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THE GIRL'S CHOICE.*

BY E. M. M.

"Yes! 'tis a rough and thorny road,
That leads us to the Saints' abode;
But when our Father's home we gain,
'Twill make amends for all our pain.

"And though we feel our present grief,
In hope we find a sweet relief,
For hope anticipates the day,
When all our grief shall pass away."

CAPTAIN Warburton did not return home until nearly the dinner hour, when he came evidently much elated by some circumstance. Acting on the advice she had received, his young wife never once alluded to the subject of the ball, although the effort not to do so cost her much.

"I hope you are going to spend this evening with me, Neville?" she said in a tone of entreaty, as she heard him desire his servant soon after dinner, to bring his cloak, for it was raining heavily. "Are you obliged to go out in such weather?"

"Yes, love! for an hour or two; I shall return early. depend; good evening!"

"And thus it has been almost every night this week," murmured poor Katherine, when again she found herself alone. "I wonder where he goes. Surely, it is strange that he should not prefer the comfort of his own fireside. A few months ago he would not have left me so constantly for worlds. Can it be to the Dashwoods?—if I thought so I would leave him forever," and she sat down, under the pressure of suspicion and distrust, until she made herself perfectly miserable.

The fire was out and the candles low in their sockets when Captain Warburton again made his appearance, though not as before elated and pleased, but evidently in a very ill humour. His face was flushed and heated, his manner too surely betraying from what cause. Katherine started up and turned pale, as he kicked a chair out of

his way, and staggered towards her. Never had she beheld any one in a state of intoxication before, and in great alarm she pealed at the bell.

"What are you ringing the bell for?" exclaimed her husband with an oath, and grasping her arm; "what are you afraid of?"

"Oh! Lawrence, is there any thing the matter with your master?" almost shrieked Katherine, as the servant entered the room; "see how wild he looks—pray run for the doctor."

"Is it for the doctor?" replied Lawrence, unable to repress a smile; "and sure then there's nothing the matter only he forgot to put wather in his brandy. Come, Sir! let me lade you to bed; don't stay here, frightening the mistress." And the man led his officer unresistingly away, while Katherine, inexpressibly shocked, burst into a flood of tears. That night she slept upon the hard cold floor.

On the following morning Captain Warburton appeared sullen and moody—as if ashamed of himself. Katherine feared to address him, for he scarcely spoke without uttering some offensive expressions. Oh! how was he lowered in her estimation, as she contrasted him, as he now appeared, with the noble-minded, pious Captain Beauchamp! Her deep sigh attracted his notice, and forced him to say,

"You had better go and tell your friend Mrs. Bruce, what a brute your husband is, and how miserable he makes you."

"No, Neville! Heaven forbid!" replied the

*Continued from page 206.

distressed Katherine. "Much rather would I conceal your faults, and pray to God to amend them."

Truly is it said that a soft answer turneth away wrath. The heart of Captain Warburton was evidently touched by hers, for, taking her hand, he said,

"You are a sweet, forgiving girl, after the provocation I have given you; but the truth is, Kate, I was very unfortunate at cards last night, and lost much more than I could afford; this made me so wretched that to drown thought I swallowed bumpers of wine, and by the time I reached home my brain seemed on fire. Do you indeed pardon me?"

In a moment Katherine was in his arms.

"Pardon! oh! yes! ten thousand times, dearest Neville!" were her words; "but never, never use such a mode of forgetfulness again. The loss of money may be repaired—the loss of God's favor cannot; and without this, miserable would we be indeed. Have you forgotten the casket mamma gave me? Take from it what you require to pay your debts, and, if you love me, promise never to touch a card again."

This display of tender disinterestedness could not fail to make an impression on the thoughtless young man, who as yet had not gone so far in the broad road of sin as to be lost to all right feelings. He pressed his wife again and again to his bosom, calling her his good little angel, and shrinking not at the promise she exacted, unaware how impossible it would be to preserve it inviolate, in his own strength—ignorant where to seek it from a higher source.

Weeks and months now passed away during which time Katherine had been tried in various ways. The passion of jealousy, the darkest and deadliest that can torture the heart of woman, had frequently been roused by the attentions of her husband to the flirtatious Miss Selina Dashwood, while his frequent absences from home too plainly convinced her that he still indulged a love for play, notwithstanding his word to the contrary. There was much gaiety going forward in the neighbourhood at this season, but Katherine, since the loss she had sustained in her sweet brother, had felt no inclination to mix in such scenes. Indeed, her present delicate state would not have permitted her to encounter the fatigue of the crowded ball room, where so many nights were wasted in folly and vanity by the husband for whom she had sacrificed so much. She continued to hear constantly from Mrs. Atherston, who was settled at Nice, but her letters gave so indifferent an account of her health, that they afforded pain rather than pleasure to the unhappy girl. Arthur, she informed her,

had decidedly declined entering the Church, preferring the Navy as a profession, to the utter disappointment and indignation of his father, who vowed he would disinherit him. This last blow, added to the separation from her daughter, had so completely crushed the forsaken mother, that all hope of her recovery was now abandoned; but from the beautiful resignation she displayed, and the pious counsels she continued to give Katherine in every letter, might be traced the happy change that had taken place in her mind, which, through the grace of God, was ripening fast for glory.

It was in a newspaper carelessly taken up one morning that Katherine, the miserable Katherine, read the short announcement of her beloved mother's death; one loud piercing scream she uttered, ere she fell back into the arms of her husband, who had flown forward to receive her. She was immediately conveyed to her bed, where, in a few hours afterwards, she gave birth to a little girl. Tenderly did the excellent Mrs. Bruce fulfil the part of a parent towards the afflicted young creature—yet still she was not her mother, and floods of tears she wept as she lay reflecting on past days, when, suffering from some childish illness, that fond being had watched over her, administering to all her wants—that being who now lay cold and silent in the grave of a foreign land.

"And was it not my conduct that hastened her there?" she would exclaim in an agony, "Oh! mamma, my own darling mamma! never shall I find a friend like you on earth again. Never, never!"

For the first few days and while her life was considered in danger, Captain Warburton showed every anxiety and affectionate solicitude; but the moment his fears were relieved, he resumed his amusements—leaving his dull home for scenes more congenial to his tastes, and satisfying his conscience that the society of Mrs. Bruce would amply compensate for the absence of his.

It was the earnest desire of that pious lady, to improve this season of solitude and affliction to poor Katherine, and to try and fill up the void in her being breast, with those treasures of which none might deprive her. The interesting letters of Mrs. Atherston she carefully collected, knowing the happiness they would afford her daughter when once she came to feel the value and necessity of a renewed heart. She united all her efforts to console her, and lend her to God, with the most fervent prayers for success, nor were these long left unanswered, for as Katherine slowly recovered, she showed evident signs, in her behaviour and conversation, that a work of grace was already begun. With wint' joy the

pious Mrs. Bruce beheld the saving change, a true Christian can alone understand. The Bible of dear Ernest was now her constant study, the Psalms especially, affording her the utmost comfort—they seemed as if addressed to herself, to express her wants, her repentance, her hopes. From these she would turn to her infant, whose helplessness soon engaged her pity and her affections. If at times she felt a pang that its father took so little notice of it, she would say in a voice of resignation.

"Never mind, my sweet Amelia; we have a father in Heaven whose love never fails—who will abundantly recompense us for the coldness and neglect of our earthly parents—I dare not complain of the unkindness of mine, but yours—Oh! he ought to love you."

But in truth Captain Warburton had no heart to love any one—completely a man of pleasure, self was his idol. Had Mr. Atherton behaved with the generosity he fully expected when he married his daughter, his faults might not have become so flagrant, but soured as he was by disappointment, unable to forego his expensive habits, and keenly feeling the additional expense of a family, no wonder that he viewed the poor little intruder with indifference. Katherine too seemed changed in his sight, her beauty being of that delicate, fragile nature that, young though she was, already was it beginning to fade under the pressure of sickness, sorrow and fatigue, for the whole care of her infant devolved upon herself, her husband being unable to afford a second female servant. How often, as she watched over the cradle of her helpless charge, was she reminded of the trouble and anxiety she had caused her own dear mother.

"Alas! and how did I repay her?" she would then say, weeping; "never was I aware of the enormity of my sin and ingratitude till I became a mother myself."

Doubly interesting did Katherine become to her real friends, now that they beheld her in her present responsible station—fulfilling it to the utmost of her ability, and seeking at the same time a better knowledge of Him, who was leading her gradually out of darkness unto the marvellous light of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Trials usually are the appointed means to effect this saving change, and Katherine, poor girl! had her full share of them. Captain Warburton had hitherto treated her more with indifference than with positive unkindness, but as his pecuniary difficulties increased, his bursts of passion and violent language were less restrained in her presence—though to the world he still maintained a fair appearance, and was the great favorite of all the vain silly women in the place, whose atten-

tions and flatteries he received with returning smiles and adulation. And (will it be asked) did Katherine still love him? Yes! for such is woman—and such the deep affections implanted in her breast, that like the flower whose stem is trampled upon and broken, fresh buds will spring up again from the undying root, and send forth their fragrance on the morning air. This doubtless is the design of a gracious Providence, to lead us to prayer, and to render those duties which would otherwise be too burthensome—supportable and even pleasing. At the desire of her husband, Katherine made one last attempt to soften her obdurate father, and wrote to him a letter expressive of her grief for the loss of her beloved mother, and of her penitence for ever having caused her a moment's anxiety. She then mentioned the birth of her child, adding that her own health was not nearly so good as it used to be, delicately hinting that if she were able to have a nurse for the little Amelia she would be saved much fatigue, which she really felt unequal to bear. This letter she directed to Granby Lodge, desiring it might be forwarded to Mr. Atherton's present address. After waiting anxiously an answer for many, many weeks, it was returned to her from the dead letter office, bearing several foreign post-marks. None knew where her father had gone; Katherine tore it in a thousand fragments,

"Yes! yes! he is indeed dead to me," she cried despairingly: "and an orphan I may henceforth consider myself."

She was sitting one morning alone in her dull dark parlour, rocking her child's cradle as it lay sweetly sleeping, while on her knee rested her open Bible, when Captain Beauchamp was announced. He smiled kindly on her as he approached, saying,

"I know not whether my tidings will please you or not; but I came to tell you that our Regiment is ordered to Canterbury, and will march next week—Warburton seems pleased at the thoughts of the change."

"To Canterbury!" exclaimed Katherine, her countenance brightening. "Oh! how rejoiced I am to hear it; Sir Henry Woodford's place! Woodford Abbey is in the neighbourhood. Could any thing be more fortunate?"

"Sir Henry Woodford!" repeated Captain Beauchamp, a tide of crimson rushing over his face; "are you acquainted with his family?"

"Not personally with his mother and sister, but with himself most intimately," replied Katherine, surprised by the unusual emotion he displayed. "Is Sir Henry a friend of yours?"

"A most valued one," replied Captain Beauchamp, his voice faltering. "We became known

to each other under peculiar, and to me most painful circumstances, abroad."

"In Italy, I presume, where I know he went with Lady Woodford, soon after his father's death. Miss Woodford was with them!"

"She was, and at that time scarcely passed childhood—a lovely creature, the care of a pious and very sensible mother."

"Have you ever seen her since then? I am told she has grown up very beautiful."

"No! never! once I was invited by Woodford to the Abbey, but at a time when I was unable to accept it."

Captain Beauchamp seemed to shrink from further inquiry, for he stooped to gaze on the sleeping infant, making some remark on its innocent and calm beauty. As Katherine marked the tenderness expressed on his countenance, when the little thing clasped his finger with its tiny hand, she could not forbear sighing.

"Oh! that I could behold Neville thus noticing his child! Scarcely have I ever seen him kiss her, or take her in his arms." Captain Warburton entered as the thought passed over her mind. He started on beholding Captain Beauchamp with his wife, while a dark suspicion seemed to flit across him, for he glanced fiercely at Katherine. In a moment the evil thought was dispelled, on meeting her calm yet slightly astonished eye.

"Why! how now Beauchamp? are you turned nurse?" he then said with a smile.

"Oh! no! he leaves that duty for you," replied Katherine, taking up the child, and placing her in her father's arms; he received her with indifference, but when the babe looked up in his face and smiled, he pressed his lips on her fair face, saying,

"Poor little thing! you are come into a stormy world; but it is not your fault that you have added to my troubles."

"Ah! do not say added to them!" returned Katherine, reproachfully; "surely we ought to consider our child as a blessing sent from Heaven."

"Yes, to keep one awake all night with her crying," retorted her husband, giving her back to her mother.

"Then all the love must come from me—and all the gratitude to God for such a dear treasure," returned Katherine, pressing the babe affectionately to her bosom.

Captain Warburton seemed touched, for after gazing awhile on her pale cheek, he drew her towards him, saying, "Poor dear girl! you deserve to be loved—I wish for your sake that I were a better man."

That moment repaid Katherine for days and weeks of neglect, while Captain Beauchamp felt

disposed to say; "Warburton! have you ever prayed to become a better man, and with the prayer did you unite the wish?"

But he checked himself as he knew the remark would be ill received. Their expected movements were then alluded to—when Captain Warburton asked his wife how she liked the idea of leaving

"Very much indeed, Neville!" replied Katherine. "You know I have always disliked this place, where nothing is thought of but balls and parties. At Canterbury we shall be near to Sir Henry Woodford's family, which to me will be a great delight."

"Ah! I had forgotten that; yet take care, Kate! that they don't make a methodist of you. I detest all cant and fanaticism, remember!"

Captain Beauchamp and Katherine exchanged smiles, while the former observed,

"Cant and fanaticism are, without doubt, most objectionable—but whoever follows in the footsteps of Sir Henry Woodford, well will it be for him."

"Walk your way, and let me walk in mine; I dare say, we shall meet at the same point at last," replied Captain Warburton, rather caustically.

"There is but one way to Heaven, Warburton!" said his friend, very seriously.

"That is your opinion, and a very contracted one it is," retorted the other with a sneer.

"My opinion is, however, taken from the word of God," returned Captain Beauchamp.

Katherine looked uneasy, for she expected a burst of impatience from her husband, who said, as he walked over to the window, "You may say what you please, but I will never give up every enjoyment in life, to become a gloomy enthusiast in religion, and for what?—to grasp at a shadow!"

Katherine took courage now, and replied, "Oh! dearest Neville! do not indulge in that fatal error, that you must give up every enjoyment to become religious. Not one deserring of the name are you required to resign, but only those false pleasures—those dangerous sins—which destroy our peace on earth, and our souls to all eternity, unless God spares us to repent."

"Nor are we grasping at a shadow in striving to win Heaven," added Captain Beauchamp, his countenance becoming more and more animated; "we are too prone to view as doubtful those things which we cannot see. If we were to make them more the subject of our meditation, and feel their certainty—our time would not be wasted in frivolities and follies, which now too often it is."

"Beauchamp! you certainly mistook your profession when you entered the army; you would

have made a capital parson," said Captain Warburton, forcing a laugh.

"And I trust I shall not make the worse soldier for serving my God with fidelity," replied the noble minded young man, who, perceiving from the impatient manner of his companion, and the fear expressed on the countenance of Katherine, how useless it would be to say more on the subject, after a few casual remarks withdrew, regretting more than ever that she, poor girl! had in her blindness united her fate with one who must prove such a hindrance in her heavenward path, and a source of such constant anxiety and sorrow.

Not so did Katherine reason; she thought that when they quitted ——— happiness, perfect happiness would again be restored to her, for would not Neville be separated from all his evil associates, those associates who had weaned him from her? and would he not again become the ardent and devoted lover? True! poverty would still follow them, but this she dreaded not, cared not for, if only he was kind. Such reasoning as this proved her to be entirely ignorant of the world. She reflected not that in all places human nature is the same, equally prone to sin, when left unrestrained by the grace of God—that her husband would carry with him the same propensities, the same passions, and meet those who would be as ready as at ———, to encourage him in his downward course. Happily the future was hidden from her sight. Had it not, never would she have had strength to proceed on her weary pilgrimage.

On the morning of her departure, she looked around the dilapidated rooms, now despoiled of what little furniture they had possessed, while an expression of thankfulness hovered on her lips. Captain Warburton was in a violent passion with the Barrack Master about some charges which he considered unjust, and to avoid their high language, she hastened her arrangements to join her kind friend Mrs. Bruce, with whom she was to travel. A few days' march brought the Regiment to Canterbury—and to the great joy of Katherine, Captain Warburton obtained quarters in a detached cottage, far from the noise and bustle of the Barracks. Her first inquiries were for Sir Henry Woodford, and his mother and sister, who, she was told, occasionally came into town on the Sabbath day, to attend the Cathedral. With considerable eagerness did she look forward to a meeting with them, but the first Sunday she was doomed to disappointment; in vain she gazed around her; all were strangers. Soon, however, were her thoughts engaged, when the beautiful service commenced, and she seemed almost transported from earth as she listened to the pealing tones of the organ, and heard the voices of the

choristers, the forms of her sainted mother and young brother appeared before her imagination, and tears forced themselves in rapid succession down her cheeks. The new Regiment appeared to attract some observation; and sorry are we to say, that many who ought to have known better, were seen talking and smiling, and making signs to each other, that would have constrained even a heathen to exclaim, "Can there be a God worshipping in this place?"

Many days passed; but few visitors came to welcome Katherine to her new abode, its humble appearance possessing no attractions for the wealthy and the gay. To the surprise of many, however, one morning a handsome carriage was seen driving up to the little wicket gate. Katherine rose in some agitation as the door opened, and Lady Woodford was announced. She would have flown forward with joy to meet her, had she not instantly been repelled by the cold and distant manner of her ladyship, who, addressing her most formally, accepted the chair offered her by the abashed and humbled girl.

"Can this be the parent of the warm-hearted Sir Henry Woodford?" she thought. "Oh! how are my hopes ever to be crushed!"

Lady Woodford gazed steadfastly on her saddened countenance as the thought pressed heavily upon her, and her own softening from its grave expression, she said,

"My son, Sir Henry, would have accompanied me to pay his respects to you; but he was called away on urgent business, which will detain him until the day after to-morrow."

"And Miss Woodford—is she also from home?" asked Katherine timidly.

"Oh dear! no!" replied her ladyship in a peculiarly dry tone; "my daughter never leaves home without me."

"I have heard so much of her that I quite long for her acquaintance," returned Katherine, trying to surmount the embarrassment she felt in the society of one so frigid.

"You are very kind," replied Lady Woodford, bowing; "my daughter has for acquaintances none but those of my selection."

The colour mounted to the temples of Katherine at this remark, while, in a tone of surprise, she said, "I beg your pardon; but I always understood that you were very intimate with my dear mamma."

"You understood right, Mrs. Warburton; your amiable but unfortunate mother was a most valued friend of mine," rejoined her stately ladyship.

A painful pause ensued, when, suddenly the recollection of all the sorrow she had caused her parent, by her most uncharitable and ungrateful conduct, flashed across her, and accounted at once for

the cold and distant manner of her visitor, who, of course, could not consider her a proper companion for her daughter. The thought was so overwhelming that she burst into a flood of tears. In an instant Lady Woodford's formality departed—while in a voice of kindness she said,

"I cannot feel surprised at your grief for the double loss you have sustained in so tender a mother and so interesting a brother: it will be well if the affliction brings you to a better knowledge of yourself,—for this end has it been sent."

"I know it, and I trust the end has been answered," sobbed poor Katherine. "I am quite aware how very sinfully I have acted, but if the deepest penitence is available, God knows how sincere is mine."

"I am truly rejoiced to hear you speak thus, my dear child," returned Lady Woodford, warmly pressing her hand; "the broken and the contrite heart will ever be regarded with compassion by our blessed Lord, whose chastenings are always sent in love."

Her infant, crying in the next room, now attracted the young mother; she started, hesitating what she ought to do, when Lady Woodford immediately relieved her by saying,

"Bring in your babe to see me, my dear! I should like to trace a resemblance." Katherine flew off and returned with the child in her arms. Lady Woodford gazed upon the little creature, then on Katherine with much interest. "She is very like you, — Clara must see her," said her ladyship; "will you bring her to the Abbey, and stay with us a few days? I should be so happy."

With what gratification Katherine accepted the invitation, may be imagined. Captain Warburton now entered the room. After a hasty glance at his countenance, as she rose to return his salutation, the manner of Lady Woodford again became reserved and formal. This did not improve his, and with difficulty he maintained his politeness towards her.

"Mrs. Warburton has kindly promised to come to us at the Abbey," said her ladyship. "I trust you will allow her to do so, and should you be able to accompany her, my son will have much pleasure in seeing you."

Captain Warburton merely inclined his head, muttering a few indistinct words, but he had the grace to attend her to her carriage on her taking her departure, indemnifying himself afterwards for the effort it had cost him, by calling her "a puritanical, formal, old frump, and declaring that he would see her far enough ere he would go amongst such a set as he should meet at Woodford Abbey."

The neighbourhood of Canterbury was much

more extensive, and the society more select than at —, but, as in all places, chiefly composed of the lovers of this world rather than the lovers of God. After the visit of Lady Woodford to the humble residence of Katherine, numbers flocked to see her, conceiving that she must be worth knowing if her fastidious ladyship took the trouble to make her acquaintance. Her beauty and graceful manners at first attracted as much as they surprised her visitors, but when they came to know her better, and learn her sentiments upon the subject of religion, which they soon did by her declining all their gay parties, they withdrew from her society, calling her stupid, unsocial, uncivil; not so Captain Warburton, who, in their sight, was a charming, fascinating young man, quite thrown away upon his wife. Such is the judgment of the worldling; how worthless—how utterly to be despised!

Katherine, now left more alone than ever, turned to her child for that solace which was denied her by her husband. His repeated absences and neglect did not, however, cause her the same acute agony which formerly they had done, since higher hopes, higher joys, had lowered those of earth to their proper standing; yet still she prayed night and day for his conversion, and strove by every means in her power to render home an abode of attraction to him. But blinded as he was by the god of this world, he turned away from the pure stream of domestic love to revel in every muddy pool that base passion could lead him into. How terrible to be thus left by God to ourselves,—to cast off the Christian armour, and stand exposed and undefended, to the shafts of the great enemy of souls! what but the most fatal results could be expected.

Impatiently did Katherine long for the promised invitation from Lady Woodford, which at length was brought by her son, Sir Henry, himself, who accounted for the delay by saying that he had only returned home the previous day, and that his mother had been confined to the house ever since her visit to our heroine, by a severe cold. Most kind and friendly was he in his manner towards her, admiring her child, which he expressed with the affection of a father. Lady Woodford's note contained a request that Katherine would go on the following day to the Abbey, for a week, adding a hope that Captain Warburton would accompany her.

"My mother's carriage will come for you at four o'clock," said Sir Henry, "so I trust you will not disappoint us; Clara is all impatient to become acquainted with you."

"How good and kind," replied Katherine; "when Captain Warburton returns, I will men-

tion Lady Woodford's request; until then I cannot give a decided answer. I expect him in every moment.

"Then, in the meantime, I will go and find my old friend, Beauchamp, as I want him to join our party, replied Sir Henry; "I will return for your reply in half an hour."

"When Captain Warburton read the invitation, he at once declined it, to the great mortification of Katherine, who said,

"Then, of course, I must decline it for us both,—how very sorry I am."

"That does not at all follow; you are at full liberty to do as you please."

"But it would not be half so much pleasure to me, Neville! without you. I wish I could persuade you to go."

"It is impossible. In the first place, I could not get leave for a week; in the next, I have several engagements to fulfil; and in the third, I have no inclination to be bored to death in the society of a parcel of methodists; so, to avoid Sir Henry, I will go out. Answer him for yourself as you like."

And Katherine did so, shedding many tears over her note as she wrote it. Her sanguine nature had hoped much advantage to her husband from an improved acquaintance with the pious Sir Henry Woodford.

"But I see that I must not cling to second causes, but trust in God alone," she mentally said, as she sealed it. "His answer may be retarded, but come it must to fervent, heartfelt, prayer such as mine."

Lady Woodford's carriage came punctual to a moment, on the following day, and as Katherine stepped into it, with her infant, she turned to her husband, saying, "And shall I not see you for a whole week, Neville?"

"I may probably ride over in a day or two," he replied; "but surely you will not miss me at the Abbey?"

"I wish you may so miss me as to induce you to follow," returned Katherine, casting on him a look full of affection; she smiled as he returned the pressure of her hand, and kissed his child, which she held up to him. The carriage then drove away, while Captain Warburton pausing to gaze after it, said,

"How extraordinary is the change in that girl since we met—then a weak, silly child, and now, the affectionate, devoted woman. What principle can have wrought the difference, whilst I, who am older by several years, continue the same, hunting after pleasures that never satisfy me,—flattering where I most despise. Poor Katherine! it is well you remain ignorant that he on whom your young heart dotes, is totally unworthy of

you. Could mine be bared before you, how would you hate, and turn away with disgust. Well! well! I might not have been so bad had her father shown some kindness; but his obdurate, unforgiving conduct, has helped to make me reckless! Poverty! poverty! thou soul destroyer of domestic peace! at this moment I have but a few pounds. I must try my luck with them to-night—and if I lose ——!"

He ground his teeth and clenched his hands as he turned away, leaving the sentence unfinished.

Meanwhile the unconscious Katherine pursued her way—her spirits reviving as she passed rapidly through a country now dressed in all the rich verdure of summer; waving corn fields and fine hop grounds greeted her sight on every side, while the green lanes, redolent with the perfume of the sweet briar and wild rose, re-echoed to the joyous notes of the blackbird and the thrush. One hour's drive brought her to the low, ivied archway, through which she passed into a long straight avenue. The Abbey itself was concealed from her view until she gained the hall door, when the venerable pile rose up before her. Sir Henry Woodford and his sister stood on the steps to welcome her, and lead her into the drawing room, where she found Lady Woodford and her mother-in-law, a sweet looking old lady, who, attired in a mob cap and rich dark silk dress, sat in her high backed chair at one of the windows, busily engaged knitting. The embarrassment Katherine would have felt on finding herself alone amongst strangers, was instantly relieved by the cordial reception she received from all. Clara had already taken her infant, and running up to her grandmother, asked her if she had ever seen so lovely a creature. The old lady smiled benignantly, and stooped to kiss the little thing, then turned to greet Katherine, as Lady Woodford led her up to introduce her. The manner of Sir Henry always fraternal, now seemed doubly kind, for since his visit to her he had learned much that made him tremble for her future happiness. Seeing the tears in her eyes, and divining the cause, as he marked her deep mourning attire, he proposed a walk in the grounds to divert her thoughts from sad retrospections. She gladly assented, when Clara, consigning the child to the care of her own old nurse, prepared to accompany her with her brother.

It proved indeed a rich treat to Katherine to wander over the lawns, the gardens, and the shady groves of the Abbey, with companions who strove in every possible way to make her feel happy. There was one favourite spot of Clara's, where stood the ruin of an old tower, hanging over the brink of a deep gorge or precipice. The scenery here was wild and romantic

in the extreme, its interest much increased by a legend said to be attached to its name. Katherine was perfectly enchanted as she mounted with difficulty the broken and uneven steps to the summit, and gazed down upon the terrific abyss, whilst Sir Henry, at her request, related to her the story of "The Proud Lady," as follows:

"In days of yore this ruin was a famous castle, where dwelt the brave Baron de Grey and his only daughter. The lady Isabel, a singularly beautiful creature, who, unfortunately having lost her mother while yet an infant, had been reared by dependants, who, instead of guiding her young mind to seek its happiness in piety, fostered her passions, indulged her caprices, and flattered her inordinate thirst for admiration, till she owned no will but her own. Her father, engaged in the holy wars then raging in Palestine, seldom returned to his home; consequently his daughter, being left with an immense retinue at her command, exercised the most despotic sway, none daring to thwart her slightest wish, or control her wayward desires. Her extreme beauty and great wealth brought many suitors to her feet, but as yet her proud heart had yielded homage to no one. Scorn flashed from her dark eyes each time that an indignant refusal was given, and the candidate for her hand dismissed, till at length, her character becoming known, few would subject themselves to the insults they were sure to receive at her hands. But such pride deserved humbling, and the hour drew near when this was to be effected.

"There came to the castle late one evening, a young Knight, Sir Roland Fitz Eustace, who demanded an audience with the Lady Isabel.

"Demand an audience!" she repeated, scorn and anger curling her beautiful lip. "Go, tell the slave I will not see him; bid him depart instantly."

"The answer was given and returned by another equally haughty, that the Lady Isabel must obey, and admit the Knight."

"The novelty of such conduct struck her as so astonishing that she could not forbear laughing.

"Who is this insolent who dares thus to command me?" she said; "he raises my curiosity, conduct him hither, that he may receive the punishment due to his audacity."

"She stood proudly awaiting him, prepared to chide when he entered; but on the first glance her feelings underwent a complete change, for there was that in the noble bearing of the Knight, clad as he was in complete armour, that at once commanded respect, and even awe. He advanced in silence towards her, bowing his stately head as he presented a sealed packet. Her breast heaved with various emotions as she received it, and tore

open the envelope. The letter was from her father, introducing the bearer to her particular notice, as one who had twice saved his life on the battle-field, representing him as nobly born, highly honourable, and in every way worthy of her regard; he had been obliged to retire from the plains of Palestine, the Baron proceeded to say, owing to the severe and dangerous wounds he had received, and from which he had only partially recovered.

"Lady Isabel looked up on finishing this epistle and met the melancholy gaze of the Knight, earnestly fixed upon her. He was superbly handsome, and it was not without emotions strange and new to her that she welcomed him to the castle, as the friend and preserver of her father, begging he would consider all under his command so long as he wished to stay. He thanked her in tones sad yet melodious, but said that he could not tarry beyond the following day, as he was anxious to reach home. His answer disappointed the lady, who ordered refreshments to be laid in the banquet hall, which was splendidly lighted for the occasion, and where she invited him to enter, to the amazement of her household, who had never witnessed such attentions from her to any one before; the Knight received them coldly enough, placing himself by her side, and listening to the beautiful music she had summoned for his amusement, with the utmost indifference. She endeavoured to draw him into conversation, asking him a thousand questions respecting her father, all of which he answered, and then sank into the same abstracted mood as before. The vanity of the lady was piqued by such apparent neglect; till perceiving that as the night waned away, his cheek became paler and paler, she attributed it to fatigue and recent illness, and proposed that he should retire to seek that repose he seemed so much in need of. A distant clock in the same moment chiming, the Knight started up, and hastily closing his visor, he bowed his head and withdrew, leaving the lady a prey to a thousand conjectures and uneasy feelings.

"As the friend of her father, she considered it no breach of propriety to offer the rites of hospitality to the stranger, especially as he seemed suffering from his wounds caused in the defence of the beloved father. She reflected not on the sudden interest he had called forth in herself, as new as it was pleasing, and she laid her head on her pillow, satisfied that in detaining him she was only obeying the wishes of the Baron, although his image haunted her through the long dark hours of the night, might have convinced her that another reason had actuated her, in so doing. Nothing could exceed the astonishment

of her household on witnessing the attentions of their lady to the stranger Knight; in their eyes many as noble—many as handsome—had knelt at her feet and sued in vain. Indeed, there was something so peculiar in Sir Roland—so grave—so melancholy—so silent, that they viewed him with awe rather than admiration, and they were not sorry when on the morrow he signified his intention of departing, ordering his charger round into the court-yard. Not so the Lady Isabel, who, on receiving his respectful message, requesting to see her and thank her for her kindness, became greatly agitated and hastened with her maidens to the hall, where she found the Knight awaiting her, his black steed prancing before the door, all eagerness to proceed. 'I fear, Sir Roland,' said the lady, accepting his proffered hand, while a tide of crimson rushed over her beautiful cheek, 'I fear that our castle is distasteful to you by this hastiness to depart, and that we have been remiss in our attentions, or you would yield to our wishes, and remain yet a few days longer, when you would be better able to travel. Will you not be induced to do so at my request?'

"Sir Roland looked all astonishment at the eagerness with which she said this, and at the tenderness of her looks and manner. 'Lady,' he replied, after surveying her attentively, 'I have heard that none might linger in this castle with impunity—that contempt and insult have been heaped on all who have ventured to intrude on your privacy. Is this correct?'

"'Judge me not harshly from report, Sir Knight,' replied Lady Isabel, in much confusion. 'However I may have slighted others, who were too bold in their advances, and who were indifferent to me, towards you I wish to show every attention; are you not my father's friend?'

"'I was,' rejoined the Knight, in a peculiar tone of voice.

"'And still are, surely; has he not spoken of you in terms of the warmest regard, charging me to watch over you until you were quite recovered from the effects of your wounds? I pray you then stay, else will the Baron imagine that I have been regardless of his commands.'

"'I have far, far to travel, lady, before I reach my home,' replied Sir Roland, gloomily. 'If you knew all you would not seek to detain me.'

"'Perhaps you are married, and your lady is expecting you with all anxiety,' said Isabel, her lip quivering as she spoke.

"Sir Roland shook his head.

"'Then I will admit of no excuse,' she rejoined, evidently relieved. 'Sir Knight, I never so far humbled myself as to beg a favour before; will you deny the first I have asked?'

"'Lady, you will repent it,—believe me.'

"'No never—impossible.'

"'Then be it according to your wish,—I will remain,' and the Knight, turning to his page, ordered him to lead his horse away, then giving his hand to the lady, he conducted her to her apartments, joy and triumph beaming in her sparkling eyes.

"And now every effort was made—every art was called into play to engage the admiration of Sir Roland, during his sojourn, but apparently without success, for as he sat by the lady Isabel evening after evening, at the banquet, listening to the most enchanting music, and receiving from her the most devoted attentions, his eye would run coldly and carelessly over her beautiful person, his countenance never once relaxing from its melancholy seriousness, while ever and anon he would turn towards the dial plate, all anxiety to watch how the hours sped. Pride, vanity, jealousy, how were they all aroused by turns within the breast of Lady Isabel at this unlooked for indifference. The first time she had ever loved, to be so coldly treated!—it was insupportable; and long consultations she held with her old nurse, Elgira, on the subject; she, who, by undue indulgence, had fostered in her childhood, all those passions which were now consuming her to her ruin, and who now encouraged her in an attachment that appeared perfectly hopeless. The last day that Sir Roland was to spend at the castle had already arrived, and restless and unhappy was the Lady Isabel as the hour of his departure drew near. She attired herself more magnificently than ever for the evening banquet, which was prepared in her private apartment; music she had forbidden; she would have no interruption to the last words she might exchange with her interesting visitor. In expressing her regret at his determination to depart, she said, while tears fell from her eyes:

"'That which causes me sorrow, is doubtless joy to you.'

"'Nay, lady, think not so,' replied the Knight, with more feeling in his manner than he had yet shown. 'My last days of earthly happiness will have been spent beneath your roof; you know not what awaits me when I leave it,' and he shuddered.

"'Then why in such haste to go, if I am to credit your word?' rejoined the lady, new hopes springing up within her by his unexpected tenderness.

"'For your sake alone, lady; for mine I would desire to remain forever.' This was spoken in much agitation.

"'Is it even so?' hastily said Lady Isabel, no longer able to conceal her feelings. 'Oh! then

for mine still stay till I hear again from the Baron.'

A pause ensued, which was broken by a loud peal of thunder that seemed to shake the very foundation of the castle; both started to their feet.

"Lady, lady, it may not be. My destiny is determined. May years of happiness be in store for you! farewell! by to-morrow's dawn I must go hence, and the Knight would have hurried from the room, but she caught his hand to detain him, shrieking at the same time at its icy coldness.

"Ah! leave me not thus,—yet a few more words," she cried; "will you ever return again?"

"The Knight cast on her a look of indescribable agony as he murmured: 'Never!'

"Lady Isabel, on hearing this burst into a flood of tears, which so overcame Sir Roland that kneeling at her feet and raising her hand to his lips, he added: 'Most beautiful and worthy of the tenderest love, my heart bleeds to distress you; would that a happier fate had been mine! gladly would I have returned your warm feelings, and called you my own, but other ties bind me.'

"Then you are married," said Lady Isabel, starting from him. 'Cruel—cruel, not to tell me this before.'

"Lady, I am not, no earthly tie is mine."

"Mysterious being, how am I to understand you?"

"A pallid hue overspread the countenance of the Knight as he replied,

"It were better to tell you the truth perhaps at once: sit down and hear a tale that will curdle the blood in your veins," and he drew the lady back to her seat, and taking her hand in his, he would have commenced his story; but just at the moment several of the domestics rushed in, exclaiming,

"O my lady—my dear lady, have nothing to say to Sir Roland Fitz Eustace,—fire and smoke are issuing from the nostrils of his horse; no human being can approach him; he seems mad with rage,—his master must be a demon in human form,—see how he trembles at our words. Fly from him, I beseech you."

"Lady Isabel seemed paralyzed by these words, turning to the Knight for an explanation. He looked fearfully towards the dial plate, the hour of midnight in the same instant striking, while all the lights burnt blue. When again he turned round, the face of a skeleton met her view; she uttered one long, piercing cry, and fell forward on his breast; the arms of the Knight then closed upon her with iron force. The domestics shrieked and fled, and when the returning light of another day gave them courage to re-

enter the room, they found the Lady Isabel extended lifeless on the floor, but the Knight was no longer there. A letter from the Baron to his daughter arrived the same day, announcing with deep regret that Sir Roland Fitz Eustace, on his way from Palestine, had died of his severe wounds a few weeks before the arrival of the phantom Knight. From this period the castle was suffered to fall into ruins; for the Baron, inconsolable at the loss of his only child, it is said, threw himself into the thickest of the battle, and fell covered with wounds."

Katherine had listened to the wild tale, with breathless attention, and when Sir Henry ceased, she looked so pale that he could not forbear laughing.

"I see, I have frightened you," he said. "Let us therefore quit this gloomy spot for one more cheerful; shall I show you Clara's bower?"

He led them from the tower as he spoke, down a path overshadowed by pine trees, at the extremity of which he had erected a bower, where the passion flower, the jasmine and the monthly rose wreathed around the trellis in the richest luxuriance. Here they entered and remained a considerable time, conversing on various subjects, till the heart of Katherine, lightened and relieved, responded to the glad feelings of her companions, and her sweet face became animated with smiles. Often had she heard of the beauty of Clara Woodford, but she scarcely expected to find the realization so surpassingly lovely; it was not so much the regularity of every feature, the grace of every movement, that so particularly struck her, as the mild, almost heavenly expression of her countenance, that told of a mind at peace with God. Sir Henry smiled on perceiving her eyes so intently fixed on his sister, and playfully asked,

"Are you trying to discover a likeness between me and Clara?"

"No! indeed I never saw any one like Miss Woodford," replied Katherine.

"Oh! do not say so, I *must* be like my dear—dear brother,—at least I wish it," replied Clara, affectionately linking her arm within his as she sat by his side.

He pressed her to him, while he looked proudly and fondly upon her.

"The eyes of Clara are veiled to all defects where she loves," he observed.

"A frequent case," returned Katherine, sighing; "and nothing can be more sad than when that veil is suddenly torn aside, and we are compelled to behold one we have loved as he really is, rather than as we thought him. But that can never be your case," she added, emphatically, to Clara."

Both Sir Henry and his sister knew that she alluded to her husband, and their utmost sympathy was called forth, but of course they were silent.

"How happy you must be in this beautiful home, with your kind mamma and brother," said our heroine, after a pause; and as she gazed on the scene spread before them, she thought on one as fair which she had deserted.

"I have indeed much cause for deep gratitude to my Heavenly Father," replied Clara. "So much, that I feel my responsibility to be immense. So many talents to account for, and so unable to improve them as I ought."

"Yes! blessings are a trust which, if we do not value them as we ought, will surely be withdrawn as mine have been," returned poor Katherine, no longer able to command her feelings. "Oh! Sir Henry Woodford! willingly would I lay down my own life if I could only bring back my beloved mamma and my darling little brother."

Deeply did Sir Henry and his sister feel for the bereaved girl as she said this. Clara clasped her in her arms, while Sir Henry gravely yet kindly said,

"Katherine! you spoke without thought; would you indeed bring back your dear mother and that sweet angel boy to this world of care and temptation, assured as you must be of their happiness? Oh! no! no! rather pray that you may be as well prepared as they were, when your Lord summons you to his presence, and wait in meekness and resignation his appointed time."

"I know that I am wrong—most selfish to wish them back on earth," sobbed Katherine; "but if you knew how sad it is for one so tenderly reared as I have been, to have no kind bosom whereon I can repose my cares and anxieties; no one to soothe, no one to pity."

She paused and blushed; she had been betrayed into expressing herself thus by the affectionate kindness of her friends, forgetting that her words were the severest reproach against her husband. Sir Henry Woodford gazed on her in much compassion, and taking both her hands in his, said in a voice half indignant:

"Tell me, Katherine! are you treated with unkindness; if so, remember that in me you possess a brother ever ready to redress your wrongs."

"Thank you! thank you a thousand times; but I trust I may never have occasion to put your friendship so cruelly to the test," she replied, evading the enquiry, and turning away her face to avoid his searching gaze. "Miss Woodford do you ever stretch from nature?" she added,

anxious to change the subject; "the scene before us is so exquisite a subject for the pencil."

"I am very fond of drawing, indeed; but I, hear that you excel in that accomplishment," replied Clara.

"I used to be fond of it, but I have little time for such things now, and often wish that I had bestowed more on others of greater importance. If my child lives, I trust I shall strive to make her good and useful rather than accomplished."

"She is a lovely little creature, and I trust may reward your care," returned Clara. "But you look fatigued; perhaps we had better return to the house," and linking her arm within her own, they left the bower, a growing interest springing up in the hearts of both brother and sister for this evidently unhappy and ill-fated young woman.

Captain Beauchamp joined our little party at the Abbey just before dinner; he had not seen Lady Woodford or her daughter for years, and on being presented to the latter, he involuntarily started, gazing on her for a moment in pleased surprise; but immediately afterwards the deepest melancholy overshadowed his face, while he slightly shuddered. Sir Henry Woodford observing his emotion, laid his hand kindly on his shoulder, saying,

"You scarcely expected to see Clara so much grown; does she remind you of her childhood?"

"Alas! too well," murmured Captain Beauchamp.

Clara raised her mild dark eyes to his as he spoke—tears gathering in them. He seemed to feel her sympathy, for dinner being in the same moment announced, he drew her arm within his, as in a low tone he said,

"I see you have not forgotten."

"Forgotten! oh! impossible," was her soft and feeling reply. He pressed her arm ere he relinquished it, and then took his seat by her side at the table, by a strong effort mastering the painful recollections that her presence had called forth—to Katherine the strong agitation exhibited by Captain Beauchamp seemed inexplicable, till she remembered the early sorrow Mrs. Bruce had alluded to as the cause of the change in his sentiments. While pondering on this, Sir Henry Woodford rallied her on her gravity, and entering into a pleasant and lively conversation, he dissipated the momentary gloom that had gathered over all. For months our heroine had not felt so happy as to-day, and as she turned from one to another of the kind beings surrounding her, she scarcely knew which to admire or like the most—the dear old lady whose place was at the right hand of her grandson, or he whose

dutiful attentions and playful manner so often called a smile on her placid face—the amiable Lady Woodford or her lovely, engaging daughter.

“Happy, happy family!” said Katherine, mentally, “with hearts devoted to God—and open to the wants and sorrows of others, how far more to be envied are you, than the gay votaries of pleasure, whose thoughts, hopes and desires are all centred in self,—nothing but self!”

The evening was so beautiful that when the ladies retired to the drawing room, Sir Henry Woodford and Captain Beauchamp preferred enjoying its freshness on the lawn, to remaining in the heated dining-room, and as Katherine stood with Clara at the window and beheld them strolling together, evidently engaged in a deep and interesting conversation, she said,

“I have long wished to know the cause of that occasional melancholy, so perceptible in Captain Beauchamp, and which some have injuriously imputed to his religion—I remarked it particularly on his meeting you to-day, and the few words that passed between you, lead me to suppose you are acquainted with it. Would it be improper in me to ask you if I am correct?”

Certainly not—it is no secret, and I am only surprised that knowing you so well, he has never told you himself,” replied Clara.

“He once alluded to some loss, but the recollection appeared so painful to him, that I could not press the subject.”

“Poor fellow! it is indeed a sad, sad tale. Sit down by me and I will relate it,” rejoined Clara, who when Katherine complied, proceeded as follows:

“It is now nearly ten years ago since we first met him and his elder brother at Rome. At that time he was quite a youth, volatile to excess. Mr. Beauchamp was several years older, and without any exception the finest, the noblest looking creature I ever beheld. Horace is like him, very like indeed, yet scarcely his equal in appearance. The attachment of these brothers for each other was something remarkable, the younger looking up to the elder as to one of a superior order—the other watching over his charge with a tenderness almost maternal. Mr. Beauchamp was deeply pious, and strove by precept and example to lead the mind of his brother into the same happy state; but while he revered and loved his amiable counsellor, he was all too gay and thoughtless to appreciate the blessings he would have wished him to possess. My mother, who at that time was travelling for the benefit of her health and spirits, after the death of my father, conceived a great friendship for these interesting young men, who became constant visitors at our house, and the favorite companions of my brother Henry.

We knew very few of the strangers at Rome, and only with one family were we intimate. Lord Blendon's palazzo was quite near to us, and not a day passed that we did not meet. The great attraction to me was their daughter, a lovely girl just springing into womanhood. Gifted as she was in mind and person, courted by all ranks, flattered and caressed, still did she preserve that sweet simplicity, that seriousness of character, which expressed even more than her angelic countenance, that Heaven was in all her thoughts. She was the idol of her parents, who, proud of her beauty and accomplishments would have led her into all the fashionable gaieties of the place; but these she gently yet firmly declined.

“I have not time, dearest mamma” she would sweetly say, “I must not shorten that which I may call mine: pray, pray! do not urge me; you know not all that is passing in my thought.”

“As she was far from being strong Lady Blendon unwillingly yielded to her wishes, and whilst she, night after night, would attend the opera or crowded ball room, Bianca would invite me to go to her, when many and many a valuable lesson I gained from her lips as we wandered together by moonlight in the gardens of the palazzo. It was impossible that kindred spirits like those of Mr. Beauchamp and Bianca, should meet often without becoming strongly attached. They had known each other slightly in England, but it was not until they met at Rome that they discovered how similar were all their thoughts and feelings. Then indeed their acquaintance ripened into an affection the most pure and beautiful, since God had the highest place in their hearts—his glory their first and constant desire. Allied to a good family, Mr. Beauchamp met with no opposition from Lord and Lady Blendon, and thus the most perfect happiness that earth could promise, seemed to open like sunshine before them,—all was gladness, rejoicing and praise.

“I have said that Bianca was delicate, and the doctors having recommended horse exercise, Lord Blendon purchased for her a beautiful animal, which he had trained purposely for her use. I had a little pony of my own, and with my brother, would accompany her and her father in all their rides round the interesting neighbourhood of the eternal city, Mr. Beauchamp and Horace frequently joining the happy party.

“One day—a day never to be forgotten—we were riding along the banks of the Tiber, when suddenly, two men rudely dashed past us at full gallop, startling Bianca's horse, which first reared and then set off after them with a speed frightful to behold. Lord Blendon uttered an exclamation of terror on witnessing the danger of his beloved child, whilst all joined in the pursuit to save

her. Mr. Beauchamp, in the greatest agitation, had nearly gained the object of our solicitude, and was about to seize the bridle of the frightened animal, when he gave a sudden plunge, and losing his footing he slid down the shelving bank, and, unable to recover himself, fell with a violent splash into the river. What a moment was that! One cry of horror burst from all our lips; but ere we could reach the spot, Mr. Beauchamp had urged his horse in after her. The agonized father would have followed, but was held back by my brother. We saw Bianca fall from her horse and sink beneath the waters. We saw the death struggles of the animal ere he too disappeared. We beheld Mr. Beauchamp's frantic endeavours to grasp her dress, and heard his deep groan when he failed. One look of despair he cast on Lord Blendon, who, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, stood on the bank, while his noble horse turned to bear his master back. We saw his efforts to regain the bank; he succeeded, but alas! alas! ere he could reach it, a faintness stole over that beloved master he would have saved, and the reins falling from his hands, he sank back, receiving, as he fell, a terrible kick from his horse in the temple. He disappeared instantly. Up to that moment his brother had watched the scene with the greatest anxiety, but now a yell of despair burst from him, and he would have cast himself into the river, had not his favorite attendant with superhuman force prevented him; as for me, child as I was, I uttered scream after scream, nor was I conscious of any thing that followed till I found myself lying on a sofa in my mother's house, and she weeping tears of the bitterest anguish over me. Poor Horace Beauchamp was brought thither also, in a state little short of madness. A brain-fever followed, and for weeks his life was despaired of; but it pleased a gracious Providence to reserve him for better things, and to bless the tender care of my dear mother and of Henry. He slowly recovered;—at first unwilling to accept of life, till the cause for his heavy affliction became clearly displayed to his view—then would he weep torrents of tears as he recalled all the pious counsels he had received from his precious brother, and remembered with what indifference he had received them at the time. Humble and broken-hearted he poured forth all his thoughts to Henry, from whom he received abundant sympathy and consolation. He led him to the Saviour of sinners, and comforted him with the assurance of his brother's perfect happiness, prepared as he was for his sudden call to the world of spirits. From that period, Horace Beauchamp became the sincere and devoted Christian we now behold him."

"And the unfortunate parents of the sweet

Bianca—what of them?" asked Katherine, with intense interest.

"You may imagine their sufferings far better than I can describe them," replied Clara. From the moment that Lady Blendon learnt the fate of her darling daughter she shut herself up in a dark room and refused to see a soul for days, till my dear mother at length prevailed, and was admitted. From her she received the consoling intelligence that the bodies of Bianca and her lover had been recovered, and interred together in the Protestant burying-ground. Truly might it have been said of these lamented beings, that they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided. Soon after this, Lord and Lady Blendon left Rome and returned to England, where they lived retired from all their former gay acquaintances. Poor Lady Blendon died the following year; but we had the comfort to hear, in the faith and hope of a joyful resurrection, through the merits of her Redeemer, and in the happy idea of being restored to her angel child, in the mansions of the blessed. Lord Blendon, three years after her death, married the amiable lady who had been the Christian instructress of his daughter, and the solace of his wife in her last hours. The birth of a son has proved a source of great happiness to him,—and like Job, his latter days have been more blessed than at the beginning, for out of darkness and much tribulation has he been brought to the light and truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

"Poor Captain Beauchamp," said Katherine, gazing on him with tearful eyes, as he continued walking with Sir Henry Woodford on the lawn; "well can I now account for his frequent abstracted moods, and that melancholy which I have seen expressed at times on his countenance."

"And yet from that sorrowful period may be dated his true happiness," said Lady Woodford, who had drawn near as the two young people conversed together. "I doubt not were you to ask him if he would give up his present hopes to recover all he has lost, that his answer would be, No! not for a thousand worlds! A more meek and humble submission to the Almighty than his I have seldom witnessed; the contrast would strike you the more had you known him the wild and fiery youth we can remember him."

Katherine sighed, for at the moment she thought of her husband, who was still pursuing a life of sin and folly, regardless of his soul, forgetful of his Maker.

"But he too may be brought to repentance, I must not despair," she mentally said; "God willeth not the death of a sinner, but desires that

all should come into him and be saved. Oh! how I wish Neville had accompanied me to this charming family."

Clara perceiving the pensive expression on the countenance of her new friend, now said:

"We must not let Captain Beauchamp find us so sadly engaged; I see him drawing near the house with Henry. You are very fond of music, I know; do let me prevail on you to sing one of your favourite songs," and she led her towards the instrument as she spoke.

Katherine at once complied, but as she sang, a thousand memories came rushing over her mind, memories linked with those who in this world she would never meet again, and her voice became tremulous from emotion.

"It is in vain," she said, rising, while tears fell over her face; "all my songs tell me so mournful a tale that I cannot sing them. I often wish for the power to forget," and she passed her hands over her eyes.

"Say not so, dear Mrs. Warburton!" returned Lady Woodford, encircling her with her arms; "how should we profit by our sad experience if the remembrance of the past were to fade; better far is it to look out from ourselves into the perfection of our Saviour, and to praise God that in His precious blood our sins are washed away, and blotted out for ever. As Christians, and believing this, surely we ought to rejoice more, and be thankful."

"Ah! Lady Woodford! you never had such a load of remorse lying on your conscience as I have on mine," said poor Katherine, despondingly.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord and He shall sustain thee," rejoined the pious matron. "Sins repented of heartily and sincerely, no longer are yours. Have faith, Katherine, in the power of your Redeemer, and look forward with hope; God loves a cheerful, trusting heart. But, dear soul, her spirit has been bowed down by unkindness, I fear," added Lady Woodford, turning to her aged mother, who gazed in compassion on the young penitent. "Be it our care to raise the drooping flower and nourish it in the sunshine; long have the clouds of adversity hovered over it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO —.

Oh! turn those eyes away from me!
Though sweet yet fearful are their rays;
And though they beam so tenderly,
I feel, I tremble 'neath their gaze.
Oh, turn those eyes away! for though
To meet their glance I may not dare,
I know their light is on my brow,
By the warm blood that mantles there.

THE FIRST WAR-PATH.

BY W. J. K.

When round the solemn council fire,
The sage and suchien hold a talk,
And tell the braves in wild attire,
To lift the banded tomhawk;
I'll go upon my first war-path,
With martial music and wild whoops,
To strike the Sioux—or in wrath,
Lay waste the lodges of the Loups.

I'll leave the haunts of fox and deer,
And follow on a human trail,
Assume the hatchet, bow and spear,
Led on by fearless 'Tiger-Tail,'
And mount my half-trained leaping steed,
Along the prairie paths to ride,
Now like the winds at its most speed,
And then in leafy ambush hide.

Not soon through woods I'll find the beaver
Or wander where the foxes dwell,
Or watch with trap or light fusee
Beside the beaver's citadel.
The chances of the chase I leave,
For those of war—by me preferred,
While tamer fluid spirits grieve,
To hunt no more the bison herd.

If I should fall, some friend will take
My mischance'd corpse to its abode,
Tho' hills that hang o'er Huron's lake,
Dress'd richly for the long dark road,
Lay pipe, and paints for war and peace,
My bow and arrows at my hand,
This bounding colt shall there decrease,
I'll ride him in the Spirits' Land.

HARPER'S FESTIVE SONG.

BY PHILASOPH OPALIE.

Come Knight and come Noble,—the sword lay aside;
Deep, deep has it cut in war's turbulent tide.
From the red field of slaughter the Geman has fled,
The pride of his kindred are captive or dead.

Come Knight and come Noble—in manhood and grace,
Mid trophies of war and the spoils of the chase;
Keen lance and bright armour hang up in the hall,
And leave the war steel to recruit in his stall.

Come Knight and come Noble,—the gallant and gay,
The falcon let loose from the hood on his prey;
The wolf-dog will chase the wild dog to his den,
The stag-hound will hunt the red deer of the glen.

Come Knight and come Noble,—the banquet is spread,
And maidens await to the dance to be led.
The wild harp is tuned to the minstrel's sweet voice,
The red wine is pouring, and chieftains rejoice.

Come Knight and come Noble,—the gallant and gay
Your heart's fond allegiance and homage to pay;
The soft tones of love and affection to share,
The mild, beaming eye of bright beauty is there.

Then come Knight and Noble,—the sword lay aside,
In welcome the portals are open and wide;
The halls echo gladness—the banquet is spread,
The foe is defeated—is captive or dead.

SCENES ABROAD.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

No. 10 *

(The portion of this sketch which appeared in the last number, referred almost exclusively to the Rock of Gibraltar; that which follows is descriptive, chiefly, of the country and towns adjacent to it.)

Viewed from the heights of the mountain fortress, the province of Andalusia is very beautiful. There is no tameness to complain of; if there be no Alpine scenery, there are abundance of lofty hills and ridges of mountain of considerable elevation; there are towns and hamlets (made more conspicuous by the unvarying white of almost all buildings,) and extensive fields where the yellow grain bends to the breeze, and vallies where the cork tree flourishes. The shores are laved by the broad Mediterranean, and the whole forms an ensemble such as is seldom within the scope of one coup d'œil.

Los Barrios, San Roque and Algeciras are the towns in the vicinity. The former has already been the subject of remark. In the first of these sketches. The second, is the nearest to the Rock, and is much frequented by its British civil and military inhabitants. A number of these are domiciled in its neighbourhood; amongst others, in the time I write about, was the Lieutenant Governor. The rural relief afforded by the country beyond the Rock is availed of by all who can afford it; and no wonder, for, after a while, the new-comer to Gibraltar feels its rocky confines and military restrictions, sensibly; and is happy to have a wider space to flee to.

This residence of the British of the Rock at San Roque and neighbourhood shows the penecable nature of our possession of it. We have been so long there that we forget, almost, the soil beyond the neutral ground is not British. The Spaniards too, around the Rock, seem to have entirely forgotten our unmerciful conduct in driving them out of it, and holding it with the same high hand. They have censured, apparently, to look upon us as enemies, and we on them. *Ainsi-suit-il.* But notwithstanding, the British and Spanish consort but little together socially; whose fault this is, 'twere perhaps better not enquire; for, I am apprehensive the enquiry would result in a report somewhat unfavourable

to British amiability and suavity. In all our possessions that have been wrested from the foreigner, where, or with whom, are the British "at home?" Even here, in Canada, which we have held for now near a century, there is socially but a very trifling admixture of French and British; and there would be less, but for bright eyes and syren voices, and the *savoir faire* of our military.

To reach St. Roque one passes the British outposts on the isthmus, and traversing the "Neutral Ground," (so called because common to both nations) comes to the Spanish lines. Here, the military in their blue costume, present quite a contrast to the scarlet of the British soldier; nor is the difference restricted to the color of the uniform. The relative bearing and neatness of the men are not less conspicuous. Our people are as clean and tidy as it is possible to be; the Spaniards quite the reverse. About a mile beyond the foreign lines, is a monument to a Spanish Officer who fell on the spot, in an encounter with several French Hussars. As we rode by, beggars in abundance, (and some miserable looking objects there were among them,) invoked charity in the most piteous tones, and wretched looking females held up squalid objects of children, to soften our hearts.

An English officer near the entrance of the town, directed us to the "Fonda de la Catalana," as the best stopping place. Upon halting at the door, out came "mine host," night-cap on head, and apron tucked up to waist, and marshalled us into his restaurant. Several Spanish officers wearing the red cockade of Ferdinand, sauntered in the chambers of the inn, in appearance, dress and manner, markedly inferior to the stylish fellows who officered our regiments at the Rock.

St. Roque is a dirty, garlic-smelling place, with no attractions about it save the scenery, and some black eyed, coquetish *Signorittas*, who throw their glances at the stranger, most excitingly:—certainly, the following verse of Amereon Moore is not in the slightest degree applicable to them:

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;—
Right and left its arrows fly,
But who they're aimed at, no one dreameth.

St. Roque dates its foundation from the British

occupancy of the Rock. During the celebrated siege, it was the Head Quarters of the French and Spanish nobility who acted as amateur soldiers on the occasion, in the hope of being victors; and the more admitted on their return to the salons of Paris and Madrid. The besieging army was encamped on the plains below the town.

Algeziras, on the opposite side of the Bay to the Rock is a larger place and much superior to St. Roque. It is much frequented by our people. "Algeziras is an ancient Moorish town, as the name denotes, which is an Arabic word, and signifies 'the place of the islands.' It is situated at the water's edge, with a lofty range of mountains in the rear." There are very few houses in the place above two stories, and most are of one only. All that rescues these last from the name of hovels, is, that they are neatly white-washed. There is one tolerably good looking square, at a corner of which was the residence of the Governor, who bore the Irish name of O'Donell. What a number of these Irish names have been borne by distinguished officers of the Spanish army! Besides O'Donell, there have been O'Neills and Blakes, and some I cannot call to mind.

Algeziras was once a place of great note. An historian remarks, that it was the spot where disembarked the Saracens, when they so rapidly overturned the Gothic empire in Spain, and that when, some centuries after, it was besieged by the Christians, most of the potentates of Europe interested themselves in the event, by sending succours to the Christian besiegers. Some English noblemen, namely, the Duke of Lancaster, and Earls of Derby, Leicester, Salisbury, and Lincoln, are mentioned as having particularly distinguished themselves. Cannon are said to have been first used in this siege by the Moors against their assailants, and the English, profiting by the knowledge gained on this occasion, afterwards used them at the glorious battle of Cressy.

I had an opportunity of witnessing, whilst at Algeziras, that essentially Spanish amusement, a bull-fight. All the world from Gibraltar were there, including great numbers of naval officers, belonging to the men of war in the Bay, chiefly American. I shall attempt to describe the scene. It took place in a large wooden amphitheatre, surrounded by rows of boxes and benches. General O'Donell, with his wife and daughters, occupied the royal box. The Alcalde, or chief magistrate, was prominent in the front circle. The boxes were divided from the arena by a fence or partition, about seven feet high. At intervals were other projecting fences, behind which the tormentors of the animals were to find refuge

from their fury. A signal being made, the arena was cleared of the crowd, and a body of soldiers marched in, forming a square in the centre. Each front then advanced to the circular fence and clambered up. There they remained for the purpose of maintaining order.

The combatants were left the only occupants of the ring. Their costumes were odd enough,—highly ornamented jackets, covered with lace, and fringe, and sugar-loaf buttons:—sashes round the waist, and breeches all of the gayest colors, was the dress of the *mataadores*, or foot combatants. The horsemen, or *Picadores*, wore hats with brims as large as those of a *Leghorn bonnet*, the crowns rounded like a bowl, and jackets equally profusely ornamented,—huge boots encasing their legs. The boots, jackets, leathers, and hats of the *Picadores* were wadded and stuffed to protect them from the goring of the bull, if unhorsed, or from injury from the kicking or rolling of the horse, if down.

The benches of the amphitheatre were crowded with men, women, and children, of all ranks and degrees, from the *Hidalgo* down to the occupant of the lowest step of the social ladder. Interspersed among them were to be seen the scarlet of our military, and the uniforms and cocked-hats of naval officers. The *Donnas* and *Signoritas* present, added innumerable charms to the thronged amphitheatre.

Suddenly a flourish of trumpets was heard, the gate of the pen expanded, and forth to the centre of the arena rushed a most malignant looking bull. He there stopped, and gazed around, seemingly much bewildered; but the evil spirit within him soon regained his mastery. He pawed the ground, and sent forth hollow howlings of rage. Gradually these grew louder. After a brief space, one of the footmen advanced towards him, waving a cloak. He surveyed the man for an instant, and pawed the earth, then down went his furrowed head, and at the man he charged most wickedly. The latter fled on the wings of the wind, and got behind one of the advanced fences already described. Others approached, and they too fled before him. A cloak was occasionally dropped, and he would stand pawing the ground near it, until satisfied there was no life in the object. After he had been teased a short time by the swift-footed fellows carrying these cloaks, a horseman advanced upon him, lance in rest. The *Picadore* held his weapon firmly hugged to his side under the arm. The bull stared wonderingly at horse and rider a minute or two, then pawed the ground, bellowing, and rushed in upon them. I may here observe, that, in these encounters, the horses are blindfold; otherwise they would not stand so complacently as they do before

so ugly a customer. The horse, in the present instance, was a poor hack of a thing. The Picador made an effort to turn the furious animal with the lance, or pole, but it was ineffectual; and before one could say "Jack Robinson," down went he and the poor Rosinante. The latter vainly strove to rise; the horns of the bull dug into its breast and sides, and soon its struggles were feeble and dying; but immediately upon the overthrow of the horse and rider, the footmen rushed to the spot to divert the bull from his prostrate foes; but he was too busy goring the poor horse to pay attention to them. They, however, assisted the rider to his feet, (no easy matter considering his cumbersome dress) and contrived to get him behind one of the fences. The bull seeming as though he never would tire of goring the poor horse, a footman or two advanced behind him, and drove two sharp pointed darts into his hanches. This gave a new direction to his rage. He was round in an instant, and after them. Again, others advanced behind him, and threw more darts. Some of these had fire-crackers attached to them. He would chase them, but there were still others to annoy him in rear. Finally, the poor creature knew not whom to chase. This sport continued until the spectators had enough of it, and the Alcalde gave the word for the Bull-Slayer to appear. This is the hero of the day! He advanced, sword in hand, and halting before the Alcalde's throne, bowed, and made an address; the purport of which was, that, with the sword he bore he would slay the furious bull. He then addressed himself to his work.

With the sword in one hand and a red cloak in the other, he approached the panting beast, waving the cloak before him to attract its attention. This was soon done, for the bull seemed to wish nothing more ardently than to close with any antagonist. Accordingly, he very soon made the fearful rush that distinguishes the attack of this animal. I thought all was over with the adventurous man,—but he sprang nimbly to one side, threw the cloak adroitly over the bull's head, and plunged the sword into his neck. It went home to the heart, for the poor animal recoiled as if shot, dropped on its knees, and almost immediately rolled upon its side in the death throes. Thunders of applause now rent the air. Bueno, bravo, bravissimo, Caballero! and Vivas! long continued resounded from every quarter. The ladies, young and old, shouted like the rest, and waved their handkerchiefs, and clapped their hands, until there walked not a prouder man on the face of the earth than the Bull-Slayer; and he looked every inch a hero as he held his victor glaive on high, red to the hilt, with blood. After quiet had been restored, the gates were thrown open, and galloped in

three horses, harnessed abreast to a machine for drawing without the arena the carcase of the slain bull.

In a short time, again the trumpet sounded, and again rushed in a bull; again was the whole scene gone through with some variations. There were six fights altogether. No other horse was killed that day, but one or two had their sides perforated by the horns of the maddened animals. In one instance, the bowels protruded, and in this state was the poor horse ridden about the arena. A shocking sight it was, and I was scarcely affected after such barbarity, when I saw one of the matadores so hotly pursued by a bull as to be cut off from a place of shelter. He had about as narrow an escape from death as any man need be ambitious of. He fled before the bull like a deer. Well he knew that death was close behind him, and that his only chance of life was to clear the fence at a bound. As already mentioned, this was about seven feet high. Attention was riveted upon him; the bravest held their breath. Every one thought his course was run, but not so. He leaped for life, and it may be imagined, the leap would have done no discredit to the most accomplished vaulter. He reached the height of the fence and succeeded in getting over. 'Twas well for him he was quick as lightning, for the impatient horns, sharp as sword points, were not a foot behind him when he made the spring. How enraged the bull did look to be sure, on finding his intended victim beyond his reach!—He bellowed till the very air trembled with affright. The description of a bull-fight in Childe Harold, is so admirable, that the Reader will re-peruse it, I'm sure, with pleasure, after the account I have given.

The lists are opened, the spacious arena clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for hated weight is found:
Here Dons, Gracudas, but chiefly dames abound,
Skill'd in the eagle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclin'd to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As soon struck birds complain, by Love's sad archery.

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant steels,
With milk white crest, gold spur, and light poised lance,
Four Cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending, to the lists advance:
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers festly prance:
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away.
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay,

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all about, the light-limb'd matadors
Stand in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of loving herds; but not before

The ground with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed :
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed.

Alas ! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed—

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls,
Bounds with one lashing spring, the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurts, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe :
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail ; red rolls his eyes' dilated glow.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fixed ; away,
Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :
Now is thy time, to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career . . .
With well-timed croupe, the nimble coursers veer ;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear :
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes :

Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak
his woes.

Again he comes ; nor dart, nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;
Though man and man's avenging arms assall,
Vain are his weapons, valner is his force.

One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse ;
Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unvels life's panting source,
Though death-struck still his feeble frame he rears,
Staggering, but stemming al ; his lord unharmed he
bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brass,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray :
And now the matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and noise the ready brand ;
Once more through all he bursts his thundering
way,

Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conyuge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand !

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form, the deadly weapon lies,
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline :
Slowly he falls, amid triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

This savage amusement, if it can properly be called an amusement, is indulged in by no people but the Spaniards. With them, however, it is a passion. With this remark, I dismiss the subject, and revert to other topics.

One who has never been over the continent of Europe, or in countries that are not British, can form no idea of the petty vexations and annoyances to which a tourist or a traveller is subjected by the police and military regulations of those countries. A stranger dare

not move out of a town, or into one, without having his passport *viséd*, (as the term is,) that is, looked at, and endorsed by some official. An example of this occurred to me after one of my numerous visits to Algeziras. I had made an appointment at the Rock for nine o'clock in the morning, and rose early to meet it. On reaching the landing place, to cross the Bay, as I was about to step into the boat, a Spanish officer requested to see my passport. It was all in form, having been endorsed by the Spanish Consul at Gibraltar, to go to and return from Algeziras, but the gentleman took exception to it. He said, the signature of the General was necessary, "la firma du Général," and would not permit me or my friend to depart without it. It was exceedingly vexatious, but some information as to the proceedings of the sort of gentry I had to deal with, convinced me there was little use in arguing the point. Accordingly, my friend and I were to be seen trudging up the hilly and crooked streets, to obtain "la firma" in question. Arrived at the Governor's, His Excellency was not yet out of bed,—and we were told he did not usually make his appearance before nine. Being all anxiety to get back to the Rock by that hour, I made another effort to get away, by proceeding to the police office, to obtain what would satisfy the officer at the landing place. There, we were told the signature of the British Vice-Consul was all that was necessary. Having obtained that, it was a second time presented to the man clad in a little brief authority, but nothing would do for him but "la firma du Général," so we were compelled to wait till it could be obtained. At nine o'clock we retraced our steps to the office of the "Comandancia General," and were furnished with a permit to depart, of which the following is a copy :

"Comandancia General del Campo de Gibraltar. Los Puestos militares permitirán pasar à Gibraltar à Don Diego Holmes, por solo el día de la fecha, y con condicion de ser reconocido por el resguardo à su ida y regreso.

"Algeziras, 28 de Junio, 18 . . .

"O. DONELL.

"Pago diez y ocho rs. vn. en virtud de Real Orden de 27 de Mayo de 1819."

My companion was furnished with a similar permit, and each of us had to pay eighteen rials therefor. The secret was now out, the cause of the detention was, to fleece "los Ingleses." The fact being, that Spanish officers, civil and military, are so badly paid, that an occasion is never lost to compel the payment of fees.

The civility and politeness of the Continental people are in strange, and to a Briton, displeasing contrast with the manners of our people. An

example of this was afforded me at Algiers, whilst delayed there for the Governor's permit to leave the place. My friend and I sauntered through the streets, awaiting the rising of His Excellency, and passing by a handsome house, of which the door was open, our attention was attracted by the sight of a splendid flower-garden in the rear of the dwelling. The mistress of the house, perceiving the cause of our halt, appeared at the door, and with the utmost suavity of manner, invited us to enter and inspect the garden. We did so, the lady accompanying us, exhibiting her choicest floral treasures, and cutting off the prettiest of them. When about to take our leave, she requested us to wait a moment, and almost immediately returned with the cuttings neatly tied into two bouquets, which she presented to each of us, accompanied by a kindness of manner as attractive as the flowers were beautiful. "My dear fellow," said I to my companion, when fairly in the street, "did you ever meet with any thing like that in England or America? Were you ever so treated by one of our fair countrywomen?" His reply was in the negative, with the addition: "By Jove, in all probability, the door would have been slammed in our faces in England or America, by some menial, and the looking into the garden, been termed vulgarity." And he was right. An English woman would have considered it "most improper" to invite two strangers to inspect her adorned parterres, and quite "shocking" to cull bouquets for them. Wide as the poles asunder, certainly, are British and Continental notions of what is *comme il faut*.

In the course of these Sketches, I have already remarked on the absence, in Spain, of those odious pretensions to social superiority, which disgrace British society. One cannot have lived any time in Great Britain, Ireland or the Colonies, without having noticed these pretensions. They are characteristic of all ranks and classes. They form a never-failing source of amusement to the Wit and the Satirist, and of annoyance to the lover of his country, who is fretted to see his countrymen and countrywomen, objects of ridicule. In Spain there is a singular absence of these pretensions. I have seen miserable poverty-struck looking objects seated on the quarter deck of a steamer near to people of distinction, yet the latter showed no feeling but that of sympathy for their distress. I remember a case in point, to show how differently British people act under circumstances nearly similar.

Descending the Rhine in a steamer, one beautiful morning, a party of English ladies and gentlemen ascended to the deck to look at the scenery and enjoy the brilliancy of the day. Hardly

were they on the deck, than they began to cast their glances around at the other passengers, and then hurried off to select a spot where they might be alone. The perambulators of the deck occasionally approached them, to their evident great annoyance. Suddenly their servants were seen issuing from the cabin with chairs, and with these a fence was made around the exclusives. I sat at a distance watching them, and as I watched, I blushed for my country. Some of the foreigners looked highly offended, whilst others ridiculed the insolence of the act. To follow the chain of these remarks, I shall use the language of an Englishman who saw much of Spain:

"To the honour of Spain be it spoken, it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is never insulted, nor looked on with contempt. Even at an inn, the poor man is never spurned from the door, and if not harboured, is at least dismissed with fair words, and consigned to the mercies of God and His mother. This is as it should be. I laugh at the bigotry and prejudices of Spain; I abhor the cruelty and ferocity which have cast a stain of eternal infamy on her history; but I will say for the Spaniards, that in their social intercourse, no people in the world exhibit a juster feeling of what is due to the dignity of human nature, or better understand the behaviour which it behooves a man to adopt towards his fellow beings. I have said that it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is not treated with contempt; and I may add, where the wealthy are not blindly idolized. In Spain, the very beggar does not feel himself a degraded being, for he kisses no one's feet, and knows not what it is to be cuffed or spitten upon, and in Spain, the Duke or the Marquis can scarcely entertain a very overweening opinion of his own consequence, as he finds no one, with perhaps the exception of his French valet, to fawn upon or flatter him."

What a contrast to that description, are the social characteristics of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies.

The author just quoted, writing of Spain, says:—"She is the most magnificent country in the world, probably the most fertile, and certainly with the finest climate. Whether her children are worthy of their mother, is another question; but I content myself with observing that, amongst much that is reprehensible and lamentable, I have found much that is noble and to be admired; much stern, heroic virtue; much savage and horrible crime; of low, vulgar vice, very little, at least amongst the great body of the Spanish nation. I believe that no stronger argument can be brought forward in proof of the natural vigor and resources of Spain, and the sterling charac-

ter of her population, than the fact that, at the present day, she is still a powerful and unexhausted country, and her children still, to a certain extent, a high-minded and great people. Yes, notwithstanding the misrule of the brutal and sensual Austrian, the doting Bourbon, and, above all, the spiritual tyranny of the Court of Rome, Spain can still maintain her own, fight her own combats; and Spaniards are not yet fanatic slaves and crouching beggars. She has undergone far more than Naples had ever to bear, and yet the fate of Naples has not been hers. There is still valour in Asturia; generosity in Aragon, probity in Old Castile, and the peasant women of La Mancha can still afford to place a silver fork and a snowy napkin beside the plate of their guest."

In the perambulations, of myself and friend that morning, we went beyond the walls of the town, and there found a Spanish Regiment undergoing severe drill. Martialty sounded the words of command in the magnificent language of the country. The poverty of the military chest might have been conjectured from the varied habiliments and appointments of the men in the ranks, and one cannot wonder that the Spanish soldier of the present day occupies an inferior position, when we consider that they are badly paid, fed, clothed, and badly cared for. 'Tis all nonsense to expect good soldiers without those essentials. The men themselves seemed to me to be as good food for powder, as the soldiers of any other nation.

Another spectacle not so pleasant as the military one, was presented to us, *ultra muros*:—namely—convicts at work, chained by the legs, in couples. It was a piteous sight. As we passed, one of the poor wretches rested a moment from his toil, to look at us, and this slight irregularity drew down upon him the rage of the overseer, who lashed him cruelly. It was difficult to restrain one's indignation at such a piece of cruelty. The tenacity with which man holds to life was suggested to me by the sight. One would suppose, a human being in so horrible a situation would dash his brains out against his prison walls. Instead of that, he suffers on, like a dog. How far superior to this mode of punishing the criminal is that of the Penitentiary!—But in Spain, there are no Penitentiaries.—no Houses of Refuge, where vice can be reclaimed. To the Quakers of Pennsylvania, belongs the honor, I believe, of the Penitentiary system, and it is a great honor to any people or sect to have been the first to adopt the system which spares life and seeks to reclaim. It argued further progress than other sects or nations had made towards perfect civilization. It is the disgrace of our own

fair province, that, until lately, there was no Penitentiary,—that there is but one now,—and that within its extended limits, there is not one House of Refuge, whose object is to elevate the degraded or to reclaim the votary or the victim of vice.

I close this sketch with one or two more observations about "The Rock."

There are two excellent libraries at Gibraltar. The Commercial Library occupies the second story of a sort of exchange, in the public square. Besides books, maps, and prints, newspapers from various parts of the world are regularly received. Galvani's Messenger, printed at Paris, and brought by Post, generally contained the latest intelligence. The Garrison Library, as the name indicates, is supported by the military. It is a spacious edifice, and contains a large collection of books, engravings, and the pamphlets and newspapers of the day. A superb full length picture of Colonel Drinkwater, the historian of the siege, in full regimentals, adorns the principal apartment. A number of scarlet-clad, mustachioed, gentlemen, were always there, lounging about, or turning over the leaves of the books. The army lists seemed to be their favorite study.

In the Corporal of Artillery who had charge of the Library, I recognized a person formerly extensively engaged in mercantile affairs in America, who had absconded with a considerable booty. He appeared greatly confused on perceiving he was an object of attention, and to relieve him from the painful scrutiny, I turned my eyes away. Roguery never prospers, methought, and that man is an example. This trivial circumstance affords a proof that a disgraced man can find no place to bury his shame. The facilities of travel are such, now a days, and they are so universally availed of, that concealment is almost impossible. I have met, in India, accidentally, those I had known in Canada; others, I have met in the West Indies whom I had seen in Spain; in the centre of Germany, I have stumbled on the acquaintances of America. In a cuique of the Golden Horn, has been recognized one who, when last seen, was seated in a canoe on the waters of the St. Lawrence.

TO MY LADYE LOVE.

BY MISS COCKBURN.

"Maiden! sweet maiden! when thou art near,
Though the stars on the face of the sky appear,

It is light around as the day can be,
But, maiden! sweet maiden! when thou'rt away,
Though the Sun be emitting his loveliest ray,

All is darkness, and gloom; and night to me,
Then of what avail is the Sun, or the shade,
Since my day and my night by thee are made?"

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

"Books, we know,

Are a substantial world, when pure and good,
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pasture and our happiness will grow.

WORDSWORTH.

No. V.

KOHL'S "SCOTLAND."

BY VALENTINE SLYBOOTS.

TRAVELLING is Mr. Kohl's hobby, and writing Travels manifestly his forte. Like Goldsmith's Wanderer,

"His fortune leads to traverse realms alone."

It is but a short time since we noticed with pleasure a volume on Ireland from his prolific pen, and now we find him hurrying over Scotland in a few weeks, and yet producing a singularly interesting and generally accurate description of the country. If we cannot shut our eyes to defects in the work before us, we must at the same time recognize in its pages the characteristic excellencies of its author. No one who is conversant with his writings will deny the general facts, that they are marked by extraordinary copiousness and correctness of information in all that regards the geography of the countries he visits,—their remarkable localities, their history and literature. Mr. Kohl has a perfect talent for gleaning instruction from oral sources, and probably, by the habitual use of his Note Book, is equally successful in retaining it. His narrative is no dry detail of each day's progress from place to place, but enlivened by abundant illustration; he is lucid, though not transparent; minute without being tedious.

We are glad Mr. Kohl did not pass by Scotland, peculiarly fitted as he is to enjoy a visit to that romantic land—stern in its grandeur, winning in its softer scenes of loveliness—and to communicate that enjoyment to other minds. He loves Nature, his eye perceives the picturesque; his sympathies gush forth over scenes of quiet beauty, which others would callously pass by. We see his heart in all his books, nor does it form their weakest charm.

There is one defect, however, in Mr. Kohl as an author, which has been pressed more closely

home on us in this, than in any of his former works. There is no grasp of intellect displayed—no depth of thought revealed. We look in vain for the reflections and deductions of a penetrating and contemplative mind, skilful in detecting the elements of national character, or competent to judge of the comparative worth of national institutions. He is full of observation, vigour and life—his narrative flows in a rapid, sparkling stream; but it wants breadth, and it wants depth still more. There is no far insight, no richness of thought, in his stray reflections on either individual or national character; they savour too much of the professed tourist, hurrying from place to place—hat-box in hand—and jotting down his strictures on men and manners, religion and society, just as he would an account of a sporting excursion, or a visit to some hoary ruin of the olden time. Mr. Kohl has certainly not displayed his wonted good taste in assuming the name of "The Wandering Philosopher."

After all, for we dread the incipient symptoms of one of our scolding fits, and must shake it off sometimes, we can honestly declare that we have derived much pleasure from reading these fresh and lively impressions of Old Scotia, which, if not quite as perfect as we could wish, supply us with much, very much to relish and admire.

Mr. Kohl introduces himself to our notice, crossing the channel from Belfast to the Clyde. He scarcely comes in sight of Caledonian soil, ere the peculiarities of the climate excite his regret.

"The voyage from Greenock to Glasgow is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined, and there is no doubt that it would be amongst the most admired and the most frequented by pleasure tourists, if it were not situated in a country so cut off from the central districts of

European society as Scotland. It is a great pity that so beautiful a country as Scotland should not possess a more favourable climate. A country so diversified and so interesting in its picturesque beauty, and so delightfully indented by the sea, is scarcely to be found in any other part of the world, and it really deserves to be situated among the fortunate isles of more genial latitude. How delightfully cooling and refreshing would be, in a warmer climate, its deep bays and gulfs, running up into the very heart of the country !"

Charming indeed would the country be, but how different the people! how weak in body, enervated in mind, how void of that collected energy which stamps the Scottish character! We would reply to Mr. Kohl, in the words of Robert Burns, with whom, by the way, he loses no opportunity of displaying his acquaintance:

Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me you lone glen o' green breekan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

The' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace;

What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave.

Our traveller approaches the great Northern
Capital of Commerce.

"The further we advanced into the interior of the country, the cloudier and thicker became the air; and finally, when we reached Glasgow, nothing of the sun remained, but a rayless, blood-red ball looming dimly through the mist. There are probably countries in the world whose inhabitants never have an opportunity of observing the sun's disk in such a condition; for these the spectacle of the copper sun, peculiar to the misty atmosphere of northern countries, would be a sight of no common interest and wonder."

Mr. Kohl's account of Glasgow is accurate and interesting. In examining the warehouses of some of its wealthiest merchants, he was especially struck with "the Scottish checked cloth, or tartan as it is called."

"We are all, indeed, well acquainted in Germany, with the nature of this material, whose gay yet simple combinations of colour, are admired all over Europe; but we little guess the importance formerly, and in some measure even now, attached in Scotland to the smallest variations in the patterns and colours of their tartan. Checked stuff appears to have been worn by all the Gallic nations; at least Cæsar mentions observing it among all the tribes of Gaul and Britain; and in many valleys of the Tyrol, tartans similar to those of Scotland are still woven, though they are not used in the same manner for articles of wearing apparel. But as the distinction of clans survived in Scotland, long after all trace of it had elsewhere disappeared, so is it with the tartan, by the various patterns of which the costumes of the various Scottish clans were and still are distinguished. Every clan still has its own tartan, which contains one prominent and

fundamental colour, through and across which all the other stripes are drawn. The breadth and the order of the stripes, as well as their precise shade and colour, were all established many hundreds of years ago, and have remained unaltered to the present day. The tartans derive a peculiar interest from the fact, that every thread still runs as it ran long centuries ago, and that there is not a stripe which had not once its peculiar significance, and is not still interwoven with all the dearest memories, traditions, and patriotic emotions of its wearers."

An allusion to the ancient Cathedral of Glasgow, gives rise to the following just remarks on modern architecture:

"It is a curious anomaly, that, while throughout England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany, and other countries, every city is busy in repairing its old Gothic churches, and restoring them to even more than their original splendour and beauty, all the new buildings erected should be imitations of Grecian architecture. In England, as in other countries, I was astonished at the multitude of Corinthian, Ionic, and Doric columns and porticoes, with which all the new buildings were furnished. At Glasgow, the Hunterian Museum, the Exchange, and the Town-hall, are all built in the Grecian style. These buildings are, indeed, more resolutely and obstinately Grecian than the Parthenon itself."

"This imitation of Grecian architecture is quite as prevalent in Petersburg, Berlin, Munich, and Paris, as in England or Scotland. It is really extraordinary that we are perpetually obliged to recur, in our new buildings, to Gothic or Greek forms, and that the last five or six centuries have never been able, either to invent a new architecture, or to improve upon the old. Shall the world never escape the bondage of Grecian columns, Byzantine cupolas, and Gothic arches? and while the new perpetually supplants the old in everything else, shall its architecture be perpetually condemned to repeat and imitate the antique? Shall not the busy brain of man cause new, and as yet undreamt of, forms and combinations to spring up out of the ground around him? If we cannot as yet imagine the untried combinations of form, that is no sign that they shall not hereafter be realized. The old Greek mind had no conception of the grandeur and beauty afterwards to be embodied in the Gothic cathedral. It is, however, rather astonishing, that none of our present architects have imagination enough to produce one building, at the same time beautiful and original."

Whatever impression the author may have intended to convey, the highest compliment he has paid to Scotland is contained in the following passage.

"A great contrast was presented by the appearance of the Glasgow streets on Saturday evening and on Sunday morning. On Saturday the rich stop at home and leave the streets to the poor; on Sunday the rich come out in their holiday clothes, and the poor are nowhere to be seen. Although to the stranger from the continent, the Sunday in London appears grave and sober in the extreme, yet it is far more so in the Scottish cities, and Glasgow and Edinburgh look down

upon London, in the matter of Sabbath-keeping, as upon a real Sodom and Gomorrah. In Glasgow, on Sunday, nothing is seen or heard all day but long processions of ladies and gentlemen going from one church to another."

The latter sentence is sufficiently amusing, but we are unwilling to continue the extract, in which the author stumbles on the subject of religion, "fanaticism," and pulpit oratory. There is no topic on which travellers ought to be so tardy in passing a criticism as this, and it is painful to be compelled to say, that those passages in which Mr. Kohl alludes to sacred things, display on his part not only a woful ignorance of the religious principles of the mass of the Scottish People, but an inability to appreciate the strength of such principles at all—an insensibility, we fear, to those pure desires and hallowed hopes which alone can cheer and fortify the soul. The remark may be condemned as uncharitable, but the circumstance is too palpable to admit of doubt. Some idea of our author's ecclesiastical knowledge may be gained from his assertion, that the Presbyterian Divines maintain "that the power of the keys has descended to them direct from St. Peter!"

Visiting the University of Glasgow, Mr. Kohl is struck with the following singularity—

"It has often been remarked that the children of the free and freedom-loving English, are subjected to a strictness and severity of discipline to which our German youth would never submit. In what German university, for instance, would be tolerated the surveillance of the censor, who sits beside each professor at the University of Glasgow? It is the office of this censor to watch the behaviour of each student during the lecture, and to note every symptom of inattention or misconduct. One of the offences, for instance, which it is his duty to watch, is that habit so common in all English schools, of regarding the wood of the college desks as a good material for practising sculpture, and using them accordingly. I saw two large tablets put up in the Glasgow colleges covered with inscriptions, threatening severe punishments to all guilty of this irregular practice of the fine arts. It is rather singular that while these British youths, treated like mere schoolboys until the moment of their entrance into the world, often make such energetic and even obstinate opposition-men, our wild, unruly German students, to whom these restraints and restrictions would be utterly intolerable, often afterwards become such quiet, obedient citizens."

The "rather singular" circumstance referred to, is easily explained. The only period in which the German is permitted freedom of speech, is that which he spends at College, and during which he is even regarded as beneath the legal accountability of man. In Scotland, on the other hand, liberty advances steadily with the growth of years. The student occupies the middle place between the school-boy

and the man; and it might have occurred to Mr. Kohl that the very fact of a personal check, such as the censorship provides, recognises an individuality in the Scottish student, which he will look for in vain among the German Universities.

From Glasgow, he hurries to Edinburgh, and finds himself among the "garden-clad valleys and castle-clad hills" of that ancient city.

"Whatever one may have read or heard of Edinburgh, one cannot fail to be as much astonished as delighted by the unrivalled beauty of this town and its position. Edinburgh would be universally acknowledged as the most beautiful and picturesque town in the world, if the envious fates had not denied it the advantage of a fine sheet of water, to which Edinburgh possesses no approximation. It enjoys all the beauties and attractions which can be afforded by every possible variety of hill and dale, mountain and valley, rock and glen, but the charms of water scenery it does not possess. The Firth of Forth is two miles off, and the little stream which trickles quietly along the northwest side of the town, and does not even claim the name of a river, but contents itself with the modest appellation of the Water of Leith, is the only approach to a river in its neighbourhood.

"Edinburgh has been compared to Athens for the beauty of its appearance and position; and this resemblance, together with the circumstance of its being the centre of Scottish refinement, learning, and culture, has conferred upon it the title of the Athens of the north. The resemblance is, indeed, very striking. Athens, like Edinburgh, was a city of hills and valleys, and its Ilyssus was probably not much larger than the Water of Leith. Athens, like Edinburgh, was an inland town, and had its harbour, Pyreus, on the sea-coast. The mountains near Edinburgh, very much resemble those near Athens. I have little doubt, however, that Athens is more honoured by being compared to Edinburgh, than Edinburgh to Athens; for it is probable that the scenery and position of the northern, are more grand and striking in their beauty than those of the southern Athens."

After descending with much enthusiasm on the diversified beauties of Edinburgh—"the architectural variety, beauty, and interest of the Greek, Gothic, and Composite buildings, old and new, of every size, class and merit, the three hills which look down on the City from almost every point of view—the fortress crowned Castle Hill, the monument covered Calton Hill, and the cloud-topped or sun-clad summit of the majestic Arthur's Seat"—Mr. Kohl transports us into the midst of the abodes of misery with which the old town teems. His account is an affecting one, and, alas! too true!

"Had I not witnessed the condition of the poor in the Polish cities, and had I not seen in various parts of the world, so much misery, squalidness, and privation everywhere connected with poverty, I should say that the condition of the poor in some parts of the Old Town of Edinburgh, was the most painful and humiliating spectacle

that human eye could witness; but so great is the amount of privation and wretchedness endured in different parts of the world, that I hesitate to give the preference to any. Certain it is, however, that the manner of life of the poor in Edinburgh has its own very peculiar evils, which arise chiefly from the remarkable mode of building adopted in the part of the town they inhabit. The "closes" of the Old Town are probably the narrowest streets in the world. The lanes and alleys of Genoa and those of the oriental cities, are broad and spacious compared to them. Some are literally only a yard and a half or two yards across from house to house! Formerly the houses in these closes were inhabited by wealthy nobles, and many of them still bear the names of distinguished old families, such as "Morrison's Close," "Grey's Close," "Stewart's Close," &c. The old nobles built their houses in these close and narrow streets, in order to be more secure from attack, and to be able to defend and fortify the entrances of their streets more completely. Many of these closes still bear the arms of these old families over their entrances. In Blythe's Close is still shown the palace of the Queen Regent, Mary Guise. It is now in a very ruinous condition, and is inhabited from top to bottom, by numbers of poor families. In Bakehouse Close stand the old houses of the Earls of Gosford and Moray, and of the Dukes of Queensberry; the latter is now a beggar's lodging-house. Such once distinguished and now degraded houses are found in every part of the Old Town.

"I have never found the very poor in any part of the world, orderly or cleanly in their habits, for a certain degree of prosperity and comfort is necessary to awaken in any the taste for order and cleanliness. In England and Scotland a very considerable degree of worldly advantages is required, before the love of cleanliness, frugality, or order is developed. The English poor are too often dirty, disorderly, and extravagant in their habits, and of the poorest among the Scotch, this is still more invariably the case. It may be imagined, therefore, how filthy and pestiferous is the very air in these closes. As neither sun nor wind can ever pierce them, they are always damp. In many places I saw heaps of dirt lying in them, which had evidently been accumulating for years. Strange irregular piles of steps, placed like ladders, on the outside, lead into the upper and inner parts of these houses, which consist of narrow passages, stone steps, and wretched holes of rooms, all forming the most irregular and intricate labyrinths. The windows of these miserable dens often command the most extensive and magnificent views through the narrow mountain clefts, called streets, over the beautiful New Town, with its hills, valleys, and gardens."

Who does not sympathise with the noble author in mourning over these sickening realities! Who does not blush to think how near the rich man's door, the poor man perishes—how lost in the pride of fallen humanity is the unselfish sense of brotherhood! But we must not omit to record our regret, that Mr. Kohl, with a readiness which seems to savour strongly of German Neology, has seized on the crying destitu-

tion, physical and spiritual, of our home population, as an argument against missionary efforts on behalf of the heathens of other lands. He should have known, that whatever has been done to alleviate the distress of the poor, has been the work of the religious community. Christianity is the best Poor-law; and we will only say, that if Mr. Kohl is indeed ignorant that a higher authority than that of man commands us to send the Gospel "to all nations," it might at all events have occurred to him, that were the maxim practically observed—that men ought not to meddle with the affairs of other people, until every thing is perfect at their own doors—we should not now enjoy the benefit of the lecture which he has thought proper to read to the Christian Ministers and People of Edinburgh.

We cannot afford space to follow our author through his interesting and intelligent account of Holyrood House, and the University. He visits the old Parliament House, and alludes to the Scottish Lawyers in a strain of compliment for which we were scarcely prepared.

"They were all young, vigorous-looking men, and wore long robes and powdered wigs. I had never seen so many learned wigs together before; but not even the wigs and gowns struck me so much as the fine appearance of the lawyers themselves; the intelligent manly beauty of their faces, and the handsome proportions and growth of their figures. The stranger will always be struck by this, wherever he sees a number of English from the upper classes assembled together. I do not believe that there is any country where the cast of countenance and figure of the upper classes, both male and female, is so beautiful and noble as in Great Britain."

Leaving Edinburgh at last reluctantly, Mr. Kohl proceeds to Stirling, steaming up "the beautiful Forth." After visiting the fine old castle of Stirling, we find him driving "through the beautiful vale of Strathmore to the castle of the Drummond Family, and its celebrated gardens."

"Six miles beyond Dumblane we passed the remains of a Roman camp, the finest and most complete thing of the kind existing in Scotland. It is more than a thousand feet long and nine hundred broad, and is surrounded by a threefold fortification of walls and ramparts. These were all overgrown with grass, and cattle were grazing upon them. Across a place where it was evident there had been a gate, a sort of triumphal arch, crowned with flowers and foliage, had lately been erected, under which Prince Albert had passed when he visited the place on his return from his peaceful expeditions to the Highlands. Agricola, returning victorious from his warlike incursions in the same direction, may possibly have passed beneath one erected in the same spot."

Our readers will be happy to accompany Mr. Kohl to the gardens of Drummond Castle.

"We descended from the castle by a fine rocky terrace to the gardens, which occupy an extensive level spot between it and the hilly part of the park. The trees of the latter, however picturesque and natural in their effect, are almost all placed there by the hand of art. The English have certainly carried the art of gardening to its highest point, for it is the triumph of art to resemble nature so closely while it yet remains wholly art. Not only the trees, but even the turf of this park, I was told, was artificial, yet one might have thought it laid by the fairies themselves for their moonlight dances; the waters, which had all the appearance of natural lakes, the ivy that hung its rich draperies round the castle rock, and the ancient yew-trees—all had been shaped by art, yet all appeared the spontaneous work of nature.

"The flower-gardens are the pride of the place, especially as some of their contents, the heaths especially, have been brought to a point of perfection scarcely to be seen elsewhere. The plan of the whole may be considered a patriotic Scotch one, for it is laid out in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, in which the shrubberies and flowers are enclosed like jewels in a setting.

"One of the most beautiful features of English gardens is the soft velvet turf, which, far from being, as it too often is with us, a kind of forbidden ground, is generally more walked on than the gravel, except in wet weather.

"At Drummond Castle the grass is as soft and firm as the richest carpet, and the long sweeping branches of the firs fall on it with beautiful effect. I do not know whether it is from any peculiarity of climate, or, as I rather think, the result of art, but this tree appears to attain a very much finer development than in Germany, where I have usually seen the lower branches broken or withered, and the large full ones commencing half way up the stem, giving the tree a mutilated appearance. In the English parks, on the contrary, it is clothed down to the ground with long boughs, sweeping like a lady's or a peacock's train, and from which it rises like a pyramid.

"Scotland is neither absolutely nor proportionally so rich in gardens as England, but a vast majority of the English gardens are under the care of Scotchmen, whose skill in this department is much esteemed, and this is not the only one in which the progress of the 'barbarous Scots,' as they used to be called, has been truly astonishing. No country in Europe, perhaps, has made such advances in such a short period, and these are mainly attributable, it is said, to the improvements made in agriculture. 'If science once gets into the farmer's ground, sir,' said the gardener of Drummond Castle, 'it penetrates the very heart of a nation.'

The next point of interest in our author's wanderings is the "fair city of Perth," "surrounded by Highland scenery, and of such a stately character, that one ought to write in hexameters to describe it worthily."

Perhaps the most lively piece of description in the whole work before us, is the account of "the two great national games of Scotland, Curling and Golf," but the length of the passage prevents

us from extracting it. The Curlers of North America are particularly noticed.

"The Scots, as I have mentioned, have introduced the game into North America, and some most interesting rinks, it is said, are occasionally formed in winter upon the St. Lawrence. My friends informed me, that, in recent times, a great revolution had taken place in the constitution of those Societies; that it was in contemplation to form a great brotherhood of the rink, consisting of the keen curlers of all the clubs, "of both sides of the Tweed," and from beyond St. George's Channel and the Atlantic ocean; and, that the Society should have its correspondents, its grand matches, and its journal. Ninety clubs have already joined this Association.

"I find it stated in an annual report of the Grand Caledonian Club of 1842, that the Scotch in the North American colonies have carried their zeal for this game so far, that the curlers of Toronto sometimes challenge those of Montreal, a town four hundred miles distant, to meet them and play a roving game. They meet in friendly bonspiels, and afterwards sit down to beef and greens. 'Perhaps,' continues the report, 'we shall, ere long, have the pleasure of seeing our brothers from the other side of the Tweed come to us from famous London town to Anll Reckie, to warn their hands at Scotland's ain game o' curling, and afterwards to gladden their hearts wi' ae nicht o' true Scottish curling conviviality.' Old appropriate songs, curling songs, are sung at these evening meetings. The great Caledonian Club, and others too, I believe, have even their curling antiquities; for instance, old curling stones used in former times. One of the oldest of this class that I heard of bore the date of 1613, and had been found in a moor."

Mr. Kohl, in our humble opinion, has scarcely done justice to Dunkeld; and we think those of our readers will agree, with us, who have ever seen that exquisitely romantic little town, as it smiles on the stern mountains which encircle it, with a beauty past expression.

"The small town bearing this ancient Celtic name is surrounded by mountains, no longer bounding the distant horizon, but pressing closely in on every side; it is the seat of the Duke of Athol, the chief of the great clan of Murray. A former duke is celebrated for having planted 45,000 acres of land with trees, the number of which is said to amount to twelve or fifteen millions; it is, therefore, not surprising that the hills around his mansion are overshadowed by a magnificent growth of timber. From these dark hills gush out the clear crystal waters of the Tay, and flow through the pass or mouth which affords a beautiful glimpse into the Lowland country.

"The town is handsome and pleasant, and beyond it lie the great mansion and park, over the gates of which, as usual in the parks of the English nobility, the arms of the family make a conspicuous figure. The motto beneath them, that of the Murray family, was curious: 'Forth fortune, and fill the fatters,' which I understood to signify: 'Advance your fortune by making us many prisoners and slaves as possible, thereby filling the fatters.' The oldest title of the chief

is that of Baron Murray of Tullibardine, for in Scotland the baronies are always older than the dukedoms; his other titles are Earl Tullibardine, Earl of Athol, Marquis of Athol, Viscount of Balquhider, Baron Murray Balvenie and Gash, Duke of Athol, Marquis of Tullibardine, Earl of Strathay and Strathardle, Viscount of Glenlyon, and, in the English peerage, Earl Strange, and Baron Murray of Stanley. The kernel of all these hulls and wrappings is John Murray."

Taymouth Castle, the seat of the highly popular Marquis of Breadalbane, was honoured, it will be remembered, with a long visit from Her Majesty, on her first visit to Scotland. Mr. Kohl is charmed with its magnificence.

"The interior of the castle is fitted up with a refined and costly elegance that certainly lost none of its effect by being suddenly met with in the midst of the smoky huts of the Highlands. At every step I found some confirmation of the account that had been given me of the vast wealth of the family, whose possessions, it is said, extend from the Eastern to the Western Ocean, in a straight line for a hundred miles. Estates of this magnitude in Russia awaken no surprise, but in so small a country as Scotland it seems scarcely credible that so large a portion of the land should be the property of one family. So powerful and wealthy an oligarchy, however, and one so little numerous as in Scotland, is scarcely to be found in the world.

"It was not the richness and luxury that pervaded the apartments, however, that fixed my attention, so much as the taste and judgment shown in their distribution. Nowhere so well as in Great Britain is understood the manner of giving to the antique forms and arrangements of furniture and apartments the magnificence and luxury suiting the present advanced condition of these arts, without forfeiting any thing of their peculiar and characteristic effect. The richness and beauty of the wood carvings struck me particularly, as well as the superabundance of curtains, hangings, and carpets of the most superb quality, the paintings by the first masters, and the very choice collections of books in the library. Every thing is perfectly genuine, even the armour in the banquetting hall, one suit of which had belonged to a French king, another to an Austrian archduke, and the tartan stuffs, which are commonly made of wool, here shine out splendidly in rich satin and velvet.

Our Author asserts that "the horses in Scotland are mostly white." The following passage contains the fruit of his researches on the subject of *thatched houses and salt boxes*.

"We returned to the shore of the Lake Tay by a circuitous path across the mountains, and by the way I took the opportunity of viewing the interior of one of the smoky huts of the Highlanders. My companion, an old mountaineer, told me, that all Highland huts were like this, thatched; and as it happened, that though I might, if I had looked, have found the word in any dictionary, I did not know the meaning of the word thatched, and asked an explanation; and the following was the explanation obtained.

"A thatched-house, sir?—that means, for instance, when any one is thatching his house, and you happen to go by, and you say, 'Well, good man, are you thatching to-day?'—that's what it means to thatch a house, sir."

"The said thatched-house was built of wood, and inside by the fire sat an old man warming himself. Over the chimney was fastened a large wooden box, intended, I was told, for salt. I do not believe that in any other country in the world so central and imposing a position is accorded to a salt-box. At the side of this utensil hung a kind of bird cage, containing, however, not birds, but the family stock of cups and saucers. Before the door stood a great cheese-press of very simple construction, in which the principal part was performed by large stones. This is, in this part of Scotland, a regular article of household furniture, for a great quantity of cheese is made here, though not usually of a first-rate quality."

Pursuing his journey on foot, our traveller visits Loch Earn, and the grave of Rob Roy at the pretty village of Balquhider. He records it as matter of surprise, that he found the greatest difficulty, at the latter place, in persuading his guide, "the most stupid companion" he ever travelled with, to accompany him to the church-yard, during the time of divine service. Passing on to the far-famed Loch Katrine, Mr. Kohl takes up his quarters in the house of an intelligent Highland sheep-farmer, and is there seized with a fit of philosophising, such as we should like to see him indulge more frequently.

"It is a remarkable coincidence that in most countries of Europe, the inhabitants of the northern are more intelligent and better educated than those of the southern provinces. The remark certainly applies to France. In the Netherlands, the Dutch provinces are far better educated than those of Belgium. In northern Germany popular education is very superior to what it is in the south, and in Italy, the Milanese, in this respect, offer a most advantageous contrast to the Neapolitans. Even in Russia the centre of intelligence lies towards the north. May not climate have something to do with this? Long winter evenings compel the inhabitants of a northern country to spend a greater part of their time within doors, and this naturally tends to encourage a taste for reading. Before the invention of printing, indeed, when knowledge had to be communicated chiefly from mouth to mouth, it was in southern lands, in Greece and Italy, for instance, that the spirit of enquiry was first awakened; but since we have had books and printing presses, it is by reading, rather than by oral instruction, that the light of knowledge is diffused."

Mr. Kohl's guides, it seems, are not all "stupid."

"My Highland guide from Calandar was a lively young fellow, and had at his command an inexhaustible stock of stories about the fairies and goblins of the mountains. Many of the stories were precisely the same as those that had been told me in Ireland. My Highlander called them likewise the good people, though, when I rallied him on so strange a name for such a mischie-

vous fraternity, he admitted the inaptness of the denomination, 'seeing they were always leaping and kicking about for some mischief.' In Gaelic, it seems they are called 'fushies' or 'kelpies.' A fushy once, my guide said, met in the forest, a poor smuggler, who was carrying down to the Lowlands a cask of whiskey that he had been distilling in some mountain glen. The fushy bade him put down his cask for a moment, and have a dance with her. He did so, and danced for more than an hour, without feeling a bit tired. He then went down, sold his whiskey and trotted off to his home. When he got there he was surprised to find that his young wife had turned into an old woman, while his boys had grown into strapping young men. The fushy had kept him dancing with her for several years together, and had thus cheated him out of an important portion of his life."

Our author soon turns his face to the south, and the remainder of the work is filled with an account of his return through Stirling to Edinburgh, and thence to merry England. He leaves Scotland with a parting tribute of praise to one of its sweetest vallies.

"Neither rain nor mist could drive me from my outside place, as we were passing through the beautiful Eskdale, and approaching the Scottish border. I rubbed my eyes, and tried to remember whether I had ever before seen a valley of equal beauty. The mighty oaks and beeches seemed all of primeval date, of primeval vigour, and of eternal youth. I saw many thousands of them, yet there was not one that I would not willingly have stopped to sketch. Each seemed to have chosen for itself a picturesque position, and to have spread out its mighty boughs according to the most approved rules of good taste. At times the valley widened, and displayed a number of beautiful meadows spreading out amid the umbrageous trees, while here and there the ruined turret of some border chief served to remind of bygone days."

We never part with Mr. Kohl without regret. He has, perhaps, in the present instance, not done justice either to himself or the country he describes, from the hurried and partial inspection he has made of its varied beauties. Had he extended his excursion to the more remote, but loftier and wilder grandeur of the North, his Work would have been more complete. But we are content to take it as it is. No one can ever accuse its Author of a heavy style or a somniferous pen; and we are happy to say, that the present volume is almost free from that straining after effect in mere expression, which marked some of his former productions. Nay, the very faults and defects to which we have felt bound to allude, are of such a nature as not to interfere with the general interest of a narrative, which, though it should not augment, will certainly not detract from the established reputation of its author.

SPRING.

BY DR. HASKINS.

Oh! spring! thou art a season of delight;
 All round is beauty, all above is bright;
 In garb of loveliness the earth is drest,
 Sweet fragrant flow'rs are blooming on her breast;
 More vivid, hourly, grows that garb of green;
 Burst forth the buds behind their velvet screen,
 The forest spreads its leaflets to the sky,
 Gilt with a radiant glory from on high;
 The tender dews descend in tears of bliss,
 And all night long the humid herbage kiss;
 And thence arise at dawn of early morn
 To nurse the infant blossoms newly born.
 Freed from its icy bonds, the merry stream
 Laughs, dances, sparkles in the golden beam;
 Then bounds along to greet the fresh'n'g grass,
 That waves a welcome as its waters pass;
 Close to his mate, each minstrel of the grove,
 Fond nestling, breathes his song of ardent love.
 Creation smiles, like dreams at dawn of day,
 Winter, with all his gloom, hath pass'd away.
 Oh! spring! thou art a time when tears should cease
 Save those of joy—an hour for love and peace;
 Yet comes a shade of sadness o'er my mind,—
 I gaze around and think upon the blind!
 I think upon the darkness and the gloom
 That hang o'er such, like shadows of the tomb;
 No sky for them, no verdure and no light,
 No beauteous morn, but one long moonless night.
 "Oh! dark, dark, dark,"* well might the poet say—
 The Bard sublime,† on whom this sorrow lay;
 From nature's charms, earth's ever varying scene,
 Cut off, "shut out," by the "thick drop serene."‡
 Yet—yet—for this, as for all earthly woes
 A healing balm from blest religion flows;
 No eye is dark in heav'n; no shadow dim,
 There shrouds the soul; but, bright as seraphim,
 It revels in immortal glory's ray,
 And drinks the light of everlasting day.

DEATH SONG.

BY H. J. K.

As you red sun sinks to his rest,
 Soon to the bright land of the blest,
 My soul will travel—free as air,
 To meet my father's spirit there,
 He beckons me beyond the grave.
 To join him with the just and brave;
 This victim stake at which I bleed
 Shall be my bridled, bounding steed.

Then come with torture—maim and cut,
 With flint and knife, from head to foot,
 Then fire, and pitch-pine knot apply,
 And, tameless, I will yet defy.
 Take off my scalp and blind my eyes,
 And still your vengeance I'll despise
 When ancient torments fail—invent
 New modes of pain and punishment.

* See the pathetic lament in Samson Agonistes.
 † Milton.
 ‡ Paradise Lost.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY M.

"A child left to himself, bringeth his mother to shame." Prov. 29, 15.

"She early found herself mistress of herself. All she did was right; all she said was admired." Richardson.

The reader may smile incredulously at the latter part of this title, but the attentive observer will, I think, be inclined to believe with me, that improper indulgence is the besetting parental sin of modern, as undue severity may have been of earlier days. And it is even more injurious in its effects; for, while the rigid discipline of former times made the child look upon the parent with more fear than love, and prevented his making him the confidant of his childish joys and sorrows, and the counsellor in his little perplexities, it, at the same time, produced an awe of parental authority, which proved, on the whole, a salutary restraint. Whereas the indulgence of these days, when carried to the extent which we frequently see, not only destroys all veneration for the authority of the parent, but even, all respect for the parent himself: while it engenders a self-will which determines the child to bow to no one's guidance, but to be his own lord and master. But, not to dwell longer on a theme to many uninteresting, we will hasten to the narration of our tale.

In a beautiful part of the south-west of V— is situated the ancient family mansion of the Aubreys. Ancient, I have called it, and it is so for this new country, where the house which has stood for nearly a century, looks time-worn indeed, beside the light modern structure, which is so much more common. Thorn Hill, for so it was called, possessed no common beauties; as the name indicates, the family mansion was situated on a hill, which commanded a delightful view of the surrounding country. After passing through the gate which is placed at the entrance of the extensive domain, the carriage road winds along for more than half a mile through a grove of enchanting beauty, where the thick spreading boughs of the trees form an almost impervious shade, and countless songsters fill the air with their sweet melody. As you commence the easy ascent of the hill on which the mansion is placed, the eye glances, from one side of the road, down

a declivity carpeted with nature's richest verdure, to a lovely dale cultivated as a flower garden; where the brilliant and varied hues which delight the eye, and the fragrance which perfumes the air, combined with other and richer beauties above and around you, all conspire to awaken the illusion that a second Eden is blooming before you. Fain would we linger in this lovely spot, but we must continue our onward course, or Thorn Hill will be only half described. As you continue to ascend the hill, various openings among the trees disclose glimpses of a scene of unsurpassed loveliness, and prepare the visiter for the landscape of beauty which is to burst upon his gaze. At length the hill is surmounted and the handsome mansion is before us; it is a large stone building, of considerable architectural beauty, though time, with destroying hand, has defaced many of its ornaments; but the visiter has not much time to examine the exterior, for he is soon ushered into the spacious hall, extending in height to the roof, and lighted from above by a window of stained glass, which throws a rosy radiance over the objects beneath. But what will strike the stranger (if he be a lover of natural beauty) more forcibly than all he has yet seen is the view from the drawing-room windows, which open into a little balcony. Immediately before him are the gardens and groves through which he has passed, while beyond the fields of corn and grain are ripening for the harvest, over which light and shade are chasing each other.

"As flying clouds, now hide, and now reveal the sun." Farther on, a river winds through the valley, clear and beautiful, mirroring the verdant shores on its calm surface, and beyond this, mountains arise one above another, the nearer clad with rich verdure, while the higher and more distant appear of a much darker hue; and, further yet, is seen the outline of others, so dim and shadowy as to seem to melt away into the clear calm sky.

This beautiful spot was, at the time, my story commences, the residence of Mrs. Aubrey, the

widow of a wealthy planter. Her husband had been dead more than two years, and of several children which had been given her, two only survived him; Isabella, the younger, was a mere infant at the time of her father's death, while Clarence, the only son, was twelve years her senior. He soon left home for school, and with few intermissions, was absent for twelve years, during the latter part of which time he was travelling in Europe. Mrs. Aubrey, thus left alone with her beautiful daughter, treated her with that ruinous indulgence which has blighted so many cherished hopes, and brought sorrow and disgrace upon so many families. She did not intend, (few, if any parents do intend it,) to ruin her child, but she pursued a course the direct tendency of which was to make Isabella self-willed, uncontrollable, selfish, and vain. But we will give one example of her management, and let our readers judge of it for themselves.

"How is Isabella—has she entirely recovered from her illness?" asked Mrs. Churchill of her cousin, in the course of a morning visit.

"Yes, she is perfectly well," replied Mrs. Aubrey; "come Isabella, dearest, and see your cousin." No child was visible in the apartment, but a rustling of the curtain soon announced her hiding place. She did not, however, seem inclined to appear.

"Do come, my love," continued the fond mother in a coaxing tone, "and show Mrs. Churchill your pretty curls."

This plea was more effectual; a beautiful little creature about four years old, bounded forth, and ran gracefully to her mother's side; her hair, of golden brown, falling round her face and neck in a profusion of glossy curls, her cheek glowing with health, and her eye sparkling with glee. Yet as she tossed her head to display the ringlets to advantage, Mrs. Churchill marked with pain the vanity depicted on her infant face.

"Will you come and speak to Mary?" said she, glancing towards her own little girl, a sweet child some three years older.

"No, I won't," retorted the child, looking up with a glance of defiance.

"Do not say that, my dear; it is not polite to speak so," said Mrs. Aubrey. "Would you not like to play with the little girl?"

"No, mamma!" replied the child.

"She has not been used to children's society, and therefore does not care for it," interposed the mother; "but Isabella, dearest, you will say those pretty verses you learned the other day. You cannot imagine," she continued addressing her friend, "how beautifully she recites poetry."

"I don't want to, mamma," said the child, pouting her pretty lip; "you said when Mrs. Hall was

here, that if I would say them then, you would not ask me again."

"But I will give you some candy if you will repeat them now; do my love, to please dear mamma."

The coaxing was all in vain, and Mrs. Aubrey remarked, "children are always contrary; but she is a lovely little creature. Is she not a perfect beauty?" Mrs. Churchill made no reply, but at length induced Isabella to show Mary her playhouse. When the children had left the room, she said,

"She is beautiful, truly, but I should be sorry to tell her so, and thus foster the seeds of vanity in her heart."

"You need not fear it," replied Mrs. Aubrey; "she is too young to understand you. Besides, she must hear it some time; and the knowledge may as well come now as afterwards."

"Doubtless she could not live long without hearing it, however carefully you might guard her; and at best ere many years she would discover it herself. All I would recommend is, that she be taught to regard personal beauty at its real value, and no more."

"I do not understand you; please explain yourself," said Mrs. Aubrey.

"I will do so with pleasure as you request it. If she hears her beauty constantly praised, she will view it as exceedingly important, and become conceited, and vain, and regardless of the higher beauties of disposition and intellect. To avert this evil I would endeavour to make her feel that if her beauty causes conceit and vanity, it will render her less loved by all whose love is worth possessing. I would remind her how soon old age may mar, or the sudden approach of death utterly destroy the most transcendent loveliness. The grave owns no distinction; corruption fastens as speedily on the beautiful, as on the ugly, on the figure of perfect outline as on the deformed. Above all, I would tell her how valueless is mere corporeal beauty in the sight of a heart-searching God, who is not pleased with mere 'outward adorning,' but requires that of the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible; even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. I should of course look to God to give effect to these instructions, and the promises of His word encourage a belief that I should not look in vain."

"But, my dear cousin, I do not care if she is proud; every one should cherish a proper pride and self-respect."

"There is no danger," replied Mrs. Churchill, "but there will be pride enough, notwithstanding the most faithful efforts to subdue it; and insu-

ordination enough, even in spite of the strictest discipline; I speak not now of Isabella, but of children generally."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Aubrey "that you are an advocate of the 'ancien régime,' but I have no faith in severity; it produces the very evils it is intended to cure. The other day I called at Mrs. Chalmers'; a little boy of three entered the room, crying bitterly; his mother asked him the cause of his distress, when she ascertained that his sister, some years older, had struck him severely. Mrs. Chalmers you know prides herself on her excellent government, and at once the delinquent was summoned and questioned, when she sobbed out, 'well mamma, he broke one of my tea-cups, and I did not think it was wrong to strike him, for you whipped me the other day because I broke one of yours.' I could not refrain from a hearty laugh at the wise logic of the child."

"You know, my dear cousin, I do not approve of severity; it is as injurious, often, as the contrary; extreme; neither would I ever punish mere carelessness, as severely as a flagrant fault; my doctrine and practice is simply this; the child must be taught obedience, therefore disobedience, even though the command be of trivial importance, must be punished. Selfishness must be repressed and destroyed, therefore the child must be taught to find pleasure in benevolence; pride and vanity must be subdued, therefore every thing should be avoided which tends to foster these baneful passions. I hope you will excuse these suggestions; I have no wish to propose myself as a model, and what I have said has been from affection, and not from censoriousness."

The children now returned, and Mrs. Churchill rose to depart. Soon after they entered the carriage, Mary, who had appeared very thoughtful, suddenly exclaimed, "I do not like Isabella; she is so cross and selfish, she would not let me touch any of her play things."

"You must remember, Mary," replied the judicious mother, "that she is a very little girl; perhaps when she is older, she will know better."

"She is as old as Georgie," continued the child, "and he is never so happy as when I use his toys."

"But Isabella has never had a brother or sister to play with her, and she does not know how pleasant it is to give up to another; you should therefore pity, and not dislike her."

"Why should I pity her, mamma? she has every thing she wishes."

"But that does not make her happy; besides I do not think she has all she wants; I believe I never told you the story of a little girl whose parents gave her every thing she asked for, but instead of being satisfied she was discontented, and

wanted other things which she could not have. One day she cried for one of the bricks on the top of the chimney, and when that was given her, she began to cry for the moon."

"How funny, mamma! what a silly little thing she must have been."

"Yes, and unhappy too; which do you think is the happier, your dear little brother, who can never eat even an apple without giving some to the sister he loves so well, or Isabella, who never feels how pleasant it is to make others happy, and who enjoys all her fine things alone?"

"Oh! George is happier, I am sure, for he would always rather give me anything, than keep it himself; and Isabella looked so cross this morning when she snatched away her doll that I had taken up, and said, you must not touch it; they are all mine."

"Then this is why you should pity her; and remember, always, that if you had been in her situation you probably would have felt and acted as she does."

We will not weary the reader with any more details of the childish years of our heroine, but pass on to the time when she had nearly completed her fifteenth year. The course pursued by Mrs. Aubrey would have been enough to spoil the most amiable child, but as Isabella was naturally passionate and self-willed, the effect it produced on her was more visibly disastrous. She grew up a wild and wilful romp. When almost a woman in appearance and years, she was a perfect child in intellect, still pursuing her pastimes with the same eagerness as ever. She would not hear of study, and as for books, of her it might be truly said,

"Novels, and plays, and poems obtain'd new,
Were all the books our nymph attend'd to"

Governesses had been procured for her, but being thwarted constantly in their attempts to correct her faults by the foolishly indulgent mother, they had relinquished their charge in despair. Yet with all her faults, she was naturally intelligent and affectionate; and with proper management might have become a lovely character. Very different from Isabella, was Mary Churchill; as she advanced to womanhood, her mind, which was of a high order, had been well trained; her disposition was amiable in the extreme, while her manners were characterised by that politeness which springs from the heart, the lovely fruit of the Spirit, who alone implants, the charity which "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." Her gentleness, and self-forgetfulness, had made a deep impression on the warm hearted, and penetrating, though thoughtless Isabella, who yielded

more to her influence than to that of any one else.

At the time to which I have already referred, viz : when Isabella had nearly completed her fifteenth year, her brother Clarence returned from Europe, accompanied by Gerald Stanmore, the friend with whom he had been travelling, and who had been selected by the parents on both sides, as Isabella's future husband.

Isabella was rambling through the grounds when he arrived, and consequently he found his mother alone. The passage of years had made little change in the easy, passionless mother, but they had indeed altered the son. He was no longer the basifid youth, but the elegant man : whose noble appearance and evident talents filled the mother's heart with pride, as she listened to his conversation. How long a light step was heard in the hall, and Isabella bounded into the room. She was attired in a simple white muslin robe, with a large straw hat on her head, to screen her lovely face and neck from the sun, from underneath which, a profusion of ringlets, now of a darker brown, seemed struggling to escape ; while both hat and dress were tastefully adorned with flowers, which she had twined into wreaths. She repressed an exclamation of delight that was trembling on her lips, as her eye fell on the stranger ; while Clarence amazed, exclaimed unguardedly,

"Isabella ! is it possible this is my sister ? what a vision of beauty !"

He sprang forward, and would have caught her in his arms, but she quickly retreated to the door, when scanning his figure a moment she exclaimed,

"Indeed sir ! I should be glad to return the compliment, but it is impossible. Your cheek is as swarthy as though you had been a slave driver for years." And with a merry laugh she glided from the room.

Clarence stood for a moment as though petrified ; her appearance and departure were so sudden, her conduct so unaccountable, that he almost fancied the whole thing was a dream. He soon, however, resumed his seat, saying,

"Where has the child vanished ? Is she a fairy, or a being of flesh, and blood ? So beautiful, and graceful, and yet so rude, and wayward—what am I to think of her ?"

"That she is a spoiled child, I suppose ; that seems to be the general opinion," replied Mrs. Aubrey, listlessly.

Such he found to be truly the case, for each day added overwhelming testimony to the truth of this supposition. On learning how sadly her education had been neglected, he proposed that she should be sent to school immediately, but his

mother replied that Isabella would never consent to it.

"And what if she will not ? Parents do not generally ask their children whether they will go to school, or not. She must be made to go, with, or without her own consent."

"I see you do not know Isabella," replied Mrs. Aubrey ; "she will have her own way, if she dies for it."

"Is she so self-willed ? I think I can subdue her."

"Do not attempt it, Clarence : she has been unused to severity, and it would break her heart ; she has a great deal of sensibility, I assure you."

"Sensibility, indeed ! self-will, and obstinacy, you mean ; we will teach her another tune."

A few days after this Clarence was reading in the library, when Isabella entered.

"Come, sir !" she exclaimed, "I want you to ride with me this fine morning."

"If you will wait till I finish this chapter I will go with you," he replied ; "till then I beg you not to disturb me."

"Wait, indeed ! a lady wait for a gentleman ! gallant truly ! As she spoke she seized the handsome volume in which he was reading, and tossed it through the open window, into the balcony without.

"What a perfect hoyden !" exclaimed the vexed and astonished Clarence ; "go, immediately, and bring me that book."

"I go for it ! I am not your slave—you may go yourself ;" and with a toss of the head, and a haughty glance, she marched from the room and left the house.

Irritated and annoyed beyond measure, her brother went in search of the book, his countenance bearing marks of evident chagrin. He stooped to pick it up, and when he again raised his eyes, Isabella stood before him, and addressed him in a scornful tone.

"Most high, and mighty brother ! I forgive your impertinence now, for you look so like a whipped school-boy. And this is the end of your proud resolves to make me yield to your authority ; it is you who become subdued and obedient, while I yet roam unfettered and free." As she concluded, she sprang lightly on the back of her horse, and with a smile of laughing defiance rode away.

The next day Mary Churchill called ; Clarence had not met her for many years, during which time she had improved much in person and mind, though he could not but feel that she was much less beautiful than his wayward sister. Isabella soon joined them, and though she was generally more tractable in her young friend's presence, there was now a mischievous twinkle in her bright blue

eye which told that she was bent on some mischief.

"What a pretty muslin this is of yours," she said, as she loitered near Miss Churchill; "I should so like to have a dress for my my doll of it." While speaking, she contrived to fasten the thin muslin to the ension of the chair in which her young friend was sitting.

"Would you, dear? I am glad I can gratify you," replied Mary kindly, "for I have a piece large enough for that purpose which I will send you. But do you not think, Isabella, that you are too old to continue such childish pastimes?"

"Very possibly I may be, but I thank you for your kind offer, and now be sure, you don't disappoint me," and she kissed her hand gracefully as she left the room.

The mother watched her retreating footsteps with a glance of proud fondness, as she said,

"I do not know what is to be done with Isabella; though naturally intelligent, she will not study, and she nurses her doll now with as much care as she did seven years ago. But then she is so kind hearted and affectionate, I cannot be severe with her."

"And so she must be ruined," exclaimed Clarence impatiently; "there is no kindness in that, dear mother!"

Miss Churchill soon rose to depart, but in attempting to move, she found the chair falling on her, and in her confusion turning round hastily, to ascertain the cause, the thin dress tore. Clarence sprang forward to assist the blushing girl, and as he drew forth the pin which had fastened the dress to the chair, he readily divined the author of the mischief; while the face of Isabella that moment appearing at the window, and as quickly withdrawn with a laugh of glee, confirmed his suspicions. The rent was sewed up, Mrs. Aubrey making many apologies for her daughter; and as Miss Churchill was about to depart, Clarence remarked with surprise, that not only her cheek was flushed, but that a tear moistened her eye.

"Can she be such a simpleton," he thought, "as to distress herself thus, merely because her dress is torn?"

He accompanied her to the door saying,

"I hope you will pardon my rude sister, Miss Churchill; she has been sadly spoiled."

She glanced towards him, and with a smile of peculiar sweetness, replied,

"Oh! certainly; Isabella, though wild, is kind-hearted, and would not have injured my dress for worlds, had she known its value to me, as the last gift of my poor dear papa." Her voice was slightly tremulous, as she mentioned the loved name.

This then was the secret of her unwonted emotion, and it made Clarence regard her with increased respect; he entered the dining-room, and finding Isabella there alone, addressed her sternly.

"What mean you, wild one! in thus playing off monkey-tricks, which would be only pardonable in an idiot; I am truly ashamed of you for you are a disgrace to the family. It is well Gerald was not here to see your performance. At any rate, you must write Miss Churchill an apology."

"I shall do no such thing," she replied with flashing eyes, "and I would not care if Mr. Stanmore had been here. I am as clever as you, or he, and had I travelled half as much, could discourse as eloquently of Alpine scenery, shattered columns, and ired ruins."

Clarence could not repress a smile at the attempted sarcasm, which was intended to be annihilating. Isabella noticed the contemptuousness of the smile, and her proud spirit instantly rose. Without a moment's thought she raised her hand and struck her brother on the mouth with such passionate violence that the blood started from the lip. The sight of this, recalled her senses, and she stood before him, like a convicted culprit, with downcast look. Clarence, however, did not deign a glance towards her, but left the room saying, "Truly you are a fit companion for the savages alone." He locked the door upon her and went in search of his mother, the blood yet on his face.

"Clarence, where have you been," she cried, terrified to see him thus, "how have you hurt yourself?"

"I have only been with my kind-hearted, affectionate sister," he replied in a tone of bitter irony, "I have not escaped her without a gentle token of affection. Truly, my mother! we may well be proud of so lovely a being."

"Isabella!" exclaimed his mother, "it is not possible she would do that."

"She has, nevertheless, given me a blow the effects of which you see; you will not doubt my word."

"You must have provoked her very much," replied the mother, apologizing; "she has not been used to contradiction, or restraint."

"Then the sooner she is used to them, the better; and I have locked her up to give her a taste of the one."

"Locked her up!" exclaimed the mother in horror; "you surely have not dared to treat her like a brute."

"Why should I not, when she behaves like one? When it becomes unsafe for society to allow an individual to go at large, he is imprisoned; in Isabella's case, such treatment is necessa-

ry not only for the safety of others, but for her own good."

"But she will jump from the window, and kill herself. I must go to her at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubrey moving towards the door.

Clarence took her hand, and said imploringly, "I beseech you, my mother, reflect a moment, before you encourage her in such conduct. I am younger than you, yet even I have seen children, who, in youth were unrestrained, bring down the grey hairs of their parents with sorrow to the grave. I have heard such parents lament the day of those children's birth, and curse their own folly in neglecting to govern them. Do not, I entreat you, lay up such misery for yourself."

The plea was in vain; the anxious mother could not rest with the knowledge that her daughter was in confinement, and she hastened to liberate her. Clarence turned away despairingly, and was about leaving the house, when he was startled by a loud shriek, followed by exclamations "She has gone! she has gone! my beautiful, darling Isabella, is killed!" and he sprang up the stairs in alarm. She had indeed vanished, and he at first feared that she had jumped from the window, and would be found beneath it; half afraid to look out, he glanced round the room, and soon discovered how she had escaped. She had taken an expensive cloth from the table, and torn it into strips; these she had tied firmly together, and having fastened one end of the rope thus formed to a heavy piece of furniture, she had thrown the other end out of the window and doubtless escaped by it. Clarence explained to his mother that she had gone in safety, and probably without injury, but she could not be pacified.

"She will wander far," she said, "night will soon close in, and in the darkness she will lose her way, and what will become of her!"

"You need not fear for her," he replied; "you may rest assured that the ingenuity which devised such an escape, will be a very good safeguard."

Not so thought the mother, and poor Clarence finding it impossible to quiet her by any other means, started off in pursuit of the truant. He had not proceeded far, however, when he spied her running towards the house, her face glowing with exercise, and her eye sparkling, as she called out to him,

"Halloo, Sir Mentor! what think you now of your cavalier conduct? do you not know I am.

'A being of unearthly mould,
Whom neither bolts, nor bars can hold.'

I see you have much to learn, yet, though you have made the tour of Europe," and with a wild

laugh she bounded on to the house. She met her mother in the hall, whose pale anxious face told how much she had suffered.

"Dearest Isabella!" she exclaimed as she received her with delight. "How could you terrify me so? Promise me, my child, that you will never do thus again."

"I am sorry, dear mamma, that I frightened you," replied Isabella, kissing her mother affectionately. "I did not mean to do it, and will never do so again, if you will make Clarence promise to leave me alone."

The weak mother sought to obtain such a promise from Clarence, but he replied to her entreaties, that his conduct would depend upon Isabella's; that as long as she chose to behave like a troublesome animal she must expect to be treated like one.

The following day Isabella received a note from Mary Churchill, saying that as she had been obliged to use the muslin to repair her dress, she could not fulfil her promise literally; but she sent a piece as near like it as she had been able to procure, which she begged her to accept. The note was very kind, and concluded with an admonition so gentle, and so evidently dictated by a desire for her good, that Isabella was touched, and immediately wrote a reply, apologizing for her conduct. Clarence was reading to his mother when she entered the room, to show it to the latter, who read the note with pleasure, and with a look of triumph, handed it to Clarence, saying, "She is not as bad as you imagine."

"He shall not read it!" cried Isabella, her face flushing crimson—but it was too late, Clarence held the note above his head, and resisted all her attempts to regain it, till he had perused the unique epistle. It was as follows:

"Dear Mary,

"I am much obliged to you for your kind present and note, and am really sorry that I tore your dress yesterday. I did not intend to do it, and should have apologized before, if Clarence had not commanded me to do so, and you know I never submit to commands. I am sorry, as I said before, for the mischief, but for the life of me I cannot promise never to do so again; for it was so diverting to see your look of consternation, and to make Clarence so outrageously vexed, that I have longed ever since to produce another such commotion. I will think of your kind advice, and try to improve, but I have little hope of success.

"Yours,

"ISABELLA."

"Bravo! my little sister," he exclaimed, returning the note, "I am glad yesterday's experience has done you so much good. You are not quite incorrigible, I see."

"Indeed! well, what think you now?" As she spoke, she tore the note to atoms, and throwing the shower of paper over her brother, added, "Take that Mr. busy-body, as the reward of your impertinence."

A few days after these occurrences Gerald Stanmore and two of his sisters arrived at Thornhill, to spend some weeks with Mrs. Aubrey. I have already spoken of Gerald, as one whom Isabella's mother was anxious she should marry; and in consequence of this she naturally desired that her daughter should produce a favorable impression on the mind of the young stranger. How to accomplish this puzzled her somewhat, but at length she resolved to invite Mary Churchill, who had more influence over her wayward child than any one else, to spend the time with them. The Misses Stanmore, though not so beautiful as Isabella, were highly cultivated, while their manners, though polished, were entirely free from affectation, and in their society our heroine first became painfully sensible of her inferiority, for they treated her as they would a child, although she was only a year younger than Louisa Stanmore. This feeling prevented for a few days any outbreak of her untamed spirit, but her proud temper, chafed by the galling consciousness, became afterwards increasingly irritable.

One evening, the conversation turned on a historical work which had recently appeared. Clarence was speaking of it to Miss Stanmore, when Gerald, pitying Isabella, who seemed sitting quite unnoticed, asked her what she thought of the work whose merits they were discussing.

"I do not think anything of it," she replied; "I have never read it."

"I suppose your reading of history has been confined to the old standard works," he continued.

"No, I have never read any history but 'the Romance of History,'" she replied, coldly. "I hate blue-stockingism, and think it a proof of very bad taste to parade one's learning before company."

This was said loud enough to be heard by all in the room, and in a tone of evident irritation. Gerald was much amused, and attempted to prolong the conversation.

"You are, doubtless, fond of poetry," he said; "how do you like Milton?"

"I have only read *Comus* entirely through; I never had patience to finish 'Paradise Lost,' and 'Regained.'"

"Here, then, I think, is a picture which will please you," he said, taking a drawing from a portfolio on the table; "you told me, I believe, that you were fond of drawing; this is a piece which my sister finished only a day or two

since. It is a fine representation of a scene in *Comus*, which you doubtless remember, when the goddess of the river appears before the lady in the enchanted seat, saying:

"Brightest lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast,
Drops that, from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy slinger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble, venom'd seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch, with chaste patius moist and cold."

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Miss Churchill, as she looked at the exquisite drawing.

"I do not think so," cried Isabella; "look at the goddess Sabina, she is positively fat; only think of a fat goddess," and she laughed heartily.

"She is a noble, majestic figure," replied Gerald; "how would you have her look?"

"Take a spirit, of course."

"And how, my fair critic, would you represent a spirit?"

"As a shadowy being just ready to vanish into invisibility. Her figure should be so light and aerial, that one might fancy the moonbeams would pierce it through. Miss Stanmore," she added, "probably thought herself a model of beauty, and drew the goddess in her own image."

"And if you were drawing one, I suppose you would do the same."

"It would be with more reason at any rate," retorted Isabella.

Gerald did not reply, but turning to Miss Churchill, enquired if she drew.

"A little," she quietly replied; "my time has been so much occupied of late that I have not practised as much as I could have wished; but it is an art of which I am very fond, and I never weary of seeing fine pictures."

"A little, indeed!" exclaimed the impetuous Isabella; "you draw beautifully, better than any one else I know of—"

"Hush, my dear child, you know I cannot draw like this," replied Mary, pointing to the picture she had been admiring; "you are not an impartial judge."

"Perhaps not, but I will let Clarence and the rest judge for themselves; nay, you need not frown on me, it will do no good;" and she glided from the room.

Soon she returned with a picture, which she laid before her brother; it was a fine spirited sketch of a scene not far from the house, and in the foreground was his wild sister, attired as a shepherdess, and in an attitude of earnest attention,

"With head upraised and looks intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks hung back and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art."

The likeness was excellent, the attitude graceful, and the whole picture, though not so highly finished as the drawings of Miss Stanmore, evinced more real talent.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Clarence.

"Beautiful!" echoed Gerald, while Miss Stanmore reluctantly joined in admiring it.

Isabella's face glowed with delight as she said to her friend: "There, Mary, what say you now? I knew they must admire it."

"I wonder, Isabella, that you have never taken drawing lessons," said Clarence, "since you seem to possess so much taste for the art."

"It is strange," she replied, with an arch smile; "but then you know I am an unaccountable being."

"Do you draw?" he enquired eagerly.

"I will answer that question some other time," she replied.

He knew it was in vain to urge a question if she were indisposed to reply, and the subject was dropped. The next morning, as he was sitting alone, his sister entered the room with a portfolio in her hand.

"You were a very good boy to admire Mary Churchill's drawing last night, although Miss Stanmore was present, and to reward you I have brought something for you to see." As she said this playfully, she opened the portfolio and laid it on the table, when Clarence hastened to examine its contents. These consisted of drawings showing different stages of advancement, but all evincing real taste and genius, and among them were several sketches from nature.

"Are these yours, Isabella?" he enquired, in surprise. "I understood you had never had a drawing master."

"Yes, I had one or two, but they could not have patience with me, for, do the best I could, it was impossible to refrain from playing tricks upon them; so dear Mary, knowing how anxious mamma was that I should learn to draw, undertook to teach me herself. I tasked her patience pretty thoroughly, I assure you, but she was indefatigable; that beautiful drawing of hers which you saw last night, she gave me, to induce me to sketch from nature. So you must praise her and not me, for any advance I have made."

"Lovely being!" exclaimed Clarence; "would you were more like her."

They had assembled that afternoon in the drawing room, and all seemed pleased and engaged in conversation but Isabella; she sat alone, and her expressive countenance proclaimed her

evident irritation. Mary Churchill noticed this, and with her wonted kindness took a seat beside her; Isabella, however, addressed her petulantly.

"Do not, I pray you, leave yonder literary circle, to join a poor child, not worthy a look or a word from such exalted beings."

"What do you mean, dear Isabella? do not I always like to be with you?"

"Oh! yes, I have no complaint to make of you; but I wonder why I need be confined here when no person wishes my presence. I long for my former freedom."

"Then come with me to the garden; I dare say we can find enough there to amuse us." She drew her away from the room, and when they were alone together, tried to convince her of the folly of giving way to such a petulant temper.

"I cannot help it," she exclaimed, angrily; "they all despise me, because, forsooth, I have not travelled as far, nor read as much as they have. I cannot and will not submit tamely to their contempt."

Mary could not but think if she was despised it was for other reasons; but she remembered the Scripture proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and she replied kindly.

"I think you are mistaken, my dear; at any rate, the best way to gain respect, is to shew by your conduct that you are deserving of it."

"I do not care for their opinion," she replied, sulkily.

"But you care for your mother who loves you so much, and who will be grieved if you give way to your temper; and I hope you care for One infinitely higher, and more worthy your love, even your God, who forbids all malice, wrath, and envy."

Isabella did not reply, but her countenance assumed a softer expression: "I do not despise you; my dear girl, I sincerely desire your good. If it was only your happiness in this life which could be affected by your present conduct, I should be anxious for you to do right; how much more earnestly then must I desire it, when I remember that you have a soul which is immortal, and for whose salvation the blessed Saviour died. Oh! my dear Isabella, do not allow such trifles to disturb you, while you disregard the claims of your Redeemer who warns you to 'flee from the wrath to come.'"

"I cannot believe, Mary, that I am in any such danger as you seem to think; what have I ever done to deserve the wrath of God, which you seem to dread for me?"

Miss Churchill began to reply, when approaching footsteps disturbed them, and looking through the shrubbery, Isabella saw her brother and Ge-

rald Stanmore, from whose notice, however, they were screened by the vine clad arbour. Clarence spoke first, and then Gerald said, as if in reply,

"It is, indeed, a pity that such a beautiful creature should be so entirely ruined. She is, pardon my saying it, the veriest little shrew I ever met, and I sincerely pity the man who will have the taming of her."

Isabella broke from her friend's grasp, and in a moment stood before the astonished young men, the traces of tears yet visible on her cheeks, and her beautiful eyes flashing with anger, as she said in no gentle tones:

"Is she, indeed! then let me tell you that you, Sir, are the most impertinent fellow that ever I met; and you may spare your pity, for the taming will not fall on you."

"I sincerely hope not," he replied; "but my fair young lady, I mentioned no names: the cap must fit uncommonly well, or you would not be so ready to don it."

"You may wish, sir, at some future time, that you had been more complaisant;" and as she uttered this *puissant* threat, she ran to the house, and locked herself up in her own room.

Clarence and his friend continued their walk, and entered the arbour, but both paused a moment as Mary Churchill rose from her seat; Gerald bowed gracefully, saying with a smile,

"I beg your pardon, Miss Churchill, I did not know you, too, were here; and I must confess, had I been aware of the proximity of my fair friends, I should have been more guarded in my speech: for fear of startling yonder lioness from her den."

Mary could not refrain a smile as she replied, playfully, "If she is a lioness, she is a very harmless one, for you seem to have escaped unscathed from the encounter, while I have been with her in her den for a quarter of an hour at least, and have not received the slightest injury."

"Even lions, you know, can be tamed by their keepers," replied Gerald, in the same playful tone; "and I cannot be surprised that she confesses your gentle power: towards me, unfortunately, she is not so complaisant."

"But seriously," interposed Clarence; "I wish you would tell me the secret of your influence over my sister. My mother cannot control her, and I have been foiled in my attempts to do so; while towards you she is comparatively docile."

"I know not why it is so," she replied, sweetly, "unless it is that she feels no jealousy of my power. I am so near her own age that she does not suspect me of a desire to control her, and therefore does not think it necessary to resist my influence, in order to display her spirit."

"I would that she were like you," exclaimed

Clarence, fervently, as he gazed admiringly on the blushing face of the lovely being before him, who calmly replied,

"I would she were like One infinitely better, and I cannot but hope she may yet be so."

"Like Jesus Christ, you mean! are you not afraid that by presenting so unattainable a standard of perfection, you will discourage all effort to improve?"

"It ought to produce the contrary effect. You know how naturally we fall short of any standard of excellence at which we aim; therefore the higher that standard is, the more likely shall we be to become truly excellent. But I would not encourage your sister or any one else to expect much real improvement—I use the word now in its highest sense—by their own unaided efforts."

"Then you hold the doctrine which seems so unaccountable to me," said Mr. Stanmore, "that we cannot do what we are commanded without a higher power than we possess."

"Not that we cannot, Mr. Stanmore, but that we will not; this renders us inexcusable. At the same time we must remember that the power which can effectually renovate and purify our hearts, though from God, is yet promised to all who truly desire and seek it."

Miss Churchill now left the garden to seek Isabella. "It was only that morning that she had had a long conversation with Mrs. Aubrey, who was lamenting her daughter's ignorance and waywardness. Mary ventured timidly to propose that she should be sent to school, and she mentioned one about fifty miles from Thorn Hill, the teacher of which she well knew. She was a woman of deep piety, decision and kindness, and had been peculiarly successful in the management of those who had been thought ungovernable at home. There Isabella would receive excellent instruction, and at the same time she would be carefully guarded, while her temper and disposition would receive that culture they so much required. Mrs. Aubrey listened to this proposition more favourably than her young friend had dared to expect, but she expressed a fear that her daughter would never consent to such an arrangement. From what had passed, Mary thought the present would be a favourable time to induce Isabella to consent to a plan which seemed to hold out the only hope (as far as human means were concerned) of her amendment. She, with some difficulty, gained admittance to her young friend's room, and found that her eyes were red with weeping, while she was exclaiming violently against their "hateful and conceited visitors," as she was pleased to designate them. She listened to Mary's proposition with pleasure, declaring that she would remain at home no lon-

ger to be looked upon as an ignorant; this determination her kind friend encouraged, and she remained with her, conversing pleasantly till Isabella was soothed and calmed.

Clarence was surprised early the next morning by a tap at the door, and the voice of his sister requesting admittance.

"To what am I indebted for this early visit?" he enquired, coldly. "I did not think you had recovered from yesterday's fatigues."

"I came to speak with you on business," she replied, and her voice, usually so determined, was now slightly tremulous. "You have often expressed a desire that I should go to some school away from home. I wish to go now, if you can persuade mamma to consent."

Clarence was delighted and yet amazed, for she had so often protested that to school she would never go, and threatened that if they sent her to one she would run away. At first he doubted if she were in earnest, but he soon became convinced that she was. "Poor mamma will be very lonely," she said, musingly; "you must stay with her, Clarence."

"I will as much as it is possible, but I shall be called away at times."

"Then what can she do?" She paused a moment as though in deep thought, and then exclaimed, "Oh! I dare say dear Mary Churchill will stay with her when you are gone. She is always a friend in need."

Clarence soon obtained his mother's consent to Isabella's departure, and the next point to decide was, where she should be sent. Mrs. Aubrey proposed the school which had been mentioned to her by Mary Churchill, but added, that it was not fashionable; its chief advantage was its vicinity to them. Clarence thought this rather a disadvantage, and also preferred an establishment of more note, so that it was at last decided she should be sent some hundreds of miles, to a very celebrated school in the city of New York. Miss Churchill was sorry to hear of this decision, but it was not her part to interfere, and she did not express her regret.

The necessary preparations were soon made, and in a fortnight Isabella was ready to depart. The separation from her mother and Mary Churchill, whom she loved like a sister, shewed that she was not destitute of ardent affections. But her determination was formed, and with her usual firmness she suppressed her emotion and persevered in her purpose. As soon as she entered the school, a marked change came over her; not that she became either gentle or amiable, but she had the sense to see that if she were to remain there—and a desire to improve made her willing to do this,—it would be necessary to con-

duct herself with outward decency at least. The young ladies with whom she associated were from the families of highest station in the country, and her manners soon became much improved, while she advanced rapidly in her studies. Yet she was often tempted to seek permission from her mother to return, and had not her pride been engaged in the contest against inclination, she would have done so. At home she had ever been the idol to whose pleasure the fond parent had devoted herself; to whose caprice every one in the house had been required to yield; whose childish bon-mots were repeated and dwelt upon by the injudicious mother in her presence; whose beauty was praised by all, and who, herself, heard these praises repeated from mistress to maid, till her young heart was filled with pride, selfishness and vanity. In her present abode, on the contrary, she was merely one among a large number; her opinion was of small weight; her acquirements far beneath the ordinary standard, while her beauty, though unsurpassed, was seldom praised. Her vanity longed for its wonted aliment, and when she met one by whom it was administered, it is not strange that she yielded to the seductive influence of his flattery.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEM FROM THE OLD POETS.

TO CHLOE.

BY WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.—MDCCCII.

Chloe, why wish you that your years
Would backward run, till they met mine?
That perfect likeness, which endears
Things unto things, might us combine,
Our ages so in date agree,
That twins do differ more than we.

There are two lirls; the one when light
First strikes the new awakened sense;
The other when two souls unite;
And we must count our life from thence:
When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
And in these souls, 'till I plant new powers;
Finer, when another life we live,
The breath we breathe in his, not ours;
Love makes those young whom age doth chill,
And whom he finds young keeps young still,

Love, like that angel that shall call
Our bodies from the silent grave,
Unto one age doth raise us all;
None too much, none too little have;
Nay! that the difference may be none,
He makes two not alike, but one.

And now, since you and I are such,
Tell me what's yours, and what is mine?
Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
Do, like our souls, in one combine;
—So, by this, I as well may be
Too old for you, as you for me.

THE PEARL-FISHER:

A TALE OF THE BUCCANEERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMMANUEL GONZALÈS.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

XXXI.

SERVITUDE.

MICHEL LE BASQUE was not of a character naturally harsh and cruel—nay! many a kind-hearted action had he been known to perform in his rough way, to his comrades; but the circumstances under which he had become acquainted with Donna Carmen had infused in his mind a bitterness towards her, which he was now amply enabled to gratify. He was much disappointed, however, by the noble dignity with which the Spanish girl bore the hardships of her new life, and he discovered ere long that she seemed to feel more for the sufferings of Joachim than her own, drawn as he had been into this servitude on her account. Each day, therefore, he became more rude and exacting towards his former comrade, but the latter, unwilling to yield the least pretext for a separation from Donna Carmen, bore all with fortitude.

Notwithstanding all this, Joachim had never been so happy as now. Whilst pursuing his hard task-work in the depths of the forest, thoughts of Donna Carmen cheered his toil; and sometimes the flutter of a white robe half seen through the trees would give him fresh courage, when almost fainting with fatigue. Moved by pity and gratitude, the fair Spaniard ventured to bestow on the unhappy servant tokens of a frank sympathy, which the successful buccaneer would never have won from her. When she returned from the cistern amidst the heat of the day, the water jar gracefully poised on her shoulder, and saw Joachim, toil-worn and breathless, pause for a moment as she passed, she would advance with light and gentle step, and incline the jar towards his dry and parched lips. Then would Joachim drink slowly, drop by drop, that he might the longer retain the fair cup-bearer beside him, whilst the eyes of Donna Carmen would timidly seek the ground, and a vivid carnation tinge her cheeks. A painter would have gloried in such a

scene, amidst the picturesque grandeur of the forest, whose flower-gemmed sod was chequered by the golden rays that pierced through the thick verdure above.

Thus were they united by misfortune. Each mourned the sufferings of the other, but esteemed their own light in comparison. Every new effort of Michel le Basque to annoy and distress either, only served to bring them to a more intimate understanding, and more complete sympathy with each other. Michel sought in vain to abase Joachim in the eyes of Carmen; she remembered that it was for her he suffered, and that whilst he was an attendant, she herself was but a slave.

During the two or three weeks that passed thus, the buccaneer's desire of vengeance had insensibly changed into love—but into a love, rude, jealous and suspicious. He forbade Carmen to leave his tent and looked with distrust on her sadness, her silence and her frequent reveries. One day, returning from the chase, he found her standing at the tent-door, gazing at the wide expanse of sea spread out before her.

"What are you doing there, Ebony-skin?" he demanded, still giving her the name which she owed to her useless stratagem.

"I am admiring the calm and placid sea," she quietly replied.

"Oh! I know the ideas that will enter into foolish brains," he resumed, in a rude tone. "They remark the sea, so vast, so profound, so placid; they think how easily a canoe could traverse this liquid plain; they fancy that some time or other their master may absent himself for a few days, and that they may encounter some stripling who will have compassion on them."

"Master Michel!" interrupted the fair slave.

"They look enquiringly at the horizon," pursued le Basque, "and discover in its pure depths a something whereon to hope. If the master delay his return from the chase, they begin to think that he has met with some accident—and again they hope. If an attendant glances at them as he passes, they sigh—but still they hope."

"You can certainly divine well," replied Carmen ironically, "since you can discover in the hearts of slaves that they pine for liberty."

"You avow it then?" cried Michel le Basque. "You suffer much here—you find me a pitiless master? True! what can a grey-haired buccaneer appear to you? Nothing but a kind of savage beast!"

She made no reply, and Michel continued:

"We may know how to fight and to conquer, but we know not how, like the young planters of Cuba and Hispaniola, to deck our hats with feathers, our fingers with rings, our hair with perfumes, and to parade in idleness all day, offering scented bouquets and sugared comfits to ladies fair—poor wretches that we are!"

Donna Carmen still remained silent, but her lips formed themselves into a sarcastic smile.

"If we adventurers know not how to pay compliments," added the provoked buccaneer, "we know how to give orders to our slaves. Ebony-skin, bring me supper!"

As she calmly obeyed, he followed her into the tent, calling to Joachim, who at that instant appeared, to come and turn round the grindstone for him, whilst he sharpened his hatchet. A few minutes afterwards, a smoking quarter of wild-boar's flesh, enveloped in banana leaves, was placed on the table by the young Spaniard. As she stood awaiting his further orders, he noticed a large tear roll down her cheek, and, half-repenting of his previous rudeness, he said in a gentler tone;

"Come, sit down there, Senorita!" and he pointed to a square velvet-covered stool, that contrasted strongly with the dark and smoky tent. "Sit down beside thy master; I permit thee." Carmen did not move, and knitting his thick eyebrows, he exclaimed, "I order thee!" but still she remained motionless.

"What means this disobedience!" he angrily demanded, rising to his feet.

"Chance has rendered me your slave," replied Donna Carmen, in a calm and dignified tone, "but it has not made me your equal or your companion. I must submit to whatever misfortune fate has in store for me, but I would despise myself, if, by an act of my own will, I accepted such favours."

"Sit thee down!" cried the exasperated adventurer, "with good will or by force; for sit down to table you must."

"I know you have it in your power to kill me," she replied unmoved, as he advanced towards her.

Agitated by an ungovernable fury, but hesitating nevertheless between his anger and his love, Michel cast a glance around him, like the baited bull, irritated by slanging banderillas, who

rolls round his blood-shot eyes to determine which enemy he shall attack. That glance lighted on Joachim, whom he had charged, in the mere wantonness of power, to continue turning the grindstone, but who had suspended his task to gaze intently on this scene. A fearful smile of vengeance lighted up the countenance of the buccaneer.

"Wretch! idler! scoundrel!" he cried furiously; and seizing the hatchet that lay at his feet he swung it rapidly round his head, and launched it with all his force at the young man.

But fortunately rage had distracted his usually unerring aim, and the hatchet flew whirling through the air, to bury itself in the trunk of one of the trees to which the tent was attached. Joachim moved not a muscle, but kept his eyes fixed on Carmen, who uttered a cry of horror and fell on her knees, stretching out her arms beseechingly towards the buccaneer. Michel had already repented of his violence, but unwilling to show this, he said roughly,

"Resume your task, boy! 'Twas well you stirred not, or you might have come in the way of the axe."

"As for myself," returned Joachim, "strike me when and how you will; but take care——"

"What! dare you threaten me?" interrupted Le Basque, seizing a lash that lay near him, and advancing towards the young man.

XXXII.

THE SEIGNRESS.

"SIXER when has Michel le Basque made himself an executioner?" interposed a voice at this moment.

All turned to the entrance of the tent, and beheld there a woman strangely apparelled, who had been a witness of the preceding scene. The tallness of her form rendered more conspicuous its thin and wasted appearance; her pale features were an expression of haughty melancholy. Her garments were at once sordid and sumptuous. She was enveloped in a mantle of coarse, white woollen stuff, beneath which might be discerned a sort of bodice of black satin, fringed with broad lace, all torn and patched. Strings of pearls were twined amidst her hair, already silvered with the snows of age; a diamond ring shone on one of her slender fingers; on her breast hung a golden locket, enclosing two locks of auburn hair, which she from time to time raised to her lips by a convulsive and almost involuntary motion.

"The Seignresse!" exclaimed Michel le Basque, as he turned towards this singular woman, whose reproof had been pronounced in grave and measured accents.

Carmen and Joachim regarded her with profound attention; for both had heard of Margaret the *Seigneuresse*; a name well known among the Brethren of the Coast. As if continual physical exertion were necessary to rescue her from the companionship of her own thoughts, she was constantly traversing the swamps and forests to bear assistance to those of the adventurers who stood in need of it. She bound up the hurts of the wounded, watched and comforted the sick, prayed beside the pallets of the dying; refusing no task however hard, undeterred by danger or fatigue, a noble Sister of Charity, she seemed constrained to this constant sacrifice by some mighty grief hidden in the secret of her heart. No one had ever observed her to laugh or smile; she was never seen at any of the wild orgies of the buccaneers, amidst their rejoicings for victory, or the partitions of the spoil. But she was always found where cries of pain or distress were heard from any of the tents; or on the forsaken battle-field where the wounded were left to perish, otherwise unheeded, amid the dead.

Every thing about her betokened that she had at one time occupied a much higher station in society. She disclaimed all vulgar intimacy, and when any new recruit ventured to address her too familiarly, indignation would redder her pale and withered cheeks, and fire flash from her usually dull eyes. An imposing dignity was revealed in the haughty carriage of her head and the contemptuous curve of her lips, and she stood before the adventurer who had hitherto looked on her as a madwoman, like some excited Pythoness. It was this that had earned for her the surname of the *Seigneuresse*.

The Brethren of the Coast, fierce as they were and inaccessible to all human fear, loved the proud Margaret, and with their affection was mingled something of superstitious terror. They regarded her as of unsettled mind, for they often saw her, after remaining for whole days absorbed in silent reflection, suddenly burst into a bitter and mocking laugh.

"Have you seen my son?" she would then demand, in an imperious tone; "tell me have you seen him?"

To this madness of the *Seigneuresse* many of them attributed privileges almost divine, and, far from despising her weakness of intellect, they venerated it as a gift from heaven, consulting her, with entire faith, upon the future. Of these superstitious partisans of Margaret, Michel le Basque was one of the firmest.

The *Seigneuresse* advanced towards Joachim, gazing upon him with a melancholy tenderness.

"Of just such an age would he have been!" she murmured, kissing the golden locket; "tall and

well-formed, doubtless, as this young man. But alas! he would not recognise me, for he was scarcely cradled on the knees of his mother, never returned an answering smile to hers, nor stammered her name as his first word."

She seemed sunk for a few minutes in a reverie which none dared to interrupt. At last, placing her meagre hand on Joachim's shoulder, she said, gently,

"Be doctile, my child! and Margaret will watch over thee. Take heed never to resist thy master."

Joachim was involuntarily awed by the tone of authority assumed by the *Seigneuresse*, and felt himself cheered by her next words, although she seemed very unlikely to have the power to withdraw him from his present situation.

"Be wise and prudent," she said, in the tone and manner of an inspired prophetess; "the future is vast and uncertain, but it is chequered by many a broad tract of sunshine. As for thee, Michel le Basque!" she continued, pointing at the same time towards Donna Carmen; "if you desire there should be peace between us, respect this girl as if she were blood of my blood; you know at what rate to value the wrath of Margaret."

"That voice is surely not altogether unknown to me," thought Carmen, who had been narrowly observing the features of the *Seigneuresse*.

Michel, who had twice owed his life to the services of Margaret, hastened to reply to her injunction.

"Fear not, good mother! young Ebony-skin shall be treated with all gentleness; and this stripling, too, shall go scatheless, if he but perform his tasks with readiness and docility. But how is it, Margaret! that you take such interest in the youth?"

"How is it?" she repeated, pressing her forehead with her hands, while her sparkling eyes seemed to follow through the air a form, visible but to herself. "It is because he recalls to me my child, who, if yet alive, I feel persuaded, must resemble him."

"There she goes," muttered Michel, "with that everlasting son of hers; her madness has got the better of her!"

"Madness!" echoed she, passionately and impetuously. "Who spoke that word? Madness! Do I not see every night my child appear and touch with his rosy cheeks my withered visage? Madness! Did I not hear him last night cry thus—'My mother! why hast thou abandoned me? What doest thou, whilst thy son weeps and suffers under a hard task-master, his only food black bread steeped in tears?' And is it madness to think of one who is ever thus present with

me? Can I confound the plights of my child with the wind moaning through the forest? Madness!" she repeated, in a sadder, softer tone; "Ah! it is perhaps because I am mad that my eyes are scalded with tears, my locks blanched with grief, and that I wander, a vagabond sorceress, amidst these wilds!"

"It is--it must be she!" exclaimed Carmen, and taking the hand of the *Seigneuresse*, she would have addressed her; but she, recalled to herself by this action, placed a finger on the half-opened lips of the young slave, and said, with a gentle smile,

"Despair not, my daughter! we shall meet again ere long."

"Adelaide!" murmured Donna Carmen.

"Hush!" interrupted the *Seigneuresse*; "Margaret bids you all adieu for some days. Michel! see to it that you treat them well!" and she rapidly departed, leaving the inmates of the tent silent and absorbed in the different thoughts to which this interview had given rise.

XXXIII.

THE DUEL.

In the mean time the Leopard had not remained indifferent to the fate of his nephew, although the latter had often in his heart reproached him with it. The day after Margaret's departure, he entered the tent of Michel le Basque, and seating himself on the ground, saluted his comrade as if he had simply come on a friendly visit. After a few minutes passed in silence, he rose and helped himself—according to a custom of the Brethren of the Coast—to powder and shot from Michel's store. Le Basque remained in silent astonishment at seeing him act thus indifferently, and without even looking to his nephew, who was employed in stretching a hide in the corner of the tent. A quarter of an hour elapsed without a word on either side, and the Leopard then broke silence.

"Thou hast not forgotten our ancient friendship, Michel! Thou rememberest that thou didst once thyself intercede with me for Joachim. Thou knowest how I love the son of my brother?"

"To what does this tend?" asked Michel.

"I had hoped," continued the Leopard, "that my comrade would not treat like an African negro or Spanish slave, a brave youth who had been his companion."

"I am master of my own servants," replied Le Basque rudely, "and owe account to no man."

"It is true," returned the Leopard, "no law can force thee to be humane and generous. But if you are not such, neither is there ought to pre-

vent me saying—'Michel, the Leopard despises thee!'"

Le Basque grew pale, and rising from his seat exclaimed;

"Well, if you will have it, be it so! I hate this youngster, who successively though silently defies me. He is my bounden servant, and such he shall remain until the term of our agreement."

"Very well!" replied the Leopard calmly, "then we must fight, Michel! for thou canst not strike my nephew but it seems that my own flesh writhes under the lash. My blood flows in the veins of this young man, and in him I feel myself insulted."

"O my uncle!" interrupted Joachim with emotion, endeavouring to seize the hand of his advocate.

"Silence!" cried the latter harshly, biting his lip however to restrain his feelings. "Hurling, to thy work—and leave the free buccaneer to his!"

Michel le Basque still hesitated to accept the challenge thus given him, and the Leopard opening the calabash that served him as hunting horn, began to scatter on the ground the powder he had taken a few minutes before. This was a token of renunciation of all friendship and fellowship, and was the most grievous insult that one adventurer could show another.

"Not that—not that!" murmured Michel.

"You wish then that I should use thine own powder and ball against thyself?" said the Leopard, glad to escape what he considered a hard task. "Be it so! I will retain them, out of the regard I still bear thee. In return, look that thou bearest thyself bravely, without weakness or hesitation—just as if thou hadst to do with a Spanish *lançero*."

Le Basque had commenced loading his fusil almost tremblingly, but at this moment he noticed Carmen and Joachim exchanging a glance—of hope, it might be—and jealous rage lent him new firmness.

"Fear not weakness or hesitation on my part," he cried; "my hand shall be as steady as your own, Leopard! No, no! my good servants!" he muttered to himself, "I am not yet under ground."

The duel, amongst the Brethren of the Coast, had its special rules and statutes, and was a very frequent mode of determining any disputes that arose. The presence of two seconds and of a surgeon was generally requisite, and if either of the parties received a wound through the treachery or unfairness of his antagonist, the latter was immediately seized by the witnesses, bound to a tree and shot.

On the present occasion the Leopard

had brought a surgeon with him, and the party now issued from the tent and took their way through the forest, accompanied by Joachim and Balthasar, who was in waiting outside. Having arrived at a small opening in the wood, about a quarter of a mile off, they halted, and the two combatants were placed opposite to each other, at the distance of forty paces. The Leopard being the challenger, Michel le Basque was entitled to the first fire; if he missed, his adversary might fire when he pleased. Michel took a long and steady aim at the old buccaneer, who stood as calm and motionless as if he were an unconcerned spectator.

"Fire, and have done with it!" he at length cried, somewhat impatiently.

"My reputation as a marksman is at stake. Leopard!" returned his antagonist.

A moment afterwards he fired and Michel uttered a cry of triumph—the Leopard was hit in the right arm. Michel's object was to disable him, and he had succeeded.

"My poor nephew!" was the only exclamation of the wounded chief.

"Follow me, Joachim!" cried Michel, and he strode away, leaving the Leopard to the care of Balthasar and the surgeon.

XXXIV.

THE CHASE.

IRRITATED by this encounter, Michel le Basque forgot the promise of leniency he had made to the Seigneuresse. When he reached his tent, he set Joachim a task of clearing wood, that would occupy him till the evening, and called to his other attendants to follow him to the chase.

"Senorita! you will accompany us. Joachim! take good heed to the tent."

The young man determined to disobey, and at all hazards to follow the hunters, but he set himself industriously to work, in order to quiet all suspicion. Carmen, accustomed to read his features, saw therein such an expression of satisfaction, that she followed the buccaneer without hesitation. Michel therefore set out, accompanied by Carmen and two attendants, and followed by a number of dogs, amongst which were Curaçoa and Gerondif, the two brachs which had been given by the Leopard to his nephew, and won from him, with his other property, by Michel le Basque.

The buccaneer watched the footsteps of his slave with awkward but eager solicitude, smoothing her pathway, breaking off the branches that hung in front of her, but all this time speaking not a word, absorbed, as it seemed, in his own reflections. At one time, Carmen having fallen

rather behind, he snail in a tone of unaccustomed gentleness:

"You are fatigued, Senorita?"

"I have no right to be fatigued," she replied, with a bitter smile; "lead on! the slave must follow the master."

She endeavoured to proceed, but her little feet tottered under her.

"I am, indeed, cruel," murmured Le Basque. "Only speak one kind word to me, Senorita! Do you wish to rest here? You have only to say it."

"Master, I am ready to proceed!" coldly answered Donna Carmen.

"Still that inflexible Spanish pride!" exclaimed Michel; "she would rather die than ask me a favour. It matters not—I will remember my promise to the Seigneuresse, and be more generous than she deserves. Go on?" he said to the attendants. "I will keep Curaçoa and two other dogs to lead me on your track."

Carmen endeavoured to proceed, but was ordered by Michel to rest herself at the foot of an orange tree, and the attendants, with their train of dogs, soon disappeared amid the depths of the forest. Poor Carmen was quite exhausted by her unusual toil, as well as by the heat of the day. No whistle was heard from the mocking birds; no monkey swung from the pendant branches; all, at that hour, were asleep in their hammocks of interlaced vines. A few burning arrows of golden light alone pierced through the verdant screen above, around; but, despite this shade, the atmosphere was hot and oppressive. The heart of Carmen was depressed and sad, as if she had been enclosed within the walls of some gigantic prison, and she hid her face in her hands as she encountered the fiery eyes of Michel le Basque bent upon her.

"I cause nothing but fear in your breast, Senorita!" he said, sorrowfully. "How can you thus hate him who would willingly give his life for you?"

At this moment Curaçoa darted off through the thicket, but in a few moments his baying was again heard close at hand, and he returned to the feet of his master, while a crackling of branches among the underwood announced the approach of some large animal, which held its course straight for where they were now stationed.

"It is a wild boar at its speed!" cried Michel, rushing hastily forward to meet it.

Scarcely had he done so when an enormous boar broke into the open space. It was immediately attacked by the dogs, but two of them were almost at once stretched lifeless, while Curaçoa was driven back, howling, before his formidable and foam-covered jaws. The boar glared

fiercely around and then fixed his red twinkling eyes on the young slave.

"It is I who have exposed her to this," thought Michel, and taking steady aim, he fired, but the bullet scarcely ruffled the cuirass of bristles that covered the shoulder of the animal.

Carmen gave up all hope of rescue, and faintly exclaiming "Joachim!" fell fainting at the foot of the orange tree. Fortunately, the wild boar, on feeling the shot, altered its career and rushed upon Michel le Basque, who, throwing down his now useless fusil, drew a long hunting knife and awaited the attack of the infuriated animal. Watching his opportunity, he dexterously plunged the knife into its open mouth; and the very impetuosity of the boar giving the blow greater effect, after a few short struggles it rolled lifeless at his feet.

The adventurer calmly measured the length of the immense brute, then, attaching Curacoa to a tree, he cut out part of the animal and gave it to him. By this time Donna Carmen had revived, and advancing to her, he pointed to the body of their formidable enemy, saying, with fierce satisfaction:

"This time, at any rate, I alone have defended you!"

Carmen comprehended the jealous passion that tortured the heart of the buccaneer, and thanked him with a sad sweet smile, such as one would bestow in pity on a madman. Alas! this look only served again to arouse the violence of Michel.

"Listen to me, Senorita!" he exclaimed. "It is in vain that I endeavour to forget or to hate you. In spite of all my efforts, my thoughts are constantly fixed on you. Since you have been with me in the forest, it seems as if my heart were changed, as if everything around me were transformed. How it happens, I know not—can you explain it?"

She made no reply, and he continued:

"Formerly I was quite happy when I had a successful day's hunt, or received a large share of the booty. I was on good terms with all my comrades, and lived without care, saving that sometimes, ere I went to sleep, I thought with regret on my native mountains. Now, I care not for the chase, and remain for whole hours leaning on my fusil, contemplating you in fancy, dreaming awake. I am like one whose reason is disturbed by some mysterious philtre of which he has drunk. Nay—if I must avow my weakness—I am jealous of all who have the advantage of me in years or personal appearance; I envy the smooth forehead of Joachim, his gentle voice, his animated looks. I feel as if it were a disgrace to love thus for the first time at my age,

and I wildly regret that this love, which has made my heart young again, has not effaced the wrinkles of my brow, as the sun renews each spring the verdure of these ancient trees."

"Heaven shield me!" murmured the young Spaniard, with an involuntary shudder, as Michel made a step nearer.

"How you hate me!" resumed he, bitterly. "And yet my chief crime towards you, Senorita! is in requesting you to pity that passion which now consumes me. Yes, Carmen! I cannot part from you. It seems as if life were failing me when I cease to hear your voice, which sounds in mine ears like a song of my native land; my heart redoubles its beating when I distinguish your footsteps. This may be madness, but of such madness men die."

"Oh! why must I listen to such language!" exclaimed the poor girl, clasping her hands.

"Ah! you despise the old man who trembles and sighs like a school boy," replied the buccaneer. "I will then throw off the suppliant and assume the master."

A slight rustling of leaves near at hand seemed to catch the ear of the adventurer, and he cast a rapid glance around. Reassured by the result, he again turned to the young creole, who exclaimed, almost involuntarily,

"Help! help! Joachim!"

"You love him, then, Senorita?" said Michel le Basque after a momentary silence. "But you call him in vain, he is far from this;" and he seized her hand as he spoke.

"Joachim!" again she cried, shrinking back in terror.

"He is here!" answered a voice trembling with passion, and the young man leaped from the thicket whence he had been watching this scene for the last few minutes; behind him, at a more leisure pace, followed Fray Eusebio.

XXXV.

THE FLIGHT.

MICHEL at first regarded them with an air of stupor and surprise, but this soon changed to an expression of demoniac joy.

"Treachery!" he cried; "ye were in league with each other. I might have expected this—but it shall have an end. Back, varlet!" he continued, advancing towards Joachim; "hast thou forgotten who I am?"

The young man moved not, but replied firmly;

"If your hatchet had wounded me yesterday, you would never have seen my hand raised against you, nor heard a reproach from my lips. But since you thus insult a defenceless woman,

she will find a protector, not in the attendant of Michel le Basque, but in Joachim Montbars!"

"Be it so!" replied the buccaneer, trembling with rage, "but take good heed to yourself, for I will show no mercy to the traitor who breaks his engagements."

"I respect my master," returned Joachim, with a sarcastic smile. "And will not aspire to the honor of a duel; I only wish to render you harmless."

As he spoke, he took from his shoulder one of those coils of cord, similar to a South American, *lasso*, used by the *monteros* to arrest the course of the wild bull. The buccaneer rushed upon him with drawn cutlass, but stepping back a few paces, the youth threw the cord with such address that in a moment Le Basque was enveloped in its strict embrace. It was in vain that he writhed and struggled furiously; ere he well knew what was the matter, he was lying on the ground, completely unable to move.

"You see I do not wish to harm you, Michel!" said Joachim, calmly looking down upon him.

"You might have killed me," cried the buccaneer, grinding his teeth, "rather than have tied me thus like a wild beast. It is a shameful and treacherous action; a Spaniard could not have treated me worse!"

"My master!" replied the young man, "you made a jest of my sufferings—you endeavoured pitilessly to crush my spirit. My vengeance is light, and you have no reason to complain. Adieu!"

"Help! help!" shouted the prisoner with all his strength.

"Let us fly!" said Joachim to Carmen and the monk, who had not yet recovered from their surprise at the singular issue of this encounter; "the cries of the poor fellow will attract the attention of the other hunters, and we shall be pursued. We must haste away."

He picked up the fusil and powder-c calabash of the buccaneer, gave one of his hunting knives to Fray Eusebio, and taking the hand of the trembling girl, he led her on in a direction different from that by which they had arrived. For half-an-hour they went steadily on, and were soon out of hearing of the despairing shouts of Michel le Basque. All at once Joachim paused, and striking his forehead, exclaimed,

"What a fatal neglect! I have omitted to untie Curacao and bring him with us."

"But how does this omission augment our danger?" demanded the monk.

"Do you not understand," replied Joachim impatiently, "that they will loose him on our track? and the scent of Curacao has never yet failed him. But come—let us on!"

Donna Carmen, however, sank to the ground, overcome with fatigue, and the three fugitives looked to each other in consternation.

"I can go no further," she said; "leave me—abandon me!"

"Can you not make another effort?" enquired the monk anxiously; but the poor girl mournfully shook her head.

"Let us await the hunters, then!" said Joachim tranquilly, leaning with folded arms against a tree; "they will soon be here."

"You have misunderstood me," said Donna Carmen eagerly. "I will remain here, but do you, Joachim! fly with Fray Eusebio. You alone are guilty. Le Basque will be satisfied in recovering his slave. They will pause here—they will forget you—they will not pursue you—Joachim! you shall yet escape."

"Leave you in their hands!" replied the young man; "What to me is liberty or life, if you are a prisoner, and exposed to the insults of that man? No! I will die ere you again fall in to the hands of the Brethren of the Coast."

They could now distinguish the distant baying of Curacao.

"Poor dog!" exclaimed Montbars, his forehead covered with a cold sweat; "See; Senorita! how he rejoices to rejoin his master."

"If it be so," said the young creole, endeavouring to rise, "I will follow you whilst I can drag one limb after the other."

"Donna Carmen!" said Joachim with hesitation, "I am strong and unwearyed. Only permit me to bear you in my arms, and I will answer for it that we shall soon reach the Grand River, where we shall be safe from all pursuit. It is our only chance of safety."

"Carry me, then!" replied Carmen with a blush.

The young man raised her in his arms and bore her along like a sleeping infant, animated, rather than weighed down by his precious burden. The course of our fugitives was now rapid and breathless, for they knew the value of every minute, and the bark of the dogs rang in their ears clearer and more distinct. At times they cast a startled glance behind, believing themselves overtaken by the hunters, for whom they themselves were but opening a path. Once Fray Eusebio, who could only by the greatest efforts traverse the stumps and roots over which Joachim seemed to glide with ease, called to him:

"We have arms—let us face these brigands and die bravely!"

"If we die, we leave Donna Carmen the slave of Michel le Basque," replied the young man, without pausing, and the monk had to resume his toilsome route.

They arrived at last, almost worn-out with fatigue, at the edge of the forest, and from thence saw before them the banks of the Grand River. But there a new misfortune awaited them, and Joachim could not restrain an exclamation of alarm, as he pointed out to the monk with a despairing gesture the yellow waters that rushed over their banks in heavy waves.

"It is impossible to pass," he said in a suppressed voice; "the river has risen at least fifteen feet."

"We are lost, then!" cried the dismayed monk, falling on his knees, in which he was silently imitated by Donna Carmen.

"Saved, perhaps!" ejaculated Joachim, with a searching glance at the sky, the blue horizon of which was fast becoming gloomy and overcast, while the wind blew in fierce, fitful gusts.

The joyful bark of Curaçoa was now heard close at hand, and in a few minutes he came bounding towards them, and rolled, with extended tongue and panting sides, at the feet of Joachim.

"Poor Curaçoa!" exclaimed the latter, stooping to caress him. "Little thinkest thou that thy faithful friendship has betrayed thy master."

A hasty footstep reached the ears of the fugitives, and Fray Eusebio, springing to his feet, sought shelter in a neighbouring thicket, while Joachim, seizing the fusil which he had laid aside to support the sinking frame of Donna Carmen, called aloud.

"Who approaches?"

"A friend!" replied a panting voice, and the next moment a negro stood before them, in whom Joachim recognized one of the attendants who had accompanied Michel le Basque.

"What brings you here, Baptiste?" he exclaimed.

"I have come," said the negro, when he recovered breath enough to answer, "to warn you of the near approach of Michel le Basque, accompanied by Anselm. I saw from a little distance the latter loose him from his bonds, and guessed from his gestures, and from his setting Curaçoa on the scent, that it was you who had left him thus. Now, many a kind action have you done to poor Baptiste, and so following the hound at my utmost speed, I have come to tell you that, should it come to a struggle, you may depend on my aid, cost what it may!"

"Thanks, good Baptiste!" answered the youth; "not so much for my own sake as for this poor lady."

"Ah! the *Senorita*, too, has often shown a generous heart to the poor negro. I may yet repay it."

"But should Michel find you here, Baptiste! he will suspect —"

"Never fear," interrupted the negro; "I will join him as he approaches, and he will never know that I have been near you."

So saying, he disappeared in the forest, and Fray Eusebio, reassured by his departure, issued from his place of concealment.

Curaçoa, during this interval, had somewhat recovered from his fatigue, and rising on his hind legs, he placed his forepaws on the knees of the young man, and looked up in his face with a meek and intelligent air.

"He pleased to retire, *Senorita*!" said Joachim, in a low voice, to Carmen, who was gently smoothing the moist skin of the brach.

"Why so?" she enquired with surprise: "what are you about to do?"

"My duty," answered the young man with a sigh, and looking sadly at the poor animal. "Our pursuers must be within a short distance of us, and the barking of Curaçoa would guide them at once to this spot."

"I understand you," returned Donna Carmen; "but it is a fearful necessity."

Joachim signed to Curaçoa to retire to a little distance, and the hound immediately obeyed, then turning round, looked at him with the same mild, affectionate gaze.

"No! no! do not hurt him!" exclaimed Carmen; "he may, perhaps, remain quiet."

"Despatch!" said the monk, "else the noise of the shot will bring Michel upon us."

"It is strange," said Joachim, as he raised his fusil and took aim; "My hand trembles in spite of all I can do. The poor hound had begun to love me—he was given me by my uncle, as the most precious gift he had."

"And yet you will be cruel enough," interrupted Donna Carmen, in accents of reproach and entreaty, "to kill the poor animal that thus loves and trusts you?"

"No more of this weakness!" exclaimed the youth, energetically; "your safety, Donna Carmen! is at stake."

The bullet sped, and Curaçoa fell, without a cry, pierced through the brain, his eyes still turned towards his master, who remained motionless as a statue. The monk approached the still palpitating body of the *brach*, and with his foot rolled it into the river, whilst Donna Carmen turned aside her head with horror, and an almost imperceptible tear rolled down the cheek of the unwilling executioner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"OH! ASK ME NOT TO TWINE A WREATH."

A BALLAD.

COMPOSED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND.

BY

FRANCIS WOOLCOTT.

ANDANTINO.

Con express.

Rit.

Voli.

Oh! ask me not to twine a wreath, To place upon thy

This system contains the first line of music, including the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "Oh! ask me not to twine a wreath, To place upon thy".

brow; An - other's hand has plucked the flowers, That should be blooming

This system continues the musical score. The lyrics are: "brow; An - other's hand has plucked the flowers, That should be blooming".

now. An - other's hand hath strung the wreath, And touched the harp of

This system continues the musical score. The lyrics are: "now. An - other's hand hath strung the wreath, And touched the harp of".

praise; And won thy beauty, with his kind - With his bewitching lays.

Rit.

This system concludes the musical score. The lyrics are: "praise; And won thy beauty, with his kind - With his bewitching lays." The tempo marking *Rit.* (Ritardando) is placed above the final notes of the system.

SECOND VERSE.

To praise thee with a poet's pen—
 It were a task indeed;
 For who can paint the lily fair,
 Or check the wind's fleet speed,
 Or give to gold a richer hue,
 Than Nature's self hath given;
 Or add a sweetness to the dew,
 That God hath sent from heaven!

THIRD VERSE.

Then ask me not to weave a wreath,
 To deck thy beautiful brow;
 Another's hand has plucked the flowers,
 That should be blooming now;
 Another's hand has strung the wreath,
 And touched the harp of praise,
 And won thy beauty with his kind—
 With his bewitching lays.

OUR TABLE.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCES:—EDITED BY ARCHIBALD HALL, M. D. EDIN.

We hail this work as a valuable addition to the Periodical Literature of the Canadas, conducted, as we have no doubt it will be, with the same talent and energy displayed at the commencement. Two numbers have already appeared, both containing much matter of interest to the general reader, as well as to members of the profession. We may instance a paper by the Rev. W. T. Leach, on the Geology of the Valley of the St. Lawrence, and a contribution from Judge J. S. McCord on the Mean Temperature of Quebec; to which may be added an editorial article in the second number, on "Insanity in Canada," wherein that most important subject is minutely and ably investigated. On the more purely professional portions of the Journal, it does not become us to pass any opinion, but the reputation of the gentleman who has undertaken the editorial charge, is sufficient guarantee of their excellence. In connection with this notice we may also mention the discontinuance of the MONTREAL MEDICAL GAZETTE; the Editors of that periodical, with a generous promptitude which we are certain will be appreciated, having determined to

cease its publication, and lend their support to the new Journal.

BLACKWOOD'S STANDARD NOVELS.

We have had several occasions of recording our high opinion of the services rendered by Messrs. Armour and Ramsay of this city, towards the improvement and gratification of the literary taste of the Province. We are now enabled to announce a further instance of their untiring exertions, in the publication by them of a Colonial Edition of the series of works, whose title heads this notice. The first of that Series appears on the first of this month—being "The Annals of the Parish," and "The Ayrshire Legatees," prefaced by a well-written Biography of the Author, John Galt, a name well known and esteemed in Canada. These are all comprised within one thick beautifully printed volume, and will be followed, at monthly intervals, by others from the same pen, as well as by other popular writers. We are convinced that while these works will be eagerly welcomed by the readers of light literature throughout the Province, such numbers as the present, will prove an especial boon to those who, like ourselves, love the tones of "old Scotland's Doric speech."