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THE MISER AND HIS SON.

A TALE.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

*Continued from our last Number.*

CHAPTER XII.

"The world has done its worst—you need not heed its praise or censure now. Your name is held in deep abhorrence by the good—the bad. Make it a sad example for fresh guilt."

WE will leave Anthony Hurdlestone, to weep and watch beside the newly dead; and conduct our readers into the interior of the cottage occupied by farmer Mathews and his family. In returning the night before from market, very much the worse from liquor, the farmer had received a severe contusion of the brain, in falling from his horse. William, surprised at his long absence, left the house at day break in search of his father, and found him, lying apparently dead, a few steps from his own door. With Mary's assistance, he carried him into the house—medical aid was sent for; but though all had been done that man could do, the injured man still lay upon his bed, breathing hard and quick, but perfectly unconscious of surrounding objects. It was a close, dark, rainy night. The door of the cottage was open to admit the air; and in the door, very partially revealed by the solitary light which burnt upon the little table by the bed side, stood the tall, athletic form of William Mathews. His sister was sitting on a low chair by the bed's head, her eyes fixed with a vacant stare upon the heavy features of the dying man.

"William," she said, in a quick, deep voice; "Where are you? do come and watch with me. I do not like to be alone."

"You are not alone," said the ruffian; "I am here—and some one else is here, whom you cannot see."

"Who is that?"

"The devil to, be sure," responded her brother. "He's always near us—but never more near than in the hour of death and the day of judgment."

"Good Lord deliver us," said the girl, repeating unconsciously aloud, part of the liturgy of the church to which she belonged.

"All in good time," returned the fiend, glancing

at his sister's figure. "Has father shewn any sign of sense, since I left this morning?"

"No, he has remained just the same—William, will he die?"

"You may be sure of that, Mary—living men never look as he does now."

"It is a terrible sight to look upon," said the girl. "I always did hope that I might die before father. But since I got into this trouble, I have wished that he might never live to know it. That was sin, William—see how my wicked thoughts have become prophesy. Yet, I am so glad that he never found out my crime, that it makes the tears dry in my eyes to see him thus."

"You make too much fuss about your present situation, girl! What is done, cannot be undone. All you can now do, is to turn it to the best possible account."

"What do you mean?"

"Make money by it."

"Alas!" said the girl, "what was given away freely, cannot be redeemed with gold. Had I the wealth of the whole world, I would gladly give it to regain my lost peace of mind. Oh! for one night of calm, sweet, fresh sleep, such as I used to enjoy after a hard day's work in the field. What would I not give for such a night's rest? Rest—I never rest now—I work and toil all day; I go to bed, heart weary, and head weary, but sleep never comes, as it used to come. After long hours of tossing from side to side, just about the dawn of day a heavy stupor comes over me—full of frightful sights and sounds, so frightful that I start and wake, and pray not to sleep again."

"And what has made such a change—that one act?" said the ruffian. "Pshaw girl! God will never damn your soul for the like of that. It was foolish and imprudent—but I don't call that sin."

"Then what is sin?" said the girl, solemnly.

"Why murder and theft—and —"

"And what?"

"Hang me if I wish to go into the matter. But if that is sin then the whole world are sinners."

"Do you think that you are not a sinner, William?"

"I never thought a word about it," said the man. "I am not a bit worse than others—but I am poorer, and that makes my faults more conspicuous. There is Godfrey Hurdlestone every whit as bad as I am; yet, were we to be tried by the same jury, the men who would hang me, would acquit him. But his day is over," he continued, talking to himself. "He is now as poor as me—and, if the rich heiress does not marry him, will be much worse off."

"Marry!" exclaimed the girl, springing from her seat, and grasping her brother's arm. "Who talks of Godfrey Hurdlestone marrying?"

"I talk of it—every body talks of it. I was told last night, by Captain Whitmore's lad, that his master had given his consent; and that the young lady was coming round. Perhaps the Colonel's being clapped up in jail may spoil the young man's wooing."

"In jail—Colonel Hurdlestone sent to jail?" said Mary. "Can that be true?"

"Nothing more certain."

"And what will become of Mr. Godfrey?"

"He will become one of us—and learn to take care of himself. And if he marries Miss Whitmore, Mary, he will have enough to take care of you."

"Do you think I would share his affections with another?" cried the girl, her pale cheek flushing to crimson. "Brother, I am not sunk so low as that—not quite so low."

"You are sunk quite low enough for any thing, Mary. You may be as bad as you like now—the world will think no worse of you than it does at present. You have made a bad bargain, and you must stand by it. If you cannot be the man's wife, you must make the most of him, and content yourself with being his mistress. Miss Juliet has a pretty face, but she is not to compare to you; besides she's not the woman to please such a wild devil as Godfrey Hurdlestone. He will soon grow tired of her, and you will have it all your own way."

"Juliet Whitmore shall never be his wife—nor any other woman, whilst I live," said Mary, her eye flashing with strange meaning. "But William, if he is as poor as you say he is, what use will it be to you my continuing to live in sin with him? He cannot give me money, if he has none himself."

"Hush!" said the ruffian, drawing nearer to her, and glancing darkly round him. "Did you never hear of the rich miser, Mark Hurdlestone?"

"Mr. Anthony's father?"

"The same. And do you not know that, were Anthony out of the way, removed by death, or any other cause, Godfrey Hurdlestone would be his heir.

"Well—what of that? Anthony is alive and well, and may outlive us all."

"We shall see. Strong men often die very suddenly. There is an ill luck hangs about this same Mr. Anthony. I prophesy, that his life will be a short one. Hark! was that a groan? Father is coming to himself."

He took the candle and went up to the bed. The sick man still breathed, but he still remained in the same stupor as before.

"This cannot last long," said his son, bending over the corpse-like figure. "The bell will toll for him before sunrise tomorrow." He had scarcely finished speaking when the slow, deep boom of the death bell awoke the sluggish stillness of the heavy night. The brother and sister started, and Mary uttered a faint scream.

"Who's dead?" said Mathews, stepping to the open door. "Ha! Mr. Godfrey Hurdlestone! is that you?"

"What's wrong here?" said Godfrey, glancing rapidly round the cottage. "Mathews, have you heard the news? My poor father's dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed both his companions in a breath. "Colonel Hurdlestone dead! When did he die?"

"This evening, just after sunset. 'Tis a bad piece of business, Mathews. He has died insolvent, and I shall be left without a penny."

"Alas! what shall become of us all," said Mary, bursting into tears, and flinging herself across the bed. "He has ceased to breathe, William—our father too is gone."

The grief of the lower orders is generally loud and violent. Unaccustomed to restrain their feelings, Nature lifts up her voice, and tells, in tones which cannot be misunderstood, the shock which has left her desolate. And so Mary Mathews poured forth the anguish of her soul over the body of the parent, that, but a few days before, she had wished dead, to conceal from him her guilt. Yet now that he was gone, that the strong tie was broken, and her conscience reproached her for having cherished for a moment the unnatural thought, she wept as if her heart had never known a deeper sorrow. Her brother and lover strove in vain to comfort her. She neither saw nor regarded them, but, in a stern voice, bade them depart, and leave her alone with the dead.

"The wilful creter! Let her, Mr. Godfrey, have her own way. We cannot recall the dead. Let you and I step into the kitchen, and consult together about the living."

Godfrey, who had suffered much that day from mental excitement, felt doubly depressed by the scene he had just witnessed, and mechanically obeyed.

Mathews lighted a candle, and raking together the ashes of the fire, threw a fresh billet into the

grate; and, reaching from a shelf, a bottle and a glass, poured out some brandy and handed it to his companion. "Damn it, don't look so down in the mouth, Mr. Godfrey. This is the best friend in time of need. This is my way of driving out the blue devils, that pinch and freeze the heart."

Godfrey eagerly accepted the proffered liquor, and drained the glass to the dregs. "Well, that's what I call hearty," continued the ruffian, following his example. "There's nothing like that for killing care. I don't wonder at your being low neither. I feel queer myself—devilish queer. It is a strange thing to lose a father. A something is gone. A string is loosed from the heart which we feel can never be tied again. I wonder whether the souls gone from amongst us tonight are lost or saved? Or whether there is a heaven or hell!"

"Pshaw!" said Godfrey, lighting his pipe. "Do you believe such idle fables?"

"Why, do you see, Master Godfrey, I would fain think there was no such thing, for my own sake—that it is all an old woman's fable. But terrible thoughts will come into my mind; and though I seldom think of heaven, I often hear a voice from hell—a voice from the shut up depths of my heart which I cannot stifle. Do not smile," said the man gloomily. "I am in no mood to be laughed at. Bad as I am, confound me if you are not ten times worse."

"If you are so much afraid of going to hell," said Godfrey, sarcastically, "why do you not amend your life? I, for my part, am troubled with no such qualms of conscience."

"If you had seen blood upon your hand as often as I have, you would tell a differet story," said Mathews. "Kill a man, and then see if the things we hear of ghosts and spirits are mere fables. They never die. They live and walk about, and haunt you continually. The voice they speak with will be heard. In solitary places, in the midst of crowds, at fairs and merry makings, in the noon of day and at the dead of night, I hear their mocking tones." He leaned his elbows upon his knees, and, supporting his chin between the open palms of his hands, continued to stare upon Godfrey, with vacant blood-shot eyes.

"Don't take me for a ghost," said Godfrey, the same sarcastic smile passing over his face. "What does it matter to us where our fathers are gone? If there is a place of future rewards and punishments, depend upon it, we shall only have to answer for our own sins, and as you and I have but a small chance of getting to heaven, we may as well make the most of our time whilst upon earth."

"Confound that death bell!" said the man. "It has a living voice tonight. Death and hell is in its sullen toll. I never hear it but it reminds me of Newgate, and I fancy I shall hear it toll for me before I die."

"A very probable consummation," said Godfrey. "But away with such gloomy thoughts. Take another glass of brandy and tell me what you are going to do now for a living. The lease of the farm expires in a few days. Mr. —— has taken possession of the estate, and means to put in another tenant. "What will become of you and Mary in the meanwhile."

"I have not thought about it yet," said Mathews. "At all events, we must leave this place. It's devilish little father has saved. Not much more than enough to bury him. There are the crops in the ground to be sure, and the cattle, and a few sticks of furniture. But debts of honor must be paid, you know, and I have been damned unlucky of late. By the by, Master Godfrey—what does your cousin mean to do with himself?"

"He must go home to his miserly dad, I suppose."

"Humph!" said Mathews. "I think I will go to Ashton and settle in that neighborhood myself. I like to be near old friends."

"What can induce you to go there?"

"I have my reasons," said Mathews, "strong reasons too, in which I am sure you will heartily concur." He looked into his companion's eyes, with an expression so dark and sinister that Godfrey started, as if some new light had suddenly flashed upon his soul. "Suppose we could get up a regular quarrel between the miser and his son, who then would in all probability be old Ironside's heir?"

Godfrey took the hand of the smuggler and grasped it hard. "Can you form no better scheme than that?"

"I understand you," said the man. "You are a perfect genius in wickedness. The devil never found a fitter agent for doing his business upon a grand scale. Yes, yes, I understand you."

"Would it be possible?"

"Every thing is possible to those who have courage to perform. If I could remove this obstacle out of the way, what would you give me for my share?"

"A thousand pounds."

"Your conscience! Do you think I would risk my life and limbs, for such a paltry sum as that?"

"You have done worse for a hundredth part."

"That's neither here nor there. If I have played the fool a dozen times, that's no reason that I am to do it again. Go shares, and promise to make an honest woman of Mary, and you shall not be long out of possession."

"The sacrifice is too great," said Godfrey musingly. "We will say no more about it at present."

"You will think about it," said Mathews.

"Thoughts are free."

"Not exactly. Evil thoughts lead to evil deeds. Try and lay that babe of the brain to rest, and see if it will not waken to plague you yet."

"It was one of your own begetting," said Godfrey. "You should know best how to quiet it."

"Leave me alone for that," said the ruffian. "The day is breaking, we must part—we have both melancholy duties to perform."

"I wish the funeral was over," returned Godfrey. "I hate being forced to act a conspicuous part in such a grave farce."

"Your cousin will help you out. He is the real mourner—you the actor. Remember what I hinted to you, and let me know your opinion in a few days."

"The risk is too great," said Godfrey, shrugging his shoulders. "When I am reduced to my last shift, it will be time to talk of that."

The grey misty dawn was just struggling into day when Godfrey left the cottage. Mathews looked after him, as, opening a side gate that led to a foot-path which intersected the Park, he vanished from his sight, muttering to himself: "Well, there goes the greatest scoundrel that ever was unhung. He has never shed blood, or done what I have done; but, hang me if I would exchange characters with him. He thinks to make a fool of me. But—my soul! if I do not make him repay, in a thousand fold, the injuries which he has heartlessly heaped upon me and mine!"

In a very enviable mood Godfrey pursued his way through the lonely park. The birds had not yet sung their matin hymn to awaken the earth. Deep silence rested upon the august face of creation. Not a breath of air stirred the branches heavy with dew drops. The hour was full of beauty and mystery. An awe fell insensibly upon the heart, as if it saw the eye of God visibly watching over the sleeping world. Its influence was felt even by the selfish, petted Godfrey. The deep silence, the strange stillness, the uncertain light, the scenes he had lately witnessed, his altered fortunes, his degrading pursuits, the fallen and depraved state of his mind, crowded into his thoughts at once, and filled his bosom with keen remorse and painful regrets. "Oh, that I could repent!" he cried, stopping and clasping his hands together, and fixing his eyes mournfully upon the earth—"that I could believe that there was a God, a heaven, a hell! Yet, if there were no such things hereafter—why this stifling sense of guilt, this ever haunting, miserable consciousness of unworthiness? Am I worse than other men, or are all men alike—the circumstances in which they are placed, producing that which we denominate good or evil in their characters? What, if I were to determine to renounce the evil and cling to the good, would it yet be well with me? Would Juliet, like a good angel, consent to be my guide, and lead me gently back to the forsaken paths of purity and peace?"

Whilst the voice in his heart yet spake to him for good, another voice sounded in his ears, and all his virtuous resolutions melted into air.

"Godfrey," said the voice of Mary Mathews. "Dear Mr. Godfrey, have I become so indifferent

to you, that you will neither look at me nor speak to me?"

She was the last person upon earth whom, at that moment, he wished to see. The sight of her recalled him to a sense of his degradation, and all that he had lost by his unhappy connexion with her, and he secretly wished that she had died instead of her father.

"Mary," he said coldly; "what do you want with me? The morning is damp and raw. You had better go home."

"What do I want with you?" reiterated the girl; "and is it come to that! Can you, who have so often sworn to me, that you loved me better than aught on earth, in heaven, now ask me in my misery what I want with you?"

"Hot headed, rash young men will swear, and foolish fond girls will believe them," said Godfrey, putting his arm carelessly about her waist, and drawing her towards him. "So it has been since the world begun—and so it will be until the end of time."

"Was all you told me then, false?" said the girl, leaning her head back upon his shoulder; and fixing her large, beautiful, tearful eyes upon his face.

That look of unutterable fondness banished all Godfrey's good resolutions. He kissed the tears from her eyes as he replied:

"Not exactly, Mary. But you expect too much."

"I only ask you not to cease to love me," said Mary, "not to leave me, Godfrey, for another."

"Who put such nonsense into your head?"

"William told me," said the girl, "that you were going to marry Miss Whitmore."

"If such were the case, Mary, do you think I should be such a fool as to tell William?"

"Oh! I am afraid it is but too true," said Mary, bursting into tears afresh. "You do not love me as you did, Godfrey. When we first met and loved, you used to sit by my side for hours, looking into my face, and holding my hand in yours, and we were so happy—too happy to speak. We lived but in each other's eyes, and I hoped—fondly hoped, that that blessed dream would last for ever. I did not care for the anger of father, or brother, or for the contempt of the neighbours. One kiss from those dear lips, one kind word breathed from your mouth, sunk from my ear into my heart, and I gloried in what I ought to have considered my shame. Oh! why are you changed, Godfrey? Why should my love remain, like a covered fire, consuming my heart to ashes, and making me a prey to tormenting doubts and fears, while you seem unmoved by my sorrow, and contented in my absence?"

"You attribute that to indifference, which is but the effect of circumstances," said Godfrey, somewhat embarrassed by her importunities. "Perhaps,

Mary, you are not aware that the death of my father has left me a poor and ruined man."

"What difference should that make in our love for each other?" said Mary, her eyes brightening through a cloud of tears. "Nay, I rejoice in your loss of fortune, for it has made us equals."

"Not quite," said the young man throwing her from him as if stung by an adder. "Poor as I be I can never consent to mate with the daughter of a vulgar peasant."

"Say that word again—that word of misery!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, clinging to his arm. "Recall your many promises. The awful oath you took, on that fatal night when I first yielded to temptation, when you solemnly declared, in the name and before the presence of Almighty God! that the moment that you were your own master, you would make me your wife."

"Mary," said Godfrey sternly, "do not deceive yourself, I never will make you my wife."

"Then, God forgive you, and grant me patience to bear my wrongs," murmured the poor girl, as she sank down at his feet in a deep swoon.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

"My mind is like a vessel tossed at sea,  
By winds and waves—her helm and compass lost,  
No friendly hand to guide her o'er the waste,  
Or point the rocks and shoals that yawn beneath."

THE day after his uncle's funeral, as Anthony sat alone in the good Rector's study, brooding over his recent loss, painfully alive to his present condition, and the uncertainty of his future prospects, he was informed by the servant, that a gentleman wished to speak with him. Since his uncle's death, he and Godfrey had not met, except at the funeral, in which they had performed together the melancholy office of chief mourners. Anthony was very anxious to speak to his cousin, and consult with him, about their private affairs, and he obeyed the summons with alacrity.

Instead, however, of the person whom he most wished to see, a well dressed, intelligent young man advanced to meet him.

"Mr. Anthony Hurdlestone," he said, "I hope you will not consider my present visit an impertinent intrusion; we were fellow students at College, and since you left Oxford, I have discovered that we are second cousins by the mother's side. I have purchased the property in Ashton, which once belonged to your unfortunate grand father, Captain Wildegrave; and, feeling a sincere friendship for his grandson, I rode over to offer you a share of my house, until you can arrange your plans for the future. Now, don't say me nay, Anthony. My offer is made in the sincerity of friendship; and, as such, do me the favor to accept it."

"I will most thankfully," said Anthony, return-

ing the warm pressure of his hand, "provided I could be certain, that my doing so would not in the least inconvenience you."

"Inconvenience me—a bachelor! Your society will be a great acquisition. I always felt the deepest interest in you at College; but your shy, retiring nature, made me afraid of cultivating your acquaintance, lest you should despise my unpolished, blunt, countryfied manners. You may suppose the pleasure I experienced, when my lawyer informed me that you were my near kinsman. I heard your history from our farm servant's wife, Ruth Candler, and, yesterday evening, your recent loss; and I lost no time in riding over to proffer my friendship, and claim relationship."

"Poor Ruth," said Anthony. "Is she still living? She was a mother to me; and I shall be glad to shake hands with her again. I cannot express to you, Mr. Wildegrave, half the gratitude I feel for your disinterested kindness. The only circumstance which casts the least damp upon the pleasure I anticipate from my visit to Ashton, is the near vicinity of my father."

"I understand the unhappy circumstances in which you are placed," said Mr. Wildegrave. "Yet I hope we shall be able to overrule them for good. However disagreeable any intercourse with such a man must be, it is not prudent, my friend, to lose sight of him altogether. If you are in his immediate neighborhood, he cannot easily forget that he has a son. That artful, designing old scoundrel, Grenard Pike, will do all in his power to make him do so. Your living with me will be nothing out of Mr. Hurdlestone's pocket, and his seeing you at church, will weekly remind him that you are yet alive."

"Church! Can a man, destitute of charity, feel any pleasure in attending a place of worship, which teaches him that his dearest enjoyment is a deadly sin?"

"Well, Hurdlestone! it is a strange infatuation; but, I have remarked, that, let the weather be what it may, neither cold nor heat, storm nor shine, keeps your father from his church. There he sits in his accustomed place, his fine grey locks, flowing over his shoulders, with as proud and aristocratic an expression on his countenance, as if his head were graced with a coronet, instead of being bound about with an old red handkerchief in lieu of a hat; and himself attired in rags, which a beggar would spurn from him in disdain."

"Is he insensible to the disgust which his appearance must excite in others?"

"He seems perfectly at ease. His mind must be too much absorbed in his mental calculations, to care for the opinion of any one. If you sit in the same pew with him, which I advise you to do, you will have to exercise great self-control, to avoid laughing at his odd appearance."

"I shall feel too much humiliated by his deplorable aberration of intellect to feel the least inclination to mirth. I would to God that I could learn to love him as a father; but, since my last visit to Ashton, I feel my heart hardened against him. A dislike, almost amounting to loathing, has usurped the place of that affection which nature ever retains for those who are bound together by kindred ties."

"If you were more accustomed to witness his eccentricities, you would be less painfully alive to their absurdity. Use reconciles us to almost any thing. If you were to inhabit the same house with Mark Hurdlestone, and were in the habit of constantly listening to his arguments on the love of money, you might perhaps fall in love with hoarding too."

"Impossible! Avarice always produces a reaction in the minds of those who witness it. The son of a miser is generally a spendthrift."

"With some exceptions," said Frederick Wildegrave, with a smile. "But, really, when he pleases, Anthony, your father can be a sensible, agreeable companion; and quite the gentleman. The other day, I had a long chat with him, partly upon business, partly from curiosity; I wanted to buy from him an odd angle of ground, about half an acre, that made an awkward bite into a favorite field. I went to him, and, knowing his habits, I offered him at once the value of the lot. He saw that I wanted the land, and he trebled the price. I laughed at him—and we held a long palaver of about two hours, and never came one inch the nearer. At length I pulled out my purse and counted the gold down upon the table. There is the money, I said. You know that I have offered you the full value of the land. You can take it or leave it."

"The sight of the gold acted upon him like the loadstone upon the needle. He began counting over the pieces; his fingers stuck to them. One by one, they disappeared from my sight, and when all were gone, he held out his hand, and begged for one guinea more. I put the pen into his hand, and the paper before him; he sighed heavily, signed the receipt, and told me that I was a prudent young man—that I must succeed in the world, for I knew as well as he did, the value of money. He then entered upon subjects of more general interest, and I was so much pleased with his talents and general information, that I invited myself to come over, and spend an evening with him. The old fox took the alarm at this. He told me that he was quite a recluse, and never received company; but that some evening, when I was alone, he would step in, and take a cup of coffee with me—a luxury, which, I believe, he has never allowed himself for the last twenty years."

The conversation of the young men was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Grant. Young Wildegrave entered upon the purport of his visit; and the

Rector, who had to support a very large family, upon limited means, readily consented to the removal of Anthony to Ashton. The morning was spent in packing up, and, after dinner, Anthony, not without deep regret, bade adieu to his friendly host, and sighed a last farewell to N—. As he and his friend rode slowly past the Lodge, he turned an anxious gaze towards the house. Why did the color flush his cheek, and the hand tremble that held the reins, as he turned his head away? Juliet was standing in the balcony; but she was not alone. A tall figure was beside her—that figure was Godfrey Hurdlestone; and the sight of him, at such a time, and so situated, sent a pang of anguish through the heart of the young lover. Yet, even then, he could not believe that his cousin would prevail with the lady—that vice could ultimately triumph over virtue. Frederick Wildegrave marked the deep dejection into which his companion had fallen; and rightly concluded that some lady was in the case. "Poor fellow!" thought he, "has he, to add to his other misfortunes, been indiscreet enough to fall in love? Wishing to ascertain if his suspicions were correct, he began to question him about the inhabitants of the Lodge; and soon drew from the frank and confiding Anthony the history of his unhappy passion, and the unpleasant circumstance which had closed Captain Whitmore's doors against him.

"Well, Anthony," he exclaimed, as his cousin ceased speaking, "it must be acknowledged that you are an unlucky dog. The sins of your father appear to cast a shadow upon the destinies of his son. Yet, were I in your place, I should write to Captain Whitmore, and clear up this foul stigma that your treacherous kinsman has suffered to rest upon your character."

"No," said Anthony, "I cannot do it. Let him enjoy the advantage he has gained. I swore to his dear father, to be a friend to his son—to stand by him through a good and ill report; and though his cruel duplicity has destroyed my happiness, I never will expose him to the only man who can befriend him in his present difficulties."

"Your generosity savors a little too much of romance," said Frederick; "Godfrey is unworthy of such a tremendous sacrifice."

"That does not render my obligation to his father less binding. Forbearance on my part becomes a virtue, and my present self denial is not without its reward."

Frederick Wildegrave thought his companion a noble creature; and could Anthony have looked into his heart, he would have been doubly convinced that he was in the right. They now struck into a lonely cross country road; and half an hour's smart driving brought them to Wildegrave's residence. It was a pretty farm house, surrounded by extensive orchards, and a large upland meadow, as smooth as a bowling green. Anthony was charmed with the

locality. The peaceful solitude of the scene was congenial to his feelings, and he expressed his pleasure in lively tones.

"'Tis an old fashioned place," said Frederick. "But it will not be without interest to you. In that chamber to the right, your grandfather, and your poor mother were born."

"They were both children of misfortune," replied Anthony. "But the fate of the father, although he died upon the scaffold, beneath the cruel gaze of an insulting mob, was a merciful dispensation, to the death, by inches, which awaited his unhappy child."

"Should you like to occupy that room, Anthony? It contains an oil painting of your grandfather, and one of your mother, when a girl of ten years old. From the happy countenances of both, you could never augur aught of their miserable doom."

"I should like nothing better," said Anthony; "if I may judge from my present prospects, I am likely to inherit the same evil destiny."

"These things sometimes run in families," returned Wildegrave, pulling in his horse at the gate. The mantle of the Wildegrave, Anthony, has not alone descended to you."

On the steps of the dwelling they were welcomed by a very fair, interesting looking girl of sixteen, who blushed deeply, on perceiving a stranger with her brother.

"Anthony, permit me to introduce you to another cousin. This is my sister Clarissa."

"You never informed me that you had a sister, Frederick," said Anthony, alighting from his horse, and shaking hands with Miss Wildegrave.

"I thought it would be best to introduce all my pets together," returned Frederick, patting his sister's meek head. "Clary is a shy, timid creature, very unlike your sparkling Juliet. Her orphan state seems to press painfully upon her young heart. She seldom smiles, and I can never induce her to go into company at all."

"I do not love the world, nor the world's ways, Frederick," said Clarissa gravely. "It contains but one happy spot—my own dear, tranquil home, which I love so well that I never wish to leave it."

"But you cannot live at home for ever," said her brother, as he took his seat at the tea-table. "Suppose I was to take it into my head to marry, my little Clary, what would you do then?"

"I don't know," sighed the girl. "It is time to prepare for evil when it comes. I think I shall live here, Frederick, as long as I require an earthly home."

"Something like a sad smile passed over the mild face of the fair child, (for child she still was in stature and simplicity,) and gleamed in the tears that hung on her dark eyelash.

"And so you shall, my darling," returned her brother. "I have no idea of bringing home a new mistress to Milburn, and long may you live to en-

joy your birds, and lambs, and dogs, and rabbits, and all the numerous pets, which you have taken upon yourself to adopt and cherish."

"You have forgotten my turtle doves, Fred," and, rising from her post at the tea tray, Clary ran away to fetch two beautiful barbary doves, which occupied a large cage in a corner of the verandah.

"Poor child!" said Wildegrave, looking fondly after her. "She is a fragile creature, and I much fear that she will not require my care long. My mother died in giving her birth; and since the death of her dear old nurse, the child has drooped sadly. She was always consumptive, and, for the last two months, I can see a great change in her for the worse."

"I do not wonder at your anxiety," said Anthony. "I wish I had such a sister to love."

"Love! She was made to love—so gentle, affectionate and confiding. It will break my heart to lose her."

"Like Clary, you must not anticipate evil," returned Anthony. "And, after all, Frederick, is death such a dreadful evil, to a fair young creature, too good and amiable to struggle with the ills of life? If I was in her place, I should exclaim, 'That it was a good, a blessed thing to die.'"

"You are right," said the sweet low voice of Clarissa Wildegrave. "Death is our best friend, I see, Mr. Hurdlestone, that you and I are related, that we shall love one another, for we think alike."

This would have been a strange speech, if it could have been taken in any other sense than the one in which it was meant; and Anthony, as he took the pretty dove, the emblem of purity and innocence, from the fair hand of Clary, thought what a beautiful harmony existed between the bird and her mistress.

"I am sure we shall love each other, Clary. Will you accept me as another brother?"

"I don't want two brothers, Mr. Hurdlestone. I love Frederick so well, that I never mean for him to have a rival. No, you shall remain my cousin. Cousins often love as well as brothers and sisters."

"And sometimes a deuced deal better," said Frederick, laughing. "But since you have made up your mind to love Anthony, sit down and give us another cup of tea."

"There is some one below, Mr. Anthony, who loves you at any rate, and is quite impatient to see you," continued Clary. "Poor Ruth Candler, who calls you her dear boy, and says that she never loved one of her own, half so much as you."

"Ruth, is she here?" cried Anthony. "Oh! let me see her directly."

"Sit down, Mr. Hurdlestone—I will ring the bell for her, and she can speak to you here," said Frederick.

In a few minutes, the door opened, and a plain, middle aged peasant, entered the room.



"My dear foster mother!" exclaimed Anthony, springing to meet her. "Is this you?"

"Why, yes, to be sure it is, Mr. Anthony," said the poor woman, flinging her arms about his neck, and imprinting upon his cheek a kiss, which rang through the apartment. "Why lor—is this fine handsome young gentleman, the poor half starved little chap that used to come begging to Ruth, for a cup o' milk, and a bit o' bread. Well, you are a young man now, and able to shift for yourself, while I am a poor old woman, half killed with poverty and hard work. When you come in for your great fortune, Mr. Anthony, don't forget poor Ruth."

"Indeed I will not, my good mother. But as to being old, I think you make a strange mistake, when you call yourself old. You look as young as ever. And how are all my old playfellows?"

"Some are dead—some in service; and my eldest girl, Mr. Anthony, is married to a methody parson—only think, Sally has got a methody parson—he! he! he!"

"She was a good girl."

"Oh, about as good as the rest of us. And pray how do old Shock come on? Is the poor brute dead?"

"Of old age, Ruth. He got so fat and sleek in my poor uncle's house, that you never would have known the dog."

"He was an awful bag o' bones. In truth ye were a lean, poverty looking pair. I wonder the old squire wasn't ashamed to see you walk the earth; and they tell me, Mr. Anthony, that he is just as bad as ever."

"Age seldom improves avarice."

"Why nothing gets the better for being older, but strong beer; and that sometimes gets a little sourish with keeping," said Ruth, with a sly glance into her companion's face.

"Oh! I remember, your husband was very fond of beer—particularly in harvest time. You must give him this," continued Anthony, slipping a couple of guineas into her hand, "to drink my health, and tomorrow, when I come over the hill, I shall expect him to halloo largess!"

"And that he will, with the best of pleasure," said the good dame, with a low curtesy, as she quitted the room, to carry to her husband the unexpected prize.

After chatting some little time with Frederick and his sister, Anthony retired to the room appropriated to his use. The quiet unobtrusive kindness of his relatives had done much to soothe and tranquillize his mind, and he almost wished, as he paced to and fro the narrow limits of his airy chamber, that he could forget that he had ever known and loved, the beautiful and fascinating Juliet Whitmore. "Why should mere beauty possess such an influence over the capricious, wandering heart of man?" he thought. "Yet, it is not beauty alone which chains my spirit

to her shrine. Her talents, her deep enthusiasm, captivate me more than her graceful form. The fire of genius, which flashes through those lovely eyes, has kindled a light in the dark depths of my closed up heart, which burns more intensely bright amidst the solitude and desolation of its sad thoughts. Oh, Juliet! Juliet! why did we ever meet? Or is Godfrey destined to enact the same tragedy that ruined my uncle's peace, and consigned my mother to an early grave?"

As these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, his eye fell upon his mother's picture. Radiant in all its girlish beauty, that angelic face that had wept tears of unmitigated anguish over his forlorn infancy, smiled down upon him; the rose that decked her dark locks, less vividly bright than the glowing cheek and lips of happy youth. The dark, clear eye, "half languor and half fire," betrayed just enough of human passion, to give a deeper interest to the possessor, and whilst Anthony continued to gaze upon the portrait, half blinded with tears, the beauty and talents of Juliet were forgotten.

"Oh, my mother!" he exclaimed, "better had it been for thee, to have died thus in the bloom of thy youth and innocence, than to have fallen the victim of an insidious——" villain! he would have added—but to that villain he owed his existence, and he paused, without giving utterance to the word, shocked at himself, for his heart having dared to frame, what his conscience forbade him to utter. What a host of melancholy thoughts crowded into his mind, whilst gazing upon that portrait. The grief and degradation of his early days. His dependent situation upon his uncle, the unkind taunts of his artful cousin—his blighted affections, and dreary prospects for the future. What had he to encourage hope, or to give him strength to combat with the ills which beset him on every side? Homeless, and friendless, he thought, like Clary, that death would be most welcome, and, sinking upon his knees, he prayed long and fervently for strength to bear patiently the sorrows which, from his infant years, he had been called upon to endure. Who ever sought counsel of God in vain? An answer of peace was given to his prayers. "Endure thou until the end, and I will give thee the crown of life." He rose from his knees, and felt that all was right, that his present trials were awarded him in mercy; that had all things gone on smoothly with him, like Godfrey, he might have yielded himself up to sinful pleasures, or followed in his father's footsteps, and bartered his eternal happiness for gold. "This world is not our rest," he said, "then, why should I wish to pitch my tent on this side of Jordan, and overlook all the blessings of the promised land. Let me rather rejoice in tribulations, if, through them, I may obtain the salvation of God, which will enable me to rejoice evermore."

That night, Anthony enjoyed a calm refreshing sleep. He dreamed of his mother—dreamed that he saw her in glory, that he heard her bless and speak words of comfort to his soul; and he awoke with the rising sun, to pour out his heart in thankfulness to God. The beauty of the morning tempted him to stroll out into the fields before breakfast. In the parlor he had left his hat and cane, and on entering the room to obtain them, he found Clara already up, and reading at the open window. She did not notice his entrance, so completely were her thoughts abstracted, and fixed upon her book. Her head was supported between her hands, and the long bright tresses which shaded her face, hung down upon the table before her.

“Good morning, gentle coz,” said Anthony, playfully lifting up one of the curls that hid her face from his view. “What are you studying?”

“For eternity!” said Clarissa, in a sweet solemn tone, as she lifted to his face her mild serious eyes.

“’Tis an awful thought.”

“Oh! full of joy. This is the grave—this world to which we cling—this sepulchre in which we bury our best hopes—this world of death. That which you call death is but the gate of life, the entrance to the land of love and sunbeams.”

What a holy fire flashed from those meek eyes—with what rapidity she spoke—what deep enthusiasm pervaded that still, fair face. Could it indeed be the same? Was this inspired creature his childlike, simple little cousin? Anthony gazed upon her with admiration, and when the voice ceased, he longed to hear her speak again.

“Tell me, Clara!” he cried, “what power has conquered in your young heart, the fear of death?”

“Truth—simple truth. That mighty pillar which upholds the throne of God. I sought the truth—I loved it, and the truth has made me free. Death! I never from a child, feared death. I remember, Anthony, when I was a very little girl—so young, that it is the very first thing that memory can recall—I was sick, and sitting upon the ground, at my dear, dear sister Lucy’s feet. My head was thrown back upon her lap, and it ached sadly. She patted my curls, and, leaning forward, kissed my hot brow, and told me that, if I was a good girl and died, I should go to heaven. Eagerly I asked her what was death, and where was heaven? Death, she told me, was the end of life here; and the beginning of a life that could never end. That heaven was a glorious place, the residence of the great God, who made me and all the whole world. But no sorrow was ever felt in that blissful place, but that all the children of God were good and happy. I wept for joy, as she told me all this—I forgot my pain—I longed to die and go to heaven. From that hour, Death became to me a quiet anticipation of future enjoy-

ment. It mingled in all my thoughts, it came to me in dreams, and it always wore a beautiful aspect. There was a clear, deep pond, in our garden at Harford, surrounded with green banks, covered with flowers, and overhung with willows; I used to sit upon that bank, and weave garlands of the sweet buds and the young willow shoots, and build sweet castles about that future world. The image of the heavens lay within the waters, and the trees and flowers looked more beautiful, reflected in their depths. “Oh!” I used to think, “one plunge into that lovely mirror, and I should reach that beautiful world—should know all.” But this I said in my simplicity, for I knew not, at that tender age, that self destruction was a sin, or that man was forbidden to unclose a gate, of which the Almighty held the key. His merciful hand was stretched over the creature of his will, and I never made the rash attempt.

“As I grew older, I saw three loved and lovely sisters, perish, one by one. Each in turn had been a mother to me, and I loved them with my whole heart. Their sickness was sorrowful—I often wept bitterly over their bodily sufferings. But when the conqueror came, how easily the feeble conquered! Instead of fearing the Destroyer, as you call Death, they went forth to meet him with songs of joy. They welcomed him, as a friend, in whose right hand they beheld the crown of life. Oh! had you seen my Lucy die—had you seen the glory that rested upon her pale brow—had you heard the music that burst from her sweet lips, ere they were hushed for ever—had you seen the hand that pointed upwards to the skies, you would have exclaimed with me, ‘Oh! death where is thy sting? Oh! grave where is thy victory?’”

The child paused, for her utterance was choked with tears. Anthony took her hand; he started, for, pale as it was, it burnt with an unnatural heat. Fever was in every vein. “Are you ill, Clara?”

“Ill! Oh, no! but I never feel very well. I have had my summons, Anthony; I shall not be long here.”

Seeing him look anxiously in her face, she smiled, and, going to a corner of the room, she brought forward a small harp which had escaped his observation, and said, playfully: “I have made you sad, cousin, when I wished to cheer you. Come, I will sing to you. Fred tells me that I sing well. If you love music as I love it, the voices of the blessed will mingle in every tone.”

There was something so refreshing in the candor of the young creature, that it operated upon the mind of Anthony like a spell, and when the finest voice he ever in his life heard, burst upon his ear, and filled the whole room with living harmony, he almost fancied that he could see the halo encircling the pale lofty brow of the young saint—

The flowers of earth are fair,  
As the hopes we fondly cherish ;  
But the canker worm of care,  
Bids the best and brightest perish.

The heavens today are bright,  
But the morn brings storm and sorrow ;  
And the friends we love tonight,  
May sleep in earth tomorrow.

Spirit ! unfold thy drooping wing,  
Up, up to thy kindred skies ;  
Life is a sad and weary thing,  
He only lives—who dies !

His, the immortal fruits that grow,  
By life's eternal river,  
Where the shining waves, in their onward flow,  
Sing Glory to God for ever !

This was sung to a wild irregular air, but full of pathos and beauty.

“ You must give me that song, Clary.”

“ It is not mine, and the music is gone ; I shall never be able to play that again ; but I will give you another, which shall be more quiet and soothing, which remained long enough in my mind to write down, for Frederick loved it.” And, tuning her harp, she played a short prelude, and sung in a low plaintive strain, unlike her former triumphant burst of song—

There's rest, when Eve with dewy fingers,  
Draws the curtains of repose,  
Round the west, where light still lingers,  
And the day's last glory glows.  
There's rest in heaven's unclouded blue,  
When twinkling stars steal, one by one,  
So softly on the gazer's view,  
As though they sought his glance to shun.

There's rest, when o'er the silent meads,  
The deep'ning shades of night advance,  
And, sighing through its fringe of reeds,  
The sparkling rills' clear waters glance.  
There's rest when all above is bright,  
And gently o'er the summer isles,  
The full moon pours her mellow light,  
And heaven on earth serenely smiles :

There's rest—deep rest—in that still hour,  
A holy calm—a sweet profound,  
Whose wizard spell and dreamy power,  
Lulls into slumber all around.  
There's rest, for labor's hardy child,  
For nature's tribes of earth and air ;  
Whose soothing balm and influence mild,  
Save guilt and sorrow, all may share.

There's rest when angry storms are o'er,  
And fear no longer vigil keeps ;  
When winds are heard to rave no more,  
And Ocean's troubled spirit sleeps.  
There's rest, when to the pebbly strand,  
The lapsing billows slowly glide ;  
Like music touched by fairy hand,  
Breathes soft and low, the slumbering tide.

There's rest, beneath the quiet sod,  
When life and all its sorrows cease,  
And in the bosom of his God  
The Christian finds eternal peace—  
That peace the world cannot bestow,  
The rest, a Saviour's death-pangs bought ;  
To bid the weary pilgrim know  
A rest surpassing human thought.

“ What divine music !” said Anthony.

“ You say nothing about the words, which I think far better than my poor music.”

“ Are not both your own, Clary ?”

“ Oh no ! I am in heart a poet ; but I lack the power to give utterance to the thoughts that burn within me. They were written by a friend—a friend whom, next to Fred, I love better than all the world—Juliet Whitmore.”

“ Juliet Whitmore ! and do you know Juliet ?”

“ I will tell you all about it,” said Clary, leaving her harp. “ After dear Lucy died I was very, very ill, and Fred took me to the sea side for the benefit of bathing. I was a poor, pale, wasted woe-begone thing, and we lodged next door to the house occupied by Captain Whitmore. When nurse used to take me out to bathe, he would pat my cheek, and tell me to bring home a red rose to mix with the lily in my face—and I told him laughingly that roses never grew by the sea shore ; and he told me to come in to his lodgings and see. And then he introduced me to Juliet, and we grew great friends, and used to walk and talk a great deal together, all the time that we remained at ———, which was about three months—and though we have not met since Fred bought Milbank, she often writes to me sweet letters full of poetry. Such poetry as she knows will please me, and in one of her letters she wrote a good deal about you.”

“ About me, Clary ? Oh ! do tell me what she said about me ?”

“ She said,” returned the child, blushing deeply, and whispering so low, that Anthony could only just catch the words ; “ that she loved you, Anthony—that you were the only man she had ever seen that realized her dreams of what man ought to be. And what she said about you, made me love you too.”

“ Dear, amiable Clary,” said the delighted Anthony, unconsciously covering the hand he held

within his own, with passionate kisses. "You have made me so happy."

"Then you love Juliet," returned Clary, "and I shall be so glad to talk to you about her. I have a little portfolio which she gave me full of pretty poems, which I will give to you, for I know all the poems by heart."

Anthony no longer heard her. He was wrapped up in a blissful dream, from which he did not wish to awaken. Many voices spoke to his soul; but over all, he heard one soft deep voice, whose tones pierced its utmost recesses, and infused new life and hope into his breast, which said: "Juliet loves you."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

She hath forsaken God, and trusted man,  
And the dark curse, by man inherited,  
Hath fallen upon her.

We must now return to Godfrey Hurdlestone, and find him comfortably settled in the hospitable mansion of Captain Whitmore—a favorite with his host; a still greater favorite with Aunt Dorothy; and an object of interest and sympathy to the fair Juliet.

Had she forgotten Anthony? Oh, no!—she still loved him, but dared not whisper to her own heart the forbidden fact. Did she believe him guilty? No—but she had not confidence enough in her own judgment, to overrule the prejudices of others. She could not pronounce him innocent—and she strove to banish his image, as a matter of necessity, a sacrifice which duty demanded of her, from her mind. Could she receive with pleasure the attentions of such a man as Godfrey Hurdlestone? She did; for he was so like Anthony, that there were times when she could almost have imagined them one and the same. He wanted the deep feeling—the tenderness—the delicacy of her absent lover. But he had wit, beauty and vivacity, an imposing manner, and that easy assurance which to most women, is more attractive than modest merit. Juliet did not love Godfrey; but his conversation amused her, and helped to divert her mind from brooding over more unpleasant thoughts. She received him with kindness, for his situation claimed her sympathy; and she exerted herself, in order to reconcile him to the unfortunate change which had taken place in his circumstances. Godfrey was not insensible to the difference in her manner when addressing him—so altered from what it used to be; and he attributed that to a growing attachment, which was but the result of pity. Without giving him the least encouragement to entertain hopes which she never meant to realize, Juliet, with all the romance of her nature, had formed the happy scheme of being able to convert the young infidel from the paths of doubt and error; and animate him with an earnest zeal to obtain a better heritage than the earthly one he had lost. Young enthusiasts are fond of making

proselytes; and Juliet was not aware that she was treading upon dangerous ground, with a very dangerous companion. Untouched by the sacred truths which she sought to impress upon his mind, and which, indeed, were very distasteful to him, Godfrey, hoping to insinuate himself into the good graces of his fair instructress, lent a seemingly willing ear to her admonitions, and pretended to be deeply affected by their sublimity and importance. Since he had arrived at an age to think for himself, he had rejected the Bible, and never troubled himself to peruse its pages. Juliet proposed that they should read it together, and an hour every afternoon was chosen for this purpose. Apparently anxious to arrive at a knowledge of the truth, Godfrey, in order to lengthen these interviews, started objections at every line. With all the zeal of a youthful and self-elected teacher, Juliet found a peculiar pleasure in trying to clear up the disputed point, and in removing his doubts. When at length he yielded to the strength of her arguments, the glow that brightened her cheek proclaimed the inward joy of her heart, and gave to her lovely countenance a thousand additional charms.

One evening their lecture had been protracted to an unusual length; and Juliet concluded, from the silence of her pupil, that he was at length convinced. She closed the sacred volume, and awaited her companion's answer, but he remained buried in profound thought.

"What is your opinion on the subject, Godfrey?" He started—and in a moment recovered his self-possession.

"Forgive me, Juliet, if my thoughts had strayed from heaven to earth. I will however tell you the purport of them. If all men are equal in the sight of their Creator, why does not the same feeling pervade the breast of his creatures?"

"Because men are not endowed with the wisdom of God, neither can they judge righteously as he judges. That all men are equal in his sight, the text we have just read sufficiently proves:—'The poor and rich meet together. The Lord is the maker of them all.'"

"Then why is wealth an object of adoration to the crowd, whilst poverty, even in those who once possessed great riches, is regarded with contempt and pity?"

"Because the world gives a value to things, which in themselves are of no importance," said Juliet. "I think, however, that I should scorn myself, could I regard with indifference the friends I loved, because they had been deprived of these worldly advantages."

"You make me proud of my poverty, Miss Whitmore. It has rendered me rich in your sympathy."

"Obtain your wealth from a higher source, Mr. Hurdlestone," said Juliet, not perhaps displeased with the compliment; "and you will learn to regard with indifference the riches of the world."

"But supposing my dear friend, for argument's

sake, that you had a lover to whom you were fondly attached, and he was suddenly deprived of the fortune which had placed you on an equality, would this circumstance alter your regard for him?"

"Certainly not."

"And would you become his wife?"

"That would depend upon circumstances. I might be under the guidance of a parent, who, from prudential motives, might forbid so rash a step, and it would be no act of friendship to the man I loved, to increase his difficulties by attempting to share them."

"And you would not, in such a case, act upon the decision of your own heart?"

"I dare not. The heart, blinded by its affections for the object of its love, might err in its decision and involve both parties in ruin."

"But you could not call this love?"

"Yes, Mr. Hurdlestone, and far more deserving of the name, than the sickly sentiment that so often wears the guise of real affection."

"This girl is too much of a philosopher. I shall never be able to win her to my purpose," said Godfrey, as Juliet quitted the room. Yet Godfrey was nearer the fulfilment of his wishes, perhaps, than he thought himself to be.

A few days after this conversation, Godfrey proposed a ride on horseback into the country. Juliet declined accompanying him, but was overruled by her father and Aunt Dorothy.

The evening was warm and cloudy, and Juliet often looked upwards, and prophesied a thunder storm. "It will not fall before night," said her companion, "I remember Anthony and I, when boys, were once overtaken on this very spot by a tremendous tempest." It was the first time that he had suffered the name of his cousin to pass his lips in the presence of Juliet. It brought the color into her cheek, and, in a timid voice, she asked him if he knew what had become of Anthony?"

"He has a second cousin it seems, whom I never heard of before—a Mr. Wildegrave, who is residing in his father's parish. Anthony has found a temporary home with him."

"Why did Juliet turn so pale. Did the recollection of the fair, amiable girl, she had met and loved at ——, trouble her? But she spoke no more during their long ride. On their return, they entered a dark avenue which led to the lodge, and passed through N—— Park.

"I hate this road," said Godfrey. "I have never travelled it since the old place passed into the hands of strangers."

"It was thoughtless in me to propose this path," said Juliet, "let us return."

She checked her horse as she spoke, when her attention was arrested by a female figure, seated in a dejected attitude beneath an old blasted oak tree. Her hair hung wildly about her shoulders, and her

head was buried between her knees. Godfrey instantly recognized the person, and, looking up at the heavy dark clouds, which had for some time been encroaching upon the rich saffron hues in the West, he said, hastily turning his horse as he did so: "You are right, Miss Whitmore, we are going to have a storm—and you have chosen a dangerous path. Let us get from under these trees as fast as we can!"

"Stay a few minutes," returned Juliet; "I want to speak to this poor woman."

"It is only some gipsy girl, who has been sleeping under the tree. See it begins to rain. Do you not hear the large drops pattering among the branches? If we do not put our horses on, you will get very wet."

"I am not afraid, Mr. Hurdlestone, of a few drops of rain. The person seems in distress, and I must speak to her."

At this moment the girl rose slowly from her seat, and revealed the faded and attenuated form of Mary Mathews.

"Mary!" said Juliet, kindly addressing her. "What are you doing here? The rain is falling fast; had you not better go home?"

"Home!" said the girl gloomily, "I have no home now. The wide world is my home. My father is dead; Mr. —— seized our things yesterday for the rent, and turned us out into the streets. My brother is gone to Ashton, to look for employment, and I thought this place was as good as another. I can sit here and brood over my wrongs."

Juliet was inexpressibly shocked. She turned to address a remark to her companion, but he was gone. "Have you no friends, Mary, who can receive you, until your brother is able to provide for you?"

"I never had many friends, Miss Juliet, and I have lost those I once had. You see how it is with me!" said the girl, rising, and wringing her hands bitterly. "No respectable person would now receive me into their house. There is the work-house, to be sure; but I will die here, beneath the broad ceiling of heaven, before its accursed walls shall shut me in."

Juliet's heart prompted her to offer the wretched girl an asylum; but she dreaded the indignation of her fastidious aunt. Whilst she paused irresolute what to do, the girl, emboldened by despair, suddenly caught hold of her bridle rein, and, fixing her dim eyes upon her face, continued:

"It is to you, Miss Juliet, that I owe all this grief and misery—to you! Had you been a poor girl like me, I need not have cared for you. My face is as fair as yours—my figure as good—I am as capable of love, and of being loved—but I lack the gold—the dainty clothing, and the learning that makes you superior to me. People say that you are going to marry Mr. Hurdlestone, and it is useless for a poor girl like me to oppose the wishes of a grand

lady like you. But I warn you not to do it. He is my husband in the sight of God, and the thought of his marrying you has broken my heart. Despair is strong—and when I saw you together just now, I felt that I could have murdered you both.”

“Mary,” said Juliet gravely; “you should not give ear to such reports; they are utterly false. Do you imagine that any young woman of feeling and delicacy could marry such a man as Mr. Hurdlestone?”

“Then why are you constantly together? said Mary, with flashing eyes. “Did he not ride away the moment he saw me?”

“You have mistaken one Mr. Hurdlestone for the other Mary. The gentleman that just left me was Mr. Godfrey.”

“And is it not Mr. Godfrey of whom I speak? Good, kind, Mr. Anthony, would not harm a lamb, much less a poor motherless girl like me!” Again wringing her hands together, she burst into a fit of passionate weeping. Juliet was dreadfully agitated; and, springing from her horse, she sat down upon the bank by Mary, regardless of the heavy roaring of the thunder and the pouring of the rain, and elicited from her the story of her wrongs. Indignant at the manner in which she had been deceived, Juliet bade the poor girl follow her to the Lodge, and inform Captain Whitmore of the particulars she had just related to her.

“I never will betray the man I love!” exclaimed the young woman passionately. “When I told you, Miss Whitmore, it was under the idea that you loved him—that you meant to tear him from me. But, for the love of God, Miss! tell no one the bitter secret which you wrung from me in my despair.”

She would have flung herself at Juliet’s feet; but the latter drew proudly back, and with a sternness of look and manner quite foreign to her nature, she said: “Would you have me guilty of a base fraud, and suffer the innocent to bear the brand of infamy which another had incurred? Affection cannot justify crime. The feelings with which you regard a villain like Godfrey Hurdlestone, are not worthy to be called love.”

“Ah! you young ladies are so hard-hearted,” said Mary. “Pride hinders you from falling into temptation like other folks. If you dared, you would be no better than one of us.”

“Mary,” said Juliet, “do not change my pity for your unhappy situation into contempt. Religion and propriety of conduct can protect the poorest girl from the commission of crime. I am sorry for you, and will do all in my power to save you from your present misery; but you must first promise me to give up your evil course of life.”

“You may spare yourself the trouble,” said the girl, regarding her companion’s beautiful countenance, and its expression of purity and moral excellence, with a glance of envious disdain. “I ask

no aid—I need no sympathy—and least of all from you, who have robbed me of my lover, and then reproach me with the evil which your selfish love of admiration has brought upon me.”

A glow of anger passed over Miss Whitmore’s face, as the girl turned to leave her. She struggled a few minutes with her feelings; and, following Mary, she caught her by the arm. Stay with me, Mary! I forgive the rash words you have uttered. I am sure you do not mean what you say.”

“You had better leave me,” returned the girl gloomily. “Evil thoughts are arising in my heart against you. They are from the Devil, and I cannot resist them.”

“You surely would not do me any harm? said Juliet, involuntarily glancing towards her horse, which was quietly grazing at some distance; “particularly when I feel most anxious to serve you.” The girl’s countenance betrayed the most violent agitation. She turned upon Juliet her eyes, in which the light of incipient madness gleamed, and said, in still, horrid tones—

“I hate you. I feel tempted to murder you.”

“God will not suffer you to injure me, Mary. May he forgive you for these sinful thoughts.” Juliet felt that, to run from her, or to offer the least resistance, would be the means of drawing upon herself the doom which her companion threatened—and, seating herself upon a fallen tree, she calmly folded her hands together, and awaited in silence, the issue of this extraordinary scene.

The girl stood before her, regarding her with a fixed, immovable stare. Sometimes she raised her hand in a menacing attitude, and then again, the sweet, mild glance of her intended victim, appeared to awe her into submission. “Shall I kill her?” she muttered aloud. “Shall I spoil that baby face which he prefers to mine.” Then, as if that thought aroused all the worst feelings in her breast, she continued in a louder, harsher key: “Yes—I could tread her beneath my feet, could trample her into dust. He loves her! Oh, misery! misery! he loves her better than me—and I, who love him so well, could die for him—I am forgotten and despised!” The heart of the woman triumphed over the ferocity of her former passions, and she sank down upon the ground, and buried her face in the grass and wept. Her agonizing sobs and groans were more than Juliet could bear to listen to, without offering her assistance to the mourner. Forgetful of her former fears, she knelt down by the prostrate weeper, and, lifting her head upon her knees, put back from her swollen face, the long neglected tresses, which, drenched with the heavy rain, fell in thick masses over her convulsed features. The girl no longer offered any resistance. Her eyes were closed—her lips apart; she lay quite motionless, but ever and anon, the pale lips quivered; and streams of tears gushed from beneath the long clos-

ed lashes, and fell like rain over her garments. Oh love and guilt—how dreadful is your struggle in the human heart! Like Satan, after his first transgression, the divine principle, although degraded from its former beauty and excellence, retains its sovereign power, and appears little less than the "Archangel ruined."

"Poor Mary," sighed Juliet. "Thy sin has indeed found thee out; I thank God that the man I loved was not guilty of this moral murder."

"Leave me, Miss Juliet," said Mary, regaining her self-possession. "Leave me to my own sorrow. Oh! would I could die, and forget it all. But I dare not die. Hateful as life has become I am too wicked to look upon death. Do not weep for me—your tears will drive me mad. Do not look at me so—it makes me hate you. Do not ask me to go to the Lodge—for I will not go!" she continued, springing to her feet and clenching her hands. You cannot force me to obey you—I am my own mistress still!" and, springing past Miss Whitmore, she was lost amongst the trees. Juliet drew a freer breath. She turned round, and beheld her father.

What in the name of heaven are you doing here in the rain, Juliet?" said the Captain. "And where is Mr. Godfrey?"

"Take me home, papa," said the poor girl flinging herself into his arms, and sobbing upon his shoulder—"I will tell you all by and by. I cannot tell you here."

#### CHAPTER XV.

Whate'er thou hast to say, speak boldly out—  
Confront me like a man—I shall not start,  
Or shiver, or turn pale. My hand is firm,  
My heart is firmer still; and both are braced,  
To meet the hour of danger.

About a mile and a half from the village of Ashton, at the head of an obscure cross road, seldom traversed but by waggoners and their teams, or the day laborer going to and fro from the surrounding farms, to his work, there stood, a little back in a field, a low public house, whose sign board merely contained the following blunt announcement of the owner's calling:—"Table Beer,  
Sold here."

The master of this elegant house of entertainment was a notorious poacher, called Old Strawberry, and his cottage, for it deserved no better name, was the nightly resort of all the wicked and idle fellows in the neighborhood. The indoor accommodations consisted of two rooms below, and two attics above, and a long, low, lean-to, which ran the whole length of the back of the house.

The front rooms were divided into a sort of bar, which served for cooking as well as drinking. A rude bench ran all round this apartment, which was separated from the fire by a huge screen; behind which, a red faced, greasy looking middle aged

woman, held despotic sway, and dispensed as many oaths as she did pots of beer.

The other room was designated the parlour. It contained a long oak dining table, a dozen well polished elm chairs, an old fashioned varnished clock, and a huge cupboard in a corner, whose gaily painted doors were left purposely open, in order to display Dame Strawberry's store of real chancy cups and saucers, long necked bottles, and long legged ale glasses. Then, there was a side table, decorated with a monstrous tea-board, on which was portrayed, in all the colors of the rainbow, the Queen of Sheba's memorable visit to the immortal wisdomship of Solomon. Various pictures made gay the white-washed walls, amidst which most conspicuously shone the history of the prodigal son, represented in six different pictures, in all of which the prodigal figured in the character of a fop of the reign of the first George, his dress consisting of a cocked hat, powdered, full-bottomed wig, sky blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, yellow knee breeches, silk stockings, high heeled shoes, and ruffles at the wrists. Then there were the four seasons, quaintly represented by four damsels, who all stared upon you, with round goggle eyes, and flushed red faces, as if they were intended to personify the different stages of drunkenness.

Over the mantel shelf hung a looking-glass in a carved wooden frame, darkened by the rubbing and polishing of years, the top of which was graced with a profusion of peacock's feathers, and bunches of the pretty scentless flowers called Love everlasting. A couple of guns, slung to the ceiling, an old cutlass in its iron scabbard, and a very suspicious looking dirk, completed the equipment of the tea parlor. The lean-to, which attracted little attention, contained a large pantry and wash-house, and a room infinitely better furnished than the one just described—with a carpeted floor, and a dozen painted cane chairs, and several card tables. In this room, a tall drooping girl was busily employed wiping the dust from the furniture, and placing the cards and dice upon the tables. Sometimes she stopped, and sighed heavily, looking upwards, and pressing her hand upon her head, with a wild and hopeless glance. Then ever and anon wiping away the tears that trickled down her cheeks, with the corner of her apron.

The door was suddenly flung back, with a noise that made the poor girl start, as the broad person of Mrs. Strawberry filled up the opening. "Mary Mathews!" she called at the top of her voice, "what are you dawdling about there? Do you think I hire galls at a shilling a week, to do nothing? Just trump to the kitchen, and wash them potatoes for supper. I don't want no fine ladies here—not I. I've can tell you, if your brother warn't a good customer, it is not another hour that I'd keep sich a useless, lazy beast."

"I was busy putting the room to rights, ma'am," said Mary, her indignation only suffered to escape her in the wild, proud flush of her eye—"I can't be in two places at once——"

"You must learn to be in three or four, if I please," again bawled the domestic Hecate.—"Your time is mine; I have bought it, and I'll take good care not to be cheated out of what's my due. Light up them candles—Quick! I hear the men whistling their dogs. They'll be here in a brace of shakes."

Away waddled the human biped, and poor Mary, with another heavy sigh, lighted the candles, and retreated into the bar-room. The night was cold and damp, although in the early part of October, and the men were gathered about the fire, to dry their clothes, and warm themselves. The foremost of these was Godfrey Hurdlestone. "Polly!" he shouted—"Polly Mathews, bring me a glass of brandy, and mind you don't take toll by the way!"

The men laughed. "A little would do the girl good, and raise her spirits," said old Strawberry. "Never mind him my dear. He's a stingy one—take a good sup. Brandy's good for every thing. It's good for the headache, and the toothache, and the heartache. That's right, take it kindly. It has put a little blood into your pale face already."

"I wish it would put a little into her heart," said Godfrey. "She's grown confoundedly dull of late."

"Why, Master Godfrey, who's fault is that?" said the old poacher. "You drink all the wine out of the cask and then kick it, and abuse it, because 'tis empty. Now, before that gall came across your eye, she was as high spirited a tom-boy as ever I see'd. She'd come here, at the dead o' night, to fetch home her old dad, when she thought he'd been out long enough; and she had a song and a jest for us all. She could take her own part then, and not one of my fellows ever said a crooked word to her. I thought she was the last gall in the world to be brought to sich a pass."

"Hush!" said Godfrey. "What's the use of ripping up old grievances? Here comes Mathews with the game."

"A poor night's work," said the ruffian, flinging down a sack upon the floor. "Five hares, three brace of pheasants and one partridge. It was not worth venturing a trip across the herring pond, for such a paltry prize. Here, Poll! stow them away in the old place. In two hours they'll be upon their journey to Lunnon, without the aid of wings. You must keep a good look out for the mail."

"Tim will take 'em to the four cross ways," said Mrs. Strawberry. "Why, boys, you have scarcely earned your supper."

"If its ready, let us have it upon trust," said Godfrey. "I am confoundedly hungry."

In a moment all was bustle and confusion. The clatter of plates, and the clashing of knives and

forks, blasphemous swearing, and ribald jests, as the worthy crew sat down to partake of their evening meal; and, over all, might be heard the shrill, harsh voice of Mistress Strawberry, scolding, screaming and ordering about in all directions. The noisy banquet was soon ended; and some of the principals, like Godfrey and his worthy associate Mathews, retired to the inner room to spend the rest of the night in gambling and drinking. Mary was in attendance, to supply their empty glasses, and to procure fresh cards, if wanted.

"I don't think I shall play tonight," said Godfrey, drawing Mathews to one side. "I lost all I was worth yesterday; and that horrible debt to old Drew must be paid. Skinner is not here—and the rest are all minus of cash now."

"By the way," said Mathews. "What do you mean to do about that three hundred pounds? You would buy the cattle. They were not worth half the money—but you were drunk, and would have your own way, and Benjamin insisted upon your settling it off hand."

"I have provided for that," said Godfrey. "Look here?"

They stepped to the table at the far end of the room, and young Hurdlestone drew from his pocket a paper, and gave it to Mathews. "Will that pass?"

"Why its his own hand."

"He never wrote it, if it is—do you think it would escape detection?"

"Why the devil himself could never find it out. You may present it tomorrow, and get the blunt as soon as you like; and if this succeeds, my boy! you will soon be able to replenish our empty purses."

"Have you heard anything about Anthony?" said Godfrey. "Is he still with young Wildegrave?"

"I saw him this morning in the lane, by the old yew grove, near his own domains," said Mathews.

"He was walking very lovingly with a deucedly pretty little girl. I wonder what there is in him to make the girls so fond of him! I raised my hat as he passed, and gave him the time of day; and hang me if he did not start, as if he had seen his father."

"Are they reconciled?"

"Not a bit—not a bit—Wildegrave's man told me that he never goes near the hall. Between ourselves, this proves Tony to be a — clever fellow; for the only way to get those stingy old chaps to leave their money to their lawful heirs is by taking no notice of them."

"Oh! that this Anthony were out of my path! said Godfrey, lowering his voice to a whisper; "we could soon settle the old man's business."

"The lad's a good lad," said the other. "I don't much relish the idea of having his blood upon my head. If we could but get the father and son into a quarrel, which would be public to the whole



neighborhood, and place him in suspicious circumstances—do you understand me!—and then do the old man's business; the suspicion might fall upon him, instead of upon you."

"I would certainly rather transfer the hemp collar to his neck, if it could be done in safety. But how is it to be brought about?"

"The Devil will help us at a pinch," said Mathews. "I have scarcely turned it over in my mind. But do you think your heart would fail you Godfrey, if it should come to murder on your own account?"

"Do you take me for a coward?"

"Not exactly—I was making some allowance for natural affection, and all such unfashionable weaknesses."

"Pshaw!" muttered his companion. "Give me the chance—and talk of my actions afterwards. What affection do I owe them? Anthony robbed me of my father's love, and now stands between me and my uncle's fortune."

"Both impediments will be removed before long. I owe Anthony something on my own account, if it were only for the contempt with which he treated me. I suppose your chance with Miss Whitmore may be considered as no go?"

"Oh, hang her! don't name her. I would rather have poor Mary without a farthing, than be domineered over by that pretty prude, and her hideous old aunt. I believe I might have had the old maid for the asking—ha! ha! ha!"

"If you are wise, Godfrey, you will keep this affair to yourself. Don't let Mary know one word about it."

"She won't peach?"

"I'd not trust her,—women are strange devils. They will often do the most barbarous things, when their own interests or passions are concerned; and at other times will sacrifice their best friends from a foolish qualm of conscience, or out of mistaken benevolence. If you wish our schemes to be successful, don't let Mary into your secrets."

A wild laugh sounded in his ear. They started—and turned round, and beheld Mary standing quietly beside them—Mathews surveyed her with a stern, searching glance. She smiled contemptuously to herself—but she drew back as if she feared them.

"Did you overhear our conversation, Mary?"

"I can keep my own secrets," said the girl; "I don't want to be burdened with yours. They are not worth keeping—my sleep is bad enough already. A knowledge of your deeds would not make me sleep sounder."

"It would make you sleep so soundly, that evil dreams would not be likely to break your slumbers," said her brother, clenching his fist. "Betray but one syllable of what you have overheard, and your bed is prepared for you."

"I do not care how soon," said the girl. "If you hold out such a temptation, I don't know what I might be led to do. They say that the sins of the murdered are all visited upon the murderer. What a comfort it would be to transfer mine to you." This was said in a strain of bitter irony, and however unwilling to betray himself, it seemed to affect her brother.

"Who talks of murder?" he said. "You are dreaming. Go to your bed, Mary; it is late; and don't forget to say your prayers."

"Prayers!" reiterated the girl. "The prayers of the wicked never come up before the throne of God. My prayers sound in my ears like blasphemy. How must they sound in the ears of God?"

"Don't talk in this way, Mary. You make my flesh creep," said Mathews. "I have never said my prayers since I was a boy at my mother's knee; and that was before Mary was born. Had mother lived I should not have been what I am—and, poor Mary!" There was a touch of human tenderness in the ruffian's tone and manner. The remembrance of that mother seemed the only holy thing that had ever been impressed upon his mind; and even sunk as he was in guilt, and hardened in crime, had he followed its suggestions, it would have led him back to God; and made him the protector, instead of the base vendor of his sister's honor.

"What is the use of dwelling upon the past?" said Godfrey, pettishly. "We were all very good little boys. My father always told me so; and, by the strange contradictions which are every where to be found in human nature, I suppose that was the very thing which made me a bad man. And bad men we both are, in the world's acceptance, and we may as well make the most we can out of our acquired reputation."

"Now, I would like to know," said Mathews thoughtfully, "if you ever felt a qualm of conscience in your life?"

"I have no fears of a future state. Let that answer you."

"Do you never fear the dark?" said Mathews, glancing timidly around. "Never feel, that eyes, are looking upon you—cold, glassy eyes, that peer into your very soul. Eyes which are not of this world, and which no other eyes can see. Snuff these candles, Mary. The room looks as dismal as a vault."

Godfrey burst out into a loud laugh. "If I were troubled with such optical demonstrations, I would wear spectacles. By Jove! Billy Mathews, waking or sleeping, I never was haunted by an evil spirit worse than yourself. But here's Skinner, at last. Fetch the brandy, Mary, to yon empty table—and now for a game at blind hooky."

## CHAPTER XVI.

O ! speak to me of her I love,  
 And I shall dream I hear  
 The voice, whose melting tones, above  
 All music,—charms mine ear.

WHILST Godfrey was rapidly traversing the broad-way that leads down to the gates of death, Anthony was regaining his serenity and peace of mind, in the quiet abode of domestic love.

Day after day, those young cousins wiled away the charmed hours in delightful converse. They wandered hand in hand, through green quiet lanes, and along sunny paths, talking of the beloved, and Clary felt no jealous envy mar the harmony of her dove-like soul, as she listened to Anthony's rapturous details of the hours he had spent with Juliet, his poetical descriptions of her charming countenance, and easy figure. Nay, she often pointed out graces which Anthony had omitted, and repeated, with her musical voice, sweet strains of song, by her young friend, to him unknown.

Was there no danger in this intercourse? Clarysissa Wildegrave felt none. In her young heart's simplicity, she dreamed not of the subtle essence which unites kindred spirits. She never asked herself why she loved to find the calm, noble looking youth, for ever at her side? Why she prized the flowers he gathered, and loved the songs he loved? Why the sound of his approaching steps, sent the quick blood glowing to her pallid cheek, and lighted up those thoughtful, serious eyes, with a brilliancy which fell with the serene lustre of moon or starlight, upon the heart of her cousin—to him, as holy and as pure. She loved to talk of Juliet, for it brought Anthony nearer. She loved to praise her, for it called up a smile upon his melancholy face, and the expression of his lofty brow became less stern, and his glance met hers, full of grateful tenderness. She loved to see her own girlish face reflected in the dark depths of those beautiful eyes, nor knew that the mysterious fire they kindled in her breast, was destined to consume her young heart, and make it the sepulchre of her new-born affections.

"It must be a blessed thing to be loved, as you love Juliet, Anthony," she said, as they were sitting together, beneath the shadow of the mighty oak, which graced the centre of the lawn in front of their picturesque dwelling. "Could you not share your heart with another?"

"Why, my little Clary what would you do with half a heart?" said Anthony, smiling, for he always looked upon his fragile companion as a child. "Love is a selfish fellow,—he claims the whole,—concentrates all in himself, or scatters abroad—"

"You are right Anthony. I am sure I should soon covet the whole. It would be a dangerous possession, and stand between me and heaven. No,

no it would not be right to ask that which belongs to another—only it seems so natural to wish those to love us, whom we love."

"I do love you, sweet Clary," said Anthony; "and you must continue to love me, though it is an affection quite different from that I feel for Juliet. You are the sister whom nature denied me, the dear friend whom I sought in vain amidst the world, and its heartless scenes—my good angel, whose pure and holy influence subdues the evil passions of my nature, and renders virtue more attractive. I love you—for I feel a better and humbler creature, in your presence—and when you are absent, your gentle admonitions stimulate me to further exertions."

"I am satisfied, dear Anthony," said the child, lifting her inspired countenance, and gazing steadily upon him. "As your heavens exceed in height and glory the earth beneath, so far in my estimation does the love you bear to me exceed that which you feel for Juliet. One is of the earth, and like the earth, must perish. The other is light from heaven. Evermore let me dwell in this light."

With an involuntary movement, Anthony pressed the small white hand he held to his lips. Was there a leaven of earth in that kiss, that it brought the rosy glow into the cheek of Clary, and then paled it to deathlike whiteness? "Clary," he said, "have you forgotten the promise you made me, a few days ago?"

"What was that?"

"To shew me Juliet's portfolio."

"Oh yes—and there are some lines about love, which I will sing and play to you," said Clary, rising.

"Have you got the music?"

"It's all here," said the fair girl, placing her hand upon her breast. "The heart is the fountain from which all my inspiration glows." And she bounded off to fetch her harp and her portfolio.

Anthony looked after her, but no regretful sigh rose to his lips. His heart was true to the first impression, to which love had set his seal. His affection for his dear little cousin had been consecrated at another shrine.

Clary returned quite in a flutter with the exertion she had used. Anthony sprang forward to relieve her from her harp, and to place it in a convenient situation.

"Poor Juliet had a great fear of being married for her money," said Clary. "I used to laugh at her, and tell her that no one who knew her would ever remember her money, the treasures of her mind so far surpassed the dross of the world. Yet for all that, she wrote and gave me this little ballad the next morning. I felt very much inclined to scold her for it."

"Let me hear it."

"Patience, Mr. Anthony. You must give me

time to tune my harp. Such a theme as Love requires all the strings to sound in perfect harmony. There now. Let me think a few minutes. The strain must be neither very sad, nor yet gay. Something touching and tender. I have it now :”

THE LAMENT OF LOVE.

In all the guise that beauty wears,  
Well known by many a fabled token,  
Last night I saw young Love in tears,  
With stringless bow, and arrows broken—  
Oh! waving light, in airy flow,  
Rich sunny locks his brows adorn,  
And on his cheeks the roseate glow,  
With which Aurora decks the morn.

The living light in these blind eyes,  
No mortal pen could ere disclose;  
Their hue was stol'n from brighter skies,  
Their tears were dew drops on the rose.  
Around his limbs, of heavenly mould,  
A rainbow tinted vest was flung,  
Revealing, through each lucid fold,  
The matchless form by poet's sung.

He sighed—The air with balmy fragrance breathed;  
He moved—the conscious earth confessed the  
God,  
Her brightest chaplets Mother Nature wreathed  
Whene'er his dimpled feet had pressed the sod.  
Why weeps Love's young Divinity alone?  
While men have hearts, and women charms be-  
neath,  
Tell me, fair worshipped child of ages flown,  
Is every floweret faded in Love's wreath?

With that, he raised his dewy azure eyes,  
Ere from his lips the words of music broke;  
But still the crystal tears would slowly rise,  
And snowy bosom heave before he spoke—  
“Oh! come and weep with me,” he cried, “young  
maid,  
Weep, that the gentle reign of love is o'er;  
Come venture nearer—cease to be afraid,  
For I have hearts and worshippers no more.

“In vain I give to woman's lovely form,  
All that can rapture on the heart bestow—  
The fairest form no dastard's heart can warm,  
Whilst Gold has greater power than Love below.  
In vain I breathe a freshness on her cheek,  
In vain the graces round her footsteps move,  
And eyes of radiant beauty softly speak,  
In melting hues, the tender light of love.

“It was not thus,” the Urchin sighing said,  
“When Hope and Gladness crowned the new  
born earth;  
In Eden's bowers, beneath a myrtle's shade,  
Before man was, Love sprang to birth—

While Heaven around me grateful fragrance shed,  
With rosy chains the infant year I bound;  
And as my bride, young Nature blushing led,  
In vestal beauty o'er the enamelled ground.

“The first fond sigh my bosom stole,  
Was wafted o'er those fields of air,  
To kindle love in man's stern soul,  
And render heaven's best work more fair.  
Creation felt that tender sigh,  
And earth received love's rapturous tears;  
Their beauty beamed in woman's eye,  
And music broke on human ears.

“Whether I moved upon the rolling seas,  
Or sunk on Nature's flowery lap to rest,  
Or raised my gay wings on the sportive breeze,  
The grateful earth with joy the God confessed;  
Whilst Mirth and Gladness round my footsteps  
played,  
And bright haired Hope led on the laughing hours;  
As man and beast in holy union strayed,  
To share the lucid wave, and virgin flowers.

“Ah! useless then yon shafts and broken bow,  
Till man abused the balm in mercy given;  
Whilst Gold has greater charms than Love below,  
I flee from earth to find my home in heaven!”  
A sudden glory round his figure spread,  
It rose upon the Sun's departing beam;  
With the fair vision sleep together fled,  
Starting I woke—and found it but a dream.

“When I try to compose music for love songs,”  
said Clary, seeing Anthony look unusually pensive,  
“I never succeed. If you understood this glorious  
science of music, and could make the harp echo the  
inborn melodies which float through the mind, you  
would not fail to give them the proper effect.”

“Why do you think I should be more fortunate  
than your sweet self, Clary?”

“Because you love one bright particular star,  
with your whole heart,” whispered Clary. “The  
heart has a language of its own. It speaks in  
music. There are few who can comprehend its ex-  
quisite tones; but those who are so gifted are the  
best qualified to call them forth. Love must have  
existed before music. The first sigh he breathed  
gave birth to melodious sounds. The first words he  
spoke were song. So Juliet tells us in this little  
ballad—and surely she is inspired!”

“What else have you here?” said Anthony,  
peeping into the portfolio, and drawing out a sheet  
of paper. “Is this bold, energetic looking hand,  
my beautiful Juliet's autograph?”

“You are disappointed,” said Clary. “You ex-  
pected to find an elegant flowing hand, as fair and  
graceful as the white fingers that held the pen. Be-  
it known to you, cousin Anthony, that people of  
genius, especially poets, rarely write fine hands’

Their thoughts flow too rapidly, to allow them the necessary time and care required to form perfect characters. Most boarding-school misses write neat and beautiful hands, but few are able to form a truly elegant sentence. The author thinks his thoughts of more consequence than his autograph, which is but the mechanical process he employs to represent them upon the paper."

"What sort of a hand do you write, Clary?"

"Why, cousin Anthony, it just hangs between the two extremes. Not good enough to deserve much praise—nor bad enough to call forth much censure. In this respect it corresponds more with my character than Juliet's does.

"You are no judge of your mental qualifications, Clary, and I am not going to make you vain by enumeration. Can you invent music for this little ballad, and he placed before her the following:—

THE BRIDE OF INISTORE.

Through struggling clouds the moon's wan beam  
Shines coldly o'er the stormy deep,  
And gives a wandering ray to gleam,  
To cheer the eyes that watch and weep.

The night-bird hoots from the ruined pile,  
The autumnal blast sighs fitfully;  
And sweeps around that rocky isle,  
And lifts the foam of that troubled sea.

From Cormack's tower, a lonely light  
Is seen along that misty shore;  
There pensive sits Oretha bright,  
The lovely Star of Inistore.

Shudd'ring she lists the tempest's yell,  
The loud wind's hollow moan,  
And hears, in ev'ry breaker's swell,  
A hero's dying groan.

Oft looks she o'er the raging sea,  
To catch a distant sail;  
Fancying his form in ev'ry tree,  
His voice in ev'ry passing gale.

"Daughter of Thulé, cease to weep,  
And gaze upon the tide;  
On yonder angry foaming deep,  
What bark the gale could ride?"

"But lady, when the morning sun  
Shines brightly on thy rocky isle,  
In triumph shall brave Cormack come,  
Rewarded by Oretha's smile!"

"My aged bard, that hope is fled;  
His dog is howling loud,  
At some lone phantom of the dead,  
Swathed in its misty shroud.

"'Tis not the storm—'tis not the wind,  
That parts my love from me;  
All dangers he would cast behind,  
And tempt yon raging sea.

"I hear the solemn voice of doom,  
Amidst this surge of wind and wave;  
I see a hand which, through the gloom,  
Points downward to a gory grave."

Scarce had she spoke, when at the gate  
A bugle blast is blown;  
And breathless to the iron grate,  
That peerless dame has flown.

Her heart beats high—her trembling hands  
Can scarce the bolts undraw—  
Weary and faint before her stands,  
A leader of the war.

Life's purple tide is trickling fast  
Adown his iron mail;  
It's fluttering light the taper cast,  
And told a fearful tale.

Retaining in his failing grasp,  
A war-stained flag he bore;  
And scarcely could Oretha gasp  
"My husband is no more!"

"Lady, thy noble Lord is slain;  
The angry night winds swell,  
And hoarsely roars the restless main,  
Near the spot where Cormack fell."

Speechless and cold, Oretha stands,  
No tear is in her glazing eye;  
But on her breast her snowy hands,  
Are clasped in mortal agony.

There rises a tomb on that lonely shore,  
And near it foams the breaking wave;  
There sleeps the Star of Inistore,  
Her light of beauty in the grave.

"I can do nothing with that," said Clary; "but hark! I hear my brother calling us from the house. Let us go to him." She ran forward, and Anthony had his hand upon the harp, and was about to follow her, when he was addressed by a rude, coarse toned voice; and, turning to the spot from whence the sounds issued, he beheld the burly form of Mathews leaning over the slight green paling that separated the lawn from the road. "A good day to you, Mr. Anthony. You have been hiding from us of late. A pleasant place this!"

"Do you want me, Mr. Mathews?" said Anthony proudly.

"Ahem! not exactly. But 'tis natural for one to enquire after the health of an old neighbour. Are you living here, or with the old 'un?"

"Mr. Mathews, I make a point of never answering impertinent questions. Good evening."

His exit was followed by a volley of oaths from the ruffian.

"Well, go your way for a proud fool. If Billy Mathews does not soon pull you down from your high horse, may his limbs rot in a jail." And calling to an ugly black cur, which was prowling round the garden, and whose physiognomy greatly resembled his own, the poacher strode off.

"Anthony," said Fred Wildegrave, as his cousin in no very gentle mood entered the house, "I fear I interrupted your tête à tête; but unexpected business calls me for some weeks into a distant county. You must make yourself as comfortable as you can, during my absence. Clary will do the honors of the house. By the bye, I have just received four hundred pounds, for the sale of the marsh; I shall not have time to deposit the money in the bank; but will you see to it some time during the week. There is the key of my bureau; you will find it and the banker's book in my second drawer. And now, Clary, give me a kiss, and wish me luck."

"I don't know that you will have any," said Clary. "My heart fills with gloom, at the thought of your going away."

"I shall come back as soon as I possibly can. What, in tears—silly child!"

"Don't go, dear Fred."

"Nonsense, business must be attended to."

"Something tells me that this journey is not for good."

"Dear Clary, I could quarrel with you for these superstitious fears. Farewell, and joy be with you." Kissing her pale cheek, and shaking Anthony warmly by the hand, the young master of the mansion was gone, and Anthony and Clary were left to amuse themselves in the best manner they could.

"You must not forget, Anthony, that Fred has left you his banker," said Clary. "He is so generous that the money will be safer in your hands than his own, provided you do not break in his absence."

Anthony laughed, and put the key of the bureau into his pocket. What to him was the four hundred pounds—had it been four thousand or forty thousand, he would not, in all probability, have given it a second thought.

The next day Clary was seriously indisposed, and Anthony took his breakfast alone. After making many anxious enquiries after his little cousin, and being assured by old Ruth that she only required rest to be quite well again, he retired to Frederick's study, and, taking up a favorite volume, was soon interested in its contents. A loud altercation in the passage, between the servant and some person who insisted upon seeing Mr. Hurdlestone, broke in upon his retirement. "Will you please to send up your name, sir?" was asked by the former. "No; I told

you before, that I will announce it myself." Anthony recognized the voice, but before he could lay aside the book, the door was suddenly opened, and Godfrey Hurdlestone stood before him.

How changed—how dreadfully changed he was, since they last met. The dreadful wickedness of a few months had stamped and furrowed his brow with the lines of years. His dress was mean and faded. He looked dirty and slovenly, and his face was soiled with dust and hard riding. Little of his former manly beauty, and the elegance of his form, remained. So utterly degraded was his appearance, that a cry of surprise broke involuntarily from his cousin's lips.

"I suppose you know me, Anthony Hurdlestone? I can't be so changed as all that."

"You are greatly altered."

"For the worse? Hey! Yes, poverty soon brings a man down, who was never used to work. It has brought me down—down to the very dust."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, Godfrey. I thought you were comfortably settled with the Whitmores?"

"Oh! that's a long time ago. So you have not heard that news—I thought such things travelled apace. You must know that, as ill luck would have it, Juliet learned from Mary all the particulars of that business; and I, of course, had to decamp then. Tony, the world has gone all wrong with me. The truth of the matter is that I now stand before you a lost and ruined man; and if you refuse to assist me, I must go to the devil headlong."

In spite of all his affected affrontery it was evident that the speaker was dreadfully agitated. His eyes were wild and bloodshot; his fine features swollen and distorted, and his cheek as pale as ashes.

Anthony continued to gaze upon him, with a face yet paler than his own. Was it his uncle's son that stood before him? That son whom he had sworn to Algernon, to love and cherish as a brother, and to help to the uttermost in time of need—for his sake. The solemn vow he had taken when a boy came up in his mind, and, turning to Godfrey, he said: "If I can help you I will do so to the best of my power. Like you, however, I am a poor man, and my power is limited. But what can have happened to agitate you thus? What have you done which can warrant such dreadful words! Sit down, cousin—you look faint. Good heavens—how you tremble. What can occasion this frightful agitation?"

"I shall be better presently. Give me a glass of brandy to make me speak steadily. I don't know what's come over me. I never felt nervous before."

His teeth chattered in his head, and prevented him from speaking farther. Anthony gave him the stimulant he desired. It seemed to possess some miraculous power. Godfrey rose from his chair, and coming quite close up to his cousin he said with

apparent calmness: "Anthony I have committed forgery."

"Good God! what tempted you to perpetrate such a desperate deed?"

"Necessity. But don't torture me with questions! The deed is done—and the forfeit must be paid. The Jew in whose name the bill was drawn, has detected the fraud. Fortunately for me, avarice is a more powerful feeling in him, than justice. He perceives that he will gain nothing by hanging me, but something considerable by saving my life at his own price. The sum drawn upon him was for three hundred pounds. Benjamin came to me this morning, and told me that, if I paid him four hundred, within twelve hours, he would stand by the order, and avoid the prosecution; but if I refused to comply with his terms, the law must take its course. I have no money—I know not where to obtain such a large sum in the given time, and if I suffer this day to expire, the season for mercy is past. Rescue me, Anthony, from this frightful situation. Save me from a death of shame—and the rest of my life shall be devoted to your service."

"Alas! Godfrey, I have already borne your shame, and though your own victim has pronounced my innocence, the world still continues to declare me guilty. What can I do in this dreadful business? I have no money—I wish to God I had!"

"But you have a father, Anthony! a rich father!" exclaimed Godfrey, writhing with agony, until the big drops of perspiration trickled down his temples. "Will you, not go to him, and make one effort—one last effort to save my life? Think of our early years. Think of my generous father. Of his love and friendship; of all he sacrificed for your sake—and will you let his son be hung like a dog, when a few words of persuasion might save him?"

The criminal bowed his head upon his hands and wept long and passionately. Anthony was deeply affected by his awful situation, and present distress. Had Frederick been at home, they might have done something to rescue him. They might have gone to the Miser, and together represented the necessity of the case; and, by offering large interest for the loan of the money, have obtained it. What was to be done? Alas, for Anthony! the money which had been left in his hands by Frederick, at that unlucky moment, flashed across his mind. It was exactly the sum. He was sure that Frederick would lend it, in the present emergency. Anthony had yet to learn that we are not called upon in such matters to think for others. He looked doubtfully in the haggard face of the wretched suppliant.

"Have you no means of raising the money, Godfrey?"

"Yes, in a few days—but it will be too late then."

"Cannot you persuade the Jew to wait?"

"He is inexorable, Anthony," he continued;

"if you could borrow the money for me today, I will repay it tomorrow night."

"Can you promise me this?"

"I swear—I will sell the reversion of the legacy left me by my Aunt Maitland, at her uncle's death; you know that it is seven hundred pounds, which will more than meet the demand. But, to accomplish this, more time is required than I can command just now—will this satisfy you?"

"It will. But, Godfrey, you must not deceive me."

"Could you imagine me such an ungrateful scoundrel?"

"I have been betrayed by you once before. If you fail this time, you will ruin us both."

Anthony went to the bureau, and unlocked it with a trembling hand. As he opened the drawer which contained the money, a sudden chill crept through his veins, and he paused irresolute how to proceed. "It is not theft," he argued to himself. "It is but a loan which will soon be repaid." He had gone too far to recede. Godfrey was at his side, and eagerly seized upon the golden prize. With tears of real or feigned gratitude he left the house, and Anthony had leisure to reflect upon what he had just done. The more he pondered over the rash act, the more imprudent and criminal it appeared; and when by the morning's post, he received a letter from Frederick, informing him that he had made a very advantageous purchase in that neighborhood, and requesting him to transmit the notes left in his care, by return of post, his misery was complete. "Unfortunate Anthony!" he cried. "Into what new dangers will your unhappy destiny hurry you?"

Snatching up his hat, he rushed forth in quest of his cousin."

(To be continued.)

## YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

Your heart is a music-box, dearest!

With exquisite tunes at command,  
Of melody sweetest and clearest,

If tried by a delicate hand;  
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,  
At a single rude touch it would break.

Then, oh! be the magic key mine,  
Its fairy-like whispers to wake!

And there's one little tune it can play,  
That I fancy all others above—

You learned it of Cupid one day—

It begins with and ends with "I love!"

"I love"

It begins with and ends with "I love!"

The patient can oftener do without the doctor than the doctor without the patient.—Zimmerman.

## SKETCH.

No. 4.

GALILEI GALILEO.

BY T. D. F.

It was midnight. The whole world was wrapped in repose; even the noise and revelry of Rome were hushed; the eyelids of the city were closed; and nought was heard through the streets of the Imperial City, but the heavy tread of the sentinels, as they paced their beaten rounds. It was an Italian midnight, and the glowing moon, and her attendant stars, were moving on in their harmonious course, giving added beauty to magnificent palaces, and arched colonnades, and seeking out with their soft light, the cot of the humble peasant, as well as the mansion of the prince. Yes, thanks to Him who sends the rain both on the just and the unjust, His blessings are equally distributed, and the light of the sun, and the milder rays of the moon, soothe and comfort the weary and wretched, as well as the happy and rich ones of the earth—the labourer in his hovel, and the prisoner in his cell. These thoughts, or such as these, passed rapidly through the mind of one of the inmates of the Prison, as he stood gazing between the bars of his narrow window, at a glimpse of the glorious pageantry of the heavens. It was a low dungeon, and one aperture was all that allowed a peep at the world without. Night after night had the lonely inhabitant of this gloomy place climbed upon the rude table (which, with a stone seat, and a pile of straw, was all the furniture his room could boast,) and watched the changes of the heavens; the increase or waning of the moon, the appearance and disappearance of the few stars his eye could reach, had been epochs in his monotonous life, and given him subjects for thought and speculation; and he was willing to sleep away the long days, uncheered as they were by book or social intercourse, that he might, in the watches of the night, commune with the heavenly bodies, learn wisdom from their mysterious paths, and, if possible, find a clue which should unravel to future generations the windings of their devious courses.

As upon the night referred to, he stood upon his observatory, studying the face of the moon, and drawing in his mind a chart of its mountains and vallies, he heard the sound of many feet moving along the passage way, and approaching his door; fearing a midnight visit, he sprang from the table, hastily drew it from below the grating, lest it might reveal the purpose to which it had been applied, and thus be the means of depriving him of his sole solace. He had just time to do so, and to throw himself in the attitude of repose, upon the pile of straw, when the key turned in his door, a flood of light streamed

in, glancing upon the rude walls of his dungeon, and almost blinding him whose eyes had been long accustomed to no stronger light than the moon and stars. Two men entered first, bearing a stately chair, which they placed in the middle of the room; immediately after them came six men, clad in long black robes, with a white cross upon the breast; then came a judge, in the fearful flame colored robe, bearing a silver cross in one hand, and a staff of office in the other; then followed six others, in long melancholy robes, all bearing torches, whose fitful light gave almost a supernatural effect to the scene. All passed in perfect silence; the Judge or Inquisitor, for such his dress marked him, took his seat in the chair; his myrmidons ranged themselves around him; and then, in a deep and solemn voice, he said—

“Prisoner arise, and, as thou valuest life, prepare to answer truly the questions I shall put to thee.”

With reluctant movement the bewildered prisoner raised himself, but remained half sitting on his couch of straw; at a signal, two of the men stepped forward, and, taking him by either hand, placed him at the table, directly before the Inquisitor.

“Prisoner—Our Holy Mother Church, with compassionate regard to thy weakness, has sent me hither, to convince thee of the errors of thy way, and to lead thee like a lamb back to the fold, from which thou hast strayed; wilt thou accept her bounty?”

“I have never wandered from the bosom of Mother Church, holy Father,” said the young man, for such the light revealed him to be, though his countenance was pale, and his frame worn. Crossing himself reverently, he murmured a prayer.

“True, my son; thou hast been faithful in the outward observances of our religion, but thy conscience must accuse thee of heresy. Hast thou not been an open follower of that contemner of Holy Writ—Nicholas Copernicus? Hast thou not said, even as he did, that the earth moves round the sun, thus making the Word of God to utter a lie? Art thou prepared to retract this blasphemy, and to vindicate the truth of the God thou should’st adore? A year has been already given thee, in mercy, for solitary thought—thou must have had time to repent thee?”

“Holy Father, it is my fate; I cannot, if I would, believe otherwise. Even in this my darkened cell, has this truth come with more of power and conviction upon me.”

“Peace,” interrupted the Inquisitor, “unless thou would’st give up forever the hope of release.”

I come not only to present to thee the mercies of the Mother Church, but its terrors—the rack, the screw, the falling water, or the Virgin's deadly clasp, await thee, unless thou wilt submit to return to her bosom, a penitent child. If thou wilt promise never to repeat thy heresies, to forswear the studies which have led to thy ruin, to destroy the instruments which the evil one has put it into thy heart to make, in order to blaspheme the wisdom of the Most High, then shall thy life be redeemed, and with the blessing of the Church, thou shalt go forth from this gloomy abode—honours shall be showered upon thee, and thou shalt be happy."

The prisoner listened as though he heard not, and as the Judge ceased to speak, he looked down, but made no reply; the fearful vision of the torments which had been called up before him, daunted his soul; his physical strength was but little, and he shrank from the suffering thus presented; but how could he give up those beautiful speculations which had become part of his very being? How could he leave unravelled the mysteries of the starry firmament?

After a long pause the Inquisitor said—"Prisoner, I await your answer. Are you prepared to abjure your false theories? Will you swear before this holy symbol, to believe and maintain the truth of the Word of God? to use your talents to convince your disciples that the sun stood still in the heavens, through the power of God, at the request of the son of Nun, but that its usual course is round and round the earth? Will you do this, or must I leave you to the justice of the Holy Inquisition, which, when it cannot convince by reasoning, is bound to resort to punishment, rather than give up to eternal damnation its refractory children."

"Father," said the prisoner, "if it be consistent with your powers, will you grant me, in your clemency, a little time to think upon these things, to strive and convince myself that I am and have been wrong? I will remember all you have said, review your reasoning, and, if possible, bring my mind to see the heavens with the eye of Mother Church?"

"We will give thee, my son, till tomorrow night at this hour; then I will come to receive thy submission, or to put thy strength to the test. The blessing of the Virgin be upon thee, and may she enlighten thee in thy darkness, and lead thee to see the error of thy ways."

The Inquisitor rose, placed his hand for one moment on the prisoner's head, and signed him with the cross; his attendants arranged themselves as at their entrance; one by one, they passed out of the door, and left the prisoner to his solitude and darkness. As soon as they had departed, he threw himself upon his knees, and poured forth an agony of supplication and prayer; he prayed for strength and guidance; then, rising, he once more drew the table to the little grating and resumed the observations, which

the entrance of the Inquisitor had interrupted. But he could not return to the same even flow of feeling; he looked upon the same tranquil moon and sparkling stars, but it was not now with the eye of the Astronomer—but the prisoner. Could he consent to linger out his life in that gloomy dungeon, away from the sweet comforts of home? Should he consent never to look upon the face of his wife and children, merely for the sake of a theory, Ought he not to give it up, think no more of it, turn his attention to other branches of science; to those less obnoxious to the bigoted Church? And yet, how could he? It was the truth, the glorious truth, written upon his heart and brain, in burning letters; could he abjure it from the fear of man? He wearied himself with useless argument; the glory of the heavens, as they appeared to him, the intense interest of the study, the progress he had already made, the successful calculations which had rewarded his nights of toil and watching—could he relinquish all? And yet he could not pursue these studies while shut up in the dungeons of the Inquisition; either course he took they must be abandoned; and were it not better to secure what happiness might be left to him, and leave to coming generations the task of completing the great work he had commenced?

He watched at his grating till the grey dawn appeared; then, throwing himself on his straw, he sought that repose he so much needed, but it refused to come; he tossed restless upon his hard couch, dreading the passing of the time, which brought the hour of decision close at hand. The loaf of bread and cruise of water, brought by the gloomy looking official, were untasted, and when night came, he was frenzied with excitement. Just at midnight the same tread of heavy feet echoed through the long galleries; again the key turned in the door, the flood of night burst in, and the myrmidons of the Inquisition ranged themselves about the cell; but this time with more of the fearful paraphernalia of their office, for two of them carried an iron chair in which to fasten the prisoner, and two others thumb screws, those little instruments of torture, which have torn the secret from many an aching heart. This time the prisoner was unable to raise himself, and, at a signal from the Inquisitor, he was raised and placed in the iron chair.

"Prisoner—I have come for your decision. Are you prepared?"

The prisoner bent his head, and murmured an inaudible reply.

"Will you swear to give up these wild and idle speculations, to cease from turning men's heads from the truth? Will you abjure your false philosophy, abandon your heresy, and once more be received into the bosom of the Church?"

The negative struggled to utter itself from the pale lips of the prisoner; but ere he could really



speaking, the torturers, at a glance from the Inquisitor, placed themselves on each side of him, ready to apply the screws. Seeing their intent, and unable to endure any longer the mental struggles, he gasped forth :

"Yes, yes, I will promise all you require."

"Swear!" said the priest, rising and placing before him the silver cross. "Swear, by the Holy Trinity, swear by the Blessed Mother, and you shall go forth a beloved son of the Church."

With ashy, trembling lips, the fearful oath was taken. Cordials were administered to restore the almost fainting man; he was led forth from his dungeon, and thus at the midnight hour did Galilei find himself walking once more a free man through the streets of Rome; but at what a price had he purchased this freedom—the sacrifice of truth and integrity!

#### CHAPTER II.

JUST thirty years before the tenant of the Inquisition walked forth from his dungeon, the sounds of merriment and festivity were heard in a palace on the banks of the Arno. Lights flashed from every window, busy voices were uttering congratulations, and busy feet treading the lofty hall. One room only in that palace was quiet and sacred from intrusion; there lay the young mother, and her infant child, whose birth was being celebrated by the assembling of all who could claim kith or kin with the noble family of Galilei. The new comer might have been called *Benvenuto*, for welcome indeed he was, the first born of many years of wedded happiness; but with the baptismal water which had that day been sprinkled by holy hands upon his unconscious head, he received the name of Galilei, and little did those fond parents imagine the celebrity which would make that name one of the brightest in the roll of fame which generation hands down to generation.

Count Galilei was a man of strong and well cultivated mind; the Medicæan age had imbued him with its light, and he had turned his attention to those studies which had as yet but seldom occupied men of his caste. His peculiar taste lay in anatomy and surgery, and his strongest desire was that his son should inherit it, and become the head of anatomical science; accordingly, from a mere child his studies were directed in that way; the wonders of the human form, pictures and models of the feet, and hands were given him to play with; his father would take him on his knee, and talk learnedly to him of the muscles and sinews, make him move his limbs, and explain the wonderful combination of power required in one single movement; but vain was the attempt to alter the bias of nature. The starry heavens, the moon in her fickle course, had more charms for him than any study; and as soon as his mind began to develope, he showed so decided a

taste for Mathematics and Astronomy, that his father relinquished his own ardent desire, and consented to let him follow the bent of his own inclination. His progress was wonderful. He was placed at the National Academy at Pisa, and soon so far outstripped his companions that he received in 1589, an appointment to the Mathematical Chair of that institution. But his clear mind would not long allow him to walk in the trammels of the Ptolemaic theory; his own observations led him to see the absurdity of it; and, having examined the opinions of all preceding philosophers, and weighed the systems of both ancient and modern times, he came to the same conclusions at which Copernicus, thirty seven years before, after twenty years of laborious study, had arrived—That the Sun was nobly and independently placed in the centre of the universe to illuminate and govern the whole, and that the planetary system revolved round it, producing, by their own movements, the alternate changes of day and night, summer and winter.

Having once convinced himself of the truth of this theory, Galilei, undeterred by the dread of the bigotry and persecution which for so long a time kept Copernicus back, came out boldly, in defiance of the whole Pisan Academy, and of the opinions and prejudices of the professors. This rendered his situation there so unpleasant, subjecting him to the species of petty persecutions which are almost always heaped upon those who differ from the majority, that in three years he was compelled to resign his situation. He then removed to Padua, where he soon obtained another Professorship. Several treatises on Mechanics, his "*Balance*," or the problem of Archimedes about the crown, soon made him known as a man of genius and erudition; and his society was courted by all the men of letters and science, and young students became eager to enrol themselves among his disciples, not always, however, from the simple love of the new theory of the solar system; many who joined him were opposers to the papal dynasty, and most anxious to bring forward any thing which could in the remotest degree tend to loosen the keys from the grasp of the descendants of St. Peter, who claimed for themselves, with lordly arrogance, entire infallibility in all intellectual as well as religious and temporal matters.

While on a visit at Venice in 1609, a new epoch was opened to the mind of the still youthful philosopher, by the invention of the telescope. He heard that Jonas Metius, a Dutchman, had constructed an instrument which caused distant objects to appear nearer and larger to the observer; his acute mind instantly seized upon the benefits which such a discovery was likely to confer upon him in the prosecution of his astronomical studies, and he immediately applied himself to the construction and improvement of the instrument. His first efforts, feeble as they were, compared to the gigantic pro-

gress since made, gave him infinite delight; and though his first glass magnified only three times, he carried it with eager joy to Venice, where, after exhibiting it to crowds of the principal citizens, all eager for a glance at this wonder-working engine, he presented it to the senate, who were so much gratified by the gift that they conferred upon him for life his professorship at Padua. By perseverance, he soon succeeded in increasing the power of his glass, and then commenced those series of stupendous discoveries, which opened a new astronomical world, and contained in themselves a refutation to the Aristotelian creed, which had so long chained the philosophic mind to its Juggernaut car.

The rapidly increasing fame of Galileo reaching Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had been one of his pupils at Pisa, and who to extensive benevolence added the love of science and literature, he became most anxious that the light of his genius should illumine his own country. Accordingly he wrote to Galileo to return to his former situation at Pisa, promising his influence to render his post more agreeable than it had been before, and that he should have leisure for the pursuit of his studies. These proposals gratified Galileo, and in 1610 he was established at Pisa, with a most liberal salary. There he continued his astronomical observations, and soon discovered the four satellites of Jupiter, to which he gave the name of the Medicæan stars, in honor of his patron. He wrote an account of this wonderful discovery, which he published under the title of the "Sidereal Messenger." This he also dedicated to the Prince.

He soon received the honorary appointment of Philosopher and principal Mathematician to the Duke of Tuscany, and accordingly took up his residence in Florence, with a salary of 1000 florins, which placed him above the necessity of private teaching, and gave him ample leisure. He proceeded rapidly with his studies, which he gave to the public in an enigmatical form, that he might prove beyond a doubt, by testing the impossibility of others to solve the questions, that he was indeed the discoverer. The ring of Saturn, the different phases of Venus, the spots in the sun, the nature of the fixed stars, followed so rapidly one upon another, they dazzled the whole Italian world. In the very meridian of his success, Galileo took the resolution of visiting Rome, that he might see how he would be received in the stronghold of that philosophy which his vast discoveries were so rapidly undermining.

His reception was as gratifying as he could have desired. The Pope honoured him as a distinguished guest. Cardinals and Princes crowded round, and vied with each other in paying him homage, and he might perhaps have lulled, by a little prudence, the spirit of persecution, which was only slumbering, ready to spring upon him at the first opportunity. But his determined spirit of proselytism caused him

constantly to be skirmishing against the Aristotelian theory. And at last emboldened by the licence which had been permitted him in expressing his opinions, he ventured to address a letter to his friend the Abbe Castelli, in which he contended the Scriptures were not given to teach us science or philosophy, and that we should exercise our reason in receiving its implied theories. This letter was immediately replied to by Coccini, a Dominican friar, who made a personal attack upon Galileo from the pulpit. This roused the philosopher's indignation, and he produced so able a work in defence, proving that as nature and scripture proceed from the same author, they must speak the same language. The arguments were so powerful that the Ecclesiastical party found they could only refute them by the strong arm of power; and Galileo was cited to appear before the Inquisition.

Some of his biographers contend that, without the trying ordeal of a year's confinement in the lonely dungeons of the holy prison house, he consented to retract his heretical opinions, intimidated by the threats which were held out to him; but others, and we trust correctly, say that he did not yield till his body was enfeebled, and his mind borne down by the heavy captivity which had taught him what were the tender mercies of the most holy Inquisition. But whatever view is correct, the fact is certain that Galileo did give his most solemn promise to abandon the theory of the earth's motion, and never to teach or defend it. But, alas for frail human nature! the same weakness which led him to give up his principles, rather than endure personal suffering, blinded him to the true import of his oath, and he was no sooner set free, and once more under the protection of Cosmo, than, declaring he did not consider forced oaths obligatory, he continued to maintain his own opinions, though perhaps not so openly as at first. But the Church took no notice of this dereliction, and on the ascent of Urban VIII. to the papal chair, he distinguished Galileo by the greatest kindness, bestowed rich gifts upon him, and made both himself and his son pensioners of the Church, a support much needed by Galileo, as, by the death of Cosmo, he had been left dependent upon the caprice of Ferdinand, and he was much encumbered with debt.

But all these favours could not bind the spirit of Galileo; impressed with the truth of his own ideas, he forgot his extorted promise; he forgot the benefits which the head of the Church heaped upon him; he forgot the personal risk he ran, and though he would not come out openly, he made a covert attack upon the old doctrines in the form of a dialogue, in which he brought out his own ideas in striking contradistinction to those of his opponents. The imaginary conversation was carried on between two believers in the theory of Copernicus, and a resolute follower of the creeds of Aristotle and Ptolemy. Of course, from the bias of Galileo's mind,

all the strength of argument was on the side of Copernicus; though he placed pretty fairly in the mouth of Simplicio, all that could be said in favour of the Ptolemaic creed. There were not wanting many enemies of the philosopher, who were ready to use this work to his prejudice; the report was industriously circulated that his Holiness, Urban, was intended by the conquered advocate of the old philosophy; this soon reached the Pope's ears, and filled him with burning indignation, and at his command Galileo was again summoned before the dreaded tribunal of the Inquisition. Again did physical weakness prevail over moral strength; again, in the presence of the officers of the Inquisition, and the dignitaries of the Church, who gloated on their triumph, did he abjure the noble truths he had so laboured to establish.

Says one of his biographers: "The ceremony of his abjuration was one of exciting interest, and awful formality. Clothed in the sackcloth of a repentant criminal, the venerable sage fell upon his knees before the assembled Cardinals, and laying his hands upon the Holy Evangelists, he invoked the divine aid in abjuring, and detesting, and vowing never again to teach the doctrine of the earth's motion, and the sun's stability. He pledged himself thus solemnly never again to propagate such heresies." It has been recorded, as a matter of tradition that when he rose from his knees, after this fearful ceremony, he turned to one of his friends, and stamping his foot upon the floor, whispered, "It does move, though." What a lesson of human weakness! Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall; the power of Christianity alone can produce the true spirit of martyrdom. Galileo was a philosopher; but he wanted that self-sacrificing, self-forgetting spirit, which resigns all worldly good, and endures all physical suffering, rather than sully the bright spirit of truth.

Notwithstanding his retraction, Galileo was condemned to confinement in the Inquisition, and to repeat every week seven penitential psalms; but his health had become so enfeebled by the many exposures he had undergone, and he suffered so much from actual pain and debility, that much sympathy was excited for him, and the Pope was at last induced to obtain his release from the prison; but it was only to exchange one place of confinement for another. He was permitted to return to his Villa at Arcetri, near Florence; but he was forbidden to hold intercourse with any of his friends, or to go beyond the bounds of his estate. Indignant at the cruelty of his treatment, and the persecution he endured, he continued to occupy himself with his studies; and, although feeble, and almost worn out, he devoted whole nights, telescope in hand, to studying the heavens. This imprudent exposure had such an effect upon him that in 1639 he lost his sight.

What a touching picture does this present to us!

This poor old man, whose eyes had opened new worlds—he who had been the Columbus of Astronomy,—who had traced out the paths of the stars, and who had planted, as it were, the flag of Cosmo in the Satellite of Jupiter, was destined to have his own star set in darkness and clouds, unblessed by the sight of the sun, whose dark spots he had been the first to point out, and whose face was like that of a familiar friend. Uncheered by the sight of the moon, and the soft rays of the stars, a prisoner and alone—and to these many afflictions was added the loss of hearing, so that he could not even be charmed by the kind voices which would have whispered peace to his troubled spirit—he spent his days in restless wanderings around his garden, leaning upon his staff, and giving himself up to sad and melancholy musings. It was in this situation that Milton, then travelling in Italy, a "youth to fame unknown," found him. Little did the poet realize, as he gazed upon this wreck of former greatness, that he saw a type of what himself should be, as Rogers has beautifully expressed it:

"Little then

Did Galileo think whom he received;  
That in his hand he held the hand of one,  
Who could requite him—who could spread his name,  
O'er lands and seas, great as himself, nay greater—  
Milton as little that in him he saw,  
As in a glass, what he himself should be,  
Destined so soon to fall on evil days,  
And evil tongues; so soon, alas! to live  
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,  
And solitude."

Seven years did he thus dwell a prisoner at the very gate of Florence, which was closed to him, till, worn out, his heart crushed, and his frame exhausted, he yielded up the Spirit to render its heavy account. Then, wrapped in the paraphernalia of the dead, his shrouded form was borne into that city which had witnessed his most brilliant triumphs. But even then the malice of the Inquisition pursued him; at first they refused to allow him to be buried in consecrated ground, but the Pope interfered, and obtained permission for him to be deposited in an obscure corner of the Church of Santa Croce, where for many years the place remained unmarked by even a tablet. But as time passed on, prejudice and persecution died away by degrees—the Galilean theory became established as articles of faith; and after the Pope and Cardinals who had condemned the noble Astronomer, had gone to give their account of the talents committed to them, after their names had been forgotten, or only recorded on the chronological tables, there arose a fitting monument to Galilei Galileo; it breathed no tale of recantation; no carving of the hall of Inquisition, where mental strength knelt to physical sickness, but Geometry and Astronomy crowned, with never fading garlands, the blind sage of Arcetri.

(ORIGINAL.)

## A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

When sorrow preys upon the mind,  
And struggling in the bosom pent;  
Like fluid, when too close confined,  
'Twill burst the shell, or find a vent:

He died far from home on the ocean\*,  
Yet his country's brave tars, bore his bier;  
His pall was the flag of the nation,  
Which in life to his heart was so dear.  
While lowering the youth to his grave,  
Grief spoke through the sighs of the brave.

Oh! he died in a far distant clime,  
No parent to tend and watch o'er him;  
He went down to the grave in life's prime,  
Leaving friends whom he loved to deplore him,  
Gone—gone to that haven of rest,  
Where souls anchor safe with the blest.

Though he died on the main far from land,  
Yet a friend, heaven sent, smoothed his pillow †;  
And perhaps, too, the same friendly hand,  
May plant o'er his lone grave a willow.  
To mark out the spot where he lies.  
To which are now wafted sad sighs.

But why thus should we grieve that he's gone?  
Alas! for ourselves is the sorrow;  
Though to day the sun brilliant hath shone,  
Who can promise a cloudless tomorrow?  
Vain hopes, which in fancy we form,  
Oft vanish—or fall 'neath the sto

He was manly, yet modest and mild,  
Warm-hearted—aye, in friendship sincere;  
If a parent may mourn a loved child,  
There is due to his virtues a tear.  
But tears unavailing may flow,  
Alas! they efface not the woe.

Three Rivers, 1st May, 1842.

R.

## TRUTH.

THEY who speak truth, however discovered, have a right to be heard:—they who assist others in discovering it, have the yet nigher claim to be applauded.—*Par's Spital Sermon.*

\* On board Her Majesty's Steamship Prometheus, Lieutenant Sparks, Commander, on the passage from Malta to Gibraltar, at which latter place the remains of the lamented youth to which these imperfect lines refer, were interred.

† Thomas Davenport, Esq. whose kindness is gratefully remembered by the bereaved parents.

## "DRINK AND AWAY."

There is a beautiful rill in Barbary received into a larger basin, which bears the name signifying "Drink and away," from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.

SHAW'S TRAVELS.

Ay, drink and away, though the fountain is clear,  
Thou desert-worn pilgrim—oh! linger not here,  
Though the turf-covered earth may be soft for thy bed,  
Though the blue skies of Afric beam bright o'er thy head,  
Though the pure sparkling waters allure thee to stay,  
Oh, heed not their music—but "drink and away!"

Though the soft moon is rising new lustre to shed,  
Where nature her beauties profusely has spread;  
Though long thou hast wandered all cheerless and lone,  
Till freshness and strength from thy bosom have flown;

Though weary and sad be thy still-onward way—  
Oh, list to the caution—"drink, drink and away!"

A wanderer art thou from the home of thy youth,  
From the friends whose affection is fervor and truth,  
And afar must thou roam ere again thou canst stand  
Within the charmed bounds of thine own native land  
Yet the bliss of that meeting thy toil shall repay,  
Then pause not, delay not—but "drink and away!"

For the fierce sons of Afric are close on thy path,  
In vain wouldst thou soften their terrible wrath;  
They know not the spells which attach us to home,  
For they love o'er the desert unwearied to roam.  
And gladly they make the lone stranger their prey;  
Then rest not, oh, pilgrim—but "drink and away!"

Oh, such is the aspect of life's weary scene,  
Where nature is fairest the spoiler hath been;  
We toil after pleasures which fade from us fast,  
And leave us to cold disappointment at last;  
By the founts of temptation we heedlessly stay,  
Forgetting the caution, to "drink and away!"

But on let us pass—for not far must we roam,  
Ere the pilgrim shall stand in his beautiful home;  
For the desert of life is not far from that shore  
Where trial and danger are heard of no more.  
In the waters of heaven our thirst we'll allay;  
Then pause not, ye weary ones, "drink and away!"

R. R.

## IMAGINARY EVILS.

IF we except the blessings of strength, health, and the testimony of a good conscience, all the other conveniences and pleasures of life depend on opinion. Except pain of body, and remorse of conscience, all our evils are imaginary.—*Rousseau.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## ANNE AND CLARA.

A TALE.

BY M. W. B.

"WELL, my dear mamma," cried the lovely Anne Courtland, as her mother entered the parlour, where herself and cousin were sitting at their needle, "where have you been passing the evening, for I perceive, by your dress, that you have been out?"

"I have been where the presence of my darling daughter would have added much to my happiness, could I have hoped the society she would have met there, would have given her pleasure."

"Thank you, dear mother; but that is not telling us where you have been."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. Courtland, smiling rather archly, "I think you may form a tolerable idea of the sort of persons with whom I have been, although you may not perhaps so well understand *who they were*."

"Ah! I can guess;" and an expression of contempt slightly curled her rosy lip as she continued, "you have been visiting Mrs. Thompson; were any other *praying* people there?"

"There were several pious people there, my child, and no one can be pious without prayer—and now tell me what you have both been doing since I deserted you? Clara, you seem dull—I hope Anne has not omitted any of the duties of a hospitable hostess?"

"She has not, indeed, dear aunt. We have been reading, and had laid aside our book but a short time before you came in. I would like to hear more of the visit you have been making—may I ask if it was of a religious nature?"

"It was a prayer-meeting, my dear, and was particularly interesting to me. But I see Anne dislikes the subject, therefore we will drop it, and I will lay aside my hat and shawl."

"Pray, mamma," said the now pouting daughter, "do not withhold any such delightful conversation from cousin Clara, on my account—I can withdraw."

Clara Allen saw the displeasure of her cousin, and requested her aunt to defer her communication until another time; and her aunt, pressing her lips to Clara's forehead, told her she was a dear, considerate, charming girl; then, advancing to Anne, she kissed her also, with much tenderness, as she said: "Come, now my love, smooth your brow; all unpleasant subjects are prohibited, and we will be very happy in your own way. What shall we talk about?"

"It is quite immaterial to me," replied Anne, haughtily; "pray, tell Clara what sanctified people you have been with—she is a stranger, you know,

and will like to be made acquainted with your friends."

"If you find pleasure in ridiculing the friends of your mother, Anne," said Mrs. Courtland, gravely, "you must introduce them yourself."

"Well, then, I believe I shall do it best; at any rate, with less partiality than yourself, mother," said the now brightening girl, "and I will begin, Clara, by making you acquainted with Mrs. Thompson, the lady at whose house the prayer-meeting has been held. She was a tall, square-shouldered, large old-maid, when the little Mr. Thompson made her his bride and the mistress of his fine house and finer fortune. Since her elevation, she has made wonderful professions of religion, goes to church three times on Sunday—looks devout when there—makes a great fuss about doing good and being charitable—and, to cap the climax, has evening meetings—and sister's meetings, and all sorts of meetings at her house; and when her friends are gone home, amuses herself, I dare say, with pulling them in pieces, and scattering their characters to the four winds of heaven."

"And how have you been employed all this time, my dear Anne?" asked the mother: "Where, if we are to credit all you say, is the character of poor Mrs. Thompson? You have done wrong; but let us leave my friends in peace, and talk of your own. Have you had no company this evening?"

Anne blushed as she replied, "Only Edward for a few moments; I think he has become Clara's admirer, for he seemed devoted to her."

"Jealous!" cried Clara, laughing. "I thought cousin Anne knew herself too well, to experience that uncomfortable emotion; but, banish it immediately; for it will be exceedingly foolish to indulge it on my account, as I assure you I have no wish to attract Mr. Richmond."

"He is not sufficiently pious, I suppose," and the curl returned to the beautiful lip.

"That would be an objection, even were there no other; but although very agreeable, I should really prefer calling him cousin, to husband."

"What are your other objections to Mr. Richmond, Clara?" enquired Mrs. Courtland; "may we not know them?"

"Excuse me, dear aunt; I confess myself very presumptuous in expressing my opinion so freely, of one with whom I am so little acquainted; and I am aware, dear Anne, that I ought to like him for your sake, as my cousin elect."

"Of course—and I shall not accept your apology, without your reason. Is he not handsome?"

"Very."

"Intelligent and amiable?"

"I do not doubt it."

"What then are your objections to him?"

"My chief one will not weigh one grain in your scale, Anne; why should I name it again?"

"Then it actually is his want of a long face and canting piety!"

"Not at all. Had you said it was his want of religion, as a governing principle of life, you would have said right."

"And if he was what people call religious, I can assure you, I would never marry him!" warmly exclaimed the impetuous Anne. "Thank fortune! he has none of it, and I hope will never have any."

Clara was silent, and Mrs. Courtland endeavoured to calm the rising storm, by changing the subject of conversation; but it was impossible, and, with evident ill humour on one side, and much uneasiness on the other, the little party separated for the night.

Clara Allen, although far inferior to her cousin in personal beauty, far surpassed her in a sweetness of manner and expression, that fastinated the beholder, by impressing him with the conviction that a lovely spirit dwelt within. She had been for some time a practical Christian—the beautiful precepts of Scripture were the guide of her life, and its promises gave the hope which sustained her in her onward course; they were the rock on which she trusted to stand, when the tempest of calamity should overtake her. The pressing solicitations of her aunt and cousin had drawn her from her peaceful maternal abode, to mingle for a season, in the gay circles of the metropolis of New England; and she had been but a few days the guest of her relations, when the preceding conversation took place. She had listened with painful emotion to the sneers of her cousin, directed as they were against all that was most precious to her own heart; and her correct judgment could not but see that the admonitions of a mother were of essential importance, to check such improprieties—yet she heard nothing that could produce that effect, but, on the contrary, observed in her aunt an evident fear of offending her daughter, which led to a thousand evasions, too well understood by Anne to render them effectual in restraining her—and the conscientious girl retired to rest, her heart filled with many desires to do good, and many fears of evil. Nor was Mrs. Courtland less uncomfortable. Possessing an affectionate disposition, and a real anxiety to be filled with that spirit which is kind, her gentle nature preferred concession or concealment, to the task of contending with the passionate temper of her daughter; and thus, through a weakness almost unpardonable, she was daily subjected to scenes, which a proper degree of decision on her part, would have prevented.

Anne Courtland had, with all her imperfections, an amiable, or rather a kind disposition, and the recollection of her unkindness to her cousin, carried her early in the morning to her chamber, to apologise for her conduct; and she felt but the more self-condemned as Clara frankly accorded her forgiveness.

"I can easily pardon your severity to myself, dear Anne," said this amiable girl; "but can you forgive yourself for your disrespect to your mother and her friends?"

"To my mother! Oh, she does not mind it!—and she does so vex me by going to those odious places?"

"Can you wish to restrain her from visiting the places most agreeable to her? Has she not a right to regulate her own actions, and if so ought her daughter to wish to control her?"

"You question very closely, my dear Clara, but since I am upon my good behaviour, I will even answer you truly. It is very ungenerous in me to oppose her, since I know that it contributes to her happiness; but I am always so fearful that she will act and talk like those praying, canting people, that I am unwilling she should associate with them."

"You are so candid in acknowledging an error, my beloved cousin, that I am unwilling to vex you, and yet there is one question I am very desirous of asking you."

"Do not fear; I am in a wonderfully good temper this morning, and can bear a great deal."

"I will venture then to ask you, why you hate prayer?"

"Hate prayer!" exclaimed the astonished Anne, "how could you imagine such a thing?"

"Have you not repeatedly spoken of 'praying people' as objects of your scorn? And am I not justified in believing that prayer is your aversion, when you dislike those who practise it?"

"Oh! it is not their prayers that I dislike, but the noise that is made about them; and the long solemn faces that are put on by these religious folks."

"Would you have them smile when they are confessing their sins, and entreating pardon for them? Or do you think the thanksgiving of a Christian would be more acceptable for being uttered with levity?"

"I do not; but I think the Christian ought, of all persons, to be the happiest."

"You are right, dear Anne, and in general I believe he is so; but while a dweller on the earth, he will often offend his Creator; and can we wonder that this thought should occasion him much anguish of heart, or that this anguish should betray itself on the countenance, as readily as any other sorrow?"

"But if he does as well as he can why should he not be happy? Surely nothing more can be required of him than that."

"True, but who can seriously say, 'I have done all the good that was in my power?' Who fulfils

all his duties, even to his own satisfaction? and were it not for the merits of our blessed Saviour, who could hope for acceptance with God? Oh, my beloved cousin," exclaimed this ardent girl, her full heart overflowing at her eyes, "how dear, how very dear this Saviour should be to us! He has given us felicity; when without his sacrifice, we should have been forever miserable."

Anne was affected by the enthusiasm of her friend.

"Ah! Clara," she said, "I should really be glad to believe as you do; but what will you think of me, when I tell you that I am not a believer in all the Bible; nay, perhaps, I believe very little of it."

It was now Clara's turn to be surprised, and her distended eyes indicated her amazement as she exclaimed, "Not believe the Bible! Anne, are you mad?"

"Not quite," she answered smiling; "but Edward has taught me to view it in a very different light from what I once did."

"Unkind Edward! may God forgive him, and open his eyes;" exclaimed the horror-stricken Clara. "But Anne, my own Anne, tell me what are your doubts—from whence do they arise?"

"Tell me, Clara, do you really and truly believe that those books called the Bible, came from God?" cried Anne evasively.

"I do most solemnly believe that they contain His holy will, vouchsafed to man through the Inspiration of the Blessed Spirit."

"And what grounds have you for your belief?"

"Nay, Anne, this is avoiding my question; however, I will answer you as well as I am able; and one of my reasons for believing them to be genuine is because I have no reason to doubt them. Why should I doubt the veracity of sacred, more than of profane historians? You believe there were such writers as Xenophon and Livy, and I believe that Moses and Isaiah and St. Paul wrote the books imputed to them—although you cannot read the works of the Greeks and Romans, while I am able to peruse the sacred writings."

"You have the advantage there; but all modern writers agree in bearing testimony to the existence of the Greeks and Romans."

"And of the Jews also. The Septuagint was translated into Greek so late as the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus; and surely so many eminent men would not have wasted their time on a work whose authenticity was questionable. And now for another reason," continued Clara smiling; "do you remember the denunciations uttered against the Jews, by their own prophets, in case of their forsaking the worship of the true God, and turning to idols?"

"I have formerly read them with terror—but I cannot now repeat them."

"We will read what Moses says to them." Clara then opened her Bible, and turning to Deuteronomy, read aloud the verses to which she referred: "Thou

shalt be removed into all the kingdoms of the earth, and thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb and a bye-word among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee; And among these nations thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life."

"Now let us compare these threats with the actual condition of this once favored people; they are dispersed into all parts of the earth, dwelling with other nations, and forming part of their population, but distinct in manners, worship and personal appearance; a timorous, degraded, sordid and persecuted race—still wearing that awful veil of unbelief, and exiled from Zion, the city of their fondest hopes and earliest attachments, until it is withdrawn. Oh! how I pity this unhappy people, once so blessed, now so wretched; and what a terrific warning they present to us, who are still more highly favored."

"Well, really, cousin, I cannot pity them much; they were a horrid set. Only think of the shocking characters held up to view among them."

"Held up to view, undoubtedly; but not for imitation."

"Why were they mentioned then?"

"For the same reason that profane history delineates similar characters; simply, because, if they perform conspicuous parts on the theatre of the world, it would be impossible to relate the scenes in which they figured, without describing them. They are rather warnings than examples, since their crimes were invariably followed by punishment."

"But why did their prophets, in predicting events, speak of them as if they were already past? It would have been more natural to have spoken of them in the future tense."

"Your doubts must be deeply seated, indeed, my dear Anne, since they can blind you to the effects of imagination; a quality with which you are so peculiarly gifted. When the rapt seer utters the words of inspiration—when he predicts the fast-coming, events of future years—has he not already seen them with the eye of his mind? They are as if past to him, and what wonder then that he should say 'I saw'? Even in our own times, persons gifted with second sight, always speak of the events they predict, as having passed before their mental vision."

"True, dear Clara, and yet this is one of Edward's strongest reasons for rejecting the prophecies relating to the Messiah; he says that the circumstances are so minutely and perfectly described, that they must have been witnessed before they were written. Isaiah speaks of them as past."

"And they were past, in the mind of the holy prophet. Oh! Anne, I can imagine him now, pouring forth his sublime effusions, in utter self-abandon-

ment—forgetful of every thing but the tremendous scenes that were passing before his mental eye—rapt, entranced, in the view of that glorious mystery which was then but glancing a few faint beams of its splendid light, upon the inhabitants of earth.”

As Clara uttered these words, the holy enthusiasm she had been describing seemed to fill her own heart; her sweetly placid features became animated by a loftiness of expression, such as her cousin had never before witnessed. She gazed upon her for a moment with admiration, and then exclaimed!

“Truly, Clara, I believe you have a share of inspiration yourself! At least I can exclaim with Agrippa, ‘almost you persuade me to be a Christian.’”

“And I will reply in the spirit, if not in the words of the Apostle: ‘I would that you were as I am, except my faults.’”

A sudden summons to breakfast interrupted the conversation, and the cousins descended together to the breakfast parlour.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE ardent feeling of her cousin, excited much sympathy in the heart of Anne Courtland, and she was the more interested in the subject of the discourse between them, from its having been presented to her under a new aspect; and when Mr. Richmond called, in the course of the day, she repeated the substance of it to him, and expressed a wish that he would himself converse with Clara. The certainty he felt of being able to confute all the arguments Miss Allen could adduce in support of her opinions, and the pride of adding perhaps another convert to his favorite system, induced him to assent to the proposal, although he assured his fair friend that he “detested, above all things, a canting, whining methodist;” and cautioned her to beware of imbibing her cousin’s doctrines. On the entrance of Clara into the apartment, Anne said, “My dear Clara, here is a sad wicked man, whom I wish you would convince of his errors; I have been repeating to him some part of our last conversation, and what do you think he has the face to say? Why, that although this enthusiasm of yours may render you very charming, it does not prove the authenticity of the Scriptures, nor that they have reached us unaltered since their promulgation.”

“I confess it, and shall be happy to refer you to Bishop Porteous for the necessary proof.”

“We should prefer your abridgment of him, cousin, for really, I fear we shall never read the works of the great dignitary ourselves—at least I can answer for one.”

Clara smiled as she said, “You are an idle girl, I see, and I must do my best for you, although I can by no means do the good prelate justice. He says that the books of the Old Testament, containing the prophecies relating to our Saviour, were in

the possession of the Jews seven hundred years before his birth; and from the time of the prophecies until His advent, they were expecting His appearance. The bitter enemies of the Lord Jesus, had they dared to have altered them, they would most certainly have done so, or omitted them altogether—and yet they were preserved; and the Jews themselves confess them to be, now, exactly as they were originally written.”

“They are still expecting their Messiah,” replied Edward; “but, Miss Allen, have you any other reason for supposing these books genuine, than the confession of an interested people?”

“I think I have, Sir; the internal evidence is very strong; the reference of one Book to another, and the connexion of each with all, are presumptions that the books so referred to, are genuine. The great care with which they have been preserved by the Jews, notwithstanding the severe denunciations uttered against themselves as a nation, which they contain, is another powerful argument in their favor. Copies of them have been carried by the dispersed Israelites, at various times to different parts of the world, and yet all the copies were alike, when translated into the Greek language in the third century before Christ, and again in the second century after Him. The Christian Church has received the Greek versions, translated from the Hebrew text; and, lastly, the historical accounts, given in the Old Testament, agree remarkably with those of profane writers, who have mentioned the same nations and countries, so that I think the integrity of the Scriptures of the Old Testament abundantly proved.”

“But can it be possible that a young lady of Miss Allen’s good sense can credit the wild fables of miracles recorded in these same Scriptures?” asked Edward.

“I hope I shall not quite lose my reputation for sense, in your opinion, Mr. Richmond,” she replied, “if I frankly answer, that I do fully and firmly credit them.”

A half smile of contempt rested for a moment on the lips of the gentleman, as he listened to her reply, but politeness banished the ungallant intruder, and he begged to be favored with her reasons for such undoubting faith.

“My faith has but a feeble advocate in myself,” she modestly replied; “and I fear my arguments will have little weight with you, Mr. Richmond; yet my reasons for my belief you shall have. The first five books of the Bible were written by Moses, and relate to events in which he bore a distinguished part—when written, they were committed to the care of the principal men of the nation, to be read publicly to the people; would he, do you think, have dared to speak of events which never took place, making the people themselves actors in them, when every individual of the vast multi-



rude who heard them, might have detected the falsehood?"

"I do not understand to what you refer," cried Anne.

"I fear I have not been sufficiently explicit. I allude to the miracles wrought by Moses at different times. To use the words of another writer: 'He must have asserted, in the face of myriads, that, in Egypt, at his command, darkness had covered the land for three days;—that, at his command, the Red Sea became dry, and that they themselves had passed it in safety, while the Egyptians had been drowned by the returning waves. He must have asserted these falsities, in the presence of persons who knew them to be such, and who could have exposed the imposture. Would it not be allowing a greater miracle, to suppose that the Hebrews would have rendered obedience to a man whom they knew to be capable of such gross falsehood?'"

"Your reasons are certainly excellent, Miss Allen, however your diffidence may underrate them, and I certainly agree with you, in believing that Moses would have wrought a greater miracle in persuading the Jews of the truth of these things, if they had been false, than in performing the very miracles themselves."

The soft eyes of Clara sparkled with delight at this admission—to become, in any degree, an instrument of good to another, was to her a source of the purest gratification, and she mentally prayed that a higher and holier means of illumination might be vouchsafed him.

"But, cousin," said Anne, "some of the miracles of Moses are accounted for on philosophical principles, and, if so, why seek for supernatural causes for them?"

"If they were effected by natural means, my dear Anne, you will acknowledge that they were not in the common course of things, and if they were not, by what other means than supernatural agency, could any one foretell them?"

The idea was new to both the querists; they were silent and abstracted, for a few moments, when Edward said, "It is true, none but an Omniscient being can foresee the time or circumstances of events, which are out of the common order of things."

"Then," answered the gratified Clara, "the inference follows that the prophecies contained in the Scriptures are divine, for they foretell events at so remote a period, that the causes were removed beyond the scrutiny of man, and no one, unless assisted by divine illumination, could have foreseen them."

"Will you mention some of this class?"

"Certainly. One is the propagation of the knowledge of the One God, by the agency of the Hebrews, which was announced to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, twenty two centuries before Christ. Another, that the Messiah should spring from the

tribe of Judah, and family of David. A third is the prediction of Jeremiah concerning the overthrow of Babylon, which was not accomplished until a thousand years after the prophet's time."

"Upon my word, Miss Allen, you bring strong evidence; but how do we know that these prophecies were fulfilled?"

"If you have any doubt respecting their fulfilment," said Clara, archly, "you have only to consult these writers, and compare their accounts with those of the writers of profane history."

"Ah, I see your plan, Clara," said Anne, "you wish us to read the Bible, and I think it would be our wisest plan."

"And even then," returned Edward "I fear we should need that absorbing faith, which, scorning the cloud of human prejudices, and comparing the fulfilment with the prediction, bows in humility to the Power that wills these events. I think you must have been a close student on these subjects, Miss Allen."

"Indeed," answered the blushing girl, "I am but an unskilful defender of the faith. But from hearing many discussions upon these subjects, I have been induced to read such authors as I thought most powerful in reasons, and most convincing in argument, and as my cousin observes, it will really be your wisest plan to read and judge for yourself."

"But I have often read, and as often judged, and yet you see the result. Can you divine the cause?"

"Perhaps I might, but you probably would not be pleased."

"The physician must probe the wound, whether agreeable to the patient or not, or he cannot know the extent of the evil he has to contend with—I am your patient."

"Alas! for you," cried Clara, "if your case depends upon my skill for cure, in the present instance. You have probably read with the intention of supporting your opinions."

"Assuredly; if I have an opinion I wish it to be well founded, and would arm myself with arguments to defend it. Your practice authorises that."

"But in seeking support for our own theory, ought we to shut our eyes to the objections we may find to it; or to the evidences we may find in favor of another?"

"We ought to be candid, undoubtedly."

"Would it not be wise, then, when we read the Scriptures, to divest ourselves of all prejudices either for or against any particular system, and thus keep our minds open to any impression that may be made upon it by what we read?"

"How in the world can that be done?" exclaimed Anne; "we cannot control our sentiments; no power can teach us that?"

"We may suspend our opinions, cousin and

there is a power that can teach us to control our sentiments."

"I wonder what it is," said Anne.

"It is prayer," my dear Anne, said Clara, impressively. "Whoever is sincerely desirous to obtain a knowledge of the truth, and seeks it with prayer and a submissive spirit, will invariably find it."

"You promise much for prayer, Miss Allen."

"Not more than it has performed, and still performs daily, for those who trust in its efficacy. Oh! could we estimate its value! could we always realize that it is a medium of communication between a Father and his children—between our good and glorious God and the beings he permits to approach Him, in all their unworthiness, surely no heart could forbear to swell with adoration, no lips refuse to utter praises and thanksgivings forever!"

The "beauty of holiness" irradiated the countenance of this heavenly-minded girl, and gave an irresistible charm to her whole appearance; illuminating her eyes with an expression so beautiful, that Edward gazed in surprise for a moment, and then delightedly exclaimed, "it must indeed be a noble employment, that can render its advocates so lovely!"

#### CHAPTER III.

Edward Richmond was possessed of warm feelings, a liberal heart, and fine talents, improved by an excellent education—but he was a man of fashion, and, as such, dreaded the influence of religious profession, on his claims to prominence in the fashionable world. He had early learned to consider all devotedness in piety as fanaticism, and to ridicule the cant, as he termed it, of pious people, as a proof of vulgarity, which excluded from his notice all who were guilty of it. The charms and fashion of Anne Courtland had won his heart, and the engagement subsisting between them, which had been already of some continuance, had placed it in his power to fill her mind with many of the prejudices that had warped his own; and this desire to convert her to his own opinions, had wrought its usual effect on himself; it had confirmed him in his errors, and made him more decidedly opposed to all the observances of religion. And yet he would have spurned the assertion that he was not a Christian. So inconsistent is self-ignorance. The skepticism of Edward was very distressing to Mrs. Courtland, but when her darling daughter became infected by it, her sorrow was increased ten-fold; she implored her to consider—to search her Bible—to pray to her God for illumination; and her own prayers daily ascended to the throne of mercy for both. But love was more powerful than her mother's tears, in the heart of Anne; she loved her parent, but her love was unmingled with respect. She saw that her affection degenerated into weakness, and took advantage of

that weakness to pursue her own course, listening to the arguments of her lover, until both were bewildered in a maze of infidelity and error, that left them nothing of Christianity but the name. It was then that Mrs. Courtland remembered Clara. She knew her to be fascinating in manners, and amiable in temper; and uniting to these attractions, a character purified by affliction, and elevated by the sincerest piety; she hoped much from the influence of such qualities over the heart of her daughter, to turn her from the fountain of pollution, to the pure and holy waters of heavenly wisdom. She accordingly urged her to spend some time with her in town.—the invitation was accepted, and the experiment thus far had succeeded perfectly. Anne loved her cousin with the warmest affection, and it was repaid by Clara with the truest tenderness, the most unvarying kindness, that a Christian can bestow upon one for whom her prayers are ever ascending. Her influence, likewise, in religious points, was beginning to shew itself, as opposed to that of Edward; and it soon became the sincere wish of Anne that her lover might discover his own errors, and assist her in forsaking hers. But the evident admiration of Edward for Clara, although arising from the purest source, was planting a sting in her heart, for which all parties were wholly unprepared. She became jealous of her cousin—jealous of her lover—and the sweet fountain of her affections, which had flowed so abundantly for both, was turned into a spring of bitterness, that destroyed every plant of happiness in its course. She refused to listen to, or join in conversation with the innocent offenders, and the three hearts to whom she was dearest, experienced the sorrow of witnessing her altered manner and varying temper, without being in the least conscious of the cause.

"Why, my dear daughter," said Mrs. Courtland to her one day; "why do you not join your cousin and Edward in the parlour? I am sorry that you refuse to make a confidante of your mother—but you must endeavour to recall your cheerfulness, and if, as you say, you are quite well, do not withdraw yourself from his society. Surely you are not angry with Edward?"

"I, angry with Edward! How can you possibly imagine such a thing? The truth is, I am heartily tired of these long discussions upon the Bible, and if they do not discontinue them, I must even run away from them."

"How is this? You appeared to receive much pleasure from them, but very lately; what can have altered your sentiments?"

"I am sure I have sufficient reason to be tired of them," answered Anne peevishly. "When one hears a thing forever, one may be excused for being weary—and Clara, with her cant and old maidish whims! I do not wonder Bradstreet left her."

"Anne," cried her astonished mother, "do I hear

you aught? Can you vindicate the man who has so deeply injured that admirable creature? How has Clara displeased you?"

"True; how has she displeased me? Not at all, mother, not at all. She is so good, and so religious, and attends meetings and societies and all these things, like pious Mrs. Thompson;—and she intends to bring me to her way of thinking, as well as Edward; but I shall not be blinded by her any longer—and if Edward is, he is so at his peril. I will never marry him nor any other man, who will drag me about to meetings."

"Anne," cried the weeping mother, "you break my heart; what can you mean by this?"

"Mean, mother! I mean to take a walk this fine morning, so good-bye," and escaping from the apartment, she made her way into the street, through a back door, and thus avoided being seen by her lover, who was awaiting her appearance in the parlour:

Although Edward had observed her petulance, and even sometimes fancied she neglected him, yet, fondly confiding in her constancy and affection, he had imputed those aberrations to some accidental cause, which would, undoubtedly, if known, be a sufficient apology for her behaviour, and had therefore passed them over in silence: most probably, with more facility than he would have done, had not his mind been occupied with more important concerns.

More than a week had passed since his last conversation with Clara—but the time had not been wasted; her arguments had induced him to examine particularly those evidences of the truth of Scripture, to which she had referred him, and, as he read, he wondered at the blindness which had kept him from a knowledge of these things, yet even in pursuing the subject thus closely, he imagined himself obeying the wishes of her, who was to him the dearest of earthly objects; and he looked forward with pleasure to the time when he might be able to reclaim his beloved from the errors of unbelief into which himself had led her. Alas! the seeds of evil are widely dispersed and easily sown; but when we would gather them again, they are beyond our reach, fallen into fruitful soil, which "brings forth fruit abundantly."

While Edward awaited the appearance of Anne, he was joined by Clara, whose winning gentleness made her society always acceptable.

"I am come, my dear Miss Allen," cried he, "to congratulate you on having made a convert to your belief of the Bible, that is of the Old Testament."

"And of the New also," said Clara.

"Only in part; not the whole of the New Testament."

"And which parts do you believe?"

"Oh! the credible parts, certainly; but I will not

deceive you," he added more seriously. "I cannot credit all the wonders related of Jesus Christ."

"Perhaps, when you have investigated them more particularly, you may find reason to alter your opinion; many wise men have done this, and found happiness."

"Happiness! pardon the repetition; but how can a change of opinion affect my happiness?"

"If your opinions are well grounded, you do not need to change them—but if ill-founded, it may do much. Is it nothing for sinful man to discover that he has a constant and powerful Advocate with the Almighty being whom he has offended? Is it nothing to learn, that, having been tempted like ourselves, and subjected to similar sorrows, he can fully appreciate the degree of temptation that assails us, and sympathize in all our trials?"

"If we required such an Advocate, and Christ answered your description, we should find him invaluable; but you will allow that virtue itself is sufficient to carry us to Heaven; and if so, where is the need of an Advocate? You sigh, and that sigh declares me to be wrong in your opinion; but permit me to ask you a question—Are not virtue and holiness the same?"

"I think them entirely distinct qualities—a man may possess many virtues without religion, although he cannot be religious without virtue. I believe that even the virtues of the infidel are derived from the very Christianity he despises."

"How can that be? Will he be governed by that which he condemns?"

"Not knowingly—but in this land, where the lessons of our childhood are derived from the word of God, and our laws are founded upon its commands, it is not difficult to believe that our earliest impressions and those which are most lasting, must be on the side of principles obtained from the fountain of excellence."

"Which fountain you conceive to be the Bible. You are right—it does indeed contain a system of morality the most perfect and full, which is worthy of being made the guide of our conduct; but when I am required to believe in the divinity of its author, reason revolts at the absurdity."

"Do not call it an absurdity," cried Clara, and for a moment she seemed distressed; but, recovering herself, she continued: "You are convinced of the authenticity of the Old Testament, and in it, we find that the obedience of a whole life was barely sufficient to fulfil the law, and thus save man—and if he offended his maker, the High Priest alone could act as mediator for him—and only once in the year could he approach the most Holy Place. This High Priest was but a type of a more powerful Intercessor, who has been made our great sacrifice for sin—Let us not reject him. The opinion of the heathen philosopher was that mankind was so wicked, that they required some universal method to redeem them"

from the power of evil ; but that no one had been able to discover such a method. Does not the Saviour completely answer to this necessity ?”

“ Perhaps so—but among the Jews, their Messiah is to be one who will restore their ruined power, and renew their lost dignity as a nation ; and certainly Jesus Christ has not answered that expectation.”

“ Alas ! their own fearful curse is still blinding their eyes, and withholding the accomplishment of their wishes. His blood rests upon them and their children. You know that, at the time of the Saviour’s birth, a general expectation prevailed that some extraordinary person was to appear, and if at that precise period, Jesus was born ; if he professed to have come from heaven, to teach men that method of salvation so long unknown, of redemption from sin, and if he had many followers who were called Christians, and if Jews and Pagans, friends and enemies, sacred and profane history, all acknowledge these circumstances, they form a mass of testimony, which, in any other case, would be irresistible.”

Edward paused, as if weighing the testimony thus rapidly given—at length he said : “ There appears so much truth in what you have advanced, and I am led to view the subject in a light so entirely new to me, that I must take time for examination and reflection.”

“ Our good Mr. Thompson,” said the gratified Clara, “ will assist your researches ; his learning and piety will supply my deficiencies on the subject.”

“ I might possibly have found a more learned teacher than Miss Allen, but scarcely one more agreeable,” returned he, bowing. “ But will not Anne see me today ?”

“ Undoubtedly ; I do not know what detains her, but will enquire,” and she left the room in pursuit of Anne. Of course she found her not, but was much grieved to find her aunt in tears. The affectionate sympathy of this amiable girl made its way to the overcharged heart of Mrs. Courtland, and she related to her the strange conduct of her daughter.

“ I cannot imagine any cause for her behaviour, my dear Clara ; has she ever given you reason to suppose that her affection for Edward is lessened ?”

“ Never ; on the contrary I believe she is devotedly attached to him.”

“ Why then such conduct towards him ?” He must have offended her.”

“ Not that I know of.”

“ I wish you would question her upon the subject ; you have great influence over her.”

“ I had, you should have said, my dear aunt, but I fear it is gone. We must not, however, keep Mr. Richmond in suspense ; I will excuse her absence to him.”

She informed Edward that Anne was out, and directing him to those places in which he would be most likely to meet with her, sportively bade him

depart, and in the true spirit of knight-errantry, return not, until he had discovered and released his mistress from the giant powers that detained her. But the gaiety Clara had assumed, deserted her on the departure of Edward ; she thought much and long on the conduct of her cousin, without being able to assign any reason for it—her gentle heart had felt deeply her coolness and altered manner, but no suspicion had ever seriously entered her mind of the real cause, and she resolved to take the earliest opportunity to inquire.

## CHAPTER IV.

“ YOU see, Miss Allen, I have ventured to disobey your commands, by returning before I have discovered my truant mistress,” cried Edward the next morning, as he entered the room where Mrs. Courtland and Clara were occupied with their needles, while Anne was practising at the piano, for the purpose of avoiding conversation ; “ but in fact, I am now engaged in the same pursuit, having been wholly unsuccessful last evening ; and behold the reward of perseverance,” and he advanced to take the hand of Miss Courtland. As if not aware of his intention, she hastily arose and offered him a seat next Clara. “ You are very kind,” he cried, as he seized her hand and placed her in a chair on the other side of him, “ thus to favour me—guarded by two such lovely damsels, I need fear no evil ;—and now will you condescend to tell your faithful knight what enchanter caught you in his toils, and how you were released from durance vile ?” A flush of gratified pride crossed the beautiful face of Anne, as she replied : “ To answer you in your own style, the enchanted Castle to which I was conveyed in the evening was the Theatre, and my captor was,—but I shall not tell you who he was.”

“ Well, I will not insist upon knowing ; but may I not ask where you spent the day ?”

“ Certainly ; I desire no concealment—it was at my Uncle Davenport’s.”

“ Oh ! then,” cried her lover good-humouredly, “ there is no difficulty in divining what enchanter ran away with you.”

“ An unequivocal expression of countenance was Anne’s only reply to this remark, but, as if to change the subject, she inquired :

“ Have you and Cousin Clara finished your religious discussion yet ?”

“ Not quite ; I called upon your friend Mr. Thompson, Miss Allen, but he was not at home—therefore I must still take the liberty to ask you a few more questions on the old topic.”

“ As many as you please, provided you do not make my inability to satisfy you, a reason for supposing them unanswerable.”

“ I would know then, what proof can be brought that the Gospels were really written by the persons to whom they were attributed.”

"I find no greater difficulty in giving the apostles credit for the writings imputed to them, than in believing that any other history was written by its professed author;—why should our doubts be reserved only for the sacred writings?"

"Is it probable that a number of ignorant fishermen and tent-makers could have written such works?"

"My belief in inspiration removes that difficulty from my mind. Holy men committed to writing the wisdom imparted to them by the Holy Spirit."

"But they differ in their relation of the same thing—had they been inspired, they would surely have agreed in their statement of facts."

"And so do the Apostles in all important facts—do we not invariably find, that when two persons relate an acknowledged occurrence, each will repeat the circumstance which struck himself most forcibly, omitting others, on which, perhaps, another would lay great stress; so that, although their stories agree perfectly in the main points, the attending circumstances will appear to vary."

"And you believe the doctrines they taught, were those of inspiration?"

"Unquestionably! A valuable author says the more rule of life which Christianity has laid before us, calls for such habitual and unqualified sacrifices of the selfish to the benevolent affections, imposes such restraints upon sinful passions, and teaches truths so mortifying to the innate pride of the understanding, that, allowing man to be intellectually capable of discovering such a system, nevertheless we cannot believe that his wishes and inclinations would have allowed him to form such a theory. Now since man either could not, or would not form it, we must infer that such a morality must be more divine—and your own argument concerning their ignorance and poverty strengthens my position, since nothing but divine illumination, could have so suddenly dispelled such darkness."

"But you are speaking of the morality of Christianity, and not of its doctrines."

"I consider them as inseparable—the morality of Christianity could not be transplanted into any other system with equal efficacy. It is a test of character—teaching its believers the secrets of their own hearts, their guilt and misery, and pointing to one more powerful than themselves to deliver them. Need I say, who that one is?"

"Jesus Christ, of course."

"Yes; Jesus Christ, the crucified, the ascended, the glorified! He who is our Intercessor with the Father, pleading the very sufferings he endured as a reason for the pardon of those who inflicted them! Well may we admire and love the doctrines His own life so beautifully illustrated! Well may we pronounce them divine!"

"Well, Miss Allen, so much do I find myself interested in this subject that I shall not fail to pursue

it. But what have you there?" Clara was turning over the leaves of a volume, and now answered, "I was searching for a sentence in the work to which I have so often alluded—ah! here it is: 'True philosophy could not but acknowledge that that religion must be divine, whose doctrines, while they were beyond human discovery, are also consonant to reason; whose morals are of surpassing excellence, and yet original in their perfection, in their application and their consistency; which is fitted for men of all degrees, giving wisdom to the foolish, and sight to the blind, and which acts not alone by instructing the understanding, but by filling the heart.' What more could be said?"

"Nothing more upon the subject, I hope," cried Anne, impatiently, "for I am tired to death of it. Do, Clara, think of something else besides religion, and converting Edward. I am sure I do not know why you take so much trouble with him!"

Clara blushed and said, "I fear I have said more than became me, but I was led on unconsciously, and must entreat your pardon for the impropriety."

"Indeed, Miss Allen," cried Edward, "I am the only one to be censured, if any censure is merited—and I have to thank you for so condescendingly answering all my questions. But really, my dear Anne, I thought you were as much interested in them as myself. How does it happen that your pleasure in these discussions has abated?"

"Because I see no good they can do, and they only serve to render people disagreeable. I beg your pardon—I mean tiresome."

"Upon my word, Anne," said Mrs. Courtland, "I fear your amusement of the last evening has unfitted you for serious conversation—certainly you have not improved your phrase by altering it. I hope both Clara and Edward will exercise their usual forbearance."

"I can make my own apology, mamma," returned Anne, haughtily. "I did not mean to say that Clara and Edward were either disagreeable or tiresome to each other."

Although Edward had marked with surprise and regret, the unamiable temper of his beloved this morning, yet nothing had hitherto occurred to explain to him the cause of her ill-humour; but her flashing eye and angry flush, as she uttered the last sarcasm, opened his eyes to the sentiment that occasioned them. Flattered and pained at the same moment, he hastened to soothe, as far as possible, the wounded feelings of the innocent Clara. But a light had dawned upon the mind of this lovely girl also, and displayed to her the deadly foe to peace that was already in possession of the heart of her cousin; and she sighed as she remembered her own share in introducing it there. As she rose to withdraw, Anne detained her, exclaiming, as if with a desperate effort, "Don't go, Clara; I wish to tell you who escorted me to the play last evening."

"I will not refuse to hear," replied Clara, faintly smiling, "although I have expressed no desire to penetrate your secret."

"And it is precisely on that account that I am resolved you shall know—I wish to reward discretion—therefore, do not blush nor tremble, when I say it was Mr. Bradstreet."

"Bradstreet!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtland and Edward together.

"Is it possible, Anne," continued her mother, "that you allowed him to accompany you?"

"It is possible, mother," she answered rather triumphantly; "and it is also true, that he has engaged to drive me out today. You know we agree in our religious opinions, and consequently shall not be forced to dwell upon that topic forever."

"Clara, my love, will you search for the remainder of this muslin in my apartment?" said Mrs. Courtland, as she beheld the pale countenance of her niece, "and I will endeavour to understand this incomprehensible girl." This opportunity of escape was gladly accepted by the heart-stricken young creature, and she retired to her own room, not to mourn over the blighted hopes of her youth, but to seek and find consolation from one who "chasteneth whom he loveth."

Edward had stood as if thunderstruck, or rather as if wholly absorbed in amazement, but suddenly recollecting himself, he advanced to Anne, who was pacing the apartment in great agitation, and said, "Am I to understand, Miss Courtland, that my late pursuits have so displeased you, as to induce you to shew to a man like Bradstreet this extraordinary condescension?"

"Not at all—not at all; if you were happy in one way, I surely had a right to be so in another. You attached yourself to Clara—and I have likewise"—she hesitated, and her eyes fell before the penetrating gaze of her lover.

"Go on, if you please," he said calmly; "let me learn the worst at once."

"There is nothing more to learn, I am sure," cried the agonized mother. "Anne has suffered jealousy to mislead her, and has acted foolishly and cruelly, but not—"

But passion, the passion of her daughter prevented Mrs. Courtland from proceeding. Anne rudely interrupted her. "Jealousy! humph—can I be jealous of such a poor, canting, spiritless thing, as Clara, when even her own lover has deserted her, and offered himself to me?" The vindictive passions seemed to have taken entire possession of the heart of this unhappy girl, as she uttered these words, and her mother, shocked beyond measure at this wanton exposure of the misfortunes of poor Clara, could restrain her tears no longer, but wept aloud. Edward exerted himself with all the tenderness of a son, to allay this burst of feeling, and having in some measure succeeded, he said, "And now, my dear

madam—my mother, if you will permit me to call you so—suffer me to lead you to your chamber, and then to converse with Anne. I think four differences may be adjusted without much difficulty, after we have mutually explained ourselves."

"God grant it may be so! my valued Edward," cried Mrs. Courtland, as she entered her own apartment; but her foreboding heart told that her fears were greater than her hopes.

The conversation between Edward and Anne was painful, but explicit—with manly frankness he confessed to her his regret for having influenced her mind to doubt the truths of Scripture, and his ardent desire to be so confirmed in the belief of them himself as to be able to lead her to the same conviction. He assured her of his impression that his pursuit of this subject was desired by herself, and that he now firmly believed it would conduce to their mutual happiness in their future connection, to make the commands of God their rule of action. What then was his consternation when Anne told him that all thoughts of such a connection must be relinquished—that she had examined her own heart, and found that it had wandered to another!

"To Bradstreet!" exclaimed the nearly petrified Edward. "Have you consented to be his, Anne?" "I have."

He paced the room in silent anguish for a short time, and then said in a voice that was scarcely articulate, "You have awakened me from a dream of happiness that was indeed too blissful to be realized. And has your own heart no regrets for prospects so long cherished, so delightful as ours? Think, dearest, of all you have permitted me to hope, and suffer this tempest of passion to subside, before you cast me from you forever."

"It is impossible, sir; I have promised to marry Mr. Bradstreet."

"So soon! Then farewell, and may God forgive you for thus destroying my peace!"

But although in the first gush of feeling, Edward thought his peace was forever gone, it was restored to him in a manner he little anticipated—the spirit of enquiry on religious topics was awakened within him, and he sought with avidity the society of such men as could assist his search after truth. His efforts were not in vain; and he was at length, firmly established in the belief of those Scriptures he had once ridiculed and despised; while the peace that passeth all understanding filled his heart with the sweet hope of eternal life. It was then that he felt in its full extent, and deeply mourned, the insatiation that led him to pervert the mind of a woman who loved and trusted him—he confessed the justice which had made him the sufferer from the consequence of his own principles, and when he beheld Anne the wife of a gay and dissipated free-thinker, he almost fancied himself her destroyer, and long,

and earnestly sought to unravel the web of infidelity, his own folly had woven around her.

Clara, the unfortunate Clara, had returned to her own quiet home so soon as Bradstreet became an accepted guest at her aunt's fireside, and there, placing her chief happiness in doing good, and her chief hopes in heaven, she lived in the calm of domestic peace, undisturbed, but not forgotten.

It was a couple of years after the events already related, that Edward and Clara were attended to the parish church of M— by a party of attached friends, and after remaining in it for about half an hour, entered a carriage, which quickly bore them away on the hymeneal tour, so constantly made by the fashionable world.

"How grateful I ought to be to poor Bradstreet, my dear Clara," cried Edward, as he clasped his blushing bride to his bosom, "that he allowed you to choose between your God and him. Had he persisted in claiming you, after you had become a Christian, what should I now have done for a wife?"

"You would probably have been the husband of my cousin Anne."

"And an infidel! Thank God! my bitterest draught has become my richest cordial. Could I see our poor Anne become, like my Clara, a follower of righteousness, my cup would overflow with blessings."

But several years passed away, and this generous wish remained unaccomplished; and while Edward and Clara were gliding smoothly down with the tide of time, dispensing and receiving rational happiness in the discharge of their various duties, the thoughtless Anne and her infidel husband were deeply immersed in dissipation, neglectful of every duty but such as were due to their supreme idol, self. At length, however, as time rolled its ceaseless course, it brought its customary changes. The extravagance of this unhappy pair embarrassed their fortune, and the habits of Bradstreet completed his ruin. It was at the gaming table that his last farthing was lost, and as he rose from it, frenzy gleamed in his eye. He reached home in a state of dreadful mental excitement, and demanded of the servant who was waiting his return, "where was Mrs. Bradstreet?" She was at the Theatre; an oath escaped him, and in the midst of his paroxysm of rage, Anne arrived.

"So, madam, I am never to find you at home, when I return," he exclaimed, advancing towards her.

"How now," exclaimed Anne gaily. "Why, what's the matter now?"

"More than you are aware of? I am ruined forever, by your extravagance."

"Mine! would you persuade me that your prudence could not prevent such a disaster?"

"I will hear no sarcasms, madam: I tell you it is true, and tomorrow we shall be houseless."

"I hope not, for it is shocking cold weather, and I should not like to be exposed to it without a shelter."

"Will nothing touch that insensible heart—nothing check that unfeeling gaiety?"

"Oh, yes, I am in great distress—look here," and she held up her dress, in which was a large rent. "An awkward fellow stepped upon my gown and tore it."

"By heaven, Anne! you'll drive me mad," and he rushed out of the room.

The morning after this scene occurred, Clara observed her husband enter the house with a countenance on which was depicted great agitation. She ran to him to enquire the cause. Edward took her hand. "Collect all your fortitude, my dear Clara—your presence is required where you will need it all; our poor Anne!"

"What of her?"

"She is in affliction, deep, hopeless affliction."

"My husband, fear not to tell me all."

"Well, then, Bradstreet is no more."

"Dead!"

"Yes; and by his own hand."

Clara's fortitude was great, but she had overrated its strength; she sank into the arms of her husband, and burst into tears. He suffered them to flow for a short time without interruption, and then said:

"Will my Clara allow her sensibility to interfere with her usefulness? Anne refuses to see any one but yourself; even her unhappy mother is not permitted to comfort her. Will you not give her the consolation of your sympathy?"

This appeal was sufficient, and this estimable woman was soon weeping on the bosom of her long estranged cousin, sympathising with her anguish, and endeavouring to bind up the broken heart. But how different was she now, this conscience stricken being, from the gay and beautiful creature Clara had once known her! The constant round of dissipation in which she had lived, had stolen the bloom from her cheek; but to this paleness was now added the ghastly hue of horror and remorse. The last words of her husband echoed in her ears, and carried despair to her heart; she reproached herself as his murderer, and it was long before the anxious Clara could obtain any connected account of this awful catastrophe. Bradstreet had ended his existence by laudanum. A letter was found on his table directed to Mrs. Richmond, which in some measure explained his conduct. She received it with surprise, and read it with feelings of the deepest commiseration. It ran thus:

"Clara, you are revenged—I am ruined, and when you receive this, shall have ascertained, by actual experiment, whether the God for whom you renounced me, actually exists. If he does——! Fool that I was, to suffer you to choose between us; but I have paid

dearly for my folly. I came home last night, maddened with despair, for I had lost all, and longing for a sympathizing friend to share my agony, and soothe my distracted mind—but my heartless wife ridiculed my distress; and now I leave her to bear her own. For my loss, she will soon console herself—for my fortune she will mourn—because it will affect her own comfort. And this is the woman who filled the place, the gentle, affectionate Clara, would once have occupied! But I am justly punished; and I write this as the only expiation I can make, for the sorrow I once inflicted upon you. Farewell—forgive and pity the wretched

BRADSTREET.\*

But this hapless man was unjust to his wife; for she loved him sincerely, in spite of her levity of conduct, and the manner of his death struck a blow to her heart, from which she has never recovered, and to which her health has fallen a sacrifice.

It is when watching by the couch of her suffering daughter, that Mrs. Courtland sees and laments the evils of her false system of indulgence: and if fervent prayers, and the earnest supplications of a contrite and almost breaking heart, can prevail at the Throne of Grace, there is yet hope for Anne: hope that, now removed as she is from earthly temptations, her heart may seek for better and holier things, and may become illuminated and purified, by that Blessed and Holy Spirit, whose favour is better than life.

### STANZAS.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

The song of birds, the breath of flowers,  
Are sweet at early morning hours;  
The ring-dove's lay, the folding rose,  
Are sweet at gentle evening's close;  
But all the sweets of earth above  
Are the first dawning hours of Love!

The fountain in the sunny noon,  
The leafy bower in glowing June;  
The spreading palm, 'neath eastern skies,  
Are sweet to wandering pilgrim's eyes;  
But all the sweets of earth above  
Are the first whisper'd words of Love!

The waving fields, where summer sings  
The glory of her ripening wings;  
The clustering hop, the purple vine,  
Are sweet on Autumn's fruitful shrine;  
But all the sweets of earth above  
Are the requited hopes of Love!

The snow-wreath'd hills, the trackless plains  
Where Lapland's endless winter reigns,  
The leafless bough, the sterile fields,  
The cheerless aspect Nature yields,  
Are joy to what the heart must prove  
That mourns the first decline of Love!

### TRIP TO THE FALLS OF SHEWINAGAM.

It was on a Monday morning in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and something more, that four resolute and adventurous characters started from Three Rivers, to view the falls on the River St. Maurice, which have been seen by few, though they are destined to become so celebrated. About the orthography of their name, appellative writers are disagreed; I shall not therefore presume to settle that matter, but would merely admonish ignorant people, that, when they read of the falls of *Shewinagam*, *Shawinegum*, *Shawenegan*, that is to say, a word of four syllables, beginning with *Shaw* or *Shew* and ending with *gun*, *gam*, *gum* or *gan*, one and the same cataract on the River St. Maurice, at about thirty miles distance from Three Rivers, is intended and signified; nor must they conceive in their imagination any other cataract, should, at any time, the word Cha-ou-in-i-gan appear in its quintisyllabic majesty, before their eyes. But to return to our four resolute and daring adventurers. The weather was as unpropitious as it well could be for our undertaking; however, as our canoe men had been sent forward the preceding day, to meet us at the falls called the Grés, start we must in spite of the pouring rain. We set off accordingly in a couple of vehicles: between four and five o'clock, and arrived safe and well at the portage of the Grés about ten, though somewhat fatigued, by reason that the branches of the trees overhanging the road had necessitated us to "aye keep bowing," as Sir Pertinax says, in order to retain corporal possession of our hats and wigs. Here we sheltered ourselves in a log cabin, and after refreshing ourselves with a few of the good things we had brought with us, passed half an hour in anxiety, waiting for our voyageurs, whom we at last espied pulling the canoe along against the rapid current, by means of the branches that overhung the water. It was past eleven when we embarked in the canoe; we passed Isle Tourte, about a league in length, apparently of a fine alluvial soil. About two o'clock we came in sight of Shewinagam; we saw at about the distance of a mile from us, the head of the falls through the tops of the highest trees.\* Intending to reserve our complete view of the fall until our return on the following day, we went ashore, and having propped up our canoe on one side, spread a blanket or two by way of a canopy, kindled a fire, boiled our kettle, and cooked our potatoes, we despatched our dinner in voyageurs' style, with a hearty appetite, good humour, and spirits fifty per cent above par. Then

\* From this circumstance, as well as from the hill of Shewinagam (nearly at the top of which the fall commences,) being visible from the Grés, at eight miles distance, and also from having actually climbed the hill, I should judge the entire descent from the top of the fall to the basin below, to be full two hundred feet.



we ascended the portage road, and had a view of the pretty little fall, which I shall call Shewinaga, and shall describe hereafter. About half past three, P. M., we were again embarked; the river opened out from time to time into beautiful and spacious bays, in one of which we descried a canoe of lumberers, a sight that after having seen and heard no human being but ourselves for several hours in this solitude of nature, occasioned a sensation quite as agreeable, I think, as when being at sea, after having the ocean to ourselves for several days, we at length descried a distant sail. We reached the Portage les Hêtres, or Beech Portage, (so called from the number of beech trees which grow there,) about six, P. M. Here, finding a snug shanty or log cabin, we resolved to pass the night, as we learned we could not reach the Grande Mère before dark, and where also there was no shelter. A large rock stood facing the open end of our cabin, against which we kindled a noble fire; candles we had forgot to bring with us, (the only thing we overlooked,) but the want of them was in some degree supplied by our men, who kindled rolls of birch bark, set upright in the earth with a stick. Having hung our wet cloaks to dry, we enjoyed our supper and retired to rest. Nothing of importance occurred during the night, except that one of the party had his slumbers suddenly interrupted by the uncomfortable sensation that his toes were being burnt, and after rubbing his eyes he discovered that a spark had caught his coverlet, and was eating it away like tinder. Next morning after breakfast, we proceeded along the Portage road to La Rigole des Hêtres, a beautiful little rapid, which shall in future ages be sketched by many a painter.

"Fair laughed the morn, and soft the zephyrs blew,"

and the sun shining in his strength gave promise of a more agreeable day than the last; when once more embarked, in high spirits, we pursued our upward course, every now and then enlivened by the song of the voyageurs, the cheerfulness of which was heightened by contrast with the solitude of the scene:—

Il y a long temps, m'amie, je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

The end of each stave was announced by the youngest of our guides setting up a peculiar cry, like the crowing of a cock, that had in it much more drollery than music.

Notwithstanding the numerous rapids, there was less difficulty in ascending the stream than I had anticipated; for where there was a current running down the mid channel of the river at the rate of five or six miles an hour, we sometimes found an eddy running up for a considerable distance at the rate of three or four; this we availed ourselves of

as long as it lasted, and then, shooting rapidly across the main stream, we often found ourselves in another eddy. At half past nine we reached La Grande Mère, or the Grand Mother; so called from a rock which stands in the midst of one of the falls. Another rock named Le Bon Homme, the Good Fellow, stands below. There are three falls unconnected with each other, which meet in a large basin. They are striking and picturesque, but not so terrific as Shewinagam—there is no awful chasm, nor is the altitude of the fall so great. We remained here till after eleven, and after drinking a glass of madeira to the health of our Grand Mother and the Good Fellow, we commenced our return. Before leaving Les Hêtres we were warned of the approach of a heavy shower, which soon came on in torrents, making the surface of the water as it were to boil, and teaching us the value of our boat cloaks. We reached Shewinagam, a distance of three leagues, in two hours, including a portage of half a mile. Though it still continued to rain, we made use of our time, while the men were preparing dinner, to view the falls. Of these there are three in time of high water, which, having learned a little latin when I was a boy, I shall denominate Shewinagus, Shewinaga and Shewinagam.\* Of these Shewinagus and Shewinagam, though distinct falls, meet in the chasm before they are discharged into the bay below. Shewinagam is the most easterly, or towards the left bank of the river. Shewinagus is the middlemost, and Shewinaga, (I make her the lady from her superior elegance,) is to be seen only in time of flood; therefore, as Sir Walter Scott says:

"If you would see fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit her by the pale moon-light."

So do I say—

"If you would see fair Shewinaga,  
Go visit her in the month of May."

On ascending the portage path, we descried through the trees, which at the time of our visit were not in full leaf, fair Shewinaga, dancing down the slope of the hill on our right hand with sinuous courses; about mid-way she grows suddenly fretful, and tosses herself headlong down a precipice of thirty feet; then, skipping along as before, glides gently at last with the main body of the river. So doth a damsel of gentle blood, go forth from her chamber on a sun-bright morning, redolent of joy and youth, and conscious of her charms; lightly and delicately she trips along, gaily she descends the winding staircase of some lordly mansion, till encountering her waiting maid in her progress, she charges her with some error or neglect for which she scolds her well, but soon resuming her placid temper and sweet countenance, with becoming composure she glides into the salle à déjeuner—

\* I must beg all future explorers and tourists to observe this nomenclature of mine.

"The cynosure of wondering eyes,  
In beauty walking, as the light  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

So much for the beauty and elegance of Shewinaga. But what pen shall describe the terrific contrast—the conflict, the collision, the co-thunder of the waters of Shewinagus, and of Shewinagum? I ascended the hill with the chasm on my right hand, till I came to a point which I shall call the point of co-thunder. There, looking up, I saw Shewinagum pouring his mighty flood down an inclined plane, swift as an arrow, and Shewinagus tumbling and bounding from rock to rock to meet him; and when they met in the chasm below, what a sublime and terrific scene! what rattling, roaring, tossing, boiling and foaming of waters!

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!"

It was indeed an angry "meeting of the waters," and far from "a mingling in peace." There are large fissures in the precipitous rock into which the waves are driven by the force of the collision, as I have seen on the sea-coast during a storm. Immediately above the fall the current is unbroken and quiet, though very rapid, as might be observed on seeing a huge log, suddenly dip one end and then wholly disappear, on approaching the edge of the precipice. Arrived at the top, I followed the course of Shewinaga till I came to a rude bridge, consisting of a single log which we had thrown across at its outlet. In spite of our contrivance, however, two of our party being, as I suppose, naturally awkward, managed to tumble into the water while kindly proffering to aid each other.

Returning to our encampment thoroughly soaked, for every sapling we laid hold of to aid us in ascending, proved literally a shower bath, we took a hasty meal, and started for the Grés at four, which in an hour we reached. The portage is long, and took up an hour and a half. The falls of the Grés are worth seeing, though we did not approach them very near. On nearing the Falls Gabelle we got into a smooth unbroken current of prodigious velocity—the effect of the motion was quite exciting—our canoe glided down it with the swiftness of a steambot and the dignity of a swan. The pleasing appearance of this spot, like that of thousands of others in America, has been much injured by its being denuded of the fine trees that once graced it, an injury that an age cannot repair. When will the march of intellect provide us with intellectual lumbermen, who shall possess taste and sentiment enough to forbear cutting down the majestic pines which grace interesting spots among the islands, rocks and banks of rivers?

It was about eight o'clock when we passed the Forges of St. Maurice. The weather had cleared up soon after we had left Shewinagum; a lovely

evening succeeded, and as we approached the St. Lawrence, our boatmen again struck up one of their peculiar songs, and so placid was the scene, the moon walking in brightness above, and the still silver waters below,—

"No breath of air to break the wave,"

that it appeared strange to think that the "peaceful river soft and slow," that bore our canoe on its bosom, was the same that we had seen a few hours ago, struggling, tossing, and dashed into foam, as it forced its way through the chasm of Shewinagum.

I need hardly say that we returned home highly delighted with our excursion to a cataract which probably is, next to Niagara, the most remarkable in America: and is one of the few that is not yet desecrated and disfigured by umighty buildings fragments of sawed timber, and other hideous objects. Here Nature still reigns in wild and lonely magnificence, and there are no voices of the "prophanum vulgus," no clamors of vulgar admiration to break in upon the recondite reflections of the pensive and studious. Haste, then, before the vulgarity of saw-mills shall metamorphose and mar the scene; haste, ye painters, poets and poetesses, sentimentalists, and all who are content to have slumbers sweet and soft under tent or tarpaulin, in search of the sublime, or to be romantically wet to the skin in enjoyment of the beautiful.

Let it be observed that though the Falls of Shewinagum must be very interesting at any season, the above description of them will be found literally correct only during the high waters of the spring and fall; let no one, therefore, who has seen them, or who may see them, during their low summer state, presume to call in question the fidelity of this narrative. We should recommend the excursion to be taken between the 20th and the end of May, or between the 25th September and the 15th October.

In conclusion, as in duty bound, I have only to mention with honor the names of our canoe-men, Antoine La Traye, Louis his brother, Joseph Grenier and Ambrose Boulard, of Cape Magdelaine, who well deserve the credit of being recorded as steady, skilful, laborious, and civil and obliging withal; and I take this opportunity of recommending their services, if they are alive and well, to future adventurers. It is strange that there has been no regular mode yet set on foot by which strangers might be enabled to make the excursion without difficulty or delay. Surely it might be worth while for some person in Three Rivers to keep two or three canoes in readiness for such occasions; and doubtless, as soon as a good road is completed, a house of entertainment not far from the spot would be not a bad speculation; an establishment of that kind at the Falls of Trenton, New York, receives crowds of visitors every summer, and these Falls are not to be named with those of Shewinagum.

However, as there is no tolerable place of refreshment at the Chaudière Falls, which are so near Quebec, the capital of the Province, it will probably be many years before the pilgrim to Shewinagam will have it in his power to say, like Falstaff, "I will take mine ease at mine inn."

### MADNESS.

AN EXTRACT FROM A POEM BY KATHARINE A. WARE.

I've seen the wreck of loveliest things. I've wept  
O'er youthful Beauty in her snowy shroud ;  
All cold and pale, as when the moon hath slept  
In the white foldings of a wintry cloud.

I've seen the wreck of glorious things : I've sighed  
O'er sculptured temples in prostration laid ;  
Towers which the blast of ages had defied,  
Now mouldering beneath the ivy's shade.

Yet oh ! there is a scene of deeper wo,  
To which the soul can never be resigned ;  
'Tis FRENZY'S triumph, REASON'S overthrow—  
The ruined structure of the Human Mind !

Oh ! 'tis a sight of paralyzing dread,  
To mark the rolling of the maniac's eye,  
From which the spark of intellect hath fled ;  
The laugh convulsive, and the deep-drawn sigh.

To see Ambition, with his moonlight helm,  
Armed with the fancied panoply of war ;  
The mimic sovereign of a powerful realm,  
His shield a shadow, and his spear a straw !

To see pale Beauty raise her dewy eyes,  
Toss her white arms, and beckon things of air ;  
As if she held communion with the skies,  
And all she loved and all she sought were there.

To list the warring of unearthly sounds,  
Which wildly rise, like Ocean's distant swell ;  
Or spirits shrieking o'er enchanted grounds,  
Forth-rushing from dark Magic's secret cell.

Oh ! never, never may such fate be mine !  
I'd rather dwell in earth's remotest cave,  
So I my spirit calmly might resign  
To HIM who Reason's glorious blessing gave !"

### LABOUR.

It has been computed by some political arithmetician, that if every man and woman would work for four hours each day on something useful, that labour would produce sufficient to procure all the necessaries and comforts of life ; want and misery would be banished out of the world, and the rest of the twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure.—*Franklin.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

### THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

"A daughter, beautiful and good,  
On the fair brink of womanhood—

What links, which time nor death can part,  
Have bound her to a parent's heart !"

It was in the month of August, 1834, that one of those dreadful hurricanes to which the West Indies are subject, swept with unbounded fury over Barbadoes, carrying death and devastation in its train. Although I received an account of it from several eye-witnesses of the sad scene, yet I fear my pen will but feebly describe the horrors of that fearful night. Barbadoes is one of the largest and most important of the islands belonging to England—and it contains ten thousand troops ; being the head quarters of the Leeward Islands. It is said there is no part of the world more densely inhabited, if we except some parts of China. Barbadoes presents a very different appearance from the other islands, being comparatively low and level, yet the land is undulating, and here and there almost hilly. It is extremely fertile, and, on approaching it we are struck by the marks of extraordinary fertility which it exhibits. There are no fences used, and the successive patches of cane fields and provision grounds, diversified as they are with every hue and shade of green, present a pleasing prospect. The handsome houses of the planters, and the clusters of negro huts, with the buildings used in the manufacture of sugar, appear at short distances over the island, giving it the appearance of a vast village, interspersed with beautiful gardens. It contains, however, a town, (in which there are thirty or forty thousand inhabitants,) the houses in which are nearly all built of brick or stone, or wood plastered over. They are generally but two stories high, with flat roofs and huge window shutters and doors, (which are designed to serve as some protection against hurricanes,) and a glazed window is here an uncommon sight. All the streets are very narrow and very crooked—they are formed of white marble, which reflects the burning sun with a brilliancy which is painfully dazzling to the eyes. The buildings are usually occupied as stores below, and dwellings above, with piazzas from the upper story, which form a welcome shade to the side walks below.

Here hurricanes are generally preceded by certain signs, which give notice of their approach ; but on the present occasion it was unexpected to all, save to one old sea-captain, who, late in the evening, perceiving that his barometer indicated a storm, has

tily put out to sea, and his vessel thus having sufficient room, weathered it out in safety.

The day had been, as usual at that season, hot, dry, and oppressive—but the setting sun seemed robed in more than ordinary splendour, and his last rays of living gold lingered long on earth, sea and sky, as if loath to give place to the storm, which was so soon to mar the face of that beautiful island—and to carry desolation and horror into the hearts of its inhabitants. The brief twilight of tropic climes soon gave way to the shades of night—and the evening breeze, with its delicious and soft coolness, was wafted from the sea, bathing the tired brow of the slave, as well as his luxurious master. The hour of repose came; each retired to his resting place, and nearly all were probably asleep, when a hollow rumbling sound was heard, resembling the noise of numberless carriages at a distance. Nearer and nearer it seemed to come—and then thunder—but such thunder! it seemed as if the clouds of heaven had descended to earth ere they discharged their fury! Peal after peal followed, almost without intermission—and then came the rushing of the mighty blast, the noise of many waters. The waves of the sea were dashed with frightful violence over the land, and the spirits of the deep seemed leagued with those of air, against the earth! The stately mansion of the planter, and the frail cane cottage, were alike scattered, so that scarce a vestige of them remained. Lofty trees, that had for years fastened their strong roots round the rocks of this sea-girt isle, were in an instant wrenched away, and carried to a great distance—and waving fields of tall cane were levelled with the earth that nourished them. The groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, the bellowing and bleating of cattle, were now added to the deafening noise produced by the war of the elements, and the scene became dreadful beyond conception! Morning at last came—and the hurricane was over. Three thousand and five hundred were numbered with the dead, and about twice as many here injured, but ultimately recovered. The survivors had a melancholy task to perform, in searching for the bodies of the slain, many of whom were buried under the ruins of houses—some crushed by the falling of trees, and numbers were drowned, being carried away by the sea. As usual the harbour was thronged with vessels from different countries, and most of these, with the crews, were destroyed.

A volume might be filled by the heart-rending details given to me, by many whose family circles had thus been broken up; but I will confine my pen to a sketch of the Widow and her Child.

Mrs. Vincent had been the wife of a distinguished physician in Barbadoes, but was early in life bereft of her husband, who had fallen a victim to the fever so prevalent during the warmest seasons. She was left with one child, in whom all her earthly hopes of

happiness now seemed to centre, for she had no other relative, save her aged mother, who resided with her. Mrs. Vincent mourned her husband deeply and sincerely, but she was a Christian, not only in name, but in heart—and she had faith given her to say, '*I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right—Thy will be done.*' She was thankful, too, that God had yet spared her many blessings, that He had given her that little daughter—who, though so precious before, now became doubly endeared to her—and that it was in her power to smooth the last days of her only parent; which task she most faithfully and tenderly performed. She was left, if not in affluence, at least in such comfortable circumstances that she could enjoy the happiness of doing good, which, kind and benevolent as she was, became a source of increased pleasure to her now. Afflictions, when they are viewed in a right spirit, have a tendency to soften the heart and affections; and, however we may be naturally led to sympathize in the distresses of others, yet we cannot really feel another's woe, until we have ourselves been called to mourn. So thought Mrs. Vincent, when she said, "I think I have never felt for the poor and suffering until now—let me hasten to do them all the good I can." And she was, indeed, untiring in her efforts to "do good," and truly was it said of her, "the poor rise up, and call her blessed!"

Soon after her husband's death, she left her handsome house in the town, and purchased a pretty villa at "the Crane," some miles distant, rightly judging that a residence in the country would at once conduce to the health of the child, and assist her in some measure to regain that tranquillity of mind, which the free pure air of heaven, and a constant contemplation, and communion of the soul with the great book of nature, so greatly tend to promote in those who are gifted with an eye to see, and an ear to hear, what is written in that glorious volume.

The situation she had chosen was singularly wild and picturesque. The spot on which the house stood, was an angle jutting out into the sea. The bank was here higher than usual, and the shore was formed of immense piles of rocks, whose irregular and dark outlines would have presented a gloomy appearance, were it not for the groups of palm, cocoa, bread-fruit, and other trees, whose waving branches in the rear, gave a soft and pleasing effect to the scene. Here the eye might at pleasure wander over the mighty ocean, until, in the vast distance, the heavens and the waters seemed to unite. The view was often agreeably diversified by ships from many a distant country, bringing its productions in exchange for sugar and spices.

Mrs. Vincent resided here at the time of the hurricane, when her daughter was about fourteen years of age. She had almost wholly devoted herself since her husband's death, to the care and education

of her child. Jane had been feeble from her birth, and, as frequently happens, to great delicacy of constitution she united more than ordinary talents, which her fond mother delighted to cultivate. Many excellent parents, who would shrink from the bare idea of overtaking the physical strength of their children, through utter ignorance of its probable consequences, are guilty of doing them a great and sometimes irreparable injury, in urging them on in the pursuit of studies, that overcharge the young mind; which, thus stimulated, continues for a time to progress at the expense of the body; the too common result of which is, either a premature death, or, after a certain period, the mental faculties, by losing much of their power and tone, seem almost to retrograde, and the precocious youth becomes an adult of mere ordinary talents.

Few can understand, unless they have experienced it, the deep strong love of a widowed mother for an only child. Mrs. Vincent was tenderly attached to her husband, and when death severed this tie, the affection that seemed divided between the father and the child, seemed wholly transferred to the latter, who, if possible, became dearer still for the sake of him who was gone. And no child ever better rewarded a tender mother's care, than did the little Jane. She was a very lovely child—lovely in disposition and appearance; but her fair and almost translucent skin, her clear full blue eye, and the fine texture of her auburn hair, added to her slight and fragile form, indicated a predisposition to pulmonary disease. She was thoughtful and serious beyond her years, and unlike most other young people, she always shewed a preference for the society of those who were older than herself; and when this was once remarked by her mother, who asked her the reason of it, she answered, "because I can thus learn more." Her mother had early taught her the great truths of religion, which the child received with avidity, and she imbibed an ardent love for the study of the Scriptures, to which she devoted a large portion of her time. Mrs. Vincent, who possessed a well cultivated mind, superintended her other studies so successfully, that, at the age of ten, little Jane was thought a prodigy; and to use her mother's own words, "she now became even more than a child to me—she was my companion, friend, and comforter—my all;" for soon after her husband's death, she had buried her mother.

Mrs. Vincent and her child owed the preservation of their lives during the hurricane, to the devoted attachment of an old slave named Sandy, who had been with Mrs. Vincent from her infancy. A description of the place in which they sought refuge, may not be uninteresting to the reader, as it forms one of the curiosities of Barbadoes, and is generally visited as such by strangers. It is called "*the Horse*," I know not why, as there is certainly nothing appropriate in the name. It is on the sea-shore, which,

as I have said, is here formed of a high and precipitous ledge of rocks overhanging the sea. "*The Horse*" consists of several stupendous rocks riven asunder. In one place an immensely large piece, (weighing some thousands of tons) has been separated from the rest, and fallen into the sea, and some other large portions appear also to have been broken off from the main body of solid rock. In the midst of these, a long flight of steps has been cut, (I think seventy five,) for the purpose of descending to the sea, and at the bottom of these is a platform, where one may stand and hear the hoarse waves breaking around him, like the roar of heavy thunder. Through the openings here and there, may be seen the foam of the ocean mingling with the bright blue waters, and flashing like a myriad of diamonds in the brilliant sunshine. Between the largest rock and the shore, there is a cavern about twelve feet wide, and twenty long—the piece which joins one of its sides, leans towards the main rock, and meeting it at the top, forms a lofty roof, with an occasional fissure, through which the light enters. At the bottom of the cave, is a clear and beautiful bed of water, which communicates with the sea by several apertures under the rocks. This is always calm, and even at high tide not more than five feet deep, and it is used as a bathing place. But it is really an awful spot to a stranger—shut out from all view of the outward world, and the sea without intermission dashing its mighty waves on every side, with a deafening echo that drowns the human voice. On my first descent to this spot, I was so awe-struck, that, uttering an exclamation of surprise and terror, I walked back—but I afterwards succeeded in overcoming my dread, and frequently took a melancholy pleasure in resorting there—for my heart was heavy, and the wild solemnity of the scene seemed to harmonise better with my feelings than the blue sky and the sunny earth, and the cheerful sounds in the homes of men. From an inscription on a slab, which is inserted in a rock in this natural bathing house, it would seem it had retained its present appearance for a long period, the date being 1769. It was to this spot that Sandy bore his mistress and her child, on the first intimation of the approaching storm. Mrs. Vincent at first hesitated to adopt this as a place of refuge, but the faithful creature overruled her objections, saying "Do come, dear missus, no place so good, so safe; I see hurricane before, and they never moved the strong rocks—I know God will take care of us there;" and Sandy was right. God did take care of them there, and they were saved from the fury of the storm. But the agitation and excitement, added to the exposure she had suffered, (for they had remained all night cold and wet in the cave,) were too much for the feeble frame of the child. The fond mother watched the progress of her slow but sure decay, with an almost breaking heart. But now and then her darling

would seem to revive, and appear better, and a gleam of hope that she might yet recover, would for a moment brighten the sad countenance of the mother—it was, however, but transient, and she would then relapse into her usual wasting and languid state. She had been ill for some time, during which they had continued to read the Scriptures, and to pray together; but Mrs. Vincent had carefully avoided any allusion to her too well grounded fears, that their separation was at hand, thinking it would agitate the child, and perhaps be the means of hastening her dissolution. She shrank, too, from the mention of the subject herself, and endeavoured to appear with her usual composure. And who that has lost friends does not know the bitter pain it gives, and the strong effort it requires, to assume a cheerful countenance, and to restrain the gushing tear, when bending over the sick bed—fearing that the expression of the deep feelings that agitate them, would disturb and distress the dear object of their solicitude?

One day Jane put her arm round her mother's neck, with more than her usual fondness, and said, "Dear mother, I want to talk to you so much about something, but I am afraid it will distress you, and I cannot bear to see you weep."

"Well, my love," said her mother, "I will try and be composed; but you must not say much; you are very weak, and I fear it will bring on your cough."

"I think it will not hurt me," continued she, "and I want to speak to you now, while I can. You know, dear mamma, I have been a long time ill, and I feel that I shall never be better here, and I know you think so too, though you do not like me to know it—but since it is God's will that we should part, let us speak of it; I think it will be better. I have thought much of death since I have been lying here, and at first I felt unwilling to go—unwilling to leave you, mother; but I have prayed again and again, that God would reconcile us both to our approaching separation, and give you grace and strength from above, to bear up under it when I am gone; and I believe He will."

Poor Mrs. Vincent, who was almost overcome by this unexpected and touching speech, replied, "I thank God, my beloved child, that it has pleased Him to prepare you for what I so much dread. You are indeed going to a happier world, where sin and sorrow never come—where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. And O! how much worse it would be to part never to meet again; but we have the blessed hope—the assurance of meeting, where partings are unknown, where we shall never more be separated. Your dear father is already there to welcome you, and when my earthly pilgrimage is over, I trust to rejoin you. I bless God that He has so long spared you to be the com-

fort and solace of my heart; and now that he sees fit to resume this precious gift, I will strive to say, 'Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done!'"

The resignation manifested by Mrs. Vincent was very satisfactory to the child, who would often express her gratitude that it had pleased God that she should die by sickness, rather than have been suddenly called away in the fearful hurricane. Every day they now conversed calmly of death, heaven, and eternity, and it was beautiful to see the cheerful piety of the child, and how she would strive, by every means in her power to console and nerve her mother, in view of her end, which was rapidly approaching. And the prospect of death, which nature shrinks from, and which has often made the strong man to quail, was borne, not only with composure, but joy, by the young Christian, who delighted to lean upon her Saviour for support and strength, through the dark valley and the shadow of death.

"Let us love, and sing, and wonder;

Let us praise the Saviour's name!

He has hushed the law's loud thunder;

He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame—

He has washed us in his blood,

He has brought us back to God!"

There are pleasing and touching reflections connected with the death of the young, who are taken away ere they have been called to mourn the loss of friends—disappointed hopes—and experienced the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. The world to them has been a sunny landscape, decked with flowers—with a bright and cloudless sky; and when we consider that, when a few more years had been added to their brief span, how changed would have been the scene, we are tempted to exclaim, "mourn for the living, not for the dead."

I have not much more to say of Jane Vincent; only her faith, patience, and meekness seemed to increase, until at last she fell asleep, to awake no more on earth.

I was at Barbadoes a few years afterwards, when I became acquainted with Mrs. Vincent. She had heard of me as a stranger, labouring under afflictions, which peculiar circumstances rendered doubly trying—and she sent me a message by a mutual friend, saying, if I would not consider the presence of a stranger intrusive and painful, she would be happy to visit me, for although personally unknown, her heart yearned toward me as a sister in affliction, and she longed to see me. I need scarcely say that she came—and we mingled our tears—our prayers and our sympathies—and when we parted, (probably to meet no more on earth,) it seemed as if a tender tie had again been broken.

## OUR TABLE.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—TENTH VOLUME.

THE tenth and last volume of this magnificent work, which is now before us, brings the history of the Revolution, with its attendant glories and horrors to a close; and, highly as we previously esteemed the talents of its author, we have felt our admiration heightened from a perusal of his splendid description of the concluding scenes in the mighty drama, which had the whole of Europe for its theatre, and, among its actors, all the princes and potentates of the civilized world. Maintaining his character as a truth-seeking and impartial historian, the author has "extenuated nothing, nor set down aught in malice." To the transcendent military genius of Napoleon he has rendered the most ample justice, but he has not attempted to conceal the littlenesses which cast so dark a shadow upon the dazzling character of the warrior-Emperor.

Neither has he,—though obviously a warm admirer of the Hero of Waterloo, the rival and conqueror of Napoleon—failed to indicate the various faults which, as a leader of armies, were committed by him in the prosecution of the war. He has distinctly shewn the rare occasions on which the favorable circumstances thrown in his way were left unimproved. He has done so, candidly and fairly, as one who, knowing he wrote for posterity, as well as for his own time, was determined that, such as he was, the great chieftain would be given to the world for its admiration and its gratitude. We mistake the character of Wellington, if he will not feel more highly gratified with the discriminating and well-earned praise which has been thus rendered him than he would have been with any less qualified expression of the historian's admiration. He has, however, given evidence of his full appreciation of the character of the great Captain, whose forbearance in the hour of conquest won for his banner the prayers, if not the swords of France—the anxious hopes of hundreds of thousands of mothers, who wept for their sons, torn from them in the hour of approaching manhood, to fill up the chasms which famine, pestilence, the elements, and the sword, were daily making in the Imperial cohorts. Not more for his military genius than for his peaceful virtues does the Deliverer of Spain claim our admiration and our thanks. It was in the use he made of conquest that Wellington stood so immeasurably above Napoleon. The latter made victory but the beginning of the miseries of the people whose armies he had scattered. The former, when his armed opponents were subdued, spread over the peaceful occupants of the territories of his enemy, the all-powerful ægis of his name, and preserved to all—peasant and prince alike—the blessing of an unplundered home. Well may the Empire exult in her unconquered Chieftain, and in the glorious hosts whose invincible resolution won from the war-trained legions of France the trophies which it had taken a quarter of a century to acquire, under one of the most successful leaders the world has ever seen. The Empire is indeed proud of them; and she will hereafter be proud also of the historian, who, stepping over the boundaries set even by national pride, has given the hero, as he was, to the gaze of his own and after generations.

The book itself is one which for a long time to come, will not be generally circulated, owing to its voluminous character. We presume, therefore, that to many of our readers whatever it contains will still be new, and as the following passage sets in a clear light the author's opinion of the rival heroes—Wellington and Napoleon—we give it a place in our pages, merely stating that through the whole book the same clear perception, and eloquent, nervous style, are apparent:—

Napoleon and Wellington were not merely individual characters: they were the types of the powers which they respectively headed in the contest. Napoleon had more genius, Wellington more judgment: the former combated with greater energy, the latter with greater perseverance. Rapid in design, instant in execution, the strokes of the French hero fell like the burning thunderbolt; cautious in council, yet firm in action, the resources of the British champion multiplied, like the vigour of vegetation, after the withering stroke had fallen. No campaign of Wellington's equals in genius and activity, those of Napoleon in Italy and in France; none of Napoleon's approaches in foresight and wisdom that of Wellington's at Torres Vedras. The vehemence of the French Emperor would have exhausted in a single campaign the whole resources which during the war were at the disposal of the English General; the caution of Wellington would have alienated in the very beginning the troops which overflowed with the passions of the Revolution. Ardour and onset were alike imposed on the former by his situation, and suggested by his disposition; foresight and perseverance were equally dictated to the latter by his necessities, and in

unison with his character. The one wielded at pleasure the military resources of the half of Europe, and governed a nation heedless of consequences, covetous of glory, reckless of slaughter; the other led the forces of a people distrustful of its prowess, avaricious of its blood, but invincible in its determination. And the result, both in the general war and final struggle, was in entire conformity with this distinction; Wellington retired in the outset before the fierce assault of the French legions, but he saw them, for the first time since the Revolution, recoil in defeat from the rocks of Torres Vedras; he was at first repeatedly expelled from Spain, but at last he drove the invaders with disgrace across the Pyrenees; he was in the beginning surprised, and well nigh overpowered in Flanders, but in the end he baffled all Napoleon's efforts, and, rising up with the strength of a giant, crushed at once his army and his empire on the field of Waterloo.

The personal and moral character of the two chiefs was still more strikingly opposed, and characteristic of the sides they severally led. Both were distinguished by the unwearied perseverance, the steady purpose, the magnanimous soul, which are essential to glorious achievements; both were provident in council, and vigorous in execution; both possessed personal intrepidity in the highest degree; both were indefatigable in activity, and iron in constitution; both enjoyed the rarer qualities of moral courage and fearless determination. But, in other respects, their minds were as opposite as the poles are asunder. Napoleon was covetous of glory, Wellington was impressed with duty; Napoleon was reckless of slaughter, Wellington was sparing of blood; Napoleon was careless of his word, Wellington was inviolate in faith. Treaties were regarded by the former as binding only when expedient—alliances only valid when useful; obligations were regarded by the latter as obligatory, though ruinous; conventions sacred, even when open to objection. Napoleon's warring warfare converted allies into enemies; Wellington's protecting discipline changed enemies into friends; the former fell, because all Europe rose up against his oppression; the latter triumphed, because all Europe joined to share in his protection. There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers, in which glory is not mentioned, and duty forgotten; there is not an order of Wellington to his troops, in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is alluded to. Singleness of heart was the great characteristic of the British hero, a sense of duty his ruling principle; falsehood prevailed the French conquerer, the thirst for glory was his invariable motive. The former proceeded on the belief that the means, if justifiable, would finally work out the end; the latter, on the maxim that the end would in every case justify the means. Napoleon placed himself at the head of Europe, and desolated it for fifteen years with his warfare: Europe placed Wellington at the head of its armies, and he gave it thirty years of unbroken peace. The one exhibited the most shining example of splendid talents devoted to temporal ambition; the other, the noblest instance of moral influence directed to exalted purposes. The former was in the end led to ruin, while blindly following the phantom of worldly greatness; the latter was unambitiously conducted to final greatness, while only following the star of public duty. The struggle between them was the same at bottom as that which, anterior to the creation of man, shook the powers of heaven; and never was such an example of moral government afforded as the final result of their immortal contest.

In this volume we have a rapid but vigorous sketch of the American war of 1812-13-14, with its various achievements and reverses, written in a thoroughly impartial strain, and shewing how well the enemy were met and repelled by the unflinching courage of the gallant yeomanry of Canada, when Britain could not spare from the Continental contest the bayonets of her invincible troops. From the Americans, however, Alison has withheld no praise where by their energy in prosperous, or their constancy in adverse, fortune, they had won it, nor does he conceal the many and grievous errors committed by the leaders of the British Armies, which unnecessarily protracted the contest, and rendered it, at its termination, less decisive than it would have been had a more vigorous plan of pursuing the contest been adopted and followed up.

The limits to which we must confine ourselves forbid us from extracting as largely as we could wish from this most interesting volume, which contains many passages which might be detached easily from the book, and yet retain their interest. We cannot, however, resist the temptation to extract the following reflections upon the consequences of the war:

Perhaps no nation ever suffered so severely as the Americans did from this war, in their external and commercial relations. Their foreign trade, anterior to the estrangement from Great Britain, so flourishing as to amount to £22,000,000 of exports, and £28,000,000 of imports, carried on in 1,300,000 tons of shipping, was, literally speaking, and by no figure of speech, *annihilated*; for the official returns show that the former had sunk in 1814 to £1,400,000, or little more than an eighteenth part of their former amount, the latter to less than three millions. The capture of no less than fourteen hundred American vessels of war and merchandize, appeared in the London Gazette during the two years and a half of its continuance, besides probably an equal number which were too inconsiderable to enter that register; and although, no doubt, they retaliated actively and effectively by their ships of war and privateers on British commerce, yet their number was too small to produce any considerable set-off to such immense losses; and the rapid growth of British commerce, when placed in juxtaposition to the almost total extinction of that of the United States, demonstrates decisively, that while the contest lasted the sinews of war were increasing in the one country as rapidly as they were drying up in the other. In truth, the ordinary American revenue, almost entirely derived from custom-house duties, nearly vanished during the continuance of the war, and the deficit required to be made up by excise and direct taxes levied in the interior, and loans, in the year 1814 amounted to no less than \$20,500,000, or above £4,000,000 sterling; an immense sum for a state, the annual income of which in ordinary times was only \$23,000,000, or £4,600,-



000. Two-thirds of the mercantile and trading classes in all the States of the Union became insolvent during these disastrous years; and such was the suffering and public discontent in the northern States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New England, that altogether overcame their sentiment of nationality, and the inhabitants, when peace arrived, were formally taking steps to break off from the Union, assert their national independence, and make peace with Great Britain, the future protector of their republic.

A war fraught with such disasters to the United States, was not without its evils, also to the inhabitants of Great Britain. In ordinary times the cessation of the North American market, which at that period took off, on an average of years, twelve millions' worth of British produce and manufactures, would have been most severely felt, and it was mainly to its stoppage that the great distresses in England in 1811 and the first months of 1812 had been owing. But this market had, from the operations of the American embargo and non-intercourse act, been long in abeyance; commerce had discovered new channels; and an ample compensation for its loss, for the time at least, had been found in the markets of Russia, Germany, and Italy, now suddenly thrown open to British enterprise by the triumphs of the Allied arms. But a lasting effect, fraught with consequences injurious to British manufacturing interests, was found in the forcible direction of a large portion of the capital, and no inconsiderable part of the industry, of the United States, to manufacturing employment, an effect which has survived the temporary causes which gave it birth, and, by permanently investing large capitals in that species of industry, has rendered the subsequent exports of Great Britain, if the vast increase of population in the United States is taken into account, by no means so considerable as they were before the war. When the great and growing extent of the British colonies, and the prodigious market they have opened and are opening to British manufacturing industry, both in the eastern and western hemispheres, are considered, this dependence for the sale of so large a portion of our manufactures on any foreign nation whatever, may possibly appear to be fraught with serious danger, and its curtailment rather a benefit than an injury; but an unmix'd evil has arisen from the jealousy of British manufactures, which has necessarily grown up, especially in the Northern States of the Union; from the growing importance of their own fabrics, and the animosity against this country, which has in consequence arisen in those States which, when the war commenced, were most firmly attached to our alliance.

When to these results are added the incalculable amount of blood shed and treasure wasted, the misery and distress which are necessary attendants of the devastating march of opposing armies, it is almost impossible to conceive the madness which will hurry two kindred nations into war; and yet not a year passes in which England and America are not by some comparatively trivial accident or incident placed on the very verge of a collision. Now, there seems a prospect of lasting peace—that it may continue, few who read the work before us will fail anxiously to pray.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH NAVY; FROM A. D. 1000, to 1840.—BY JOSEPH ALLEN.

An interesting statistical or chronological work, giving a brief history of the naval battles which have been fought by Britain since a period of half a century before the accession of "The Conqueror." The work is compiled from official records, spread over an immense number of tomes, and must be highly interesting, as well as peculiarly gratifying, from the large portion of "Victories" it contains. Mr. Allen is the author of a book known as "England's Wooden Walls," which won for him a considerable degree of celebrity. This new work will materially increase it.

We have been under the necessity of giving up a very large portion of the present number to the continuation of the beautiful story of "The Miser and his Son," which it is intended to conclude in our next, with a view to preserve unbroken our rule of making each volume complete within itself. The deeply interesting character of the story will, we flatter ourselves, make what has been a necessity to us a pleasure to our readers.

The unexpected absence of the author has made it impossible for us to continue in this number E. L. C.'s delightful "Legend of the Apennines." It will also, however, be concluded in the number for November.

The excellently written tale, by "M. W. B." which has been for some months postponed from a want of room, will be found in the pages of our present number. We trust that we may have the pleasure of receiving for the next volume an occasional contribution from the same pen.

To the Sketch of the life of "Galileo" we would respectfully direct attention. To the graceful and elegant writer to whom we are indebted for the articles under the title of "Sketches of the Italian Poets," we also owe this valuable paper, which we are satisfied will be fully appreciated by the readers of the *Garland*.