed whether the complexion of the writer be white or black; whether in his person he be fat or thin; whether his eyes be blue or hazel, his forehead high or low, his hair light or dark, and his stature tall or short. If such then is the propensity of the world with respect to authors, of how much more consequence is it that their curiosity should be gratified in regard to heroes.

Lest Mr. Crummy's most intimate friend, the Parish Clerk, should be slighted in consequence of our neglect, we beg to inform all whom it may concern, that Mr. Audible was in his person, judging from all the specimens which have come down from a remote antiquity, precisely the cut and figure of the extraordinary genus to which he belonged. He was what a Parish Clerk ought to be, short and spare; his face, which was a very lean one, had also a very hungry expression; his eyes were small and black; his forehead, which had never been either high or broad, was wonderfully contracted in consequence of a deep culvert which was furrowed over his nose, but which had been honestly acquired by hard staring at his time-honored Prayer-book; his hair, too, was as black and shining as a boot made brilliant by the vivifying application of Warren's Jet; in fact, the question is still an open one, whether the "coronal region" of the worthy Clerk's head, supposing his body to have been placed in a horizontal position, would not by its mirror-like qualities, have been equally efficacious in arousing the belligerent propensities of the cock and the cat, as a boot well blackened by the unrivalled jet above mentioned, and the doubt hinges upon the saying which had become trite in the parish, that Mr. Audible's "head was as shiny as his shoes." To confess the truth, the Parish Clerk was on the whole very well contented with his figure and appearance.

It is true that he had two small complaints to allege against his legs. In size they were what is termed spindle, and in shape they were what is termed bandy; these objectionable formations were sadly prejudicial to the set of his stockings, and seriously interrupted the happiness of their possessor. The two-fold blemish operated as a daily trial, from which Mr. Audible found relief in the reflection that Nature (a lady of whose intentions Parish Clerks like other people entertain opinions of their own) in disqualifying him by physical weakness for the laborious occupation of a private station, had evidently "from the first" intended that his spare and shrivelled pins should be shrouded in the mantle of parochial office, and that in bestowing upon him a loud and sonorous voice she had afforded ample compensation for the lack of muscle to his arms, and of make to his legs.

In an age when the absence of learning appeared to have been essential to the performance of the duties of Parish Clerk—when these functionaries appeared to have been selected more for their comic qualities than their Christian attainments, it is due to Mr. Audible as well as to the Rector, by whom he was appointed to say, that the Clerk of Allhallows was a much better instructed man than most of his order; he could do more than read out of his own book; he could decypher writing as well as peruse print, and he had upon more than one occasion, written letters for his less educated friends, as well as for himself.

Such then is a feeble description of the individual, whom our readers are aware had retired with a dejected step to encase himself in his Sunday clothes. An occasion like the present had never occurred before, and for this reason he had taken some pains, and bestowed some study upon his apparel. But the only alterations he was enabled to make in his attire, were the addition of plated buckles, with wide margins, to his shoes, and the substitution of silk stockings and a black velvet waistcoat, which had been given to him by the Rector, for similar articles of cloth and worsted.

His toilet was at length complete. His lantern was lighted, and with his umbrella in his hand, and his wife's pattens on his feet, for the streets were very muddy, he wished a good night

*Continued from page 145.

to his family, and made the best of his way to the Ship and Compass.

The hour of festivity was fast approaching. The conferences of Mr. Audible and the honest landlord were brought to a close; a knock was heard at the door, and the "Mr. Jewson, the father of the Beadles," as he announced himself, entered the room in his full dress costume; after him followed six Beadles of different parishes, and five Parish Clerks, and as these gentlemen will be named if they utter any thing worth recording, we shall only now stop to say a word or two of one of the latter, because it may serve to throw a little timely light upon the conversation of the evening.

Mr. Samuel Simpkin was the Parish Clerk of St. Giles'; nobody knew exactly for what he was originally intended, and nobody knew how in the world he was appointed to the office he filled. But all agreed that "Nature," who had so eminently adapted Mr. Audible for his office, had evidently designed Mr. Simpkin for the duties of a tackle and ticket porter, but the plans of this lady were frustrated by the school-master who had succeeded in elevating Mr. Simpkin's mind above the drudgery which pertains to that class who undertake to carry any burden under five hundred weight. Whilst his contemporaries agreed that "art and edication had spiled him for a Clerk," he was nevertheless regarded with awe for his talents and acquirements, and amongst his brethren of the order, he was called a "riglar Grecian."

His claim to the reputation of a man of letters had after all but a very slight foundation to rest upon. Still, it was sufficient to secure the respect of the circle in which he moved, and to sustain him upon the literary pedestal upon which he had been placed; the occasion was the following:

It so happened that the landlady of a public house in his Parish, departed this life; her supporters and admirers wished to write an epitaph for her tomb stone, and Mr. Simpkin, to the astonishment of those that were ignorant of his taste for the muses, submitted the following, which we transcribe literally, for the purpose:

"Minerva for wisdom, and Venus for beauty,
Were washup'd by gen'men of Greece—
But the men of St. Giles' fulfill'd the like duty,
When they drank at the Tap of the Fleece.

"But our landlady's gone, and her light is snuff'd out,
For ev'n whilst a drawing her beer,
Her stomach was seiz'd with a fit of the gout,
Which wiolently closed her career."

This chaste and classic production secured for its author the title of *The Grecian*, and the reputation of a literary critic.

Six Beadles and six Parish Clerks awaited the arrival of their honored guest; the minute hand of the clock indicated the half hour, Mr. Jewson remarked, that it was "half after eight," when the door opened, and the hero of the night appeared all gorgeously arrayed in his official uniform, of blue and scarlet and gold. One note of pleasure but struck on every heart was his welcome; he shook each by the hand and expressed in the pressure "more than words can convey."

"Supper's ready!" said honest John Honeywell; and Mr. Jewson, accompanied by Mr. Crummy, led the way to the festival.

"Why! where's Twiggs, of St. Olives," exclaimed Mr. Simpkin. "I thought he was to have been here."

"You'll know when the proper time comes," answered the Patriarch Jewson. "Take your seats."

All the company were seated, Mr. Jewson alone excepted; he remained standing.

After a pause he drew from his pocket a letter, which he requested "the Grecian" to read.

Mr. Simpkin rose and read as follows:

"Mr. Jewson and brother Beadles:

"The badness of the night and a severe attack of Rewmathism, (and our curate says all *isms* is bad,) would not have kept me from the Jubilee, but that bisiness concerning Miss Oakley and her Bonnet is getting inwolved and desperate, and I wish I was clean clear of it, and I have to attend the churchwardens about it to-night. So I must wish you a pleasant night, and Mr. Crummy a long life.

"Your obdt. friend and brother,
"Tony Twiggs."

"When did Twiggs learn to write?" inquired "the Grecian."

"Before he was a Beadle, in course," answered Mr. Jewson; "all Beadles signs their names ven they are appinted to office; still I thinks that letter is not Twiggs' own composing."

"You speak of Metropolitan Beadles, I s'pose," said Mr. Simpkin. "Beadles in country parts don't write—"

"In course I do, and," addressing the company, he added, "I believe, gen'lem, we be all born in this ancient city, leastways if we were'nt born here, we have been all blest with a Lunnon education"—after a pause, he added: "Poor Twiggs! I vish he vas amongst us."

The business which caused the absence of the Clerk of St. Olives, and which was getting so desperate, arose from the anxiety of Mr. Twiggs to support the dignity and privileges of his office; the particular occasion upon which his power was

threatened, was the following: One of the rights immemorially conceded to Parish Beadles was the privilege of tapping on the heads with the white wand of office the drowsy at church. In the fulfilment of this duty Mr. Twiggs had tapped the new bonnet of Miss Oakley, and by this act had not only directed the attention of the congregation towards a young lady who it so happened was not asleep, but had also effected a permanent derangement of the ostrich wreath, and left an indelible impression upon the new watered silk head dress, which no kind of coaxing or smoothing would obliterate. This memento of parochial power, would of course have been very useful in subduing the pride of a charity girl, or in curbing the turbulent spirit of an unruly boy, but was not to be borne by a lady; and therefore the matter was taken up by the churchwardens, and poor Twiggs was deprived of his supper.

"There ought to be a Guide Book for Beadles," said "the Grecian," resuming the subject of conversation. "I am half inclined to write one."

"I wish you would," said Mr. Jewson; "and I will give you the adwantage of my experience."

"And so will we all," responded several voices.

"Gentlemen! I am obliged to you for your patronage," said the Grecian. "I will consider the subject in its manifold bearings."

A pause ensued, during which the spectator might have noticed the appearance and departure of pea-soup, cod-fish, roast and boiled beef, and other solids, succeeded by plum pudding and apple pie, interspersed with long draughts of unrivalled porter,—(it was "Whitbread & Co's. entire," that John Honeywell sold,)—until at last the cheese disappeared and the cloth after it.

One opinion alone prevailed on the qualities of the supper. To use the language of a Toronto critic of celebrity and taste, "The boiled was excellent, the roast never was surpassed."

Two glorious bowls of punch, steaming beautifully and fragrantly, were properly placed on the table, one before Mr Jewson and the other before "the Grecian," who acted as Vice President. It was pleasant to look upon those islands of lemon peeling so gracefully sailing in those seas of jollity. It was still more pleasant to witness the pervading smile which illuminated every face as each glass was filled. At length Mr. Jewson rose, and with his right hand upraised in an admonitory manner, said:

"King and Constitution!"

Upon which each one present drank his punch, and added one cheer more to three times three.

"What a orrid and wicious set them Jackbins is," said Mr. Muggins.

"Jack-bins, who's them?" enquired Mr. Primative, the Parish Clerk of Aldgate.

"Them as has murdered their king and set the world in a blaze," replied Mr. Muggins, with triumph.

"Jack-bites, I suppose you mean," said Mr. Jewson.

"No! I don't," retorted Mr. Muggins; "I means what I says. Jack-bins."

"Whatever you may choose to call them, I can only say that in my grandfather's time, and when I was a boy, they were Jack-bites and nothing else; and he ought to know, and so ought I, for he poor man was mowed down by the scythe of a willainous Jack-bite at the battle of Preston Pans."

Mr. Muggins was silenced if not convinced, for all the Beadles exclaimed, "In course Mr. Jewson's right."

Fortunately for Mr. Muggins, "the Grecian" came to his rescue, and explained that the Jacobites and the Jacobins were of the same breed; the first was the chrysalis and the second the butterfly.

"A butterfly!" said Mr. Crummy; "it has a most wenemous sting. I think," he continued, "it would be more properer to call em wampires."

"Doubtless, doubtless. I merely made use of a figure of speech," returned the Grecian.

"The explanation is satisfactory," exclaimed several of the company, who evidently knew nothing of the matter.

"Fill your glasses," said Mr. Jewson, and after a moment's pause he added, "Church and State!"

His toast was drunk with three times three, and three cheers more.

"The church aint, nor the state neither, in a wery satisfactory state," said Mr. Primative.

"And can you vonder at that," said Mr. Jewson, "when such men are appinted to the office of Beadle, men who vere not born to it, who are mere purtenders; for," he added after a pause, "a man to be a king must be borne a prince, and a man to be a Beadle must be born a Werger; the church can't prosper ven these pints of principle are neglected."

"In course," responded several Beadles.

Mr. Audible, however, ventured to say something about lay patronage, and a plurality of livings operating more injuriously to the interests of the church than the inattention to the qualifications of Parish Beadles. But he found no response to his view, except a smile of intelligence from the Grecian.

"I say, Crum, what makes Mr. Austin so

much in the dumps now-a-days?" enquired Mr. John Joyce of All Saints.

"I don't know exactly," said Mr. Crummy, "but I've heard him sigh over the state of the country, and I've seen him wery disconsolate at the condition of the church; the one he says is full of danger, and the other is full of drones."

"And he might have added," continued Mr. Simpkin; "that schism and dissent is a building its nests and hatching its spawn in the very heart of our parishes."

"It's surprising," said Mr. Jewson, "what wery wiolent zeal they ewinces in keeping their pot a-biling."

"I have heard Mr. Austin remark," rejoined Mr. Audible, "that he wished the Established Clergy could only catch a little of their zeal, without being contaminated with their sin."

"Well!" said Mr. Jewson, "as we didn't make the church, I doubt wery much whether we can mend it. Come, fill your glasses to the brim—a bumper!"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jewson, "it was no trifling cause which brought us together; it was a great ewent; let us honor it by drinking Mr. Crummy's health and happiness, and a long con-tenance to good and onored life, with nine times nine cheers, genl'em."

It would be difficult to describe what followed for the space of ten minutes, but at the end of that period every body found himself out of breath, and cruelly tormented with a stitch in his side.

Poor Mr. Crummy had come there prepared to make a long speech; but memory, sense, every faculty seemed to have forsaken him, and he found himself standing amidst his silent and expectant friends momentarily speechless, and when he did speak his words were most incoherent.

"Kind friends," he said at length, "forgive my weakness. I aint heloquent—much obleeged to you—great honor, don't deserve it—very proud—ekally grateful—very happy—happy--do as you'd be done by—you'll never regret it—thankee, thankee."

Mr. Audible, who had scarcely spoken during the evening, now rose and said:

"Let us sing to the praise and glory——"

"I am blow'd if Audible don't think he's at church," interrupted Mr. Buckle; "listen to him."

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Audible; "let us sing a song of my own composing."

"Sartinly," said Mr. Jewson; "after we've drank another glass of punch."

"Go it, Audible," said the Grecian, after the last duty had been performed.

"All must join in," said Mr. Audible, as he began in a tune of his own, the following, which had evidently been written under the influence of Messrs. Sternhold & Hopkins' poetical auspices:

"Come Beadles all unite to raise,
Loud songs of joy in praise of one,
Whom Parish Clerks agree to praise,
The pride and boast of this here town.
Each Parish has its Beadle rare,
Whose names we'll honor one by one,
But first in rank, without compare,
Stands our pet Beadle—Oily Crum!

"Allhallow's Barking Jewson boasts,
So richly clad in velvet smalls,
Long may our Father* head the host,
Who dine in state near great St. Paul's.
Dunstan's pride is Jerry Huggins,
Allhallows' Staining owns John Plum,
Next in rank is mighty Muggins,
Yet these give place to Oily Crum!

"Fish of Aldgate—Joyce of All Saints,
And Wheeler of St. Margaret Patton,
Have one and all "without complaints,"
Most fearless borne the Beadle's Batton.
If names like these are breathed with awe,
If at their mention boys are dumb,
Oh! what's the homage that's in store,
For thy great name, good Oily Crum!

"There's Radcliffe, Wapping, Poplar, Bow,
Limehouse, Hackney, Shoreditch, Shadwell,
Marrow Bone,† Chelsea, and Soho,
Norwood, Peckham, and old Camberwell,
Have each their Beadles great in fame—"

"Why, drat it! are you going for to sing all the Parishes in Surrey as well as Middlesex," exclaimed Mr. Huggins, who had been playing very impatiently with an empty tumbler, for his exertions in keeping pace with the song had made him both hoarse and thirsty.

"In course I am," exclaimed Mr. Audible, with a look of surprise at the interruption; "that's what I promised in starting," he continued, "when I said:

"'Whose names we'll honor one by one.'"

"In vich case," exclaimed Mr. Jewson, parenthetically, "I'll order out the punch, and have it kept a-biling; for," he said in the tone of One-who-knows, "the history of Parish Beadles is wery woluminous; but its a wery interesting study," he added in an encouraging tone, as he turned to Mr. Audible.

But the latter gentleman, observing that the longitude of each face at that hospitable table was more remarkable than usual, offered to compromise the matter by singing the last stanza only.

The suggestion was received with acclamation, and he immediately resumed:

* The senior Beadle calls himself the Father of the Beadles.

† St. Mary-le-Bone.

"From Brixton Hill to Horseley Down,
From Chelsea to the River Lee,
Each Beadle in and out of Town
Should celebrate this Jubilee.
"Of Mister Crummy's praise we'll sing,
For Mister Crummy's life we'll pray,
That future years to us may bring
The festal cheer of this great day."

The eight Beadles and six Parish Clerks cheered most lustily at the conclusion of this song; the acclamations of the former were elicited in consequence of the honor which was extended to their order, while the praises of the latter were in some degree prompted by the evidence afforded of the intellectual superiority of the degree of Parish Clerk over that of Parish Beadle, for the song was the composition of a Clerk.

"And did you raally," enquired Mr. Gosling, the Parish Clerk of St. Stephens, "did you raally compose that song yourself, Mr. Audible?"

"In course," replied the latter gentleman, "why not?"

"Because I think it wery superior," continued Mr. Gosling.

"And wery touching too," interrupted Mr. Wheeler.

"The last line especially," said Mr. Plum, who was a very hearty and jolly looking person:

"'The festal cheer of this great day.'"

"Does not this sentiment strike you as being very fine?" enquired Mr. Plum, turning towards the Vice President.

"Very, indeed," returned the Grecian; "very. I am of opinion," he added, "that neither Dryden nor Pope ever penned a passage of greater truth or beauty; and I am confident that none but a genius of the first order could ever have conceived such an original idea."

The Beadles held their breath, and the Clerks looked triumphant; Mr. Audible alone inquiring if Mr. Simpkin were in earnest, if he seriously thought what he said?

"No sir!" answered "the Grecian," with energy, "I don't think so, but I know it. I know it, Sir; and its only another proof of the superiority of our ancient order."

"I hope," interrupted Mr. Muggins, "that the gen'lem don't mean nothing inwidious to Beadles."

"Nothing Sir, I assure you; I was only talking of the superior attainments of Parish Clerks, of which an example was supplied in the song with which Mr. Audible has just favored us."

"I contends," remonstrated Mr. Wheeler of St. Margaret's, "that Beadles is ekally poetical with Clerks."

"Surely, surely," continued Mr. Joyce of All Saints, "and now I mind it, I remember the affecting lines as you composed for the tombstone of Poor Peggy, who was drowneded in the River Lee."

"Ah! indeed," exclaimed Mr. Simpkin, "what were they?"

"These be them," continued Mr. Joyce:

"'Here lies poor Peggy, drown'd in the Lee,
Here lies poor Peggy, and here lies she.
Hallelujah, Hallelujee."

"Very good indeed," exclaimed several of the Beadles.

"I highly approves of them," said Mr. Jewson majestically.

"It aint quite the thing, Wheeler," interposed Mr. Gosling, "that you should take the praise to yourself of that there piece, for you know that it was you and me and Twiggs of St. Olives that composed them; we each made a line a piece, and you wrote the last."

"Ah!" said Mr. Simpkin, in a tone of triumph, "I thought one Beadle alone couldn't do it."

"What's the odds," rejoined Mr. Joyce, "so long as it was composed by Beadles?"

"I think," said Mr. Duffield, the Clerk of St. Dunstan's, "that the celebrated lines by the Vice President, written wholly by himself, eclipses the verse written by three Beadles."

"Give us them," exclaimed Mr. Fish of Aldgate.

"Perhaps Mr. Simpkin will do it hisself," returned Mr. Duffield; "I fear my memory fails me a little."

Mr. Simpkin immediately complied by repeating the following:

"Here lies John Jenning's daughter,
Under this mound of mould;
She died from drinking water,
When it was wery cold."

"And wery dangerous it is to indulge in cold drinks," interrupted Mr. Plum; "here's only another instance, another wictim of cold liquors."

"It wasn't the liquor; it was the weather I referred to," exclaimed Mr. Simpkin.

"It aint wery clear vich," said Mr. Jewson, judicially.

"Whatever it was," resumed Mr. Plum, "I maintain that cold liquors arn't wholesome."

"Cold liquors are better than none," replied Mr. Fish, "as is proved by the confession of a tombstone in our Parish."

"What does it state?" said Mr. Plum.

"'Here I lie dumb,
Choked with a crumb,
Which would'nt go down,
And could'nt come up.'

"As much as to say," continued Mr. Fish, "that if the poor body had had a drop of drink, the crumb would have been dissolved, and in course swallowed."

"I wonder who composed those lines," said Mr. Simpkin, musingly.

"Who composed them?" rejoined Mr. Audible; "why, who do you think? none other than the great Mr. Crummy hisself."

Loud cheers followed the declaration, in which "the Grecian" was heard to remark, that he thought the composition was not the work of an ordinary Beadle.

"What became of poor Grinkin?" inquired Mr. Fish; "he sadly forgot his dignity, when he turned Schoolmaster; and when a Beadle forgets his dignity, all's lost, all's lost!"

"He had a mind above his station," returned Mr. Buckle.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed several at the table, "where did he show his learning?"

"Many's the time, especially when he wrote those beautiful descriptive lines on the tombstone of Wheeler's wife."

"What were they?" asked several.

"They were these," said Mr. Buckle, laying great stress on the last word:

"'Here lies Mrs. Wheeler—
When her glass was spent,
She kick'd up her heels,
And away she went."'

"Well! they certainly are touching and appropriate," returned several.

And thus it was, that the evening's festivities advanced; the state of the church, the condition of the country, and the literature of the times were discussed by this convivial company, jests and songs were interspersed with narrative and anecdote, and laughter revelled in their cheeks, and chased from their brows all signs of sadness. But time waits not:—the continuous tic-tic of the household clock, admonished them that their festive joys were drawing to a close; the hour for the departure of their honored guest had arrived.

Mr. Crummy rose to withdraw; he wished to say something, but his tongue again most obstinately refused to fulfil its functions; at last having gained a moment's self-possession, he said:

"Fellow Beadles and kind friends,—I am sorry that my tongue always drops into my toes, ven I vants to make use of it, and I am werry sorry that the severe illness of a young female compels me to leave you—but afore going, I would like to say—that is—I vishes to remark—that I shall say no more—than what I was going to say," and filling up the pause, by finishing his glass of Punch, Mr. Crummy continued, "I drinks all your good healths, and I vishes you everlasting good luck," then shaking hands all round, he took his departure amidst the good wishes of his friends, that he should enjoy another jubilee.

But the departure of the guest did not "break up the party." Two more bowls of steaming punch replaced at each end of the table those which had fulfilled their duty; every tumbler was replenished, and judging from the silence which reigned in that company, we would suppose that each individual there present, was wrapped in his own meditations.

But the calm was broken by a remark from Mr. Gosling, who inquired, addressing himself to the individual named:

"I say, Jewson, how old be you?"

Whereupon the Patriarch, looking rather furious, rejoined:

"That's none of your business."

Mr. Gosling immediately stated "that he meant no offence, but that he was only desirous of knowing whether he was not turned of fifty."

"In course I are," responded Mr. Jewson, "otherwise I shouldn't be the Father of the Beadles."

"Sartinly—sartinly"—exclaimed every body; "vot are you driving at, Gosling?"

Without answering the question Mr. Gosling asked another, and inquired how many of that company remained on the sunny side of fifty.

"I do for one," said "the Grecian," and although several appeared half disposed to have made a similar declaration, truth kept their lips closed.

"Are you satisfied, eh?" inquired several, addressing their speech to the questioner.

"Yes," answered Mr. Gosling, "I am satisfied and conwinced."

"Of what?" rejoined every body there.

"Satisfied that we have spent our money in conwincing Mr. Crummy that he is the only man in the city fit for a Beadle."

The Grecian smiled, but the Beadles did not exactly see at what the observation aimed, so they drank another glass of punch, and asked for further explanation.

"You see," said Mr. Gosling, "that each of you is more than a half a century old, yet I ask vich of you had his Jubilee kept in this manner?"

A silence ensued; the bow drawn at a venture had well nigh destroyed the happiness of the evening—the observation was a truth.

"If I had thought of that sooner, I'd have been blow'd before I would have been one of the party," exclaimed John Joyce.

"And I too," continued several others.

"But what is it that makes Crum so poplar?"

said Mr. Muggins; "he has'nt a vurd to say for hisself."

"And vy is his Parish so vell spoke of," continued Mr. Jewson.

"It is'nt what he says, its what he does, as makes him poplar," rejoined Mr. Audible; "my ancient friend is just and good and honest; he does as he'd be done by, and therefore people likes him; he don't lick boys for pleasure, nor persecute the wretched for amusement, he does his duty with kindness, and he is content with the gratitude and good wishes of the poor as his reward."

"Boys is howdacious, and can't be too much flogged; the poor is ungrateful and requires sewerity," returned Mr. Muggins; and he continued, "depend upon it that Parish boys and Vurkhouse pensioners is natural enemies to Beadles."

"Oily Crum don't think so, and we know that he is the idol of his Parish, beloved by the poor and respected by the rich, and," continued Mr. Audible, "he has been honored and feasted by his brethren of the order."

"That's true," returned Mr. Jewson, who was really a kind-hearted man, "but I did'nt think that any gentl'em here would have made a obser-vation so wery hurting to the feelings of a true arted Beadle; owsomever Crum desarved the onor and I'm glad he got it."

'Gentlemen, let us sing God save the King and say good night."

This being performed in full chorus by the party, they severally retired to their respective homes.

From the halls of pleasure to the house of mourning there is but a step. From the festive board to the dying bed how quick the transition! with what rapidity in the drama of life are the scenes shifted!—the notes of the death watch fall upon the ear even before the song of revelry has died upon the sense!

Look upwards good Beadle, for the light of the watcher gleams sadly from yon window, and warns thee that in that chamber there are other occupants than the care-worn stranger whose flushed cheek on that morning beguiled thee into hope that her life might yet be prolonged—that the sadness of her sorrowed heart might yet be succeeded by the sunshine of returning joy. Gaze on good Beadle, for that second light which now appears, then vanishes, and with so much rapidity seems to tell the darkness of succeeding chambers, that sorrow hath visited thine abode, admonishes their living occupants by the swiftness of its motion, that silence and urgency are enjoined upon the messenger. Knock gently good Beadle, lest the echo of that iron tongue which gains for thee admission to thy home should vibrate upon the sense of the dying, like the knell of the funeral, which shall wail its dismal welcome over her grave.

Walk lightly good Beadle, for the living in that chamber, where death seeks for admission, hold their breath and speak in mute signs, lest they should disturb the repose of the dying. Speak not good Beadle, lest that opening eye should recognize thy presence; or those pale trembling lips close upon their heaven-directed supplications. Listen good Beadle, for it is of thee she speaks, it is for thine she prays, that heaven in its mercy may requite thee for thy goodness to her.

Approach good Rector! for all your care she has requited you in the earnest mention of the services of you her spiritual father. Look, but move not, for the saddened eye has suddenly brightened, and through the crystal tear which grief has spared to memory, how delighted is the azure which sparkles in its depths. Listen! for she speaks of the absent. Look! for she smiles in her prayer, and in her hope she has become impassioned that her own soul would speedily ascend to the spirits of the departed, and live again in the sweet intercourse of an everlasting love.

"Yes! fond ones, ye beckon me hence. Oh! Hereward, my beloved. Oh! Ada, pledge of our joy, wait for me."

She awoke from her temporary trance. Stoop good Beadle, for she desires to speak with you.

"Kind friend, bury my treasure with me."

"What treasure, Mary?"

She spoke not, but placed her hand in her bosom.

Again she tried to speak, but even in the sepulchral stillness of that chamber her voice could not be heard, the effort was vain, her lips moved, but mortal sense would never hear her speak more.

But angels, ye ministering spirits, who were invisibly present in that sad chamber, ye can bear your testimony, and tell in a brighter sphere what those moving lips uttered, what that brightening eye saw, what caused that heaven born smile to radiate the dying couch and settle on the corpse of Mary Hayworth. Poor thing! she who had not smiled for weeks, smiled in her coffin.

Rude hands did not lay out that corpse; Parish crones did not disturb the dead; the Beadle's wife alone fulfilled the last sad functions of the living for the dead. But what is that which hung suspended by an hempen string around the dead one's neck, and glistened near her heart? It is her locket, the last and only thing of value which

poverty had spared to the deceased, that must be the treasure which she desired to be buried with her, from which death was not to sever her, which in her grave was to be beside her.

No clue had been discovered to her history, and the locket, though minutely investigated, revealed nothing more than her name. On one side was the painting of an open, generous and manly eye, fringed by a cornice of darkly curved silken lashes, fit enclosure for an orb, rivalling the gazelle's for softness, yet bright in its colouring as the sky of the tropics. This beautiful memorial of the absent, which beamed serenely and constantly beneath the perfectly arched eye-brow, had been fitly placed close to the fond heart of the grief-worn girl whose mortal remains lay stretched upon that humble bedstead. On the other side of the locket two locks of hair had been treasured; one of a dark brown chesnut color, enclosed the name of Hereward, the other of a golden and a fairer tint and more silken texture, embraced the name of Ada.

Besides this the last remains of her humble treasure, she possessed nothing beyond her Book of Common Prayer, which had evidently been worn by long and frequent usage. In the first page was written "Mary Hayworth," no name no date, no residence gave clue to her history, and all that could be inferred was that the unfortunate girl had been betrayed and deserted; and that, shunned by her friends and abandoned by her destroyer, she had been left to perish in indigence and misery.

Her remains were consigned to the grave, all inquiry was fruitless, the eye which beamed so beautifully in the locket was regarded as belonging to the author of her misery, and the fond heart was mourned for as the victim of its wiles.

(To be continued.)

LINES

WRITTEN UNDERNEATH THE PICTURE OF A LITTLE BOY WITH HIS MOTHER'S SPECTACLES ON.

BY E. B.

THE WINDOWS OF AGE.

Why hast thou left thy childhood's plays,
Thou beauteous boy! and thus bent thy gaze
Through the *windows of age?* Dost thou hope to see,
The things that the future enshrouds from thee?
Thy *baubles* neglected! Thy *sports* laid by!
What is it thou seek'st, with that straining eye?
Thou *mimic* of age! Oh! forbear to know!
What time through those *windows* to all must show.

Through these WINDOWS, so bright to thee now, my boy!
Comes the darkness of sorrow—the light of joy!
But the joys that stream through, like the morning flower
Wither and waste in their short lived hour!
Would'st thou know more?—Then drop thy gaze!
Still leave thy baubles! thy sports! thy plays!
And list while I tell thee—the things that be,
By these *windows, yet curtained* and hid from thee!

The *eyes* of thy Mother that o'er thee bend!
Whose heart-strings around thee so closely wend
Time has made *dim*—through life's lengthened view—
And her look from these *windows*, she now sends through!
Oh! what are her hopes—her joys—her fears
As she marks the steps of thy youthful years!
Afar, through the *windows*, her eyes now stray,
To warn thee of dangers, that round thee lay.

Would'st thou know more? those eyes of love!
Bent *first* on her *boy!*—then to God above
In prayer, that his life may all blameless flow,
Till he reaches the land where the pure spirits go!
Those *eyes* have looked 'neath the coffin's lid!
Where the loved, and the cherished, in death lay hid!
Oh! then *dark* was the rain, those windows o'er,
From the heart of that Mother! Dost thou ask more?

Age is preparing, life's wintry storm!
Its snow wreathes, to circle that Mother's form;
The finger of death on her brow will lay!
The warm blood—cease through her heart to stray!
The frosts of time, on these windows bright
Will weave a heavy, yet mystic light!
For angels will come in their brightness fair,
And mingle their beauteous tracery there.

Oh! then look no more! thou bright-eyed boy,
Through the windows, to gather thy dream of joy,
Go! bend by thy Mother's loving knee,
And learn the lesson she'll teach to thee,
'Twill be this! to throw life's baubles by!
And bend thy heart to thy God on high!
And through faith e'er feel that *this Scripture* page
Is the *blessing* of youth—*The Window* of Age!

SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

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

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

Or paint the blissful meeting,
The tender, heartfelt greeting,
Of mutual sympathy—
The tears that on thy pensive cheek
Tell but the words thou can'st not speak,—
I yet am dear to thee!

WILLIAM TELL SAVING BAUMGARTEN.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

In Schiller's Historical Drama of "Wilhelm Tell," the escape of Baumgarten—after having slain the Seneschal of the Castle of Rossberg, in revenge for an attack upon the honor of his wife—is very graphically introduced. Baumgarten is hotly pursued, and between him and safety is the Lake of Lucerne, which at the moment is raging under the influence of the "Föhn" wind. The boldest of the ferrymen refuse to venture, when Tell, having in vain urged the attempt, himself leaps into the boat, and carries the unfortunate man beyond the reach of his pursuers. We give the passage, beginning with the appearance of Tell upon the scene, where he arrives at the moment when Baumgarten is vainly imploring for succour.

TELL. Who is the man that here implores for aid?
KUONI. He is from Alzellen, and to guard his honour
From touch of foulest shame, has slain the Wolfshot,
The Imperial Seneschal, who dwelt at Rossberg.
The Viceroy's troopers are upon his heels;
He begs the boatman here to take him over,
But he, in terror of the storm, refuses.
RUODI. Well, there is Tell can steer as well as I,
He'll be my judge, if it be possible.
[*Violent peals of thunder—the lake becomes more tempestuous.*
Am I to plunge into the jaws of hell?
I should be mad to dare the desperate act.
TELL. The brave man thinks upon himself the last.
Put trust in God, and help him in his need!
RUODI. Safe in the port, 'tis easy to advise.
There is the boat, and there the lake! Try you!
TELL. The lake may pity, but the Viceroy will not.
Come, try it, man!
SHEPHERD *and* HUNTSMAN.
O save him! save him! save him!
RUODI. Though 'twere my brother, or my darling child,
I would not go. It is St. Simon's day,
The lake is up, and calling for its victim.
TELL. Nought's to be done with idle talking here.
Time presses on—the man must be assisted.
Say, boatman, will you venture?
RUODI. No; not I.
TELL. In God's name, then, give me the boat! I will,
With my poor strength, see what is to be done!
KUONI. Ha, noble Tell!
WERNI. That's like a gallant huntsman!
BAUM. You are my angel, my preserver, Tell.
TELL. I may preserve you from the Viceroy's power,
But from the tempest's rage another must.
Yet you had better fall into God's hands,
Than into those of men. [*To the herdsman.*
Herdsman, do thou
Console my wife, should aught of ill befall me.
I do but what I may not leave undone.
[*He leaps into the boat.*
RUODI (*to the fisherman*).
A pretty man to be a boatman, truly!
What Tell could risk, you dared not venture on.
KUONI. Far better men than I would not ape Tell.
There does not live his fellow 'mong the mountains.
WERNI (*who has ascended a rock*).
He pushes off. God help thee now, brave sailor!
Look how his bark is reeling on the waves!
KUONI (*on the shore*).
The surge has swept clean over it. And now
'Tis out of sight. Yet stay, there 'tis again!
Stoutly he stems the breakers, noble fellow!
SEPPI. Here come the troopers hard as they can ride!
KUONI. Heavens! so they do! Why, that was help, indeed.
[*Enter a troop of horsemen.*

"DAY IS DEPARTING."

A BALLAD—THE MELODY ON THREE NOTES.

BY J. WILLIS.

Andante con espressione.

Pia.

Day is de-part-ing, love, far, far a-way,

Fades, sweet-ly fades, love, her warm-ing ray.

Twilight's soft spell, with ho-liest balm,

Seems ev'ry care but ours, to calm;

Fond - ly I thought, but now, all is o'er;

Too soon we part, love, to meet no more.

SECOND VERSE.

Oh, I had thought, my love, with thee to stray,
Hop'd, fondly hop'd with ceaseless prayer;
But the wild dream is past—all, all is o'er,
Strewing with roses thy onward way;
Blessing and blest thy path to share:
Farewell, my only love! We meet no more.

OUR TABLE.

THE HORTICULTURIST FOR MARCH, 1847.

A TASTE for gardening,—we do not mean for the cultivation of carrots, cabbages, and cauliflowers —but for ornamental gardening—flowers, shrubs and trees—is at last, we are happy to say, beginning to manifest itself in this great money-making metropolis, and we trust another summer will not pass away without a strenuous effort being made to establish public gardens within an easy walk of the city. We believe land in the vicinity of the Beaver Hall property might be obtained on easy terms for this purpose. In this particular, we are sadly behind the cities of corresponding magnitude, in the United States, and according to Kit North's idea, we are not so far removed from a state of barbarism as they are. He says:—

"THE MAN WHO LOVES NOT TREES, to look at them, to lie under them, to climb up them, (once more a school-boy) would make no bones of murdering Mrs. Jeffs. In what one imaginable attribute that it ought to possess, is a tree, pray, deficient? Light, shade, shelter, coolness, freshness, music,—all the colors of the rainbow, dew and dreams dropping through their soft twilight, at eve and morn,—dropping direct, soft, sweet, soothing, restorative from heaven. Without trees, how, in the name of wonder, could we have had houses, ships, bridges, easy chairs, or coffins, or almost any single one of the necessaries, comforts, or conveniences of life? Without trees, one man might have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but not another with a wooden ladle."

Then again in the United States,—*nefas est et ab hoste doceri*—we have periodicals bearing upon the subject, almost without number, such as the Horticulturist and the American Flora, (noticed in our last number)—Illustrated Botany, and several others, many if not all of which are of a very creditable character, while here in the whole length and breadth of these vast provinces, we have nothing of the kind,—no not a leaf in all the numerous and beautiful varieties of the Botanical world has ever attracted even a passing notice. Yes! there is one—the Maple Leaf! We trust it will not much longer remain the only one which has received the notice, of which multitudes of others are so well deserving.

THE SNOW-DROP, OR JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

THE reader will observe on the cover of the Garland, the Prospectus of a Periodical which it is intended to publish under the above title. We have long been of opinion that the rising generation of the Province deserved to have such a work devoted to their interests—to their instruction and amusement; and we have been satisfied that, if carefully superintended, it might be of almost incalculable benefit. It is therefore with the highest gratification that we have been called upon to make this announcement, being satisfied, from our knowledge of the ability and taste of its projectors, that it will have no superior on this Continent, and that its pages will contain nothing which may not be read with profit as well as pleasure. We have had an opportunity of examining the *materiel* of the first number, and it has confirmed us—had we needed such confirmation—in our confidence in the projectors, who bring to their task, in addition to very superior abilities, a sincere and loving interest in the cause of improvement and the elevation of the human mind.

The first number will appear in the course of a few days, when the public will have an opportunity of forming their own opinion. We cordially wish it success.

A FEW WORDS ON THE PROPOSED CHANGE IN THE FORM OF PUBLISHING THE CHURCH NEWSPAPER.

MY DEAR GARLAND,

As the able conductors of *The Church* newspaper received the remarks which I ventured to make in your January number with so much attention and good will I am encouraged to offer one or two other suggestions in connexion with the same subject.

The first observation I make with some hesitation, for I confess that I am fond of old names, and have little sympathy with those who regard with indifference a time-honored title; but the truth is I have never had but two objections to *The Church* newspaper—the first to its form, and the second to its name.

To the former it is not necessary to recur, because it has already been favorably entertained; but with respect to the latter, I may perhaps be excused for remarking that "The Church" is not, I conceive, an appropriate designation for *any thing* at all. It is true that the phrase is conventionally, but doubtless erroneously, applied to the structures of the Church, but I believe that your Ecclesiastical contemporary is the only instance upon record in which that holy title has been bestowed upon a sheet of paper. I think that the clergy and laity of the Province must agree in the opinion that the originators of that publication did not make a felicitous selection when they determined upon its present name.

The only other remark which I desire to offer is, whether the advertisements could be so contrived as that at the close of the year the paper containing them might be cut off, without disturbing the paging or interfering with the matter. I am informed by publishers that this desirable object might to be easily secured, and I need not remark that the volume would be much improved for binding by the excision.

With every desire that the proposed alteration may be attended with an increased circulation and more extended influence,

I am,

My dear Garland,

Yours faithfully,

ERASMUS OLDSTYLE.