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(ORIGINAL.)

ST. MARGARET'S MINSTER.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

"The organ has pealed thro' those roofless aisles,
And priests have knelt to pray,
At the altar where now the daisy smiles
O'er their silent beds of clay."

Mrs. Moodie.

SURELY there is something beyond mere association of ideas in the feelings with which, for the first time, we look on the ivy-mantled crumbling relics of by-gone days—something that is independent of historical recollections, for the interest springs up simultaneously with the sight of the object, before the mind has had time to compare the former splendour with the present decay, or to ask of itself, who reared this stately pile—in whose days did it flourish?

The very form of an arch presents a harmony to the eye; the pillared aisle and vaulted roof are objects that raise and elevate the mind. The Phrenologist would tell you of our innate perceptions of form, colour, size, ideality, comparison, being excited and acted upon by the outward objects; and though not a direct disciple of this new school of metaphysics, I must own I am tempted to think their theory right in this respect, for the natural reason, it coincides with my own opinion. But to my tale.

In an obscure parish, in a picturesque part of Suffolk, there stands an ancient ruin, commonly known by the name of St. Margaret's Minster, or, for brevity, simply called The Minster—apparently from its situation a chapel to the adjacent abbey, that looks down in melancholy grandeur on the low rich vale of intervening pasture-land.

Topographers, who have dwelt largely on objects of less importance in the antiquities of the country, have yet passed by in silence the venerable abbey, with its massy towers, its buttressed walls, and moated grounds—neither has the less attractive ruin, the "Minster lone and gray," claimed their attention. Local tradition, however, has not been silent, and affixes a date of great antiquity to the latter building, and an importance that claims the interest of the lover of antiquarian research.

"St. Margaret's Minster," saith a venerable but living chronicler, (mine ancient friend,) "was once

a Saxon temple—but was consecrated to the service of the true God by Sigebert, King of the East Angles, after his conversion from the blind darkness of paganism to the light of Christianity, by Felix, that solid follower of his Lord."

For some years, probably a century, the Minster had the honour of being dignified as the Cathedral Church; a portion of the Abbey is yet called the Bishop's Palace. I have stood within its massive walls, the thickness of which seem to bid defiance to that too sure destroyer—Time.

The city of Norwich soon after became the See of the East Anglian Bishops, and Herbert, after endowing several ecclesiastical buildings in the immediate vicinity of St. Margaret's, consigned its walls to a holy abbot and his monks. For many centuries it used to be a rendezvous for pilgrims, when journeying to the famous shrine of our "Lady of Walsingham." Not many years ago, on removing some stones and rubbish at the entrance porch, an iron box was discovered, containing—neither silver nor gold—but a vast number of brass and copper coins of the smallest value, known by antiquarians by the name of "pilgrims' tokens." These humble alms were deposited in the almoner's box, on departing, with a prayer and blessing on the good monks. Among these relics was one small coin of silver, through a hole in which was passed a silver braid—perhaps a love token, or, as my old friend gravely observed, the gift of some holy hermit or saint to the pilgrim, who had deposited it as a gift of gratitude or charity. Gladly would I have craved the relic, but I forbore—for it seemed sacred in the eyes of its venerable possessor, himself a man of four score years and ten, and meet to have been the Bishop of St. Margaret's. The very sight of Gerrard Norman carried you insensibly back to former ages. I never looked upon his like before; I shall never look upon it again—he is of a race gone by.

After the seat of the diocese was removed to Norwich, the Minster fell into disuse, or was used only as a chapel or cell by the Monks of St. Margaret's.

So lonely is the situation of the Minster, that its very existence is scarcely noted by persons residing on the distant boundary of a not very extensive parish. The path towards its time-worn walls is rarely trodden, save by the labourer, as he goes forth at early dawn to his work, or on his homeward route towards the grey twilight of evening. In the mind of such beholder the hoary edifice excites but little feeling of interest: he pauses not to contemplate the crumbling walls and rifted windows—to reflect that the hands that reared and the head that planned its structure, are mingled with the dust beneath his feet. Its pristine grandeur and subsequent decay are alike indifferent to him; he feels no desire to become acquainted with the names and deeds of the former children of the soil,—to him they are indeed as if they never had been. Their names, their race, have been wiped from the book of memory by the grey wasting finger of time. The Minster, fast falling to decay, is their only monument.

So perishes man's name from among his fellow-men! A few only among the myriads that have existed through the tide of ages, are recorded in the page of history—the rest, where are they? Forgotten by man, but registered on high by Him who called them into being, and assigned to each his part on the great theatre of life:

“Time o'er their dust short record keeps,
Forgotten save by God.”

Such were the reflections that occurred to me, as, forcing my way through the thick underwood and branching alders that obstructed my path, I stood before the ruined Minster, which had been effectually concealed by the interposition of this leafy screen.

The building consisted simply of roofless walls, clothed with ivy, and where the ivy had been torn down by sacrilegious hands it had been replaced by a thick coating of grey and yellow lichens, long waving tufts of grass, and a peculiarly beautiful species of fern.

The arches of the windows had long since been destroyed, and the spaces that they had formerly occupied now presented only deep rifted chasms; through one of these an oak of majestic height stretched one broad spreading arm, forming an embowering covering to the otherwise roofless pile.

From its close contiguity to the building, the tree must have sprung from an acorn, the massive trunk forming a supporting buttress to the crumbling wall; many centuries must have passed over that noble tree since first it reared its slender stem beneath the hoary pile—and there it yet stood in the pride and glory of its strength, like some duteous

child supporting the tottering form of an aged parent, and silently seeming to say:

“Your walls sheltered and protected me from the rude blasts of winter, when you were in your strength, and I a weak and bending sapling. I am still in my meridian pride, and your fabric fast falling to decay. The voice of praise and prayer no longer resounds through your desolate walls. You are become a dwelling for owls, and bats, and other dolorous creatures. Deserted by men, I only am left to protect and shelter you from the wreck of time.”

Such words the silent monitor seemed to speak to my mind, as I gazed upon the solitary tree and the lonely ruin.

The interior of the Minster presented a tangled thicket of rank weeds, tall spiral nettles, docks and spreading brambles. The partition wall that had once divided the building remained almost entire; from a broken niche, which had probably once contained some rude sculptural figure of the patron saint, sprang forth an old ash tree, grey with age, while above it, rooted firmly among the disjointed stones, a younger and more vigorous tree reared its graceful boughs—parent and child, that had taken root amid decay, and revelled in the fallen fortunes of the place.

Seating myself on a heap of mouldering stones—the only remnant of what had once formed the east gable of the building, I was led insensibly to commune with my own heart, and be still.

While pursuing a melancholy but not perhaps unprofitable train of thought, my eye rested on a heap of mossy earth that bore close resemblance to a human grave.

On putting aside the rank herbage that shaded the spot, I perceived the mound had been duly sodded and bound with thorn: a few stones marked the head and foot of the grave.

Some pious hand had placed these mute memorials o'er the unconscious dead—some duteous relative or tender friend, who, in their turn, had also passed away “to the land where all things are forgotten.”

A feeling of new and peculiar interest now attached me to the spot; and it was not till the long dying thrill of the nightingale from the neighbouring bushes sang vespers, and the rising moon threw her bright light through the broken walls, casting dark shadows across the grave, beside which I stood, that I could prevail upon myself to retrace my homeward path through the deep glades of the abbey lands.

To whom could I better apply for information on the subject of the Minster's nameless grave, than to the venerable tenant of the Abbey-farm. In my occasional visits to the Abbey, I had contrived to ingratiate myself with the old man. He loved to tell old tales of former times: he had seen much,

and heard much, and read much, and though bent with the weight of ninety years, he still retained a memory unimpaired, and feelings that once must have been strong—for the impression was yet vivid. There was no trace of childishness or imbecility in Gerrard Norman; he still performed his duties, as steward for the lord of the adjoining manor, with a precision and judgment that might have belonged to one three score years his junior. I loved to listen to his ancient legends and antiquarian lore—knowledge that had been gathered through a life passing the usual life of man.

At first he evinced considerable reluctance to answer my questions respecting my discovery in the ruin. His silence or evasive answers only aroused my curiosity the more.

The furrowed brow of the old man worked, and his light blue eye was long cast on the ground in deep musing; at last he raised his head, and looked upward with a countenance expressive of much sorrow, as he replied, in a voice of solemnity not unmingled with emotion:

"'Tis a sad tale—a tale of woe and suffering—'twill give you little pleasure to hear it."

"Tell me at least the name of the person who occupies that lonely spot," I said, trusting to hear by degrees a story that appeared likely to interest me.

"I can give you no satisfactory information," replied my companion. "The birth and parentage of the poor maid who lies in the Minster grave are all unknown. Nevertheless, if you will listen with patience to an old man, I will tell you all I know of poor Margaret.

"It is now sixty years—sixty do I say—nay my child but it is full seventy years ago, since there came to our village, at the close of a dark and bitter day in January, a soldier's widow, accompanied by a young girl, apparently not exceeding the tender age of fourteen years.

"The strangers were travel-soiled, and worn with hunger and fatigue, and they sought shelter from the driving showers of snow and sleet which beat rudely on their weary frames; but no hospitable door was thrown open to them—no kind voice bade them welcome to the comforts of the wintry hearth, though they sought it for Christ's sake.

"The widow, in trembling accents, desired to be conducted to the dwelling of William and Alice Drew, if they were yet alive, declaring herself to be the widow of their only son, who had left the parish some twenty years ago. She was told that the persons she sought had long since been gathered to their kindred, and slept beneath the green sod in the church-yard of St. Margaret's, and the farm had fallen into the hands of a distant relative—one who was not likely to acknowledge the claims of the widow and orphan, if such existed.

"This intelligence, for a short time, seemed to

overpower the widow with despair. She had travelled a far and a weary way from her own land and from amidst her own people, to claim kindred with the friends of her deceased husband, and to bear his last farewell to his parents—and now she found herself in an inhospitable place, destitute and lonely, without a roof to shelter herself or her child, and she learned that a stranger held the little patrimony that should have been hers.

"But was not the right on her side? It was; and rousing all her energies, she started from the threshold of the door wherein she had cast herself in the bitterness of her soul, and hastened onward to the dwelling of Maurice Langton, the usurper of her husband's property, that she might shew him the certificate of her marriage, and prove herself the lawful widow of William Drew. But she knew little of the temper of the man she had to deal with. Maurice Langton laughed to scorn her tale of woe and distress, and roughly bade her quit his door, or his dogs should hasten her movements.

"Among the elders of the parish there were some still living that well remembered the only son of William and Alice Drew to have enlisted as a private soldier at a neighbouring village fair, to the great regret and displeasure of his parents. They would have procured a substitute, but the lad was wilful and would not be bought off, so he went away, and they were all draughted into a regiment which had orders to march northward, to quell the rebels who were rising in behalf of Charles Stuart, the Pretender, as he was called. A long year passed over, and no word from the young soldier. Battles—and bloody ones too—had been fought, and the old couple sorrowed for William as dead, when at last a letter came, and it told how the young man had deserted to the rebel army, and been taken fighting for the Prince, and but for one Mackenzie, a Highland soldier, whom he had done a kindness to, he must have been shot; but that he contrived his escape in his sister's clothes—so that he was enabled to gain a safe retreat among the wild passes of the mountains; and that, in gratitude to the lass that assisted in his preservation, he had made her his lawful wife, and hoped, should he ever return to his native village, his parents would look upon his Margaret as a daughter.

"But he never did return, but died, it was supposed, of wounds received at the battle of Culloden. It is probable that had his parents been living at the time the widow came hither, she would have found a home and resting place with the old people; but they were gone down sorrowing to the grave, and he who held the inheritance refused to give credence to the widow's tale, and forthwith sent her to the work-house as a vagrant, lest she and her child should become chargeable on the parish of St. Margaret's. Now the overseers are bound to give a trifling sum, and pass a vagrant on to

his own parish, and many and fierce lawsuits have been carried on to prove an individual's right to receive parochial relief. I have known sums expended in this way that would have kept a whole family in comfort for years. After much tedious investigation of the case, and sundry vestry meetings, between the parishioners and the Committee of the work-house, the case was decided, that, in right of her husband, Margaret Drew was entitled to parochial relief from St. Margaret's Vestry. As to her claims on Langton's ill-gotten property, that was no concern of any one's. She was poor, and desolate, and friendless, and that was sufficient to close the hearts of proud, ignorant, selfish men against her.

"A miserable cabin on the waste land of the Abbey, which formerly had been used as a lazaret or pest-house, was assigned as an asylum for the wretched woman; but the bitterest drop in her cup of gall was that the scanty provision allotted for her maintenance must be sought weekly at the hands of her direst enemy—Maurice Langton. He was at that time acting overseer and churchwarden, and fain would this wicked man have withheld the miserable pittance from his victims,—such provision as parish overseers are wont to consider adequate to the support of human necessities.

"Margaret was a woman of a haughty spirit; she had never been accustomed to ask her daily bread at the hands of oppressive men, and she writhed beneath the insults that were heaped upon her, answering scorn for scorn. Truly might she be said to mingle her bread with ashes and her drink with weeping.

"Her bitter taunts had eaten like fire into the very heart of her oppressor, and he vowed she should feel his power to its fullest extent. He knew he had *unlimited power* over her—for who was there to stand up in her behalf?—who valued a useless burdensome pauper?—And while he rendered existence a burden to her by his numberless acts of petty tyranny, he laughed at her threats and impotent revilings.

"There was no need to have added one more drop to the already overflowing cup of affliction it had been her lot to drink; yet, bowed down to the very dust with misery as she was, there were still fresh evils for her in store.

"Among the poor and ignorant of the parish, the wretched woman was regarded with superstitious dread. The singularity of her dress, her manners, her solitary habits, and strange accent, formed a distinct line of separation between her and them. She never mingled with the dwellers of the place; she had no friend, no companion, save that meek dutiful girl, the sharer of her sorrows—the young Margaret; and truly the connexion between these two forlorn ones was, and ever will remain, a matter of doubt and mystery. The general opinion was

that the elder Margaret was not her mother, though the young girl always called her by that endearing name, and fulfilled towards her more than a daughter's part; but there was a tone of respect—a devotion of manner, with which the elder female always addressed her, that seemed to infer a consciousness of the child's superiority over her. Neither could any personal likeness be traced between the two, for the widow was tall and masculine, almost exceeding woman's height; her eyes were grey and fierce, and her skin of peculiar fairness, while the young girl was pale as snow, with glossy raven hair and large lustrous dark eyes; in stature she was diminutive, cast in the most delicate mould—neither bore she the most distant likeness to any of William Drew's family.

"It was said by some that the girl had been wiled away from her own kindred by the widow. Many believed the elder Margaret was a witch, others reviled her as a Popish idolator, because she mingled not in the Sabbath congregation of our church. She was, in fact, of the religion of the old Cameronians, who deemed even our worship to savour too much of Popish ceremonies.

"Maurice Langton eagerly laid hold of the popular report, that the younger Margaret was not the widow's child, to withhold a portion of the trifle allowed for her support, declaring at the same time his intention of separating them, and forcing the girl out to some service in the parish, as an apprentice, until such time as proof of her birth could be brought forward.

"Roused like a tigress about to be bereaved of her young, the unhappy widow sprung up from the miserable pallet on which her sick and wasting form reclined, and seizing on the arm of the hard-hearted Langton, and closing her long bony fingers over it with a gripe he vainly strove to shake off, she vehemently exclaimed:

"She is mine—no power on earth shall tear her from me! These arms have borne her; this aching breast pillowed her infant head; these eyes have wept and watched for her; these hands worked for her, while strength was left them. Monster! you have robbed the widow of her rights in the land, but ye shall not rob her of her child, her only solace among many sorrows."

"Awd by the strength of her despair, the overseer withdrew, and Margaret was left to share the sorrow of her only friend.

"Not long after this the poor girl proffered her services to my father, to perform such tasks in the fields as suited her youth and strength.

"It was a sad sight to see a form so fragile labouring among the rude peasant girls, and to see hands so fair and soft soiled with those menial tasks she proudly yet quietly volunteered to perform, that she might not be burdensome to the parish for her maintenance.

"As she advanced into womanhood, her surpassing loveliness became the theme of speculation among the young men in our village; but all overtures towards gaining her regard seemed fruitless. She held no converse with any one, and shunned communion with young and old.

"There was a wildness in the flash of her dark eye, and a pride in her step and look, that made the villagers shrink back with awe. She was among them, but not of them.

"For two whole years did Margaret labour, by the work of her own hands, to support herself and contribute something towards the comfort of the wretched being that she called mother; but much, I fear, they suffered both from hunger and cold during the inclement winter, for the rude hovel had been suffered to fall into a deplorable state of dilapidation; the clay had fallen from the walls, and left bare the laths, and the wind had stripped the roof of its thatch, so that the rain and snow found entrance on all sides.

"When remonstrance was made by some less flinty hearted persons on the state of the widow's cabin, Maurice swore with an oath he wished it might fall and bury the old witch and her fiendish daughter beneath its ruins.

"Secretly he instigated the ignorant and superstitious people of the country round about to try the wretched woman as a witch, by one of those laws which the strong put in force against the weak and defenceless, and which, till even a later date than the time I speak of, were winked at by the magistrates of these eastern counties.

"It was no uncommon thing, even within the last thirty years, to have any poor, aged, friendless woman, on whom the imputation of witchcraft had been cast, dragged from her cottage hearth, and either weighed against the church bible or plunged into the nearest pond or river. In the former case, if she proved lighter than the ponderous tome, she was declared guilty, and underwent a series of personal indignities that were alone sufficient to have driven her mad; in the latter case, if she floated, she was then ducked till she confessed her crime, or died under the infliction, and little account was taken of such a termination to the life of a witch.*

"It was to undergo such a test as the latter on an inclement day in March, that the unhappy Widow Drew was hurried away to a neighbouring piece of water by a crowd of exulting spectators. Langton's eager thirst for the death of the widow, was soon gratified. She lingered only a few days after this disgraceful scene had taken place. When the parish officers came to remove the body for interment, a piteous sight presented itself. They

found Margaret seated on the cold ground, supporting the corpse upon her knees, whereon it had rested for many many hours.

"Her long loosened black hair hung over her ghastly pale but tearless face, on which the wild and fearful expression of madness was legibly imprinted.

"'Away, away!' she exclaimed, fiercely. 'You will waken her; she is not dead, she only sleeps; she told me she was going to her rest—her long, long rest, she said—and she had need of it, for she was weary of this bad world.'

"Then suddenly raising her face, and flinging back, with a gesture of impatience, her streaming locks, she looked upward, and her white lips moved as if she were holding silent converse with some unseen being near her—as, again becoming conscious of the presence of those about her, she waived them to depart. 'Let us alone,' she said; 'we have many things to say to each other.'

"'Oh!' she continued, in a tone of passionate entreaty, 'do not take her from me! Let me hold her yet a little longer, just as she held my own poor dying mother on her knees, and then I will go whithersoever you will have me.'

"'Let her alone, or you will drive her frantic,' said one compassionate voice among the crowd, 'and in a short space we will come again.' And they did so, for he that gave this advice was the son of one who was looked up to among the parishioners, and Margaret was once more left with the dead.

"She was found that evening lying across a rude grave in the ruined Minster, which she had helped to hollow for her only friend and foster parent—but reason had fled for ever from its seat, and Margaret remained a harmless but cureless maniac.

"In this state she was not suffered to want for any bodily comforts, but they came too late; her insanity evinced itself in a restless desire to roam abroad in solitary and unfrequented places.

"Often have I met her in her wanderings among the fields and woods, braiding garlands of wild flowers, with which she was wont to bind her long black hair. She seldom raised her head; her large dark eyes were always bent mournfully upon the ground, and sometimes she muttered to herself, and sometimes she sang.

"When seen in the twilight and moonlight, beneath the Minster's oak, or gliding with stately tread among the copsewood that skirts the brook in front of the old ruin, you might well have fancied her a visitant from some other world, so wild and spiritual was her look.

"At her approach children forsook their sports, and the elders trembled at encountering the wild glance of the poor crazed maiden; but chiefly was she an object of terror to Maurice Langton. 'Tis

* The county of Suffolk has always been celebrated for the number of criminals burned, or otherwise put to death, for witchcraft.

said he met her the night before his death, at the brook, in a hollow vale near the park, and thrice she gave him warning of his approaching death. He was thrown from his horse, returning from market late the next evening, and died in the horrible pangs of an evil conscience. No doubt the wrongs of the widow and the helpless lay heavy on his departing spirit. The blessing of God had not rested on his ill-gained wealth; his children came to poverty, and his name has been clean put out from the generation of his fathers.

"Margaret would sometimes absent herself from the home that had been provided for her, for days together; and when she reappeared from these long wanderings, her wasted form and hollow eye told plainly that the end of her earthly sufferings was at hand.

"At length we missed her altogether: we sought her in her favourite haunts on the heath, at the Minster, and among the ruins of the Abbey, but we found her not there; it was on the banks of a deep pool of water that occupied the centre of a secluded dell within the park; her black hair was wreathed with the chaplet of sweet flags and water-lilies, which she had gathered from the margin of the pond—but the flowers were faded round the dead maiden's brow, meet emblems of her own untimely withering.

"We bore her to the Minster, and laid her in the grave beside the ashes of her, to whom, even in madness, her soul clung.

"No stone was raised over this sad pair, save that rude heap that was placed to mark the head of the grave. But one was there, who, from the love he bore the maid, carved on the bark of the old ash that waves above her grave, the name of 'Margaret'—it was the only name he ever loved."

The voice of the aged narrator faltered, and he turned with hurried steps away. The poor crazed Margaret had been the object of Gerrard Norman's first—last—only love. For her sake he had lived a solitary life,—a singular, perhaps unexampled instance of unchanged devotion to an unconscious object of youthful unrequited attachment.

AN INDIAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

SHE wore a pair of loosely flowing trousers of crimson and gold brocade, her vest was of white muslin, bordered with a deep sunja of azure satin, and flowing from the bosom half way nearly to the knee; her hair was dressed in twenty or more plaits, and in each her attendant was weaving a single white jasmine; garlands of which flower were lying profusely around, being although somewhat overpowering to European nerves, universal favourites with the girls of Hindoostan. Her forehead, nose, neck, and arms were decked with a profusion of massy gold ornaments of fanciful workmanship, and around

her ancles and on the toes of her little feet were chains and rings of silver, her superstition not allowing her to desecrate the more precious metal to such ignoble members. The artificial black fringe to the eye, the pink tinge to the fingers and feet, were not omitted; and, though no "gems flashed on her little hand," yet the arsee, with its little circular mirror, was not wanting on her thumb, in which to gratify her vanity by admiring, or her taste in arranging, her varied charms of dress and person. At the foot of the bed lay her embroidered slippers with high red heels and curved points, and in a recess of the wall stood a small but exquisite kullian, exhaling the essence of conserve of roses, apples, and pomegranates, combined with the rarest tobacco of Persia. Near this young person lay an ample veil of rose-coloured gauze, deeply fringed with broad silver tissue, the produce of a Benares' loom, and on a smaller chappee, similar to her own, there slept under a slight frame lined with mosquito gauze, an infant babe of five weeks, carefully fanned by its attendant nurse.—*Society in India.*

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF L. E. L.

HER hair was "darkly brown," very soft and beautiful, and always tastefully arranged; her figure as before remarked, slight, but well-formed and graceful; her feet small, but her hands especially so, and faultlessly white and finely shaped; her fingers were fairy fingers; her ears, also, were observably little; her face, though not regular in "every feature," became beautiful by expression; every flash of thought, every change and colour of feeling, lightened over it as she spoke, when she spoke earnestly. The forehead was not high, but broad and full; the eyes had no overpowering brilliancy, but their clear, intellectual light penetrated by its exquisite softness; her mouth was not less marked by character, and, besides the glorious faculty of uttering the pearls and diamonds of fancy and wit, knew how to express scorn, or anger, or pride as well as it knew how to smile winningly, or to pour forth those short, quick, ringing laughs, which not excepting even her *bon mots* and aphorisms were the most delightful things that issued from it.—*Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L.*

BELIEF:

IT may be remarked that whatever we believe may be thrown into the form of a proposition; and when we say of such a proposition that we believe it, it is equivalent to saying that it appears to us to be true or probable. The expressions are exactly synonymous or convertible; for it would be a manifest contradiction to assert that we believed a proposition which did not appear true to us, or that a proposition appeared true which we did not believe.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE APOSTATE.

A POEM—BY MRS. MOODIE.

PART I.

A golden streak illumes the eastern skies,
The rosy morn re-opes her azure eyes ;
One lonely star still watches o'er the steep,
And smiles benignantly on nature's sleep ;
In earth—in air—a holy stillness reigns,
No sound is heard along the dewy plains,
Save the wind murmuring through the leafy bough,
The headlong mountain torrent's downward flow,
Whose mingled cadences, of mournful sound,
Increase the solitude that reigns around.
The sun is rising—fresher breezes shake
The summer woods, and nature's tribes awake—
Hark ! on the balmy air, what strains arise,
Like morning incense breathing to the skies ?
'Tis not the song of bird, in grove or bower,
Through the low casement of that ancient tower,
Round whose rude walls in rich luxurance twine
The crimson rose and star-eyed jessamine ;
Up to Heaven's gates the thrilling anthem floats,
And echo sighs responsive to its notes :

Thou, who to primeval night,
Spake the word, let there be light !—
And the shades of darkness fled,
As the mighty mandate sped,—
Calling into life and motion,
Formless void and slumbering ocean,
Bidding silent dust inherit,
Part of thy Almighty spirit—
By that light to mortals given,
Guide, oh guide ! my steps to heaven !

Boundless source of life and love,
Fix my wandering thoughts above,
On that world, where fear and sorrow
Never come to cloud the morrow,
And the spirits of the just,
Shaking off the veil of dust,
Drink of life, at that fair river
That flows beside thy throne for ever !

The music ceased—approaching footsteps shake
The dewy roses—“ Is my love awake ?
What up already—ere the rising sun,
Tells to the world another day begun ;
Thou would'st out-pray the stars—from morn till
even
Thy tuneful voice makes melody to heaven ;
And angels, bending from that blessed sphere,
Silence angelic harps thy strains to hear :—
My gentle saint, unbend that pious knee,
I have a heavier tale to breathe to thee.”

The young man paused—and fixed his anxious gaze,
One mournful moment on the ruddy blaze,
That flushed the glowing east, and from his eye
Dashed the bright tear, and checked the half-
breathed sigh,
As though he wished, yet feared to tell the tale,
That made his lofty brow for once so pale—
But ere his ardent heart had schooled its pride,
A graceful girl stood trembling at his side—
Never did virtue, innocence or truth,
Array in lovelier garb the form of youth,
It was not beauty but a native grace,
That gave such touching interest to her face ;
The sweet expression of a mind at rest,
With God and man, in heaven's communion bless'd,
And hope divine, that shed upon her brow
A light which seem'd from other worlds to flow.
Pale at Llewellyn's side the maiden stood,
And gazed upon him long in pensive mood,
Her hand in his he warmly press'd, nor spoke,
Till Elinor, the painful silence broke—
“ What moves thee thus—what sorrow, ill repress'd,
Fosters the canker worm within thy breast ?
No more you seek at early dawn to share,
My daily sacrifice of praise and prayer ;
Leave to the world its vanities and strife,
And trace with me the sacred page of life,
Nor let your spirit earthward droop her wings,
The immortal soul was formed for better things.”
“ These are delusive hopes,” the youth replied,
“ Oh, lay such visionary dreams aside ;
The world would laugh at thy fanatic zeal,
And ridicule the fancied joys we feel.”
“ Heed not the world,” she said, “ we were not born
To court its praises nor to dread its scorn—
What has estranged thee from thy once loved home,
What are thy views—ah ! whither would'st thou
roam ?”
She ceased—and with her slender fingers hid
The tears that trembled 'neath each snowy lid ;
Then raised her eyes imploringly, to trace
The dreaded answer in his varying face—
“ Yes, Elinor, the world has charms for me,
Charms which my gentle girl will never see ;
By fortune thrown within a narrow sphere,
I was not born to waste existence here—
A lovely glen, on Cambria's mountain shore,
May satisfy thy heart—I seek for more !”
“ I dreaded this,” the weeping girl replied—
“ Ah, what will now content thy soaring pride ?
Oh check this wild ambition in thy birth,
There is no peace, no happiness on earth—

Wilt thou go forth and break thy mother's heart,
 And cause again the widow's tears to start,
 Or raise the standard on that fatal field,
 Stained with thy father's blood, his sword to wield ?
 Oh no ! thou can'st not, cruel and unkind,
 Leave for the faithless world thy all behind !"
 With sudden start—the deep indignant glow
 Of wounded pride flushed o'er Llewellyn's brow,
 His quivering lip, and flashing eye revealing
 More than he dared express of haughty feeling ;
 But when on that fair girl his glance was thrown,
 He quelled the storm, and spake in softened tone—
 Dry up these precious tears—I cannot brook,
 My gentle Elinor, that pleading look ;
 Nor bid the fountains of thy heart o'erflow,
 To shake my purpose ; dearest, I must go—
 Yes, I must leave this solitary glen,
 And seek in fellowship with other men
 To slake this love of power—this thirst for fame,
 That burns within my soul like living flame—
 But think not, Elinor, the world can sever
 My heart from thee—believe me thine for ever !—
 Thou wilt console my mother for her son,
 And when a few brief years have slowly run
 Their tedious course, I shall return to claim
 My Elinor, and boast a deathless name !"
 "Never, Llewellyn, will I quit this spot,
 These woods have charms for me the world has not ;
 From infancy my steps have wandered far,
 Through flowery fields, beneath Eve's dewy star,
 Oft have I flung me on the earth's green breast,
 Till my heart heaved against the sod I press'd,
 And tears of rapture clouded fast the sight,
 Of eyes that ached with fulness of delight—
 In this our souls are kindred, for you love
 The flowing corn-field, and the shady grove,
 The balmy meadow, and the blossom'd thorn,
 The cool, fresh breezes of the early morn,
 The crimson banner which the glowing west,
 Hangs o'er the day-king, ere he sinks to rest—
 The witching beauty of the twilight hour,
 In hazel copse, green dell, or wooded bower ;
 The plaintive music of the wind stirr'd trees,
 The song of birds, the melody of bees,—
 The kine deep lowing on the marshy meer,
 The sheep-bell tinkling on the common near ;
 The reaper's shout, the sound of busy flail,
 The milk-maid singing o'er her flowing pail,
 The voice of ocean heaving in our view,
 Revealed through waving boughs in robe of blue ;
 Or when the moon has risen high and bright,
 Girdling the east, with belt of living light—
 'Mid nature's solitudes my days have pass'd,
 Here would I live—here breathe in peace my last ;
 And while my footsteps press my native sod,
 My heart o'erflows with gratitude to God."
 "Dear Elinor, no boyish wish to roam,
 No love of pleasure lures me from my home ;

For I have love'd with thee to trace each flower,
 That spring unfolded in the forest bower ;
 To join thy matin and thy vesper hymn—
 My heart is heavy, and my hope grows dim,
 I look to Heaven !—but all frowns darkly there—
 My soul is silent—will not form a prayer ;
 Those sacred things which gave me once delight,
 Spread o'er my spirit an Egyptian night ;
 This world alone is ours—the next may be
 A paradise for fools—but not for me !"
 She stood with tearful eyes, and lips apart,
 And hands tight pressed upon her heaving heart ;
 And gazed upon him with a vacant glance,
 Like one just waken'd from a deathlike trance ;
 Whose eyes unclosing on the light, grow dim,
 As objects round in strange confusion swim ;
 She scarcely can believe her wakening sense,
 And strives to chase the frightful vision thence—
 Was it the dear companion of her youth,
 Who dared to disavow the sacred truth ?
 The offered mercy of the Saviour spurn,
 And to the world's delusive idols turn !
 She strove to speak ; upon her faltering tongue,
 The accents died, and on his arm she hung ;
 Raised her clasped hands imploringly above,
 As if appealing to its sacred love,
 From endless woe the Infidel to spare,
 And in divine compassion hear her prayer.
 Her kindling eye beams brightly through her tears,
 As Faith's strong ray dispell'd the night of fears ;
 Hope, to her grief-wrung bosom comfort gave,
 And softly whispered—“ God is strong to save.”
 “ Unhappy, lost, misguided youth,” she said,
 “ Go hence, and mingle with the living dead,
 Renounce the paths of peace you long have trod,
 Deny your Saviour, and forsake your God—
 Home, and its sweet endearing ties resign,
 A crown of thorns around your brows to twine ;
 Go, taste the pleasures that to fame belong,
 Go, and make one among the heartless throng,
 Toil up the broad ascent of folly's hill,
 And find thine aching heart a desert still !”
 Llewellyn answered not—words could not melt
 His soul's fixed purpose, and whate'er he felt
 He proudly hid—like one resolved to dare
 The worst, and bid defiance to despair.
 She mark'd the fearful conflict—trembling saw,
 His spirit spurn the terrors of the law,
 Like Egypt's monarch, harden'd in his sin,
 He drown'd the accusing voice that spake within.
 With more than human eloquence she sought,
 To change his views and turn the tide of thought
 From doubt and error, to the ancient track—
 And gently win the bold Apostate back ;
 She show'd the narrow path to heavenly bliss,
 And drew the contrast twixt that world and this :
 What he would profit, if he gained the whole,
 Of this earth's treasures, and yet lost his soul ;

That deathless spark, the great Creator shed,
 In mortal frame—for which a Saviour bled—
 Bright emanation from the realms above,
 A stream descending from the fount of love—
 Alas! not his to lend a patient ear
 To pious counsels from a voice so dear;
 His heart had long disclaimed the easy yoke,
 Its hope abandon'd, its allegiance broke—
 But not unwarn'd—his restless spirit tost,
 On passion's ocean, ere 'twas wreck'd and lost,
 Had felt those sacred pleadings in the soul,
 The voice of conscience striving to control
 The tide of terror, and the headstrong will,
 Resolv'd its own destruction to fulfil—
 His rebel heart against conviction steeled,
 Had quench'd the saving light by Heaven reveal'd;
 Temptation came—no monitor within,
 Lifted Faith's shield against the darts of sin;
 No human power those arrows can repel,
 Secure in his own strength, the victim fell—
 In him wit, genius, eloquence combin'd,
 To form those rare accomplishments of mind,
 That give a majesty to form and face,
 And stamp the man superior to his race;
 Raised above poverty's heart-rending strife,
 His was the happy medium path of life;
 A child of earth, though not exempt from care,
 Born its sweet hospitalities to share—
 Born to assuage a widow'd mother's woe,
 On that sad day, that laid her husband low;
 When weeping, watching, in the lonely tent,
 To heaven, for him, her anxious prayers were sent,
 And war's tremendous music pealing near,
 Came in prophetic thunders to her ear;
 While fancy hov'ring o'er the charging host,
 Ere death had summon'd—wept her husband lost—
 She heard the heavy tidings on that morn,
 And ere night's shadows closed, her boy was born,
 Ah! what to her was that triumphant cry,
 What had she gained by Marlbro's victory?
 Those martial strains—those loud exulting cheers,
 Increase her pangs, and fill her eyes with tears—
 Back to her native Cambria's rocky shore,
 A widow'd heart—and orphan child she bore.

(To be continued.)

ANTICIPATIONS.

WE are now in the transitive state; the mists of ignorance are fast clearing away, and the seeds of knowledge, extensively sown, are springing up amidst a clearer atmosphere. By and bye, we may reasonably expect, in communities, what we may now observe in individuals, just notions of their own and other people's rights, more accurate perception of the consequence of pursuing certain lines of conduct, and an enlightened preference of the right above the wrong.—*W. Carpenter.*

EXTRACTS

FROM CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

CROW AND WHITEFOOT INDIANS.

No man's imagination, with all the aids of description that can be given to it, can ever picture the beauty and wildness of scenes that may be daily witnessed in this romantic country; of hundreds of these graceful youths, without care to wrinkle, or a fear to disturb the full expression of pleasure and enjoyment that beams upon their faces—their long black hair mingling with their horses' tails, floating in the wind, while they are flying over the carpeted prairie, and dealing death with their spears and arrows to a band of infuriated buffaloes; or their splendid procession in a war parade, arrayed in all their gorgeous colours and trappings, moving with most exquisite grace and manly beauty, added to that bold defiance which man carries on his front, who acknowledges no superior on earth, and who is amenable to no laws except the laws of God and honour.

The Crows and the Blackfeet are exquisitely costumed; and, uncivilized as we hold them to be, it is quite apparent that they bestow infinite pains upon their toilet. The Crows, especially, excel in the elegance of their materials and in the choice and disposition of draperies:

A Crow is known wherever he is met by his beautiful white dress, and his tall and elegant figure; the greater part of the men being six feet high. The Blackfeet on the other hand, are more of the Herculean make—about middle stature, with broad shoulders, and great expansion of chest; and the skins, of which their dresses are made, are chiefly dressed black, or of a dark brown colour; from which circumstance, in all probability, and having black leggings or moccasins, they have got the name of Blackfeet.

The Crows are very handsome and gentlemanly Indians in their personal appearance; and have been always reputed, since the first acquaintance made with them, very civil and friendly.

(It would be difficult to find a more picturesque figure in any part of the world—even in luxurious Persia or the romantic dells of Sicily—than that of a Crow chieftain, mounted on his wild charger at the head of his troops. Of such a one Mr. Catlin gives us a portrait, and we hardly know whether he has painted him better in words or in colours):—

I have painted him as he sat for me balanced on his leaping wild horse with his shield and quiver slung on his back, and his long lance decorated with eagle's quills, trailed in his right hand. His shirt and his leggings, and moccasins, were of the mountain-goat skin, beautifully dressed; and their seams every where fringed with a profusion of scalp-locks taken from the heads of his enemies slain in battle. His long hair, which reached almost to the ground

whilst he was standing on his feet, was now lifted in the air, and floated in black waves over the hips of his leaping charger. On his head, and over his shining black locks, he wore a magnificent crest or head-dress, made of the quills of the war-eagle, and ermine skins; and on the horse's head also was another of equal beauty and precisely the same in pattern and material. Added to these ornaments there were yet many others which contributed to his picturesque appearance, and amongst them a beautiful netting of various colours, that completely covered and almost obscured the horse's head and neck, and extended over its back and its hips, terminating in a most extravagant and magnificent crupper, embossed and fringed with rows of beautiful shells and porcupine quills of various colours.

With all these picturesque ornaments upon and about him, with a noble figure, and the bold stamp of a wild gentleman on his face, added to the rage and spirit of his wild horse, in time with whose neighing issued his startling (though smothered) yelps, as he gracefully leaned to and fro, leaving his plumes and his plumage, his long locks and his fringes, to float in the wind, he galloped about; and felt exceeding pleasure in displaying the extraordinary skill which a life-time of practice and experience had furnished him in the beautiful art of riding and managing his horse, as well as in displaying to advantage his weapons and ornaments of dress, by giving the grace of motion, as they were brandished in the air and floating in the wind.

The present chief of the Crows, who is called "Long-hair" and has received his name as well as his office from the circumstance of having the longest hair of any man in the nation, I have not yet seen; but I hope I yet may, ere I leave this part of the country. This extraordinary man is known to several gentlemen with whom I am acquainted, who told me they had lived in this hospitable lodge with him for months together; and assured me that they had measured his hair by correct means, and found it to be ten feet and seven inches in length; closely inspecting every part of it, at the same time, and satisfying themselves that it was the natural growth.

On ordinary occasions it is wound with a broad leather strap, from his head to its extreme end, and then folded up into a budget or block, of some ten or twelve inches in length, and of some pounds weight; which when he walks is carried under his arm, or in his bosom, within the folds of his robe; but on any great parade or similar occasion, his pride is to unfold it, oil it with bear's grease, and let it drag behind him; some three or four feet of it spread out upon the grass, and black and shining like a raven's wing.

It is a common custom amongst most of these upper tribes to splice or add several lengths of hair, by fastening them with glue; probably for the purpose of imitating the Crows, upon whom alone

nature has bestowed this conspicuous and signal ornament.

The Crows have an oddly-shaped head, which Mr. Catlin, with the privilege of an artist, calls semi-lunar. The forehead is extremely low and retreating—almost like that of a bird. If we did not know that these people were intelligent and highly capable of cultivation, we should be half tempted to suspect them, from this circumstance, of being inferior to their neighbours. The contrary however is the fact.

THE HOTTENTOT HERDSMAN.

Mild, melancholy, and sedate he stands,
Tending another's flock upon the fields,
His father's once, where now the white man builds
His home, and issues forth his proud commands.
His dark eye flashes not; his listless hands
Lean on the shepherd's staff; no more he wields
The Libyan bow—but to th' oppressor yields
Submissively his freedom and his lands.
Has he no courage? once he had—but, lo!
Hard servitude hath worn him to the bone;
No enterprise? alas! the brand, the blow,
Have humbled him to dust—e'en Hope is gone.
"He's a base hearted hound—not worth his food,"
His master cries—"he has no GRATITUDE."

ERROR OF SUPPOSING THE WHALE TO BE A FISH.

THE Whale, though an inhabitant of the depths of the ocean, and invested with amazing power in swimming and directing its course, with no legs to walk, and no capacity to exist out of the water, its proper element—the whale, notwithstanding these fish-like qualities, is not a fish, but belongs to the order of mammalia—of animals that bring forth their progeny and suckle them with milk; and its fins differ in a singular manner from those of some fishes; they nearly resemble the human arm, and terminate with a hand, having four fingers. The whale is thus enabled to clasp its young, and carry them in its arms, and perform many of the acts of dalliance and affection for which the mother is distinguished amongst terrestrial animals. The tail of the whale is also a curious combination of mechanical powers; and, in addition to the great strength bestowed upon it, the muscles allow it to be turned any way, with as much facility as the human arm. The blood of the whale is warm, like that of terrestrial animals; its brain is much larger in proportion than that of the fish; its eyes have a remarkably intelligent expression; and its sense of hearing is so acute as to increase very considerably the difficulty of approaching it near enough to inflict the stroke by which its great strength is finally overcome.—*Parley's Penny Library.*

STORIES OF THE CLUB.

"Alas that life has such realities."

Box.

"Come, Doctor, it's your turn; you see we are all waiting for you, so let us have it."

"Yes, Doctor, out with it; if it's a poor story, the sooner it's over the better; and besides there's the Dominie has been waiting his turn, this half hour. So no more excuses if you please."

"I shall be very happy if the Dominie will relieve me now, and I will take his turn when it comes, for I confess I scarcely feel in the mood tonight. Won't you, Mr. Paterson?"

"It would be against the rules of the Club, unless you can produce a better reason than your not being in the mood. And as to my being anxious to display, that is only an assertion of Tom's, which he must allow me to inform him, is as easy to be made as is difficult to be proved."

"Is it proof you want Dominie, ? I'll leave it to the company whether you have not been as uneasy as one of your flogged boys when he finds the seat too hard for him."

"Arguments like these certainly have one advantage—they can never be refuted; but even if it were my turn, I think I have a good professional excuse. You know the maxim 'nullum tempus occurrit Domino.' I intend to plead the exception when my turn comes, that is, if I can avail myself of the legal acumen and talent of my learned friend Mr. Todd."

"Thank you, Dominie, I shall be most happy."

"Well then that's settled, *pactum est*; but come, Doctor, you know your excuse will not be sustained if you put it to the vote, so you had better consent with as good a grace as you can. *Bis dat qui cito dat.*"

"A forfeit! a forfeit! two quotations in one sentence are intolerable. I suppose you want proof of that, do you?"

"Well, Tom, let the words be taken down, I shall debate the matter with you when we have more time; I see the Doctor has his pipe lighted, and is all ready to begin. Silence for the Doctor—if you please," (sotto voce.)

"I suppose I have no very valid excuse; and I like to abide by the regulations, especially in my own house. And here comes Mary with the things. Set them down there, my love. There, that's a good child. Help yourselves, gentlemen, if you please, and I'll do my best."

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

ONE bitter cold night in the month of January, seventeen years ago, somewhat later in the evening than it is now, I had made all snug in my little office, and had drawn up my chair close to the stove, and was beginning for the twentieth time in as many hours, to think over my future prospects, and to wonder whether any of the inhabitants of the village of H—— would ever think of needing my professional services; when, just as I was beginning to arrive at the comfortable conclusion that it was of little use to remain longer in expectation, at least out of bed, a knock was heard at the door. At that time, gentlemen, a patient was of much more consequence to me than at present. I had just finished my medical studies, having walked the Hospitals, and listened for the usual length of time to the lectures and demonstrations of the learned faculty of P——, and with my diploma in my pocket and the scanty experience and abundant zeal which generally attend the young practitioner, I had made a pitch, as the phrase is, and only wanted plenty of patients—and fees—to succeed swimmingly. Patients, however, did not come nor send very soon. Whether it was because I was a stranger, or because patients were scarce in these days, I cannot say; however I had made up my mind, and was resolved to make a fair trial, before giving up. So I read and re-read my medical library, arranged and re-arranged my small stock of medicines, and waited as patiently as I could for the first fruits of what I vainly hoped would prove a plenteous harvest. You may easily imagine, then, that it was with some slight expectation that I told my visitor to come in. It was a little boy some ten or twelve years of age, who opened the door and scarcely entering, addressed me with:

"Please, Sir, will you come and see my mother?"

"Come up to the stove, my fine fellow," said I, "and warm yourself; tell me who your mother is, and where you live, and then I will know what to do. Is your mother very ill?"

"Yes, Sir, she has been very ill, and Margaret told me to run for the Doctor, because Charles had gone away to seek father."

"And who is your father? Sit down there and tell me."

"He lives down the river about two miles from this. We have a farm there, just where the brook

runs into the river. Don't you know the elm tree just over the bridge?"

"And what is your name, my little man?"

"My name's George Lindsay, Sir."

"Well, stay a moment, George, and I will go with you." So wrapping myself up as well as I could, and hanging my saddlebags over my arm, I set out with as little delay as possible to visit my patient. Who she might be it was impossible to say. It was plain, however, from the appearance of the boy, that his parents must be in poor circumstances, for although the keen cold wind of a winter's night made a thick overcoat no encumbrance, but rather an indispensable article of dress, walking as I was, yet there was nothing of the kind to shield the poor boy from the weather. From what I drew from him as we proceeded, I gathered that she had been ill for some days, and that on the afternoon she had become worse, and was seriously ill, that a neighbour was called in to assist in waiting on her. To obtain this information occupied only a few minutes, and although the intelligent answers of the boy invited farther conversation, I soon became silent, revolving in my mind the probable situation of my patient, and the awful responsibility which, as a young and inexperienced member of the profession, I could not but at that moment deeply feel. As we approached the house, the boy ran forward, and opened a small gate at a short distance from the house. Two or three dogs came from behind the building, barking as we approached; the boy, however, quickly quieted them, and as I advanced behind him, I heard some one exclaim from within: "Thank God! here is the Doctor at last."

I passed through a large and half-finished room, into a smaller, where I found my patient lying upon a bed, apparently a woman of thirty-five years of age, and with those evident marks of respectability, which, even in distress and poverty, do not entirely abandon their possessor. I approached the bed side, and without waiting to say more to the two females whom I found anxiously waiting my arrival than that I had come at the request of my little guide, I turned my attention to the sufferer. She was thin, indeed she seemed worn almost to a skeleton; but her heightened complexion, and her pulse, which was flying at a fearful rate, soon announced that the fever was doing its work, and that if unchecked it would at no distant day exhaust her strength, and lay her low in the repose of the narrow house, where "after life's fitful fever all sleep well."

I know not how it was, but it seemed to me, at that moment, as if I had never before entered a sick room, and that all the long hours spent in the wards of the Hospitals of S— with my worthy patron Dr. H. had not been of the slightest service. What would I not have given to have had his experience at my elbow, for a short minute, in order to devise some means to stop the painful disorder—to, restore

me to confidence, and to infuse into the sorrowful attendants a feeling of reliance on my skill. I continued, however, to watch her slightly laboring breath, and the changing colors which would at times appear to come and go upon her countenance, still holding her hand in mine, until at last turning to a girl apparently aged about seventeen, and whom I at once conjectured to be the Margaret my little guide had spoken of, I asked how long the patient had been ill, and succeeded in obtaining from her lips a recital of the circumstances which had thus reduced her mother.

Mrs. Lindsay had been ailing for some months, although not so as to create any alarm either to herself or the family, for, having never been strong, and indeed for some years in very feeble health, her illness had been considered, until within the last two weeks, as nothing but the effects of an ordinary cold. Since that time she had been confined to bed, gradually becoming worse, until at last the daughter becoming alarmed by symptoms of delirium which had made their appearance on the afternoon of the day on which I was sent for, had called in a neighbour, and in the absence of the older members of the family, had dispatched the little messenger to bring me down to see her afflicted parent.

It somehow or other happens, and it is well for the doctors, that it is so—that people, and especially the sick, are naturally inclined to rely completely upon the skill of their medical advisers. I found that it was in this spirit of unbounded confidence that the exclamation which had struck my ear as I entered the door, had been uttered by the sorrowing girl. She seemed almost to think all danger was gone now that I had arrived, and was prepared for as effectual, though not so sudden a restoration to health, as was the blind beggar whom the great Physician had bidden approach, in accents of divine compassion. Fortunately for my disordered faculties, the patient seemed to be disposed to rest, and I had time to collect my senses, before it was necessary to apply any thing in the shape of a remedy.

The younger children, who had probably been aroused by the increasing violence of the patient, and who, on my first entrance had been huddled together near the stove, apparently unnoticed, were now taken by Margaret to be led away to their beds. It was impossible for her, however, to satisfy them, without allowing them each to kiss the cheek of the pale but now slumbering mother. Silently they approached, and with something like awe mingled with the child-like simplicity and affection which a beloved mother never fails to inspire, each bent its head over the unconscious sufferer, and imprinted a kiss on her lips, while Margaret, with a tear on her cheek, strained them successively to her bosom, as she led them away. The heart of the kind neighbour was touched, and turning to me she remarked as if half to herself:

"Aye poor things! it will not be long they will have a mother to kiss."

There was something in the manner of my ascent to her remark that led her to continue the conversation. She added in the same half soliloquy, "Well she has been a sore tried woman, that's for certain; but the Captain is kind to *her* whatever he may be to others. Maybe you don't know the Captain?" And without waiting for an answer she continued: "He's a proud man, for all he is so poor, though for that matter the poorer the prouder, as I say to my John. It's just four years ago last fall, that he bought the place, you see it was near the river like, and he used to admire the view. I used to see him walking with Miss Lindsay, pointing it out with his cane, and shewing her all his fine plans. So you see, he built a fine house, and used to be steady and work himself for awhile, but in a short time, the joiners would not work without being paid, and the bailiffs came two or three times and took pretty much all his stock; so there was an end of his fine house and folks say he has been disappointed in getting some money."

There was at this moment, a noise of some one approaching from without; and by and bye, the door opened, and two persons entered, whom, I at once conjectured to be the father and son. The father was a stout well built man, about the middle size, with that equal profusion of black and grey hair, which usually appears at the age of fifty or earlier, when hard living or hard labour has undermined the constitution. His forehead was broad, and of that intellectual cast which at once stamped him as a man of more than ordinary powers of mind; but there was a flush on 'the countenance, and that irregular flashing of the eye, which too plainly shewed the dominion of fiery passion. There was, too, a sort of recklessness of manner, the usual accompaniment of indulgence, as if at the same time that a man loses his own self-respect he was determined to exact more and more from every one around him. He advanced into the middle of the room, and threw down his gloves with some little violence, and then stopped for an instant as if in surprise before he approached me. The woman had taken the opportunity of withdrawing as soon as he entered, and I believe both father and son scarcely knew how to account for my presence at that hour of the night.

"You have the advantage of me, Sir," said he, as he approached to where I stood. "Will you have the kindness, Sir, to explain what this means?"

I saw at a glance that something had chafed him, and moreover that he was so intoxicated as scarcely to know what he was saying; so without making any reply, fearful of irritating him still more, and thus bringing on a dispute, which would be likely to be injurious to the patient, I merely pointed to the saddlebags which lay open on the table, displaying all the varieties of bottles, vials, and boxes, which usual-

ly adorn the travelling medicine-chest of a country physician. He seemed not to understand the gesture, for he immediately added, as in a high passion:

"What! are you dumb? Off then with your essences, and your damned trash! Off instantly, or I'll make a clean sweep—I'll teach you to prowl into my house at this time of the night."

Here he made a swing with a stick he held in his hand, and struck at some of the bottles which I had just before been using, sweeping them and the medicine which stood in glasses on the table upon the floor, with a crash that made the house ring again. He seemed himself to be surprised at the noise he had occasioned, but was preparing to make another blow, when his son caught hold of his arm, at the same time that his daughter rushed in, in alarm, to see what was the occasion of the uproar.

A scene followed which has not been driven from my recollection by the varied practice and experience of many busy years. Three or four of the younger children had crept from their beds, and were peeping into the room in their night dresses, with surprise and alarm painted on their countenances; the youngest of them screaming with affright at the apparent danger of the father. The mother had started at the shock, and was endeavouring to remove from the bed, her eyes staring fixedly towards us, with her hand raised and grasping the upper part of the bed post, as if in this position the head of the fabled Gorgon had been suddenly presented to her view. She was perfectly silent, and the fixed unearthly glare of her face went like ice to my heart. Her daughter had hastened to her side, and with streaming eyes, and a face on which terror and affection were awfully blended, seemed to be trying to prevail on her to resume her recumbent position, but in vain. The same wild look was fixed towards her struggling husband, the same convulsive clutch grasped the post, till at last nature could no longer sustain the unnatural tension and excitement, and she fell back senseless. The neighbour had in the mean time snatched up the youngest child, and was trying to pacify it, while two or three had darted from their separate apartments and had joined Margaret, who was now leaning over the bed, apparently too much engrossed with the situation of the mother to heed the piteous wailings of the children. The father had by this time become more furious, and was endeavouring to free himself from his son's grasp. "Unhand me, Charles!" said he, "let me punish his impudence in breaking into my house."

I saw it was in vain to remonstrate with him, and that it would be equally vain to use force, for now that he was excited, he could have dashed both his son and myself like children to the earth, and might in the phrenzy of the moment, have inflicted a mortal blow on some of us. Taking up my hat and saddlebags, therefore, I was about to retreat,

at least till his passion evaporated; but in making for the door I was obliged to pass close by where he stood; the sight seemed still more to exasperate him, and he called out in a voice of thunder to his son who had not let go his hold on his arm.

"Let go, Charles, I command you." At this moment, George, my little guide ran forward, and seized his father's knees, exclaiming: "Father, Father! don't strike the Doctor! Margaret sent me for him!"

The unhappy man was probably too much excited to hear what was said, for at that instant, shaking himself free from his son, he brandished his stick, and would inevitably have overtaken me before I could have reached the door; his foot, however, tripped on a chair which lay in the way, and being unable to recover himself he fell with violence and lay senseless on the floor. To think of leaving him in such a state was out of the question; so, by the assistance of his son, Charles, I succeeded in removing him from the room, and laying him on a bed, where after bleeding and the application of other remedies, he at last became apparently conscious of his situation, and I left him in the loud, apoplectic sleep of the drunkard. The mother had by this time recovered from her stupor, and on my entrance, I found her labouring under a high cerebral excitement. The shock she had received had been too much for her shattered nerves, and she was now raving and tossing in the wildness of delirium. Margaret was trying to soothe her, but in vain. Dark and frightful visions were apparently floating before her imagination, and if for an instant she was calm, it was only to break forth in more heart-rending cries. On my entrance, she exclaimed as in an agony of terror: "Take him away, take him away! will nobody save him? Oh, God! he will be murdered!" and she covered her head with the bed-clothes—and sobbed convulsively, her slight frame quivering, as a shaken reed. Presently her thoughts seemed to turn to her husband, and half rasing herself, she looked upon us with an imploring expression of countenance, and said piteously: "Where is George? will you not send for him? Tell him, I am dying, and that I wish to see him. Surely, he is long in coming. Tell him to make haste. My poor children," she continued, her thoughts taking another turn, "what will become of you? But I am strong, and why should I be here?" And she pushed us back, as if determined to rise, and so suddenly that she was almost out of bed before we could prevent her. It was plain that such exertions would soon prostrate her strength, and retard or possibly prevent her ultimate recovery. I gave her therefore a somewhat powerful sedative, telling Margaret that this would speedily bring her relief, and directing her attention to the poor worn-out children, who by this time were fast asleep in different parts of the room:

By the assistance of the neighbour the children were soon taken away, and the kind hearted woman withdrew whether to her own house, or to a separate apartment, I could not see. Charles had before this retired, on my assurance that his services were not needed, and that it would be best for him to reserve his strength for another night's watching. The anodyne had produced an effect on the patient, in a very short time after it was administered, and she was now as motionless and still as if she had been enjoying the gentle balmy rest which waits on health and labour, and not the unnatural, overpowering sleep, which drowns pain for a while, but brings with it little refreshment, and, too often distempered and frightful dreams.

The daughter entered, and finding all was still, offered me some refreshments, of which I partook, in the hope that she herself would be induced to follow my example. Up to this time we had scarcely exchanged words; indeed, except the exclamation when I entered, and a few words to the children, I know not whether she had uttered a syllable. We had been all actors, as it were, in a sad tragedy, where every gesture and every motion gave evidence of the deep interest with which each had performed his part; but I had already seen and heard enough to be convinced of the excellent qualities, both of mind and heart, with which the afflicted girl was endowed. And now that we were alone in such unusual circumstances, I saw every moment more and more grounds for admiration. There was no affectation of embarrassment, a perfect unconsciousness that there was aught in her appearance or actions to merit approbation, and such a trusting confidence in my anxiety to do all in my power to alleviate the affliction of the family, that I could scarce help regarding her as above the imperfections and weaknesses of her sex. I had seen how much the impetuous conduct of her father had pained her, and was the better pleased because she forbore all allusion to it, as well as to the inconvenience, not to say danger, to which I had been exposed. A daughter excusing the rudeness, and blushing for the degraded debauchery of a father, would have been painful in the extreme. Scarcely tasting the refreshments I could not but offer, she sat in silence, as if watching every breath of the sleeper, with her head half turned towards the bed; and then turning suddenly, she fixed her dark eye full upon me, and said with an earnestness and anxiety that plainly shewed how her thoughts had been occupied. "Will she not recover?"

The light of her eye flashed so suddenly upon me that I unconsciously avoided its gaze, and was for a moment silent. She misinterrupted my manner, and grew alarmed, and in an instant she said in a low voice: "Oh, Doctor! is there no hope?"

The same question has since been put to me perhaps hundreds of times, and in every variety of cir-

cumstances, and I may have become less acute in my feelings than I was then, but never, while I remember any thing, shall I forget the manner in which that simple question was then asked of me by the bed side of that dying woman. Talk of the eloquence of a Demosthenes, or a Cicero; of the liquid melody of this language, or the strength and precision of that; of great occasions when the existence of an Empire hangs on the decision of a question, and that decision on the lip of the orator;—talk of a Siddons, or a Kemble, or any of the movers of human passion on the stage, and you speak of what I can partially appreciate; but there was something in the tone, the look, the expression of the face, and the whole figure of Margaret Lindsay, when for the second time, she uttered these simple words, "Is there no hope," that gave me more insight into the powers of the human voice, and the affections of the human heart than years of acting and hours of eloquent declamation could possibly have done. I was at a loss what answer to return to the question, for, to say the truth, I was not satisfied in my own mind as to what would be the issue of the illness—I had seen from the first that the patient was very weak, and was fearful that the shock occasioned by the violent conduct of her husband would be attended with very injurious consequences. As soon, therefore, as I could reply, I said, with the intention of withdrawing her attention:

"You surely would not think me a very wise physician if I told you to abandon all hope. I certainly trust she may recover; but tell me, how long has she been thus ill?"

"My poor mother was always delicate and weakly, but it is only within the last six months that she began to be seriously ill. We think her illness was partially occasioned by exposure and damp when we first moved into this unfinished house. Indeed," she added, as she repressed an involuntary shudder as she glanced round the large and naked apartment, "she was never accustomed to endure exposure, and I fear the trial may prove too much for her."

"And for you too," said I mentally, for there was that in her countenance which plainly spoke of over exertion and fatigue. Unwilling to prolong the conversation, I rose and threw some wood on the fire, and then urged the necessity of her taking repose, saying that I would willingly watch till morning, "and then," added I, "you can relieve me, for you need rest, and, trust me, I shall not prove a faithless sentinel."

"We are deeply grateful for your kindness," she replied, "but I am not very much fatigued; thank God, my poor mother rests so quietly."

The flush which for an instant flitted over her face, passed away as speedily as it came, and she became pale and apparently faint; at that moment there was a motion made by the patient, and she was immediately at the bed-side, anxiously bending over

the still unconscious sleeper, who merely gave a moan and then sunk again into her former quiet. When Margaret had again seated herself, I could not forbear laying my finger upon her arm, which supported her head as she leaned on the narrow table which was between us. The pulse was flying at a fearful rate. "Let me use the authority of a physician," said I, without withdrawing my finger, "and insist on you, taking rest. Will you not promise to be an obedient patient?"

"Heaven forbid! You have too many patients in this house already. God only knows what will become of us, if father should be confined, and my feeble strength should fail." A tear fell as she spoke.

"Do not then, I beg of you, refuse to take repose; I am sure you need it, and I have nothing to call me away; for," added I in as cheerful a voice as I could assume, "your mother is my first patient since I arrived in——, and I can spare as much time here as I choose, without injury to my patients. I don't intend to keep her confined a very long time for the sake of my reputation."

"I will remain a few minutes longer," she said, "and if mother does not wake again, I will retire;" she added with a smile, "you need not be afraid of watching very long, for I am accustomed to wake on the slightest noise."

I did not urge her more; but sat in silence, listening to the wind that was sweeping in gusts through the unfinished rooms over head, and occasionally swaying the fire that blazed and crackled on the hearth. I thought of the common prejudice against physicians, as hard and unfeeling men, caring no more for their patients than for the body beneath the dissecting knife; and began to wonder if ever I should become thus callous and unfeeling, careful only of fees, and of reputation, and steeled against the emotions which the last few hours had not failed to excite. I thought then of my patient, and what treatment I must adopt in the morning, and how the father would receive me, and whether it would be best to demand an explanation or apology. And then my thoughts returned to the fair creature at my elbow; would her delicate overtasked frame endure the fatigues of continued watching, and the cares of the family, which alone were too severe for her strength. I turned round, as if I had expected to receive an answer from her own lips. She had fallen asleep. Her head leaned partly on her hand, and partly against the back of the elbow chair in which she was seated; her long dark hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders, partly shading the graceful neck which bent swan-like as she reclined in her uneasy posture. The light of her dark eye was shaded, and her brow was white and pale as marble. She breathed as does the gentle fawn in the thick forest shade, when it reclines half asleep by the clear stream, and there was such an air of repose thrown around her delicate form that

I could not prevail on myself to disturb her. Long watchings had completely exhausted her, and she remained long in the same posture, sleeping so quietly that I was afraid the very silence would awake her. I need not tell you how I spent these hours; vagrant thoughts and memories of pleasant and unhappy hours, will generally haunt the imagination of the watcher by the bed of sickness—but hours passed on, and the whole dwelling was sunk in as deep silence as if the hand of death had pressed upon the unconscious sleepers. At last Margaret moved; it was but slightly, but slight as was the motion, it served partially to reveal a small and elegant portrait set in gold, which was suspended from her neck. It was that of a young man, apparently but few years her senior, with an open brow and dark raven hair; the lower part of his face was invisible. "So young and yet already in love!" thought I, as I glanced at the unconscious sleeper. "Poor afflicted creature thou hast need of some consolation, for truly thou art sorely tried. Happy for me that thy secret was revealed so soon; it may save me from some uneasy hours hereafter."

In a short time, the eldest son Charles, stole into the room, and motioning him to take my place, I left in his hands the medicines I had prepared for the patient, with the necessary directions, and taking up my saddlebags I stole quietly from the room, and in an instant was breathing the keen cold air of a January morning. The sun was just rising, and the grey morning mists began to retire slowly and sullenly, as if half inclined to dispute the authority of the King of Day. Less than an hour's walk brought me back to my little office, and letting myself in, I was soon in the land of dreams.

When I awoke, I hesitated whether I should return unasked to my patient or wait till I was sent for, as I did not know how the Captain might feel towards me after the fracas of the past night. I had no doubt that he had by this time recovered from his stupor; but, at least, thought I, he may send for me if he cares for my services. This was but the first thought, and I soon reflected that it was my duty as far as possible to relieve the distressed, even though I should meet with but little thanks for my pains. In the afternoon, therefore, I set out to call the second time, not a little anxious to learn the condition of my poor patient. As I approached the house, I soon perceived the truth of what I had heard in relation to the folly and want of management of its owner. It was a large framed building with two wings, each large enough for the accommodation of a moderately large family. The centre building was intended to have a grand entrance, and there were some three or four pillars already erected and finished; the rest were not to be seen, and their places were supplied by rough blocks, which singularly contrasted with the *tout ensemble* of the building. The windows in one wing and part of the middle building were glazed,

the others were shut in with unplanned boards. A half finished fence, of a fancy character, ran in front at some distance from the building, eked out at each end by rude rails, which also ran at right angles with the road, back to the stables, which were placed at some distance behind. The whole bore an air of discomfort, which too plainly told that the designs of the projector were far from being accomplished, while large sums had evidently been spent and spent to no purpose. What was intended for a garden was now occupied by piles of boards, and old barrels, which the snow, deep as it was, could not altogether conceal. Half the expence, if properly applied, would have been sufficient to finish in a substantial way a residence far more comfortable than this could be made after much increased expenditure; but Mr. Lindsay was perfectly unacquainted with business, and the estimates which were made, were, either by design or accident placed far too low; and before the plan was half accomplished Mr. Lindsay found his funds nearly exhausted, and in possession of a large unfinished skeleton of a house, cold as a barn and scarcely better looking, instead of the stately mansion which the Architect had painted in such imposing colours.

"Very much like my own castles in the air," thought I, as I opened the gate; "it won't bear inspection;—but the inmates! I hope the day light will not spoil the picture of last night."

The room where my patient lay was darkened so as entirely to exclude the rays of the sun, and the change from the bright glitter of a sunny afternoon, and of the bracing clear air for the confined peculiar atmosphere of a sick chamber, was not, at first, very agreeable, and dissipated at once the train of thought which the sight of the half finished building had called up.

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Captain Lindsay's early history I afterwards learned. It is soon told. He was the youngest son of a gentleman, of a small landed property in the north of England, and by the assistance of his friends entered the army as Lieutenant, and continued with his regiment, which was stationed at B ***. It was here that, at a country ball, he met Miss Thornton, the only daughter of a wealthy Baronet, and the consequences may be easily imagined. An attachment was quickly formed, and after mutual protestations of eternal fidelity, they parted, Lieut. Lindsay accompanying his regiment to Ireland. So ardent and sudden had been this passion, that it was not till after their separation that the strength of their attachment could develop itself. But with that my story has nothing to do. It is enough to say that Sir Maurice Thornton was not long in finding that his daughter's affections were too indelibly fixed to admit of his speedily gaining an end which he had long had in view. He was an aspiring proud

man, conscious of the importance he derived from his wealth, but desirous of increasing it by an alliance with a noble and more distinguished family. He had fixed on Lord B., who had some distant expectations of an Earldom, for his son-in-law, and the real worth and beauty of Miss Thornton, as well as the reputation of her father's immense wealth, made him by no means averse to the connexion. Sir Maurice loved his daughter; nor did he dislike Lieutenant Lindsay, but his plan for family honour had been formed, and he had accustomed himself to look upon it as so certain and so eligible that he could at first scarcely believe his daughter serious in her opposition to his wishes, and resolved immediately to press the matter to a conclusion. In this he soon found himself unable to succeed, for his daughter's affections, sudden and almost romantic as had been her attachment, were too strongly rivetted to yield to his violent remonstrances.

The more urgent he was in his attempts to bring about the union on which he was bent, the less scrupulous was he about the means he employed, and he would frequently break out in reproaches against his daughter's obstinacy, and what he called the unprincipled conduct of Lindsay, in entrapping her affections. All this she bore with patience, hoping that she would be left in a short time to indulge her cherished passion; but the continued importunities of her father at last wore upon her spirits and health—nor was it long before Lindsay had discovered the secret which pressed upon her heart. Ardent as was his own love, he could not brook that the idol of his soul should, on his account, be subjected to such uneasiness; and, hastening over to England, he urged his suit with the importunity natural to his character, and prevailed. They were secretly married, and escaped to Ireland, before Sir Maurice had received the slightest intimation of what had been done. It is only necessary to glance at the result. For five years, happiness such as seldom visits the homes even of loving hearts, smiled upon them; and, though unnoticed and repulsed by Sir Maurice, whose proud disposition no affection nor remonstrance could soften, they never had reason to repent their sudden engagement. She was satisfied if he was but happy: in his presence did she live; satisfied to share his humble lot—to be his, and his only; and never for an instant regretting or appearing to regret the transition from affluence and ease to the narrow and scanty income which was barely sufficient for a subsistence.

It was Lindsay himself who first began to repine. "But for me," thought he, "and she might have adorned the circle for which she was intended, instead of stooping to the menial duties of poverty." In this way would he brood over his circumstances till he had convinced himself that his conduct in persuading her to leave her father's house had been selfish

and unworthy,—and his cheerfulness forsook him as the cares of his increasing family called for redoubled exertion. Once more he resolved to appeal to Sir Maurice Thornton's feelings; and, accordingly, set out for Thornton Hall, hoping to awaken some feelings of compassion at least, if not of remorse, in the heart of the austere father. Sir Maurice received him as coolly as if he had come on a matter of business; listened with an air apparently of some little interest, as, with excited feelings, Lindsay depicted the angelic virtues of his wife,—her patient endurance, her uncomplaining activity and even cheerfulness, and dwelt with minuteness on the many privations which their small income had obliged them to endure. When Lindsay had finished his appeal, Sir Maurice, turning upon his heel, as if to depart, replied:

"She was always a dutiful child, till you entrapped her affections, and induced her to disobey my repeated injunctions, though she well knew the consequences of disobedience. She chose her lot, and now let her abide by it; and as for you, sir, if you married my daughter with the expectation of securing my property, you will find yourself disappointed. So good morning, Mr. Lieutenant Lindsay."

And he left the room, regardless of the curse which the poor infuriated Lindsay invoked upon his unfeeling head.

He returned to his home, but it was no longer a home to Lindsay. He was almost desperate, and it was scarcely in the power of his angelic wife to soothe his chafed and excited spirit. In vain did she represent that there was a prospect of promotion, if he continued diligent and faithful in his duty; that now, that their circumstances were known, their acquaintance would not expect that they would keep up any appearance of wealth, far less of splendour, and that Sir Maurice might at last relent,—he could not but relent,—and then they should be so happy. He listened to her, and her eloquent and confiding look and tone for a while banished the gloomy picture of the future; but the iron had entered into his soul, and his too haughty spirit began to brood upon imaginary evils, and this, with the pressure of straightened circumstances, gradually soured his disposition, and at times made him forget the tenderness which was natural to him. He was poor in purse, but he was rich in what was a thousandfold more precious than wealth. The gentle and delicate being who had given up for him the luxuries of wealth, and the glitter of rank and fashion, who had condescended to constant and almost laborious effort, and had borne all with resignation, nay with cheerfulness, as if glorying to make sacrifices for his sake whose she was, and in whose smile she lived; was she not a treasure more to be prized than rubies, and the star-like gems that crested fortune wears.

But I see you are becoming impatient, and I hasten to the simple narrative of sorrow which I have yet to relate. To understand, however, that narrative, a little more of Captain Lindsay's early history must be made known. He eagerly embraced the proposal of an officer, who had returned from India to England in ill health, effected an exchange into another regiment, and went abroad. He hoped to be able to better his circumstances; but, alas for him and his future prospects! he became an altered, nay even a dissipated man. What caused the change, it boots not to enquire; there are epochs in every man's life fraught with the burden of his destiny,—and whether it was bad company, or disappointed hopes, and ambitious schemes nipped in the bud, or absence from the gentle, steady influence of his wife, Lindsay was hurried into intemperate habits, and his sun was destined to go down while it was yet day. Mrs. Lindsay, with her family—two sons and a daughter—remained in England in retirement, supported partly by her own efforts, but principally by a small annuity which her father was prevailed upon to secure to her, and thus for ten weary years her life ran on in an unbroken current. She was not idle, for the education of her daughter and the cares of a mother for her sons, beautiful and well beloved, kept her fully employed; it was a merciful Providence, which, while it removed the idol of her soul, left her not wholly comfortless, nor without hope. Nor was she without friends; for worth like hers will attract to itself the best and purest,—that affection which keeps this sinful world from becoming wholly corrupt. Her circle was small; but wherever she was known she was beloved, and as time crept on her children crept up; and their characters modelled and chastened by her own virtues, and their mutual misfortunes, were gradually developed. Boys seldom care for affliction, and the Lindsays were then gay, ardent, and somewhat passionate youths, more easily led than driven, and, in a word, all that boys should be. Margaret's spirit seemed to be imbued with all the melancholy gentleness of her mother; she had seen, almost from the earliest dawn of her intellect, the tears with which her mother bedewed the letters which at intervals found their way to their quiet home, and had often, in childish wonder, blended with awe, listened to her sobs, as the widowed mother clasped her to her heart, in the night time, as she lay listening to the moaning winds, and thinking of her husband whose remissness in writing occasioned her more pain than the narrow circumstances to which she had now become accustomed.

Things went on in this way for a time, her children growing up in health and beauty by her side, and increasing in knowledge and virtue as they grew in stature. Perhaps the ten years spent in this way were the happiest, at least they were the most

tranquil, years of her married life. But another change was in store for her,—another and a deeper affliction, to wring still more painfully her heart, but destined also to bring to light still more clearly the beautiful consistency and excellence of her character. Captain Lindsay's temper, instead of being softened by his misfortunes, had become more and more irritable and even overbearing, so much so that serious misunderstanding had on several occasions occurred between him and his brother officers. At last some trifling circumstance, which brought him into collision with his superior officer, led to a Court Martial, the verdict of which proving clearly that Lindsay was in the wrong, so displeased him with his regiment, that he sold his commission and returned to England in disgust.

His wife, gentle being that she was, welcomed him with all the warmth of her faithful and cherished affection, and tried to pour the oil of consolation upon his wounded spirit. The proceeds of the sale of his commission, with the half-pay to which he was entitled, she thought would be sufficient to sustain them in comfort, if not in splendour, for some time; and she trusted that at length her father would relent and restore her to happiness and fortune. Lindsay's spirit was too proud to stoop to such a lot; he became restless and unhappy, until at last, not so much in the hope of bettering his condition as the desire of escaping from the critical scrutiny of former friends and associates who occasionally came in his way, induced him to come to Canada, where he purchased the farm on which, at the time of my visit, I found him settled.

For some time his ardent spirit was pleased with the new scenes which surrounded him; he enjoyed and relished highly the excitement of a new country, its freedom from fashionable friends, its liberty and repose. He was even happy for a time; his son Charles was growing up into a fine young man; his daughter's loveliness unfolding itself as the budding rose; his farm gradually improving; his stock increasing; his own health established; his wife gradually recovering her former spirits and activity;—every thing was moving on quietly, until, in an evil hour, he was inveigled by a villainous architect into an expensive building scheme, which involved him in serious pecuniary difficulty. His money had gradually slipped through his fingers; debts at the stores had swelled by little and little to a large amount; every one of his creditors became solicitous to secure himself;—suits were commenced, and executions issued, until he was forced to mortgage his farm and sell off the best and most valuable part of his stock, to satisfy the most clamorous of his creditors. Had he even yet taken warning, all might have gone well; by a long course of years he would have righted and kept himself afloat, and secured for his old age at least

an independent livelihood. But his evil genius prevailed; his ardent spirit led him on to expenditures, especially as he had received the assurance from a rich relation in England of speedily receiving a sum which would have placed him above all his difficulties. But the promised aid never came, although the hour of deeper distress did; he became soured in temper, oftener away from his farm, and in the company of one or two gentlemen still more needy than himself, whose foolish expenditures had involved them in ruin, and disgusted them with the country. He would visit them frequently, and sometimes returned in no very sober state. He became imperious and headstrong, harsh to all his family unless to his wife; and, in short, gentlemen, why should I recount to you the career? You have seen it run by others in his situation a hundred times; but, alas! the conclusion was in his case far more lamentable than it is in general. The gentlemen who settle in our new countries often become discontented; but they generally return home or sell out and remove to older settlements. Captain Lindsay, however, was more unfortunate still. But I need not anticipate. Commence I rather to draw up the scattered threads of my narrative, and begin my story at the period of my third visit to the house of sorrow.

It was on the afternoon of a short December day, and I was scarcely able to satisfy myself, before I entered her chamber, as to how I should find my patient. But a glance shewed her condition. She was supported in a half sitting, half reclining posture, in bed, with pillows about her, and Margaret leaning anxiously over her, as if expostulating with her, and desirous to impress her mind with some unwelcome subject. On my entrance the patient addressed me, stretching out her hand at the same time, and smiling feebly.

"I am glad you are come, Doctor, for you will convince Margaret that there is no danger in my seeing and speaking to my dear children. I feel myself rather stronger today, and am anxious to embrace an opportunity which may not happen again."

She looked earnestly at me as she spoke, seeing that I still held her hand, with my finger on her pulse, adding:

"I feel it beating fast, and perhaps it may not be long before it ceases for ever! Do not, I beseech you, deprive me of this melancholy consolation; for my strength may soon give way, feeble and uncertain as it is; and, alas! what a heavy duty is before me, and what a dreary prospect for my poor, poor children——"

"Nay, my dear mother, do not speak thus; you will soon be able to see them without risk, when you have a little recovered from the effects of the tossing and weary days and nights you have lately spent. It is too soon to exert yourself yet: wait until you recover your strength, or at least

until you are better able to bear fatigue than at present."

"But what, my dear Margaret, if that time should never come? Nay, do not shrink from lookings steadily on the future; rather let us be thankful that the awful calamity which threatened me but a short time ago with the loss of reason, has, by God's mercy, been mitigated, and perhaps only for a time, that I may give you my last counsel."

"Spare me! spare me, my dearest mother! do not break my heart by the thought of parting: rest and medicine will yet restore you, if not to health and vigour, at least to your usual strength. Surely, Doctor, there is no danger now, that she is so calm and collected?"

"Your mother's constitution," replied I, rather evading the question, and yet anxious to prepare her for the worst, "is far from being able to resist attacks so violent as she has lately gone through, and her restoration can at best be but very slow; in the meantime, she must be carefully kept from excitement of every kind, and in a few days she may be able to speak to the family without too great danger. At present," added I, turning to the patient, "you are too much excited to be able to endure much with safety, and I would beg of you to remain quiet, and keep your mind as much at ease as possible."

"At ease! Can I for a moment forget the situation in which my dear family will be left, in this wild country, without friends, and soon, perhaps, without a home? O God! spare my feeble brain," exclaimed she, looking upwards in an agony of supplication; "and, if it be thy will, spare me for their sakes, that at least I may be able to instruct and direct them."

"Calm yourself, my dear madam, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your afflicted family, and your daughter, who is nearly distracted, by your words. You see that she is unable as yet to bear the stunning stroke which the thought of losing you has occasioned."

The unfortunate girl had sunk upon the bed, sobbing almost convulsively, and the attendant, with a neighbour who had just entered, supported her out of the room.

"You see," continued I, "that she has need of consolation, and that the worst symptoms of your case should be opened to her by degrees. Let me entreat you then to bear up for a while, until your constitution can have time to rally, when, we may yet hope, you will be able to resume, in part, at least, your duties and the care of your family. Be assured they are not now, nor will they ever be, without friends and protectors; nor is there room for so much solicitude on their behalf, when your own condition is so precarious."

"I feel that I have been too hasty and too impatient," replied she; "too much disposed to look

upon the future with distrust, and will try and be more patient, and to spare the feelings of my dear Margaret,—for, alas! without her what would be the condition of my poor children. Charles, too, is a blessing to us all, and will be able soon to take care of the comfort of the family; but, at the best, what can I expect, or how can I bear to look forward to the end, which I feel to be approaching. Nay, do not interrupt me—do not speak of hope, for I feel a sense of feebleness even when I seem strongest, that warns me all human aid will be of little avail."

"I do not wish to excite hopes that may not be realized," repeated I; "but rather would entreat you to keep as much as possible all dread and anxiety from your mind,—for I can perceive there will be need of fortitude and resolution before many days; but there is yet hope. I trust you do not feel much pain at present?"

"So far from it, that I am unconscious of any pain; and, indeed, it is not pain that I dread, or anything which may occur to myself. There is nothing fearful in the thought of death, but as it affects those who are far dearer than life—my poor children, whom a merciful Father will, I trust, protect and succour. I pray that I may be strengthened to resign them into His hands with confidence, even when all is dark and nothing presents itself to enliven or light up the gloomy prospect."

"Amen," added I, mentally, unwilling to prolong the conversation, which had already been protracted too far for her feeble health, and busied myself in preparing some medicine, to be taken in case of unusual restlessness during the night.

I had gathered from her altered appearance, as well as from her conversation, that there was but little hope of her ultimate recovery. Hers was a case which medicine cannot reach, and in which it can scarcely for a moment retard the fatal issue,—a general sinking of a constitution originally delicate, under the fatigue occasioned by straitened circumstances and the exposure consequent on a residence in a new country and so rigorous a climate. The mind too had done its share in the sad process of physical decay: trials long continued had imperceptibly worn upon her spirits, and the bitter consciousness which experience had of late forced to force upon her, to an extent of which I was not then aware, that there was but little hope of her husband's temper or circumstances improving, but, on the contrary, the sickening, harrowing dread that he would sink into irreclaimable dissipation. I know not whether she was aware if the circumstances of my first meeting with her husband, when his ungovernable temper had been so nearly fatal as well to himself as to her, were real or only a horrid dream; for never, by word or implication, had she alluded to the circumstances of that sad evening. What was much more singular, I had

not since that time spoken to Captain Lindsay, although I had reason, on more than one occasion, to think he was in the house when I called after his recovery. Her ardent and yet deeply rooted affection, which neither dissipation nor harshness of temper, on his part, nor all the sad and melancholy evidences of approaching ruin, and the still more lamented signs of alienation and almost of reckless indifference, could for a moment quench, had borne all with an almost sinful patience. She could not upbraid him, nay she could not even remonstrate,—she could but attempt with all her winning and guileless art to allure him from his wanderings and bring him back to happiness. How would she rejoice if but for a week he was at home, without seeing any of the persons who enticed him to excess; what fear would oppress her, as he ordered his horse to depart, and what keener anguish, if, on his return home, the signs of excess were too apparent to be unobserved. For a year or two she had alternately been striving with hope and fear. It was in her gentle, confiding disposition rather to look at the bright side of the picture than the dark one,—and that *he*, her own, fond, devoted husband, surrounded by such a family, and himself so high spirited and generous, should ever become the low degraded victim of a worse than beastly appetite, she could not believe it; nor would she, had she lived to have seen the dreadful consequences which time was destined to develop. Her love had so much of confidence in it, that whilst every thing was so dark around her, it was only at intervals such as that which I have just alluded to, that she despaired of his return to the path of sobriety and happiness. Faith and love, confidence and sweet affection united, made her a model so nearly perfect, that I have often since wondered whether, in a woman of her yielding temperament a more consistently devoted and beautiful exemplification of feminine excellence could be imagined, than the sad realities of every day's experience brought to light in the present instance. However, gentlemen, not to dwell upon this part of my story any longer, I will merely say that she continued for about two months to linger on in the same feeble condition, during which time I found opportunity to obtain better medical advice than I myself could furnish; but it served no purpose. Medicine can cure those only who are not appointed to death, and it had early become apparent that the foreboding she had expressed was not the mere offspring of a diseased fancy, but the foreshadowing of the coming crisis. I had continued to visit her during this time, doing all that I could think of to ease her and make her comfortable, and daily finding occasion more and more to admire the exquisite loveliness of her disposition, and the ardour of that piety which, in the very view of death, rendered her cheerful and even happy. She had laboured carefully to prepare her family for the

event she saw steadily approaching ; to the younger children giving such advice as best suited their tender age, and impressing upon them the necessity of looking upon Margaret as their mother, and of obeying her implicitly in all things. To Charles she had much advice to give ; and a more difficult task to perform, in alluding to his duty towards his father, and the care of the rest of the children, which might soon devolve upon him. Margaret had never given up hope, and always clung to the idea that spring would bring with it a restorative for her mother's shattered constitution. To show the fallacy of this hope, had been the aim of the patient, especially for the last week or two ; and as yet it was difficult to determine whether she had succeeded, for it is hard to convince us of that which we wish not to credit.

The conduct of Captain Lindsay had been kind and attentive to an extent far greater than at the commencement of her illness. He would sit by her bed side, and minister with so much kindness to her wants, at the same time shewing such a disregard to his former associates, that his wife began to hope that all danger of a relapse into his former habits was at an end. She even fancied that the affliction she endured was wisely intended by Providence as the means of his thorough reformation. This hope had served her instead of soothing medicine, and would throw a cheerfulness and sunshine upon her fine, although wasted features,—a sort of angelic serenity that was even more touching than the gaiety of heart which beams upon the face of a youthful and hopeful girl. It was a hope sent to her in mercy, doubtless, lest she should have been burdened with overmuch sorrow, as she approached the final termination of all her many sufferings. I cannot account for it, but so it was, that I had not even in the course of my frequent calls once spoken to her husband ; nor had I happened to find him in the patient's room when I called.

One evening, on return from a visit to a distant patient, (for I had by this time several,) I found a message requesting that I would go down to Captain Lindsay's as soon as I could, the patient being worse and desirous of seeing me. After a hasty refreshment, I immediately set off, and reached the house about nine in the evening. It was a cold, blustering night, the wind blowing with unusual violence and the snow beating against my face had almost blinded me, as I breasted the storm. I was at once admitted into the sick chamber, and here all was peace and tranquillity, the patient having apparently dropped into a dozing state, half between sleeping and waking. Two women were in the room, sitting by the stove, conversing in whispers,—Margaret standing by the bed-side, watching the unconscious sufferer. On my entry, the daughter came forward, telling me, in a low tone of voice, that for the greater part of the evening her mother had been engaged in again

giving advice to the younger children, before she had dropped asleep. As she spoke, I perceived that a sad change had taken place in her appearance, occasioned by her long watchings and fatigues. Her brow, always calm, and white as alabaster, was now of an ashy paleness ; her cheek almost haggard with the revulsion of feeling and anxiety which the last few days had occasioned, as she observed the gradual decay of her mother's strength, and her preparations for the hour which should set her free. Her eye had an almost unearthly brightness, and a restlessness which denotes intense mental excitement, although no appearance of outward distress was at the time observable.

I took a chair, intending to wait her awakening, if she were really asleep, but it was only a moment after that the patient opened her eyes, and observing me, stretching out her hand, saying, in a feeble tone :

"This is very kind of you, Doctor ; I was afraid I should not have seen you, to express my deep gratitude for your attention. And my dear husband"—She glanced her eye quickly round the room, and not perceiving him, seemed disturbed ; but at that instant he entered, and as he advanced towards the bed-side she added :

"My dear George, it is time you were better acquainted with Dr. L., to whom we are so heavily indebted."

He offered his hand with a frankness which was natural to his character, and at the same time added, as I shook it cordially :

"Can you forgive me, Doctor, for my unworthy assault ? But I was violent and mad——."

"Nay, do not mention it, sir : it has all been forgotten ; but, alas ! that we should meet here to-night under so melancholy circumstances."

He glanced at his wife, whose eyes were again closed, and replied, with a voice of deep earnestness and self-reproach :

"It is my fault that she is here ; it is my crime that has killed her ! I seduced her from a happier and brighter lot, alienated her father's affections, and removed her from the station which was her natural right, to link her to my desperate fortunes. It was I that brought her away from all help, and from under the eyes of her friends,—to be her destroyer here. Curses be upon my guilty head ; nay," added he, more vehemently : "have I not felt the curse withering my spirit for months back ? Do I not feel it now as I look upon her wasted form, and remember the hour when I stole her from her father—unfeeling wretch that he is ! May Heaven——."

"George, I beseech you," interposed the patient, speaking suddenly, and with more energy than I thought was possible ; "do not utter any rash imprecation against my father. This is not the time for an unforgiving spirit, and most heartily and sincerely do I pray, that he may never feel the pangs

of remorse when it is too late. Do not, my dear George, for my sake, judge him too harshly; do not, I beseech you, suppose that in the slightest degree, I repent at this moment what was then my own free choice. On the contrary, what would wealth and honor have been to me without you. Rather," added she, taking his hand in hers, and looking into his face, a heavenly smile lighting up her emaciated features; "rather let us rejoice, that whatever may have befallen us, never for an instant has a cloud interposed between our mutual affection—and for this, it were nothing to resign every thing else on earth."

He bent down over the sufferer, and her cheek was moistened by the tear, which even in the presence of a comparative stranger, he could not help shedding. She soon after said:

"I have found means to write at intervals, this packet to my father. It will reach him when I am no more, and perhaps it may dispose him to be just to my dear family, for whose sake alone I at this moment feel any solicitude. It will convey to him his daughter's forgiveness and blessing. God knows, that although I have often prayed that his affection might be again turned towards me, I have never for a single instant regretted my choice, nor do I yet, now that I feel myself drawing near to the grave."

Her husband was about to reply, but she stopped him, saying:

"I have but little more to do on earth—will you not, my dear George, see this packet despatched to my father. It will be a consolation to me to think I have done my duty to my children."

"Most cheerfully, will I see it done," replied the husband; "any thing, every thing that I can do, I will gladly do. Nay, I will stoop and kneel at his feet, and again as a suppliant implore justice and compassion."

"I ask not this, my dear husband; only let it be forwarded, and leave the result to God, who has the hearts of all in his hands. There is but one thing else which I would fain mention, it is painful for me to do so; it is not perhaps proper now, but the Doctor is not a stranger, and to night may be the only moment when I shall have it in my power. It is for the sake of my dear children, for your own sake, my dearest husband, for my own peace. Will you not forgive me if I mention it now?"

"Nay," replied he; "what have I to forgive, what can I refuse?—would that it were in my power, by any sacrifice, any penance of mine, to relieve you from an instant's uneasiness. Speak then, dearest, and doubt not but I will do or bear any thing, listen to anything. It is no time for reserve now, nor will the Doctor's presence be in the least painful; on the contrary, it was my folly and pride that has hitherto prevented me from knowing him

better, and thanking you, Doctor, as I do now from my soul, for your kindness."

He again offered me his hand, and warmly grasping mine, he began to thank me, but I of course prevented anything of the kind, for I had merely discharged a professional duty, and could not listen to apologies at such a moment.

"Raise me a little, my dear George," said the patient; "put your arm around me, for I feel weak, and would have you near me, as my dearest earthly stay."

It was done, and over her pale and worn countenance there flitted a gleam of satisfaction, the emblem of undiminished affection, which rejoiced in the presence of its beloved and cherished object, forgetting all pain, all anxiety of mind, nay, even death itself, content while he was nigh, happy in his support. The attendants, and even Margaret, had left the room, and we were alone—if indeed there were no ministering angels hovering about the dying couch, and ministering strength and support to the sufferer, as her hour of trial came.

She looked at me for an instant, with the same smile still irradiating her face, and said:

"I know not how it is, Doctor, but I feel a strange serenity at this moment—pain has left me, and the dizzy confusion which has vexed me of late, has disappeared. I look forward without apprehension to the future, and backwards to the past without regret. Is there not mercy in this, my dear husband, that now when I am to be taken away, I can leave you with composure, and with thankfulness? It is but as yesterday, I remember it as if it had indeed been yesterday, when we were united, and my girlish wishes and dreams more than realized in the happiness of the few years that succeeded—and passed away—oh, how swiftly—before you went abroad. It was too bright a picture not to be shaded in some degree, but thanks to Heaven, if your absence occasioned regret, I was not without comfort in our dear children, nor without ties to bind us to each other, and to this earth which love can make so beautiful. Had you been happy on your return from abroad, I should never have had a wish to be gratified. But I felt no reluctance to leave England, except in so far as our children were concerned, whose education, I feared, might be interrupted, and perhaps their tender health affected by a severe climate. Fortunately their health has been improved, and for some time at least your mind seemed at ease, and all was happiness. It was but natural, that here, in a wild country, with but few acquaintance, and little or none of the social intercourse and society to which we were accustomed, that you should often spend your evenings with the few fellow countrymen who are in the neighbourhood, who are, unfortunately, but bad specimens of Englishmen. Pardon me, my dearest George, if I say that the

only real uneasiness you have ever occasioned, has arisen from this source, and for the sake of our dear family, it is my last request that you would not permit them to visit you, and that you entirely renounce their society. Promise me but this, and it is all I ask. For my sake, promise, and for the sake of our dear children, so soon to be motherless."

She sank back on the arm of her husband, overcome by fatigue and the excitement of her feelings. Captain Lindsay supported her tenderly, and in an agitated voice, replied, as soon as she had recovered from her stupor :

"Do not, my love, distress yourself a moment about such a thing as this; I promise to obey your wish; solemnly and before God I promise, and may He assist me in performing this my vow, and in training up our dear children, and to bear the heavy affliction with which it may please Him to visit me!"

"Amen!" added I fervently—seeing that he was deeply agitated. The sufferer too seemed affected at the solemn manner in which he complied with her wish, and murmured in a low voice :

"Now my last wish is gratified, and I have nothing farther to accomplish;" looking upward, she adding with fervor: "Father, I thank thee for this, and may he and my dear children be united with me in a better and happier state."

Captain Lindsay sat down in deep thought, leaning his head upon his hands, a half stifled groan occasionally escaping from him, shewing that his pent up and excited feelings could not be entirely subdued. The patient was silent and motionless, and I sat down also by the fire, and imagination soon began her sketches, but not as is her wont, with light and airy touchings, but with slow and heavy hand, with dark dark shades. I thought of the future, of the clamorous creditors, the various debts which although due had not been demanded by those who respected the house of mourning. And then the children, what was to become of them? What if the vow so solemnly made should prove as frail and worthless as vows generally are? And the health of the daughter, the gentle and tender Margaret, the sweet flower whose bloom was so perceptibly vanishing—what if long watchings and fatigue had undermined her delicate constitution, and the hand of disease should be lifted from the mother, after having accomplished its dire object, to be laid with overpowering force upon the daughter? It was not long, however, that such forebodings could be indulged, for the patient soon became again restless, and anxiously begged that she might be permitted to see and bid farewell to her children. There was something in her earnest manner that would not admit of opposition; her heart was evidently set upon it, and they were accordingly brought in, poor frightened creatures, wondering at the summons and at the

earnest and almost convulsive manner of their mother's embrace. It was a sad scene, and touching, but it was at last over—the long farewell uttered, the last prayer invoked, the last embrace given, and in the chamber of the dying woman there was again silence, unbroken but by the war of the elements, and the now hurried and laboring breath of the sufferer. She had spoken long and earnestly to her daughter, but I had taken the opportunity of leaving the room, and on my entrance I found the poor girl struggling to restrain her feelings, and still anxiously watching every look and anticipating every wish of her mother. As I entered, the patient beckoned me to approach, and in a sweet low tone, such as sometimes lingers about an organ when the requiem for the dead has been just performed, and the fingers remain motionless, as if to prolong some sweet chord as it dies away, she said :

"All is well, Doctor. The bitterness of death is past, and I am now ready." She said no more but closed her eyes, and her thoughts seemed to be wandering.

"My Father, will you not forgive your daughter! And my poor absent one! Why does he not come." There was a pause of some minutes, and in the meantime Captain Lindsay and Charles joined us at the bed-side, and we continued looking on in silence, trying, but in vain, to catch the hurried low words which at intervals escaped her lips. Time fled, and she seemed still to slumber on; at last she opened her eyes, and glancing hurriedly around, finding her husband standing close by, made an attempt to speak. Bending over as if to catch the half formed words, his cheek touched hers, and I heard her say distinctly but with difficulty: "George, my dear husband!—you have promised." He received her last breath, and her gentle spirit had passed away for ever. My first patient was in heaven!

It was a sad night, and a sad scene, but I will not dwell upon it. The elements were battling without, but the combat within had just closed, and feeling that I could be of no farther use I left the house, and sad in heart made the best of my way homewards.

On the morning of the funeral I went with the neighbours to pay the last duties to the deceased. No invitations had been given, yet a large number of persons attended, who evidently sympathized in the distress of the family. Indeed, no one could help feeling, and that deeply; for a more afflicted family can scarcely be conceived. The children had been put in black, and were moving about from room to room, apparently unheeded, their swollen eyes plainly shewing that they were able to comprehend their loss. Captain Lindsay appeared calm, but evidently in deep agitation, although he had too much self-command to allow his feelings to appear in loud bursts of sorrow. He seemed unprepared for so large an assemblage of

mourners, but received the sympathetic condolences of the few who addressed him, with courtesy and kindness. The time which is consumed before the procession moves away from the house of mourning towards the narrow house which sorrow cannot invade, is always in this part of the country somewhat long, and on the present occasion, although it had been intended to proceed at an early hour in the morning, it was nearly noon before all the preparations were made. At last the coffin was placed in the plain sleigh, which was to serve instead of the hearse with its trappings and plumes; when the burst of grief from the younger members of the family called to my mind the rites with which the Romans were accustomed to try to awaken the corpse when it was carried over the threshold. Charles and Margaret, with Captain Lindsay, were among the first of the procession, all the company being in carriages, and the line extending for a considerable distance along the road, as it wound along the banks of the river towards the village church where the funeral service was to be performed. It was a cold March morning, indeed far colder than is common even in that blustering month, the snow sparkling in the sun, and, its peculiar crisping sound plainly shewing the lowness of the temperature. The horses, impatient at the slow pace, shook their heads impatiently, and the jingle of a hundred bells, sounding through the clear cold atmosphere almost imparted an air of merriment to the sad procession. On arriving at the door, each sleigh in its turn deposited its load on the raised steps leading to the chapel, and I noticed with no little apprehension that the unfortunate Margaret was borne rather than led into the building, and placed in the pew appropriated to the mourners. Her face was pale, and apparently passionless, no tear was on her cheek, nor were there to be heard the stifled sobs in which grief generally speaks on such occasions. It was rather an ominous and unnatural stillness, a sort of stupor, which had seized upon her, and as it were, frozen up the usual outlets of feeling. During the service I observed occasionally those convulsive, involuntary twitchings, which shewed that the calm was not that of indifference, nor that exterior placidity which a strong mental effort sometimes is able to produce.

When the service was over, the greater part of the audience walked to the burying-ground with the exception of Miss Lindsay, and two or three of her sex, who were brought up in sleighs as near as possible to the gate whence a path had been cut through the deep snow, to the grave. It was a sad sight to see the melancholy closing up of the scene of distress. The people had collected around on all sides, muffled up, most of them, in their coats of fur, to protect them from the piercing wind, which, on the elevated ground, blew with redoubled violence. The grave digger, with purple face, was bustling about with a professional air of importance, giving

orders in a suppressed voice to his two assistants, who seemed to care as little as their master about the feelings of the mourners, so that the job was professionally done. Captain Lindsay had not faltered, nor shewn any signs of feeling, but with a stern and resolved air, looked on the preparations, as the coffin was about to be lowered into its resting place. The horses' bells were sounding from the gate, with what seemed to me a most melancholy and appropriate cadence, and a flock of greyish little birds flitted about, resting here and there on the stones which rose above the deep snow, uttering their shrill cheerful chirp, as if in mockery of the distress which we witnessed. I was thinking at the moment, of what would be the feelings of the obdurate and proud father who had sacrificed if not his daughter's happiness, at least his own, to a foolish pride, could he but see the lowly obsequies which were now being performed, and the wild spot where her remains were laid down to rest until the last trump shall wake all that sleep, from their various resting places. A motion among the bystanders, who were uncovering their heads as the coffin was slowly being let down, recalled me to what was going on; I looked towards Captain Lindsay; he was kneeling in the snow, supporting his almost lifeless daughter, who was evidently half unconscious of what was passing; at last the cords were withdrawn, and the frozen earth was thrown in and struck upon the coffin with a fearful sharpness which went to the heart of all around. The moment after there was a slight stir among the bystanders and a suppressed whispering, and on looking I found that the unfortunate daughter had fallen senseless into the arms of her father, who immediately, with the assistance of some of the bystanders, bore her to the sleigh and conveyed her home.

It was not for many months that she was able to leave the sick bed, and during all that time I had had occasion to see her almost daily; indeed her case was one of the most difficult which has ever come under my notice, and at that period of my practice caused me no little anxiety. It was in the month of June that her constitution rallied; so that my assistance was not so much needed on her account, although it was required for another reason, which I will merely state as briefly as possible.

Captain Lindsay had, as I at first feared, yielded to the temptations which, after the death of his wife, were thrown in his way by his old associates; and now that her gentle but powerful influence was withdrawn, he had less to reclaim him from his downward course. His liabilities were becoming every day larger, and his creditors pressing in proportion as they saw less and less prospect of ultimately recovering their debts. His temper again became soured, and his manner more and more imperious, so that I found him so entirely averse to listen to the remonstrances which I felt it right to

make, that he seemed, as it were, desperately bent on plunging himself into irrecoverable ruin, instead of attending to his affairs, and trying, by economy, to retrieve his fortunes. By degrees the most valuable portion of his stock melted away for the supply of his more pressing necessities, until at last the strong hand of the law was laid upon all that remained, and there was a temporary cessation. Things continued in this way during the summer, and how Miss Lindsay and the family managed to remain, as they did, in comparative ignorance of the amount of embarrassment, it is difficult to determine. Even the seizure of all the effects and furniture in the house was looked upon rather as a matter of form than as the necessary prelude to the melancholy result which a very short time was destined to bring about.

It was not a year from the death of Mrs. Lindsay, and yet the downward career of the headstrong husband had been rapid and melancholy. It was not at first the love of dissipation that had led him on; but now that he felt himself gradually sliding from his once high character and influence, and the bitter thought rested upon his mind that it was all his own doing, and the necessary result of his foolish and headstrong course, he found it impossible to lay the blame upon his relatives or the father of his wife. He often tried to blame them, nay would sometimes rage against them, but the load of self-accusation lay heavy on his heart, and could not be removed or modified by indulgence in irregular and debauched habits. He must have known—he could not but have known—that his conduct must speedily involve his family in great suffering; but what is there that can arrest the downward progress of the man whose very bodily functions are deranged and diverted from their natural course, to become his craving and insatiable tormentors. There was a gnawing cancer in his bosom, which gathered fresh vigour from every indulgence: he found no rest nor consolation in the bosom of his family,—nothing to bring him back to happiness and the sense of self respect. There was nothing in the future but a fearful something which he dared not contemplate, a punishment gradually coming nearer, and threatening soon to visit him with its heavy hand. All that was past was full of self-upbraiding and shame. He had broken his vow, and violated a solemn pledge recorded in Heaven against him; his family he had slighted, and perhaps it was this very sense of his ill conduct that drove him still more madly forward.

In the course of my frequent visits at the house, I found reason to admire the prudence and good sense of Charles, in the management of the farm, which, young and inexperienced as he was, had almost entirely devolved on him by the father's neglect. He never dared to remonstrate when he found his father excited by his excess or by bad hu-

mour, but would embrace an occasional opportunity of getting his sanction to his proceedings, when he found him disposed to take any interest in the routine of the farm business. In his sister too he found an affectionate adviser and aid. She had been so long ill and dependent on others for assistance, that her recovery to health seemed a double blessing, now that matters were becoming more and more involved. For my own part, my attendance had been so regular, and so uniformly pleasant, that I was almost led to regret a recovery which deprived me of all reasonable excuse for farther visits and intercourse with the family, in each member of which I now felt a deep interest.

During the period of convalescence, when I found Miss Lindsay able to read or listen to reading, not only without injury but with positive benefit, I used to spend many an hour in turning over the remains of Captain Lindsay's once valuable collection of books. The older of the English authors, and especially the renowned bards whose glory has thrown so bright a lustre over England's literary history, were an especial study, and it was with no small surprise that I found Miss Lindsay perfectly well versed in most of these standard classic authors. It had been her mother's delight, and indeed her almost sole occupation, to watch over the development of her daughter's mind, and she had diligently and carefully trained her up as well in the more useful branches of education, which circumstances had now rendered so very essential to the comfort of the bereaved family, as in those lighter accomplishments which always please when they are not the only qualifications which claim our admiration.

Was it a wonder if I found it more agreeable to spend my leisure hours at the fireside of my fair patient than in my dull office, with my Galen's head and unsavoury medicines?

In short, gentlemen, had it not been for the peculiar circumstances of the case, I should have begun to pay some attention to the gossiping stories which always are spread about in a country village, when a young physician pays attention to a young and fair patient.

Things, however, were brought sooner to a crisis than I had imagined. The creditors had taken proceedings against the property of Captain Lindsay; and one morning in the end of September, when every thing had been gathered in, and winter had sent its outrunners to prepare us for his approach, the officers of justice came, and every thing was sold. Cattle, horses, furniture—every thing went, with the exception of a few of the more necessary articles which were left in the large and now desolate looking house. You may conceive the situation of affairs then. Alas! that even deeper misery was in store for the afflicted family! It happened that one evening of the same week of the sale, Captain Lindsay was returning home on horseback with

one of his *friends*, with whom he had spent most of the day in the village. A bet had been made during the day as to whether it were possible for a horseman to clear a certain one of the stake fences which are so common in this country. You know how difficult it is to force a horse up to this dangerous barrier; but Capt. Lindsay, being heated with wine, exclaimed, as he passed the spot where the trial was to be made at a time fixed for a few days afterwards, "You shall see how Kate will clear it like a shot," and plunging his spurs into the animal's side, he dashed on without listening to the remonstrance of his friend, who was sober enough to see the madness of the attempt. He was mounted on a favourite horse which he had brought with him from England, and which had by accident escaped seizure, and dashing across a common which had lined the road, he made for the fence, in the now uncertain light of a September evening. The spirited animal did not refuse the leap, but it was a fatal one for both horse and rider. How it happened, it was impossible to tell: whether Capt. Lindsay had checked her unskillfully, whether the leap was too suddenly taken, or whether the ground, which was unfavourable, had deceived him, certain it is that one of the projecting stakes met the animal's breast, and she fell on the fence, actually impaled, the rider falling forward violently on his head, where he lay motionless and apparently dead. Before I could be on the spot, he had been carried home and laid upon a bed, still motionless. There he lay, all bloody, in the very room, where, a few months before, his sainted wife had rejoiced in spirit, at a vow which, when violated, had brought with it so fearful a retribution. Even at this length of time I feel sick at heart as I think of that eventful evening, and I pass on, merely stating that, by the most active remedies, he was at length restored to consciousness. But it was only for a time, and happy had it been for all had he never again opened his eyes. His brain had been injured by the fall, and he continued almost incessantly raving in the most incoherent manner. Nothing seemed to relieve or even partially to soothe him, and when not sunk in insensibility, he was in a continual excitement, which left no hope of his recovery.

It was on the evening of the second day after the accident, that I saw at once that the termination of this awful tragedy was at hand. I had been with him during the day, and, assisted by the best medical advice which could be procured, had closely and carefully examined his head, to see whether there might not be an operation required; but we could observe no mark of fracture, not even the slightest, a mere scratch having caused the effusion of blood which had taken place. He had been lying quietly enough for a little while, and there was a profound stillness in the cheerless apartment. All at once he

began to rave in his former manner, and with more than his former violence. Charles came into the room, and in the dusk of the evening we began to try to soothe him, but in vain. He seemed unconscious of our presence as well as of his own condition.

"Let me alone," said he, "I'll teach him that a superior shall not insult me with impunity, the hoary villain! I'll soon curb his insolence!" And again he would call out, "Forward, my men! Now's the time! Give them the cold steel! Huzza for Old England! Who goes there? Who calls for Captain Lindsay? Here's to the gallant Colonel of the —th! Damn it, let us have no more croaking! Three thousand a-year! Pretty little income! Curse upon the proud rascal! I'll stop his boasting!" His thoughts seemed turned towards his father-in-law as he went on. "Will you not receive her request—hers who never gave you a moment's uneasiness before? Or must I stoop to beg and dig, that we all may starve, in rags? Ha! old man, you shall not escape me. I know you well, you unfeeling, cold-hearted father! You spurn me! Well, you shall one day pay for it! Your daughter is dead, old man, and I—I killed her! It was in revenge that I did it! So now, your proud family may go and look for her in the grave! Here you are again! Keep off, I tell you! You are *her* father—but away with you—quick, or I'll—" On looking round, I observed, with no slight surprise, that a stranger had entered the room. He was an old man, muffled up in a great coat and furs; and, although I wondered at his intrusion, the condition of the patient left me no time to enquire into the cause of it. Turning my attention to the sick man, who was now lying in a state of torpor, I began to wipe off the sweat which stood in large drops upon his brow, when he opened his eyes, and stared wildly around, crying out:

"There he is—the proud old wretch! Let me have him now! He is a father and a murderer! At him, Rover! Hunt him like an otter! Down with him! Ha! he is up again! There, then, you must die by my hand!" and he struck from him with violence. The stranger had approached, and the blow met him in the temple, stretching him on the floor, where he lay for a few minutes before I dared to leave the patient to go to his assistance. I helped him up, and would have addressed him, but he pushed me away, saying:

"Nay, let me alone; look at your patient. It is not I that should receive your aid."

I turned my attention immediately to the dying man, and for half an hour more he raged on with increasing incoherence and vehemence.

I had previously strictly forbidden any of the family from entering the room, unless when I called them, as I was anxious to spare their feelings as

much as possible, and as I knew their presence could not be of the slightest benefit.

The stranger continued sitting with his hands on his face, apparently in pain, nor would he leave the room at my suggestion, but continued to listen to the ravings which fell from the patient's lips.

It was about nine o'clock that I observed the approach of the last struggle. It was not, as I had feared, a long and severe one. He merely woke up as if from a trance, glanced about him as if in an agony of terror, struggling, at the same time, with the little strength which now remained, seemingly desirous of speaking, but his powers of utterance seemed for the time to have deserted him. At last he made a fearful effort, raised himself in his bed, and in a loud voice exclaimed—"My vow! my vow!" and expired.

The old man, who had thus inopportunately come to see the fruit of his false pride and obstinacy, was the father of Mrs. Lindsay. He had accidentally seen a notice of the death of his daughter in a provincial newspaper, (for the packet was never sent,) and had hastened across the sea, to atone in some measure for his neglect and cruelty.

A few days sufficed to wind up the mournful tragedy, and when the erring but generous Lindsay had been laid side by side with his angelic wife, the family left for England, and I returned to the routine of the humble but important duties of my profession.

But I need not enlarge; for the time for supper is now past, and here comes my wife to scold me, as is her usual custom, for keeping her waiting. Alas! gentlemen, that we married members of the club, must submit to these little annoyances. Nay, do not look so astonished, dearest Margaret, I was only recounting the story of my introduction to you and your sainted mother. But I will not inform them how you managed to inveigle me into a match after your departure for England, nor how I mistook the portrait of your brother the Cornet for your admirer and favoured lover. So now for the good things, gentlemen, and I promise you my next story shall not be so dull and so tedious as that of MY FIRST PATIENT.

A. R.

DEATH.

MEN fear death, as children fear the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased by frightful tales, so is the other. Groans, convulsions, weeping friends, and the like, show death terrible; yet there is no passion so weak but conquers the fear of it, and therefore death is not such a terrible enemy. Revenge triumphs over death, love slights it, dread of shame prefers it, grief flies to it, and fear anticipates it.—*Lord Bacon.*

(ORIGINAL.)

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

When is youth's gay heart the lightest?
When the torch of health burns brightest,
And the soul's rich banquet lies
In air and ocean, earth and skies;
Till the honied cup of pleasure,
Overflows with mental treasure.

When is Love's sweet dream the sweetest?
When a kindred heart thou meetest,
Unpolluted with the strife,
The selfish aims that tarnish life—
Ere the scowl of care has faded,
The shining chaplet fancy braided,
And emotions, pure and high,
Swell the heart and fill the eye—
Rich revealings of the mind,
Within a loving breast enshrined,
To thy own fond bosom plighted,
In affection's bonds united:
The sober joys of after years,
Are nothing to those smiles and tears.

When is sorrow's sting the strongest?
When friends grow cold we've loved the longest,
And the bankrupt heart would borrow
Traucherous hopes to cheat the morrow;
Dreams of bliss by reason banished,
Early joys which quickly vanished,
And the treasured past appears
Only to augment our tears;
When, within itself retreating,
The spirit owns earth's joys are fleeting;
Yet, rack'd with anxious doubts and fears,
Trusts—blindly trusts—to future years:

Oh! this is grief, the Preacher saith,⁴
The world's dark woe that worketh death;
Yet oft beneath its influence bowed,
A beam of hope will burst the cloud,
And Heaven's celestial shore appears,
Slow rising o'er the tide of tears,
Guiding the spirit's darkling way,
Through thorny paths to endless day.
Then the toils of life are done,
Youth and age are both as one:
Sorrow never more can sting,
Neglect nor pain the bosom wring,
And the joys bless'd spirits prove,
Far exceed all earthly love.

INTEMPERANCE.

THOSE men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance, and an irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.—*Sherlock.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE JUVENILE TRAVELLER'S TALES OF THE HEATH, &c. &c.

In consequence of an unusual number of carriages, which, on a particular evening, thronged the doors of the London Italian Opera House, Mr. Raymond and his daughter were obliged to alight some paces up the Haymarket. They stopped near a poulterer's shop, where their attention was arrested by the interesting figure of a young female. She had attracted Mr. Raymond's notice before the carriage drew up; but he now gazed upon her with a more enquiring eye.

"It is long, Elvira," he observed, addressing his companion, "since I beheld so graceful and pleasing a form as is displayed in that young person."

"Her features are equally beautiful," responded Elvira; "but her countenance speaks the language of disappointment and sorrow."

At that instant they saw the object of their curiosity, with evident emotion, empty her purse, containing some trifling silver, upon the counter, and hastily placing in a napkin a small chicken, she folded her mantle round her, and dropping a thick veil over her face, speedily disappeared from the shop. As she passed the carriage, with seeming unconsciousness, she exclaimed, "O! Heavenly Father, I implore thy guidance and protection!" and turning the corner of the street, vanished from their view.

Mr. Raymond and his daughter proceeded to the Opera, but the impressive words uttered by the interesting stranger,—her pale, care-worn countenance, and whole appearance of grief, so fully engaged their minds, that not even the entrancing tones of Pasta, Laland, Lablanche, and a host besides, nor the fair danseuse, the shooting star of the ballet, the unrivalled Taglioni,—the witching voices and dazzling performances of all these, and many more, could not divert their attention from the one object, and by mutual consent they left the house at an early hour.

As the carriage rolled homeward, Elvira reflected upon what might probably be the situation of the young person whose appearance and exclamation conveyed to her mind the conviction of the deepest distress, and to herself suggested a plan by which she hoped to discover the place of her residence, and she flattered herself that if the perturbation she had witnessed proceeded from pecuniary embarrassment, it would be in her power to afford temporary, if not permanent relief.

While such reflections occupied the young mind, the father was not less absorbed in deep reflection. His reverie was, however, interrupted by a kiss of mingled anxiety and affection from Elvira, who laying her hand tenderly upon his, said,

"Dearest papa, do not, pray do not look so sad; we will endeavour to trace out the subject of our solicitude, and I trust our united efforts may tend to soothe and alleviate, if not wholly remove, the cause of her sorrow."

"Your benevolent intentions will meet their reward, my child," replied Mr. Raymond; "but it is difficult for me to suppress the emotion which the appearance of that young creature has occasioned. We need not be long in this mighty metropolis without becoming accustomed to scenes of woe; but custom reconciles us, and we too often pass them by unheeded; so that it was not the deep stamp of misery and despair imprinted on the fair brow of the lovely one we have seen, that awakened my curiosity, and revived feelings of the deepest regret; it was, my child, the resemblance she bears to your departed—still dearly revered mother. O, agonizing remembrance! awakning feelings which I am unable to suppress."

A flood of tears gave relief to a mind tortured by bitter recollections, and all further remark was prevented by the carriage driving up to the door of their residence.

Mr. Raymond was an only son, and early in life had been guilty of the indiscretion of marrying contrary to his father's wishes, whose objection to the alliance was that the lady of his son's choice had not been born of that high rank with which he had ambitiously hoped to become allied; but, if she could not lay claim to great rank or fortune, nature, in her bounty, had endowed her with richer gifts. Elvira, for so she was named, possessed a mind ennobled by the most exalted and generous feelings, with that perfect sweetness and delicacy of manner which can alone be called ladylike, and which is the fair fruit of a humble Christian spirit. She had been religiously educated by an excellent mother, who had formed the mind and cultivated those calm and gentle qualities which throng round woman in her household duties, and grace her more than gems; but these gems of intrinsic worth were not sufficient to stem the displeasure of Raymond's father, who ordered him, on peril of disinheritance, to embark immediately for the West Indies, there to become the superintendent of his property. A mandate so unexpected, and seemingly so severe, conveyed to the husband and lovely bride anguish the most heart-rending. To them the thought of separation was agonizing, yet it appeared inevitable, as Raymond was solely dependant on his father, and too well knew the implacability of his mind to attempt either entreaty or remonstrance, yet endeavoured to feel the conviction that the separation could not be long, that in reality that parent was too just to deal unkindly by his wife when at a more propitious period he became satisfied of her inestimable worth.

Mr. Berkley Raymond was a wealthy West India proprietor, and until late years had resided on his

estates in the beautiful island of St. Vincent. Having accumulated a considerable fortune, he returned to Europe, and purchased a noble mansion in the environs of a large commercial city in the West of England, where as a rich man he soon became known, and, as an appropriate person, was elected by the Corporation to the important office of Mayor. Among many other distinguished honours that fell to his lot during his magistracy was that of bearing to his Sovereign some congratulatory address, upon which occasion his Majesty was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood. From that moment Sir Berkley determined that his son should not be encumbered with a profession; he would, he fondly imagined, have him form a matrimonial alliance with a family of high rank, and would bestow on him ample fortune to support its dignity. But alas! how fallacious are human hopes! His marriage with Elvira, the orphan of a respectable but poor clergyman, frustrated the ambitious views of the father, who resolved to punish his son by a separation of at least some months from his innocent and unoffending wife.

Language can ill portray, but the heart can fully appreciate, the pangs experienced by the young couple when the fatal day arrived on which Raymond was obliged to proceed on his passage to St. Vincent. Had they possessed the means, Elvira would joyfully have become the companion of his voyage, but these were not within their control. Raymond had no funds but such as his parent thought proper to allow him; and on this occasion they were circumscribed to a bare sufficiency for his own unavoidable expenditure, in preparation for the voyage. He was by necessity, therefore, obliged to tear himself from the arms of his distracted wife, giving her the only consolation he could offer, in the promise of sending for her as soon as his means would permit.

From the day of their nuptials they had occupied apartments in the house of a person with whom Elvira had been previously acquainted, the wife of a Lieutenant in the Army, who, at the period of our narrative, was embarking with his Regiment for foreign service. The similarity of circumstances under which the ladies were placed, cemented a warm friendship between them; pleased with each other's society, they continued to reside together in uninterrupted tranquillity, until Elvira had another living claim to her affections, in a fine little girl. This event had been anxiously anticipated by Raymond, who was overjoyed when, by packet, he received an assurance from the hand of his wife that her own health was fast improving, and that their infant was a most promising child. She requested that every effort might be redoubled to promote the probability of her immediately joining him.

Shortly after this period Elvira's friend also gave

birth to a daughter. These events, it would appear, served to unite more firmly the friendship of the ladies, who looked forward to a separation with a regret which could only be softened by reiterated promises of frequent intercourse by correspondence.

Elvira was busily engaged in making arrangements for her anticipated voyage, when an express arrived from Sir Berkley with a letter, giving the heartrending intelligence, that, by recent accounts from St. Vincent, he had heard that his son had been suffering from the fever of the country, brought on by over exertion in the performance of his duties. If her mental agony had been great before the announcement of this distressing news, it was now barely supportable. The calm resignation of Elvira's demeanour and pallid countenance spoke a language so different to that which she had lately expressed, it was feared that her mental rather than her physical strength was now failing. Her friend, tremblingly alive to her situation, urged every argument to induce her for the present to relinquish the idea of quitting England, for which, however, she continued silently to prepare, showing that her resolution was immovable. Alarmed at her unusual conduct, evidently the effect of overwhelming sorrow, she had recourse to the stratagem of attacking maternal feeling, and with some warmth exclaimed, "Surely, Elvira, you will not expose your infant to the dangers of a climate at all times hazardous, but at this season we have every reason to suppose infested with fevers the most calamitous."

The appeal vibrated with the shock of electricity through every nerve, and called into new life the tender feelings of wife and mother. In wild despair she gazed on her friend, and agitatingly replied,

"Heaven forbid! But what—what can I do?" And as she spoke, with increased ardour she pressed her burning lips to the cheek of the sleeping child.

"My dear friend," continued her companion, "if you cannot be diverted from your determination, leave to my care your infant; you then will be the only sufferer, while your precious Elvira shall share with my child all maternal affection and attention."

Kingston, U. C.

To be continued.

LAW.

ASK of politicians the end for which laws were originally designed, and they will answer, that the laws were designed as a protection for the poor and weak, against the oppression of the rich and powerful. But surely no pretence can be so ridiculous; a man might as well tell me he has taken off my load, because he has changed my burthen. If the poor man is not able to support his suit according to the vexatious and expensive manner established in civilized countries, has not the rich as great an advantage over him as the strong has over the weak in a state of nature?—Burke.

(ORIGINAL.)

TRUST NOT TO EARTH.

Trust not to earth, trust not to earth! its bliss is
linked with care,
Its golden hopes as faithless are as they are passing
fair,
Its dazzling promises deceive, yet onward we are
borne;
Aye just about to gain the prize, we grasp a poison-
ed thorn.
Trust not to earth, trust not to earth! its pleasures
leave a sting;
Its riches like the moth corrupt—or ever on the
wing;
And what its honors, but the baseless splendor of
a dream,
A bubble dancing on the tide of life's engulfing
stream?
Trust not to earth, trust not to earth! its brazen
trump of fame
Hath rung the startling knell of death o'er half a
world in flame,
And he who lit her funeral pyre, and fanned it with
his breath,
Lives in the curses of his race, an exile at his death.
Trust not to earth, trust not to earth! its very loves
that twine
Their strong roots deep and fast around our being's
holiest shrine,
Till 'neath its clustering boughs of joy in confidence
we trust,
And lo! the vengeful lightning bursts—and all is
in the dust.
Trust not to earth, trust not to earth! the goodliest
fruit it bears
But starves a soul so infinite, or sows a waste of
cares;
For all the heart here cleaveth to, so fondly in life's
path,
Dies in the fair deceitful calm, or by the tempest's
wrath.
Trust not to earth, her refuges so beautiful and
bright,
Are like the prophet's gourd, that grew and withered
in a night,
The best support she promises—when comes our
time of need,
Deceives the hand that leans on it as doth the bruised
reed.
Trust not to earth, rest not thy faith in aught below
the sky,
That thing of earth thou guardest most is ever first
to die,
And were her fountains always full,—secure each
promise spoken;—
Then would "the silver cord be loosed, the golden
bowl be broken."

NAPOLEON'S HABITS DURING A CAMPAIGN.

IF, in the course of a campaign, he met a courier on the road, he generally stopped, got out of his carriage, and called Berthier or Caulaincourt, who sat down on the ground to write what the emperor dictated. Frequently then the officers around him were sent in different directions, so that hardly any remained in attendance on his person. When he expected some intelligence from his generals, and it was supposed that a battle was in contemplation, he was generally in the most anxious state of disquietude; and not unfrequently in the middle of the night called out aloud, "Call D'Albe (his principal secretary) let every one arise." He then began to work at one or two in the morning; having gone to bed the night before, according to his invariable custom, at nine o'clock, as soon as he had dined. Three or four hours' sleep was all that he either allowed himself or required; during the campaign of 1813, there was only one night, that when he rested at Gorlitz, after the conclusion of the armistice, that he slept ten hours without waking. Often Caulaincourt or Duroc were up with him hard at work all night. On such occasions, his favourite Mameluke Rustan brought him frequently strong coffee, and he walked about from dark to sunrise, speaking and dictating without intermission in his apartment, which was always well lighted, wrapped up in his nightgown, with a silk handkerchief tied like a turban round his head. But these stretches were only made under the pressure of necessity; generally, he retired to rest about eight or nine, and slept till two; then rose and dictated for a couple of hours; then rested, or more frequently meditated, for two hours alone; after which he dressed, and a warm bath prepared him for the labours of the succeeding day. His travelling carriage was a perfect curiosity, and singularly characteristic of the prevailing temper of his disposition. It was divided into two equal compartments, separated by a small low partition, on which the elbows could rest, while it prevented either from encroaching on the other; the smaller was for Berthier; the larger, the lion's share, for himself. The emperor could recline in a *dormeuse* in front of his seat; but no such accommodation was afforded to his companion. In the interior of the carriage were a number of drawers, of which Napoleon had the key, in which were placed despatches not read, and a small library of books. A large lamp behind threw a bright light in the interior, so that he could read without intermission all night. He paid great attention to his portable library, and had prepared a list of duodecimo editions of above five hundred volumes, which he intended to be his constant travelling companions; but the disasters of the latter years of his reign prevented this design from being carried into complete execution.—*Alison's History of Europe.*

RUSSELL.

(ORIGINAL.)
BOURBON,
AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY E. L. C.

I must rise in wrath,
But wear it as a mourner's robe of grief,
Not as a garb of joy; must boldly strike,
But like the Roman, with reverted face,
In sorrow to be so enforced.

Rev. H. H. Milman.

It was a golden September day, during the early part of the reign of Francis the First, and the old forest of Fontainebleau rang with the joyous music of a royal hunt. Every echo gave back a mellow answer to the loud baying of the hounds, the shrill blasts of the horns, and the shouts of the huntsmen, who now wound the death-note that proclaimed the overthrow of the stateliest stag that ever ranged the green-wood. Through a vista that opened deep into a sunny glade of the forest, might be seen the king and his princely train of lords and ladies gay, clustered around the dead quarry, admiring his mottled sides, yet warm with life, and the magnificent antlers, that proclaimed him the monarch of the woodland territory. The queen was not of the party. For her quiet and devotional habits rarely inclined her to join in scenes of so much gaiety and excitement; but her sister, the lovely princess Renée, formed one of the retinue, as did also the mother of the king, the proud Duchess D'Angoulême, and many fair and noble ladies of the court.

"A forest veteran, your majesty," said the Count De Fresnoy, as, standing beside the king, he gazed upon the stag, "and the same methinks, that led us such a chase on Michaelmas, till the dogs lost his scent at the Falconer's gap, and for that time we were balked of our game."

"Aye for that time," returned the king moodily, "but we have won our revenge now, and an ample one Count, for though the very leader of the herd he has found to his cost that he could not long brave us with impunity."

As the king uttered these words, he darted a glance of angry scorn at the Duke de Bourbon, who stood within earshot at the bridle rein of the princess Renée, in earnest and animated discourse with her highness. The taunt did not escape him, and the fierce expression that shot across his brow, and the impatient gnawing of his nether lip, till the blood started to its surface, told how deeply the royal shaft had pierced him.

In truth the day's sport had been marred throughout by such sallies as this on the part of the king, for recently many suspicions, touching the faith and

loyalty of Bourbon, had taken root in his mind; nay, circumstances had arisen to give them strong confirmation, and this, too, at a moment when he stood in need of all the wisdom and the valour which he could summon to his aid. Since the commencement of his reign, the youthful monarch had not before been placed in so critical a position; for, jealous of his glory and renown, of his splendid conquests, and rapidly increasing power, all Europe had banded in a general confederacy against him; but, undaunted, and self-confident, he was preparing to defy them, when the startling fact was forced upon him, that in the person of his high constable and sword bearer, he must recognize a domestic foe, whose enmity was more to be dreaded than the united machinations of Emperor and Pope.

It is true the king loved not his noble kinsman, nor ever had; and to himself and his intriguing mother, he might impute the blame of Bourbon's defection, if such indeed it proved. Endowed with a commanding genius, and cherishing an ambition boundless as that which animated his sovereign;—possessing likewise a nobler and severer virtue, and withal, the object of popular love and admiration, not only to the nobles, but to the people, the Duke could hardly fail to maintain a supremacy which the absolute Francis regarded with jealousy and distrust.

Other and powerful causes also operated to give to Bourbon's destiny the colour which it wore for the remainder of his life. On his first appearance at court as the Count De Montpensier, the graces of his person and the rich treasures of his mind, had inspired the Duchess D'Angoulême, an aspiring and still youthful woman, though many years his senior, and the mother of the king, with a violent passion, which she made no effort to disguise, neither was its ardour in the least abated by the indifference with which it was viewed by its object. This indeed, she trusted to overcome by exerting all the weight of her influence with the king, in favour of her protégé, who being both poor and ambitious, scrupled not to avail himself of her aid in the advancement of his fortunes.

The Duchess deceived by his warmly expressed gratitude, and his courteous bearing, flattered herself that she had at last succeeded in establishing her empire in his heart, and elated by her success, she redoubled her efforts to promote whatever object he desired, Honours thickened around him, till, at the early age of twenty six, won by the importunities of his mother, and against his own secret wishes, Francis conferred on him the dignity of high constable, and entrusted to his keeping the sword of France, which hitherto, his own royal hand had held.

With his new and exalted office, the Duke assumed his family name of Bourbon, and laid claim to the hereditary possessions of his house, which were at present centered in the person of his youthful kinswoman, Suzanne de Bourbon Beaujeau, who as yet had scarcely passed the period of childhood. Well aware of the Duke's character, the mother of the young heiress, apprehensive lest he might succeed in substantiating this claim, proposed a marriage between the parties, which would not only reconcile all difficulties, but at the same time inflict a heavy blow on the Duchess D'Angoulême, a rival whom she hated.

Bourbon annoyed and disgusted by the persevering tenderness of his innamorata, readily yielded to a plan, which was to secure him the possession of a splendid fortune, and, as he also hoped, would be the means of changing to hatred the passion with which he was now persecuted. And so he found it,—and found too that no hatred is so deep and bitter as that which springs up in woman's heart, from slighted and neglected love. Rage, mortification, wounded pride and tenderness—all combined to heighten the malignity with which the Duchess set every engine of enmity in active operation against the ungrateful object of her favour and affection, whose ruin she now as ardently desired to accomplish, as before, she had been solicitous to promote his aggrandisement.

With the art, which she knew so well to exert, she sought to inflame the king's jealousy against his newly appointed officer, and by exaggerating the power and popularity he enjoyed, so well succeeded in her base design, that many petty insults and slights were aimed at the Duke, in a spirit wholly unworthy the really amiable and generous Francis, Bourbon scorned to complain, for he knew too well the instigator of these injuries, to be as deeply moved by them as he would have been, had they originated with the king. But ere long a deeper wrong was rendered him, one which stung him to the soul—when at the famous passage of the Scheldt, without a shadow of justice, the command of the vanguard was taken from him, and bestowed on the imbecile D'Alençon. At the indignity his proud blood rebelled, and, for the first time, the thought crossed his mind, that he might serve a better master, or at least one, who would appreciate as they deserved, his talents and his services.

With every new occasion of offence, this suggestion gained strength, and assumed a more definite form, till a long course of injuries, finally ripened it into a fixed and settled purpose.

At the death of the young Duchess Suzanne, which occurred within two years subsequent to her marriage, the hopes of the Duchess D'Angoulême again revived. Notwithstanding the enmity with which she had pursued the Duke, she still madly loved him, and she now humbled herself to offer him her hand, promising, on his accepting it, to make ample reparation for the injuries she had wrought him, and to restore him by her influence to the full favour and confidence of the king. But he spurned her overtures with a scorn and contempt, bitter as the remembrance of the wrongs she had heaped upon him; and, stung to frenzy by his disdainful refusal, and burning with shame at her own voluntary degradation, she renewed with deeper vengeance her vow of eternal hatred, resolving to give herself no rest till she had finally achieved his ruin.

Accordingly, in the hope of reducing him to poverty, she laid claim to the estates which he inherited in right of his wife, under the plea, that Suzanne having died a minor, she, as the daughter of her father's sister, stood the next in succession; and this unjust claim she prevailed on the Chancellor du Pratt to uphold her in maintaining—a subtle and designing man, who was at enmity with Bourbon, because he had once refused him the grant of an estate in Auvergne. Nay, she even persuaded the king to put in his claim to the inheritance left by Suzanne, which he was ungenerous enough to do, on the ground that it had fallen to the crown by escheat.

Bourbon saw himself environed by snares, woven by the unprincipled woman whose love he had ventured to reject; but, seemingly unmoved by the dangers that threatened him, he steadily pursued the path of duty, maintaining, with the dignity of conscious innocence, his station and his office, resolved that the triumph of his enemies, if triumph they must, should redound to their own shame and disgrace. Another, and more cherished motive, also urged him to forbearance, and this was the dawning in his breast of an ardent passion for the young and lovely Princess Renée. Through every change of favour and of fortune, Queen Claude had been a warm and steadfast friend to the Duke. She had sympathised in his trials, and lamented the unjust conduct of the King towards him, and she earnestly desired to see him united to her sister, in the firm belief that such an alliance would reconcile existing difficulties, and establish a lasting bond of peace between him and his sovereign.

The Princess was yet in early youth,—but just emerging from the nursery,—fair, timid, beautiful as a creation of the fancy. She possessed the simple and playful manners of a child, united with a mind

of rich intellectual endowments, and a heart warm with tender sympathies and affections, and glowing with the fervour of a pure and rational piety. Of all her admirers,—and many clustered around her,—Bourbon was the favoured one; and the sentiment of reverence which mingled with her love, gave to it a depth and sacredness, that appertain not to a lighter passion. She looked upon him as some being of a higher order than those that surrounded her, pre-eminently gifted as he was in person, and endowed with a genius and ambition, that likened him to a god. In the midst of that splendid court he stood alone, preserving his individuality, though hundreds, as elevated in position, and as brilliantly appointed, occupied their places by his side.

The Duchess d'Angoulême was not slow to detect the incipient passion of the lovers, and she threw in the way of its progress every obstacle in her power. The king, likewise, already dreading the aspiring temper of the duke, resolved not to permit an alliance that should bind him in a nearer relation to the throne, and immediately began to revolve upon which of the aspirants to that honour, he should bestow the hand of the Princess. Ercole da Este, the young Duke of Ferrara, from political motives, was at length selected by him; but the entreaties and resistance of the destined bride, induced Francis for the present to suspend the marriage negotiations, though the Duchess d'Angoulême caused it to be well understood that they were only delayed, not terminated, as some seemed to insinuate.

The princess, in the meantime, dreading for her lover, even more than for herself, the anger of the king and the vengeance of the relentless duchess, seldom appeared in public, and when, in the private circles of the palace, she met the duke, she timidly shrunk from his approach, or constrained herself, while her heart was bursting with tenderness, to receive his proffered attentions with coldness. But in the retirement of her own apartments she would throw herself weeping on the neck of the gentle and pitying queen, or like a wearied child sit for hours silent and tearful at her feet.

At first Bourbon was startled by the change that had come over her; but soon his penetrating love solved the mystery of her conduct, and while it strengthened his resolve to win her, it the more deeply exasperated him against the king. As yet, however, he could not brook the thought of openly defying the sovereign, whom he had once loved and honoured, and whom he still felt it his duty loyally to serve; nor, perhaps, would he have ever swerved from his allegiance, had not the ill-timed and taunting accusations of the king at length driven his proud spirit to revolt.

The Emperor Charles the Fifth, had, from time to time, been made acquainted with the growing

enmity which had sprung up between Francis and the Duke de Bourbon, and anxious to win the latter to his service, he failed not to aggravate the king's ill-faith and ingratitude, manifested towards him on many occasions, particularly dwelling on the rankling insult offered him at Valenciennes. By the most magnificent offers he sought to attach him to himself, and among other imperial bribes proffered by Charles, was the hand of his sister Eleonora, the widowed queen of Portugal, which was to be given as the pledge of their union, provided the duke would renounce his fealty to Francis, and accept a command in the army, which was shortly destined to act against France.

But Bourbon was not yet prepared for such a step. The hand of Eleonora possessed no attractions for him,—and though the emperor's envoy was lying perdué at his castle of Chantelle, he awaited only his release from court to repair thither, and for the present decline his master's overtures. But that overruling Power which shapes our destiny, ordered it otherwise, and hastened the denouement of the drama in which Bourbon was playing so important a part. The king had long since set spies about the person of his high constable, for he distrusted his loyalty, and had withdrawn from him his confidence. But on the morning of the stag-hunt, some rumours of the duke's intrigues with the emperor had reached his ears, and darkened with unwonted clouds the gay brow of the joyous monarch. His favourite sport failed to restore his serenity, and many a random shaft, tipped with poisoned words, sped from the royal lips, straight to the heart of Bourbon.

Yet, with rare self-command, the duke smothered every outward sign of wrath, and yielded himself to the intoxicating pleasure of the princess' presence, who, exhilarated by the forest air, and the free, fleet motion of her steed, and, above all, happy to find her lover ever at her side, recovered her enchanting playfulness, and less observed than usual, again betrayed towards him that seducing tenderness of manner which of late, timidity and fear had chilled. He had rode beside her through all the doublings of the chase, and now, when the courtly train, leaving the slain stag to the care of the huntsmen, prepared to quit the forest, he bounded gracefully into his saddle, and again occupied the envied station by her side.

But only a few steps had they paced forward, when the king, stung by the cold and haughty bearing of the duke, spurred his stately hunter, with somewhat less than his accustomed courtesy, into the narrow space between Bourbon's horse and that ridden by the princess, saying, with a smile of scornful irony, and in a tone which signified command:

"By your good leave, my lord, we will relieve

you of your charge ! We have somewhat to say to our fair sister—a legend to recount which may not be without a moral, to her maiden inexperience.”

The duke fell back a pace with a haughty, yet scarcely perceptible inclination of the head, while his flashing eye, and the marble hue of his noble countenance, told how keenly he felt, and longed to chastise the insult offered by his sovereign. The princess, terrified by the angry glances of her lover, and the frown which, notwithstanding his affected gaiety, lowered on the king's brow, trembled so excessively, that she could with difficulty retain her seat ; the rein hung loosely in her relaxed grasp, and when, by a resolute effort, she strove to grasp it more firmly, she gave it a wrong direction, upon which the animal, already irritated by the rude pressure of the king's horse against his flanks, made a sudden bound, and darted away with inconceivable rapidity through the forest.

But a short distance of his mad flight was accomplished, when the princess was thrown with violence upon the turf, where she lay, pale and motionless, when the agitated Bourbon, who was the first that came to her assistance, though all spurred hastily forward, knelt down and raised her in his arms. Gently disengaging her riding hat, the broken feather of which had fallen over and concealed her features, he fixed on her a wild and haggard look, as though he indeed gazed on the face of the dead. He could discover no sign of life, and a strange mist blinded his aching eyes, as he raised them imploringly to ask for aid. Many now pressed around to offer it—but he would not resign her to their care, and there he knelt, fanning her with the green boughs that fell around him, till the stern voice of Francis ringing in his ear, roused him to prompt action :

“Take her from him, D'Alençon,” was the royal command. “She will die in his arms—there is water near, let her have it freely, and she will recover.”

At the sound of these words the duke abruptly rose, and cradling the fairy form of his beloved upon his breast, bore her to the brink of the rivulet, which at no great distance murmured through the trees. Again kneeling on the turf, he still sustained her, while he bathed her deathlike face with the cool and limpid wave, and a thrill of exquisite joy shot through his heart, when, in answer to his cares, he saw the veined eyelid gently quiver, and then from beneath it, caught the soft glance of the awaking eye. For an instant her look was bewildered, but as recollection returned, and she saw in whose arms she was reclining, a burning blush crimsoned her cheek, and she sprang eagerly to her feet.

But instantly a cry of anguish escaped her, and again she would have fallen to the ground had not

the duke caught her ere she reached it. When thrown from her horse, her ankle had received a severe sprain, and overcome with shame and extreme suffering, she once more sunk into insensibility. As Bourbon cast around him a despairing glance, he met the fixed and withering gaze of the Duchess d'Angouleme, who, with every evil and malignant passion ranking in her heart, and written on her haughty brow, had been a silent observer of the scene. The king, likewise, had marked with stern displeasure the unequivocal demonstrations of Bourbon's passion for the princess, so fearlessly displayed in despite of his expressed disapproval, and command to the contrary. With a gesture of impatience he signed to the Count du Fresnoy, and immediately the attendants approached with a litter, which had been hastily prepared, and furnished with cloaks, for the accommodation of the princess.

“I will myself convey her highness to the palace,” said Bourbon, jealous lest any save himself should render her service. “It would be perilous to change her position now, and none can bear her more gently,” and rising, he prepared to move forward with her in his arms.

“Will your majesty stand by, and tamely brook this open defiance ?” angrily demanded the duchess.

“Peace, madame !” exclaimed the king, impatiently,—then turning to the duke—“My lord, it is our pleasure that the princess be placed upon this litter, and so conveyed to the palace, where the queen's physician waits to attend her.”

The duke withheld not instant obedience to his sovereign's command, and though the red blood burned brightly on his cheek, he laid down his precious charge as tenderly as a mother cradles her infant to its rest,—and so the gentle princess was borne from his sight, attended by all save the king, and his personal suite. Bourbon was in the act of mounting his horse to follow the departing retinue, when the king said, with an ill-suppressed sneer :

“Trouble not yourself, my lord, to attend her highness—she shall be well cared for, and when recovered, we pledge our royal word she shall render you fitting thanks for your kind offices. They were scarcely to be looked for from the betrothed of the fair queen Eleanora.”

Bourbon cast from him the rein which he had grasped, and turned his “lion-port” towards his sovereign, with an air of such insulted dignity, that even the eagle eye of Francis quailed beneath his glance.

“Sire,” he said, “I understand you not—nor know I, why I should so foully dissemble, as to wear love in my heart, and on my lip, for yonder fair and guileless princess, and yet, with solemn mockery, give to another, as your majesty insinuates, my pledged faith.”

“Ambition, as you are well aware, my lord, plays

mad pranks with men's passions, and he, who abandons himself to its sway, will not shrink from sacrificing love, and loyalty, and honour on its dazzling shrine."

"And dare any one assert that I have, or shall, blacken my fair fame with sins like these?" warmly demanded the constable, while his haughty eye glanced from the king to those who stood in wondering silence around him.

"If such words are not already openly spoken, my lord," returned the king, sternly regarding him, "they have come to us in whispers,—and whispers that we think may be relied on; and which assure us, that our high constable and *trusty* sword-bearer, is shortly to receive the hand of Eleanora of Portugal, in reward for service rendered him, whom we esteem, and justly so, our bitterest foe."

"It is false, your majesty," fiercely retorted the duke. "I have never pledged myself to render service to the emperor,—added wrongs only can drive me to that extremity; but the hand of Eleanora could never tempt me to disloyalty."

"We know that it has been proffered to you, my lord;—but," and the king's lips blanched to deadly paleness—"fulfil the infamous conditions that accompany the bribe, and by the honour of a king we swear——"

"Sire!" interrupted Bourbon, and his voice trembled with uncontrollable passion—"Sire! you menace and threaten me in a manner which my faithful services have not deserved. When have I neglected the trust reposed in me, or proved false to the interests and welfare of your majesty's realm? Patiently have I endured insult and wrong; from that which aspersed my fame and honour at the passage of the Scheldt, to the act which now seeks to beggar me, by wresting from my possession the rightful inheritance of my ancestors. Thousands have been driven to revolt by lesser wrongs than these; but as yet, my love for France and for her sovereign, have nerved me to endurance which I have often felt a degradation."

"Boast not, my lord duke, of a loyalty to which you have no claim," said the king. "By acts, not by words, would we test the spirit of our brave and faithful servants,—and he, who at the moment when he makes his vaunting pretensions, harbours beneath his roof the secret envoy of our open and implacable foe, does ill to affect anger at the charges urged against his fealty. My lord of Bourbon, we are not ignorant of your traffic with the emperor, and though we might have pardoned all else, rely upon it this will not be forgotten, and so you shall find it to your cost."

"I deny not, sire, that the emperor, having learned somewhat of the wrongs I was permitted to endure, has sought to make them the means of winning me to his service, deeming it natural that indignities so unmerited should have the effect of

alienating me from my allegiance. Hitherto he has found me invincible to his most alluring offers. But, sire, there are injuries, which it would be abject even for the most tried and zealous loyalty to suffer unavenged. My lords," he continued, addressing the group who stood around them, "I call you all to witness, that my defiance of his majesty is not a voluntary thing—he has goaded me to the act, and even the powerful sovereign of France may yet live to rue the day when, by accumulated wrongs, by open insult and menace, he drove to such painful extremities, a prince of his own blood, and a faithful defender of his throne."

As he finished these words the duke strode haughtily from the circle, and mounting his horse, galloped hastily away, followed by the few lords and attendants who composed his suite. The king, amazed and indignant to be thus audaciously bearded by the man, whom of all others he most feared and hated, looked fiercely after him, and was for one moment resolved to cause his arrest upon the spot—but no lip urged him to the act, and well aware of the high favour in which the constable stood with the powerful nobles of his court, he feared by so summary a measure to draw odium upon himself,—so, suppressing as best he could, his kingly wrath, he muttered between his closed teeth:

"We have driven the renegade from his cover, and we must in truth be shorn of our authority, if he fail to meet the punishment he merits."

So saying he called to horse, and the small train wound away through the forest, and entered the stately gates of the palace, not with the gay brows and laughing lips which they had worn when, a few hours previous, they issued through them in gallant array, to enjoy the pleasures of the chase; but in gloomy silence, each one brooding on the strange scene which he had just witnessed.

The duke in the meantime spurred fleetly on through the green arcades of the forest, nor halted in his pace till his foaming steed entered the courtyard of Bras de Fer, a castle belonging to him, which stood scarcely a quarter of a league from the royal palace of Fontainebleau. Throwing himself from his saddle, and without pausing to exchange a syllable with any of his train, Bourbon entered the spacious hall, and passing in silence through the throng of his retainers, ascended the broad staircase, and proceeded along a lofty corridor, to an apartment at its extremity, which was appropriated solely to his private use, and preserved sacred, except by his own command, from all intrusion.

It was a spacious chamber, and wore an air of luxury and comfort peculiarly inviting. The walls were adorned with paintings, for Bourbon was a lover of the fine arts—several of Titian's, and of Leonardo de Vinci's—and one or two from the pencil of Jean Cousin, the first historical painter of the age,—a winged Mercury, exquisitely sculptured, which

stood upon a pedestal of green marble, was a conspicuous object, and every recess was filled with forms of beauty cut from the Parian stone, that seemed "to mock with art," the gazer's eye. Charts, plans of sieges and campaigns, and warlike trophies, were interspersed among these gems of genius; and on an antique table, occupying the centre of the apartment, between books and parchments confusedly piled together, lay some beautiful enamels of Francis Clouet's, the brilliant badge of the order of St. Michael, with which the duke had been invested by his sovereign, and the diamond-hilted sword of France.

The brief September day was already drawing to a close, and the red rays of the setting sun streamed through the richly stained glass of a high gothic window, upon the tessellated marble of the floor, and glanced effulgently from the brilliants that encrusted the weapon. When Bourbon entered the chamber, his thoughts were dwelling on one pale and lovely image,—and wounded pride and honour, and blighted name, and lost station, were at that moment forgotten in the wild rush of agony that came over him with the fear, that his rupture with the king might be the means of severing forever the princess from his love. But as the blinding ray thus reflected from the jewelled sword smote his eyes, a new current was given to his thoughts, and impatiently seizing the ensign of his official dignity, he cast it into a cabinet.

"Lie there, glittering symbol of authority that is no longer mine," he said. "Lie there, till this day's insults are atoned for, or I am branded with a name which will forbid me ever more to grasp thee."

And turning away, he traversed the apartment with a rapidity that fearfully expressed the disorder of his agitated mind. Hour after hour passed thus, while swelling thoughts like dark and angry waves, seemed to bury in their frightful surges every gleam of brightness and of hope that yet lingered in his soul. Love! Glory! those stars of his horizon they had set in darkness! His recent treaties with the emperor were betrayed, and though as yet he had forborne to compromise his loyalty, he had lost his sovereign's confidence, and forfeited all claim to his favour. What alternative was left him then, but to become an alien and a traitor?

He shuddered at the thought; yet did not his bitter wrongs justify even this step? Would not the world defend his conduct, and cast its scorn upon the monarch who had driven him to such extremities? He would win glory in other lands, and France should learn to tremble at his name. Then, as if deprecating such a decision, rose to his view the imploring form of the fair and tender Renée, the bland countenance of the queen, the cherub faces of her royal children, to defend and support whom, he was bound by the double ties of loyalty and blood.

Thus vacillating, distracted by contending pas-

sions and duties, wore away the evening. He had disregarded the summons to supper,—the physical necessity for food was forgotten in the tumult of a soul, whose calm and lofty tone had rarely been so shaken and disturbed before. The attendants brought wine and other refreshments, and placed them on the table; of the former, Bourbon sparingly partook, but the grosser viands still remained untouched.

The night waned fast, and his mind settled into no fixed purpose for the future. A persuasion, that the king, sooner than drive him to open rebellion, would in the course of the following day, make some conciliatory overture, forced itself upon him, and he cherished the thought, till his irritated feelings resumed a degree of calmness, that surprised himself. But then, anxiety for the princess Renée harassed him—her death-like image, as he had beheld it in the forest, haunted him, and he awaited only the dawn, to dispatch a private messenger to Fontainebleau, who should bring him tidings of her state.

It wanted but one hour of midnight—the sound of mirth had died away in the banquetting hall, and the solitary tread of the warder alone disturbed the deep unbroken silence that reigned throughout the castle. The duke was not yet composed enough to seek his couch, but he had ceased his restless walk, and now sat, his face buried in his folded arms, leaning on the table, over which hung a silver lamp, the chain apparently held by cherubs, that, painted in one of Raffaele's most exquisite frescoes, formed the centre of the ceiling.

Presently his train of thought was disturbed by a low sound in the corridor—he raised his head, and distinctly heard a whisper—then an approaching step,—it paused at his door, which was locked on the inside, and starting to his feet, he stood for a moment, irresolute what course to pursue. A slight tap on the panel decided him, and hastily turning the key, he unclosed the door, when a solitary figure, wearing the loose garment and enveloping hood of a monk, glided into the apartment, and stood silently before him. The stature of the intruder was tall, though the proportions of the figure seemed slight; but the singularity of the visit at that hour, and after the stirring events of the day, somewhat startled the duke, who, suspicious of a foe beneath the sacred garb, retreated a pace or two, and sought in his girdle for the hunting knife which he had neglected to lay aside since his return from the chase.

At this gesture, the stranger's disguise was cast away, and glittering in the robes, with which she had been decked for the royal table, stood revealed to his astonished view, the commanding figure of his haughty and relentless persecutor, the Duchess D'Angoulême. Jewels gleamed amidst the dark braids of her hair, and her lofty brow wore the authority

of a queen;—yet traces of tears were visible in her brilliant eyes, and the scorn that was wont to wreath her proud lip was softened by an expression of suffering, that lent a character, almost of tenderness, to her imperious face.

The duke beheld her with dismay—had the archfiend himself suddenly appeared before him, his consternation could not have been greater.

“God of heaven!” he involuntarily exclaimed, “to what new affliction am I doomed?—for as comets are said to portend wo and disaster to the earth, so on my destiny, has ever operated the evil and malign influence of Louisa of Savoy.”

“Greet me not with reproaches, Charles de Bourbon,” she said, in accents of unwonted gentleness; “the evil which has befallen you, was of your own choosing,—I would have wrought you good, but you cast it from you, because you scorned the hand that proffered it.”

“I scorned, madame, to barter my soul, with all its high hopes and pure affections, for the gilded servitude in which you would have thrall’d me—therefore I have been made to drain the cup of your vengeance to its dregs—yet better to be the wretch I am, loaded with ingratitude and wrongs, with insult and contumely, than fill a place of power today, and tomorrow fall from it, at the will, or caprice, of an artful and ambitious woman.”

“Your words are bitter, but I pardon them, my lord,—I will not let them move me, for I came hither this night to serve you,—to save you, if it may be,—from the utter ruin that is impending over you.”

“Madame, your arts, your enmity, your baleful influence exerted over the king, have wrought the ruin of which you speak. Why then, with idle mockery, pretend to lament the work which your own hand has accomplished. Triumph rather, that your machinations have not been woven in vain,—that you have driven a prince of your own blood, to ally himself with the enemies of France, to turn his stainless weapon against the faithless heart of the sovereign, who at your instigation, basely repaid his services with such rewards as traitors only merit.”

“Nay it has not, must not, come to this,” exclaimed the duchess, her lofty tones rendered soft and tremulous by deep emotion. “Tarnish not the proud name you bear with such an act of infamy—you, whose deeds have added to its lustre, and, who have so many high and holy motives for preserving it unsoiled.”

“Who had, madame,—but now—”

“Ay, even now!—higher, and holier, and more binding than ever,” she interposed. “Hear me, Bourbon,” and she approached him with clasped hands, and a look of passionate entreaty; “Listen to me calmly—but this once,—only this once—for your own sake, if not for mine!”

“And, wherefore, madame?” asked the duke, turning impatiently towards her. “What have I to hear which you have not often told before—it boots not to repeat it—yet it would be ill that this nocturnal visit should avail you naught,” he added with a scornful smile, “therefore, be satisfied to learn, ere you depart, and let the knowledge gladden, if it can, your future life, that you have tinged my destiny with wo, and spread a dark pall over the glad scenes of my youth, beneath which lie cold and dead my perished joys and hopes.”

“And mine, mine—have not I too, wrongs, deep and bitter as your own, of which to speak?” she exclaimed, and a passionate burst of tears accompanied her words. “How have you shaken to the winds the pure blossoms of that love which would have sought to bless you with all earth’s best and dearest gifts! How, without measure have you cast on me your scorn and your disdain, and uttered cruel words of jest and mockery, that pierced my inmost soul—and yet you marvel that I dared to seek revenge! Revenge! how much too lightly has it fallen, for deserts like yours! But ah!” and again the flashing light of her dark imperious eye was quenched in tears; “how often, when its brimming cup was at my lips have I turned, loathing, from the draught—and how at such moments would one gentle word from you, one forgiving look from those averted eyes, have changed my deadly purpose, and melted me to penitence and sorrow!”

“Madame, forbear!” exclaimed the duke, disdain and anger lending their dark and withering expression to his face. “Is it not enough that you have sought and achieved my ruin, but now, casting aside the decencies of sex and rank, you force yourself upon my midnight privacy, to pursue me with a passion, that has been the source, since first we met, of all my misfortunes and disasters!”

She stood with her face bowed down upon her hands, and hid in the rich folds of the embroidered mantle, which she had crowded close around it. But when his voice died away, she slowly raised her head, and in that tearful, subdued, imploring countenance, it would have been hard to recognize the marked and haughty lineaments of her, who held an almost royal sway over both king and realm. One look of agony she turned upon the duke, and then, with a wild despairing gesture, faltered towards him, and cast herself prostrate at his feet. Shocked, annoyed, disgusted, beyond the power of language to express, Bourbon started back as from the approach of some venomous and deadly reptile, but in another moment bending towards her,

“Rise, madame, for God’s sake, rise,” he said, and he strove to aid her as he spoke. “Spare me the humiliation,—the deep shame of witnessing such degradation in her, whose rank, whose name—”

“I care not! I care not! rank—name—power,—what are they to me, without the one boon for which

I would renounce them all?" she cried with frantic energy. "Bourbon, I have striven hard to hate you—God knows how hard, but love is still triumphant,—and once again I humble myself to speak of sorrow for the past, to deprecate its deeds, to recall its words of bitterness, and to sue—yes,—yes,—the proud Louisa stoops to sue a second time, for the love of that cold ungrateful heart, from which she has endured so many wrongs."

She had obeyed the impulse of his hand, and risen as she spoke—but still she grasped that hand as if to wring forth the dear reply she wished—yet a burning glow suffused her cheek, and her eyes fastened themselves upon the floor, as though she would gladly sink beneath it to conceal her shame.

"Seek, madame, a worthier object to honour with your love, than the disgraced and outcast man whom you address," said the duke, in a calm and passionless accent, that cut her far more deeply, than would have done the fiery tones of haste. "The heart, which you assail, is more cold and callous even, than when first it won your regards. The affections which yet bloom within it are consecrated to another,—but the bitter doom of solitary woe is on it—for its blighted hopes, its smitten pride, its crushed and wounded sensibilities, render it an offering unmeet for the acceptance of the lovely and the pure."

This allusion to a rival stung her to madness, and a glance of her native spirit lit up her eyes, as she tremblingly exclaimed:

"This then is your answer! But if you would shun the ruin that impends, beware how you abide by it. The king's wrath is roused, and this hand only can avert it—this hand restore you to his favour, and secure you in the exercise of a power omnipotent as his own."

"And so I deemed it," said the duke with a bitter smile, "when in many a battle I led on the armies of the king to victory;—but at the passage of the Scheldt I learned never more to place my trust in the faith and gratitude of princes."

"Nay, with this gift," and she held towards him her small and trembling hand, "fame, wealth and glory shall be to you inalienable possessions, subject to no royal caprice or power; but turn from it," and her bright bold eye once again met his with fearless defiance, "and scarcely dare I present the reverse of the picture, so dark and terrible are the colours in which it is wrought."

"Madame, your threats have never moved me yet, nor can they now drive me to adopt this, or any other measure, to appease and win back the favour of the king. If he has wronged me, and God knows he has, and foully too, it behoves him, as a just and generous monarch, to make atonement for his fault—let him do so, or take up the gauntlet which I have cast at his feet, and stand on the de-

fensive, for henceforth he will find in me an open and implacable foe.

"Atonement!" she replied, with indignant scorn; "it is already made, and worthily. This very night the Bourbonnais, Auvergne, Beaujolais, all the principalities and estates to which you lay claim, even this very roof that shelters us, were laid under sequestration by the king's command, who, unless appeased by some conciliatory effort on your part, will pursue you to the last extremity with his vengeance."

"I defy it, madame; and not for the gift of his crown and realm would stoop to ask aught of his mercy or his justice!" thundered the duke, in a voice that awed even the resolute spirit of the duchess—"and for this last act of royal tyranny, I swear by the heaven above us, that the throne of France shall shake to its very foundation—it has fixed me in my wavering purpose, pointed out my path of duty, and the valiant Francis and his illustrious mother, may share the glory of having armed against themselves and their country one, who would, had justice been rendered him, have shed the last drop of his heart's blood in their defence."

"Be it at your peril, my lord, if you dare proceed to this extremity!" said the duchess in her haughtiest tone. "The prison of the Chatelet has dungeons dark and deep for traitors; and know, sir, low as I have stooped, my heart is not yet so enervated by its unworthy love, as not to triumph in the thought, that he, who has scorned and trampled on its best affections, may yet linger out his life, a fettered wretch, amid the horrors of their midnight gloom."

"That triumph will be denied you, madame, for no dungeon of France shall ever hold these free limbs in bondage," said the duke. "She is my country, and I could safely rely upon her love and gratitude; but to her king I owe no allegiance—he has dissolved me from it forever, and I would to God the whole realm were as free from his authority as I am. But, madame, bid him reform his abuses, and imitate more closely the virtues of his noble predecessor, or there are thousands of voices, that will ere long cry out for a champion to redress their wrongs, and the cry will not be heard in vain by him, who beggared as he is, might, if he so willed it, reign a king over the soil from which he is exiled."

"Ha!" ejaculated the duchess, derisively,— "yours is a lofty aim, my lord, for one, who is about to unsheathe the sword of a renegade, and whose very life is a forfeit to offended justice. But we know that you have met evil counsellors at court—nay it has been whispered that the queen, even, in revenge for her husband's levities, would not lend her aid to bar your passage to the throne."

"The queen, madame," he answered warmly, "knows naught of that fiendish passion which you

name. She is a paragon of conjugal virtue; worthy of all love and reverence, and incapable of harbouring a thought that could militate against the glory and honour of him, who so lightly appreciates her excellence."

A cold and bitter sneer wreathed the proud lip of the duchess.

"And the fair Renée," she said,—“have you not also an eulogium for her? Methinks from the scene enacted this morning in the forest”——

“Forbear, madame!” sternly interrupted the duke. “You touch a theme too sacred for light words. I can endure the probe to search all other wounds,—but this—oh God!”——

And with an indistinct murmur, he turned away, and leaned against a pillar, subdued by the rushing thought that she might be lost to him, in the desperate career on which he had resolved. No pity for his sufferings touched the relentless heart of the duchess—she deemed them light, compared with those which tortured her own heart, and she gloated on them with a fierce and cruel triumph.

“Comfort yourself, my lord,” she said, with a malignant smile, “for ere your shadow has flitted from the soil of France, your fair and faithless princess will have found a solace in the love of Ercole da Este.”

“Fiend!” muttered the duke between his closed teeth,—and then, reluctant to increase her triumph, he said, with forced serenity:

“So let it be, if Heaven ordains it. I would not win her, if I could, to share my unknown fortunes, but I shall bear her image with me to the end of life, and may he, who shall have the happiness to call her his, cherish her, even as I would have done, within his heart of hearts.”

“’Tis well,” exclaimed the duchess, trembling with rage,—“since words like these but lend a keener edge to my resolve. My lord, we part now, and it may be forever. But my curse remains with you, and may the sufferings which you have inflicted on my soul, be repaid with tenfold interest by the intenser agonies of yours. I go—and amid the many trials that await you in the future, learn to repent the indignities offered to one, whose most unworthy act was that of lavishing her affections on an undeserving and ungrateful object.”

She drew the friar’s garb around her as she spoke, and bending a glance of proud disdain upon the noble face of him, who had by turns awakened her impassioned love, and her vindictive hate, she turned haughtily away, and with imperial step and air, swept from the apartment. But she did not return immediately to the palace. Two confidential servants had attended her to Bras de Fer, and safe in their protection, she proceeded to the house of Cornelius Agrippa, her physician, and a celebrated astrologer of the time. The fires of vengeance were again kindled in her soul; the calm yet resolute

repulse of Bourbon to her love, rendered almost intolerable her sense of the humiliation to which she had subjected herself—but more than even this, the frank avowal of his passion for another, had added fuel to the flames. It was the earnest desire of her heart, that evil in every shape might befall him, and anxious to learn if her malignant wishes were destined to be accomplished, she hastened to consult Agrippa, in whose occult science she cherished unbounded faith.

The man of art erected the duke’s horoscope, according to the desire of his noble patroness,—but aware of the persecutions which Bourbon had been compelled to endure from the duchess, and himself detesting her with all his heart, Agrippa, on purpose to torment her, predicted for the constable all kinds of triumph and happiness, instead of the miserable fate which his tormentor had desired the celestial bodies to reveal. Enraged and disappointed by his answers, which she more than half suspected were prompted by malice towards herself, the duchess quitted the astrologer in a paroxysm of anger, and the next day deprived him of the pension he had enjoyed from her bounty, and dismissed him from her service. He was a man of wit and genius, and this act of gross injustice, roused him to write the cutting satire against her, for which he was compelled, in order to escape her terrible vengeance, to seek his safety in flight.

When the duchess had given utterance to her last bitter denunciation, and quitted the presence of Bourbon, he felt like one suddenly released from the fearful horrors of the incubus. Left once more to the solitary companionship of his thoughts, he no longer remained listlessly inactive, while their shadowy forms flitted around him. The intelligence conveyed to him by the duchess, of the king’s extreme exasperation, and the active measures already taken by him to express it, convinced Bourbon that his personal safety would be endangered by remaining even till morning, at Bras de Fer, and accordingly he summoned his attendants, and caused the household to be immediately aroused.

A brief consultation ensued, hasty arrangements were made for an instant departure, and escorted by a train of faithful followers, the duke set forth for Chantelle, just as the castle bell tolled out the hour of midnight. Thither he had long intended to repair in case an open rupture with the king compelled him to retire from court; there the Lord of Beaurien, the emperor’s envoy, awaited the answer to his master’s overtures, which decided by the events of the day and evening, Bourbon was now prepared to render in the affirmative. Driven to desperation by a long series of injuries, and at that moment smarting beneath that last cruel act of tyranny, which stripped him of fortune and estates, the duke rushed to open revolt, not only to gratify his revenge, which was a virtue of the age, but as the only alter-

native which remained to him from disgrace and want.

The envoy received the duke's pledge to join his master, and departed. But scorning like a cowardly renegade to flee immediately from France, Bourbon remained shut up in the very heart of the kingdom, and in his castle of Chantelle, which he strongly fortified, awaited the assault, which he was assured would ere long be directed against him. And so it proved—a strong force, led on by Francis in person, shortly invested the place, and with the courage that had made his name a terror to his foes, Bourbon resisted almost to the death. But the power and strength of the assailants were more than a match for the stout and valiant hearts that defended the walls of Chantelle, and though they quailed not, they were at last reduced to the extremity of submission or flight. Many preferred the former; but the duke, although he received an intimation that Francis would pardon the past, on condition of his again returning to his allegiance, was too deeply exasperated to accept any terms from his sovereign, and choosing rather to fly, assumed a humble disguise, and followed by a small train of gentlemen, who still adhered to his doubtful fortune, he safely made his escape.

During this brief and stormy period in the life of Bourbon, there were moments when softer thoughts held sway over him, and the gentle image of the princess Renée, came like an angel visitant to calm his harassed soul. He had received tidings of her through a private courier, on the morning succeeding his departure from Bras de Fer, and recently had learned, that she was still at Fontainebleau, where she had remained with the queen, after the king's departure for Paris. On the eve of bidding, perhaps, an eternal farewell to France, a resistless wish to behold her ere he went, took strong possession of his heart. He knew not if he could ever call her his, for he feared that his own hand had placed an insurmountable barrier between them, but he longed not the less, to tell her he was not quite the guilty thing he seemed, and to hear her pure lips pronounce his pardon. Many plans were devised and rejected, for the accomplishment of this object—but difficult as it was, he resolved, before joining the emperor, to hazard life rather than leave it unattempted.

The princess in the meantime had heard of his defection, and it smote her to the heart. She was suffering much from her accident in the forest, at the time, and tenderly and proudly as she loved him, the startling tidings retarded her recovery, and threw her into a state of nervous weakness and dejection, which furnished a plea for her remaining in quiet at Fontainebleau, when the king and his gay courtiers left it. The queen, who understood and sympathised in her feelings, kindly favoured her wish, and announced her own intention, also to prolong her stay,

till the approach of the Christmas festivities. Retaining only their favourite ladies and attendants, the royal sisters were left to that quiet which their tastes peculiarly fitted them to enjoy, and many were the hours during those few weeks of calm seclusion, that they passed alone with each other, in the interchange of mutual confidence and affection.

One evening, when the princess had seemed more languid than usual, the queen retired early from the circle of her ladies, and repairing to her sister's apartment, seated herself beside the low couch on which the lovely Renée indolently reclined. The sun was setting with almost tropical splendour, and its rays streaming through an opposite window, fell upon the recumbent figure of the princess, and seemed to restore, to the pale, yet lovely face which they irradiated, the departed glow of health and joy. Tears were hanging on her eyelids, and as the queen, bending over her, tenderly kissed them away,—

"You have been nursing sad thoughts, sweet sister," she gently said; "I left the countess charming you with Clement Marot's witty rhymes, and deemed all would be well when I returned. How is it then, my loved one, that I find you thus alone, and in tears?"

"I sent her from me," sobbed the princess; "my heart ached for solitude,—for ah, dearest Claude, I can dwell on naught but that sad flight from Chantelle—his wanderings,—his sufferings—ah, might I but share them with him!"

"You would not dishonour our royal father's memory by linking your name with that of —"

"Hush! speak it not aloud!" exclaimed the princess, eagerly laying her small hand upon the queen's. "Pray for for me, dearest, pray that I may have strength to still my murmurs. God has sent this chastening upon me, and I should strive to hear it meekly."

"Do so, dear one," said the queen,—"*Glorious* rewards await those who endure with child-like faith and patience, the sorrows and trials of life. They are mercifully designed to purify the soul—to refine it from the passions and desires of earth, and, as they are sent in love, so we in meekness should receive them."

"I will strive and pray that I may do so, dear sister," said the princess. "Light indeed are my afflictions compared with the sorer trials of your lot, and yet you smile amid them all, with serene and saintly patience."

"God is my helper, sweetest Renée," said the queen; "ask of him, my sister, and he will grant you all needful aid."

She turned aside to wipe away a starting tear—for her's was indeed a lofty but a bitter lot. A queen without power,—a wife unblest by the affections of her lord, her rightful place in his heart supplanted by the worthless and abandoned, what marvel that her hold on earth was weakened, and

she had learned to garner up her hopes in heaven. The brief pause was broken by the princess.

"It is strange that father Gregory comes not," she said, in a low and thoughtful tone; "at noon he should have been here; I have much to say to him,—many thoughts to unburden—precious counsel to crave,—and my sleep would have been calmer tonight, could I have seen him but for one half hour."

"Some errand of mercy has detained him, or he would not have failed to come at the hour appointed," said the queen. "But even yet he may be here; or he shall be summoned, if it is of moment to you, my sister, that he come."

Before the princess could reply, a side door softly unclosed, and the tall figure of the father confessor glided noiselessly into the apartment. His rosary was in his hand, and with head bent down, he passed it through his fingers, muttering a prayer to every bead, as he slowly moved towards the princess. The queen rose, and as she passed near him to retire, he paused and bent in silent reverence before her.

"You are welcome, father," she said, "our poor invalid craves your counsel and your prayers, and I leave you to pour into her soul the blessed source of that comfort, which earth can neither give nor take away."

She bowed her head meekly to receive the murmured blessing of the churchman, and then quitted the apartment. The priest approached the princess, and with a mute inclination of his head, knelt down beside her, and buried his face in his hands, while his frame shook with the violence of his emotions. She raised herself and gazed on him with concern. She thought he was wrestling in prayer for her sinful heart, and her own tender and imploring orisons went up to heaven, for faith and resignation. Shortly he raised his head, but the cowl still concealed his features.

"Father!" she softly said—and at the sound of her voice he started convulsively—the cowl was cast aside, and her amazed and doubting eye gazed on the noble features of the loved, lamented Bourbon! A wild cry of joy escaped her, as she cast herself into the arms that opened to receive her, and lay like a subdued child, motionless on the faithful breast that loved her. He held her there in silent rapture; but with the kisses which he pressed upon her brow, were mingled scalding tears. These eyes that seldom wept, now melted with more than woman's weakness, as pride, ambition, and revenge, faded before the one distracting thought, that she he loved, this tender and devoted being, who clung to him with such unchanging, trustful affection, was lost to him perhaps forever—or at best, till he had won for her a station worthy of her birth. Her voice recalled him to composure. Shrinking timidly from

his embrace, and turning her sweet and happy face towards him,

"Ah," she said, "I have so pined to look on you,—to hear once more your voice—and now—ah, I fear you have risked much to venture here—too much—for should you be discovered—that life—that precious life were lost—and I —," tears choked her utterance, and she turned away her face and wept.

"Fear not, my loved one," he said, tenderly caressing her. "Father Gregory is surety for my safety—he it was who furnished me with this garb; he knew of my purpose to seek you, and permitted the assumption of his character, which won me ready access to the palace."

"Bless him for it," murmured the princess, "and God forbid that his kindness should involve himself or you in peril."

"Not him, I trust," returned the duke; "but for me, sweet Renée, peril has no terrors—life has become a changed scene to me since last we met,—for then, though smarting under injuries deep and deadly, I was struggling hard against pride and anger and bearing wrong in silence, that I might not raise between my cherished hopes and your dear love a barrier, never to be passed. But I was goaded on—how fiercely, it boots not now to tell, and the ir-retrievable step is taken—fortune, country, honours, all are forfeited, and with them too the right—I fear it must be so—the right to claim this hand—this precious hand, which would have strewed sweet flowers along my devious path, and led me with love's gentle guidance through life's thorny ways."

His utterance was low and rapid, but his tones impassioned, and as they fell with sad and tender pathos on the princess' ear, she wept in silent bitterness; but when he paused, her tearful eyes were turned with fond confiding tenderness on his, and the soft bright smile that played upon her lip, was like a ray of sunshine to his heart.

"Still is it yours," she said, as gently she laid her fairy hand in his—"and wherefore should it not be so? Our plighted faith is held by a frail bond indeed, if the first breath of misfortune is to sever it. Our hearts are united—let our hands become so also and I will go with you to share your changeful fortunes, to soothe, to comfort, to minister to you as woman should to him, whom she has sworn to love."

"God bless you, my beloved, for constancy like this," he said in accents of surprised and joyful tenderness. "But no, not yet must it be so—your words of hope and love, have lent new brightness to the future, and when I can return to bear my bride to such a home —."

She broke in with passionate energy upon his words.

"My home is in your heart, and there let me abide—solemn vows have we exchanged, that no

events should separate us, and wherefore then, when you go forth to scenes of trial and of danger, should I live on alone and sad, amid the slanderers of your name, the spoilers of your honours and your fortune."

"Alas, that I must turn away from the faithful and devoted heart, that would cling to me even in disgrace," he said despondingly. "But by the very depth and energy of my love, I am forbidden to involve in my uncertain destiny, her, who would nobly renounce life's luxuries and splendours, to share the stigma and the scorn which rest upon my name! Sweetest Renée, tempt not my weakness further—I sought you to exchange one fond farewell—to hear from your lips that I was not utterly condemned—to tell you that death must still this heart before it can cease to cherish your dear image, with tender and inviolable fidelity—to ask of you sometimes to recall our past moments of happiness, and to breathe a prayer for brighter days, when the lone wanderer shall have achieved a happier fortune, and return to claim this hand as the dear reward of his sufferings."

"And for this only, to wring my heart with the anguish of a sad, perchance an eternal farewell, have you now sought me," she exclaimed with a wild vehemence that Bourbon had thought foreign to her nature. "But it shall not be! I have naught to live for, here, and I will not forsake you in this your hour of darkness and need; urge me not, Bourbon, unless you would that I distrust the sincerity of your love."

"That you can never do, my beloved," he said, "for at your feet I would now lay down my life, if the proof were wanting of my entire and changeless affection. Blest to me would be any lot which your presence brightened, my Renée; and yet I would not, no, not for the wealth of worlds, take advantage of your generous and self-sacrificing love, and link your fate with mine, in this, the hour of its darkest and gloomiest despondency."

The princess bent her face upon her hands, and tears trickled fast and bright through her slender fingers, while her bursting sobs almost unmanned his heart. But the purity and fervour of his affection for her, aided by his high sense of honour and of duty, enabled him to withstand her pleadings, and drawing her tenderly towards him:

"Cherish firm faith in my unchanging love, sweet one," he said, "even as I do in yours; and when in other realms, and in the service of a nobler monarch, I have won with my sword, (the only possession that remains to me) a name and rank among my peers, I will return to claim my plighted bride; and then, if my hopes deceive me not, the proud Francis will no longer dare withhold her from me. In the face of the world I will demand my own betrothed, and kings, as is meet, shall stand beside us at the altar! Is not this a bright picture, my be-

loved, and is it not better so, than now, like a lurking bandit, to steal you forth from the palace of your ancestors?"

He paused but her lips gave no reply, silently she wept on, and again his low murmurs were poured into her ear.

"Rest quietly here for awhile, my loved one, and our separation will soon be ended; amidst the uncertain changes of my lot, the busy turmoil of my life, my thoughts will gladly seek you here, peacefully cradled in your princely home, and solaced by the tender ministries of kind and kindred hearts."

"Ah, little do you know," she said in trembling accents, "how small my chance of peace is in the home to which you doom me. To hear your name reviled,—our love denounced, and scorned, myself wounded with many a cruel word, for daring to cherish even your remembrance—and ah, worse than all,—persecuted to bestow my hand on one, from whom I shrink with cold indifference, if not with utter hate—this is the peace which I enjoy, the rest amidst which your thoughts must seek me."

The duke was pierced to the soul by her sad low murmurs—that she, his gentle, his cherished one, should be exposed to bear all this for his sake, while he was powerless to chastise those, who crushed his bruised flower to the earth. Almost he felt it a duty to yield to her entreaties, and to the pleadings of his own fond heart, and bear her from the power of those, who so cruelly added to her affliction, to share the lesser evils of his yet uncertain lot. But firmly resisting this impulse, he strove to speak with cheerfulness, as tenderly folding her to his heart, he said:

"You rive my very soul with your sad words, my best beloved, and fain would I shelter my drooping one henceforth and for ever in this bosom. But yet it cannot be—for your sake, sweet one, I constrain myself to quit you; but only for a while—bear bravely on for a brief, brief space, and all shall then be well,—your wrongs, and mine avenged, our destinies united, and hope and joy again shedding their bright unclouded light upon our path."

Before the princess could reply, the side door gently opened, and the queen slowly re-entered the apartment. On retiring, at the entrance of the supposed confessor, she had remained in an adjoining chamber, awaiting his departure, to rejoin her sister. But she had not sat long alone, before some unguarded expressions uttered by the duke, caught her ear and awakened her suspicions. They were so unlike the low passionless tones of Father Gregory, that fears of the truth flashed athwart her mind, and in a few moments were confirmed, by the half suppressed sobs of the princess, and a few words which were audible to her in Bourbon's low and soothing reply. Terrified by the discovery, the queen remained motionless and trembling, unknowing what course to pursue. Her heart bled for the

unhappy lovers, yet should the duke be detected in this daring and unauthorised visit, she shuddered at the fearful consequences in which it must inevitably involve him. Yet, as her commands had interdicted intrusion, when she sought the princess, she felt that for the present moment there was security, and from this certainty she drew comfort, and courage also, to await a reasonable time, the termination of the interview—her devout mind in the mean time assuming the attitude which it best loved, that of humble prayer to Him, who was her stay and support at all seasons, and her only refuge in times of extremity and trouble.

During that anxious interval, brief as it really was, the minutes seemed to her to lengthen themselves out into hours, and when the queen at last felt, that there was peril in granting the lovers a longer period of indulgence, she arose and reluctantly intruded on their privacy. Startled by her appearance, Bourbon, however, had still sufficient presence of mind to bend down his head and appear as if absorbed in the duties of his assumed office; but the princess astonished at the queen's intrusion, looked fixedly upon her, and read in her countenance a confirmation of her fears.

"Ah, my sister, all is known to you!" she wildly exclaimed.

At the sound of her voice, the duke sprang to his feet, and turned his uncovered face calmly and boldly towards the queen.

"I only am the aggressor, madame," he hastily said, "her highness was wholly ignorant of my intention to come hither, and deserves not to suffer blame for my act."

"But you, my lord," returned the queen in a suppressed voice, "what temerity in you to venture here. Had this discovery been left, as it might have been, to another than myself, I tremble at the thought of the consequences, which must have involved more than yourself in suffering and shame."

"God forbid, that through word or deed of mine any should unjustly suffer wrong," exclaimed the duke, "and least of all, those whom it is my bounden duty, and my dearest joy to love and to obey." And with a gesture of humble reverence he bent before his sovereign.

"Then waste not another moment here," she said;—"my weak heart has lured me to grant you dangerous indulgence, but now I must use my power to command your instant departure hence."

"I will obey your majesty forthwith," he said, "and may God forever bless you, madame,—bless and reward you for all your goodness, and for your thousand acts and words of kindness, to him, who has shown himself a too unworthy servant of so bounteous and gracious a mistress. I beseech your majesty to grant me your forgiveness for all my past offences, and I shall depart in peace."

"I have naught to forgive, my lord," said the

gentle queen, tears filling her soft eyes as she looked upon the wronged and noble Bourbon, "naught, naught, in all your bearing to pardon—but much to grieve for; and most of all, that a loyal son of France should turn traitor to the soil he had so long and gloriously defended."

"Madame, I should never have deserved this reproach had your illustrious father still sat upon the throne, which he honored by his virtues," said the duke with emotion; "but this is a sore subject, and if so please your majesty we will not dwell upon it now,—I have matters of tenderer import to speak of, and time wastes fast. Madame, to your kind care I commend my plighted bride. My farewell words to her are spoken, and with God's leave I will return at no distant day, to bear her to the home, and it shall be a princely one, which I am yet to win for her. Till then I commend her to your care, and I implore your majesty to shelter her, even as you would your own princely infants from every rude and cutting blast which malice, worldliness, or levity, may with cruel aim, direct against her, and so shall the prayers of an exile and a wanderer ascend daily to Heaven for blessings on your head. Madame, farewell! and much as appearances bely my sincerity, doubt it not, when I swear to you, that never shall the queen of France or her royal children want a defender, while the arm of Charles de Bourbon can wield a sword."

He knelt before her as he uttered the closing words, and pressed the folds of her robe reverently to his lips, then slowly rising, turned towards the mute and weeping princess. She knew it was to speak one more farewell, his last and saddest, and almost frenzied at the thought that he was leaving her, perhaps forever, she cast herself in wild abandonment upon his breast, sobbing as if her very heart would break. He held her there in speechless agony, for the words of hope and comfort which he strove to whisper in her ear, died away amid that fearful strife of love and grief, in inarticulate and murmured sounds. Never before had his firm soul been so shaken, as by the bitter agony of that last wild farewell.

At length he laid her from his clasping arms, death-like, and still, and cold, for in unconsciousness that fond and throbbing heart had lost awhile its sense of wo. One long and straining look he bent upon her quiet face, sealed once again, with lingering love his lips upon her brow, then rising drew the cowl close over his features, and quitting the apartment, threaded his way through the corridors, and reached, unsuspected, the low postern door by which he had obtained admission into the palace.

The career of the Constable de Bourbon, both before and subsequent to his flight from Chantelle, is

faithfully recorded by the historian—his triumphs, his reverses, his hopes, his fears, his wanderings, his poverty, his death. But those more private, yet not less interesting details which reveal the history of his heart and affections, are lightly touched upon in those annals, which give us such a vivid picture of his public life; though much is left to the imagination, the scanty record furnishes sufficient ground for the supposition that woman's influence, exerted over his darker and his gentler passions, was mainly instrumental in shaping his character and his destiny, in accelerating his rise to glory, and in hastening his untimely and melancholy fall.

For a time after entering into the service of the emperor, all went well with him; for though the proud nobility of Spain scorned him as a renegade, and the generals of the Imperial army, were jealous of his power and fame, his great abilities won their respect, but could not their confidence. The emperor bestowed on him a high command, and loaded him with many, flattering honours and distinctions; but in the midst of glory and success, the one false step which had branded him with a traitor's name, was ever present to his mind—made so by many a slight, intentionally given, and by sarcastic taunts that smote him to the soul.

The renown which, by the terror of his arms, he earned in Italy, and the unbounded authority which he obtained at last awoke the Emperor's jealousy and suspicion, who, in order to weaken his power, meanly withheld from him the supplies necessary to maintain his army. But even in this extremity, his soldiers refused to desert him—he was their idol, and in the face of want and deprivation they clung with unflinching constancy to his desperate fortunes. He cheerfully shared their trials and their hardships, distributing among them his massive plate, his jewels, even his clothes, as a reward for their fidelity, reserving only for himself a surcoat of cloth of silver, which he wore over his armour.

He had become in fact a mere soldier of fortune, and history in all its ample records, presents not a more sad and touching picture, than that of the great and gifted Bourbon, "fallen from his high estate" of loyalty and honour, and leading on a mercenary army, who fought only for plunder and subsistence. Deserted and deceived by the Emperor, he at last, with this unworthy object in view, encamped before the gates of Rome. Brilliant visions once more dawned upon him, and the radiant forms of love and glory seemed to beckon him on to conquest. The "eternal city" won, and all its rich spoils at his disposal, wealth and power were again within his grasp, and the lovely Renée was to be the sharer of his recovered fortunes. Through every change he had been faithful to his love, and now her gentle image rose distinct and bright before him, shedding new the light of hope upon his heart:

"Like setting star,
The last in all the thick and moonlight heavens
O'er the lone traveller in the trackless desert."

But even this gleam of brightness was doomed to be extinguished, for a few minutes before the assault, as the Duke stood contemplating a point in the walls which he deemed most assailable, the name of Ercole da Este repeated near him, withdrew, even at that important moment, his attention from the subject that had engrossed it. Two officers were conversing in a low tone immediately behind him, and as his ear lingered on their discourse, he heard the startling intelligence that the young Duke of Ferrara, had just espoused the beautiful princess Renée of France, whom with a brilliant cortège he was shortly to escort to his dominions.

A pang sharper than that of death shot through Bourbon's heart, as these fatal words fell cold and chill upon its warm and tender hopes; but it would have lost somewhat of its poignancy, could he have known how fondly even yet, she clung to his dear memory,—how, from the moment of his departure, she had pined and drooped, and grown indifferent to all external scenes, and interests,—and withal how much of coercion had been used, to force her to the altar with another. But these mitigating circumstances were left untold; there was nought to soften his anguish, as bitterly exclaiming, "So much for woman's faith!" he spurred forward to the charge.

The tardy retreat of a sentinel, at this moment discovered to him a breach in the wall, and on he rushed to the assault. The fatal surcoat of silver, made him a shining and conspicuous mark, and he was in the very act of mounting the breach, when a ball, shot, it has been asserted, by the celebrated and eccentric Benvenuto Cellini, struck him from the wall, and the brave, the gallant, the noble, the ill-fated Bourbon fell, mortally wounded, to the earth. A few hours terminated his sufferings, and the last accents which faltered from his lips, declared his thoughts to be still lingering in the dear land he had deserted, and with her whom he had so long and faithfully loved.

FLUENCY OF SPEECH.

THE common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.—*Swift*.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO THE OLD YEAR.

Farewell, departing year !
Thy waning shadow lingers on the hill,
And through the dim woods, desolate and still,
Thy latest sigh we hear.

Storms ushered in thy birth !
Yet thy brief reign hath brought us spring's sweet
flowers,
Summer's ripe fruits, and her gay sparkling showers,
That gladden the green earth.

And autumn, led by thee,
Came with her waving fields of golden grain,
Her laden orchard boughs,—her harvest's strain,
Her liberal hand and free.

And now thy course is done !
The wintry winds, with wild and eddying blast,
Thy requiem sing, and withered chaplets cast,
Thy cold bleak grave upon.

Ah, light is the farewell,
Breathed forth by thoughtless hearts to thee, Old
Year,
From midst the festive throng,—while in their ear,
Low sounds thy passing knell.

Mindless that thou dost bear,
On thy still wings, a record dread to heaven,
Of wasted thoughts, of high affections given,
To trifles light as air.

Precious are thy lost hours,—
And we may weep, sadly, but, ah ! in vain,
To win them back,—yearning yet once again,
To call those treasures ours.

Yet not with gloom we speed
Thy parting flight—but solemn thought should blend
With our farewell,—like voice of dying friend,
That warns us in our need.

For thou, to some must bound
Their being's term upon this changeful earth,—
And thousands ne'er, who hail the New Year's birth,
May tread its circling round.

Therefore these musings sad,
Blend with our gayer thoughts their sombre hue,
And with a kind and gentle power subdued,
Hopes, that were else too glad.

Thus then, Old Year, we part,—
Grateful for all the mercies by thee brought,
And for thy chastenings—which were kindly fraught,
With blessings to the heart.

E. L. C.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES SUGGESTED BY AN EXAMINATION OF A
WELL EXECUTED PICTURE OF

"THE NIGHT STORM"

The storm is most fearful, and madly the waves,
High chafing and foaming, rise up to the sky,
The god of the winds has commanded his slaves
O'er the depths of the ocean, tempestuous, to fly.

The bark is as gallant as bark well can be—
Its keel is of oak, and of oak is its deck ;
Yet lighter ne'er skimm'd o'er the loud-roaring sea,
And ne'er was a stronger ill-fated, a wreck.

The crew that directs it is hardy and brave
As ever was crew that sailed o'er the blue deep ;
And well have they learned, as they buffet the wave,
To trust, when in danger, to GOD, who can keep,

But wave after wave, with a dread, sullen dash,
And force, strikes the bark, that a rock could not
stay ;—

The billows sweep o'er it and frightfully wash
Its deck with the surge and the foaming-white
spray.

The notes of the wind are most dreadful to hear,
As hoarsely they moan o'er the deep-gulfing waste,
Or howl, like fierce demons, in blasts chill and drear,
While onward, to wide desolation, they haste.

Dark, dark are the clouds that ride on with the
storm ;
No ray glimmers down from a single bright star ;
The scene is most awful ! and well may it form
A picture of Nature with Nature at war !

Ah ! brave little bark, and ye yet braver hearts,
So tost on the waves of the dread angry flood !
Death marks ye for victims ! and nought now imports
A hope, but a trust in the ALMIGHTY GOD.

Down, down on your knees ! and to God raise the
voice
Of earnest petition, to pity and save !
He sees through the storm, He can hear 'mid the
noise
Of tempests' rude blasts and the loud-sounding
wave.

Yes ! mark there ! the moon, even now half unveils
Her features benign, shedding light on the gloom.
The winds are all hushed, and the bark safely sails,
Which God has just snatched from a dread watery
tomb.

And thus, when on life's fearful billowy sea,
I'm tost by sad cares, and by trouble's deep flood,
When anguish surrounds me and comforts all flee,
I'll think of the Night Storm, and call upon GOD.

J. S.

OUR TABLE.

POEMS, NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL—BY WM. MOTHERWELL.

THE first American edition of these poetical gems has just been issued from the press in Boston, after they have been for some years printed and circulated wherever the English language is known or spoken.

Motherwell was a young man when he died; but he left some pieces behind him—radiant from the fountain of inspiration,—which will keep him young in the world's memory, while the heart beats responsive to the strains of heroic verse. But though he knew how to stir the soul with the voice of battle, he also knew the pathway to the gentler and more genial sympathies which form the brighter colours in the mingled thread of life.

There are few who have not heard of Motherwell, and read his poems—none who, having read, have not admired him and them. The poet's early death, which seemed to give a tone of prophecy to the pathetic outpourings of his muse, gave to them also a deep and melancholy interest; but this was not necessary to his fame, which his poems had already secured inalienably to him. There is something peculiarly pleasing in the character of the poetry of Motherwell. The celebrated lament of "Jeanie Morrison" will bear comparison with anything in the language it adorns. Its plaintive and simple beauty, and the ease and grace with which the rich thoughts that inspired it are woven together, have seldom been equalled—we may add they have never been surpassed. It is already, however, so widely known, and so universally admired, that it is unnecessary as it were vain to attempt to eulogize it.

The following beautiful lines, we believe, were not published in the Scotch edition of Motherwell's Poems. We quote them here, in order that, as far as the circulation of the *Garland* extends, they may be read and treasured. They were written shortly before the author's death, and may have been the expression of the saddened feelings with which a kind of presentiment of his approaching end had inspired him:—

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,
Sad music make;
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Like full hearts break,
Will there then one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneliness crowned;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Facing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no fear start;
It were in vain,—for time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

It is pleasant to see justice done to the gifted dead, far away from his birth-place and his grave. It is pleasant to note the affectionate interest with which he is still regarded—and it is pleasant to know that no honour shewn him was undeserved. The name of Motherwell will be held in memory, with the great ones of his country, through after-times, and the tribute now paid to his worth and genius, in the publication of the volume before us, will only be the beginning of what an intelligent people, who know how to appreciate talent, will pay to him when they are more familiarly made acquainted with him, and with the productions of his muse.

THE JACQUERIE—BY JAMES.

A NEW historical romance, by James, the celebrated novelist, has just made its appearance, and is said to be fully equal to the best of that clever author's works. It is a tale of the times of the Black Prince, and treats of the wars and battles of that memorable period. Several of the personages introduced are characters well known in history, and the hero is a young soldier of fortune, who fights his way to fame, under the banners of the renowned Edward. He is in love with a "maiden of high degree," whose hand at last rewards him for his heroism, and the romance, as usual, ends with the marriage.

THE POETS OF AMERICA, ILLUSTRATED BY ONE OF HER PAINTERS—SECOND VOLUME.

WE have already noticed, in terms of commendation, the first volume of this work. The second is a worthy successor. The engravings are fanciful outlines only, but they are beautifully executed, in a style that would do no discredit to the burins of the most eminent English artists. The literary contents are excellent. As a New Year's Gift, no book has superior attractions to this. As an evidence of the progress of art and literature on this continent, the book should be preserved.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.

WITH the January number of this magazine a new volume commences. To men of business, it is a most valuable work, each number containing articles applicable to the business of every day. In the last number are several really excellent papers, written with much care and judgment. The statistical information it contains is itself of great importance, and worth, to those engaged in trade, far more than the amount of subscription to the magazine.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

THIS beautiful monthly continues to maintain the enviable character it holds among the periodicals of America. In the December number a very fine engraving of "The Maiden," and another valuable steel plate are given. The original articles, by well-known contributors to the work, maintain the honourable reputation they have already earned among the *literati* of America.

LOCKHART'S SPANISH BALLADS.

THE literary world has been for some time familiar with these translations, which have now been republished in America. The translator, the author of the Biography of Scott, has won for himself new laurels by the skill with which he has rendered into English these wild and romantic legends and songs of Spain. The book is published in New York, in a very elegant form, and has been largely purchased as a New Year's Gift.

POCKET ALMANAC AND GENERAL REGISTER.

A POCKET ALMANAC has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Starke & Co., of this city. It is of a very small size, but being printed in an extremely neat and compact form, it contains a great variety of useful information, with regard to the different societies and public bodies in Montreal. It will be found highly useful to all persons connected with the city.

THE NEW YORK ALBION.

THE proprietor of this excellent weekly has in preparation a portrait of Washington, for distribution to his subscribers. It is to be executed in the style of the portrait of Wellington, which is highly esteemed by amateurs. Several other engravings are promised.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

—————"I thought on all the grave
Had buried since the infant year began:
What dreams, what agonies, untold,
Dead as the hearts whose hopes they once turmoiled,
Lay motionless and mute."

Montgomery.

ANOTHER year is added to the past—a year which has been crowded with events of great importance, to Canada, to the Canadian people, and to the world.

Another year! Brief as are the words, and brief as the term is which they comprise, of how much of human joy and of human sorrow have they been the witness! How many, who, with bright prospects and brighter hopes, entered upon it, are now crumbling in the dust, life and hope and cheerful anticipations gone!—the world, with all its cares and happiness, its joys and sorrows, no more for them! How many are there who began it bowed down with anguish, who have since found an elixir for their sorrow at the hands of him who is at the same time the Destroyer and the Consoler, TIME!

All is change, yesterday, today and tomorrow resemble each other only in their uncertainty. We know what is borne on the present hour, but there is no man among us who can tell "what a day will bring forth!"

The ending of one year and the beginning of another—the starting point of Time—is a season meet for calm and healthful reflection. It reminds us of what, though it be written in every sunbeam, we forget. It reminds us of the fleetness with which Time escapes us—of the hours we suffer to run to waste—of the moments we squander and cast away, careless of the fact that of these moments is made up the sum of human life.

We are, however, also reminded by the season of the pleasant *re-unions* of which it is the harbinger and cause. With the opening of the year, ties of friendship which have been relaxed, are rebound and strengthened anew. It is a season for the interchange of friendly greetings, and heart-born prayers from each for happiness to the other. It is the season of felicitations and congratulations—of mutual feelings and expressions of cordiality and good will.

We avail ourselves of the occasion heartily to wish to all who read the *Garland* a pre-eminently "happy New-Year," and a plentiful supply of every good thing—of everything that tends to peace and happiness on earth, and to greater peace and happiness when the earth is nothing.

For upwards of three years we have experienced proofs of public indulgence and generosity— for upwards of three years we have humbly but earnestly endeavoured to deserve it—and though we have often felt how little we had achieved to earn the favour shewn us, we are not without a consciousness that more than could have been anticipated has been done—not by ourselves, but by those whose talents have filled our pages with matter of interest and value, almost every line of which has been such as to elicit the praise of those whose praise is most acceptable, because thoughtfully, voluntarily and sincerely given. Our own labours have been comparatively nothing. We have only been the ministers by which rich thoughts have become public property, and instead of affording pleasure only to those with whom they were born, they have diffused the same grateful feeling through the breasts of thousands.

The season is one of gratulation. It is also one for the expression of gratitude; and where it is so eminently due, we make no apology for publicly expressing in. To the contributors to the pages of the *Garland*—the gifted authors of almost all that for upwards of three years have imparted to it a character for chasteness, originality and elegance, we tender our earnest thanks, and a cordial, perhaps a selfish wish, that they may continue to devote a portion of their time, and of the talents with which Providence has endowed them, to minister through the pages of the *Garland*, to the better and holier sympathies of our common nature, and to the enjoyment and happiness of the Canadian world.

To them and to the public, whose taste and judgment have appreciated their disinterested and generous labours, we again cordially wish a pleasant and "happy New-Year."