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FLORENCE; OR, WIT AND WISDOM.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XI.

In compliance with the Earl of St. Albans' wishes, and to avoid the imputation of singularity, Nina generally made her appearance in the saloon during the evening, and it was indeed a trial to her, for in the midst of the thoughtless gaiety that ever reigned around, she was more lonely, more isolated than in a wilderness. Florence, taken up with Miss Westover, who made it a point to engross her entirely, completely neglected her humble friend, and St. Albans, whatever his generosity and kindness of heart might have been, could not of course devote much time to her. More than once Nina found herself wishing with a sigh, that Percival Clinton would indeed redeem his promise, and make his appearance at the castle. More heartily perhaps than ever did she breathe that wish as she saw the whole party set out one beautiful morning on an exploring expedition, to the ruins of an old abbey in the neighbourhood. Though kindly pressed by her host to join them, she was obliged to decline, as the younger members of the company were going on horseback, and she was no equestrian. She might indeed have taken her place in the comfortable carriage which lady Westover and some other elderly ladies occupied, but her fear of being looked on in the light of an intruder, the mortification of being exposed to their cold indifference, more than counterbalanced any prospects of pleasure the proposed expedition offered. With a heart sad it is true, but totally free from one shade of envy, she watched the gay cavalcade forming, from the window. Florence as usual outshone all others in beauty, her rich colour

heightened by excitement and contrast with the black plumes of her cap, which gracefully drooped over her white brow, mingling with her jetty curls. As the earl, who had just addressed a few courteous words to the occupants of the carriage, was turning to take his place beside Florence, Sir Edward Westover, the brother of her friend, who had arrived the previous evening at the castle, by a clever manoeuvre gained her side, and he immediately entered on a lively dialogue with her. Concealing his annoyance, St. Albans turned to the young lady next him, who seemed in a fair way of being forgotten, and generously resolved to render himself as agreeable to her as her natural apathy and his own diffidence would permit. But this was no easy task. Lady Jacintha Stanton, a pale, insipid girl, with light eyes and flaxen hair, which she was pleased to dignify by the appellation of golden, was a perfect stoic in her way. Nothing short of an offer or a costly gift could call a smile to her lip, or a look of animation to her lifeless features, and St. Albans, betrothed to another, being incapacitated from bestowing either, was of course unworthy any trouble on her part. Most intensely disagreeable and wearisome did she prove to her companion, and ere ten minutes had elapsed, he was thoroughly disgusted with her. Doubly, then, did he feel the deprivation of Florence's gay companionship, and his only consolation was, that she too was doubtless regretting their untoward separation with equal fervour. But this last solace was soon denied him. After a few vain attempts to get up a conversation with lady Jacintha, he relapsed into silence, and was thus at liberty to devote his attention to the proceedings

* Continued from page 214.

of his *fiancée*, who was immediately in advance of him, unconscious however of his close proximity.

To his infinite surprise and mortification, he perceived that so far from being taciturn and less cheerful, she seemed in excellent spirits, and perfectly satisfied with her companion, whose satirical spirit was quite to her taste. Still, to see her thus absorbed by the attentions of a young and handsome stranger, awoke no sentiments of jealousy in his breast. He felt too well assured of her affection, and though once the thought crossed him: "If Florence's love equalled your own, would she be so happy in your absence?" it was rejected with disdain. He had subject enough for discontent and unhappiness in her thoughtless spirit, without incurring the additional misery of doubting her affection. Sad, sorrowful indeed, was that drive to the young nobleman, and though the pure morning breeze that lifted the bright locks from his brow was full of balmy sweetness, it dispelled not the cloud of care that lurked in his dark eyes. Thoughts of regret, of bitterness, and of dread, thronged upon him, and manfully as he tried, he could not banish them. In vain he looked on the landscape before him, so rich in nature's loveliness; in vain he watched the bright sunbeams streaming down in chequered light and shade through the light and quivering foliage of the silver birch, the pale leaved sycamore or the closer linked boughs of the stately oaks and chestnuts under which they journeyed—his restless glance ever turned to the young girl before him, she who was so soon to be mistress of that noble demesne, and again and again his heart proposed the fearful question, the question from which he ever shudderingly recoiled: "*St. Albans, hast thou chosen well and wisely?*" Revolving such torturing reflections, he pursued his silent way through the narrow paths and haunted dells of the old wood, by the side of his languid companion, till they emerged on a large and beautiful extent of level country.

Here, one of the party proposed a trial of speed, and as Florence reined in her beautiful steed, the earl's last gift, she turned, and for the first time perceived him.

"What! you here, my lord! I thought you were in advance, the leader of our party."

"No, still I did not intrude on you more than if I were," he returned in a tone which he vainly endeavored to render kind as usual. While he was speaking one of his servants advanced at full gallop, and with a respectful bow, presented him a couple of letters which he had just brought from the neighboring town. St. Albans took them and silently put them in his bosom, when Flo-

rence, who had marked his dissatisfied air, exclaimed, with a sweet smile:

"Come, my lord, I challenge you to a race. I will uphold my pretty Flora against your fiery Regis. We will choose Sir Edward Westover for umpire."

"Forgive me, Miss Fitz-Harding, but I must be uncourteous enough to decline your proposal, as these epistles require an immediate reply. Sir Edward will have the kindness to excuse me to the rest of the party, and he will also supply my place in the coming trial as skilfully as he has done heretofore."

With a smiling and perfectly composed air, he bowed lowly to Florence, apologized to his companion, the lady Jacintha, who had already found a substitute in a gentleman expecting preferment in the state through her father's interest; then setting spurs to his horse, was soon out of sight.

We will not accompany Florence and her party further. Every sketch book and tourist's journal, records similar excursions better told than our pen could render them; suffice it to say they arrived at the ruins, explored them, smiled, talked about the fashions, whilst leaning against the old grass-grown tombs of the dead that slumbered beneath, or laughingly commented on the quaint, rude devices of the time-worn funereal slabs at their feet. Follow we St. Albans on his homeward path. After a time he slackened his speed, and suffering the reins to fall on the neck of his horse, proceeded at a pace which told his letters were not of the urgent importance he had represented. Arrived at home, he dismounted, and flinging the bridle to the servant in waiting with an abruptness which surprised the man, entered, and threw himself on the first sofa he met. But repose was favorable to thought, and thought was at that moment anything but agreeable to the earl. Tormenting regrets for his precipitate departure—self-reproach for yielding to his own weakness—impatient feelings against Florence, rapidly succeeded one another, and unable to bear them longer, he sprang up from the couch and passed into the next apartment, endeavoring by rapid motion to dispel his harrassing doubts. Careless whither he bent his steps, he found himself at length before the picture gallery. The solitude and stillness of the place, the view of the lifeless semblances of those whose cares and joys were long since hushed in the grave, ever acted with a soothing power on his feelings when disturbed or irritated. He pushed the door, which to his surprise was ajar, and entered. He paused, however, on the threshold, and half retreated, for the apartment was not unoccupied.

Standing at some distance from him, but near enough for him to mark every shade of her countenance, was Nina Aleyn. There was something strangely suited in the unassuming simplicity of her dress to the quiet solemnity, the antique formality of that vast hall, and the pictured beings that looked down upon her, but it was not her dress, her appearance, which attracted the attention of the intruder, but the expression of her usually impassible countenance, now lit up, beaming with life. Her eyes were fixed with an expression of almost religious veneration on a portrait before which she was standing, and which the earl recognized with a start, as that of his mother. Long, long did she look, whilst a thousand varying shades passed over her child-like features, but ever still remained the same look of deep, reverential tenderness, and St. Albans felt that he would have given half his broad earldom to have seen, even but for one fleeting moment, such a spell-bound, fascinated look on the beautiful countenance of his betrothed. The movements of the unconscious Nina, he scarcely continued to watch, indulging a conjecture as to the real cause of the deep tenderness she lavished on the lifeless canvas before her, a tenderness equalling his own. Suddenly, some shadowy idea brought the rich crimson to his cheek, and his eye wandered for a moment to his own portrait, but he murmured:

"It is not mine she cherishes, it is my mother's."

His doubts were soon dispelled, for the object of his attention suddenly bent towards the canvas, and imprinting a fond kiss upon it, exclaimed with passionate tenderness:

"Oh! had Heaven but spared to me my mother, she might have been like thee! How I would have cherished, have loved her. None other should ever have shared my heart with her."

St. Albans blushed for his doubts, his conjectures, and the look of deep admiring emotion which crossed his features, was a priceless tribute to the holy, filial affection, the childish innocence of the young girl, whose heart, even to its most secret recesses, he had just fathomed. But fearing the shrinking sensitiveness, whose extent he could now fully divine, by the watchful vigilance with which Nina had heretofore shielded it from every eye, he drew back intending to return to the saloon, but an irresistible wish to converse a moment with her, to penetrate further into her thoughts, to see if her wonderful and heretofore undreamed of softness of character would be immediately replaced by the icy mask she had adopted, impelled him to retain his position till a favorable moment for entering would present itself. He had not long to wait, for Nina, soon brushing

away the large tears which filled her eyes, turned from the portrait and slowly walked towards one of the windows. In passing the earl's picture, she stopped a moment, and glancing over it, murmured:

"How like his mother; the same soft eyes and kind smile, and, like her, he is good and gentle too. May Florence prove worthy of him, and may they be happy; but I hear horse's hoofs! Can they be returning so soon?"

"Now is my time," ejaculated the earl, as Nina threw open the window, and gazed earnestly from it. Her conjecture was unfounded; it was one of the servants of the castle, and as she drew back to close the casement, the earl approached, and exclaimed with a pleasant smile:

"Will you pardon my intrusion, Miss Aleyn, and give me permission to remain?"

"Tis I, my lord, who should apologize for entering unauthorised this sacred spot," rejoined Nina, who had recovered completely, after the first start of surprise, what Florence styled her "stoic gravity."

"Believe me, I would feel happy and proud were it intruded on oftener," said the earl, gravely; "but, though the music-room, billiard-room, and conservatories are generally thronged, the picture gallery has never seen the same visitant twice within its enclosure. You may therefore judge, Miss Aleyn, how gratifying your presence here, is to my mortified self-love. As the party will not arrive for some time yet, if you are not already wearied of it, we may pass a pleasant hour here together, and if you wish it, I will make you acquainted with a few of the remarkable characters around us."

"Your offer is rather late, my lord," replied Nina, with the *waitre* smile which became her so well, but which so rarely lit up her still features. "I have already made an acquaintance with some, formed a friendship for others. Your worthy housekeeper's assistance, and the help of some old traditional volumes, occupying a remote shelf in the library, have rendered me almost as well versed in the history of each portrait as herself."

"Then permit me to put your proficiency to the proof," returned St. Albans, coloring with pleased surprise. "You will tell me what you know of those which interest you most, and I will endeavour to add some little trait of each, beyond the sphere of good Mrs. Rawdon's knowledge."

Without a shade of hesitation, Nina accepted the Earl's proffered arm, and glancing at the portraits before them, ran over the chief circumstances of the history of the personage it represented, with a fidelity and ease which gratified.

as well as astonished her listener. Still, versed from boyhood in the traditional lore of his family, a study to which he had always been passionately devoted, he was able to tell many little incidents and anecdotes, which a less skilful narrator than himself, would have forgotten, and which were all entirely new to Nina. Gradually the frigid impassibility of her countenance vanished, the deep eyes brightened, and the same look of living, speaking intelligence and feeling, which had animated her features when his glance first fell upon her, again stole over them. Though the earl was more unembarrassed, more at ease, with the humble, quiet Nina, than with any one else, Florence herself not excepted, still, a little timid, fearing to weary his listener by too profuse details, he passed briefly over some circumstances, only touched upon others which were really interesting, but the rapt eagerness with which she hung on his words, her occasional remarks betokening her deep interest and curiosity, reassured him, and every storied event, every poetic fable, which had entranced the boy, and still charmed the man, was poured forth on her ear with an eloquence he himself was unconscious of. At length they arrived before a portrait executed with rare and masterly skill, but still, possessing little attraction in itself. It was the likeness of a girl who had not evidently numbered more than sixteen summers, yet notwithstanding the efforts of the gifted artist, the aid of ornament, the charm of youth, she possessed not one single claim to beauty, unless indeed the look of melancholy softness which reigned over her countenance, might have been titled as such. The clear complexion and auburn hair, alone betokened she belonged to a family whose daughters were famed, with but few exceptions, for their surpassing, though evanescent loveliness. The story of the young girl was a sad one. An orphan in infancy, dependant from her cradle on a proud relative, who had adopted her for his heiress, but in truer language his slave, her lot was mournful indeed. Unloved, and uncaressed, her childhood unbrightened by the sunny mirth of that age, her girlhood a gloomy period of austere seclusion and joyless dependance on the will of her harsh, stern ruler; the springs of youth and hope were soon withered, and Winifred St. Albans passed from an earth on which she had never known one hour's happiness, to the heaven her uncomplaining submission had won her. Her guardian regretted his harshness when too late. He would fain have raised her from her dying bed, to seek the sunny climes of the south; he lavished gifts, caresses, attentions on her, one half of which would have ensured her health and happiness,

had they been earlier hers, but all was unavailing. She died. He erected a sumptuous monument to the poor victim of tyranny, and had her portrait copied from a simple original, by the first master of the age. Before this picture Nina paused but a second, and then with a hasty movement, turned away.

"Pray do not pass this one unnoted, Miss Aleyn," said the earl, totally unconscious that his companion had traced a striking resemblance between her own fate, and that of the neglected, obscure being it imaged. "Do you not think poor Winifred's story very affecting? but, perhaps you have not heard it."

"Yes, I know it well, and few can compassionate her desolate, lonely lot, as well as myself, but I love not to dwell on it."

St. Albans saw that he had touched a painful chord, and unwilling as he was to inflict a moment's pain on any human being, much less on one so unprotected as Nina Aleyn, a certain generous curiosity to know the cause of her sorrow, that he might, if possible, find a remedy, prompted him to retain the conversation in the same channel.

"If you do not think the question presumptuous, Miss Aleyn, might I ask why Winifred's story is displeasing to you? True, 'tis a sad one, but it contains a beautiful example, a sublime lesson. Certain I am, it is not caprice which inspires your repugnance to dwelling on it."

For once, Nina forgot her cold, self-command, and murmured, her lip convulsively quivering, as she spoke:

"'Tis because her fate resembles my own too closely."

"Nay, Miss Aleyn, say not so," he gently returned. "Winifred St. Albans had not one being who loved or cared for her, whilst you have many devoted friends." He felt even at the moment the mockery of his own words, but his companion merely sighed, as she rejoined:

"Tell me one of those devoted friends. I know of none, save Miss Murray."

"Well! without speaking of her, or Florence, who is I know fondly attached to you, Mr. Clinton regards you with a feeling of sincere esteem and regard, and I need not say that the friendly feelings of Sydney St. Albans equal his."

"I believe you," returned the young girl, raising her clear, truthful eyes to his face. "I believe you. Yes, from the first you have been to me a kind, a generous friend, and if fervent gratitude might be considered any recompence, I might offer you a rich reward, the only one alas! that Nina Aleyn has in her power to bestow."

"And the only one I covet, yet, no, in return for the kindness you say I have shown you, I ask one privilege which you must not refuse me,—and that is the right, Nina," he continued, unconsciously addressing her by her proper name, which Florence's constant mention had rendered as familiar to him as her own, "to act as a brother, a protector to you, for the future. If you have but few friends, allow me the envied privilege of being first on the list, and, believe me, your trust shall never be betrayed."

"Thanks, my lord, for your offer. I accept it with a willingness, equalling even the generosity with which it has been made, and its fulfilment will be rendered still easier, for I can accept benefits from Florence, or those nearly connected with her, which I would shrink from receiving at the hands of perfect strangers."

The earl, who understood her allusion, was silent a moment, then warmly exclaimed, as if replying to her thoughts:

"Yes, then I shall be able indeed, with the Countess of St. Albans' assistance, to do more to benefit you than I can do now. Then, we will put it effectually out of your power to trace any further similitude between your lot and that of poor Winifred, whom we will now leave; but, do not call me tyrannical, if, as the first act of the power with which you have endowed me, I use a brother's privilege to forbid further indulgence in such morbid sadness, such sorrowful reveries as those to which you must have been yielding, when this strange fancy first impressed you. Believe me, dear Miss Aley, such wilful persevering depression, is not only injurious to health and spirits, but really sinful. Now, that I have scolded enough, we will talk of something else, say, about this steel-clad knight, who has always been a favorite with me; I do not dare to hope his vague history is known to you."

"Perfectly! Not a deed of goodness is recounted in tradition, of the noble Sir Godfrey, not an exploit of the sword he crossed so valiantly with the Turkish scimitar, but I could tell you."

"Why, you must have spent an immense time in silent communion with these motionless relics of the past; their history is almost as familiar to you, as to myself, who have studied it from boyhood."

"Now, that I feel assured, my lord, you will not laugh at me, I do not fear to tell you, that my mornings are generally spent here. Knowing the tastes of your guests, I seek it secure from interruption, and with a volume of the annals of your house, endeavour to discover in each portrait, as I read the events connected with it, the traces of the feelings or passions which had ani-

mated the original, during life. Truly, when I leave the castle, the hours I have passed in this quiet spot, will be among my most pleasing reminiscences."

"Would that I had but known your tastes earlier!" exclaimed the earl, bending upon her a glance of deep interest. "Your studies would not have always been pursued alone, and for the future you will often have a help-mate, though I rather think, that, thanks to your own assiduity, you do not require one. However, I have some old manuscripts, precious only to antiquarians like ourselves, which I keep, for additional convenience, in my own cabinet. These, I will joyfully lend you, though I fear you will require my assistance to decipher their ancient, discoloured characters."

"Many thanks, my lord," and Nina's face lighted up with pleasure, but the gay look suddenly vanished, for the earl, as if by accident, though really intentionally had stopped before his mother's portrait. He wished to see again, on her face, the devoted look which had already so charmed him, nor was he disappointed. Wholly unconscious of the scrutiny of her companion, who continued to converse in a lively indifferent strain, Nina again yielded to the ever new delight of dwelling on the beautiful features of the countess, which had so deeply impressed her childish fancy. Involuntarily the recollection of what had passed, when he had last visited that picture, with his plighted bride, the different impression it had made upon her, rose upon his memory with bitter distinctness, and to banish the hateful recollection, he turned to the gentle creature at his side. A glorious flood of sunshine was streaming down from the lofty windows on the small head, and close dark locks of Nina. For the first time St. Albans noted and admired the classic simplicity of their arrangement, for the first time he noted the strange fascination of her thoughtful eyes, and as he looked upon her countenance, lit up with the rich glow of the sunlight, yet so softened by its own expression of deep, loving feeling, he thought her positively beautiful. In a low voice his companion at length ejaculated: "The last Countess of St. Albans."

"Yes, my mother—Oh! had you but known her, you would have loved her, even as she would have loved yourself, dear Nina," returned the earl, involuntarily pressing the small arm that rested confidently on his own, with a warmth, a tenderness he had never lavished on woman before, save Florence. The action recalled him to himself, and he was startled by the strangeness of his own feelings. Was this a brotherly affection—did not sentiment save friendship, enter

into the warm regard he entertained for Nina? Alarmed for himself, for her, he turned an uneasy glance upon her, but the quiet unconsciousness, the innocent calmness of her look, removed a weight heavier than iron from his heart, whilst it increased his deep respect and admiration for the childish simplicity of her character. Warned of his danger, however, he resolved to escape it in time, and whilst revolving the best mode of bringing the interview to a speedy close, a rapid step was heard on the stairs, the door burst violently open, and with a joyous exclamation, Percival Clinton bounded into the room. Suddenly his brow angrily contracted, for his glance had fallen on Nina, as she leant upon St. Albans' arm, with a familiarity, a friendliness, she had never yet vouchsafed to himself. The expression too, of the earl's face, which he had momentarily caught, and the perfect confidence which seemed to reign between them, added fresh fuel to his angry fears. Subduing his irritation by a violent effort, he quickly advanced, and exchanged courtesies with them. Warmly was he received, and the calm self-possession with which Nina welcomed him, still retaining the earl's arm, dispelled at once and entirely his jealous doubts. Her glance could not have met his so openly, so unflinchingly, had there existed any cause of jealousy for himself or Florence.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER some moments of lively conversation, they all three returned to the saloon, where the time passed pleasantly enough, till the silvery chimes of the clock told they might expect the tenants.

Lord St. Albans had parted that morning from Florence with anger in his heart, but he now awaited her return with gentler feelings. He had learned a short but forcible lesson during the passing interval, of human frailty, of his own weakness, and it had filled him with the generous resolution of being additionally forgiving to others. It required some effort on his part to remain faithful to his resolve, when the gay cavalcade at length rode up to the porch in which he stood to welcome them. Foremost of the party rode Florence and Sir Edward Westover, conversing with the same sparkling animation they had displayed during the morning. As the latter reined in his horse, he exclaimed in a mirthful, though subdued tone:

"I hope, for your sake, Miss Fitz-Harding, that the lord of the manor has recovered his serenity. A companion in the sulks is anything but agreeable."

"Hush!" she playfully returned. "You are

on forbidden ground. Know you not, that I, like the subjects of the celestial Empire, must be blind to my liege's faults? I must not dare to see the spots on the sun."

Irritated by the freedom with which she spoke of one who should have been so sacred in her eyes, and the encouragement she bestowed on her companion's disrespectful levity, the earl impatiently turned away, but, as he did so, a secret voice whispered: "And thou, too, St. Albans, art thou faultless?" It prevailed, and with a kind smile he advanced, welcomed the guests, and approaching Florence, assisted her himself to alight.

"I have atoned for my involuntary fault now," he thought, as he compelled himself to listen kindly, cheerfully, to their glowing account of their delightful expedition, in which as he well knew, though she did not confess it, young Westover had been her constant companion. For that evening, Florence, thinking she had ventured far enough, behaved herself admirably—and amiable, lively, attentive, she almost succeeded in making her betrothed forget the morning's scene in the picture gallery, and the comparisons so unfavorable to herself, resulting from it; whilst Nina, no longer an isolated occupant of a solitary corner, was most flatteringly attended on by Percival Clinton. The arrival of the latter had caused quite a sensation at the castle, and dark locks were smoothed with additional care, and unbecoming toilettes replaced with others more suitable in his honor. Miss Westover, who had already met him once, though he had almost forgotten the meeting, entertained a feeling of warm admiration for his handsome person and careless independence of character, which admiration was not diminished by the knowledge that he was wealthy and well born. Conscious of her own handsome person, her sparkling wit and fashionable manners, she saw none save Florence who could compete with her; Miss Clifton was handsome, but silly; her cousin, the lady Jane Gordon, the reverse, clever but ordinary; Lady Jacintha Stanton, a most insipid companion, whilst lady Cecilia, her younger sister, was a mere hoyden. True, there was the really beautiful heiress, Miss Dashwood, but she, not content with the advantages nature had bestowed on her, was ambitious of shining among the literati, and professing a profound contempt for all the graceful accomplishments of her sex, would converse of nothing save metaphysics, theology, politics—besides quoting Latin occasionally, a language of which she had but a very imperfect knowledge. The latter personage, Miss Westover well knew would render herself perfectly hateful to Clinton, from her own absurd pretensions, and the field was thus

clear for herself. The very thought of Nina Aleyn never entered her head, and she would as soon have dreaded a rival in her own waiting maid. Overwhelming then was her surprise, her indignation, when she saw him on the very first night of his arrival, take his post behind the "oddy's" chair, and tax whole hours for her amusement, the powers of conversation he so rarely troubled himself to exercise for others. She endeavored to re-assure herself by repeating:

"He, but wishes to draw her out—to render himself singular—to shew the world how little he values its opinion; but when the next day and the next passed on, and Clinton was still as attentive as ever, her former contempt for Nina changed, under the influence of her new fears, to the bitterest hatred. Her heart still would not permit her to believe that he was really serious in his views, though at times the subdued devotion of his manner, his manifest indifference to all others, filled her with doubts she would have given worlds to solve. But even could she have looked into his heart, she would still have remained in uncertainty, for he himself knew it not. The thought of marriage or betrothment with Nina Aleyn never once entered his ideas, nor did he even acknowledge to himself that he loved her. Respect, admiration for the noble qualities his penetrating eye had discovered, pity for her dependent lot, and that inexplicable sentiment arising perhaps from his jealous temperament, which impelled him to seek out one whom the world sought not, one whose smiles would shine solely upon himself, such were the feelings which he thought alone influenced him. And Nina was happy, perfectly happy, in having one human being who relieved the sad monotony of the hours she passed in the saloon, happy in the kindness and attention of one whom she regarded or fancied she regarded as a brother. Towards the close of the evening, Clinton left her and approached Florence, who was standing near one of the windows looking over some engravings:

"We have quite a pleasant party here, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, but I scarcely know all our guests; yet who is that tall, animated looking girl, standing beside the piano? I must have met her somewhere. Is she not a Miss Westover?"

"Yes," returned Florence, unconscious that the brother of her friend was standing outside on the lawn, a few steps from the window, a solitary listener to the dialogue. "And the turbaned dowager reclining with such elegant listlessness on the couch beside her, is her mamma and my

"She certainly is an elegant looking person; and what an expressive face!" exclaimed Clinton,

as he watched the young lady who was at that moment bending down to her mother, and speaking in a very animated tone.

"Yes," was the laughing reply, "she has an expressive face, as well as an expressive tongue. Beware, Mr. Clinton, if you have any lisp, look, manner, that may be caricatured, do not approach her. You see I am charitable enough to warn you in time—Miss Westover and I are rivals in wit."

"Oh! is that the case?" he returned, averting his glance contemptuously from the object of his late admiration. "As I cannot attempt to cope with such a spirit, I had better keep out of her way," and he immediately turned the conversation into another channel.

About half an hour after, young Westover entered the saloon with a small bouquet of flowers in his hand:

"I say, Lucinda," he carelessly exclaimed, "come, and examine this pretty blossom; I wish you could tell me its name."

Miss Westover complied, and when she returned to her seat after a few moments, the bright sparkle of her eye, and glowing cheek, betokened the study of the flower had proved very exciting:

"Yes, my kind-hearted Florence!" she muttered, as she arranged with apparent calmness, a myrtle blossom amid her glossy curls. "She is very solicitous about Mr. Clinton's peace of mind, but, let her look nearer home; she may want all her vigilance for herself ere long."

The menace was serious, for Lucinda Westover was not one to threaten in vain.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF late, Nina had not visited the picture gallery, for she felt assured she would meet lord St. Albans there, and an innate conviction told her those meetings might give offence to Florence, though why she could scarcely imagine. It was indeed a deprivation, for as she had told the earl, her happiest moments were past there. Matter of fact, unimaginative as Nina appeared, there was in reality a strong blending of romance in her character. Not that romance which consists in making a public parade of the most ridiculous sentimentalism on every occasion, investing frivolous events with a mysterious, exaggerated importance, thinking it necessary always to wear a sentimental, melancholy look, and be for ever expatiating on the happiness of a kindred communion of souls, the yearning of the heart for sympathy, the difficulty of being understood and appreciated by the cruelly matter of fact race amongst whom they are doomed to dwell. Of

such romance Nina had none, but of that which consists in deep though hidden feeling—a passionate love for nature's beauties—a strange devotion to the chronicles of the olden time—the records of the brave and virtuous—the relics of ages gone by, she possessed an inexhaustible fund. More true enjoyment would she have reaped from listening to the old house-keeper's traditional tales about some ancient portrait, some ruined tower, than in the most touchingly sentimental novel of the day. At St. Albans' castle she had ample opportunities of indulging in her favorite tastes. Its time honored turrets, which had braved the storms of ages, approached by avenues of hoary oaks and elms; its vast corridors and lofty apartments, some furnished in the quaint though magnificent style of olden days, and which for months had scarcely seen the light, for the young earl passed but little time in his ancestral demesne, all possessed charms which no modern building, however sumptuous, could have afforded. But carefully as she would have hidden the most unworthy failing, did Nina treasure in her heart, feelings, predilections, which she fancied would have drawn down ridicule upon her if known, and St. Albans was the first and only one who had as yet learned aught of their existence. True, Clinton at times half suspected that beneath her calm, common-place exterior, her plain cold sense, warmer, brighter, more girlish feelings lurked, and the earnest wish to penetrate deeper into her character, and to unravel its apparent inconsistencies, was another of the spells which retained him ever at her side.

The third morning after his arrival, the guests assembled earlier than usual at the breakfast table, for a pic-nic party which had been planned to visit a beautiful water-fall in the neighbourhood. In the midst of the general confusion, the earl's observant eye noted that one of the guests was absent, and turning to a servant, he asked:

"Where was the lord Manvers?"

"Here!" exclaimed a young man, of boyish, though prepossessing exterior, who sprang in at the moment through the glass door, opening from the lawn. "I beg pardon for my delay, but I have discovered a treasure which will ensure my forgiveness. In passing through the small elm grove near the house, I perceived a delicate white glove lying at the foot of a tree, and beside it this little volume, which being entitled 'Portraits of the guests at St. Albans Castle,' is of course intended for public amusement. The authoress, for I shrewdly suspect from the delicate, though carefully disguised handwriting, that it is one of the fair sex, has concealed her name, her modesty probably taking alarm at the

idea of the fame and notoriety the work would ensure her."

A general movement of curiosity followed this speech, and every glance was directed to the pamphlet the young nobleman triumphantly displayed. Intuitively, St. Albans looked at Florence. Her colour was unusually vivid, and he noted a rapid, though meaning glance pass between her and Miss Westover.

"Let us see it, Manvers; read it out," was the general request.

"Well! I will begin then. Number one—myself, I declare—Portrait of a juvenile diplomatist whose diplomatic talents are all exerted in the noble cause of securing himself a lucrative post. Yes, I cannot mistake it, though my nose is not quite as long. Number two—A belligerent colonel, whose tongue is quicker than his sword. Ah! Colonel Dalrymple, 'tis you to the life, even to the curve of your moustache, which I must confess is a little maliciously exaggerated."

"'Tis well for the author of the portraits, that she is evidently a lady, or she would soon feel the point of my sword," fiercely rejoined the colonel. A suppressed laugh followed this sally, whilst lord Manvers resumed:

"A moon-struck poet, whose verses would serve as an excellent soporific." The aforesaid poet, who, though clever and titled, was also modest, blushed to the eyes, and was speechless with confusion. Suddenly, lord Manvers, who was by this time surrounded by a group of gentlemen, laughingly closed the book.

"No, no, go on," loudly reiterated a dozen of voices.

"My gallantry forbids me," and he laid his hand upon his heart. "The next portraits are ladies. But wait," he added, opening the book again, and rapidly turning over some leaves.

"Ah! here are more of the ruder sex. Likeness of a London exquisite. The title is rather equivocal though. We can number more than one among the present august company."

"'Tis Clinton, 'tis Clinton!" exclaimed several of the group. "Any one would know it." There was indeed no mistaking it, or any of the portraits, for they were executed with wonderful fidelity and skill, though a ludicrous expression was cleverly imparted to each, whilst the slightest blemish or defect, was brought forward in a prominent and striking manner. Clinton's likeness caused a merry laugh. The accuracy with which his dress was depicted, even to the elegant tie of the cravat, the small, though choice pin, the studied, rich wave of the hair. He was represented taking a furtive glance at himself, in a small mirror concealed in his hand.

"The likeness is very good, but they have forgotten my eye glass," he exclaimed, glancing over the paper, with the most perfect composure. "Give us the next on the list."

"A noble orator, more dreaded by his own party than by the opposition. Ha! ha! my worthy brother," and the speaker turned to the elder branch of his house, the Duke of Hastings.

"That is your Grace." A general, though smothered burst of laughter followed, for the occasional blunders of the young statesman were well known. "But we must see," continued lord Manvers, who, notwithstanding his apparent gaiety, was in reality much irritated by the bitter sarcasms which had fallen to the share of himself and his brother, "we must see if we can find no clew to the clever artist," and he rapidly ran over the leaves as he spoke. Suddenly his countenance lightened. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "We are all here with one bright exception, and that exception is Miss Fitz-Hardinge. Probably the author could find no defect, no matter for caricature, in one so faultless. A quick glance again passed between Florence and Miss Westover, a glance so covert, so rapid as to be perceived by none save the earl, who at once comprehended its import. It told him that the former was the guilty one, and that she sought counsel from her friend.

"Pray, tell us, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, to what you think you owe your happy impunity? Perhaps to the high opinion, perhaps to the friendship of the author. Dare I ask if you know that gifted individual?"

All eyes were now turned on Florence, whilst St. Albans' very life seemed to hang on her answer. With the most perfect, the most unmoved composure, she raised her bright eyes to the speaker's face, as she carelessly returned:

"I have not that honor at present, but if your lordship, who is so skilful in making discoveries, can find out the author as cleverly as you have done the work, I shall be happy to be introduced."

With a look of deep disdain, the earl turned away his head, whilst lord Manvers, who had been closely examining the volume, seemingly heedless of the provoking insinuation contained in Florence's last speech, and to which his gallantry forbade any retort, suddenly exclaimed:

"Ah! here is some name on the title page, nearly effaced. Stand aside, we can decipher it near the light," and he moved to the window. Quick as lightning St. Albans sprang from his seat, and placing his hand on the pamphlet exclaimed, with a gay smile, which cost him a fearful effort:

"Come, my lord Manvers, you have poached long enough on my demesnes. Lord of the soil, all treasure trove belongs of right to me."

The young nobleman, tired of the novelty, or half suspecting the truth, easily yielded up his prize, and St. Albans threw it into a secretary, which he locked. As he returned to his seat, Clinton bent over to Florence, and whispered in her ear.

"The Sketches I suppose form a sort of sequel to the Follies of a Week."

A stiff "I do not understand you, Mr. Clinton," was her only rejoinder, for Florence was in no mood for jesting. She was too anxious, too uneasy for that. Fifty times during the course of the repast, did she endeavour to catch St. Albans' glance, but it was always studiously averted. The breakfast over, the members of the party retired to their rooms, to equip themselves for the coming excursion. But Florence betook herself instantly to Miss Westover's apartment.

"Oh! Lucinda!" she abruptly exclaimed, as she entered, and flung herself upon a couch, with an air of deep vexation. "How could you be so careless, so imprudent as to allow that unlucky book to be seen?"

It was with some difficulty Miss Westover contrived to conceal her satisfaction at the result of this her first step in revenging her wrongs, for she had dropped the pamphlet purposely in a place where she knew it would be found, having previously scribbled a caricature of herself, to avert all suspicion from her own head.

"It was not my fault, Florence, I assure you. Yesterday evening I had it out in the grounds, completing your half-finished sketch of that ridiculous Miss Dashwood, and I must unfortunately have dropped it. I never missed it even, until this morning at breakfast."

"'Tis too bad! too bad!" ejaculated Florence, as she sprang from her seat, and impatiently paced the room. "Lord St. Albans suspects, knows it is mine, and he is deeply incensed. He would not speak, or even look at me, since that odious Manvers displayed it. Really, Lucinda, you might have evinced a little more caution when the happiness of a friend is in the case. Had it been your own affair, you would perhaps have been a little more circumspect."

"Why, my dear creature, you are very unreasonable. Let us talk it over rationally, for your wrath will have no effect on me; I am a perfect stoic. Granting, then, I have been imprudent, granting his lordship knows the Sketches are your work, what then? He is neither a lion, nor a grand bashaw. He can neither devour you at a meal, nor quietly send you diving to the depths

of the Bosphorus. Believe me, Florence, you display but little sense or proper feeling, in permitting yourself to be tyrannized over, by this high and mighty Earl of St. Albans."

"St. Albans is no tyrant," angrily retorted Florence.

"Well! have it so, my dear; I will call him an angel, a seraph, if you will. Still, for a celestial being, he takes the sulks pretty often, and keeps his divinity in rather strict subjection."

"He does not, Lucinda, and you know it well. He is the gentlest, the most indulgent creature I ever knew."

"And yet you are terrified to death, because a few paltry sketches of yours, for the cleverness of which any other man would have admired you, happen to fall into his hands. Florence, my good Florence! I warn you that you are laying up future misery, nay, slavery, for yourself. If in the days of your betrothement, you suffer the earl to rule you so well, I do not envy your happiness as Countess of St. Albans. Exercise a little more spirit—take the game in your own hands, and instead of fearing him as you do now, you will soon teach him to tremble before your frown."

"All this sounds very well, but how is it to be done?" said Florence, again seating herself beside her dangerous adviser.

"How is it to be done! Why, wish it, and you may say it is already accomplished. For instance, when your future lord challenges you with a lowering brow, concerning your mighty crime, stoutly deny it. 'Twill save you a wearisome lecture, and besides still leave him in uncertainty as to your guilt."

"It may be dangerous to try that," returned her companion. "I know that at this moment, he is morally certain I am the offender."

"But he has no proofs, child. Your name is not in the book, or I would have seen it, when looking over it yesterday. Without farther evidence, his doubts can never be changed to certainty, and it would not do to retract now, after having denied it so publicly, so unblushingly, this morning. If he attempt to rebuke you, reply with spirit, express surprise at his presumption, and when he wishes to make his peace, do not be too placable. Act thus, if you wish to secure what sages and fools unite in calling 'Heaven's best gift,' your liberty."

"Yes, but I greatly fear that you have mistaken the earl's character, Lucinda. He is not like Percival Clinton, or some men." Florence noted not the sudden flush that mounted to her companion's cheek, nor dreamed of the storm of

angry passion that name had aroused in her heart. Its mention had excited Miss Westover's hatred to the highest pitch, by recalling the uncharitable remarks Florence had made concerning herself, to Clinton, and reminding her that since then, Clinton, notwithstanding his first admiration of her person and manners, and her own increasing efforts to please him, had markedly, nay almost contemptuously, avoided her. She carefully restrained, however, all tokens of her secret feelings, and Florence continued:

"I think I could get off better by frankly confessing my fault, than by braving him out. I have already had some experience in the matter; I assure you, I have invariably found it better, in fact *necessary*, to give in. He can shew himself firm as a rock at times."

"Then, Florence, 'tis your own childish, silly weakness, which has made him so. You have completely spoiled him, and he is now in the fairest possible way of becoming in the end, that most detestable of all earthly characters, a quiet, domestic tyrant. Fortunately for you, however, it is not too late yet. You may yet, with additional determination, retrieve your ground. Will you consent then, to try my tactics? Promise me you will follow them for once, and if they fail, you are at liberty to pursue your own. Make the effort this morning, the Sketch-book will afford a splendid opportunity."

"So be it, then," laughed Florence. "It will be war, open, uncompromising war, between us, and I hope it will not be myself who will be compelled to strike my colours: but let us go down, we will meet nothing but grim looks from the party, for keeping them waiting, and Sydney is fierce enough for the contest already, heaven knows, without my aggravating him farther."

Arm in arm they descended the stairs together, the one revolving the best means of following the energetic, and apparently disinterested advice her friend had given her, whilst that same friend was congratulating herself on the rapid advances she was making towards the realization of her cherished project, a project whose accomplishment would seal Florence's earthly misery, by separating her forever from the Earl of St. Albans.

[To be continued.]

EVENTS AND END OF TIME:

A POEM.

BY THE REV. A. H. BURWELL.

The fashion (scheme) of this world passeth away.—1 Cor. vii. 31.
Time shall be no longer.—Rev. x. 6.
Behold! I make all things new.—Rev. xxi. 5.

PART I.

A fond adieu to the retiring year!

'Tis passed away upon its swift career;
With all its sad events 'tis hurried on;
All unrecalable are past and gone.
Thus fare it with all trouble, toil, and pain!
Thus may they pass, no more to come again!

The year is gone: another comes to trace
Its little circle on Time's measured race.
The past and future linked are as they run,
Till his predestinated course is done:
For years thus linked, continuous, form the chain
Along which Time extends his dark domain,
Beginning at the point where Time began
His flight. Linked with the destinies of Man,
This flight proceeds. Years, onward as they roll,
Now by themselves can be distinct and whole;
But each involved in each, behind, before,
Till ends the chain, and Time shall be no more.
So no man by himself is ever known;
For 'tis not good that man should be alone.
And evil limitates the way designed
To be a blessing to the human kind;
For congregations of the wicked band
Themselves in league to master all the land.

The events of Time are also chains whose rise
Was in one act, man's sin in Paradise.
Their links, like man, prolific, multiply:
The last in those that follow onward fly.
The impulsive force goes on: Time yields no change.
To this; for nature runs through all the range
Of individual things, and never dies
Till Time's spent pinions beat no more the skies.
Evil events, like chaos, in a skein
Of tangle, intertangle chain with chain,
And cross and interfere with hurtful force,
And wound and injure, jostling in their course.
And thus they run till Time his finished flight
Concludes at length in everlasting night.
For He whose hand to heaven was lifted, swore
That Time is numbered, and shall be no more.
The ill events of Time shall also sink,
Engulphed beneath oblivion's lethean brink;
And none shall live as sires in sons do live,
Nor life to those that follow them shall give:
For by His word who in Himself is true,
When Time shall cease He maketh all things new.
From one event one fashion for all things,
One glorious Order for the world up springs:
And Truth and Peace shall dwell beneath the skies.
That which is perfect shall be brought to light
By Him the Man of counsel and of might.
Embodiment nature then shall all be free,
Nor send to heaven the wail of misery.

Adam begat a son (so God designed)
In his own likeness, after his own kind,—
Adam the fal'en. Thus fall by propagation
Descends to each succeeding generation.
Corruption passes onward; death doth spread
His gloomy shroud o'er all, for all are dead;
All, all, since then, do breathe but mortal breath,
And all are equal in the common death.
The murderer Cain, with hate and fury blind,
Was first-born of our fallen, degraded kind;
And Abel's death was witness down how low
Man's heart had sunk which could devise that blow.
His thoughts were evil only, only sin
In word and deed, the outcome from within.

Actions produce events. The acts of man,
And their events, in nature's channels ran,
And ran corrupt. The tree of needs must suit
Its offspring to its power of yielding fruit:
The tree corrupt and bad, where then should be
The living proof of the uncorrupted tree?
Corruption, wickedness, the world o'erspread—
Dead beings, thoughts, and works; for all were dead:
And hence the cry of violence and spoil
God heard ascending from this field of toil.
He heard the cry: for vengeance he descended,
And dealt the blow which o'er the world impended.

'Twas thus this evil scheme of things began.
Its first foundation was the sin of man.
The bad devices of man's erring heart,
As Time developed them, each took its part:
Ambition, envy, covetous desires,
Wrath, strife, and lust, enkindled all their fires.
The weak submitted to the harsh decrees
The strong imposed—for they alone were free
To act their pleasure; as the lion's paw
Gives the sole sanction to the lion's law.
But weakness called up cunning to his aid,
(By devilish wisdom thrives the serpent's trade,
And craft and art succeeded, till at length
The secret dagger grappled outward strength.

'Twas thus the law of flesh, by sin entailed,
O'er all the family of man prevailed,
With small exception; while beneath God's eye
The ripening wickedness of man rose high;
Till wearied patience forth in renegeance broke,
And living nature sunk beneath the stroke.

But eight were spared (such grace their faith rewarded
For they God's truth and warning voice regarded,
And they alone.) The earth, re-peopled, saw
Man's quick return to rebel nature's law;
And Abel grew a tower to reach to heaven:
But from their impious purpose they were driven.
God saw their work: their tongues he did divide,

And with confounded speech rebuked their pride;
While they were scattered (such was His command)
O'er all the earth, to people every land.
The lands grew populous, and nations sprung
From this event of every tribe and tongue.
And empires rose, and men of high renown,
Whose names and actions have descended down
On history's page. But man, forever vain,
God in his knowledge chose not to retain,—
God manifesting, guiding by His light,
That man might walk securely in the right,—
But turned the truth of God into a lie,
And changed His glory into things that die.
God therefore left him to a darkened mind,
To worship birds and beasts of every kind;
To worship devils, and to find delight
In giving honor by each filthy rite.

And men were soon rewarded for their guile,
For they were filled with every passion vile;
Murder, malignity, debate, deceit,
Pride, envy, cruelty, as it was meet:
And boasters rose, and faithless men became,
Inventing evil things of every name.
Implacable, unmerciful were they;
So far from God their hearts were turned away.
Hardened and savage in their minds they grew;
And some to wilds and hostile climes withdrew,
Where niggard nature yields a scanty fare,
And man becomes as desolate and bare.
Or others grew in wantonness and pride,
And turned the bounteous gifts of heaven aside,
To pamper, by indulgence, every lust,
And spend in riot all his precious trust.

But God, when all men thus had turned aside,
Selected Abram, with whom should abide,
The precious promise from the first He gave—
That He by One the ruined world would save.
He led him forth, and shewed him all the land,
(Still in reversion his, by God's command.)
There he a stranger was; and then his seed
Came into bondage sore, and then was freed.
God gave them laws: a nation they became,
And in their midst was placed His glorious Name,
His house and worship;—rich deposit; type
Of One to come, when times were fully ripe,
To witness for God's truth, and then to die;
By human persons lifted into life;
Till, at the last, (our life in Him the token,)
This evil scheme of things shall all be broken,
And Time shall be no more; and all things new
Shall rise from death by word of Him that's true.

But Israel soon was puffed with foolish pride,
And swayed from God's commandments far aside.
As did the erring heathen, so did they,
Till his protection turned from them away.
So base were they, the nations could not tell
There dwelt a holy God in Israel.
No answering witness they to Him did give,
(For 'tis through human life alone the light
Of God shall shine upon the world's dark night):
And so the heathen measured by their own
False gods, the God who set up David's throne,
For this in wrath, He bound in chains their hands,
And sent them captive into Pagan lands;
Downed up their cities, drove their flocks away,

And gave their riches to their foes a prey.
In part they were restored; but still pursued,
They the false ways that never brought them good;
Till God in mercy sent the promised One,
To bruise the serpent's head, the woman's son,
Of David's line. For God He testified,
In word and work: they saw but to deride.
He offered them God's kingdom: they reply:
All royalties but Cesar's we deny.
Him sinner, liar, glutton, fiend they call.
Yet still he loves, and weeps upon their fall—
They counsel take—they nail Him to the tree,
And say, If God be with Him, we shall see.
They said, but saw not. When He rose they cried,
His followers stole Him from us: but they lied!

The risen One, still to His purpose true,
His chosen followers called, (they were but few,)
Instructed them; ascended in their sight,
And shortly gave the promise of His might.
It came in gifts designed to break that power
Of evil first made known in Eden's bower,—
Apostles, prophets, preachers, teachers, they
To rule, build, comfort, teach, and shew the way;
To heal, cast devils out, and to abide
With every gift in fulness well supplied,
Till He should come His promised Bride to claim,
And seal upon her his exalted name.
They preached their risen King, His kingdom near:
T' the Jews 'twas offered; but they would not hear.
T' the Gentiles then, the messengers replied,
Since you reject it still, we turn aside.
God would accept you for the fathers' sakes;
But now the remnant from the Gentiles takes.

Then came the wrath of the rejected King.
Their chosen Cesar's eagles take the wing.
Ten thousand horrors rise around their walls:
In fire and blood their boasted city falls:
Their temple sinks, and with it sinks their state;
And they are given a prey to pagan hate.

Their mission was, that they to men should tell
Of the true God who in their midst did dwell,
And shew, by deeds of truth forever done,
The path of duty for the world to run.
They should have known their King, of David's line,
Born to his house, but yet the King divine.
The priests and rulers should at once have given
Their whole allegiance to this Prince from heaven,
And shewn th' inquiring Gentiles when they sought,
The wondrous thing their God for them had wrought:
For He had given them their exalted place
To bring this blessing to the human race.

But such the fate of those who Christ deny:
So sinks the sun of those who God defy:
Such is their doom who cast His gifts aside,
And spurn their calling with presumptuous pride.
Depart far from us, if to Him they say,
He for a season grants their wicked way.
Yet shall their schemes go down in ruin all,
And man's proud works vanish in the fall.
The heavens and earth that are shall be no more:
For crushing judgments are they kept in store:
Devouring judgments all their parts shall find,
Nor leave a wreck of what they were behind.

But now the Church came into Israel's place,
To stand for God, and witness to our race;
To be the living body whence to shew,

By word and deed, if God be God or no.
 Not once or twice, (as Evidence mongers say)
 But unto everlasting from that day :
 To stand in heavenly purity before
 That world for which God's vengeance is in store :
 To shew the judgment and its cause declare ;—
 That men from God themselves had banished far ;
 But shew His perfect way revealed, that all
 Might bear to listen to the judgment call—
 Judgment by One, a Man whose honoured head
 For judgment God had lifted from the dead :—
 The gospel to the contrite heart to preach :
 The ways of truth and righteousness to teach :
 To shew, by deeds of power, the righteous One,
 Who will be sanctified in all that's done :
 To shew, by deeds of mercy, God come nigh,
 To wipe the bitter tear from sorrow's eye :
 The present God, though hidden, to declare,
 In that His power, and love, and truth were there :
 Not in abstractions, but in works of power,
 To raise from sickness, and from death restore :
 To cast out devils, and the lame to heal ;
 Deaf ears to open, and blind eyes unseal ;
 And thus to man's hard conscience carry home
 The premonitions of the world to come :—
 To preach the Kingdom, and the King's return :
 (His absence then was deemed a short sojourn ;
 Absence to sight :) ready the Bride to make,
 That, coming, her He to Himself might take,—
 His glorious Bride, prepared to meet His will,
 Spotless and pure. For her He carries still.
 For when the throne of empire He ascends,
 Robes, crowns, and sceptres are for all His friends ;—
 Princes prepared in His right royal school,
 That when He reigns in truth, they may in judgment rule.

These things to Caesar and his friends to tell ;
 To ring (it might be.) nature's funeral knell ;
 To cast reproach on all the ways of man .
 Their condemnation shew by God's own plan ;
 The sure destruction of this world's whole scheme ;
 Its vain philosophy, its every dream ;—
 Its wicked works ; its cruelty ; its guile ;
 Its low pursuits and pleasures, base and vile ;—
 These to denounce. What then? The fiery brand,
 The sword, the torture—these were all at hand.
 The rage of Caesar, and the spite of hell—
 The rage of millions—Who that rage can tell?
 The force of rage, the craft of cruel spite,—
 Who could withstand them, and esteem them light?
 They were withstood ; they lightly were esteemed ;
 And they were borne as if they only seemed.
 And light they were, and briefly were endured.
 Compared with that which thus became secured.
 But soon the Church grew weary of her lot ;
 Her first love, life, strength, power, and works forgot ;
 Went back to flesh to perfect what began
 From God alone, though manifest by man.
 Divisions grew, and fleshly ways prevailed,
 Till, overwhelmed in flesh, she well nigh failed.
 In anger God His guardian hand withdrew ;
 Her hedge He broke, her wall He overthrew ;
 Permitted Satan to come in and sow
 His tares, and suffered briars and thorns to grow :
 The clouds above commanded not to yield
 Their blessing on the labours of the field.
 His cov'nant He did for a time make void,
 And give His vineyard up to be destroyed.
 The mystery of iniquity began
 Full soon to mar and hinder God's true plan ;

And grievous wolves assaulted all the flock ;
 And doctors brought up Balak's stumbling block ;
 And Jezebel, false prophetess, came in,
 And taught for truth the wily ways of sin,
 Thus grapes of Sodom in the vineyard grew,
 Grapes of that bitter vine which God o'erthrew.

Forgetful of the gifts that God had given,
 Gifts filled with all the armature of heaven,
 The Church her course shaped to the world around,
 And in that course her own advantage found.
 Meantime relenting Caesar changed his hate ;
 But Caesar's friendship proved a scourge as great.
 The Church was ready to obey his nod,
 And Caesar sat before her as a god.
 His mantle o'er the naked one he spread ;
 His rod of rule he lifted o'er her head :
 His craft of state he added ; it did please her.
 The Jews once said—" We have no King but Caesar."
 But Caesar's Kingdom rose not on the base
 Of law from God, nor e'er to it gave place ;
 Nor will indeed such sure foundation own
 Till Caesar shall be judged and overthrown.
 But judgment upon Caesar must be done ;
 For judgment all committed is to One.
 For judgment came He, and the world shall know,
 If not the warning, yet the certain blow.
 Proud Caesar will not give the kiss of peace,
 And yield submission : hence his reign must cease ;
 And He the beastly Caesar soon shall tame,
 And give his carcass to the burning flame.*
 His truth and honour He will vindicate,
 Though long, as men account, His patience wait.
 By " Church and State" (how have we been beguiled !)
 Caesar to God has ne'er been reconciled.
 Law to His Church hath come from Caesar's crown,
 And thus God's vineyard hath been trodden down,
 " Dreadful and terrible and strong" was he
 When Daniel saw him rising from the sea,—
 The sea of every kindred, folk, and tongue ;
 For 'twas from thence the impious monster sprung.
 A beast he was and is, and will be when
 He sinks forever from the sight of men.

The Church degraded from her high estate,
 (For her own folly, not by Satan's hate)
 Robbed of her strength, her rich endowment gone,
 (For God revealing, guiding, had withdrawn)
 Sought to this Caesar in the gloomy hour,
 And found relief from Satan's outward power.
 So Saul, of God deserted, sought to find
 Relief from witchcraft for his troubled mind.
 Then soon, commingled with the outward state,
 The Church became confused and corporate ;
 And gave and took, exchanged, and bought, and sold,
 And valued sacred things by Caesar's gold,
 By Caesar's wisdom, arms, and arts she ruled :
 By Caesar's craft and wiles she was befooled :
 By Caesar's cruelty and thirst of blood,
 In terror clad, she kept the faith and stood.

But down the course of Time let's take our stand,
 And see what views from thence we may command,
 While underneath the mischief works which bring
 At last destruction on this scheme of things.

The church now mingled with the beast we see,
 The beast which rose from out the bitter sea,—
 The restless sea, that swells, and breaks, and roars,

When angry winds arouse its turbid stores;
 Partaking of his moods, and ways, and things,
 And schemes and policies. She forward brings,
 Her own contrivances as treasures meet,
 And means to do her Master's work complete.
 Are rancorous evils rampant in the state?
 Do factions rise, and strive, and emulate?
 Do vain economists and would-be-wise
 Their means to make men great and good devise,
 While yet fierce passions and consuming hate
 Destroy the earth in spite of good and great?
 Will Peace Societies the venom draw
 From ont man's nature rampant o'er God's law?
 Look round you o'er the broken church, and see
 How many factions, wounds, and strifes there be!
 What vain contrivances to stanch and heal
 The sad disorders all men see and feel!
 What policy the scanty pittance brings
 To those who minister in holy things;
 While sacrilege assumes an air of grace,
 And robs God of His tithe before His face!
 Do private "clubs" disorganize the state?
 Do mischief in the church is quite as great.
 Do rebel "agitators" force the Crown?
 Our "private judgment" tears our mother down.
 Does anarchy the public weal o'erthrow?
 Church anarchy has laid the church as low.
 Nay, scarce is there a thing with ruin fraught,
 But in some form hath by the church been taught.
 Is there with crowns no wisdom, counsel, might?
 As little can the church with Satan fight?
 Her children at each other aim the blow:
 She tears herself in pieces, not the foe.
 Do plague and pestilence their millions slay?
 False doctrine kills as many souls as they.
 Do tens of thousands by the famine pine?
 There is a famine of the word divine.
 Do enemies their toils around us close?
 In his own house a man shall find his foes.
 The church, our house, contains the foes we see.
 How sad that brethren thus should disagree!
 The church's children are the men we know.
 Alas! that one should be another's foe!

'Tis thus confusion all his forces pours,
 And round our house the raging tempest roars!
 Such was "the Day of Midian," when the might
 Of Midian crumbled in a household fight!

(To be continued.)

[This poem, as may be inferred from the introductory lines, was originally intended for our January number, but unavoidable circumstances prevented its completion in time for insertion then. The author has, however, preferred to have it printed in its present shape, rather than to attempt to re-cast it; for though but a small portion of the poem has any special reference to the period of the New Year, yet as the recurrence of such an epoch of time formed, as it were, the key-note of his theme, it would have been difficult to have altered it, without interfering, in some degree, with the structure and continuity of his design.]

THE DAYS GONE BY.

BY A SCOTCHMAN AND A SOLDIER.

When solitude sweet calms the soul for reflection,
 As pensive we stray 'neath the still ev'ning sky,
 And mem'ry recalls to our fond recollection
 The days and the scenes that have long, long gone by,
 The sunrise of life ere its tempest was blowing,
 While our bosoms were strangers to sorrow or care,
 When the sweet beam of hope in the young heart was
 glowing,
 Ere the soft cheek of youth had been stain'd with a tear,
 Remembrance looks over the past with a sigh,
 And proclaims that the best of our days have gone bye.

How sweet were the visions of life's sunny morning,
 How fond the enchantment of love's fairy dream,
 Unknown and unheeded were fortune's dark turnings;
 And the sky of the future looked calm and serene;
 Around us were those whose eyes beam'd affection,
 And kind were the feelings that glow'd in the breast:
 Each dear image lives in our fond recollection,
 And sacred to mem'ry are those now at rest;
 Those bright eyes are clouded, their bosoms are cold,
 And their brief dream of life like a tale has been told.

With mournful delight mem'ry backwards will wander,
 While the tear-drop unwittingly starts in our eye,
 As over the scenes of our childhood we ponder,
 Life's beautiful morning—the day that's gone bye;
 The pleasures of manhood are mingled with sorrow,
 His smile is soon changed to a sigh or a tear,
 His peace is consum'd by the cares of to-morrow,
 Or remorse for the past wounds his soul like a spear;
 And oft he looks over the scene with a sigh,
 And complains that the best of his days have gone bye.

But why thus lament, that the dark clouds have shaded
 The fair sunny prospect that opened so bright—
 Or grieve that the visions of fancy have faded,
 Like dreams of the morning, that vanish with light?
 Look upward and onward, a scene is before thee,
 In beauty more lovely than fancy e'er drew,
 Where mansions of bliss, and a kingdom of glory,
 With pleasures undying, are waiting for you;
 The angel of hope bids thee cheer on thy way,
 Where faith points afar to the regions of day.

A WISH.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

WHERE the wondrous and glorious cloud-tracts be,
 In their burning and transparent glory,
 Would I walk in mists of light with thee,
 Leaving this old world, bleak and hoary.

Yet from this dimmest of dim spheres,
 Would I bear some few most precious things,
 Beloved 'midst childhood's smiles and tears,
 Though tainted now by life's dark springs.

A colour from the empurpled flower;
 A music from the whispering shell;
 A sparkle from the rainbow'd shower;
 A perfume from the blossomed dell.

And art thou so beloved, oh, earth?
 Can links of life's long chain be dear?
 Then I'll not leave thee, place of birth,
 Even for the loveliest stranger sphere!

THE FORT OF ST. JOHN'S.*

A TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY H. V. C.

CHAPTER XL

I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine; to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no.

Shakespeare.

RUMOURS of M. La Tour's defeat and capture, with the usual exaggerations, soon reached the Fort of St. John's, and of course produced a great excitement in the garrison, and rendered those more closely connected with him, deeply anxious for the result of their commander's unfortunate expedition. But Madame La Tour had experienced many vicissitudes, in her eventful life, and, as the wife of a soldier of fortune, had learned to bear success with moderation, and to meet reverses with fortitude. The misfortune which had overtaken her husband, could not be regarded as extraordinary; but the consequences which might follow, must be met with energy and decision.

There was reason to apprehend a renewed attempt on the fort, while Monsieur D'Aulney held the commander of it in prison; and the best men had been drawn away in the service of La Tour, leaving the garrison, at this exigency, feeble and dispirited. Madame La Tour, however, though scarcely recovered from a severe attack of illness, again took the post of command, and her presence,—so much was she beloved and respected,—inspired all around her, with renewed hope and confidence. Her orders were obeyed with alacrity; and every precaution taken, to prevent surprise, and resist attack, which the most vigilant prudence could suggest.

To Miss De Courcy the hours were far more tedious, and the suspense more irksome; and her thoughts perhaps wandered oftener to her absent lover, for the very reason that her aunt preserved a perverse silence, and never suffered his name to pass her lips. There was little to vary the monotony of her life; and Madame La Tour was so much engrossed by the duties of her position, that Lucie was agreeably surprised, when she one evening proposed a walk to the cottage of Jacques and Annette, which had been given them,

on their marriage, and stood at a little distance beyond the Fort. It was the close of a balmy day in the early part of autumn; and coming after a few days of chilling rain, the warmth and freshness of reviving nature were peculiarly grateful.

"This soft and fragrant air brings healing on its wings," said Madame La Tour; "my strength and spirits are already renovated by its soothing influence, and even dumb nature seems rejoicing in the brilliant sunshine."

"It is like one of the mild, transparent evenings, of our own bright clime," returned Lucie; "but there we can enjoy, without the perpetual fear of change that haunts us in this land of vapours, where the sun which sets with most resplendence, often rises veiled in clouds."

"There is no sky so beautiful as that which succeeds a tempest, Lucie," said Madame La Tour, and all must admit, that a slight alloy of sorrow or disappointment only gives a zest to subsequent enjoyment."

"No one can love variety better than I do," said Lucie, smiling, "provided its changes are always reflected from glowing colors; but I would prefer a calm and settled enjoyment, however monotonous it may seem, to those brilliant gleams which owe half their brightness to the contrasted gloom of a reverse."

"You will find nothing permanent in this changeful world, Lucie," said her aunt; "and from your exuberant gaiety, I would counsel you to reserve a portion of cheerfulness, to sustain your spirits in the darker moments of misfortune, which the most favored cannot always escape. Many of those dark moments have fallen to my lot, and they must still be mine, while my husband remains a prisoner in the hands of his deadly enemies, and I am doomed to exist in this state of anxious suspense respecting him."

"It is strange," said Lucie, "that day after day passes and we have yet no tidings! If De Valette, or any of them escaped, why do they not come to tell us?"

"They will scarcely be welcome here," she replied, "if they return before they have done all that brave men could do, to restore La Tour to liberty."

"Their own feelings, we cannot doubt," said Lucie, "will prompt them to use every exertion in his behalf, and the courage of Eustace, we know, is unquestioned. We have heard, too," she added, with slight hesitation, "that Mr. Stanhope procured another vessel, after his disaster, to go and assist my uncle; and if he and De Valette are still at liberty, it will be strange indeed if their united efforts prove unsuccessful."

"I have no reason to doubt the courage or sincerity of Mr. Stanhope," said Madame La Tour; "but it is natural to place our chief reliance on those whom we have long known and regarded; and Eustace is certainly more deeply concerned in the honor and safety of a near relative, than a stranger possibly can be."

"His personal feelings may be more strongly interested," said Lucie; "but where honor and duty are involved, I believe Arthur Stanhope would peril his life as freely as the bravest knight in Christendom."

"Your good opinion of this English stranger," her aunt coolly replied, "leads you to extremes; but absence is a deceitful medium, particularly when the object viewed through it is invested with the graceful coloring of a girlish fancy."

"Absence has never influenced my feelings towards Mr. Stanhope," said Lucie, "or warped my judgment; my opinion of his merits has been the same, from an early period of our acquaintance."

"It is strange," said Madame La Tour, "that you never mentioned this valued friend to me; stranger still, that you permitted De Valette's affection to gain encouragement and strength, when you were resolved to disappoint it, and that too from a childish attachment to one far away, and which you blushed to acknowledge even to me."

"I have no reason," said Lucie, ingenuously, "to blush for an attachment which was honorably sought, and returned with the sanction of my nearest friend and relative; but involved as it long was in uncertainty, it was useless to avow it, even to you, and De Valette surely had no reason to expect it! I have never flattered him with the hope that I could feel any other than a sisterly affection for him, and if he suffers disappointment, he may seek the cause in his own pertinacious vanity, which led him to fancy himself irresistible."

"It may rather be found in your own caprice, Lucie; a caprice which would lead few young women to reject an alliance in every respect so advantageous."

"If I had no other objection to De Valette," said Lucie, "I should be unwilling to connect

myself so closely with any one, whose religious principles are directly at variance with my own; my dear Aunt Rouville often spoke to me on this subject, and warned me never to form an alliance which might endanger my faith, or expose me to the misery of finding it scorned by him to whom I entrusted my happiness, and whose feelings could never unite with mine, on subjects of the highest importance."

"That objection might be rational in most instances," said Madame La Tour, "and no prospect of temporal advantage, I am sure, would tempt me to urge a step that could expose you to such trials, or jeopardize the principles which are as dear to me as to yourself. But De Valette is no bigot, and would never restrain you from worshipping according to the dictates of your conscience. Both your parents, as you already know, Lucie, were catholics; many of your father's near relatives enjoy high favor with the ruling party, and your marriage with a catholic would doubtless be agreeable to them, and while it established your own fortune, might enable you to serve the cause of your persecuted sect."

"I feel under no obligation to my father's relatives," replied Lucie; "they have never shewn any interest in me; even my existence has seemed a matter of indifference to them, and there is scarcely one to whom I am personally known."

"There were some peculiar circumstances connected with your father's history," said Madame La Tour, "which for a long time involved his nearest friends in deep affliction. After your mother's death his family would gladly have received you, but your aunt Rouville claimed you as her sister's last bequest. She soon after became a protestant, and persisted in educating you in that faith, which naturally gave offence to your paternal relations. But if you return to France, and as the wife of De Valette—"

"That I can never do!" interrupted Lucie. "Dearest aunt," she added, "I would sacrifice much to give you pleasure, but the happiness of my whole life—surely you would not exact that from me!"

"I exact nothing from you, Lucie," she replied, "and I seek only your happiness, in urging the claims of De Valette. I only ask you to consider well, before you reject his well tried affection, and with it, affluence, and an honorable station in your native land; and merely from the impulse of a girlish fancy, to abandon friends and country, to share the doubtful fortunes of a Puritan adventurer—to adopt the habits of strangers, and endure the privations of a youthful colony!"

"I have reflected on all these things," said

Lucie, with deep feeling, "and am moved by no idle or romantic impulse. I am persuaded that wealth and worldly distinctions are at best but empty substitutes for happiness, and that the humblest lot is rich in true enjoyment, when shared with one whose love can brighten the darkest hour, and scatter roses over the roughest path of life. I had rather," she added with a glowing cheek, "far rather trust my humble bark to the guidance of affection, on the placid current of domestic joy, than launch it on the troubled waters of ambition, with pleasure at the helm, and freighted with vain hopes and desires, which can bring back no return, but disappointment and vexation, and weariness of heart."

"This is a pretty dream of idle romance," said Madame la Tour; "but many a one as fair as this, has proved fallacious, when tested by the bitter lessons of experience."

"Well, here is Annette's cottage," said Lucie, "and so, dear aunt, we will suspend our discussion, if you please. I am inclined for a longer walk, and will return and call for you, when I think you are rested from your fatigue."

Madame la Tour assented, and Lucie, without asking herself wherefore, directed her steps to a wooded bank which overhung the river,—the very place where she had last parted from Arthur Stanhope. The sun was setting with unwonted splendor, and the reflection of his golden beams glanced upon the rippling waters, and tinged the sky with a thousand rich and varied hues; from the deep purple, blending with crimson rays, to the pale amber and cerulean tint, which melted into almost fleecy whiteness. The earth glowed beneath this gorgeous canopy, and the trees that skirted the border of the bay, threw their long shadows on the glassy waves, which broke upon the pebbly shore, as if murmuring their vespers at the close of day.

As Lucie stood on the very spot where she had bid farewell to Stanhope—truly but a short time before, though very long it seemed, by love's chronicle, every leaf that trembled around her, recalled some cherished remembrance, and the breeze, sighing through the foliage, was soft as the voice of whispered love. But painful conjectures, respecting his present situation, chased all other thoughts from her mind, and the recollections of happiness and dreams of hope, were vivily upon her. She involuntarily glanced across the bay as if expecting some messenger would approach with tidings, and with joyful surprise she observed a vessel at that moment, approach the anchorage, and directly the sails were furled, and an anchor cast into the waves. Her heart

throbbed audibly, for as she gazed, a small boat left the ship's side, and with two persons in it, rowed towards the fort; one of them was father Gilbert, for the dark, flowing garments of the priest, could not be mistaken. And who was the other? Love, it is said, though notoriously blind in the main, is quick-sighted on some occasions; and a glance sufficed to assure Lucie, that the companion of father Gilbert, who plied the oars so vigorously, was no other than Arthur Stanhope. The little boat glided swiftly on its course, and soon neared the shore, and Lucie screened herself behind a clump of trees, when she saw it entering a cove, hard by, which formed a sheltered harbour for such light vessels.

As the keel touched the strand, Arthur dropped the oars, and sprang lightly on shore, while Father Gilbert followed more leisurely, and proceeded alone to the fort. As soon as the priest was out of sight, and Stanhope, with hasty steps, began to tread the well remembered path, Lucie bounded from her concealment, and, like a bright vision, threw herself before him. An exclamation of joyful surprise, a fond embrace, which prudery might not disclaim, and some brief words, which lovers only speak, filled up a few happy moments, when Miss de Courcy said:

"You must now satisfy my curiosity, Arthur, and tell me how you have escaped from storms, and shipwreck, and captivity, and all the dangers, which we heard, I fear too truly, have befallen you?"

"Report, I perceive, has multiplied my misfortunes," he answered smiling; "at least I have been in no danger from sword or prison, and though the tempest treated my poor vessel roughly, thanks to its mercy! we all escaped with life, and therefore should be ungrateful to complain of lighter evils."

"What a dreadful night," said Lucie, "when you would leave on such a fool-hardy voyage! Did I not tell you, Stanhope, that a storm was gathering? and when we stood together on this very spot, and I pointed to the heavy clouds, and sullen waves, you only smiled at my fears, and took no heed of my predictions!"

"I knew not then that you were so skilled in reading the mystery of the clouds," he answered; "and if I had known it, dear Lucie, the voyage could not have been delayed, even to gratify the wish which you urged with so sweet a grace, and an interest so flattering."

"Well, let it pass," she replied; "you are safe again, and we need not the tempest's aid, to enhance the sunshine of this moment. And now tell me where you have left M. la Tour, and De Valette, and all those who went out with you, in

such a gallant show; and why have you returned alone, or only with that dreaded priest, who seems to traverse earth and sea, like a spirit gifted with ubiquity?"

"But this dreaded priest, Lucie, whom your imagination has invested with such strange attributes, seems inclined to use his mysterious influence for benevolent purposes, and to his prompt exertions, M. la Tour is indebted for his freedom at this moment."

"My uncle is free and safe, then?" said Lucie; "I should have asked you before, but your looks assured me that you had brought no ill tidings; and now I must hasten to tell my aunt, for you know not how much anxiety she has suffered since you left!"

"You will not leave me so soon, dearest," he said, drawing her arm through his; "such precious moments as these, when we can meet, with no jealous eye to watch us, do not often fall to our lot; besides, your haste is useless, for Father Gilbert has by this time reached the fort, and told all that you could tell, and much more, with which you are not yet acquainted."

"But my aunt is not there, Stanhope; I left her at Annette's cottage, and I doubt not she already thinks it strange, that I have not returned; if she knew I was loitering here with you—"

"She would not think it very strange, interrupted Stanhope, smiling, and still detaining her; "and in the happy tidings of her husband's safety, even you, Lucie, might be for a time forgotten. If the priest is mortal, as I must believe he is, he will feel a human pleasure in communicating good news, and I owe him some return for the favor he conferred in bringing me hither."

"Well, if I must wait," said Lucie, "please explain to me why you are here alone, and where you have left the companions of your luckless expedition? I hope you have not entered into a league with Father Gilbert, or acquired any of his supernatural powers?"

"No, Lucie," he replied, "I should be loth to exchange the humble attributes of mortality, for any powers which could make you flee from me. The mystery is easily solved, as I doubt not all that seems strange about the holy father might be. After our various hair-breadth 'scapes—which you shall hear more at another time—I sailed from Penobscot Bay, in company with M. la Tour and his lieutenant, we were vexed many days with head winds, against which we made slow progress; but my vessel being the fastest sailer, I at last left them behind, and have just returned below, where my small ship waits the anchoring tide, to come up to the fort. I could not wait there, so near to you, and as Father

Gilbert, who traverses the water at all times, in his solitary boat, chanced there to greet us, I gladly accompanied him here, which is his usual landing place. How often have I thought of this sweet spot, since we last parted here, and it was not a strange presentiment that I might perhaps meet you here again!"

"Perhaps," she said, with an arch smile, absence has seemed so brief to you, that you expected to find me lingering where you left me."

"Absence from you seem brief!" he said. "I know you do but jest, but if you could read my heart, Lucie, you would there find how joyless is every thought, how cheerless every moment, which is not shared with you! Deem me not presuming," he added, "when I ask, why should we part again? Why delay to realize those hopes you have permitted me to cherish, and doom me to the misery of another separation, with all its uncertainty and tormenting fears, and anxious doubts."

"Do not urge me on this point, Arthur," she replied; "the same reasons still exist, and nothing has occurred to change my resolution. Nay, your brow is clouded now," she added smiling, "as if you deemed caprice or coldness moved me to reject your pleadings; and yet your heart must tell you I am right, and that it is not kind in you to seek to draw me from my duty."

"Convince me only that it is your duty, Lucie, and I will not urge you more; I will then yield my dearest wishes to those scruples, which now, I confess, appear to me fastidious."

"You are wilfully perverse, Arthur; but it requires more time than I can at present command, to give you a right understanding of the question; you see, even this bright twilight is fading away, and my aunt will be uneasy at my long absence; indeed you must not detain me another moment."

"You will at least suffer me to go with you, my dear Lucie."

"I cannot," she interrupted; "Annette's cottage is near by, and I fear nothing; besides, here is my shaggy page," she added, pointing to the large dog that followed her, "and he is as trusty in his office, as any that ever followed the steps of a roving damsel."

"And he enjoys a privilege to which I feel myself entitled," said Stanhope coloring, "though even those slight attentions are refused from me, which common civility demands! I am weary of this secrecy, Lucie, and nothing but the fear of drawing displeasure on you, would have induced me to endure it so long."

"You are released from that secrecy now," she replied, "not because you bore the restraint so

patiently, but because it is already known to my aunt, from whom I should never have concealed any thing relating to myself, had I not so well understood my guardian's intentions, and his desire to engage her in his interest. My confidence would only embarrass her, and involve us in useless discussions."

"And now that it is known to her, dear Lucie, may I hope that she will not oppose our wishes, but rather use her influence in our behalf?"

"I fear not, dear Arthur; unjust as it may appear to you, my aunt is greatly annoyed with what she chooses to consider my perverse attachment, nor do I think her assent to it will be very readily obtained. You were but just now the subject of our conversation, and from all that passed, I fear you may be received but coldly, if you return so soon with me. My aunt is hasty, but generous and just, when we meet you at the fort, an hour or two hence, she will receive you with cordial hospitality."

"The coldness and injustice of others cannot affect my happiness," said Stanhope. "It is your affection only, dear Lucie, that I prize, and while that resists the influence of those around you; I gratefully receive the trial, which so tests its strength and constancy."

"And is it not already proved, beyond a doubt?" she asked reproachfully; "surely that affection which time, and almost hopeless absence, rendered only more devoted and enduring, can never be endangered by the sneers of idle prejudice, or the lures of mercenary ambition! My heart is more credulous in its faith than yours can be, Arthur, for no jealous fear could ever lead me to distrust the truth and fervor of the love which you have pledged to me!"

"And can you think, my own best loved, that I repose less confidence in you, or doubt the heart, in which is treasured all my hopes of happiness; from you, so constant, so disinterested, what can I fear? Yet how can I look forward to the dreary days of absence, and not feel all the misery, the thousand shadowy ills, which that one sad word comprises!"

"Think not of it, Arthur," she replied, "it is not wise to fancy ills which may never have existence, or, if they are in store for us, Providence has wisely hidden from our view. "You will find that I am strong in courage, and too chary of my present happiness, to suffer one dark cloud to shade its fleeting brightness."

"Fleeing, indeed," he answered sadly, "another day, or two, at farthest, and if you still resist my earnest pleadings, we must part for many long and tedious months. Winter is near at hand,

and while that icy barrier separates us, who knows what may be the fate of either!"

"Why must you leave so soon?" asked Lucie, with a changing cheek. "Why, Arthur, all this unexpected haste, this abrupt departure?"

"You cannot wish me to remain here, Lucie, when to every one, but yourself, my presence is a burthen, and every other eye meets me with coldness and distrust. La Tour concealed his feelings, while my services were useful to him; but now I can no longer aid his cause, nor will I tax the hospitality which I know must be unwillingly bestowed."

"You are right, Arthur;" she replied, "and under existing circumstances, it does not become your honor to remain. But when we meet again—"

"When we meet again, dear Lucie?" interrupted Stanhope; "would that we were not to part, that I could now prevail with you to unite your fate to mine, and shun the contingencies of another dreaded separation."

"My duty forbids it, dear Arthur;" she replied firmly. "My guardian has now a legal right to interpose his authority, and even to dispose of my hand, if he so pleases; and I know him too well to venture to drive him to that extremity by needless opposition to his will. At present he is altogether engrossed by his own ambitious projects, and in the spring, Arthur,—you will not forget? early in the spring, I shall be of age, my own mistress, and free to assert my independence, if need be, in opposition to the whole world."

"But, have you considered well, dear Lucie, that you may have to encounter opposition—compulsion even, before the spring arrives?"

"I have considered every thing, dear Arthur, and am prepared for every emergency. Do not suffer any fears to disturb you; but be persuaded that neither threats nor entreaties can change the purpose of my mind, and that my heart is as truly consecrated to you, as if the most holy marriage vows had already united our destinies."

As she thus spoke, they reached a green pathway leading to Annette's cottage, and Lucie, gaily pointing to the fort, bade her lover a hasty adieu, and returned to seek Madame la Tour, who, in her prolonged absence, had found ample time for repose.

CHAPTER XII.

"The world is full of odd scenes, Romeo;
But pri'thee, was the lady saved?"

OLD DRAMA.

MADAME DE LA TOUR, in the mean time, sat long at the cottage door, listening to Annette's pleasant voice, as she gaily carolled at her work, and

enjoying the tranquil beauty of a mild autumnal evening. The last glow of twilight faded away, and the falling dews reminded her that she had lingered there beyond the bounds of prudence. But Lucie had not yet returned, and she began to feel some anxiety on her account, when Jacques came in, half breathless, from the fort, bringing the intelligence that M. la Tour had escaped from confinement, and was already on his homeward voyage.

Madame la Tour left the cottage in haste, to seek farther information from Father Gilbert, who she was told waited at the fort; but a few steps on, she met him, walking with his usual slow and measured steps, and a countenance which told no tale of sympathy with the outward world. The lady of la Tour had never yet met the priest face to face, for his sojourn there was temporary, and the prejudices of each kept them wide apart. But she now saw in him only the messenger of her husband's safety, and suddenly standing before him, too much engrossed by her own feelings, to be awed by his stern coldness, which chilled every heart, she said:

"Pardon me, holy father, but you are the bearer of tidings which nearly concern my lord, and I would crave the favor of hearing more, regarding him, from your own lips."

As the priest looked at her, his countenance changed, a sudden brightness flashed from his eyes, and seizing her hands wildly, he exclaimed:

"Lady, who are you? Speak! I conjure you, while I have reason left to comprehend!"

"I am the wife of M. la Tour!" she answered terrified by his energy, and vainly striving to free herself from his grasp.

"The wife of M. la Tour!" he repeated, with a bewildered air. "No, no, you are not. You would deceive me," he added vehemently; "but you cannot—those features ever, ever haunt me."

"For whom do you mistake me?" asked Madame la Tour, with recovered self-possession, but still deadly pale.

"Mistake you!" he answered, with a shudder.

"No, I know you well; I thought you would remember me! You are," he lowered his voice to a whisper, and spoke with distinct emphasis—"you are Lucie Villiers!"

"My God!" exclaimed Madame la Tour; "who are you? No!" she quickly added. "I am not Lucie Villiers, but I am the sister of that most injured and unhappy lady!"

"Her sister!" repeated the priest, striking his hand upon his forehead. "I thought it was herself—yet no, that could not be. Her sister!"

he again repeated wildly; "and do you not know me? not know the sinful, miserable De Courcy?"

A piercing cry from Madame la Tour brought Jacques from the near cottage to her aid; she was lying senseless on the ground, and Father Gilbert standing over her with clasped hands, and a countenance fixed and vacant, as if deserted by reason. Jacques scarcely heeded him, but raising the lady gently in his arms, he bore her back to the cottage, and gave her to the care of Annette; when he returned, to make enquiries of the priest, about her sudden illness, he had disappeared, and for many days was not seen in the fort or neighbourhood.

When Lucie reached Annette's cottage, after her interview with Arthur Stanhope, related in the last chapter, she found it in a state of confusion, and Madame la Tour just recovering from her alarming insensibility. With great presence of mind, Lucie applied all the restoratives within her reach, and with the tenderest care, watched every changing symptom, till consciousness was fully restored.

"If I had returned sooner," she said, with painful self-reproach, "this would not have happened." But Madame la Tour would not allow that any blame attached to her, and attributed her illness entirely to fatigue. She made every exertion to arouse herself, and, as soon as it was possible, insisted on being taken to the fort. She made no allusion to father Gilbert, but Lucie, had met him on her return, and remarked his agitation; and Annette informed her of his interview with her aunt, which occasioned no small surprise.

M. la Tour and de Valette returned early on the following morning, and the day after, Stanhope set sail for Boston. They had taken their last walk, and spoken their last tender words, and what a dreary blank followed his departure at least so Lucie thought, and to the light-hearted girl, the months of winter seemed gloomy in perspective. Madame la Tour's health continued delicate, and her husband's engrossing selfishness made constant demands upon her time. De Valette sought to hide his disappointment under a cold reserve, and was no longer the gay and devoted companion of Miss De Courcy's amusements or pursuits. She was thus left much alone, and it was well for her that she possessed abundant springs of happiness, in the resources of her own mind, and the unclouded gaiety of her spirits, and every lonely hour and each solitary spot glowed with the creations of hope, or responded to the chords of memory. All her favorite walks had been shared with Stanhope, there was scarcely a tree, which did not recall some loving words whispered beneath its shade, and every

gushing stream and forest dell, breathed in mute eloquence some tale of innocent enjoyment. These scenes which his presence had consecrated in her memory, when in the freshness of the dewy morn, at noon-day's sultry hour, and beneath the quiet, moon-lit heavens, they had together adored the loveliness of nature, were retraced by her, with the fond enthusiasm of a simple and devoted heart.

She was wandering one day, through the green recesses of a forest, which stretched along the river, at some distance above the fort. The oft frequented path wound through its deepest shades beneath a canopy of lofty pines, whose thickly woven branches created a perpetual twilight. Entering a familiar track, which crossed a sunny slope, cleared by the laborious settler, for future improvement, she reached a steep bank, that declined gently to the water's edge. It was one of those cheering days, in early autumn, which sometimes burst upon the fading year, with something of the warmth and brilliancy of summer, and seem for a brief space to reanimate the torpid energies of nature. The sun glowed in mid-day fervor, and myriads of the insect tribes, revived by his transient smile, wheeled their giddy circles in the light, and sent their busy hum upon the calm, clear air. The wild bee, provident for future wants, forsook his wintry hive, and sipped from many a honied cup, to swell the treasure of his waxen cells; while birds of passage, plumed for distant flight, folded their downy wings, content to wait till bleaker skies should still their melody, and warn them to depart.

Lucie threw herself on a grassy knoll, sheltered by the broad canopy of a native grape vine, which wound its giant stalk around a lofty tree, and throwing its rich garlands from bough to bough, formed a natural arbor, almost impervious to the brightest sun-beam. The opposite shore of the river was thickly wooded, chiefly by those gigantic pines, for which that province is still famed, but interspersed with other trees, whose less enduring foliage was marked by the approach of early frost, which had already seared their verdure, and left those varied tints that charm the eye in an autumnal landscape, while yet too brilliant to seem the presage of decay. The stream flowed gently along, bearing on its glassy waves the unbroken reflection of nature in her quiet, but ever glorious array, and mingling its faint murmurs with the busy hum of bird and insect, which sported their brief existence on its unpeopled banks.

Not far above, the river was hemmed in by craggy rocks, through which it had worn a rough and narrow channel. The noble stream,

arrested by this narrow passage, rushed boldly over the jutting rocks, and pouring its chafed and foaming waters into the calm stream below, which again expanding to its usual breadth, produced a fall of singular and romantic beauty. Every rising tide forced the river from its natural course, throwing it back from the rocks above, thus reversing the fall, which rushed with equal rapidity, though from a less dizzy height. Twice also, in each tide of that remarkable bay, the sea was on a level with the river, which then flowed smoothly over the rocks, and then only the dangerous obstruction was overcome, and the navigation unimpeded, at the place described.

Though Lucie had been long familiar with the scene, it was too grand and attractive to be viewed at any time with indifference; and she stood long watching the torrent, as it dashed from rock to rock, tossing high in air, its flakes of snowy foam.

The report of a fowling piece was presently heard, followed by De Valette's well-known whistle, and the bark of Hero, his favorite sporting companion. Lucie had strolled along the river bank, some distance above the waterfall, and not unwilling to avoid a tête-à-tête with De Valette, which of late was rather embarrassing to them both, she hastily threw herself into a bark canoe, which some Indian had left stranded among the reeds. A blanket lay in it, which she threw across her shoulders; and releasing her hair from the golden bodkin which confined it, she bound the flowing tresses with a string of scarlet berries, which had probably been brought there to adorn some tawny damsel of the forest. Directly, she heard approaching footsteps, and glancing round, saw De Valette, pushing carelessly through brier and bush, in pursuit of game, and Hero trotting gravely by his side. A loud bark from the dog boded discovery, as he, and his master, halted on a bank above her, and looked down to survey the occupant of the boat. Lucie, sportively inclined to carry on the disguise she had assumed, from a whim of the moment, plucked a few reeds, and began plaiting them after the Indian fashion, at the same time, chanting in a low, disguised voice, using a few Indian words, which she had learned, for the monotonous refrain.

"How now, my little squaw," said De Valette, advancing nearer, "have you got cast away among the reeds?"

"I am waiting for the tide, to go back to the fort again," she said, in such broken French, as the natives learned from their intercourse with the whites.

"And what are you so busy about, *ma belle sauvage*?" he asked, still advancing nearer.

"I make a basket for the white chief; will you take it to him?" she said, stooping her head low, to shun his curious gaze.

But Hero, who had been an attentive listener, and sagacious observer, now thought it high time to interfere, and end the farce; and with a playful bound, he placed his fore paws in the boat, and gently seizing the blanket in his mouth, pulled it from her unresisting shoulders. A bark of pleasure expressed his delight, as he laid his shaggy head in her lap, to receive the expected caress.

"Now, by my faith, Miss De Courey!" said De Valette, coloring with mingled feelings. "I can indeed no longer discredit your pretensions to the art of disguise."

"And I," she replied smiling, "scarcely thought you had less penetration than your dog, Eustace! But do you remember what I once told you—twice deceived, beware of the third time!"

"I would not have believed once, Lucie, that you were so skilled in deceit," he answered bitterly; but quickly added, "I willingly confess that I have not penetration enough to detect the disguises of a woman's head and heart!"

"It would be difficult to detect that which has no existence," she said gaily; "we are guileless to a fault—too single-hearted in truth, for our own happiness."

"And for the happiness of others, you may add," rejoined De Valette; "the boasted simplicity of your sex is so closely allied to art, that, by my troth! one must be gifted with rare powers of discrimination, who can detect the difference!"

"I begin to have faith in miracles," said Lucie, with arch gravity, "for surely, nothing less than a miracle could transform the gallant De Valette, the very pink of chivalrous courtesy, into a reviler of that sex, who—"

"Who are not quite so faultless as his credulity once led him to believe them," interrupted De Valette.

"Nay, if you have lost your faith in our infallibility," she answered, "your case is hopeless, and I would counsel you to put on the cowl at once, and hie away to some dull monastery, where you can rail at leisure, against woman, and her deceptive attributes. It might form a new and fitting exercise for the holy brotherhood, and merits would better become their lips, than those of a young and generous cavalier."

"I am not yet so weary of the world, as to avail myself of your advice," he replied, "however grateful I may feel for the kindness which prompts you to give it."

"I hope you do feel more gratified than your looks express," she said, "for really, though I

have tried very hard to please you, it has been all labor lost. Nay, I must say you have been very petulant and disagreeable of late, and have followed your own selfish amusements, leaving me to wander about alone, like a forsaken wood nymph. Indeed it is neither kind nor gallant in you."

"And can you think I have consulted my own inclinations in doing so?" he asked reproachfully. "The privilege of being near you, Lucie, and contributing to your enjoyment, has been but too highly prized, and if at any time I have seemed neglectful, it was because I was not willing to lavish attentions which seemed indifferent to you."

"You have done me injustice then, Eustace," she replied, "and I appeal to your own conscience, if any caprice or coldness on my part has given you reason to suppose my feelings changed."

"I have no complaints to make, Lucie, but my heart has been freely opened to you, and you cannot suppose I viewed with indifference your acknowledged preference of another, which of course destroyed the hope I once too presumptuously entertained, that my devoted affection might awaken a feeling of reciprocal interest in you."

"No circumstances can ever diminish the interest I feel in you, Eustace," she replied; "our long tried friendship, cannot, on my part, be lightly severed, nor the pleasant intercourse which has enlivened the solitude of this wilderness, be ever effaced from my remembrance. Believe me," she added, with deep feeling, "whatever fate awaits my future life, or whatever fortune befalls me, my heart will turn to you with the grateful affection of a sister."

"A sister!" De Valette repeated with a sigh, while the transient flush faded from his cheek, and he dropped the slight hand which he had taken in his own. Lucie hastened to break the embarrassing pause:

"I wish the owner of this canoe were here," she said, "for I should like much to be rowed back to the fort in it; the water looks cool and tempting, and I am very weary."

"It would be useless to venture before the tide begins to ebb," said De Valette, "and indeed, Lucie, I think you are not perfectly safe, even now."

The tide was in fact rising with that rapidity so peculiar to the Bay of Fundy, and while Miss de Courey was seated in the canoe, it had been gradually rising above the reeds, and was now nearly freed from them. Her attention thus drawn to her situation,—for it had been entirely unnoticed,—she observed that the boat was receding from the shore by an almost imperceptible motion, and rising in some alarm, she reached her hand

to De Valette, to assist her in leaping to the shore. A slight dizziness came over her, and pressing incautiously on the edge of the boat, it slipped beneath her feet, and she was precipitated into the waves.

This scene passed with such rapidity, that De Valette already fancied her hand within his grasp, when the giddy whirl and heavy plunge struck upon his senses, and the flutter of her garments caught his eye, as the waves parted and closed over her. Eustace was an indifferent swimmer, but in the agony of his terror he thought only of Lucie's danger, and casting himself into the stream, he exerted all his strength to reach her, as she again appeared floating, but with a swiftness which seemed every instant to bear her farther from him. He heard the din of waters rushing through the rocky channel, towards which he knew that he was hastening; but the hope of snatching Lucie from inevitable death, long sustained his courage, and rendered him regardless of his own imminent peril.

Happily for Lucie, extreme terror soon deprived her of all consciousness, and she was borne irresistibly by the rapid current, regardless of the appalling fate which threatened her. She had nearly reached the foaming water-fall, and its deafening clamor for an instant recalled her senses; an icy chillness ran through her veins, when suddenly a powerful grasp drew her back, and once more all consciousness forsook her. When her eyes again opened, she was lying on a grassy bank; the melody of the woods chimed sweetly around her, and the tumult of the waves, fell softened to gentle murmurs on her ear. A confused recollection of danger and escape returned to her mind, awakening emotions too exciting for her exhausted frame, and she sank again into a state of insensibility.

Miss De Courcy owed her recovered life to the generous exertions of an Indian, who, on returning to his canoe, the unlucky cause of her accident, providentially saw her struggling helplessly with the waves. Plunging into the waves with as much unconcern as he would have paddled his canoe, and breasting them with the same dexterity, he reached her, when another moment would have been too late, and bore her safely to the shore. He then returned to the assistance of De Valette, who could not have sustained himself so long, without the assistance of his faithful dog. The sagacious animal, with equal courage and attachment, persevered in holding his master up, and was in fact dragging him towards the shore, when the Indian came to his relief. His first anxious enquiries were regarding Lucie, for whose life he had so nearly sacrificed his own.

The heroism of the poor Indian was afterwards gratefully acknowledged and liberally rewarded, both by Miss De Courcy and De Valette.

When Lucie recovered her consciousness, she found herself supported in the arms of one who seemed watching over her with tender solicitude. It was some moments before her mind was clear enough to receive distinct impressions; she then recognized with surprise, not unmixed with dread, the features of Father Gilbert. The expression of his countenance was gentle, and his eyes were moistened with tears, but when he observed her look of recognition, he removed to a little distance, and stood gazing at her in silence. In vain Lucie attempted to speak, her tongue was spell-bound; the priest seemed deeply moved, he again drew near her, and pronounced her name in an accent of touching tenderness.

Miss de Courcy's habitual dread of the holy father was forgotten in the powerful interest excited by his singular demeanor; her imploring eyes demanded an explanation, which he seemed about to give, when the loud bark of Hero was heard, and directly he came bounding towards her, with great demonstrations of joy, followed by De Valette.

Father Gilbert turned from them, and was soon hid in the deep shadows of the forest.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST LOOK.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND,

AUTHOR OF THE "QUEENS OF ENGLAND."

When doomed by distress through the world's friendless track,

As pilgrims and strangers, in sorrow to roam;
How fondly the spirit from distance flies back
To the last lingering look that we turn on sweet home!

Though its lustre through tear-drops destined to gleam,
When the heart to the eye its deep tenderness sends;
Yet cold would the lip's warmest eloquence seem,
To the language that speaks in the last look of friends.

And oh! when condemned in distraction to sever,
What anguish can equal the pangs which they prove,
Who meet, in an hour when they're parting for ever,
In all its wild fondness, the last look of love?

Long, long its expression sad fancy shall treasure,
And the soul as it glances o'er memory's book,
Shall recall, amidst the whirl of ambition or pleasure,
The tender remembrance of love's parting look.

When life to its final departure advances,
And all must be left for the grave's deep repose,
Oh! who can forget the last farewell that glances,
On objects beloved, from the eyes ere they close?"

How often, when Fame has recorded the story
Of deathless renown, have fond bosoms been rent,
By the thought, though the hero expired in his glory,
His last envied look on a stranger was bent!

THE PARENT'S CURSE;*

OR, THE ORPHANS OF WINDSOR FOREST.

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

AUTHRESS OF THE PIRATE'S PROTEGE, MADELINE, AND OTHER TALES.

CHAPTER XVI.

ONE morning, as she returned from a long ramble, Mrs. Burton met her in the hall. "Oh," she cried, "I have such joyful news! I have just received a letter from one of my friends, to say he means to spend a few days with us! he will be here to dinner; so, dearest, you must make yourself as nice as possible, for he is a fine gentleman, and we must show him all the respect we can."

Florence promised to obey her, and proceeded to her chamber, wondering what sort of person this friend of Mrs. Burton would prove to be. "Be he who, or what he may," thought she, "it will give variety to the unvaried tenor of our lives, and that is much to be desired, for I begin to weary of this endless solitude!"

Many times during the day, did she find her thoughts busy with the expected guest, and as the dinner hour drew nigh, she dressed herself with more than usual care, that Mrs. Burton might see how ready she was to comply with her wishes, and also from respect to the expected stranger. Her toilette completed, she took up a book to wile away the time, but her mind was so confused and uneasy, and laying it down, she sat gazing on the deep blue waters of the bay. Suddenly the near approach of a carriage aroused her from her reverie, and she started up and listened anxiously, that she might learn if they would bring the friend of Mrs. Burton; nearer and nearer still, they came, and at length stopped before the hall door. Voices, gay, joyous voices, were heard, and she knew the stranger was receiving a joyous welcome; then the sounds were hushed, and the carriage rolled away from the door, and passed round towards the stables. Half an hour passed, and then the dinner bell resounded through the house, and Florence, whose anxious and expecting mind had been awaiting, a summons, sprang from her seat, and descended to the dining room; a moment passed, and Mrs. Burton entered, leaning on the arm of the stranger, and as Florence turned towards her, she started, astonished and dismayed, to behold in her rejected lover, Sir James Wilmot. The baronet advanced to salute her, apparently delighted and surprised at meeting her—Florence made

an effort to recover her self possession, and to receive him kindly; but she could not entirely overcome her confusion, and although Sir James treated her with the most flattering attention, and Mrs. Burton with more than usual kindness, she was reserved and unsocial during the repast, and after it was over, was leaving the drawing-room, when Mrs. Burton requested her to remain. Thus was she obliged to remain during the evening, and not till a late hour, was she permitted to retire. When alone, in her own room, she sat down by the window, and gazed forth into the gloom of night, relieved only by the feeble glimmering of a few partially obscured stars. The wind swept by in hollow murmurs, and wailed mournfully among the leafless branches of the stately elms which formed the grove; not far distant from the window the waves roared, and beat upon the beach with resistless fury, and all without seemed desolate and drear. The thoughts of Florence were in unison with the season; she felt deserted and forsaken, by all from whom she had ever received kindness. The sudden appearance of Sir James Wilmot, come to remain for a considerable time, at a house where the hostess was a lady, with no companion but a young girl, just brought from school, seemed strange and unaccountable, and she could not but look upon the whole as a scheme of the wily baronet, to get her into his power. Was she indeed the victim of treachery? Was the letter of the king a base forgery, by means of which she had been lured from his protecting power? Was not Mrs. Burton a base tool in the hands of her enemies? Many circumstances confirmed this suspicion. Though she had been brought from school with the sole view of becoming a companion to that lady, she had shunned, rather than sought her companionship; although the mistress of broad lands, a magnificent house, and all the appendages of wealth, she was wholly destitute of those accomplishments, which the wealthy prize; ignorant even on the most general subjects, and her conversation and remarks low and vulgar; these circumstances, taken in connexion, convinced her that her conjectures were right,—then, why did not lady Harriet write to her? Had she, her most valued friend, deserted her? Why did not lord Frede-

* Continued from page 232.

rick, if his affection was sincere, afford some manifestation of constancy? Never, since lady Harriet's removal from school, had she heard aught of him, and sad as came the conviction to her mind, she could not but fear that his professions of attachment were empty delusions.

Oh! with what bitterness of heart did she linger on the thought of lord Frederick's perfidy! never before had she felt the strength of her attachment! She remembered the admonition of Sir James, given at the very time they exchanged vows of mutual love; much as she had slighted it at the time, she now feared that it was sincere, and that she had refused the counsel of a friend, for a phantom, a mere illusion of the fancy, which might yet bring upon her much real sorrow.

Florence arose at an early hour the following morning, and stealing out unperceived, wended her way to her favorite haunt, the coast. It was one of those clear, frosty mornings in early winter, so bracing to the nerves, so invigorating to the body, and so delightful to the mind; when nature seems hushed to peace, and reposing in the silence which follows the busy, bustling autumn; no songs of birds are now heard, to greet the ear with the melody of their varied notes, as they welcome the rising day; no blooming flowers lift, in all the pride of beauty unrivalled, their lovely heads, and please the eye with the rich variety of their tints, and the senses with their fragrance; but there is still a charm; there is a charm in the gigantic tree, stripped of its verdant covering, by the unsparing conqueror,

"Who reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year;" there is an attraction even in the sear and withered foliage, which rustles beneath our footsteps, as if proclaiming the year's decay; and there is a soothing influence in the very silence of winter's early day; and pleasure, yea even delight, in inhaling the bland invigorating air. Such was the morning which followed that night of gloom, and the eye, contemplating that scene, so calm, so silent, could scarcely believe that the howling blast had ever swelled its harsh, discordant notes, nor the tempest let loose its fury, to mar the pen-sive glory of a prospect so lovely.

CHAPTER XVII.

FLORENCE sauntered leisurely along, until she reached a place where a narrow point of land extended to the distance of several rods from the mainland. At the extremity of this point several large rocks lay, apparently piled upon each other, while a small level space lay between them and the water. On this point Florence had often stood, and looked upon the rolling waves, but now,

after a moment's pause, she passed down to the verge of the water, and seated herself upon a large stone, and while her eye was cast abroad over the broad expanse, her mind was busy with herself. The sweet repose of sleep had calmed the perturbation of her thoughts, and the fever of her imagination had now subsided, and she once more was happy in the friendship of lady Harriet, and the love of lord Frederick, and she now smiled at her doubts of his sincerity. "How would good, kind Harriet chide me, if she knew I had ever for a moment doubted her friendship; and dear Frederick, whose love, though inspired by a passing glance at a ragged, weeping child, has survived unchanged, through absence, and change of scenes—who, as soon as the toil of study was accomplished, followed me to Windsor, lingered near my home, that he might look upon my face—who, at the peril of his life, saved me from the most horrible of deaths; who, when again, after long months of absence, we met in the lordly home of his fathers, blushed not to distinguish the lowly orphan, even in the presence of the haughty and proud; and shall I, ungrateful, distrust his affection? Shall I give credence to the representations of a rival? representations made at the very moment I rejected him, who knew no doubt the reason why I did so, was that my heart was already lord Frederick's. No; no longer will I torture myself with doubts of Frederick's fidelity; rather let me think how I may best avoid a renewal of Sir James' professions.

She was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and turning she beheld Sir James Wilmot slowly approaching her; provoked at the intrusion, she was retiring from the place, when the baronet stopped her by saying:

"I would crave your pardon, dear Miss Oakley, for thus intruding upon your solitude, were it not justified by my fervent love for you; and here, again would I renew the offer of my heart's best affections, although once rejected."

"It is then only to meet a second rejection, that you renew that offer; and permit me to say that you have my final answer!" interrupted Florence.

"And why do you thus reject my offered love? Although much older than yourself, I am not yet old, nor do I display the marks of many years; wealth, rank, and importance are mine! and these I offer you. Dear, dear Florence! do not say that you reject me!—do not thus wantonly crush my cherished hopes."

"Sir James Wilmot," she answered, "if you possess one generous, one noble sentiment, you will cease your suit, when I tell you my heart is given, my hand promised to another!"

"And will you still indulge the fond, vain hope, that the pretended regard of lord Frederick Villiers is sincere! Deluded girl! no longer trust him! for be assured that too late you will learn, that your love was vain. Is he not, even now, at the lordly residence of the duke of N.—:—and what prompted the visit? You who have seen the lovely lady Emily Percy may easily comprehend his motive for going there!"

"You will permit me to remark, that this comes with rather a bad grace from Sir James Wilmoit, and I might ask how he obtains such information."

"From my own knowledge of the human heart, incredulous lady!—a knowledge gained by the experience of years: and from closely observing the connexion which existed between you, and by the confidential disclosures of the earl, his father. Do you suppose that that proud nobleman would have permitted the attentions of his son to you, if he had for a moment supposed them real? No; not for a moment would he have tolerated it: but well he knew that the union between his heir and lady Emily, a union which has been contemplated many years, would still take place, and even the lady herself, secure in the promised faith of her future lord, looked calmly on his apparent devotion to another, and accepted the attentions of the bashful Sir Edgar Roscoe. But you are very, very pale, dear Florence! and see, the tide is rising, even now the waves have reached the very spot where we stand; let me assist you from this dangerous place!"

"Leave me," she cried, "leave me to my fate! Rather, far rather would I perish here, even by the violence of those restless waves, than live to know that lord Frederick is false to his promised faith!"

"I will not, I cannot leave you thus," he cried, as, seizing her arm, he hurried her from the place, notwithstanding her struggles to free herself from his grasp, nor would he leave her side, until they reached the house.

Sir James remained several days, and although Florence avoided him as much as possible, he contrived, by the aid of Mrs. Burton, to see her several times alone; but he seemed now to have resigned all hope of gaining her affection, and the respectful kindness of his manner, his apparent dejection, and the fact that he was unhappy for her sake, overcame in a great measure her dislike of him, and viewing him only as a companion and friend, in a world where her friends were so few, she even regretted, when the time drew near which he had appointed for his return, Sir James took a respectful, nay even a tender leave of poor Florence; and as he pressed her hand in his, said in a low voice:

"When convinced that I have been to you indeed a friend, when all else deceived you, then may you learn to prize my friendship, if you cannot return my love; but I cannot resign the hope, that your young heart may yet be mine.

Florence turned away in silence, for tears choked her utterance, and sought her chamber; throwing herself upon a sofa, she gave way to a violent burst of sorrow; the deep, the hidden mystery, which blighted the sunny prospect of her early days; the scenes of poverty and sorrow through which she had passed; her mother's death; her school-days, happy in themselves, but darkened by the deaths of the brother and sisters, thus torn from her, her meetings with lord Frederick Villiers, and his undaunted heroism, by which she was saved from a horrid death; the friendship of lady Harriet; the happy days she passed in Kent; the love of lord Frederick, and the kindness of lady Julia, together with her singular removal from school; the late visit of Sir James; the apparent neglect of lady Harriet, and the almost certain perfidy of Frederick, formed a chain of events so disconnected that she could with difficulty persuade herself that she was the subject of them.

"Mary, my wiser, better sister," she cried, "would that, like you, I had learned to value as they deserve, the pleasures of the world! Why did I not check its wanderings, ere I learned to feast my soul on imaginary delights? until I thought no cloud would ere again obscure my sunny sky! Would that I too were at rest in Windsor's sacred churchyard, and the anxious beatings of this aching heart forever stilled! But can I, must I, abandon all hope? May not the assertions of Sir James still be false: But could he be guilty of such base deceit? Aye! could lord Frederick be guilty of such heartless perjury? No; I will not, cannot believe him false! yet will I trust him, and when I know him false, then! and then only, will I cease to confide in his love!"

When Florence joined Mrs. Burton, that lady spoke in the highest terms of Sir James Wilmoit; he was so honorable, so generous, so noble; it had given her great pleasure, she said, to witness his partiality to her young companion, and nothing would give her greater pleasure, than to see her two most valued friends united, as she knew them so well worthy of each other. Florence begged her to cease, as it was not probable her wish would ever be gratified; Mrs. Burton smiled incredulously, and changed the subject.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LORD FREDERICK remained at his own residence in Devonshire; his first letter to Florence, entrusted to the care of lady Harriet, was duly answered, and as he dwelt on each line, he determined, for her sake, to brave the anger of his father. Then came the intelligence, that his sister and cousin were removed from school, and then, that Florence was gone, none knew whither. Believing it a scheme of the earl, he was wholly undetermined what course to pursue, and he remained a prey to his own anxious reflections, until the autumn passed, and a letter from the countess summoned him to join the family in London. Here the earl received him kindly, as in other days, and as Frederick enjoyed again the treasure of a father's love, he regretted that he had ever forfeited it.

Lady Harriet Villiers was one of those personages so rarely met with, who seem to possess a natural knowledge of all the motives peculiar to humanity. In a moment of vexation, she had determined to outshine the beautiful lady Emily Percy; and now all her soul was bent on accomplishing the contemplated object.

"It would gratify dear Ernest," she said to herself; "but how can I succeed? I am not very handsome, 'tis true, but there is still a chance!"

At once her active mind determined her course. Full well she knew that her gay and sportive nature would contrast well with her pensive ladyship; but this was not her whole dependence; at that time, gay colors, a profusion of ornaments, and great display, was the mode of dress in vogue in the circles of fashion, and lady Harriet was well aware of the power of contrast; therefore, when she joined her parents and brother in the drawing-room, on the evening when she was to make her first appearance in the halls of fashionable life, she was habited in a simple robe of white satin, closely fitting her sylph-like form, with no ornament save a chain of gold which encircled her swan-like neck, while the braids of her glossy hair were arranged in the simplest manner. Her parents expostulated in vain, while lord Frederick regarded her in silence, almost enchanted by that vision of loveliness.

Lady Harriet had calculated rightly. Amid the gaily dressed throng, her plain unornamented attire was conspicuous indeed, and attracted the observation of all; introductions were demanded, and a throng gathered around her, among whom was seen poor Ernest Lawton, notwithstanding the frowns of the haughty earl; her gaiety was amusing, and those who had gained admission to

her side were in no haste to leave her; when the dancing, which had ceased for a time, recommenced, Ernest Lawton, stepping before lord Arthur Percy, presented his hand, and led her triumphantly away, not however without casting a glance of exultation at the discomfited young lord.

Lady Harriet had succeeded. She was that night the reigning belle, notwithstanding the presence of lady Emily Percy, who seemed unconscious that another had usurped her former honors. Happy as when the tribute of the many was paid to her alone, she threaded the mazes of the giddy dance, and sauntered round the elegant apartments, leaning on the arm of Sir Edgar Roscoe, who appeared to be inseparable from her; his devotion amply repaid by the grateful smile of lady Emily, and, true to his charge, not even lady Harriet drew him from her side.

"Why did you dance so often with that fellow, Lawton, last night?" asked the earl, as the family met at the breakfast table the following morning.

The heart of lady Harriet beat quickly, but her voice was calm and firm, as she answered: "Because I preferred him to all others!"

Lord Frederick looked surprised; the character of his sister had been to him so slightly developed, that he was not aware of her daring spirit, and he could not believe that she dared thus brave the haughty earl:

"Would that I possessed equal firmness," thought he, and he almost trembled in anticipation of the scene which he expected to follow, but to his surprise the earl remained silent.

The uncle of Ernest Lawton was a favorite counsellor of his sovereign; his father, Colonel Lawton, one of his most valued officers; and lord Fitzmorton, at this particular time, was in no mood to disoblige the favorites of the court.

"Harriet, my child," cried the countess, "you surprise and pain me by your inconsiderateness! Remember, your place is among the noblest of the land! Why then descend from that proud pre-eminence to bestow your smiles on Lawton, the younger son of a paltry officer of the guards?"

Lady Harriet fixed her eyes on the face of her mother, with an expression in which sarcasm and seriousness seemed contending for the mastery, as she said:

"If then I am so consequential a personage, it surely becomes me to look with compassion on the low, if only in gratitude to the power from which I derive my exaltation."

"But you forget that your apparent intimacy with Lawton may debar you from exciting that interest elsewhere, which might secure you a

settlement in life, worthy your exalted rank. You must remember this, for few men will set their hearts on an object which appears unattainable."

"Well then," replied her ladyship, sipping her coffee with the most provoking composure, "if the presence of Lawton is so formidable as to awe the valiant throng, he cannot be so deficient in gallantry as to leave me to all the horrors of old maidism; consequently, as a sort of penance for the wrong done me, he will be under the necessity of taking me himself."

"No more of this, foolish, perverse girl!" cried the earl angrily, as he rose hastily from the table, and walked towards the door; "think you such giddiness becoming in one but now emerged from the school-room? If nought but folly reigns in your heart, torture not others with its outpourings!"

The earl left the room, and the reprovèd daughter retired to her chamber to think over the past, and arrange her plans for the future.

"Well, here I am," she said to herself, "a miss of sixteen years, just set free from the bondage of the school-room! No, stay! let me entertain a more dignified opinion of myself than that—I am I not a young lady, in London's gayest circles? perhaps, without vanity, I might add the reigning belle! Well, there is something rather consoling in that, and if dear Florence were but here, how I might enjoy life! But I suspect, and that not wholly without reason, that I have rather an awkward love affair on my hands, which it will require a clear head to manage to the satisfaction of all parties; at any rate, I shall take care to satisfy myself! And then, this business of Fred's, I am sure, unless I take it upon myself to manage, he will give up quietly, to the nonsensical notions of family dignity entertained by our proud papa! This must not be! I must take him to task in the affair, and see what can be done for him; any way I must search out the lurking place of poor Florence, even if Sir James, grey old bachelor, has swallowed her! 'Tis rather an intricate business, and I do most sincerely hope in another quarter, that no envious fairy, or evil thought intent, may spirit away my gallant knight to some old enchanted castle, as the mischievous elves seem to have done with the elect of my luckless brother. That old ivy clad castle in Kent! 'Tis just the place in which they might delight to work their spells by moonlight, and there 'twould be, methinks, bonny Florence is safely stowed away!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THOUGH lord Frederick Villiers visited all places of fashionable resort, his soul seemed not in them. If he attended the theatre, or opera, he sat with folded arms and downcast eye, apparently wrapt in thought, and forgetful of everything but his own reflections; if he entered the ball-room or circle of the gay and joyous, he wandered listlessly among the throng, or sat in silence, occasionally returning the salutation of a friend, and employed in watching the gentle beings, who like shadows, flitted past him; he never joined the giddy dance, but seemed a solitary being in the midst of the light-hearted, happy throng. Within his home, that hallowed sanctuary so dear to every heart, he was reserved and gloomy, seldom joining the family except at table, and when he did for a few moments linger in the drawing-room, he sat in profound silence, except when addressed, apparently wrapt in a dream-like reverie. Shut up in a vast city, he was debarred the pleasant, solitary rambles, which he had found so soothing to his harrassed mind, during the last few days of his residence in Kent, and the many weeks of his sojourn in Devon. Now, whenever he stepped forth from his home, 'twas only to find himself surrounded by a busy throng, in whom he seldom recognized a familiar face, and he prepared to hide himself from the observation of all, in the solitude of his own room. There he sat, day after day, with his eyes fixed on the cheerful fire, busy with gloomy, bitter reflections; he seldom admitted any one, but this indulgence was occasionally granted to his sister, who, volatile and giddy as she was, and now dazzled by the gay and busy scenes in which she so largely participated, still shared her brother's anxiety, and kindly strove to soothe his sorrow. That sorrow, her quick eye perceived, was slowly but surely doing its work; his cheek no longer bore the ruddy glow of health, his eye no longer beamed with the joyous lustre of happier days, his gay, ringing laugh, was hushed; and if perchance a smile stole over his pale features, it but rendered more sad the hearts that loved him.

Had he not cause for sorrow? Were not his young affections given to one of earth's fairest daughters? Was not his faith pledged to her, and had he not won her pure young heart? But now the malediction of a parent, to whom he was bound by the strongest filial tie, interposed between him and his fondest hopes; he felt that without the sunny presence of his beloved Florence, the world was but a wilderness, and life a cheerless, gloomy blank. But could he even for her endure a parent's curse?

"Heaven and man frown on the accursed!" he said to his sister, as he was discoursing with her on the subject of his sorrows.

"And Heaven will frown on the inconstant, the traitors to their promised faith!" she answered; and thus their conference ended, as each previous one had done; he wavering between love and duty, she ever faithful to her own maxim, that filial obedience ceased when happiness was endangered. But each was aware that discussion was useless, while they were so entirely ignorant of the fate of Florence. How were they to account for her disappearance? How were they to discover her locality? By what clew were they to trace her hiding place? How account for her apparent neglect in not writing? These and similar questions were often asked, but never satisfactorily answered; and thus lord Frederick lived on from day to day, a prey to a sickening suspense, more intolerable than the dreaded certainty—"that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," and converts into bitterness the joys of human existence.

The parents were not insensible to the change which had come over their son; they missed his merry laugh, and pleasant conversation, which formerly enlivened their home. Yet to him they were as if he were the light-hearted youth, who not twelve months before had returned to them; they wished to break, if possible, the chain which bound him to the humble orphan, and as one means to do so, demeaned themselves as if they knew not that such a tie existed.

Lord Frederick was sitting in a magnificent saloon, surrounded by a brilliant throng. A marble column shielded him from observation; the room was brilliantly lighted, and as he gazed from his lurking place, it seemed to him that there was concentrated all the beauty and chivalry of the land. Not all the beauty, for one more lovely to his fancy's eye, than all the united charms of the crowd before him, was not there. Painful was the reverie which succeeded, and he sat unmindful of all around him, until his own name, pronounced near him, recalled him to himself.

"What a very strange fellow is this lord Frederick Villiers!" exclaimed a young gentleman near him. "Why, he is as dull as a stormy day in the country, when one has no kind friend near to assist in murdering time; he never dances, never plays, never even takes a social glass of wine, never moves about when he can enjoy the luxury of sitting still, and finally, never speaks when he can with decency avoid doing so! Now this is exactly what I should not think an advisable course to pursue. Were I possessed

of a fine estate, with an earldom and its agreeable accompaniments in perspective, with the handsomest face in London, and a form to match it, let me assure you I would not hide myself from observation, as if I were not only penniless, but so ugly that I was fearful of being seen. No, believe me, I would be a very lion! the especial favorite of the ladies, envied and dreaded by the men!"

"But lord Frederick is in love," replied his companion, "and consequently has no desire to display his handsome face and symmetrical form to the gaze of those whom he cares not to please."

"In love! With whom? And how does it happen that you are so well acquainted with the state of his lordship's heart? I was not aware that you were in his confidence!"

"Nor am I! but I was told by Sir Edgar Roscoe, that he is desperately in love with a lovely orphan, whom lady Harriet distinguished with her friendship at school, but as the connection is not likely to add new consequence to the family, nor swell the dimensions of its vast possessions, it seems the earl opposes the union; in consequence of which, our young lord chooses to personate the 'knight of the woeful countenance.'"

"The man," replied a voice which lord Frederick distinguished as Lawton's, "who would make public the domestic affairs of a family, who for a long time kindly entertained him as their guest, is unworthy the hospitality of the generous and the good, and unworthy the confidence of those to whom he imparts his important communications!"

"Ah! I understand!" cried the first speaker. "You are a candidate for the favor of our reigning belle, and it is but natural that you should wish to appear valiant in defence of the family! But do not flatter yourself! The second son of an officer may receive no better reception than the portionless orphan, especially as lord Arthur Percy aspires to the prize,—and he will win it! See how pleasantly they are chatting together even now!"

"We shall see," answered the young man carelessly, and crossing the room, he approached lady Harriet, who welcomed him with her brightest smile; he addressed to her a few words, when, rising, she bowed coldly to lord Arthur, and taking the arm of Lawton, they walked slowly away to another part of the room.

"Really, that was fairly done!" exclaimed one of his deserted companions; "the game is his, that is certain! for that is a girl that will do as she pleases, notwithstanding the interference of the proud old earl. Well, Ernest is a lucky dog. I wish the same might be said of myself! I must

look around me, and see what the chances are." And the two young men moved leisurely away.

Lord Frederick, from his earliest childhood, had ever been keenly sensible to ridicule, and the brief conversation he had unintentionally listened to, awakened the thought that his present conduct might justly excite it. The thought occurred to his mind, that society had claims upon him, which it was his duty to discharge, and he determined hereafter to pursue a different course. He accordingly emerged from his lurking place, and crossing the room joined the gay group, so recently augmented by lady Harriet and Ernest Lawton.

"Good evening, my lord Frederick!" cried a well known voice, and in the next moment his hand was firmly clasped in that of lord Percival, whom he had not seen since they parted in Kent the preceding summer, his lordship having but two days previously arrived in London. Mutual greetings were exchanged, when his lordship turning to a fair young girl who leaned upon his arm, presented her as his sister, to lord Frederick Vihiera.

"Come, my lord, you must, you will join this dance," said Lawton to lord Frederick, as a new set was forming; the young nobleman understood the appealing look of his friend, and presenting his hand to lady Maria Percival, he led her forward to join, for the first time since his residence in London, the giddy dance. The gay throng paused as he took his place among them; Lawton and lady Harriet exchanged a glance which told more eloquently than words, the feelings of their hearts, while an expression of pleasure burst from the lips of the earl.

That evening lord Frederick lingered near his new acquaintance, attracted by a softness of manner and a sweet winning smile, which reminded him of his long lost Florence; and lady Harriet, sensitive respecting his constancy to her friend, though she had rejoiced when she saw him so far dispel his despondency as to join the dance, began to fear that the lovely sister of her old enemy, lord Percival, would exert over him a too powerful chain. His lordship, though accustomed to retire early from such scenes, was on this evening one of the last to linger in the magnificent rooms; his spirits were exhilarated, and he vainly fancied that he was happy. But the solitude of his lonely chamber dispelled the illusion; here the image of the beautiful Florence arose before him, as if to chide his devotion to another.

"Florence, dear idol of my heart!" he cried, as he slowly moved backward and forward through the chamber. "How have I wronged thee, by permitting my truant fancy to wander from thee! Yes, while I, traitor-like, was listening to the

voice of another, you perhaps, in drear and cheerless solitude, were thinking only of me, and fondly anticipating the time when we shall be forever united in the holiest of ties. Oh! my Florence, shall I shrink from bearing for thy dear sake, the ridicule of the heartless? Shall I, to escape their sneers, assume a gaiety from which my soul revolts, and which I feel is unjust to thee? Shall I seek to hide my love from those whose hearts cannot feel the pure flame which burns in mine? No! before the whole assembled world would I avow, that thou art the bright star, whose rays shall illumine my pathway through the world, and point me to a fairer realm, where sorrow shall never mar our joy."

Lord Frederiak threw himself into a chair, and was lost in reverie, nor did he arouse himself until the first grey tints of morn began to brighten the eastern sky, when with a heavy heart, and mind agitated by various emotions, he retired to rest, but sleep was a stranger to his pillow, and the morning fully dawned ere he sunk into a disturbed slumber.

CHAPTER XX.

TIME, that unwearied traveller, who stays not in his restless flight, flew by on rapid wing, and the season was approaching, when the gaieties of London must be exchanged for the quiet country residence, or the place of fashionable resort; already was the ice bound sway of winter yielding to the genial touch of spring, and balmy zephyrs had succeeded to the bleak chilling blast.

Lord Frederick still continued to join the fashionable throng; sometimes as formerly he sat absorbed in thought, at others the bright smile and soft sweet voice of lady Maria would bring him to her side.

The earl, though disappointed in his hopes of a union between his son and lady Emily, (a union which he was now convinced could never take place, as the parties were so wholly indifferent to each other,) now turned his thoughts to lady Maria with a better ground of hope. Several months had now passed since lord Frederick had met the lowly orphan, and time, the parents fondly hoped, had partially obliterated her image. Lady Maria had been presented to him, not as a candidate for his affection, but as the sister of a highly valued friend, thus he had sought rather than avoided her, and in her bewitching presence, had seemed yielding to the influence of her charms.

"Could one doubt respecting the constancy of Florence be conveyed to his mind," thought the earl, "the end is gained, my boy is saved from

degradation, and I from the misery, the heart-rending misery of witnessing his fall from honor and rank to the wretched doom he seeks."

Lord Frederick was sitting alone in his chamber, endeavouring to divert his mind with a paper which he held, when a servant entered, and presenting a letter, retired in silence. His lordship cast his eye carelessly at the direction; it was in a fair, small hand, the writing apparently of a lady. "From Ellen, I suppose," he murmured, as he broke the seal, but he started convulsively, as his glance rested on the name of the writer. "Yes! 'tis she, my own Florence," he exclaimed, as he pressed his lips to the paper; now am I amply compensated for all I have suffered for her sake; at length he regained his composure sufficiently to read the letter, which was as follows:

TO LORD FREDERICK VILLIERS.

MY LORD,—Perhaps ere now, the name of Florence Oakley is to you a forgotten sound, or remembered only as the dim phantom of a night-vision, which leaves but a transient remembrance; believe me when I say, I hope it may be so! Yes! believe me when I say, that I hope the affection which you professed to feel, was nothing but a vision of the fancy, long since subsided. Do not, my lord! think me a mean, fickle minded coquette! No, I am guided by sober reason! 'Tis true, while listening to your words of love, I thought my heart was wholly yours, that it could never be transferred to another; but when, removed from your presence, I had leisure to think calmly on the past, the disparity of our condition presented itself too strongly to leave even a hope that our destinies could ever be united. You, my lord, are possessed of wealth, rank, and the most brilliant expectations! I am a lowly, destitute orphan, without even a name which I may call my own! Your partiality for the humble child of poverty is doubtless ere now merged in real love for some fairer being in your own sphere, to whom you will plight your faith—my affections are given, my hand promised to another! Yes, to Sir James Wilmot, the dear generous friend, who is willing to sacrifice everything earthly to his ardent love, am I soon to be united by the most sacred ties, and when, as the Lady Wilmot, I again meet my once promised lord, may another be enjoying the honours which I willingly, yes gladly resign, while if a thought of former days intrudes itself, may its only effect be, to cause you to smile at your folly, in ever thinking of one so lowly, and me to blush at my presumption in ever aspiring so high, Your sincere friend,

FLORENCE OAKLEY.

The heartless letter fell from his hand, and starting up, he paced his room in agony of heart. Until this moment he had never known what it was to suffer; for until now he had not doubted the truth of Florence. When every other hope forsook him, and his soul was racked with torturing emotions—when a father's threatened curse rang in his ear, and his spirit wavered between his filial duty and his ardent love; when by a chain of events the mystery of which he had been unable to solve, she had been removed from him, and he had been unable to trace her fate, the thought that the heart of Florence was his own, that she shared with him the trials of their wayward fate had consoled him—the thought that her affections might be transferred to another presented not itself, to add the keenest pang to his cup of sorrow; No,

"In all his suffering, her fond love,
Had been to him a dear delight,
A dawning star, beaming from above,
A cheering ray of gladdening light."

Now the dear delight was quenched in disappointed hope: the dawning star for him now beamed no longer from above, but its last faint ray had set in darkness; the ray of gladdening light must now beam on his soul no more. Oh! never until this bitter hour had he known the intensity of his love, never had he felt how closely was his destiny united to the lovely, heartless girl, now lost to him forever.

"Oh, fate!" he cried "thou art too relentless! why didst thou will that this bewitching syren should ever cross my path? Why didst thou lead me to Windsor, that the charmer might cast her spell around me, until the spark was kindled to a brilliant flame? Why, when time and absence had partly obscured her image, didst thou inspire the restless mind of Harriet to bring the enchantress to my presence? Why did I, thoughtless, fond, confiding fool that I was, trust her artful smile? And why, oh! why, didst thou not endow her with a heart as pure as her face is lovely? Yes, with a face that an angel might envy; a form that would add grace to a wood-nymph; the gentle sweetness which seems to indicate the greatest purity of soul! She is indeed possessed of a base, treacherous and deceitful heart—the heart of a worthless coquette! Oh, Florence! darling of my boyish fancy, idol of my manhood's heart—must I indeed resign thee! When next my eyes shall look upon the face on which they have so often gazed with the fondest love, wilt thou be lost to me forever? Must I never more cherish the fond hope of calling thee mine own; of pressing to my heart my

own loved Florence, and know that the storms of fate have no power to part us? Florence, Florence! thou for whom I would have resigned my life, how could thy hand add this last bitter drop to my cup of misery? But I will not upbraid thee! No, beloved one! May he who has robbed me of the rich treasure of thy love, be to thee all I would have been, the fond, confiding husband, whose arm would screen thee from the slightest earthly evil! May your future still be glorious! May your pathway bloom with the flowers of love and peace! May no dark shadow ever obscure your way! but may the star which presides over your destiny, beam more and more brightly, as you descend the vale of life; while I, wretched though thou hast made me, will never in thy presence, suffer a cloud to rest upon my brow, lest by awakening conscience, I might for a moment dim the lustre of thy sunny horizon, Oh! heartless girl, to speak so lightly of our plighted love! Heartless Florence, to cast from you the vows of faith registered on high! For thee I braved the anger of a parent, dear as the life blood which animates this wretched heart; but my father, hereafter I am wholly thine! Dispose of me as thou wilt! happiness is gone forever from me! Now will I strive to submit myself to thee! henceforward will I live but to thy will! Your happiness shall be my all of earthly joy!"

A slight tap was heard, and lord Frederick bade the intruder enter. The door opened, and the earl presented himself before his son; a kind smile rested on his face, as he said in his blindest tones:

"My dear boy, I am going with your mother and sister, to the Kensington gardens, now beautiful in the verdure of early spring, and wish you to attend us; you are getting quite dull of late, and I think a visit to the gardens will divert your mind."

"Divert my mind! Oh, my father! think you that aught can divert a mind, borne down with anguish, and bowed to the very earth with wretchedness; but I will attend you! to me all places, all scenes are alike, bright and lovely to the happy, but dark as night to me!"

"My son," cried the earl, "it grieves me much to witness your melancholy; I have forborne thus long to enquire its cause, knowing that the confidence which is not granted unasked, is never willingly granted at all, but with your chances of happiness I would hope that the wretchedness of which you complain is more imaginary than real."

"And is it an imaginary woe, think you, my lord, to love as fondly, as devotedly as I have

done, and know that the object of my love is lost to me for ever? How little do you know of the heart's affections if you could think me otherwise than wretched, when deprived of the only treasure I would obtain, the prize for which I would resign my life!"

The earl seated himself, and succeeded in drawing from his son an account of the inconstancy of Florence; he manifested no surprise at her heartlessness—said he had been some time aware of the engagement, having been informed of it by Sir James; besought lord Frederick to forget her, and as the best means of doing so, to engage himself to another. The soul of the young lord rose up against this proposal, but the earl rested not until he drew from him a reluctant consent to unite himself to the lady Maria Percival, if the consent of the lady and her friends could be obtained. As lord Frederick was averse to offering his hand, unaccompanied by his heart, the earl offered to conduct the affair himself; and the following day the proposal was made and accepted; the only objection made by lord Percival, the preference of lord Frederick for Florence Oakley, being silenced by the intelligence that Miss Oakley was on the verge of matrimony with Sir James Wilmot. To the proposal of the earl, that the union might take place immediately, lord Percival objected. He had intended to visit the continent during the summer; his sister had promised to accompany him, and as he was by no means willing to dispense with her society, the earl was obliged to defer the completion of his project until their return.

(To be continued.)

LINES TO HIS MISTRESS.

FROM COSTRE.

BY BON GAULTIER.

Why dost thou lure me to this garish pleasure—
This pomp of light?

Was I not happy in abundant measure,
In the lone night?

Shut in my chamber, when the moon was beaming,
Unseen I lay,
And, with its silver radiance o'er me streaming,
I dreamed away.

I dreamed of hours which golden joy was filling,
And I was blest,
For love, tumultuous love, e'en then was thrilling
Deep in my breast.

Am I the same, treading with thee the dances
Of this bright hall,
Amid the whispering tongues and jealous glances
That round us fall?

No more Spring's sweetest flowers can claim my duty,
Or charm my view,
Where thou art, darling, there are love and beauty,
And nature too!

ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY J. F.

To be a great man, in its proper sense, is to be a good man; there are in history numberless examples of great murderers, and great tyrants, and even great conquerors, but these were not in reality, great men. The principal virtue of history lies in the emulation which the actions of its great men inspire, in the mind of the reader. There is but little practical good in reading of the perseverance of Hannibal, the conquests of Cæsar, or the ambition of Alexander, "sighing for more worlds to conquer;" to investigate their battles, to pore over their conquests, or to survey the extent of their dominions. True, when we set aside the cruelty, the bloodshed, the injustice, by which most of their actions were consummated, their magnitude fills us with wonder, and a species of admiration. The young pupil, as he pompously recites in the school-room, an eulogium upon some victorious general, sighs to become another such a man. The student of ancient oratory would wish to be a future Demosthenes; the painter a Zeuxis; the sculptor a Phidias; but there is a class in history, whose names inspire a greater thought, whose deeds fill every well regulated mind with purer sentiments and feelings; those, whose lives were devoted to one object, who studiously and earnestly pursued, in every path, who fought and laboured at every point, for the benefit of their fellow men. Not those who conquered merely for personal aggrandizement; not those who laboured to create a fame, built on the ruins of surrounding nations; and upon the bones of slaughtered millions.—No, no, the hideousness of physical force is daily becoming clearer and clearer, and the halo which our ancestors shed around its head, is hourly fading away. The reign of moral power, of "peace and good will among men," is gaining the ascendant; the hero of moral power is rising in the estimation of mankind, and pray God this feeling may continue to grow, until "they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks!"

One of the greatest heroes of moral power, is Alfred; he made the welfare of his fellow-men the object of his ambition, and peaceful measures the basis of his fame. True, at times, he used the sword, but only in self-defence; the power in

which he gloried, was the mind;—to encourage its exercise, to improve its condition, to develop its resources, was the primary object of his reign. He laid no ovation upon the altar of war; his brow was not decked with the laurel of the ambitious warrior, his name is unassociated with conquered countries, or fierce and unjustifiable wars. He shunned this path, and with peace for his emblem, and intellect for his weapon, he marched determinedly toward the field of improvement. Here lies his greatness. He based his own good upon the good of others; and sacrificed his individual interest for the welfare of mankind; he sought to improve, rather than to debase, to save, rather than to destroy. Success attended his noble efforts, and posterity distinguishes him, as Alfred the Great!

We are told that he was born in the year 849, at Wantage, in Berks—he was the youngest of four sons, by his mother, Osburgha, the wife of Ethelwulf, a King of the West Saxons. We know but little of his youth, but that little is strongly illustrative of his subsequent career, and the aptitude with which he remembered the rude Saxon poems which were recited before him, the perseverance with which he pursued his studies, and other incidents of a similar nature, connected with his early life, I shall describe when I come to treat of his Intellectual and Moral character. I first of all propose to take a brief survey of his military conduct, and other matters connected with his duties as a prince.

Alfred appears to have been his father's favorite, and the old king carried his partiality perhaps too far, for we find that he attempted to make him his successor to the throne, when only four years of age, while his other brothers were fast verging towards manhood. It is said that the king sent him at this time to Rome, with a great train of nobility, where he was anointed as his father's successor, by the Pope, with holy oil.

Two years afterwards Ethelwulf himself paid a visit there, but on his return, he became enamoured of Judith, a daughter of Charles the Bald, King of the Franks, whom he married at Rheims, and there also caused her to be crowned as queen.

Alfred's elder brothers, Ethelbald, Ethelbert,

and Ethelred, as might naturally be expected, looked upon their father's partiality towards him, with a great deal of jealousy, and this was increased by the king's marriage, and the coronation of his wife as queen, (an act contrary to the then existing laws of Wessex). In consideration of all these alleged grievances, the eldest son raised a powerful army against his father, when he returned, with his young bride. But although many friends rallied around the old man, yet he shrank from the horrors of a civil war, and preferred a peaceable adjustment of the differences, to that of a settlement by strife and bloodshed. A compromise was therefore effected between the contending parties, which resulted in the retention of the eastern part of the kingdom, by the king, while the western part was assigned to his rebellious son.

His father having died about two years after this, Ethelbald succeeded to the sovereignty of the whole kingdom; but a lapse of three years terminated his earthly career.

During the nine subsequent years from his decease, his two brothers had reigned and died; Alfred, being the next in succession, ascended the throne. He was then in the 22nd year of his age.

It is said that he hesitated to accept the diadem when offered to him, and surely he had much reason to do so, "for every evil which can corrode human happiness, seemed then to surround it;" it was a crown taken up from the field of defeat, dripping with a brother's blood," and even those consolatory feelings, which must have cheered him in his old age, when he looked back upon his noble, praiseworthy career, could scarcely have compensated for the misery and hardships which he had to endure for many years, in fighting for life and territory, against the ruthless pagans of the Baltic.

Those piratical hordes called Danes, who were the scourge of Europe, were not only inhabitants of Denmark, but of Norway and Sweden, and other countries spread around the Baltic sea. They were, like the Saxons, of Scandinavian origin; both sprang from the same source. But the Danes of the 9th century, although alike in origin, and in some degree in their physical appearance, to the Saxons, were nevertheless very much unlike them in a civilized point of view. The Christian religion had been diffused among the subjects of Alfred, but its benignant influence had not yet been applied to the fierce and savage nature of the Dane. They were then in the lowest depth of barbarism, and the predominant trait in their character, was the absence of the faintest spark of honor or of humanity.

Upon Alfred's accession to the throne, this savage race had gradually established themselves on the island, by a succession of conflicts, in which death and destruction marked every step. Monasteries and chapels, towns and cities, were burnt; the monk and the nun, the father, the mother, and the babe, were alike sacrificed to their ferocity. "They held then the Isle of Thanet, which gave them the command of the river Thames, and the coasts of Kent and Essex; they had thoroughly overrun or conquered all Northumbria, from the Tweed to the Humber; they had planted strong colonies at York; they had desolated Nottinghamshire, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk, and with numbers daily increasing, they ranged themselves through the whole length of England on the south eastern side of the Tweed, with the exception only of the western counties, and the south-western part of the Island, which included Somersetshire, Devonshire and Cornwall."

With such a fierce and daring foe, holding such an extended portion of territory, is it to be wondered at, that he should have shrank back from such an encounter, and hesitate to accept a position which was threatened with almost immediate destruction? But even this palliative can scarcely justify his apathetic conduct, his almost total want of precaution against the Danes, from the time of his accession to the period when he was forced to fly for safety. It is true, he displayed no want of physical courage, but he showed a lamentable degree of faith in their treacherous promises. He would gain a victory over them, and instead of adopting decisive measures of safety, he satisfied himself with buying a peace which was always broken, or with obtaining an oath of security, which they never kept. But there is a bright feature even in this otherwise gloomy period of his life, which will always render the name of Alfred memorable to the mind of every Briton. It is memorable for being England's first naval battle. The Saxons, after their establishment on the island, had neglected naval affairs; but Alfred, perceiving the immense advantage to be derived from employing ships on the coasts, where they might cut off the reinforcements of the Danes, fitted out a small fleet, which proved victorious in its first encounter.

All great things have sprung from small beginnings and this little event, the "wooden walls of old England," may look upon as their origin; and as the first naval victory of that flag, which

"For a thousand years has braved
The battle and the breeze."

The events which immediately preceded his

flight are involved in a great deal of obscurity; but it is generally known to have proceeded from the defeats which he had suffered. The sufferings, the dangers, the frequent wants even of the commonest necessaries which he experienced during his concealment, may be classed among the most fortunate circumstances of his life. It is in moments such as these, that the mind brings forth her most useful lessons; adversity is only another word for experience, and experience is the core of all knowledge. How forcibly he must have then been reminded of the vanity of all human things, when he recollected his sudden descent from the throne, to a dependant upon the charity of a swine-herd; and the care which he displayed in his after life, for the smallest trifle, is a proof that the scolding which he received from the swine-herd's wife, for neglecting the baking of her bread, had not been given in vain. It was useful also in a political point of view, for in his frequent retreats from one place of safety to another, he was better enabled to become acquainted with the wants and wishes of his people, than he could have possibly been, while seated on his throne—and no stronger proof of all this need be adduced, than the contrast between his conduct before his concealment, with that which distinguishes him afterwards.

The measures which he adopted to regain his crown, are among the most romantic events in history. Having heard of the severe repulsion which Hubba, a noted Danish chief, had received, in attempting to land on the coast of Devon, and the loss of their magical banner into the hands of the Saxons, he was aroused to the necessity of making one great effort for his own and his country's deliverance. But before any definite plan could be formed, it was necessary that the precise force and capabilities of the Danish army should be known. His early predilection for music and poetry enabled him to obtain the desired information by assuming the disguise of a wandering minstrel, and in this garb he obtained a ready welcome into their tents. While amusing them there with his songs and interludes, his ever watchful eye espied their sloth and negligence; he heard their secret councils, and was thus enabled to view unsuspected the assailable points of their position. Having done this, he left the camp and returned to his friends in safety. The necessary plans were now immediately formed—secret messengers were sent to the men of Wessex, and those of the adjoining counties, requesting them to meet armed in Selwood Forest—the summons was everywhere obeyed—Alfred was placed enthusiastically at their head—and before another setting of the sun, he

led them forth to a glorious victory, which placed him again upon his throne!

He held his possessions with a firmer hand; and although subsequently subjected to several harassing depredations, yet he was invariably victorious, and he had ultimately the satisfaction of effectually routing them during the latter portion of his life.

I have adverted to the want of energy and precaution which characterized Alfred's military conduct before his concealment; I would now glance upon the change which his character exhibited, in this respect, afterwards.

His experience had taught him many valuable lessons, and we see their fruits in the brilliant successes of his arms. Before his concealment, he was dilatory in his proceedings, now, he was energetic without being rash; he was credulous in the promises of his enemies, but that credulity was now displaced by caution; his indolence had given way to activity, and weakness gave place to strength. Having learnt the importance of fortifications, he re-built many towns, and fortified them as strongly as his means would permit. He caused fifty strong towers to be built in different parts of the country, and a great many more would have been added, but for the ignorance and carelessness of his nobles. He ordered a survey to be made of the coasts and navigable rivers, and he erected castles on those places which were most accessible to the landing of an enemy. His little fleet, which had assisted him so much in his troubles, he increased to more than one hundred sail,—and the vessels were improved in size and construction, under his personal superintendence. But in all the barbarism of those times, and amidst the savage customs which accompanied war, notwithstanding the severe measures which were necessary to check his fierce and determined foes, and in spite of all these obstacles, we find in his conduct one ruling principle—to spare the effusion of human blood—we find in it, I say, the ever longing desire to carry out the spirit of that heaven inspired exhortation, of—"Peace on earth, and good will among men!"

We have now come to an examination of the most pleasing and instructive portion of his life—that portion, which illustrates his moral and intellectual character; and should there be any one whose ardor for knowledge has been damped by the appearance of obstacles, let him look upon the life of Alfred, and take courage from the numberless examples which that life affords; let him see the difficulties he had to contend with, let him see, that amidst all the barriers which beset this great man's path—he, nevertheless, ac-

completed the most gigantic efforts of moral and intellectual improvement.

It may at first sight appear remarkable, that Alfred, who took the lead among his literary contemporaries, should have passed the first eleven years of his life without being able to read; but it must be recollected that at this time there were no schools, no colleges, no books; it was with great difficulty that a scholar could be obtained, capable of teaching the simplest rudiments of a Saxon education. The story of his first attempt to read, is worth relating. He had, from his earliest days, evinced great delight in listening to the Anglo Saxon ballads which were recited by the minstrels attached to his father's court. One day, while his mother-in-law, Judith, was sitting with a manuscript of Saxon poems in her hand, and surrounded by her family, she is said to have proposed it as a gift to him who first learned to read. Alfred, captivated with the tempting offer, ran to a teacher, and, studying earnestly, won the prize.

In our days, there is little to boast of in having acquired a good education; but it was a far different case in the days of Alfred. In his youth, even the little Saxon literature which existed, was rapidly decaying. Bede, who died more than a century previous to Alfred's birth, had left no efficient successor behind, and in the words of William of Malmesbury, "almost all knowledge seemed to have been buried with him in the same grave." The devastations of the Danes, too, had destroyed most of their seats of learning, and the scarcity of educated men may be conceived from Alfred's own words, in his preface to "Gregory's Pastoralia." "Very few were there," says he, "on this side of the Humber, who could understand English, or translate any prayers from the Latin." On the south of the Thames he could not recollect one single instance where this moderate amount of learning was possessed. His nobles, his attendants, and even some of the inferior clergy, were thus ignorant,—"The intellect," says Mr. Turner, "was then a faculty which few thought of cultivating, or even knew that they possessed." But this lamentable state of ignorance, instead of repressing him, only acted as an incentive to bolder and more determined exertions for enlightenment. It is true he had now acquired the capability to read in Anglo Saxon, but the few poems and prose manuscripts which that opened to him, were altogether insufficient to satisfy the cravings of his mind. Learned works were written in Latin—and of Latin he was totally ignorant; to acquire that knowledge, and to diffuse the blessings which it might impart among his people, now became one

of the leading objects of his life. The few learned men who inhabited any portion of his territories, were warmly invited to his court, and each, in his turn, was made to read to him by day and night, whenever he could find a moment's leisure to listen, and he was, for a time, enabled by their interpretations, to obtain a general idea of the Latin works in their possession. He sent to Wales, and brought over a learned monk named Asser; and from France, by presents and entreaties, he obtained two of the most learned men of that age, Grimbold and Johannes Erigena, or John the Irishman. "And so in the other instances," to quote the words of his biographer, "this admirable prince sought abroad in all directions, for the treasures which his own kingdom did not afford.* He placed those sages before him—and no child ever listened to their instruction with a more modest assurance—no student was ever more eager to be taught.

The victory was at last gained—the object which had for so many years laid near his heart, was accomplished—he had acquired the Latin language, and he had scarcely made this attainment, before his philanthropic spirit was desirous to make it of public utility.

He immediately added to his other duties, the office of teacher. He addressed a letter to some of the bishops, wherein he very feelingly described the ignorance of his countrymen, and he exhorted them to strain every nerve for their moral and intellectual enlightenment. Every moment which he could snatch from his public and private duties, he devoted to the translation of those Latin works which he considered would be most likely to carry out the noble object he had in view. The principal of these were Bede's Ecclesiastical History, Boethius' de Consolatione Philosophæ, or the Consolation of Philosophy, an abridged work on Ancient History, by Orosius, and the Pastorals of Pope Gregory. A more judicious selection than this, Alfred could not have made.

Orosius opened to the Saxons the histories of those countries which once flourished in a state of power and grandeur, but were now fallen and desolate; and displayed the most striking picture which could be presented to the mind of man, of the mutability of all human things. Bede's work narrated the history of his Saxon ancestors, from their invasion of England to the 8th century; and he has interspersed there, it is true, many superstitious legends, but its pages likewise abound with many moral and religious sentiments. Boethius' work, which Gibbon has called "a golden

* S. Turner's Hist. Anglo Saxons, vol. ii, p. 2; Pict. Hist. Eng., vol. 4, p. 292.

volume, not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or Tully," was pre-eminently adapted to inspire every reader or listener with the most exalted ideas of the supreme wisdom and goodness of our Creator, and the insufficiency of riches or power, to produce happiness on earth, unless accompanied by virtue and religion*.

To make his scholastic exertions more effectual, he established several monastic and episcopal schools throughout the country, and it is a common opinion, that our great nursery of learning, Oxford, was one of those which he founded; and as if to make still more sure of his object, every man of rank, ignorant of reading, and unable to attend a school from age or physical infirmity, was nevertheless required to send some member of his family. And in this praiseworthy attempt he met with innumerable obstacles, but here as in every other portion of his life, he nobly displayed the truth of the axiom, that "Perseverance is power." His nobles everywhere shewed a dislike to be taught; but by the mildness of his expostulations, he overcame all difficulties and antipathies, and he had eventually the satisfaction of seeing light shining in a dark place, and the temple of knowledge rising up amid the ruins of ignorance. Truly it may be said, he placed his glory upon the intellectual advancement of his rude countrymen.

He saw, too, that many judicial reforms were needed, and, without a good code of laws, all his measures of improvement would be in a great measure neutralized. Before his time, the Saxons were destitute of anything approaching to a systematic course of jurisprudence. Law, judgment and justice were lodged in the hands of the judge, and the poor unfortunate wight who should happen to fall into his hands, was tried without the commonest formalities of an investigation, and sentenced according to his will and pleasure, regardless of every dictate of justice. One judge, we are told, hung a man without an indictment,—another executed a person for being insane,—a third, condemned a man to death, because the dismissal of the charge upon which he had been accused, was not entered on record; and we may form an idea of their skill in discovering the guilt of an accused, by the following anecdote:

Justice Billing was punished by Alfred for

* Sharon Turner, vol. ii, p. 222, Pict. Hist. Eng., vol. i, p. 286, 289, 290. For extracts of Boethius's, see *Ibid* 289; and for extracts from his translation of Bede, see *Ibid* 290. He is stated by Spelman to have translated *Aesop's Fables* from the Greek into Latin and Saxon, and to have written many beautiful poems.

fraudulently condemning one Liston to death. The fraud was this:—he said to the people that stood before him, upon an investigation of a murder which had been committed, sit down all of you, *except the murderer*. This Liston happened not to seat himself at the same time with the rest, and the judge therefore considered this as sufficient evidence of his guilt, and he accordingly ordered him to be executed.

We may thus form a pretty correct idea of the legal characters which Alfred had to deal with, as well as the necessity which existed for those judicial reforms which he instituted. He framed sixty-six laws, the majority of whom were founded upon the Mosaic code; and for the better administration of justice, and the suppression of crime, he divided England into counties, which were again subdivided into hundreds and tythings. Under those divisions the people were arranged, and every person was required to connect himself with one of those divisions. The inhabitants of a tything were bound to preserve peace amongst themselves, and to bring every offender to justice; but should one escape, they incurred a general fine; thus the escape of an offender became a very rare occurrence, and crime was in consequence greatly checked. As a proof of the efficacy of this system of policy, golden bracelets are said to have been hung up in the public roads, and no one would dare touch them, from the certainty of being detected and punished,—an experiment which very few, I apprehend, would like to try in the present day.

Alfred has been charged with cruelty, for having executed a number of judges for disregarding the law in their judicial duties; but when we come to consider the unsettled state of society then, and the character of the people whom he had to deal with, we must justify what may at first sight have the appearance of unnecessary severity. And we shall do this the more readily when we find that his object in all of these instances was to make the judge circumspect in his judgment—to make him careful of the lives of his subjects, and to prevent unnecessary severity. One of them he hanged for condemning a man to death without the presence and assent of all the jurors; and another, because he adjudged a man whose guilt was doubted; and on this occasion, Alfred uttered one of the brightest features of British law; for, said he, "when a doubt arises, we ought rather to *save* than condemn."

The love of justice was, indeed, one of the predominant features of his character; and his ear was ever open to the complaints of the oppressed. He instituted likewise an Appeal Court, where

every complainant had the means of redress; and here again he gave not only the precept but the example also, for he was always a patient and an honest arbiter upon every question which came before him, and this chiefly for the poorer classes, who generally received from the other courts more law than justice.

If the merits of Alfred rested solely upon the judicial reforms which he introduced, they are sufficient to claim for him the lasting gratitude of posterity. Not having, ourselves, felt the miseries which arbitrary laws create, we can form but a faint idea of the boon which he conferred on his people by his legislative measures.

His visits to Rome in his youth had, undoubtedly, been attended with many advantages. That once "mistress of the world," although then disrobed of much of her former splendor, retained sufficient of the majestic grandeur of her buildings to have impressed on his mind a striking contrast to the mud huts of his Saxon countrymen. He had seen the stately Pantheon and the Forum, and though he couldn't carry their splendor to England, yet he was determined to carry their comforts there. As in the case of his scholars, he was forced to look abroad for workmen capable of carrying this design into practice; and having obtained some, he caused a number of buildings to be erected after his own designs, of a style and magnitude superior to any ever before reared on the shores of England.

Sea affairs and geography also occupied a considerable portion of his attention. Travellers and navigators were frequently invited to his court; from them he obtained descriptions of the countries which they had explored, or which were little known. In the translation which he made of the historical work of Orosius, he has added a great deal of geographical information, especially regarding Germany. His embassy to India at that time could only have been planned by a mind possessing a very uncommon amount of that branch of knowledge. But how little could he have imagined, even in the loftiest flight of his imagination, that that luxurious country, which he was ordering a few gems and spices, would one day become a dependency, or that England's Flag would ever wave over her lofty mountains and her fertile plains.

We have contemplated Alfred in the camp, in the halls of justice, and in his public conduct—we have viewed him as a student, as a man of letters, and as a prince; let us now proceed to look on him as he is displayed to us in his private character. He is there distinguished by his noble bearing, judgment, kindness, and

care which marked him in his public life. As a parent, he was every thing that a parent should be. He had his family instructed in all the learning which his labours had brought to the country—he watched over them with the fondest eye, and he benefitted them by the wisdom of his counsel. He enjoyed, too, for this paternal care a luxury which every parent can appreciate, but which few, perhaps, enjoy—he saw a family surrounding him, dutiful and affectionate, whose company and attention were a constant source of solace to him in his old age.

Like all men, he possessed the passions and frailties of mortality; but to check their growth, and to subdue their degrading tendencies, he had frequent resource to the never-failing aid of religion. Asser mentions, says Mr. Turner, that he used to get up at the first dawn of day, and hurry away privately to church; there he would pour forth his troubles and desires—there he would seek from the Giver of all Good that moral power which He alone can bestow.

His wealth, instead of being hoarded up or squandered among the members of his family, he devoted, with his time and talents, to carry out the interests of his country. He divided his revenue into two portions, which were again subdivided each for a particular object. A sixth of one of those portions was set apart for his warriors and attendants, another to his workmen and architects; another sixth he appropriated to foreigners of learning who waited upon him, each according to his worthiness and need.

One fourth of the other half of his income he devoted to the poor, and a similar portion was given for the maintenance of two monasteries he had built; an eighth was for the schools he had founded; another eighth among the different monasteries in his country; and whenever his means permitted, he extended his munificence to those of Wales, Cornwall, Ireland, Bretagne, and of France. He is an example for some of our wealthy men to study. Had we but a few of such Alfreds, how much would be mitigated of the miseries and want which surround us!

It may have occasioned surprise how Alfred could have possibly attended to all the duties which we have said he performed. This was the secret of his success; he performed his immense amount of labour by a scrupulous regard after time, by a strict care, that not one moment should be uselessly spent. Yes; his life furnishes a glorious example of what may be done within the short period of a man's existence, when every moment is made "to pay its worth." We are told that he divided his days into three parts: eight hours

of each were devoted to sleep, meals and exercise—eight were occupied by the affairs of Government—and the remaining eight were devoted to study and devotion. He was at first sorely puzzled about marking those divisions of time, for clocks were then unknown in England, and sun-dials in this case would be frequently useless. He at last devised a method of doing it by lighted candles of a certain size and weight, each of which was supposed to burn for a specific time; but it was found that the wind which had frequently blown through the crevices in the windows and doors of his chamber, caused the wax to burn in an irregular manner, and he therefore set about to obviate this difficulty, which resulted in his discovery of the horn lantern. It was an adherence to this rule which enabled him personally to discharge a number of duties, which would appear at first sight incredible. Let none of us then longer plead a want of time for the performance of a duty, but rather a neglect of it.

Perhaps one of the most characteristic traits which we possess of the amiability of his disposition, and the sincere regard which he had for the welfare of his subjects is in the dying words he addressed to his eldest son:—

"My son," said he, "I feel that my hour is coming—my countenance is wan—my days are almost done. I shall go to another world, and thou shalt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee (for thou art my dear child) strive to be a father and a lord to thy people. Be thou the children's father, and the widow's friend; comfort thou the poor, and shelter the weak; and with all thy might, right that which is wrong. And, son, govern thyself by law, then shall the Lord love, and God above all things shall be thy reward. Call thou upon Him to advise thee in thy need, and so He shall help thee, the better to compass that which thou would'st." (Spelman vol. I., p. 181. S. Turner, Anglo-Saxons, vol. II., p. 331.)

These are sentiments in every way worthy of the great and good man who uttered them, and a more vivid illustration of their truth cannot be shown than is presented by the history of his own reign. He died in his 52nd year, amidst the tears and blessings of a grateful people, and when his death was announced, the highest and lowliest of his subjects felt that they had lost in him a father, a friend, and a protector!

The character of this Prince has been looked upon with the most unequalled admiration by all historians; even the nine centuries which have passed since his death, have not dimmed one bright spot in his character. His glory is based upon virtue and reason, and will ever remain as a bright star of the past! In his mind

there was a rare combination of human excellence, and I hesitate to say which is most admirable—his moral power—his intellectual greatness—or the wisdom of his public conduct. In all these he was pre-eminent above all men of his time, and taking that time into consideration, we may justly say, there has been none since like him. Kings and Princes we have had since in abundance; but if we look upon them, we cannot find one of any age or country, who can be placed by his side, and every candid investigator must rise from such an examination, with this persuasion:—

"That he was the noblest of them all."

Can a Briton therefore dwell upon the character of such a man without feelings of pride and enthusiasm? When we see in him the founder of Oxford, the originator of juries, and the father of that flag which reigns supreme on the ocean, can we help feeling grateful when we consider that, in a period dark, ignorant and barbarous, he brought the blessings of civilization and knowledge? At a time when learning was uncared for—when the means of instruction were almost lost—when the intellect was a thing almost unknown—he *alone* removed all those barriers to human progress, and infused every element which constitutes national greatness! He taught them to build better houses; he re-built and founded many towns; he established schools; he brought from all parts of Europe, men of eminence and learning; he translated books for them; he improved their laws; he granted them liberties which they never before enjoyed; he reared for them a powerful fleet; he built towers and castles for defence; he drove from the country a fierce and barbarous foe; and our admiration of this great man is increased beyond measure, when we recollect that all those prodigious labours, which he personally performed in the court and camp, in his study and in the hall of justice, was under the excruciating pain of a disease which hurried him to the grave.

Thus his life and actions show that, although haunted by a dreadful malady, nothing could suppress his vigorous and unextinguishable genius! Though environed with difficulties which would have shipwrecked any other man, he steered safely through them all. Nothing daunted him in his glorious path, for virtue gave him courage to withstand every obstacle, and justice sanctioned all his victories. With more right than Bayard may he claim the honor of having been "*Sans peur et sans reproche!*"

Nor let us, in admiring his genius, be forgetful of the lessons which his character affords us. Let us never plead a want of time, when we see how much he made of it; let us never waste it, while

we see its value, in its proper use. Let his life teach us that wealth and power are given to us for the benefit of those who are in need, and that the noblest duty of man is in improving the condition, and in alleviating the wants of his fellow creatures. In a word, let the moral and intellectual character of Alfred the Great inspire every one with a spirit of emulation, that they may, like him, in benefitting their race, create a noble fame for posterity, and a reward in Heaven.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

THE ORIGIN OF NATIONS.

BY R.

BEIDES the "Sacred Record," we have the traditions of nations, their monuments, their fables, and their histories, to instruct us in the consideration of their origin. Ancient History is divided into three epochs; and the barbarian world is divided into three divisions, for the better classification of mankind. By drawing two lines, the one from the peninsula of Crimea to the mouth of the Dwina, and the other from the mouth of the Don to that of the Oby, we have these divisions. In the centre one were the middle barbarians; in the one to the east the barbarians of Asia; and to the west the barbarians of Europe. The barbarians of Europe, or Germans, were remarkable for the beauty of their persons, the fairness of their complexions, and the length of their hair. Among a variety of different dialects, they had one common language, the Teutonic. They subsisted by hunting, lived in huts, were averse to change of abode, were close habits, married only one wife, and their principal military force lay in infantry.

The barbarians of Asia, or Tartars, were characterized by the deformity of their persons, and darkness of their complexion; the Slavonic tongue was the common mother of all their dialects. They were a pastoral people, and wandered with their flocks, encamping under moveable tents; they wore flowing garments, married many wives, and their military force consisted chiefly in cavalry.

The middle barbarians, or Scythians and Sarmatians, united the colour and forms of the barbarians of Europe, to the customs and language of the barbarians of Asia, or served rather as an intermediate connection between those two species.

Under the first head are composed, the Franks, the Allemani, the Goths, subdivided into Visigoths, Ostrogoths and Gepidæ; the Lombards, the Burgundians, the Vandals, the Suevi, the Heruli, the Quades, the Marcomani, the Angli, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans.

Under the second head are the Huns, the Alans, the Avari, the Hungarians, the Turks; and to the south, the Saracens.

And under the third head are comprised the Venedi, the Bulgarians, the Bosnians, the Serbians, the Wallachians, the Croatsians, the Poles and the Russians.

Of those under the first head, the Franks originally dwelt by the Rhine and Weser, also the Allemani; the Goths to the south of Sweden, the Lombards, Burgundians, Vandals, and Suevi by the Baltic, the Anglo Saxons by the Elbe, and the Danes and Normans by the coasts of the Northern Seas.

Of those under the second head, the Huns originally dwelt along the North of China, until gong out, they overturned the monarchy of the Goths, and established an immense empire from the Danube to the Baltic, and from the Rhine to the Eastern Ocean; the Alans who dwelt by the Caspian, the Hungarians by the Volga, and the Saracens who inhabited Arabia.

Of those under the third head or division, the Venedi originally dwelt by the eastern shores of the Baltic; the Bulgarians were a Scythian emigration who founded a kingdom by the Danube; the Bosnians, Wallachians and Croatsians, were tribes of Bulgarians; the Russians inhabited the most northern parts of Europe.

But before treating of the several nations into which all these various tribes or races were finally resolved, if we trace from their origin to their downfall the ancient and civilized kingdoms, the first in chronological order is the Assyrian, the second the Egyptian, the third the Chinese, and the last the Indian. The Assyrian Empire was founded by Nimrod during the uncertain times, or first epoch of Profane History, that is about the beginning of the second century after the deluge, or two thousand three hundred and thirty-three years before Christ—and fell during the reign of Sardanapalus, after lasting upwards of thirteen hundred and fifty years. Nimrod found the scattered descendants of Noah who remained between the Tigris and Euphrates after the confusion of languages, and the consequent dispersion of the human family from Babylon or Babel into one state, and made Babylon the seat of empire. The name Assyrian is derived from Assur, the son of Shem, who was brought under subjection by Nimrod. Ninus, the son of Nimrod, and in honor of whom the city of Nineveh was founded and named by his father, enlarged the conquests which he inherited. He organized an army, received succours from his neighbours, the Arabians; and in the short space of seventeen years, conquered a vast extent of country from Egypt as far as

India and Bactriani. After completing the city of Nineveh, (a city of sixty miles in circumference, of walls one hundred feet high, and of such thickness that three chariots might go abreast upon them, fortified and adorned with fifteen hundred towers, two hundred feet high,) he resumed his expedition against the Bactrians. And it was upon this occasion that a lady of Ascalon, in Syria, the wife of one of his officers, rendered herself conspicuous for the first time, by designing the siege which placed the capital of the Bactrians in his hands.

This lady became the wife of Ninus in consequence, and afterwards established for herself an enduring glory as Semiramis. The magnificence and grandeur of Babylon were due to the genius and taste of this illustrious queen, according to historians; but it is difficult to believe, of a time so near the Deluge, the things related of her and her husband.

Plato, in his Commonwealth, wherein he maintains that women should be admitted to an equal share in all public affairs, is thought to have taken the fame and actions of Semiramis for his guide. And in this, the maxims of modesty and decency which virtues are the principal ornaments of the sex, do not seem to have had their weight with Plato. Not so, however, with Aristotle, and Xenophon, who perceived in the weak and delicate constitution, the natural softness and modest timidity of woman, her proper offices and functions.

The fall of this empire happened thus:—Arbaces, Governor of Media, having found means to enter the palace of Sardanapalus, discovered him in the midst of an infamous seraglio, and more soft and effeminate than the women themselves, immediately formed a conspiracy against him. Belesis, Governor of Babylon, and several others, entered into it. And the result was, that three considerable kingdoms were formed out of the ruins of the first Assyrian empire: viz. those of the Medes, the Babylonians, and Ninivites. The second Assyrian empire lasted only two hundred and ten years, when Cyrus, a prince of Persia, established the Persian in its stead. The Persians did not amount to more than one hundred and twenty thousand men, and therefore occupied but a small province, when they gave their name to an empire, extending from the Indus to the Tigris, and from the Caspian to the ocean; but their morality and manners, their education and exercises, pointed to this destiny; and Cyrus, whose virtues as far outshone, as his station exalted him above all others, was well worthy to realize it. He commenced his military career, as the ally of his uncle Cyaxares, king of the Medes, in a war between himself and the

king of Babylon. His first essay in arms was against the king of Armenia, a vassal to the Medes, who perceiving in the impending struggle, an opportunity for throwing off the yoke, refused to pay the ordinary tribute to Cyaxares. Having chastised and forgiven the Armenian king, he returned, loaded with blessings and treasures. and with a large increase to his force, of Armenians and Chaldeans, to rejoin his uncle in Media. After this he commanded the united forces in the field, against the Assyrians and their allies, and having defeated them, penetrated the enemy's country, in order to draw off allies, and to make dispositions and preparations for besieging Babylon. He then returned to Media, and there, in council with Cyaxares, and the officers of his army, it was resolved to continue the war; accordingly another battle was fought between Cyrus and Croesus, the famous battle of Hymbria, which divided the empire of Asia between the Assyrians of Babylon and the Persians. In this battle, Cyrus defeated the Lydian king, who, as Generalissimo, commanded the Assyrians and their allies, pursued him to his capital, and after taking both, reduced all the nations from the Ægean sea to the Euphrates, subdued Syria and Arabia, and finally marched against Babylon, the only city of the East that now stood out against him. Then fell the proud, the cruel and sacrilegious capital of Assyria, before the wrath of God, and the arms of Cyrus, who, after diverting the waters of the Euphrates from its course, by means of canals, entered the city in the night through the bed of the river, while Belshazzar the king, and the entire city were keeping a festival by feasting, debauch and blasphemy.

We shall next speak of Egypt.

MY MARY.

BY E.

When alone and deserted, and friends were afar,
And each light of my bosom lay veiled in eclipse;
As the ray which the captive oft greets through the bar,
She came with the sun-beam of hope on her lips.

Her accents were timid, yet tender and sweet,
As the echoes which music leaves ling'ring along;
When borne by the zephyrs, it seeks some retreat,
To hush in its bosom the spirit of song.

And oh! in a world such as this, to behold,
Like a stray seraph wand ring beneath her own spheres,
My own ideal of beauty, and all that we're told,
Ere hallowed the brow of an angel in tears.

I loved, I adored! but that worship which starts,
In bliss from the soul when its idol is near,
Still holds in the awe which devotion imparts,
The love which is subject, my Mary, to fear.

THE OLD CHURCH.

BY EDITH.

In my younger days it was my lot to dwell for a brief space in the Old Dominion, and among the pleasantest of my remembrances of the olden times are those which cluster around it. Pleasant they are, but sad, for they come over me like a long lost strain of music, yet I love to dwell on them, and will attempt even now to recall for you a few of them.

Most of those about me were kind, very kind,—yet the exile's heart will know some lonely moments, and, oppressed by thoughts of home and its attractions, I was sitting with my head upon my hand completely absorbed, when a tap at my door aroused me, and the round flat face of Miss D. presented itself:

“Will you take a walk with me to the old church?” she said.

I hesitated, for I had recently learned that the kindness she had seemed to shew me was feigned, and while I would not stoop to expostulate or quarrel with her, I shrank from the very sound of her voice. I looked out of the window, however, and the opposite meadow was bathed in the delicious glow of the Indian summer. The weather was tempting; I longed to see the ruin; and soon trying on my bonnet, I joined my companion. We threaded the busy streets; passed the huge tobacco warehouses; and—abomination of all abominations—the gaol where the slave traders confine their victims before shipping for a southern market; and then crossing a small stream, turned upon its other side, and we were in “Old Town.” It would appear that the first settlers of the place had pitched their tents on the spot where we then stood, and had there built their sanctuary; but finding that the grave-yard soon contained more of the congregation than the church itself, or attracted by the hope of commercial advantages from the river on the other side of the creek, they removed to the site of the present city. Two large mansions yet remained to testify to the style which they had assumed, but how lonely and drear they seemed! The box pressed had grown to the size of trees—the

less hardy ornamental shrubs had disappeared; the gardens were neglected; the walks o'ergrown with grass:—

“Only some rose yet lingering bright,
Beside the casement lone,
Told where the spirit of delight
Had dwelt—but now was gone.”

All was deserted and still—but no; I had forgotten the feathered race. The bright winged oriole and the merry mocking-bird had in spring time built their nests in the tall trees, and their rich music even now contrasted strongly with the moan of the wind among the old boughs. Life is full of such contrasts. The sun sheds its warm rays upon the cold rock—the rich blue of the gentian decorates the Alpine snows, and the green mistletoe bedecks the gnarled and barren oak amid the frost of winter.

And now we ascended the hill and reached the object of our search. Before us was an edifice of humble dimensions, surrounded with a triple wall of brick; which reminded me of good old Rollin's description of Ecbatana.

“What can be the object of this?” said my matter-of-fact companion.

“A defence against the Indians,” was my laughing reply, and we entered the gate, passed up the path, and stood before the building. To those who have travelled in foreign lands, it may seem ridiculous that I was affected by the antiquity of the place. They who have trod the aisles of cathedrals which have echoed the tread of warriors long since returned to dust; who have stood upon fields where the fate of nations was decided—who have drank of “Siloam's brook” and bathed in Jordan's flood, will deem me foolish; but I cannot help it.

The bricks which composed the structure were brought from England. How joyfully were they unladen, and with what pleasure did the emigrant watch the rise of these walls! Some,—for even in those days there were Puseyites,—some perchance, mourned that the figure of the cross was not better preserved in the outline of the

church. But thither the husband and wife strolled together in the cool of evening, while he pointed out to her how the door in the wing would afford a refreshing breeze; and she, poor thing, almost knelt to kiss the marble tiles which had come from the land of her fathers. The roystering cavaliers had repressed their oaths as they drew near the hallowed spot, and gradually as the condition of the colony had improved, and the moral tone had become elevated, the reverence had become, not affected, but real; and here—"Many sons had been born unto glory." Even Washington himself had trodden these paths, and had sat with up-turned gaze fixed on the preacher. Thither had come the merry bridal and the more chastened baptismal party; and here for two hundred years had those who had departed this life been laid to rest.

I gazed around me. Some of the arched windows were quite open, in others the glass only was gone, and the creepers had compassionately draped the clattering casement with its rich foliage. The pews had all disappeared. Some of the pavement of the aisles yet remained, and also a little of the pulpit, and on the wall behind it might be traced the remains of the Lord's Prayer and the Decalogue. In one corner stood a bier, and beside it were the spade, the mattock, the cords—the paraphernalia of the grave!

I turned, and passing through the southern door, entered the church-yard. There I soon discovered the cause of the three walls. As the first-formed enclosure had been filled, another had been made. Death had stored the second also, and a larger piece of ground had been then appropriated. It was not without interest that I read the inscriptions upon the monuments, which affection had erected. Would that I could recall some of them, but they have faded from memory's page. Beneath the shadow of the sacred edifice lay those whose carefully recorded birth-place in the "Old Country" shewed them to be of the earlier colonists. In the second yard substantial brick walls enclosed each lot, many of them completely hidden by a vine which I had never seen before. I attempted immediately to gather some of it, but it retained its hold upon the wall so firmly that I almost feared bricks and mortar would come with it. Instantly a thought crossed my mind, and turning to my companion, I exclaimed:

"Look, Miss D——, 'clung as the ivy clings'—this is ivy, is it not?"

"Yes it is, Miss Walcott. It is very common here."
My enthusiasm was suddenly congealed, or at least driven back into my own breast, and

gathering an arm full of the dear old plant, which I greeted as a long-sought friend, I turned my face homewards.

And now was a scene of surpassing beauty spread before my eyes. We were on a hill, which at a little distance sloped down, forming one side of a ravine, over the opposite bank of which, and on its southern declivity, stood the not very pretty city of P——. But a southern town must look well even with no handsome public buildings, for its white houses are buried in shrubbery; and the taller trees, which stand like sentries, are covered with roses trained upon them, which must be seen to be appreciated. Now, however, the roses were gone. It was autumn. But no cold blast chilled us. The air was soft and balmy. The dark pine groves in the country around looked still darker in the strong sunlight. The other trees had put on their gayest livery, and that rich crimson and golden light was bathing all in those tints which like the music of the dying swan, or the hues of the expiring dolphin, speak of decay, and tell us that the glad days of summer have faded away. We sat down upon the broken wall, and waited for the sunset. It came at last. How entrancing was the sight:—

"As the dying flame of day,
Through the chancel shot its way,"

the ivy leaves sent it flecked to the pavement, the old church seemed filled with glory, while the Ten Commandments, or rather that which remained of them, was blazing with effulgence; and reminded me of the manner in which the radiance of Heaven often streams in upon the soul as its earthly tabernacle is falling to decay*, illuminating God's Holy Law, and bringing it before the soul in its native majesty. Blessed be God that the same ray also gilds the cross, and that when awed by the grandeur of Sinai, the calm radiance of Calvary attracts the eye, and the departing spirit finds there its rest, and with the shout of triumph on its lips; springs upward.

But the short twilight was rapidly coming on, and retracing our steps, we were soon again amid the haunts of the successors of those whose place of repose we had just left. All were busy. Each was pursuing his course as if a few more days would not see him too laid to rest in the solitude of the Old Church-yard.

* The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks which time hath made.'

THOUGHTS ON REVOLUTIONS.

BY W. W.

I HAVE often heard the effects of the French Revolution compared with those of the American: But I can see no comparison. Different were the motives, different the results; and as far apart as the north pole from the south, were the characters they brought forth. In France, Paris was the main-spring of the nation, and Paris itself was governed by a mob, and that mob was directed by a succession of men, each of whom plunged deeper than his predecessors into the stream of iniquity; first came Mirabeau, the man of the old régime, by turns the courtier, the noble, the idol of the people, the tool of the king, the sensualist, and the traitor—then Danton, the bold ruffian,—after him Marat, the cowardly villain,—and last on the list came Robespierre, the hypocritical, dastardly murderer. Their only excellence was their great disparity, and after each in his turn has passed away, one still more blood-thirsty, more cruel, more fiend-like, rose to take his place; the greater part of these men, with but small talent, all without virtue, steeped in vice; they passed away, and all their labours, all their efforts to aggrandize themselves, were taken advantage of by one who entered on the stage as the last of them left it, who, possessing perhaps, not the talent of some, yet knew better the defects and failings of the French nation. From their ashes rose Napoleon Bonaparte, a man who, for his unexampled fortune, his great address, and his knowledge of human nature, stands unrivalled in the history of the world—a man who, risen from the dregs of the people, still ruled a nation, of which he was not a member, a nation exulting in its own nationality; and who, guided solely by his ambition, elevated solely by his own efforts, saw the crowned heads of Europe bow at the throne of the adventurer of Corsica, and who attained the highest pinnacle of earthly glory, but to die a prisoner, with hardly a friend to soothe his dying agony, on a barren isle of the Atlantic. What a host of reflections arise, on considering his career! May he not be considered as a man sent abroad into the world, by the Almighty, as a punishment for his fellow men? His star rose on a scene of sin, misery and woe; it set on a scene of desolation and sorrow; the wailing of women and children sounded his triumphs abroad in the world, till, subdued by years, they faintly sounded his requiem. Millions of men were slaughtered on the field of battle solely for his ambition—it was his curse; he was intoxicated

with glory, and fancied he was invincible. He died an exile, but he will be long remembered as one of the most fortunate, the most ambitious men heard of in the annals of history.

In this revolution, mark the contrast presented by the American—there no paltry ruling of a whole nation by one city or one state, but a rising of the whole people of a vast country, animated by a sense of grievous wrong. No selfish desire, no mean ambition was there, nought but the purest spirit of patriotism, and a determination to resist the attempts of an erring and imbecile administration, to abridge those liberties consecrated by the blood of their forefathers, and handed down intact as a birth-right from generation to generation. And who was the main-spring, the supporter of the Americans, in this the most glorious struggle for liberty ever entered into by man?—who cheered them and led them on in their first struggles against the exercise of an arbitrary power by the rulers of a nation of ten times their strength? He was one who, possessing most of the virtues of the great heroes of antiquity, and without their vices, dared to brave the vengeance of an exasperated nation—had the patriotism to desert friends, fortune, home, and offer all a sacrifice at the shrine of liberty. And such a one was Washington. Did not his after career display in full light the noble self-denying character his first efforts had shadowed forth? Did not he, when in possession of the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, at the head of a victorious army, flushed with conquest, idolizing their commander, waiting but for his word, his approbation, to elevate him to the throne over the people whose liberties he had preserved from perishing—refuse the crown, then within his grasp; content with having achieved the noblest triumph ever essayed by man—and retire without a murmur to that obscurity which he had deserted for his country, at his country's call, to live and die a simple citizen.

And who for one moment will compare Napoleon with him? the one a slave of the greatest of vices—ambitious, unscrupulous, daring—a traitor who had raised a throne on the tombs of his fellow-men—whose glory rose as a mist from the oceans of gore he had shed—to him who, the man of virtue, the patriot, the true noble—was content to reign only in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, there to remain so long as America is a continent, and so long as virtue is cherished by men.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE age of Louis XV. was a bad age; a king without power, a nobility without dignity, a clergy without virtue; the loose manners of the regency mixed with the gothic prejudices of the middle ages; all the feudal race in embroidered coats; princes, dukes, marquises, gentlemen, making an art of corruption, and a merit of debauchery; noble by the grace of God, philosophers by the grace of Diderot; empty, foolish creatures, aspiring to profound thoughts, and taking refuge in incredulity, on the faith of the facetiæ of Voltaire or of a tale of Voisenon! Such was the age in which Rousseau appeared.

Below this gilded troop there was a people which looked on, amused with this grand spectacle, the actors of which, stripped all at once of their coat of mail, and of their feudal appurtenances, began to appear a less pure and formidable race. Bowed down beneath the weight of their long servitude, the people had remained barbarous in the midst of civilization, ignorant in the midst of science, miserable in the midst of riches; they had been instructed neither in their rights nor in their duties, and they suddenly found themselves face to face with their masters, like a lion before his prey, free in his strength and in his ferocity.

And what did power oppose to these imminent perils? Where was the legislation which should protect the citizens, and the evangelical worship which was to reform the manners? Power apprehended nothing, it went on as before, without thinking of the future; employing the Bastille to control the nobility, the Sorbonne to control the philosophers, and having neither strength to modify laws, which had remained barbarous amidst the progress of the age, nor yet to awaken the clergy, stupidly occupied with the miracles of St. Paris in the company of the encyclopedists.

One man, one man alone, at this juncture, thought of the future destinies of the country; and this man was not even a Frenchman, he was the son of a poor watchmaker of Geneva, named Rousseau. Struck with the universal disorganization, he conceived one of those lucid ideas which are attached, by imperceptible threads, the destinies of humanity. His aim was to give citizens to the country, while he appeared only to think of giving mothers to our children! The mother's milk shall be the milk of liberty! Conceiving the regeneration of France beneath the veil of an isolated education, he removes his pupil from the falsehood of public education: in this place, so vast, in which one saw merely the child

and its tutor, the genius of Rousseau comprised all that might constitute a great people; he knew that ideas of individual liberty do not fail speedily to become ideas of national liberty. While educating a man, he thought of forming a nation.

And what would be the means of this great revolution? Amidst so much vileness, who would dare to animate souls with the sacred love of truth? There is in the heart of woman a something of republicanism which incites her to heroism and self-sacrifice; and it is there that Rousseau looks for support: it is there, also, that he finds the power. He does not come as a severe moralist to impose sad and important duties: it is a family *fête* which he convokes, it is a mother which he presents to the adoration of the world, seated near the cradle, a beautiful child lying on her bosom, her countenance beaming with joy, beneath the tender looks of her husband.

Thus was the family to be regenerated, and by means of the family the nation. Thus woman worked, without knowing it, a universal regeneration. Rousseau had enlisted them on his side, without placing them in his confidence; and while Europe thought that it only owed to him the happiness of the children, and the virtue of the mothers, he had laid the foundation of the liberty of the human race.

Such was the influence of Rousseau on woman, and of the latter on the nation. All that he expected from women he obtained; they were wives and mothers. One step more, and by entrusting them with the moral education, as much as he had entrusted them with the physical education, of their children, he would have made of maternal love the most powerful promoter of the interests of humanity. Unfortunately he stopped short. He who, speaking of women, had so well observed, "What great things might be done with this lever," dared not to propose to them any thing great; he only left to their tenderness the management of early childhood, and thought their mission accomplished.

Something, then, remains to be done after Rousseau; the impulsion which he gave to moral studies wanted force, because it wanted an agent which we must not seek, among the learned and philosophers, but in the very bosom of the family. Men only educate those who have gold; one may buy a tutor, Nature is more munificent, she gives one to each child. Leave, then, the child under the protection of its mother; it is not without design that Nature has confided it at its birth to the only love which is always faithful, to the only devotedness which terminates but with life.

ROMANCE—"COME LOVE TO ME."

H. H. Bishop.

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

Molto Sostenuto.

*Andantino
Espressivo.*

Oh! sweet - ly, Oh! sweet-ly the

f *mf*

noon - day end - ing, Even - ing now send - ing

shades o'er the Sea, 'Neath my

Pia. *mf* for *mf*

ROMANCE—"COME LOVE TO ME."

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win - dow I would hear thee, Sing - ing

near me, "Come love to me."

SECOND VERSE.

Oh! fleetly, more fleetly,
 The night star is weeping,
 All are now sleeping,
 O'er wave and lee,
 From the mountain I hear thee,
 Singing near me, "Come love to me."

THIRD VERSE.

Oh! darker and darker
 The night is growing,
 Deeper throwing
 Shades soon to flee—
 Now I see thee, now I hear thee,
 Singing near me, "I come to thee."

OUR TABLE.

THE FRENCH TENURE OF "FRANC ALEU ROTURIER."*

WE have received a pamphlet on the above subject, written by Robert Abraham, Esq., formerly editor of the *Montreal Gazette*, and now a member of the Bar in this city. Into the legal merits of the work we cannot be expected to enter; but even those who are no lawyers will find in it much interesting detail relative to the tenure of land in Lower Canada. Mr. Abraham's principal object is "to explain the nature of the tenure of Freehold or *Franc Aleu*, for the information of the British inhabitants of the Province;" and the conclusion at which he arrives may be gathered from the following paragraph:—

"I know that it is a great evil, particularly in countries where the feudal system prevails in a rude and oppressive form, to have all the land monopolized by great proprietors. But the reverse of wrong is not always right; and I think it almost as great an evil to have no landed gentry at all, and nothing whatever to stimulate the people by example, and elevate their views above the dead level of their own condition. Chantillys and Chataworts would be misplaced here; but I do not think it is at all a matter of congratulation, or of benefit to any body, that one may travel twenty miles, in any direction, among the Canadian concessions, without seeing what in England would be called a 'gentleman's house,' that is, a house in which a person could live comfortably who was spending five hundred pounds a year. 'A bold peasantry' may be as effectually destroyed by reducing them to pauperism and depriving them of all the benefits of the example and instruction of a better class as by making them tenant farmers; and 'adding acre to acre' is not more mischievous than the indefinite division of acres, without reference to the productiveness of the land, and the entire torpor of the faculties of its inhabitants.

"While, therefore, I venture to assure my countrymen of British birth or descent, that *franc aleu roturier* is a very good tenure, a freehold of the best kind, and that I think the French mode of burthening and conveying land is better and simpler than ours, I exhort them, after careful observation of the working of the principle of partition in this country, to adhere rigidly to their own laws and customs as relates to dower and inheritance, and to resist every attempt, should any be made, to invade them."

We have to congratulate Mr. Abraham on the talent and ability displayed in this more strictly professional exhibition of that legal acumen, which had so often been remarked during the course of his editorial career.

* Some remarks upon the French Tenure of "Franc Aleu Roturier," and its relation to the Feudal and other Tenures.—By Robert Abraham.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY AND EXPERIENCE OF DAVID COPPERFIELD, THE YOUNGER.*

ANOTHER of the serial works of 'Boz' is sure to be received with pleasure by all who have made themselves familiar with his pleasant writings. The first number only has reached us, and it would therefore be premature to speak largely of it, or to give an opinion on its merits. We cannot, however, pass it over without notice, if it were only to draw attention to the fact that it has been received by the booksellers here, and is now for sale. A short extract, descriptive of "Our Pew at Church," with the reflections of the young hero, will give an idea of the character it is intended that he shall bear:—

"Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our horse can be seen—and is seen many times during the morning's service by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of him wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what can I do? It's a dreadful thing to gaze, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and he makes faces at me. I look at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come into the church, I feel that if I looked at him much longer I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then! I look up at the monumental tables on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when afflicted sore, long time, Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain, and if so how he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit, and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up, and from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty."

We observe by late English papers, that another number is on the eve of publication, which may be expected here in the course of a few days.

* The Personal History and Experience of David Copperfield, the Younger, by Charles Dickens—Illustrated by H. K. Browne—Sold by R. & C. Chalmers, Montreal.