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FAUNA; OR, THE RED FLOWER OF LEAFY HOLLOW.

BY MISS L. A. MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

Do you visit me for this?

THE DUCHESS OF MALPY.



It was late at night and the heaven was full of stars, when a young man paused before the window of a lowly cottage, lying in a nook of one of the green sequestered lanes of England, and gazed through the half drawn blind within.—

The room which met his view was poorly and scantily furnished, and contained but one living inmate, an elderly woman evidently in bad health, seated in an arm chair, and leaning listlessly over a book which lay open on the table before her. One glance seemed to satisfy the intruder, and opening the door he entered the cottage. He was plainly dressed, but his look and air were not those of the lower class, and though his features wore a cold and repulsive expression, they were strongly marked with intellect, firmness, and decision. A mingled look of anger, sorrow

and shame crossed the face of the lonely woman, as she saw him enter. She half rose, but instantly sat down again, and faltered out, "So you have come at last."

"Yes," he replied in a harsh and bitter tone, and throwing himself into a chair as he spoke. "I have come to ask you for the means of forcing those rights which have been so long denied me."

"You need not have been afraid," she said sadly, "I did not suppose it was love brought you to me."

"No, in good truth," said the young man, laughing sardonically, "but little love, do I owe you! You gave me life, it is true, but what life! A life wrapped in a cloud of darkness through which no ray of sunshine has ever yet pierced. I thank you not for the gift."

"You have no reason," was her only answer.

"No," he continued, unconscious or unmindful of the feeble, sad, self-abased tones in which she had spoken; "others may have cause to love the authors of their being, for there is—there is joy on earth for those whom fate suffers to grasp it, but I have none, nor have you much reason to love the sight of one who is a memento of your folly and shame."

"These are harsh words," said his feeble listener, "but I deserve them all."

"Therefore, the less often we see each other the better. But enough of this. Will you give me those documents which I know you possess to prove your *marriage*," he laid a scornful emphasis on the word, "and my birth. In a word, all that is necessary to prove that I am the son of Lord Embsdenburg."

"And what will you do with them?"

"Establish my right, my *conscientious* right," pronouncing the word conscientious with an ironical accent, "to be acknowledged by the present lord as his brother. They say," he added in the same sarcastic tone, "that he is an honorable man, and he may do me justice."

His listener sighed. "And if he refuse?"

"I know how to be revenged."

"And how?" she asked, catching her breath convulsively.

"Why, I suppose you know that he is engaged to one of Mr. Blachford's daughters, but you may not know that I have it in my power to render his intended father in law a beggar at any moment I choose. And I will do it—so sure as ever night succeeded day, as sure as ever revenge tasted sweet to the soul that has been scorned and trampled on, I will do it, if Embsdenburg will not own my claim."

"And then,"—said his listener as if she did not comprehend him.

"Then his uncle will not let him marry Helen Blachford, or disinherit him if he does; and in any event I will be revenged. Not on him only," he added, with the slow emphasis of concentrated hate and envy, "but on one who has thwarted me where I could least have borne it—on her father who encouraged him—on her who treated such love as man never bore to woman with scorn. And I would be revenged on all at once," he continued, more as if his mind, always brooding in silence and secrecy over its dark schemes, found relief in pouring out its thoughts, than as if expecting sympathy or communion of feeling from his hearer, "were it not that the cursed old miser, Rolleston, has made my being acknowledged by my noble brother the condition on which he will give me his poor silly daughter."

"Joanna,—and yet you love Alice Blachford."

"Aye! better than earth or heaven, but she loves not me. And Joanna will have wealth—wealth which I must have. Fond fool! she would follow me to the ends of the earth, if I chose."

The invalid looked at the speaker with a peculiar expression of countenance as he uttered this triumphant declaration, and her lips parted but she suppressed the words that seemed rising to her lips. But the young man went on, apparently not perceiving her emotion:

"However, if Embsdenburg acts the generous part, so much the better—then I shall have Joanna with her father's consent, and with her money to support my new rank as one of the

privileged ones of the earth—if not let them all beware!"

"And have you not learned from the fate of your miserable mother, that sin always brings its own punishment in its train, that you talk so fearlessly of plunging into crime?"

"Spare me your preaching," he exclaimed almost fiercely, "I am neither child nor idiot. Success or failure alone makes virtue with me or with the world. You shall be an example to teach me how to avoid the latter. Give me the papers."

"I warn you," she said, "that Mr. Blachford shall know of your treacherous designs against him."

"As you please," he answered indifferently, "my measures have been too securely taken for you or any one else to thwart them now. But I have staid here too long. Give me the papers. Give them," he added vehemently, "or I will take them, for I know you have them in that desk," and he pointed to a writing desk resting on a book shelf behind her chair, the elaborate and expensive workmanship of which, contrasted strangely with the rest of the furniture in that humble abode. As he spoke he passed round the table, and the next minute he had the desk in his hands.

The woman watched him in apparent alarm. "Spare it, oh spare it!" she exclaimed, "it is the only thing I have now of all he ever gave me."

"More fool you!" he muttered, "but there,"—and he placed it before her; "now give me the papers."

Silently and with trembling fingers she opened a secret compartment, and drawing forth a number of papers handed them to him. Then taking out a small silk bag attached to a riband she gave it also into his eager hand, saying, "this was placed on your neck by the Prioress of the Franciscan convent at Paris. I myself removed it when you were sent by Mrs. Rolleston to school. It has never been opened."

"I remember it well," he said, and placing it carefully in his bosom, he bent down to read the letters which were beautifully carved on the lid of the desk. U. L. E. "Una, Lady Embsdenburg," he said. "And so you might have been, had you but known how to play your part. Ambition is indeed a curse to those whose capacity falls short of their will."

He turned to leave the cottage when the sick woman exclaimed in firmer and more energetic tones than she had before spoken: "One word before you go you must hear. Joanna Rolleston

is the child of those who saved you from hunger and death, and as you deal with that girl may you meet with a blessing or a curse !”

She sank back in her seat and leant her head on the table, but the young man answered only by a mocking laugh as he closed the door behind him. Long she remained immovable in the attitude in which he had left her, till at last, murmuring in a voice of agony ; “ And yet he is my own son !” She rose, and taking a crucifix from the mantel-piece she knelt before it in prayer till the dawn of day.

## CHAPTER II.

Your brother—no, no brother ; yet the son—  
Yet not the son ; I will not call him son  
Of him I was about to call his father.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

In one of the finest houses in London was a large and lofty room furnished in a style of the most luxurious and tasteful elegance. Exquisite paintings adorned the walls ; in graceful niches stood statues of ideal beauty ; on tables of choice mosaic-work, marble, and marquetry, lay rare and costly gems, magnificently bound books, and precious rarities of every description ; urns, vases and candelabra of inestimable price were scattered around, and all that could excite admiration or envy seemed collected there. The light which illumined this chamber of splendor was thrown from above, and golden with the summer sun spread around a radiant and softened glow which transported the imagination to some gorgeous Eastern clime ; and the perfume with which alabaster and porphyry vases containing rare exotics filled the room, rendered the illusion complete. Reclining on a couch amidst all these objects of beauty, was a young man whose noble and classic style of form and feature would have been faultless but for a certain air of voluptuous languor which seemed to indicate that refined selfishness was the chief characteristic of his nature. He was carelessly tossing over various notes and cards of invitation, and seemed about to cast them all contemptuously from him, when a servant entered and informed his master that a person was very anxious to see him.

“ What description of person is he ?” asked Lord Embsdenburg, “ did he give no card or name ?”

“ None, my Lord, but he is not unlike some of those artists who used to plague your lordship in Italy. So as your lordship never refuses to see any of them”—

“ Certainly not—let him come here ;” and the man disappeared.

The next moment he ushered into the room the stranger, who followed him through the long apartment with the utmost self-possession, casting not one glance to the right hand or to the left, and bowing to Lord Embsdenburg, took his seat with the air of one who felt himself not in the least honored by being admitted into the presence of the young patrician. Yet there was nothing of fashion or polish in his dress or demeanor, and his movements were ungraceful though totally unconstrained. Still his massive brow, his keen, piercing dark eyes, from whose deep and mysterious brightness the gazer shrank with a feeling very nearly akin to dread and dislike, and his sarcastic curling mouth bore the indescribable stamp of mind plainly impressed upon them, and Embsdenburg doubted not that he was a laborer in some branch of science or philosophy seeking aid and encouragement from one who was well known as a liberal patron of every branch of art and literature. He had not failed to remark that his visitor had not vouchsafed the slightest attention to any of the rare and beautiful creations of genius which filled the room, which would have excited rapture in the humblest worshipper of the spirit of Beauty ; he therefore concluded that he was devoted to some of the sterner sciences, and thus thinking, glanced curiously at the thoughtful and gloomy expression of the stranger's countenance. At the same time the stranger was scrutinizing the young nobleman's face with the most penetrating accuracy, and at that moment had a third person entered he might have been struck by a certain likeness which was discernible between the two young men, notwithstanding the great beauty of one, and the marked plainness of the other ; a resemblance which occasionally appeared and vanished, during the whole of their interview. Lord Embsdenburg was the first to speak.

“ Can I be of any service to you, Sir !” he asked.

The stranger did not remove his eyes from the face of the young noble as he answered his question by another, “ I presume your lordship does not know who I am.”

“ I certainly have not that honor,” answered Embsdenburg, slightly smiling, “ but when you tell me your name,”—

“ My lord, I am your brother.”

“ My brother, fellow !” exclaimed Embsdenburg, half starting from his seat, at this plain and unprelaced declaration, but the steady eye of him who had made it, shrank not from the haughty light which flashed from those of the young noble. “ My brother ! you jest.”

“ I never jest on important subjects,” answered the stranger composedly.

"Then let me know at once what you mean by this impertinent assumption;" cried Embsdenburg in tones of suppressed anger and indignation.

"Lord Embsdenburg," replied his visitor slowly and deliberately, and with the same immovable calmness which had characterized his manner from the first moment he had entered the room, "I am your father's son, his eldest son."

"And who may I ask was your mother, sir? Are you the son of the woman D'Arcy?"

"I am; and that woman, lightly as you may think and speak of her, is pure as your own mother."

At these words Embsdenburg sprang to his feet, his languor and indolence totally gone, his eye lightening with indignation, and exclaimed in a voice of thunder: "Name not my mother in conjunction with such as she, or I will instantly treat you as your insolence deserves, and fling you down the stairs."

But his self-styled brother blenched not at his fiery glance or menacing words; not a muscle of his stern dark countenance moved, "You are not mad enough to attempt it," he coolly though bitterly said, "for many reasons, but chiefly because you know right well that if you did you would find in me your match. I am not one who would submit to insult tamely, and I have a strong right arm with which to defend myself."

"Insolent scoundrel! Tempt me no farther or I will call my servants to chastise you."

"Oh! do so; if your lordship does not care for the disclosures which I can make, and which touch your dignity more perhaps than you are aware of. I fear neither you nor them, but surely one of such high spirit and lofty lineage would not in so petty a manner imitate the great prototype of all unnatural brothers."

"Beware then how you provoke me," said Embsdenburg in a calmer tone, and reseating himself, for he felt the disgraceful character of such an altercation, "and if you have any more to say, speak it at once."

"I have no desire to provoke you, my lord," said the stranger, changing the bitter and ironical tone in which he had lately spoken to the calm and impressive manner in which he had commended the conversation; "justice, simple justice is all that I ask; I have said nothing but what I can prove. I am your father's honorable son, and my mother was an innocent though a much injured woman."

"Do you mean to say she was my father's wife?" asked Embsdenburg in the tone of one who was determined to command himself and be at least outwardly calm.

"I do."

"Man!" cried Embsdenburg, again bursting into rage, "what are you aiming at? Do you wish to prove me,"—he paused unwilling to utter the disgraceful word.

"I am perfectly aware such an attempt would be fruitless. Understand me, my lord;—I make no pretensions to your title and estate, though I do not hesitate to say that if the law of England was that of right, they should be mine. Frown not, Lord Embsdenburg, but judge for yourself. I have full confidence in your honour."

Thus speaking, he placed before the young nobleman the documents on which all his ambitious hopes depended. One was a certificate of the marriage of Basil Rochfort, Lord Embsdenburg to Una D'Arcy, in a Roman Catholic chapel in Dublin, signed by the priest who performed the ceremony, and also by the late Lord Embsdenburg. Then came some letters addressed to the same Una D'Arcy, by Lord Embsdenburg, in which he frequently styled her his beloved wife; and then, a certificate of the birth and baptism of a boy, and a declaration in the manner of an oath, affirming him to be the lawful son of Lord Embsdenburg and Una D'Arcy, signed by the latter, by the priest who baptised the child, and the prioress, and two sisters of a convent in Paris.

Young Embsdenburg quickly drank in the contents of these papers, and as he did so, his features grew deadly pale.

"I can produce some of the witnesses mentioned in these papers," said the stranger when he saw that Embsdenburg had finished their perusal.

"It is unnecessary," answered Embsdenburg; "my father's hand is proof enough. But how am I to know you are the person mentioned here?"

The stranger drew from his neck a slender hair chain to which was attached a small black silk bag, closely sewed, and cutting it open with his penknife disclosed a parchment wrapper so closely and intricately folded that it defied all his efforts to open it. His knife however quickly solved the mystery, and a sealed paper appeared, which he handed to Embsdenburg. It contained parallel documents to those already mentioned, (excepting the letters of the late Lord Embsdenburg) and a slip of paper stating that the bag and its enclosures were placed round the neck of the infant, Basil D'Arcy Rochfort on the day of his baptism, by the Prioress of the Convent in which he was born.

"Are you satisfied, my Lord?" asked D'Arcy, or Rochfort, or whatever his name might be. "If not I can produce further proof."

"I see no cause to doubt your assertions," said

Embsdenburg, with haughty coldness, "but what can this avail you? You seem to know that a marriage between a protestant and catholic, performed by a catholic priest in this land is not binding, and that the children of such a marriage are not legitimate: What then is your object? I would have provided for your mother, but she refused to accept anything from me. If *you* want money name the sum."

"I want no money. I demand your aid in obtaining permission to use the name of my father, and I desire to be acknowledged by you as your brother before the world. Your conscience must tell you that it is only justice which I require at your hands."

"Justice! I deny it. My father repented of his rash connection with one of a rank so far beneath him"—at these words fire flashed from D'Arcy's eyes, but he spoke not; "unsanctioned by the rites of his own church or the laws of his country, and on his death-bed he rejected the claims she made."

"I know it," said D'Arcy, gloomily, "but did he act well in doing so? Think you because *he* had neither honor nor conscience *you* should have none? You need not frown,—he was *my* father as well as yours, though *if* there be a place of retribution beyond the grave, he would no doubt gladly spare me that honour now. If my mother was inferior in rank to him, is that a reason that he should have sought her out in her innocence, wiled her from her happy home, and then left her forsaken and broken-hearted to misery and disgrace? Talk not to me of the rites of his church or the laws of his country,—what are these compared with the laws of Him after whom churches lamely seek, and laws make a vain mockery of imitating?"

"Nevertheless, Mr. D'Arcy," said Embsdenburg haughtily, "you who have considered this subject so deeply must be aware that for me to assist in legalizing your mother's marriage would be casting a stain on the memory of my own, and a doubt on my legal claim to my title and property, and this no power on earth could ever induce me to do. Whatever else you may choose to demand from me you shall have, if in my power, but sooner would I aid in disturbing the rest of my mother in her grave, than in thus dishonoring her memory."

D'Arcy eyed the young nobleman with cool and steady keenness. "This then," he said, "is your determination?"

"It is."

"And if I publish these papers, what then?"

"I shall certainly disclaim all connection with

you, and you need never after expect the smallest assistance or benefit from me."

"I despise your assistance and scorn your benefits," said D'Arcy, rising, "nothing that you could give me would be of the least value in my eyes, but that justice which you refuse me. But these papers may serve me *yet*," and gathering them up from the table he cast a look of the most deadly hatred on Embsdenburg and left the room.

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CHAPTER III.

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*Biancha*.—I tender you the first fruits of my heart.

*Cesario*.—Unskilled, what handsome toys are made to play with.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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WITH a mien but little sterner and colder than usual, D'Arcy took his way through the gay crowds which thronged the fashionable quarter of the town in which Lord Embsdenburg resided, having the look and air of one amongst them but not of them, till he reached the city, equally crowded, though with very different persons and vehicles. Onward he pursued his steadfast course till he stopped at a dark and dingy building, the door of which, after several bars and bolts were withdrawn, was opened by an old and withered servant man, who, though he spoke not to D'Arcy nor D'Arcy to him, grumbled to himself all the time the young man was ascending the stairs.

Very different was this abode to that which D'Arcy had just left. The hall and stairs were low, narrow and ill-lighted, the furniture scanty and of a by-gone fashion. With the air of one at home, D'Arcy mounted the steep staircase, and reached a square landing place, round which were several doors. Opening one of them he entered a sitting room, containing some articles of elegance and luxury, though its general furniture corresponded with that in the hall, being mean and old fashioned. But the eye of few would have paused to remark the apartment being far more forcibly attracted by its single occupant who sprang forward to meet D'Arcy, with eager and anxious looks of enquiry.

This was a young and exquisitely beautiful girl whose piercing black eyes, aquiline nose, and lips full, though beautiful, partook of the Jewish style of countenance. None could have denied the perfect symmetry of her figure, the richness and lustre of her long jetty tresses; the dazzling brightness of her eyes softened by their long curled lashes; the pencilled arching of her brows; the pure whiteness of her teeth, and the brilliant redness of her lips, and perhaps for some, the oriental character of her face might

have had a peculiar charm, heightened by the somewhat oriental style of dress she usually wore. She was attired in a robe of white muslin showily embroidered in colored silks, and confined at the waist by a golden cincture made so delicately elastic as to cling to the shape; round her shoulders a silken plaided scarf was fancifully disposed, and her beautiful arms bared from a little below the elbow, were covered with jewelled bracelets. Her plaited hair was twined round her small head and arranged a little above her polished brow in the form of a crescent, which literally blazed with the diamonds that profusely adorned it. She must have studied the dark countenance of D'Arcy long and well to have arrived at that power of reading its expression which she apparently possessed, for there seldom was one who wore less of his mind in his face than he. On beholding him, she exclaimed instantly:—"You were then right! he denies you justice!"

D'Arcy, scarcely touching the hand she had extended towards him, threw himself on a sofa.

"Yes," he said, "but more as if he were thinking aloud than addressing the anxious and agitated girl who stood at his side; "yes, he denies me justice, and that with scorn! Well! it is best so! Abandoned by my father, disowned by my brother, denied my very name—whereas all *he* possesses ought to be mine—offered a paltry alms instead—I will yet show them *all*, that I am no worm to be trampled on with impunity, but a serpent who can make all who injure me, feel its fangs. Let those laws which abet their injustice protect them from my vengeance if they can!"

"You will not then try my father again?" asked the fair young girl, looking timidly in his face.

"No! It could do no good and would expose me to further insult. He told me the conditions on which alone he would give me your hand, and I know him too well to suppose he could be induced to change any resolution of his, once formed."

The poor girl sighed heavily. The quiet dejection of her look touched even D'Arcy, and he said with some tenderness:

"But do not let that grieve you, my beautiful Peri. Do you not love me better than forty thousand fathers?"

"Ah! yes," she replied, and reassured by his manner, she drew a foot-stool to his feet, and seating herself on it, rested her head on his knee.

"Then you will leave him, and come with me to a freer land and one as fair, brightest;" enquired D'Arcy, still more fondly than before, for it was not in the nature of man to resist the love of so fair, though, alas, so frail a being.

"Oh! how gladly, if you will but let me go

with you, Basil. And yet my father. Oh! Basil, till now he never denied my most extravagant whim."

"He will not break his heart while he has his gold. Trust me, Joanna, he loves you not as your sensitive heart teaches you to believe. Like many selfish people, he indulged and caressed you while you were a mere instrument on which he could sound what stops he pleased, but now that you begin to have an opinion and will of your own, he finds you rather a burden, than ought else, and would not hesitate to sacrifice your life's happiness, if by so doing he could gain a few more thousands; therefore, why should you consider him or his feelings?"

"You judge him very hardly, Basil," sighed Joanna, "but you have not much reason to judge him otherwise. But do you think he would ever forgive me if I left him?"

"Even if he did not, sweet one, his anger would avail him nothing, for I know in your grandfather's will, all he possessed was settled on you after your father's death, and must become yours then, were he as unforgiving as Barabbas of Malta."

"Oh! Basil!" said Joanna, with great naïveté "you think of *that*, but all the wealth of the Indies could not console me for a father's curse. No not even *you* could ever make me smile again."

"But you need not anticipate it, silly girl, and look as if you were already suffering all its awful horrors. Rather turn your thoughts to the soft southern lands, where I will lead you, and where together we shall drink the sweetest draught mortal lips can drain, revenge!"

"I do not understand you, Basil," said Joanna, once more gazing in his face, "what revenge do you mean?"

"I will not tell thee, sweet-heart. I will not corrupt your pure blood with my dark enchantments; know you not that I am a wizard? how else could my ugly phiz have enthralled your fair eyes?"

But Joanna's quick susceptibility was not to be parried by the assumed playfulness of his manner.

"Ah!" she said, "you laugh at me. You think I am too foolish to know your thoughts. I would I were more learned, for then, perhaps, you would not treat me so like a child!"—and tears burst from her eyes.

D'Arcy kissed them away, and soothed her with flattery and caresses, but he told her not what his meaning had been. His words, and still more the expression she had read in his eyes had excited her alarm, even more than her curiosity, and she softly murmured:

"At least promise me that you have no design to injure my father. Swear that to me, Basil, if

you do not hate me. It will be enough, surely, to rob him of his daughter."

"I would prize his ducats more," said D'Arcy to himself, "but the gilding will come in time. I do swear it, Joanna," he added aloud, "by all I hold sacred and dear! What more would you have?"

Then, in a tone of mingled tenderness and authority, which sounded strangely in the mouth of a lover, he continued:

"And now, Joanna, let me tell you that by shewing some deference for my wishes, or even my whims, by not seeking to discover any secret which I may think proper to withhold from you, and proving yourself loving and obedient, you will be more likely to retain my affection than by all the *ci-devant* learning which ever transformed your soft sex into parrots, owls or apes, or veritable she-dragons."

"Ah! you do not think me worthy of your confidence," sighed poor Joanna.

"I have proved that I do before this, and will again in all fitting matters. Such a confidant as I seek must be one who would encourage and sympathize, but never direct or blame; counsel or aid I want not, and would not accept, were they proffered. In a wife, I desire nothing but beauty, tenderness and devotion, and do not you possess all these? So now let your eyes brighten, and your cheeks bloom again. If I conceal aught from you, believe that it is something which it could give you no pleasure to know."

And now, like another Inkle, he amused himself with drawing an exaggerated picture of the perils of a sea voyage, and of the dangers and privations to which she might be exposed in that new Republic to which his course was destined, while his companion, like a second Yarico, made light of all danger, and laughed at the idea of all privation that was to be borne with him she loved. Her thoughts and words alike declared,

"Yet I am sure of one pleasure,

And shortly, it is this,

That where ye be, me seemeth pardie,

I could not fare amiss!"

Whether her love was to receive the reward of the *Notte Browne Maide*, or meet with as cruel a return as that of Yarico, she was yet to learn.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's.

DUCHESS OF MALFY.

Mr. BLACHFORD, against whom Basil D'Arcy was nursing such dark designs, was universally consi-

dered one of the richest merchants in London. He had been brought up with the expectation of succeeding to a large and independent fortune, and exclusively devoted to the calm and gentle pursuits of science and literature, he had never transacted the simplest matter of business, when his father died suddenly, leaving behind him debts fully sufficient to consume his whole property. Roused from the enjoyment of his favorite pursuits, young Blachford found himself penniless, and what is perhaps worse, totally deficient in all those habits of activity, and industry, and those powers of opposing and overcoming difficulties, which are so requisite to gain wealth and reputation in the world. "He could not dig—to beg he was ashamed," and he might, perhaps, have toiled as a school-master, till his brain became "dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage," or received a miserable pittance for endeavoring to instil Horace and Homer into the quicksilver brains of some scions of aristocracy, till neglect and a sense of dependance had bowed his spirit, and frozen his heart, or laboured as an author till poverty and mental toil had brought him to an early grave, had it not been for one true friend. This was a rich old merchant who had no relations of his own and who had been his godfather. He had always felt much interest in the quiet and studious Arthur Blachford, and on the elder Mr. Blachford's death, he took him into partnership, though he continued to manage himself, all the business of the firm which had so long been the delight of his life.

Unaccustomed to mix actively in the concerns of the house, Blachford felt it an insupportable toil, when compelled to do so by the death of his good old benefactor; and chance having at this time thrown into his way, Basil D'Arcy, one eminently possessed of all those qualities which Mr. Blachford most needed, he gladly rested on Basil a weight which he was himself unable to bear, and ere long, nearly the whole management of the firm was confided to him.

At the period when this story commences, Mr. Blachford was at Brussels, and of course his affairs were completely in the hands of his clever but unprincipled clerk.

Mrs. Blachford was dead, and Mr. Blachford's family consisted of two daughters in early womanhood, two sons, one a midshipman in the navy and the other yet a child, and a nephew of his late wife for whom he felt nearly as much affection as for his own children. Alice Blachford was a fair and gentle girl, and by all those who could read the pure soul expressed in her dove-like eyes and sweet and contemplative features, might have



been deemed beautiful, yet beside the surpassing loveliness of her sister, her charms were shadowed. Imagine life infused into the fairest dream of ideal loveliness and grace, poet or sculptor ever imaged,—fair as this was Helen Blachford. Dark chestnut curls shading a broad, fair statuesque brow, eyes, large, liquid, lustrous as the star of eve, a cheek transparent and pure as the petal of the rose, and lips round which music and fragrance seemed to hover, were hers, and all illumined with the radiant glow of genius. Her talents, especially in music and painting, were of the most brilliant order, and her voice when she sang was soft, liquid, thrilling—one stream of sweet unbroken melody. She seemed a being of some brighter orb than this “dim spot called earth,” whose only meet offering were the hearts of all who beheld her. She had been for some time engaged to Lord Embsdenburg, and between them there were many points of resemblance; the same remarkable beauty, the same rare talents, the same haughty spirit, the same scorn and disgust for all that was dull, trivial and common-place—yet of two bright streams each equally pure and sparkling to the eye, the one may conceal in its depths costly gems or gold, the other flow over naught but worthless, though glittering stones.

A day or two after the scenes related in the preceding chapters, these two girls with their cousin, Ernest Tennyson, set out to take a long walk, as they loved to do when Ernest could be the companion of their rambles. Leaving the pleasure grounds of their beautiful home, which lay about twenty miles from London on the Surrey side, they wandered on through wild forest paths and alternate slopes and uplands till they reached a wide common covered with prickly gorse, decked with its golden blossoms, on which the blithe bees were humming and butterflies flitting, and from whence the sky-lark springing almost from beneath their feet soared upward, “weaving wild meshes of glad song,” till the eye wearied with gazing after it in its far-darting flight, turned aching to the green earth. Higher still and higher rose the exulting bird, till he vanished in the “golden lightning” of the sun,

“Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,—

whose spirit ascends a height to which

“The poor loveless, ever-joyless-crowd”

cannot follow, but from whence he pours forth hymns of divine and inspired beauty,—the only glimpses of that ethereal clime which none but the elect can breathe and live, that the many are ever permitted, and which if not veiled in the

clouded mists of mortal words would be too pure and glorious for their gross vision to behold.

Having crossed the common, the ground rose into broken sand-banks, some of them fringed with fern, thorns and brambles, amidst which numerous rabbits lay basking in the sun till scared by the intruders they scampered wildly into their burrows. The shrubs and bushes then grew taller, the grass was fresher and more luxuriant, and they entered a verdant shaded lane, which led them to a pretty cottage snugly embayed in a wide angle of the lane—with a porch covered with clematis, and a latticed window half hidden by embowering roses. A rustic gate and paling twined with scarlet runners divided it from the pathway, and before the door were beds of mignonette, sweet william and pansies. Behind the cottage was a sloping bank, on which lay the kitchen garden, hedged by privet, sweet-brier and holly. Here in the sunniest corner were bee-hives and near them a bed of sweet herbs,

“Fennel green, and balm  
Savory, latter mint,  
Cool parsley, basil sweet, and sunny thyme.”

In another angle of the garden was a little willow arbour, and all was neat and in good order: yet as they passed before the cottage gate, there seemed something almost mysterious and weird in the still serenity which reigned around. Not the slightest sound was to be heard, not even the chirp of a grasshopper for the lane was too shady to be a favorite haunt of those sun-loving creatures; not a living thing was to be seen: neither dog nor cat was at the cottage door, no childish voice broke upon the silence, and it seemed as if to speak, would awaken some slumbering spell.

“When I saw that cottage last it was uninhabited and going to ruin,” said Ernest. “Who lives there now?”

“A weird woman, and one that I am going to see,” answered Alice, laughing, and opening the little gate, she disappeared the next moment in the cottage.

Ernest looked to Helen for an explanation, “A protégé of Alice’s lives there,” she answered, “and a very strange being. She always reminds me of Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep. She is an object of curiosity to all the gossips in the neighbourhood, and there is certainly some mystery about her which no one has been able to fathom. But let us walk down the lane till Alice returns, and I will tell you all I know about her.”

In the mean time Alice had followed the little girl, who had opened the cottage door for her, into a room similar to those usually found in the houses

of the English peasantry, yet containing two or three articles of luxury, which it might have excited surprise to find in such a place. One was a writing desk expensively wrought and inlaid; another a light book-case of carved ebony and ivory, filled with volumes richly bound, and Alice knew that among them were many of the choicest works of poetry, and romantic literature, not only in the English language but in Italian and French. There was a small but exquisite silver crucifix, and a string of valuable gold beads. In an easy chair, by the open casement, the mistress of the cottage was seated, a small table by her side, on which stood a bowl of fresh flowers, and a small darkly bound and gilded book, apparently a book of prayers. She was evidently a dreadful sufferer from asthma, and though now comparatively at ease she still occasionally gasped for breath. Her gown was of a dark-colored stuff, its sombre hue only relieved by a collar and cap of snowy whiteness. She had not perhaps long passed her fortieth year, and though her emaciated frame testified her bodily sufferings, its proportions were still perfect and graceful. She must have once been beautiful, and her features were of that fine and regular form on which time takes least affect, but the loveliness of colour and complexion was gone, and her skin was now of a death-like whiteness. Her lips were of the same pallid hue, but her teeth retained their beauty. Her large black eyes looked forth with a rich and brilliant lustrousness from their hollow cavities, beneath which and around the eyelids fringed with lashes long, silken and black as night, were the dark circles which protracted ill health creates. Her forehead was low, but broad and smooth as ivory, and her eyebrows gracefully arched; while her tresses black as jet, and without a single grey hair to deform their glossy luxuriance, were drawn back from her pale brow and hidden beneath her close muslin cap. There was something in the form of her features and the character of their expression resembling Murillo's female faces, and Alice had sometimes fancied that she was of Spanish extraction. She certainly spoke English with a peculiar accent, and there was often something energetic and impassioned in her words and gestures, which seemed to speak her the native of some land where the thoughts and feelings are less subdued and restrained, than in cold and mannerized England. Yet at the same time, her language and demeanour were graceful and refined to an extraordinary degree in one whose station was apparently so humble, and not less remarkable were the whiteness and symmetry of her hands, which would have been considered beautiful in any rank.

Through the unclosed window, a stream of fresh air, imbued with the bright rays of the life-giving sun, poured in, waving the snowy muslin blind and the soft petals of the flowers, and fanning the feverish brow of the invalid, who seemed to inhale it with delight. On the entrance of Alice, she slightly raised herself, though the effort seemed to give her pain. "I would not have given you this trouble, Miss Blachford," she said, "if I had not had something of importance to say to you."

"Do not say that, Mrs. Radcliffe," said Alice, taking the wasted hand of the sufferer in her own. "It makes me happy to think that I can be of any comfort to you. I am very sorry to hear you have been so ill. Why did you not send for me before? I would come oftener, but I fear to intrude."

Mrs. Radcliffe did not answer, but covered her eyes with her hand for a minute or two; then fixing her gaze steadfastly on Alice, she asked:

"What can be the motive which induces you, young, beautiful and happy as you are, to come and sit for hours with a solitary, wretched, broken-hearted woman in a mean cottage, soothing her sufferings, and gratifying her whims, as if she were one of the great ones of the earth?"

"Is not the consciousness of giving pleasure, which you say my visits afford you, sufficient motive? and the interest I feel for you is one still more powerful?"

"And what interest can one like you feel in such as I am?"

Alice hesitated, endeavouring to frame an answer which would not offend the singular being she addressed.

"I know what you would say," continued Mrs. Radcliffe; "you would tell me that you pity what you believe to be my fallen state, and are anxious to assist me as far as I will permit."

"Oh! if you would indeed believe this!" exclaimed Alice.

"I do believe it. Long ago I learned to doubt the existence of goodness on earth—God knows I had great reason. But in your case I doubt it not. If truth and good faith have any existence, they are to be found in your breast, and therefore this blasted heart has softened towards you, as I had thought it could never soften again."

"I only wish," said Alice gently, "that I could repay your regard by making you more happy."

"Happy!" exclaimed the sufferer, "there can be no happiness for me on earth—no peace. Crime and misery must mark my path to the grave." Then fixing her large spirit-like eyes on Alice, she said in a voice which sounded hollow and unearthly to the ears of her astonished listener, "Let your father beware of Basil D'Arcy."

"Basil D'Arcy!" repeated Alice. "My father trusts and esteems him as if he were his own son. What can you mean?"

"Let him at once dismiss him from his employment. If he does not, he is a ruined man."

"Can this be true?" exclaimed Alice, "and if true, how can you know it?"

"Ask not how I know it. Enough that it is so, and that rather would I be compelled to cut off my right hand than to tell it to you."

"If this is the case you have spoken too late," said Alice. "My father is in Brussels, and of course Mr. D'Arcy has uncontrolled direction of his affairs till his return."

"Then it is indeed too late!" cried Mrs. Radcliffe.

"I cannot believe him such a villain," said Alice.

The sick woman gazed at Alice as if she did not comprehend her words, for a moment or two, and then with a sudden shudder she pressed her ash lips firmly together. Alice returned her gaze, unable to decide whether she should believe what she had heard, or conclude that it was in some inexplicable way conjured up by the wild imagination of the speaker. If it was true, there must, it was plain, be some extraordinary connection between Mrs. Radcliffe and D'Arcy; and though Alice had occasionally been tempted to believe that the unhappy woman was afflicted with a species of insanity, there was in her manner at present so much determined and collected steadiness united with her vehemence, that it impressed on Alice a persuasion of the truth of her words.

"What is to be done?" she at length exclaimed: "perhaps if my cousin were to set off for London his presence might thwart D'Arcy's schemes."

"Who is your cousin?" asked Mrs. Radcliffe.

"The son of my father's step-brother, Mr. Tenyson."

"Anne Rolleston's son"—murmured Mrs. Radcliffe, while her features contracted as with a violent spasm of pain—"yes let him go, let him not lose a moment."

"Yet I am afraid," resumed Alice, "that on such slender information as you have given me, he could not take any decisive steps to prevent D'Arcy from his treachery."

"When he finds himself suspected he must fly," answered Mrs. Radcliffe. "There is yet a chance."

Alice gazed anxiously in the invalid's face—"Mrs. Radcliffe," she said, "if you know more than you have told me, as I cannot help suspecting, you are injuring us almost as deeply as D'Arcy by concealing it."

"Alice Blachford, you know not what you say.

He whom you would have me deliver up to disgrace and degradation is my own son. Nay more, he is the son of one whom I loved better than my own soul. One for whose sake I left my own people, and my own land, and became a wanderer and an outcast upon the face of the earth—one for whom I gave up peace on earth and hope in heaven. He became cold and faithless, and I loved him still; he left me to shame and want, but I loved him still—he mocked my misery on his dying bed, and yet I could not hate him. He is sleeping now beneath a marble tomb, and I shall soon lie with nothing but the damp clay above my breast, and even still the memory of my short dream of bliss is dearer to me than all the world besides. And it is *his* son you would have me betray to destruction!"

The unhappy woman would have fallen from her chair in the extremity of her anguish, if Alice had not supported her.

"Forgive me, Mrs Radcliffe," said the compassionate girl, "I did not mean to reproach you."

"Do you forgive me," exclaimed Mrs. Radcliffe, "and think what agony it must have cost me to reveal his guilt. And do not too bitterly hate that wretched young man. He loves you, and however presumptuous such love may appear in one like him, it at least merits pardon and pity. Oh! maiden, you little know—may you never know—the anguish of slighted love. You never can know the torture it is to such a heart as his. A nature gentle pure and unselfish as yours, can never feel that burning, searing agony which proud and passionate hearts when forsaken or scorned endure, sweeping like a fiery flood of lava over every green spot in the soil, and leaving blight and barrenness behind! And now before you go, hear me—as there is a God whose judgment I am now suffering, I can tell you nothing more which would avail your father in the least. Promise me then, that I shall not be tortured by fruitless questions—I have no more to tell, I repeat, and I would suffer to be drawn with wild horses before I would speak, if I chose to remain silent."

Alice hesitated, but when Mrs. Radcliffe saw that she did so, her deep gleaming eyes assumed a look of such despair, that Alice hastily gave her the assurance she required. Then seizing her hand, the sick woman pressed it passionately between her own.

"Farewell," she said, "and let your cousin hasten to London without a moment's delay. Pray for me, Miss Blachford—pray that my miserable body may soon go to its kindred dust. There is a weight on my heart which presses it down as if it were wrapped in a leaden shroud."

Releasing the hand she held, she buried her face in her lap, and Alice, full of terror and astonishment, mingled with doubt and compassion, hastened to join her sister and Ernest.

## CHAPTER V.

She is peevish, sullen, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty  
Neither regarding that she is my daughter  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.  
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowr  
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

On the following morning at an early hour, Ernest Tennyson might have been seen turning into one of those narrow and gloomy London streets whose dismal old fashioned aspect gives few signs of the wealth concealed within their walls, and pausing before a house whose ill-cleansed windows and dusty wire blinds shewed no signs of life or animation within. The firm and manly, though gentle expression Ernest's face habitually wore was now clouded with a deep shade of doubt and anxiety, and as he awaited the opening of the door he several times uttered a few words half aloud while an indignant frown contracted his brow.

After some time, Ernest was admitted by an ancient servitor who appeared much such a being as one might expect to issue from so cheerless and prison-like an abode. He was of short stature, and had Antonio been as lean, Shylock would have found it difficult to procure the pound of flesh which he coveted, for such an item had not entered into the composition of the man, yet his frame was upright and active, and his bones and muscles of a size which might have suited an athlete. His features were coarse and almost expressionless, his complexion perfect bronze, his eyes small, dark, and nearly hidden beneath his shaggy and grizzled eye-lashes. Taken altogether, his face very much resembled those libels on humanity with which ingenious youths are wont to decorate their walking sticks. His age was a knotty point which might have puzzled most men, he being one of those happy beings who never look old, partly perhaps because they have never looked young. The father of Mr. Rolleston had taken him into his service when quite a child and from that time he had never been a day absent from his master's house, nor did he seem to have a want or a wish beyond it. His most remarkable characteristic was his unvarying ill-humor, which seemed at all times and on all occasions to possess him. When he spoke he was sure to say something bitter and disagreeable to the hearer,

and in his manner he made little distinction of persons. For Ernest he seemed to feel a greater interest than for most others, yet it could scarcely be called affection, and was apparently of a very peculiar and mixed nature.

As the old man undid the fastenings of the door which were strangely numerous, Ernest heard him muttering and grumbling to himself, and when he saw Ernest, his greeting was as uncouth as himself.

"Oh! it's you, is it?" he said, "Come to see how the old man bears the loss of his giglet of a daughter. Well, better his daughter than his gold. Gold can be kept under lock and key, but who could keep a wilful woman there?"—and while he was speaking he seemed to take a whimsical pleasure in returning the bolts and bars to their places.

"What I have heard is then true," said Ernest, standing quietly beside the old man with whose ways he was well acquainted.

"Heard it? Oh! no doubt you have heard it. When were there tongues wanting to carry ill news through the world. Many a one envied her fair face and her father's rich possessions, and glad were they to hear of her downfall. Well, what is it to me? what is it to me?"

"Is my uncle in the house?" asked Ernest.

"Where else would he be in such a time of trouble?" answered the old man sharply, "yet to be sure what can he care? when his own child didn't believe that he had a heart in his body why should we? why should we?"

"How does he bear it, Peter?" asked Ernest, taking no notice of the old man's grumbings.

"How should he bear it?" asked Peter snappishly. "He'll break his heart—he'll break his heart. And I might have prevented it—I might have prevented it. Many's the time I've sworn never to feel pity or ruth, favour or affection for human being, but the mother's milk I drank still clings to me."

Ernest could not refrain from smiling at hearing this ancient disciple of Diogenes upbraiding himself for softness of heart, but without attending to the young man, Peter leant his back against the wall and continued as if he were thinking aloud.

"Once when I was many years younger than I am to-day, when my old master was alive, before Mr. Philip was married, and while his sister now dead and gone had her home here, there was a handsome young officer used to come to the house. I have opened that door for him hundreds of times, and often have seen Miss Anne, as quiet and as shy as she seemed—often have I seen her peeping over the balusters, to get a last look of him when he left the house. Little did she think that old Peter

saw her, or heeded her if he did; her heart was too full of red coats and gold lace. She loved that young man as a child might love a plaything and cry if she didn't get it, and he loved her. And they're both dead now—they're both dead now. Men and women don't live as long as they used to do. The world's changed, and so are the people that's in it—so are the people that's in it."

The peevish old man paused, but Ernest, touched by his mother's name, remained silent, in hopes that he would speak of her again.

"And so," continued Peter, "when her father and her brother wanted to take away her toy, she fretted and pined and wasted to a shadow; and the young man when he came home from the wars was told that she was going to marry another. I saw him leave this door like a man in an ague fit with a face as pale as the dead, so I said to myself if they're kept asunder they'll both die, and I let him know that she was true to him still, and it so fell out that they were married. Then she left her father's house, and her husband was killed, and she fell into poverty, and hard labour, and poor fare and gnawing sorrow brought her down to the grave. Well! that was all my doing, and yet I did not take warning—I didn't take warning."

"Yes, Peter," said Ernest sadly, "I have often heard my mother say, that but for you she might never have been my father's wife, and she taught me to feel as much gratitude towards you as she continued to do to the hour of her death."

"No doubt!" cried Peter, "she owed me great gratitude for that which caused her death before she had lived out half her days. And you owe me great gratitude too! Oh, yes! that cannot be denied! Do you forget that your grand-father left behind him more wealth than you could count from the rising to the setting of the longest summer's sun? And how much of it have you got? how much of it have you got?"

"But you have nothing to do with that, Peter."

"To be sure not—to be sure not—who said I had, who said I had?" and his voice died away in words half inaudible and wholly unintelligible to his hearer. Then speaking more distinctly, he continued: "And this girl, now, hasn't she cause to be grateful to me too for giving her means and opportunities to ruin herself and to break her father's heart, for being fool enough to be won over by her tears and soft words not to tell her father how often D'Arcy came to visit her." He stopped and then added abruptly: "Well, will you see him?"

"Will he let me?" asked Ernest.

"Why not? You never harmed *him*, whatever

he may have done to you, but it's true you never had much opportunity. 'However, come along and don't keep me waiting,' and he led the way with peevish haste through the hall, turned down a narrow passage and stopped at a door which formed its termination. Motioning to Ernest to await his return, he entered, closing the door behind him, but notwithstanding this precaution if it was meant for such, Ernest could hear all that passed within.

"Why did you stay so long away?" asked Mr. Rolleston, whose voice had that querulous and painful sound which denotes either bodily or mental pain, "and who was that at the door?"

"Your nephew," answered the old attendant, "who else do you think would trouble themselves to come and see after you, if they didn't want something from you?"

"Wants something from me?" exclaimed his master, catching at the last words, "what does he want from me?"

"He wants nothing from you," answered Peter, "he only comes to see how you are, as no doubt he has a good right to wish to know."

"Hold your tongue, Peter?" exclaimed Mr. Rolleston, angrily.

"Oh! yes, I'll hold my tongue. Will you see the boy?"

"Yes, let him come in."

The next minute, Ernest stood in a small square apartment, where, when not in his counting-house, Mr. Rolleston always sat. It was lighted by one window which was protected by strong bars of iron, covered with dust and tapestried with cobwebs. A table in the centre of the room was covered with green baize and strewed with account books, papers and letters. At one side of the fire place was a bureau, at the other a book-case containing several large volumes; a large iron safe and a few hair-bottomed chairs occupied places in the apartment; a map of London hung on the wall opposite the door, and a time piece stood on the mantel-piece over which two printed cards, one containing a sentence in praise of Punctuality, and the other setting forth the evils of Procrastination, hung amicably side by side, in company with several well filled files. The floor was covered with a well-worn oil cloth, and several tin cases and boxes stood beneath the book-case and in the corners of the apartment.

Mr. Rolleston was a small slight man about sixty years of age, but looking much older from the wrinkles which avarice and toil had imprinted on his thin, sharp and withered features. His eyes were small, keen and restless, his eye-brows, and the lower part of his forehead remarkably

prominent, but the upper part small and receding, which defect the baldness of his head rendered very evident. Illness and distress of mind had increased the anxious, suspicious and fretful expression which his countenance always wore, and Ernest was shocked to behold the alteration which had taken place in the unhappy man since he had last seen him.

"I am sorry to find you so ill, sir," said Ernest.

"I am much obliged to you, nephew. I expected no less from your kindness," replied Mr. Rolleston in an accent of ironical softness. "And now that politeness has been properly attended to," he added in his natural voice, "let me know what is your motive for honouring me with this visit. Do not tell me it is regard or affection," he continued hastily as he saw Ernest about to speak, "you have never had much cause to feel either for me, and your mother, I know, taught you to hate and dread me."

"My mother could not feel hate towards any one, much less her own brother," answered Ernest, somewhat indignantly. He might have added more, but he instantly felt how much more an object of compassion than of anger the deserted father was.

"Well, well, that doesn't matter now," said Mr. Rolleston, impatiently.

"I have come, sir," said Ernest, "in hopes that I might be of some use to you."

The sick man interrupted him, looking at the same time keenly in his face from under his heavy brows. "And only for that?" he asked with strong emphasis. "You are sure it was *only* for that. You are sure you did not come to see if you could not turn the old miser's sorrow to advantage? to try if he could be moved to bestow on you some of that gold which he hoarded for one that deserted him while his anger was yet hot against her? Are you very sure you did not think of this?"

Ernest met the inquisitive glance of his uncle with calm surprise. "You misunderstand my feelings and sentiments either most strangely or wilfully," he said; "therefore, I think the sooner I leave you the better."

He had already reached the door when his uncle called him back in a kinder tone than he had yet used. The heart of Ernest was easily softened towards any who were suffering, from whatever cause their sufferings might arise, and he again returned.

"Never mind, Ernest," said Mr. Rolleston, "I said what I did not believe. I know you well enough; you care too little for yourself to grasp

after any man's money. Too little—for if we don't take care of ourselves who else can we expect to take care of us? Sit down now, sit down there, and forget what I said. Oh! that I could forget! You know something of the way I loved that girl, but you cannot tell the whole. She was the only being I ever loved, and for that very reason I loved her the more—and now behold how I am rewarded! She has left me on a bed of sickness without one word of farewell, one sigh of remorse." And the miserable man weakened alike in mind and body, buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

Ernest was much moved. To see this man whom, until now, he had deemed so harsh, so cold and stern, giving way to such bitter sorrow, though that sorrow was essentially selfish, was a painful sight. He knew the dotting love Mr. Rolleston had felt for his daughter had been the cause of her ruin, as it had rendered him blindly indulgent to her very faults, nor would he give her to the care of any who might have taught her principles and feelings sufficient to counteract such injudicious treatment, lest they should draw from him a particle of that affection which he desired exclusively to retain. Thus Joanna grew up self-willed, impetuous and vain, with no law but her own inclination, no guide but the impulses of her own mind.

"She is not so much to blame," Ernest at last ventured to say; "she was so young and so ignorant of the world. She has been deceived by the arts of a most consummate villain."

The words roused Mr. Rolleston from his stupor of grief. "Villain!" he cried, while his small sunken eyes flashed fire as he spoke; "aye, a villain blacker than any who ever walked the earth. Oh! how I could curse my folly when I think that I suffered myself to be cheated, out-witted and betrayed by that man! I who did not think there was any one born whom I could not render subservient to my purposes—to think that I should have been such a miserable and besotted idiot, drives me almost to madness. Even Blachford, that moping, melancholy, moonstruck man of books, half poet, half woman, has not been more vilely duped?"

After a pause, which Ernest did not break, he turned quickly to him and said: "You know all about Blachford's loss of course. The house may shut the door and write bankrupt over the window. But *he's* lost no daughter, and he has many children—it couldn't have broken his heart if he had;—but I had *but one*." As he pronounced the last despairing sentence, he again bowed his grey head on his hands. When he raised it, the expression of his face was more hard and bitter.

"Well," he said, "so this is the end of all your fine hopes from the Blachfords. They are beggars themselves now, and of course they can do nothing for others; had you known as much as you do now, you would not have left me for Blachford's promises. Better for you to be in my house and favour now," and he laid a bitter and scornful emphasis on the word *now*, "than a poor architect with no money to set him up in the world—but independence is a fine thing, a fine thing, if one don't starve by it!"

His looks and words seemed to denote that the suspicion of Ernest's motives in visiting him, which he had before expressed, had again returned to his mind, strengthened by the thought that Mr. Blachford's ruin had rendered a patron doubly necessary to the young architect; for it is almost impossible to convince the generality of mankind that the feelings and motives which actuate us are not equally powerful with the rest of the world.

"Mr. Blachford has been like a father to me," said Ernest, quietly, "and I can never consider him in any other light."

"God help me!" exclaimed the deserted miser, in a fresh burst of uncontrollable anguish, "those who are nothing to some men, will love them and cling to them, aye even in poverty and sorrow, while there are others who cannot get affection even from their own blood. Oh! cursed be the hour that black hearted hypocrite entered my house, but for the mother of the girl he has destroyed, *his* mother with him in her arms would have died of cold and hunger in the streets, and now if she could look out of her grave, and see the ruin he has wrought on her daughter, her spirit would rise and follow him over earth and sea till she had obtained that vengeance without which even coffin and stone vault would fail to keep her quiet."

There was a fiendish light in the sick man's eyes, and a fierceness in his manner while he clutched in his passion at the cushions of his chair, which was frightful to witness; but his frame was too weak to support such violent emotions long, and his vehemence gradually subsided into the peevish despondence which had before characterized his manner. Still, however, he continued to pour execrations on D'Arcy's treachery, and the heartlessness of Joanna, even when his voice was so hoarse and low that Ernest could scarcely catch his words.

"I made his blood boil with my taunts," continued the old man, exulting with petty malignity at the thought, "when I reminded him of the baseness of his birth, and told him that unless he were owned by his noble relations,

he should never have my daughter or my gold.—My gold I have still, and that he never shall lay his finger on. He thinks I cannot keep it from his victim—but *I can*. Anything, *anything* sooner than let it go to him!"

Ernest ventured now to suggest that Mr. Rolleston should write to some of his mercantile correspondents in Texas, and request them to watch the arrival of "The New Republic," a vessel bound for Galveston, on which it had been ascertained D'Arcy and his companion had embarked the preceding morning before day-break, and which had sailed immediately after. This vessel was well known in both hemispheres, though by no means creditably so, it being suspected, though carrying English colours, she had been frequently employed in the conveyance of slaves to the Texan state. In this manner Mr. Rolleston would be likely to learn something of Joanna, and be able to take the most efficient means of withdrawing her from the villain into whose power she had thrown herself. But this proposal only served to add fresh fuel to Mr. Rolleston's rage.

"No!" he cried, "as she has sown, so let her reap! It is most likely she will be scalped by the Indians or become a drudge in their lodges, before a year goes over head. She has yet to learn the difference between being the petted idol of a foolish old father, and the bond slave of a wretch without honour and pity, in a strange land. But let her drink the draught she has brewed for herself. If she were at my door on her knees, hungry, cold and naked, I would spurn her from it with my curse."

Finding that his presence, if any thing, served only to exasperate the old man against his unfortunate daughter, Ernest departed, first entreating his uncle, to send for him if he could at any time be of any assistance or comfort to him.

"I do not think I shall want you," was Mr. Rolleston's ungracious reply. "I dare say I shall soon be better, and when I am able to attend to business as I used to do, I shall soon forget her."

Peter waited for Ernest in the hall.

"Well," he said, "as he once more removed the fastenings of the door, "so he has sent you away as you came. Oh! he's the old man still! the old man still!"

"He has suffered much, Peter," said Ernest. "You and I both know how well he loved her."

"Yes, yes, he loved her as you say, but not in the right manner, not in the right manner. Oh! women are hard to manage, hard to manage. Keep out of their clutches, boy, keep out of their

clutches. Thank God, they never got hold of me!" said the old Cynic.

"His mind is greatly shaken, Peter," said Ernest, too much accustomed to the old man's mutterings to pay them any attention, "be tender of him, and do not say any of those bitter things to him which are, I know, at variance with the real feelings of your heart."

Old Peter looked askance at Ernest, but made no other reply to his words than by pointing impatiently for him to pass out through the now open door, and the moment the young man crossed the threshold he banged it behind him.

Ernest looked back at the dismal abode from which he had just issued, with sensations of relief at finding himself once more in the open air, though in the smoke impregnated atmosphere of London, mingled with compassion for the two grey old men who dwelt there shutting out the whole world alike from their house and hearts, but whose locks and bolts had failed to keep fast the beautiful, but impulsive and misguided being who had harmonized so ill with its dismal walls. But his thoughts soon reverted to Mr. Blachford, whose ruin had been fully completed before Ernest had been able to reach London, and D'Arcy, as has been related, had fled with his spoils.

"It will be a dreadful blow!" he said, "but he will bear it like a philosopher, I know. It will be more galling to Helen's haughty spirit than to any one. But Alice, my sweet Alice, it will wound *her* through her love for others." The rest of his soliloquy shall be left to the imagination of the reader.

The father of Ernest, when a young and penniless lieutenant, had fallen in love with Anne Rolleston, who, in spite of her father's dislike to the match, returned his love and married him. She had followed him to the Peninsula, then just springing to arms against Napoleon, and there her husband was killed. Unwilling to return to her father after having displeased him so deeply, she retired to Germany with her boy, and there for some years contrived to exist on the miserable pittance she possessed, and the scanty sum added to it by her own industry. But her health at last failed her, and dreading to leave her son destitute in a strange land, she returned home to beg the pity and protection of her father, not for herself, but her child. On reaching England she found him dead, and learned that he had bequeathed all his wealth to her brother. Her own death soon followed this disappointment, and Ernest was left completely dependant on his uncle, a selfish griping man, who thought he was

doing wonders for the lad when he had placed him in his counting-house, paying him half the salary he gave his other clerks, and exacting from him double the duties performed by any other person in his employment. Here he was found by Mr. Blachford, who, on learning his brother-in-law's death, had vainly sought to discover what had become of his widow, and who now declared that he would henceforth regard Ernest as his own son. But young Tennyson was too high-minded to accept more from his new-found friend than the means of achieving an independance for himself, and as he had early shown great talents in the mechanical sciences, and in architectural drawing, he had chosen the profession of an architect. It was through Ernest that Mr. Blachford had first become acquainted with Basil D'Arcy, who had been also in Mr. Rolleston's employment, and who had excited the generous boy's interest by his brilliant and versatile talents and proud and sarcastic demeanor. It was not long till he succeeded in gaining the full esteem and confidence of Mr. Blachford and the complete direction of his extensive mercantile establishment, but there was another person over whom he vainly strove to obtain an influence, and that was Alice. Loving her with the wild vehemence of his nature, he had pleaded his passion in words of glowing eloquence, and pleaded in vain. Her clear judgment and pure feelings, had taught her to discover the dark violent and selfish spirit, which lurked beneath his reserved and impenetrable exterior, and her heart was unmoved by his passionate protestations; it had already bestowed its wealth of love upon one who had as yet never sought it by a word, determined not to ask her affection till he might also ask her hand, and Basil left Saxonby, (Mr. Blachford's country residence,) never again to enter it, silently vowing a deep revenge on Alice and her cousin, who was, he well knew, his successful rival. He still, however, stood as high as ever in Mr. Blachford's favour, who even regretted that his daughter could not return D'Arcy's love, which he believed to be of an intensity equal to Basil's strength of character. How he repaid his benefactor we have already seen, carrying away with him not only all the money he could procure, but also numerous bills, bonds, assets, &c., which, though of great value in the hands of Mr. Blachford, were not of the slightest use to him, and could only have been taken to render his revenge more effectual; while as if to give his villany a still darker die, he had robbed his early friend of the single object to which in a loveless, friendless, joyless old age his heart clung, and darkened her bright youth in its early spring, not for the love of her, but her gold.

(To be continued.)



## ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY MEETING,  
THREE RIVERS, 23RD JANUARY, 1851.

—  
BY A SCOTCHMAN AND A SOLDIER.

In the sweet summer ev'ning so peaceful and still

While the light gentle breezes hush nature to rest,  
When the sun has gone down o'er the far distant hill,

And the rays of his splendour still brighten the west.

Oh! then what a beautiful view is unrolled,  
And oh! for an angel to picture the scene;  
The heavens all blazing and burnished with gold,

With glory and grandeur, sublime and serene!

And who is surprised, that with nature's dim light  
The poor blinded Pagan should worship the sun,  
And mistake yon fair globe, all so glorious and bright

For its Maker the great and adorable One?

When the fair Queen of night in her beauty comes forth

In yon vast azure temple bespangled afar,  
That he kisses his hand, and he bows to the earth  
And worships the moon or the bright glowing star.

Once blind superstition was groping her way  
Amidst hideous rites too fearful to tell,  
No light except reason's bewildering ray  
To pierce through the gloom or the darkness dispel.

But the bright guiding star of Bethlehem appeared  
And shed o'er the islands its glorious light,  
Then the sweet silver voice of the Gospel was heard,

And dark superstition was buried in night.

But oh! there are nations and kingdoms afar  
With hundreds of millions of Adam's lost race,  
Who have not seen the light of truth's blessed star,

Nor heard the glad message of mercy and grace,

Behold the dense clouds that are pouring along  
To yon gorgeous temple that glitters in light,  
Where mistaken devotion inspires the vast throng  
Around Juggernaut's shrine, and cruelty's rites.

And see the black cloud that is dark'ning the air  
With volumes of smoke from the fierce lurid fire,  
Oh! list to the heart rending cry of despair  
Arising from yonder funereal pyre.

Shall we visit in fancy the Ganges' proud stream,  
There witness the rites of the blinded Hindoo,  
Oh! no, 'tis too hideous, too fearful a dream,  
And nature and fancy revolt from the view.

We would rather look up to the bow in the cloud  
Where faith reads the promises written so bright,  
That those dark cruel places shall all be subdued  
To the sceptre of grace and the kingdom of light.

God promised to Abr'ham His servant and friend,  
"In thy blessed seed, all men blessed shall be,"  
And to Christ He hath said, "Thy reign shall extend  
To the ends of the earth, and from sea unto sea."

The wilderness waste now so lonely and sad,  
The desert so dreary, so thirsty and bare  
Shall bloom like the rose, and be fruitful and glad,

And streams from the river of life shall be there.

Let the Gospel's glad trumpet be sounded abroad,  
And its banners of love be widely unfur'd,  
For the nations shall all be redeemed unto God,  
And Messiah's standard float over the world.

## MAKE RASHLY NO VOWS.

—  
BY SIDNEY FRANCOIS.

MAKE rashly no vows, for the vow that is made  
Can never, unpunished, be broken;  
Breathe lightly no words, lest hereafter, betrayed,  
You regret that they e'er have been spoken.

Make rashly no vows, for the vows that we make  
May perchance set our hopes at defiance;  
Thy our spirit may weary, our energies break,  
While we mourn for another's reliance.

Oh, then pause and reflect, and make rashly no  
vow,

Which may cloud all the future with sorrow;  
Remember that thoughts, which yield happiness  
now,

May embitter existence to-morrow.

## A REFLECTION AT SEA.

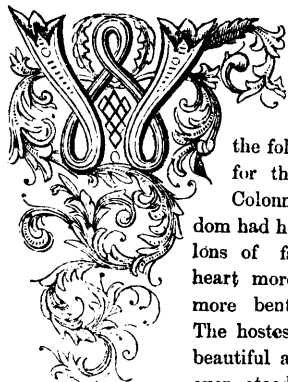
—  
SEE how, beneath the mornbeam's smile,  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for a while,—  
Then murmuring subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea;  
And, having swelled a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity.

## CLARENCE FITZ-CLARENCE.\*

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF AN EGOTIST.

### CHAPTER VIII.



WITH most scrupulous care, Fitz-Clarence attired himself the following evening for the Marchesa di Colonna's *fête*, and seldom had he sought the salons of fashion with a heart more interested, or more bent on conquest. The hostess, looking more beautiful and stately than ever, stood to receive her

guests with the young Linda di Rimini beside her; and strange enough, the extreme youth and fresh beauty of the girl, seemed but to enhance double-fold her own more intellectual and matured loveliness. As the two young Englishmen approached, a slight smile of welcome tempered for a moment the stately pride of her features, and Fitz-Clarence felt a strange incomprehensible thrill run through his frame, when her splendid dark eyes rested a moment upon him. He had soon, however, to move aside to give place to other guests, and the attempt he made, some time after, to secure her hand, was utterly unsuccessful. Irritated as usual when foiled, he amused himself, after a short dance with Linda di Rimini, by wandering listlessly through the rooms, cynically watching the dancers, lounging on the couches; in short, by making himself excessively disagreeable to all around him. More than once he caught the earnest glance of his hostess fixed upon him, and the thought somehow crossed his mind, that in this open display of a proud indifferent spirit, she saw something congenial to her own. Already, Fitz-Clarence was conscious of a thrill of angry jealousy when some more favored partner whispered in her ear, or called forth one of her brief but beautiful smiles; already he felt a thrill of exquisite happiness when her glance encountered his own, but as the night wore on and he still found it impossible to secure her hand, even for

one brief dance, he yielded to the feeling of sullen discontent that had been growing upon him for the last few hours, and sprang up to seek Lord Orford and tell him he was about taking his departure. As he passed through a deserted ante-room whose long windows opened on a beautiful balcony, he paused a moment, half tempted by the magic beauty of the night and the stillness of the retreat it offered, to rest himself there a while. The pillars of the balcony were wreathed on all sides by the most odoriferous Southern vines and flowers; and Fitz-Clarence found their fresh, pure breath delightful, after the enervating artificial perfumes of the salons. Throwing himself full length on a small couch, he indulged more freely in the thoughts and conjectures inspired by the events of the night. Reluctantly, almost angrily, he acknowledged to himself, that the gifted and beautiful Bianca di Colonna, had already, even in that short space of time, acquired a strange power over him, and whilst he fretted and wondered at his own folly, he vainly strove to analyze or discover the cause. Women as beautiful as the Marchesa he had more than once encountered among the high-born daughters of his own land, but they had never awakened any feeling in his heart, beyond a passing cold acknowledgment of their loveliness. With the gifted and intellectual of the sex, too, he had also freely mingled, and yet ever remained as indifferent to their fascinations as to the beauties of the gifted authors he from time to time perused with so cold and critical an eye. In the Marchesa, beauty and genius were both united in an eminent degree, joined to a character calculated to arrest the attention, and interest the most thoughtless spectator. Her proud carelessness of the homage paid her—her stately rectitude so marked, so elevated, that fault in her, or censure in others, seemed alike impossible—her fund of warm affectionate feeling, of which her love for Linda, alone, gave ample proof—all surprised, entranced Fitz-Clarence; and he found himself breathing more than once, low to his own thoughts: "What a triumph to win the love of such a heart—to be the first, the engrossing idol of such a woman!" He was still pursuing the

\* Continued from page 117.

same train of reflection, when a slight noise in the adjoining room and the pushing back of the window betokened an intruder was at hand. As he had conjectured from the lightness of the foot-step and the soft rustling of the garments, it proved to be a lady, and his delighted surprise may be imagined when the Marchesa di Colonna stepped forth into the moonlight. She seemed wearied and fatigued, for she threw herself on a seat and rapidly moved the delicate feathered fan in her hand. A movement on Fitz-Clarence's part, struck upon her ear, and she started, but the momentary feeling of apprehension was almost immediately replaced by her usual proud serenity, and when he advanced out of the deep shadow in which he had previously lain concealed, she said with a smile, the most courteous that had ever yet wreathed her lip whilst addressing himself:

"You surely, must set poor store on our society, Mr. Fitz-Clarence, or you would not desert us thus."

"I could not flatter myself that any one would miss me," he rejoined in his softest tone: "A stranger amongst strangers, the revelry but made me feel sad."

"And yet, *Signore*," and the lady's lip slightly curled, either in mirth or in irony; "And yet, methinks, there are some of our dark eyed Italian ladies, who would have helped you to forget your loneliness, if you had wished it."

"On one who worships alone the full and glorious orb of night, the rays of all other planets must fall alike, unwelcome and powerless," was the low toned reply.

The inference was a palpable one, and Fitz-Clarence's manner made it still more so, but the Marchesa resented not its boldness, and she made some calm, indifferent rejoinder. For some time longer they conversed together, and as they stood quietly side by side, leaning against the iron palisade, he self-possessed and happy, she divested in a great measure of her usual proud stateliness of manner, a singular consciousness stole over him, that this scene was but the repetition of others which he had enacted under precisely similar circumstances, in some long forgotten period of his existence, and though the reminiscence came upon him, vague, faint as a dream, it was yet full of convincing certainty. His beautiful companion appeared to him, not the acquaintance of a night, but of years, not the stately ball-room queen in her own regal palace, but some simple, trusting girl, whose love and devotion might be won for the mere asking; yet, withal, there was that in the manner of the Marchesa, in her cold fair brow, in her dark speaking eyes, that utterly checked

anything like flattery or sentiment on his part, and even whilst he chafed against that secret spell, he but felt his respect and interest increase in her who wielded it. Once, the glossy waves of dark hair that shadowed her cheek, escaped from their comb, and as her white fingers carelessly adjusted them, without any embarrassment, without any pause in the conversation, the same olden reminiscence came upon Fitz-Clarence stronger than ever, so strong that he could not help exclaiming:

"Really, *Signora*, I am almost tempted to believe in some of the countless theories of the transmigration of souls, for I must have met you before, in another world, if not in this."

The lady turned towards him at this strange address, and a faint rose-shade mounted to her cheek, but soon the earnestness passed from her countenance, and she only smiled. What a strange charm! what a world of fascination lay in that quiet smile. As Fitz-Clarence gazed upon her, silently standing there, her beauty gaining so holy, so magic a charm from the calm moonlight, he felt that if ever he could learn to love, if ever woman could bow beneath her power, the heart that had hitherto proved as impenetrable as marble to the most bewitching of Eve's daughters, it was she who now stood at his side, she who, alone as they were, surrounded by the romantic scenery, the glorious moonlight of an Italian clime, could yet check by a glance, a look, the passionate words of praise and devotion which trembled on his lips. At length the Marchesa exclaimed:

"I am neglecting my guests too long—I must seek them again; but, lest you should depart from us, with unjust and prejudiced views of Italian hospitality and friendship, you must return with me to the ball-room and make another essay of the amusements from which you have so contemptuously turned. As an earnest that I am anxious to do all in my power towards contributing to your amusement, I shall very willingly accord you, if your desire it, for the next dance, my hand which the number of my friends has hitherto prevented me yielding to your repeated solicitations."

Blessing, a hundred times over, the fortunate chance which had brought him to the balcony, Fitz-Clarence, with the most devoted expressions of thanks, proffered his arm which the Marchesa unhesitatingly accepted. That dance seemed to him the most delightful he had ever enjoyed in the course of his life. It was not the proud triumph of having secured the hand of the ball-room *belle*, the hand for which all contended; it was not the jealous glances and scowling brows

of the Italian nobles around; no, it was the pleasure of having to himself, even for a few moments, the society of the first woman whom he had ever revered or really admired, the first whom he felt he could truly love, and that, not for the glittering appanages of rank of fortune with which she chanced to be surrounded, but for herself alone. He did not return to his hotel that night, without having obtained permission to call, the following day, at the Villa di Colonna.

About a week after his first arrival in Naples, Fitz-Clarence was lounging one morning on a sofa in his room when Lord Orford entered.

"I say, Fitz-Clarence," he laughingly exclaimed, "I have a message for you."

"For me. Have you been at the Marchesa's," was the eager reply.

"Not I, such a visit, in my case, would be lost time. No, but I have just received a letter from Uncle Cavendish for myself, and a message for you, from my charming cousin Flo. They are now in Rome, and she challenges you to come and assist her in the fatiguing duties of sight seeing and journal inditing. What shall I say?"

"Oh! that I am studying like another Pliny, the natural wonders and phases of Vesuvius; or turning religious; in short, anything but making up my mind to follow herself."

"So be it, but, my dear fellow, this is a sudden change for a gentleman who ranted a week ago, like a madman because he had arrived a day too late. By the bye, I need not ask if you are going to the Marchesa's to night? 'Tis now a thing of daily occurrence."

"Well, yes, I am going. Will you come too?"

"With pleasure, but not to see the Signora di Colonna, for in that quarter, I suspect you have cut me out long ago, I go to pay my *devoirs* to the fair Linfa, who I think, after all, is the most charming of the two. You need not sneer in your quiet way, Fitz-Clarence. I know what you mean, but I must tell you, that notwithstanding all Naples begins to talk of your success in a certain quarter, between ourselves, you may be no nearer the goal than I was. I remember two nights ago, in the gardens, when you picked up the rose that had fallen from her hair and placed it in your vest with some romantic protestation, how contemptuously she turned on you, and throwing you the stalk with its dead leaves and prickly points, told you to take the thorns too."

"Fitz-Clarence's cheek became scarlet and he angrily replied, "Well, wait. She has her day now, but, mine may and will come, for leave Naples I will not, till this haughty Marchesa's pride is humbled to the dust."

"A proud boast Fitz-Clarence, and I fear an empty one. Bianca di Colonna seems better calculated to humble others than to be humbled herself. The *Marchese* is dead now, more than three years, and though from the earliest possible period, she has been surrounded by suitors from the very flower of the Neapolitan nobility, she has never distinguished any, even by a smile. I have heard it doubtfully asked, more than once, among her own set, if she has really a heart."

"That, she has, and an ardent, generous one," responded Fitz-Clarence musingly "but, has report never assigned to any single individual, a pre-eminence in her favor?"

"Oh! yes, I have heard it rumored that the Duke di Rimini may yet claim a warmer title than the one of intimate friend, which he now bears."

"The Duke di Rimini," echoed Fitz-Clarence with a jealous start, as he recalled the confidence, the unrestrained friendship which reigned between the latter and the Marchesa, and the open, pointed deference she displayed on all occasions for his opinions or counsels; the warm, affectionate interest, she lavished on his daughter. "The Duke di Rimini! Could a woman of the Marchesa's beauty and endowments, dream of so absurd, so disproportionate a union."

"True, but remember, Fitz-Clarence, the suitor is at the very head of society here, connected with Royalty, and rich as an Eastern Prince."

"Impossible!" muttered the egotist to himself, "Impossible. Sooner would I accuse Bianca di Colonna of every crime in the catalogue of vice, than of such sordid contemptible baseness."

"Wait, wait a little, my dear fellow. What right has the young gentleman, who followed Flo Cavendish's thousands, all the way from England, to indulge in such fancy flights, at another's displaying equal prudence; but Cosmo di Rimini, is not one calculated by any means to call forth such heroics. He is neither blind nor lame; dotting nor infirm. A man still in the prime of life with every mental faculty and personal endowments in full vigor—a man famed throughout Italy for his polished literary tastes, his statesman-like learning and profundity. Oh! the Duke di Rimini is no rival to be sneered at."

"I wish, Lord Orford, you would choose some other subject of conversation, or leave me to the solitary enjoyment of my room" exclaimed Fitz-Clarence, throwing himself back on his couch with a movement of fretful irritability. His Lordship laughed.

"Well, well, I will say no more. I was only revenging poor Flo Cavendish for your desertion,

for the tenor of my uncle's letter would lead me to infer that she will feel it considerably."

"Pshaw! she will do no such thing. She has passed through the ordeal of two London winters, and that is enough to ensure her peace of mind; but Orford, do let me sleep, like a good fellow."

Lord Orford good naturedly laughed and rose to comply, but as he left the room, he exclaimed. "I rather think, I will have won the daughter's consent to become Countess of Orford, ere you will have half persuaded your Marchesa, to give up the father."

As the door closed upon him, Fitz-Clarence, despite his previous protestations of drowsiness, sprang to his feet and hurriedly paced the room.

"Can there be any truth in that confounded Orford's story!" he muttered. "Is Bianca di Colonna, ready like the rest of her sex, to barter every glorious gift that Heaven has endowed her with, for an old man's title and wealth. No, I will not believe it. Her lofty, proud brow; her clear truthful eyes, tell another tale than that. She will marry, but it will not be for riches, or for splendor; she will marry, and if I possess one half the attractions, the arts the world gives me credit for, it would be for love. Yes, she must learn to regard me with the feelings I now regard her; to sacrifice for my sake, as I would, if called upon, sacrifice for hers, country, titles, friends, and as Fitz-Clarence's wife, forget in some quiet English home, the almost queenly homage and splendor that has surrounded her earlier days. This, she can do. I have been told that her first husband was aged and sickly, that she watched him with a wife's tenderness and a daughter's devotion, shunning for his sake, the gaiety and pleasures of youth, and wasting, even despite his wishes and remonstrances, her nights and days in his sick room. The woman who can do all this, for a man for whom she could possibly entertain no warmer feelings than compassion, who could pursue so difficult a path without ever incurring the faintest breath of censure or reproach, would surely prove a treasure to him who would have won the love of her devoted generous heart. Well if determination, perseverance, and untiring, unconquerable energy can accomplish an earthly end or aim, Bianca di Colonna will be my wife."

CHAPTER IX.

ONE fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws,  
Its bleak shade alike, o'er our joys and our woes,  
To which life, nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting!

MOORE.

It was the afternoon of a warm glowing day, and the beautiful mistress of the Villa di Colonna was lying on a couch in her favorite sitting-room; a room worthy indeed of such an occupant. The sunlight streaming in through casements of stained glass, fell all around in glorious crimson and purple tints, lending a yet richer beauty to that scene of refined and elegant luxury. Golden candelabras and vases of exquisite workmanship—draperies glowing with the rich dyes of the East—disinterred Mosaics, fresh and bright as when first they left the skilful maker's fingers were there, alabaster and porphyry vases too, blushing with flowers whose fresh perfume mingled pleasantly with the more enervating odors that streamed from golden censers, and yet the owner of all this splendor noted it not, but with her small hands clasped in listless indolence, lay back among her cushions. Her face was paler than usual, and the expression of deep intense melancholy, which Fitz-Clarence had once seen, and secretly wondered at, now rested on her features. Her eyes were earnestly fixed on a small painting suspended opposite, whose meagre style of coloring and outline, contrasted strangely with the glorious efforts of a Raphael, a Titian, and a Rubens, which graced the walls around. The painting represented an outward bound ship. The sails were all set, the Blue Peter floated from the mast; but the artist, instead of flooding the sky and sea with the bright sunshine with which all outward bound vessels are generally favored, at least on canvass, had painted a dark heavy sky, whose banks of inky clouds, and far off gloomy horizon, wore every indication of an approaching storm. The sea, too, of course, bore the gloomy reflection of the sad sky overhead, and the snowy foam that here and there crested a black wave, was not the joyous ripple of a steady favoring breeze, but the angry swell of a coming tempest. Carrying out the same desolate idea, the painter had represented the shore which the ship had just left, as a desolate looking place, without homestead or cabin; and no friendly form stood on the strand to wave a last farewell, or to breathe a parting wish for the outward bound. What the Marchesa, whose taste in painting was so refined and exquisite, so improved by study of the best models, intercourse with the best artists, saw in that poor attempt to interest or admire, was known to herself alone. Certain it is, that her beautiful eyes rested on it, with a melancholy, a lingering intentness, which she had never vouchsafed to any of the noble master-pieces around her; and had Fitz-Clarence seen her then, he would have felt another link was added to the unaccountable chain of mystery

that encircled the gifted object of his devotion. The instant, however, the domestic announced Fitz-Clarence, she sprang from her reclining attitude, and averted her gaze from the painting she had been previously studying.

"Well, Mr. Fitz-Clarence," she exclaimed, her features instantly regaining their usual proud calmness. "You are five minutes beyond your time. Of what am I to consider that a token?"

"I need not say that the delay was unintentional and unwilling on my part, he rejoined, seating himself on a low stool at the Marchesa's feet with a graceful ease he dared not for worlds have ventured on, some few days previous. "I met the Count di Raselli near the lodge, and he detained me for a few moments to tell me the last rumor in Naples."

"And whom does the rumor concern," was the careless query.

"Yourself *Signora*."

"Myself," echoed the Marchesa, whilst her delicate color deepened. "And what does Naples say of me?"

"In the first place, that you are its pride and ornament; in the second, that—but I dare not tell you the rest. You would accuse me of insolence—presumption, and perhaps banish me entirely from your presence."

"Your humility, or your fears, are surely exaggerated," rejoined the lady, evidently irritated; for Fitz-Clarence's manner told her plainly as words could speak, that he also, was associated in the rumor he alluded to. "You should not allow anything that rumor can say, Mr. Fitz-Clarence, to influence you so greatly, for you know well, that reports are as absurd and baseless in Naples, as they are in London."

It was the first time she had ever alluded to his native land in any way, and overlooking the sharp sarcasm conveyed in her last speech, he eagerly exclaimed:

"London! how that name reminds me of England—of home. Would you not like to see it, the vaunted capital of a mighty Empire, the queen city of the universe?"

"You speak like an Englishman," returned his companion coldly.

"Pardon my enthusiasm," he rejoined, "Of course, I know, that in your glorious skies and sunsets; your vines and flowers; your marble palaces with their treasures of paintings and sculptures, we cannot attempt even to compete with you; but we could shew you instead, a city alive with bustle and energy—streets thronged with active multitudes—harbors crowded with gallant vessels, and a restless, eager stream of

human life, animated by an untiring activity, such as could never live beneath your languor-inspiring, dreamy Italian clime. Would you not like to see such a land?"

"Never," and the Marchesa shuddered. "Such turmoil, such wild grasping after a wealth they may never live to enjoy, for that, after all, is the secret source of all the energy you have so enthusiastically vaunted, would never do for one who has lived for years in the poetic land of Italy."

"But *Signora*," and Fitz-Clarence's expressive eyes were earnestly fixed on his beautiful companion's face. "For the sake of one you loved, could you not overcome your early prejudices and dislikes. Women have braved from the same noble cause, the wilds of Siberia, the poisonous mines of Idris."

What reply the Marchesa might have made, what effect Fitz-Clarence's eloquent looks and tones might have produced upon her, 'tis impossible to say, for at that moment the door again opened and the Marchesa's own waiting-maid entered to announce the Duke di Rimini. The lady rose and telling Fitz-Clarence her stay would not be long, left the room.

"The Duke di Rimini," he muttered between his teeth; "The cursed old fool! What right has he to seek the hand of such a woman? And yet her first husband was far his inferior in every respect; an aged, ailing man. Surely, she who married the Marquis di Colonna from interest or vanity, may marry the Duke di Rimini from a similar motive. Oh! if she should do so, should reject the love I am about to proffer her, it would be too terrible. What cursed temptations of hers, what evil chances of my own destiny threw us together, or ever led me to place my hopes of happiness in the hands of any women. I will, I must leave Naples to-morrow—seek out Flo Cavendish—marry her, and live as I have lived, independent of the love and sympathy of all around me. But vain boasting! I cannot, Bianca di Colonna has weaved her chains round me too firmly for that."

Whilst the egotist paced the room with unequal step, and disturbed brow, the Marchesa descended to the drawing-room where her other guest awaited her. He instantly rose and advancing quickly to greet her, pressed her hand with a warm cordiality that would have confirmed Fitz-Clarence's jealous doubts, had he but witnessed it.

"Well, Bianca," he exclaimed in Italian, seating her gently on the couch beside himself, "I fear I have called you from a pleasanter companion."

The young Marchesa faintly colored, but no look of embarrassment flitted over lip or brow. "So, at least, all Naples says," he continued.

"And do you believe Naples?" she asked, looking him earnestly in the face.

"I do not know. I have come to ask yourself,"

"But I cannot, I dare not answer you now, my friend."

"And, why not, Bianca? Ah! I fear rumor has for once spoken truth, and that you have indeed surrendered your heart to this fascinating foreigner."

"But rumor once said the same thing with regard to yourself," she rejoined with a faint smile. The interest you took in my deceased husband, your watchful guard and friendship for myself, were attributed to the same absurd motives, that was also supposed to prompt my own unvarying deference to your wishes and opinions."

"Absurd, childish indeed, *amica mia*," rejoined the Duke, "you were calculated in, age and pursuits, for the sister of my little Linda, not her mother, no my dear child, from the hour our poor dying Colonna committed your welfare and happiness to my guard, blessing you with his latest breath, I have looked on you as another daughter, and Linda herself, has never caused me as much anxiety or care, for her character and temperament are strangely unlike yours. She is a wild flower that can blossom and thrive in any soil, whilst you, Bianca, can live but in the atmosphere of tenderness and love."

"Why, say you this so earnestly, kind friend, and why gaze on me so mournfully?" asked the Marchesa, resting her small hand on that of her companion.

"Because, my poor Bianca, I fear you have perilled the happiness so dear to us all, by yielding up your heart to this handsome English lover. Ah! trust him not, I have watched him well, watched him with a father's solicitude and fear; and there is that in his cold, sneering mouth, his bright piercing eyes, beautiful as they are, that forebodes no good to the woman he will love, or who loves him. Were his affection pure and trusting, as it should be, his brow would not lower so fiercely, his lips curve with such bitter scorn, when you but smile, even in friendship, on another. Believe me, the first few weeks of dream-like bliss at an end, you will find him no longer the ardent lover, or devoted husband, but the stern, exacting tyrant."

The Marchesa's head was bowed amid the cushions of the couch, and she spoke not. The

Duke kindly, tenderly continued: "Ah! Bianca, my gentle child, listen not to this new lover's honeyed words, let him not take you away from those who love and cherish you, and in whose affection you have basked for so many happy years; those whose pride, whose joy you are. I tell you, you have been too long surrounded by the sunny skies and bright flowers of our fair Southern land; by its generous impulsive natures, its warm loving hearts, to live in that chill misty clime, that home of icy rule and heartless etiquette. No, you would return to us in a few years, like some poor blighted flower, return, with broken heart and hopes, to die."

The Marchesa was now weeping silently but bitterly, and with the tenderness of a father, her kind companion strove to soothe her.

"I will agitate you no more, now my poor child. To-morrow, we will speak again of this, and now, return to your guest. Though I hope he may find our Italian ladies cold of heart, I would not he should have cause to say, they are wanting in courtesy."

With a kind farewell he left the room, and the Marchesa hurried to adjust her hair and remove from her countenance all tokens of her recent agitation. When she re-entered the room, she found Fitz-Clarence standing at a distant table, examining some books, and the jealous distrustful expression she had half expected to find on his face was not there. The secret of his equanimity was soon revealed, as pointing to the half dozen volumes before him, he exclaimed in a tone whose exultant triumph he could scarcely mask:

"Pardon me, *Signora*, but I was not aware you were studying English."

The lady's first impulse was to spring forward and snatch the book he held, from his grasp, whilst her neck and brow were instantly suffused with a tide of deep, burning crimson. The next moment, however, she threw it proudly from her and turning towards Fitz-Clarence, gazed steadfastly in his face. Her hasty movement, her deepening color, he, of course, easily interpreted, but that penetrating, unflinching gaze, he could not fathom. What sought she to read in his face—what secret wished she to divine? The Marchesa soon threw herself on a seat as if satisfied by her scrutiny, but she was still evidently ruffled and annoyed by the late incident. Her companion placed himself near her, but he had the tact to avoid recurring to it in any way, and if his manner had a shade more of tenderness in it than usual, it was more deeply respectful and reverential than ever. He could not help perceiving that the Marchesa was strangely unlike herself, and, perhaps justly, he

drew the most favorable auguries from her restless discomposure of manner, her changing color, her abrupt movements, so different to her usual lofty self-possession. Long did he linger, and more than once the silvery chimes of the clock rang through the apartment, but still his hostess betrayed no tokens of impatience or weariness. Emboldened at length by this, he took advantage of an occasion, when stooping to raise a book which had fallen from his companion's hand, to press to his lips, the slender fingers that lay across the arm of the couch. Like lightning, the cold languid expression of the lady's countenance changed, and her brilliant eyes actually flashed with anger. It needed not her impetuous withdrawal of her hand, her haughty, enquiring gaze, to tell Fitz-Clarence he had erred, and that the Signora di Colonna's pride was still greater than her love. Her irritation, however, was of short duration, and when, after another half hour, the suitor took his leave, he felt, that notwithstanding her reserve and *hauteur*, he was nearer the goal than he had ever once hoped to be.

Another week sped its course, and Fitz-Clarence was still a daily visitor at the Villa di Colonna. The Duke di Rimini had twice been denied admittance, and the third time he called, he found all private conference with the Marchesa out of the question, for he was shewn into the drawing-room where Fitz-Clarence was already seated. The Marchesa's preference for her handsome English lover was now the public talk of Naples, and many an ardent heart was saddened, and many a proud spirit angered by her choice. Fitz-Clarence, by his airs of haughty superciliousness, his marked avoidance of the Italians on all occasions, had rendered himself perfectly odious to them, and their greatest grief was the humiliation of seeing the woman whom they had enshrined in their inmost hearts, bestow the coveted treasure of her love on an alien, a stranger; on one who made no secret of the haughty contempt with which he regarded them and their bright Southern land. He, glorying in the angry feeling he excited, made no effort to propitiate them, especially as the Marchesa seemed to regard his well merited unpopularity with a perfectly indifferent eye, and next to his love for Bianca di Colonna, which was certainly now the strongest feeling of his nature, was the desire of triumphing to the last point, over those who had incurred so causelessly his dislike and scorn. There were times when the egotist asked himself, in silent wonder, how it had happened, that he who had passed unscathed through so long an ordeal, had allowed, in the end, any being of earthly mould to become so essen-

tially necessary to his happiness; there were times, when even with the hope of having his love returned, he felt he would have given worlds for the power of freeing himself at once and forever from the Marchesa's chains; of hating as much as he loved her, but such wishes were vain and idle. Bianca di Colonna was his life, his world now. Feeling he could not endure much longer the state of burning suspense, so insupportable to his haughty spirit, he resolved at once to decide his fate, and seek an explanation. That he had considerable grounds for hope, he felt well assured. Her open preference, even confined as it was within the bounds of calm friendship; her favor in admitting him to her presence when her oldest and dearest friends were denied; her toleration, if not encouragement of his constant attendance upon her, and his marked public devotion were all points, so encouraging, that more than once he found himself deliberating, whether he would introduce his fair Italian bride at court, on his arrival in England, or spend the season with her, in the seclusion of Wolverton Abbey.

## CHAPTER X.

Call me not heartless, nor yet say,  
Of cruel will, I've given thee sign,  
But, as thou once did'st wring my heart,  
So, traitor, have I now, wrung thine.

R. E. M.

It was a beautiful summer evening; earth and sky were flooded with the golden light of an Italian sunset, and Fitz-Clarence, his mind alternately agitated by hope and fear, slowly rode through the pleasant way bordered by fragrant vines and orange trees, that led to the Villa di Colonna. On reining up his horse before the portico, the servant accustomed always to admit him, immediately informed him the Marchesa was somewhere in the grounds, and Fitz-Clarence springing from his horse, declared his intention of seeking her himself. Long did he wander through that fairy-like labyrinth of groves, mosques, statues, and fountains; and he almost commenced to think he had been misinformed, when, on a small eminence, leaning against a marble statue, whose cold classic beauty her own still loveliness almost rivalled, he perceived the Marchesa. One small hand, delicate and white as a snow-flake, shaded her eyes whose melancholy earnest gaze was at the moment rivetted upon the distant Mediterranean, then glowing with the rose-colored tints of an Italian sky. On Fitz-Clarence's approach, she turned towards



him with an abrupt impatience he had often noticed in her when disturbed unexpectedly in her silent reveries, and which was the only token of irritability or impatience she had ever given. Soon, however, her brow cleared, and something like a smile stole over the lips, which still bore the impress of her previous sad thoughts.

"Shall we return to the house?" she asked, glancing at the same time half reluctantly towards the closed blinds of the drawing-room. Fitz-Clarence read that glance, and eagerly replied:

"Oh! no! *Signora*. If you will permit it, we will remain here. The evening is so beautiful, and your mirror-like Bay looks so lovely, from here."

As he spoke, he drew towards the Marchesa a light garden seat, placing it so as to command a full view of the bright waters beyond.

"No, not thus," she exclaimed, with a quick pained look, which her companion perceived but could not comprehend, "Place it, so that we may see the gardens, the terraces, the marble palaces. The sea is to me but a melancholy sight."

Fitz-Clarence would have asked why? but the lady dismissed the subject with an impatient wave of her hand. In another moment he was seated beside her, gazing entranced into that beautiful countenance, which to him, was now dearer than all the world beside. The hand of the dial, half buried amid the roses and blossoms that clustered about it, moved slowly around, till it indicated one hour, then another, and yet the Marchesa and Fitz-Clarence still lingered in the gardens together, but now Fitz-Clarence was half kneeling on the flowery turf beside her, whilst the dark eyes of the lady herself, instead of meeting his with their usual calm, steady light, were bent upon the ground. Fitz-Clarence was speaking, and that voice which had so often before breathed words and protestations of a love he had never felt, now trembled with real and passionate feeling.

"Yes, Bianca," he murmured, "You do love me, love me as I love yourself. From the first moment we met, a secret invisible sympathy united us. Your eyes singled me out from a host of others, higher far and more important than I was; your glance followed me, as my thoughts, my soul, followed you. Yes, you do love me, and I have read it in your voice, in your looks, in the nobly displayed preference you have so openly accorded me in the eyes of all Naples. Speak to me, *anima mia*, tell me that my wishes, my hopes have not misled me, that you will, nay, that you

have returned the unbounded, the mighty love I have lavished upon you."

The Marchesa spoke not, but the small hand Fitz-Clarence had taken in his, trembled like a leaf. Rejoicing already in his proud triumph, he went on. "Yes, my own Bianca, we were suited to the world's opinions and censures that animated you, marked myself, and had I been a poor adventurer from a northern land, instead of a child of one of its noblest houses, I would have been your choice. Need I say you would have been mine, if the straw hat of a peasant girl had encircled your glossy hair, instead of the golden coronet of a Marchesa. With such views and feelings, well may I say, that our union will be happy, strangely happy."

"Ah! I know not," was the low fattering reply "It will be saddened heavily, if I must leave my own sunny home, and the warm devoted friends of my youth,"

"Yes, yes, *Carissima*," he impetuously interrupted; "you must leave them all, my love is of too absorbing, too intense a nature to admit of aught else, I could not brook to see you smile on any one save myself. Aye! even of that girl Linda, I am jealous, for I feel that every caress, every kind word lavished on her, is stolen from myself."

"But, Fitz-Clarence, if this is ardent, is it not also egotistical love? Might I not pine myself to death in your gloomy, northern home? Might you not grow cold and—"

"Never, never, *idolo mio*. Affection, like mine, could never change, and such doubts grieve and wound me. No, you must trust yourself and happiness to my love, alone. You must have no other object to share your thoughts—no other support to turn to, save myself."

"Clarence, you exact much. Have you much to give in return?"

"Yes, dearest, I dare to say, yes, I give a heart that has never known one feeling of love for woman before; a heart that has triumphed over the spells and fascinations of the loveliest of your sex, and cold and loveless, turned from all. Yes, *Carissima*, I can swear to it, and to your jealous Italian nature, the vow must surely be priceless; though I have been loved before, till now, I have never loved myself."

"But, Clarence," and the unsteady tones of the Marchesa grew firmer; "tell me, have you never affected the semblance of love—has your tongue never whispered, your eyes never looked its language? I have seen you gaze at Linda di Rimini,

who I know is an object of sovereign indifference to you, almost as you look at me now."

"Bianca, I must confess I have, and I pray you to pardon a folly, so universally, so fully sanctioned by the world's smiles and rules, that it is looked on more in the light of an accomplishment than aught else."

"Yes, but I speak not of that silly unmeaning homage, which frivolous men will pay to frivolous women, I allude to that deeper more cruel hypocrisy which can surround its victim with all the tender cares of a loving and devoted heart, surround it with an atmosphere of trance like-bliss and ideal tenderness, to be ruthlessly torn away when the poor victim has yielded to the snare."

"Signora, you pain me strangely by talking in this strain," and Fitz-Clarence's countenance assumed an expression of sad yet gentle reproach, as he spoke. "What mean you?"

"Have patience with me, Clarence, a woman's love is her life, her happiness, and she must pause ere she rashly flings it away. Answer me, then, have you never sought to win a woman's love till now—have you passed through life without ever breathing a word of homage or affection in any ear."

"Bianca, I tell you I have not. As I have already acknowledged to you, like my companions, like most of my sex, I have often amused an idle hour by speaking of a devotion I never felt, expatiating on feelings I knew but by name."

"And, did none of the companions of your idle hours, suffer from your folly—did none of them return your mockery of love with the reality?"

"Few; they were as well versed in the pastime as myself, yet there may have been one or two who were sincere. Yes, one I remember now, a weak romantic girl, but 'tis so long since, I have almost forgotten all about it."

"Her name, what was her name?" was the rapid query of his companion.

"Bertha, no, Blanche Castleton."

"Blanche Castleton," repeated the Marchesa, and her Italian tongue pronounced the name with wonderful correctness, "Poor thing! she then had a heart, but tell me, Clarence, did you calmly cruelly plot against this Blanche Castleton's peace? did you estrange her from some manly loving heart, whose generous affection she might have returned, but for you—did you haunt her footsteps day and night, whispering ever into her ear, those soft eloquent words, to which I, perhaps, too confidently, too foolishly listen, and swearing to the truth of a love you never felt; and then when your cruel arts had triumphed, and you had blighted her young hopes, and her happy youth, left her

cruelly to the pangs of a broken heart? Answer me, Fitz-Clarence, answer me."

The Marchesa was strangely excited as she spoke, her cheek was pale as death, and her dark eyes flashed with the changing brilliancy of an Opal. Fitz-Clarence, anxious to calm her, hurriedly rejoined:

"Bianca, dearest, I have never done so. Solemnly, earnestly, I swear I have not."

"And do you really love me, devotedly, passionately, as you assured me an hour since."

"Oh! yes. By my hopes of happiness here and hereafter, I do. In you, every feeling, every wish of my heart is garnered up, with you rests my only, my every chance of earthly, aye! of eternal happiness."

"I am glad of it," rejoined the Marchesa springing to her feet, her whole frame quivering like an aspen leaf with agitation, "I am glad of it," she continued, changing at the same time her Italian accents, to clear faultless English, and now, doubly perjured traitor, false heartless egotist, listen to me. I am she whose youth you blighted, whose young happiness you eternally destroyed. Yes, Fitz-Clarence, I am *Blanche Castleton*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!

Give me the man who'll say,  
That when a good deed's to be done,  
Let's do the deed to-day.

We may all command the present  
If we act and never wait,  
But repentance is the phantom  
Of the past, that comes too late!

Don't tell me of to-morrow!

There's much to do to-day,  
That can never be accomplished  
If we throw the hours away;  
Every moment has its duty—  
Who the future can foretell?  
Then why put off till to-morrow  
What to-day can do so well?

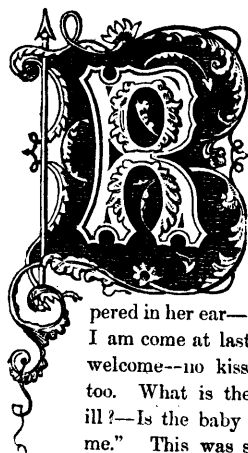
Don't tell me of to-morrow!

If we look upon the past,  
How much that we have left to do  
We cannot do at last!  
To-day! it is the only time  
For all on this frail earth;  
It takes an age to form a life,  
A moment gives it birth.

## TRIFLES FROM THE BURTHEN OF A LIFE.\*

BY MRS. MOODIE.

### THE TRUE FRIEND.



RACHEL was aroused from the passionate indulgence of grief by two arms passed softly round her neck and some one pulling back her head and gently kissing her brow, while a sweet, low woman's voice whispered in her ear—"Rachel, dear Rachel, I am come at last—What, no word of welcome--no kiss for Mary—In tears too. What is the matter? Are you ill?—Is the baby well? Do speak to me." This was said so rapidly, that

Rachel was in the arms of her friend before she ceased speaking.

"A thousand welcomes, dear girl! You are the very person I wanted to see. The very sight of you is an antidote to grief. When did you come?"

"About an hour ago, by the mail."

"And your dear sister?"

"Is gone to a happier home," said Mary Grey, in a subdued voice and glancing at her black dress. "Ah, dear Rachel, I too have need of sympathy, I have suffered much since we parted. The dear creature died happy, so happy, and now, dear Rachel, she is happier still. But we will not speak of her just now, I cannot bear it. Time, which reconciles us to every change, will teach me resignation to the Divine will! But ah, it is a sore trial to part with the cherished friend and companion of our early years. Our hearts were always one—and now—" There was a pause, both friends wept. Mary first regained her composure.

"How is dear M—. Has he finished his book? and where is my darling God-child?"

"Both are well. The book is finished and accepted by Bentley."

"Good, but I must scold the author for sending it away before Mary heard the conclusion. But

here comes the delinquent to answer for himself."

"Our dear Mary returned?" cried the Lieutenant; "It seems an age since you left us."

"It has been a melancholy separation to me," said Mary; "But this parting I hope will be the last; my father has consented to come and live with my brother, and now that dear Charlotte is gone, I shall have no inducement to leave home. So you will have me all to yourselves, and we shall once more be happy together."

M— looked at Rachel, but neither spoke. Mary saw in a moment that something was wrong; and she turned anxiously first to the one and then to the other.

"What mischief have you been plotting during my absence?" cried the affectionate girl, taking a hand of each; "Some mystery is here, I read it in your eyes, I come home forgetting my own heavy sorrows in the anticipation of our happy meeting, I find Rachel in tears, and you my dear friend grave and sad."

"Has not Rachel told you?"

"Told me what?"

"That we are about to start for Canada."

"Alas, no. This is sad news to me, worse than I expected."

"Our arrangements are already made."

"Worse and worse."

"Let us draw back," said Rachel, "The trial is too great."

"It is too late now," returned M—. "All is for the best."

"If it is the work of Providence, far be it from me to persuade you to stay," said Mary: "Our destinies are in the hand of God, who does all things for our good. The present moment is the prophet of the future. It must decide your fate."

"I have not acted hastily in this matter," said M—. "I have pondered over it long and anxiously and I feel that my decision is right. The grief that Rachel feels at parting with her friends is the greatest drawback. I have passed through the ordeal before, when I left Scotland for the Cape, and when we once lose sight of the English shores, I know my dear girl will submit cheerfully to the change."

Continued from page 104.

"This then was the cause of Rachel's tears?"

"Not exactly," said Rachel laughing, "that odious Mrs. Saunders has been here torturing me with impertinent questions."

"You surely were not annoyed by that stupid woman," said M.

"Worse than that, John, I got into a passion and affronted her."

"And what did Mrs. Grundy say?"

"Ah, it's fine fun to you, but if you had been baited by her for a couple of hours as I was, you could not have stood it better than I did. Why she had the impudence to tell me to set your authority at defiance, if it were at variance with my wishes."

"A very serious offence, Rachel. Instigating my wife to an act of open rebellion. But I am sure you do not mean to profit by her example."

"She is the last person in the world I should wish to imitate; still I am sorry that I let my temper get the better of prudence."

"What a pity you did not fight it out," continued M— laughing, "I will back you, Rachel, against Mrs. Grundy."

"She would scratch my eyes out, and then scribble a horrid sonnet to celebrate the catastrophe."

"Nobody would read it."

"But she would read it to every body. It is a good thing she went away as she did."

"Let her go, I am tired of Mrs. Grundy. Let us talk about your Canadian scheme," said Mary, "when do you go?"

"In three weeks," said M—

"So soon. The time is too short to prepare one to part with friends so dear. If it were not for my poor old father, I would go with you."

"What a blessing it would be," said M.

"Oh, do go, dear Mary!" cried Rachel, flinging her arms about her friend. "It would make us so happy."

"It is impossible!" said the dear Mary with a sigh; "my heart goes with you, but duty keeps me here. My father's increasing age and infirmities demand my ceaseless care, and then I have the charge of my brother's orphan children. But I will not waste the time in useless regrets. I can work for you, and cheer you during the last days of your sojourn in your native land. Employment is the best remedy for aching hearts."

His plans once matured, Lieutenant M— was not long in carrying them into execution. Leaving Rachel and her friend Mary Grey to prepare all the necessaries for their voyage; he hurried to London, to obtain permission from head quarters to settle in Canada as an unattached

officer on half-pay, to arrange pecuniary matters and take leave of a few old and tried friends. During his absence Rachel was not idle. The mornings were devoted to making purchases, and the evenings in converting them into articles of domestic use. There were so many towels to hem, sheets to make, handkerchiefs and stockings to mark, that Rachel saw no end to her work, although assisted by kind sisters, and the undefatigable Mary. Ignorant of the manners and customs of the colony to which she was about to emigrate, and of which she had formed the most erroneous and laughable notions, many of her purchases were not only useless but ridiculous. Things were overlooked which would have been of the greatest service, while others could have been procured in the colony for less than the expense of transportation.

Twenty years ago, the idea of anything decent being required in a barbarous desert, such as the woods of Canada, was repudiated as nonsense. Settlers were supposed to live twenty or thirty miles apart, in dense forests, and to subsist upon game and the wild fruits of the country. Common sense and reflection would have pointed this out as impossible. But common sense is very rare, and the majority of persons, seldom take the trouble to think. Rachel, who ought to have known better, believed these reports; and fancied that her lot would be cast in one of these remote settlements, where no sounds of human life were to meet her ears, and the ringing of her husband's axe would alone awake the echoes of the forest. She had yet to learn, that the proximity of fellow-laborers in the great work of clearing is indispensable, that man cannot work alone in the wilderness, where his best efforts require the aid of his fellow men.

The oft repeated assertion, that anything would do for Canada, was the cause of more blunders in her choice of an outfit, than the most exaggerated statements in its praise.

Of the fine towns and villages, and the well dressed population of the improved Districts in Upper Canada, she had not formed the slightest conception. To her it was a vast region of cheerless forests, inhabited by unreclaimed savages, and rude settlers doomed to perpetual toil. A climate of stern vicissitudes, alternating between intense heat and freezing cold, which presented at all seasons a gloomy picture. No land of Goshen, no paradise of fruits and flowers, rose in the distance to console her for the sacrifice she was about to make. The ideal was far worse than the reality.

Guided by these false impressions, she made

choice of articles of dress too good for domestic occupations, and not fine enough for the rank to which she belonged. In this case extremes would have suited her better than a medium course.

Though fine clothes in the Backwoods are useless lumber; and warm merinos for winter, and washing calicoes for summer, are more to be prized than silks and satins, which a few days exposure to the rough flooring of a log cabin would effectually destroy; yet it is absolutely necessary to have both rich and handsome dresses, when visiting the large towns, where the wealthier classes not only dress well, but expensively.

In a country destitute of an hereditary aristocracy, the appearance which individuals make, and the style in which they live, determines their claims to superiority with the public. The aristocracy of England may be divided into three distinct classes, that of family, of wealth, and of talent. All powerful in their order. The one that ranks the last, however, should be the first, for it originally produced it; and the second, which is far inferior to the last, is likewise able to buy the first. The heads of old families are more tolerant to the great men of genius, than they are to the accumulators of wealth; and a wide distinction is made by them, between the purse-proud millionaire, and the poor man of genius, whose tastes and feelings are more in unison with their own.

In America, the man of money would have it all his own way. His dollars would be irresistible—and much the same might be said of Canada where the dress makes the man. Fine clothes are understood to express the wealth of the possessor; and a lady's gown determines her claims to the title. Theirs is the aristocracy of dress, which after all, presents the lowest claims to gentility. A run-away thief may wear a fashionably cut coat, and a well paid domestic flaunt in silks and satins.

Rachel committed a great error in choosing neat but respectable clothing—the handsome, and the very ordinary, would have better answered her purpose. If necessity is the mother of invention, experience is the hand-maid of wisdom, and her garments fit well. Rachel was as yet a novice to the world and its ways; she had much to learn from a stern preceptress, in a cold calculating school.

To bid farewell to her mother and sisters, she regarded as her greatest trial. Mr. Wilde had long been dead, and her mother was in the vale of life. Rachel had fondly hoped to reside near

her until the holy ties which united them should be dissolved by death.

Mrs. Wilde was greatly attached to her baby grandchild. The little Kate was the only grandchild she had ever seen, her eldest son who had a young family being separated from her by the Atlantic; and the heart of the old woman clung to her infant relative. To mention the approaching separation threw her into paroxysms of grief.

"Let the dear child stay with me," she said, covering its dimpled hands with kisses: "Let me not lose you both in one day."

"Dearest mother, how can I grant your request. How can I part with my child—my only one. Whatever our fortunes may be, she must share them with us. I could not bear up against the trials that await me, with a divided heart."

"But the advantage it would be to the child?"

"In the loss of both her parents?"

"In her exemption from hardships, and the education she would receive."

"I grant, dear mother, that she would be brought up with care, and would enjoy many advantages that we could not bestow; yet, nature points out that the interests of a child cannot be separated from those of its parents."

"You argue selfishly, Rachel, the child would be much better off with me."

"I speak from my heart, the heart of a mother which cannot, without it belongs to a monster, plead against its child.—I know how you love her, and that she would possess those comforts and luxuries which for her sake we are about to resign; but if we leave her behind, we part with her for ever. She is too young to remember us; and without knowing us, how could she love us?"

"She would be taught to love you."

"Her love would be of a very indefinite character. She would be told that she had a father and a mother in a distant land; and you would teach her to mention us daily in her prayers, but where would be the simple faith, the endearing confidence, the holy love, with which a child, brought up beneath the parental roof, regards the authors of its being. The love which falls like dew from heaven upon the weary heart, which forms a balm for every sorrow, a solace for every care. Without its refreshing influence, what would the wealth of the world be to us?" Rachel's heart swelled and her eyes filled with tears; the eloquence of an angel at that moment, would have failed in persuading her to part with her child.

As each day brought nearer the hour of separation, the prospect became more intensely painful and fraught with melancholy anti-

pations, which haunted her even in sleep; she often awoke sick and faint at heart with the tears she had shed in a dream. Often she exclaimed with fervor: "Oh! that this dreadful parting was over." And never did these feelings press more heavily than when all was done in the way of preparation, when her trunks were all packed, her little bills in the town all paid, her faithful domestic discharged, and nothing remained of active employment to divert her mind from prying upon the sad prospect before her, and she only awaited the return of her husband to make those final adieus which in anticipation overwhelmed her with grief.

"Come and spend the last week with us, dear Rachel," said her sister Caroline, as she kissed her anxious brow. "You let this parting weigh too heavily upon your heart. We shall all meet again."

"I hope in heaven."

"Yes, and there too—but here on earth."

"Oh, no. It is useless to let hope deceive us. No, never again on earth."

"We shall see, Rachel, who is the true prophet, I always hope for the best, and find it true wisdom. But put on your bonnet and come with me to R——Mamma expects you to spend this last sad week with her. We will roam together once more through the gardens, the lanes, the meadows and the beautiful wood paths which made you a poet, and which you love so well."

"I cannot go. I shall never be able to turn myself away. The sight of these dear old haunts would only add a bitterness to grief."

"It will do you good to weep. These beautiful moonlight nights will refresh your wearied spirit after so many harrassing thoughts, and so much toil. Your favorite hawthorn tree is in blossom, and the nightingale sings every evening in the beautiful wood lane. In spite of yourself, Rachel you could not feel miserable among such sights and sounds, in the glorious month of May."

"It will make my heart ache half over the Atlantic."

"You deceive yourself. Your greatest happiness will be the recollection of such scenes in a savage land."

"Well, I will go to please you. But for myself—the remainder of the sentence was lost in a sigh; and the sisters in silence took the oft trodden path that led them to the home of their infancy.

R—Hall, was an old fashioned house, large, rambling, picturesque and cold. The rude stone figures which formed a kind of finish to the high pointed gable told it to have been built in the first

year of the reign of the good queen Bess. The back part of the mansion appeared to have belonged to a period still more remote. The building was embosomed in fine old trees, and surrounded with lawn-like meadows adorned with groups of noble oak and beech. It was beneath the shadow of these trees, and reposing upon the velvet-like sward at their feet, that Rachel had first indulged in those delicious reveries, those lovely ideal visions of beauty and perfection, which cover with a tissue of morning beams all the rugged highways of life; and the soul, bowing down with intense adoration to the deified reality of the material world, pours forth its lofty aspirations on the altar of nature in a language unknown to common minds, and the voice which it utters is poetry.

For the first three and twenty years of her life, she had known no other home but this beloved spot. Every noble sentiment of her soul, every fault which threw its baneful shadow on the sunlight of her mind, had been fostered, or grown upon her in these pastoral solitudes. The trees around her, had witnessed a thousand bursts of passionate eloquence, a thousand gushes of bitter heart-humbling tears. Silent bosom friends were those dear old trees, to whom she had revealed all the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears which she could not confide to the sneering and unsympathizing of her own species. The solemn druidical groves were not more holy to their imaginative and mysterious worshippers than were these old oaks to the weeping Rachel.

The summer wind as it swept their lofty branches seemed to utter a voice of thrilling lamentation, a sad, soul-touching farewell. "Home of my childhood must I visit you no more?" sobbed Rachel. Are ye to become tomorrow, a vision of the past. When my heart has been bursting with the sorrows of the world, ye ever smiled upon me. Your loving arms were ever held out to welcome me, and I found a solace for all my cares upon your tranquil breast. Oh, that the glory of the spring was not upon the earth, that I had to leave you mid winter's chilling gloom, and not in this lovely blushing month of May.

"To hear the birds singing so sweetly, to see the young lambs frisking through the green meadows, and the fields and hedgerows bright with their first glad flush of blossoms, breaks my heart."

And the poor emigrant sank down upon the green grass, and burying her face among the fragrant daisies, imprinted a passionate kiss upon the sod that was never in time or eternity to form a resting place for her again.

But a beam is in the dark cloud, even for thee, poor Rachel, thou heart-sick lover of nature.

Time will reconcile thee to a change which now appears so dreadful. The human flowers destined to spring around thy hut in the wilderness, will gladden thy bosom in the strange land to which thy course now tends, and the image of God in his glorious creation, will smile upon thee as graciously in the woods of Canada, as it now does in thy British Paradise. Yea, the hour shall come, when you shall say with fervor; "Thank God, I am the denizen of a free land. A land of beauty and progression. A land unpolluted by the groans of starving millions. A land that opens her fostering arms to receive and restore to his long lost birthright, the trampled and abused child of man. To bid him stand up a free inheritor of the soil, who so long labored for a scanty pittance of bread, as an ignorant and degraded slave.

When Rachel returned from an extended ramble through all her favorite haunts, she was agreeably surprised to find her husband conversing with her mother in the parlor.

The unexpected sight of the beloved who had returned to cheer her, some days sooner than the one he had named for his arrival, soon dried all regretful tears; and the sorrows of the future were forgotten in the present joy.

M—— had a thousand little incidents and anecdotes to relate of his journey, and his visit to the great metropolis; and Rachel was a delighted and interested listener. He had satisfactorily arranged all his pecuniary matters, and without sacrificing his half pay, was master of about three hundred and fifty pounds sterling, in ready money, which he thought, prudently managed, would enable them to make a tolerably comfortable settlement in Canada, as he would not have to purchase a farm, being entitled to four hundred acres of land.

All things looked well, and promised well and M—— who was naturally of a cheerful, hopeful disposition, was in high spirits. His reliance upon the protecting care of a merciful and superintending Providence was so firm, that he chid his desponding Rachel for her want of faith.

"I must confess that I found it rather a severe trial to part with my good Uncle," said M—— The dear old gentleman presented me with his favorite fowling piece, a splendid Manton, that cost him fifty guineas, and he has not forgotten you Rachel. Look at this elegant ruby pen. I was with him when he bought it. It cost him three sovereigns."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Rachel examining the fine workmanship of the pretty toy, "I know I should love that kind Uncle of yours. But I

question whether I shall have much occasion for his splendid gift. Besides, John, did you ever hear of an author whose works were worth reading, ever sporting such a luxury as a ruby pen?"

"My Uncle at least thought you deserved one. But to business, Madam Rachel. I have taken our passage to Montreal in a fine vessel, that sails from Leith, the latter end of next week. I found that by going from Scotland we could be as well accommodated for half price, and it would give you the opportunity of seeing Edinburgh, and me, the melancholy satisfaction of taking a last look at the land of my birth.

"One of the London steamers will call for us on Thursday morning on her way to Scotland, and I must hire a boat to meet her in the roadstead and put us and our luggage on board. And now that all is settled, and the day named for own departure, promise me Rachel, to keep up your spirits and make yourself as comfortable as you can for my sake dear girl."

Rachel promised to do her best, but Rachel, as my readers must long ago have found out, was no heroine of romance, but a veritable human creature, subject to all the faults and weakness of her sex, and this announcement threw her into a fit of deep musing. Now that all things were prepared for their departure, she knew that the sooner they went the better, both for themselves and for the friends from whom they were forced to part. That delay was now as useless as it was dangerous and unwise; that a short notice to a sad, but inevitable necessity, was better than a long anticipation of grief. Now though all this struck her very forcibly, and ought to have produced a cheerful resignation to the Divine will, she felt both sad, and discontented, and drew her head from her husband's supporting arm and her chair from the family circle, in order to indulge her grief.

M—— roused her from this fit of melancholy, by enquiring, if she had found a woman to accompany her to Canada in the capacity of nurse, during his absence.

"Oh John, you cannot think what numbers applied. But I have not seen one whom I would like to take with me. If you and Mamma will agree to my plan, I would much rather be without."

"What, in your delicate health, and just recovered from a dangerous illness? The thing is impossible," said M—— rather impetuously.

"Oh not at all impossible."

"And who is to nurse the baby, and take care of you?"

"Myself will perform the first office, my dear husband the last."

"Nonsense Rachel!" said Mrs. Wilde. "You cannot do without a woman to attend upon you. M.—— will never suffer you to go to sea without. You may be very ill, and unable to attend upon the child; or even to help yourself."

"There will be plenty of women in the steerage, who for a few dollars, would gladly give their assistance."

"You must not trust, Rachel, to such contingencies," said her husband. "Your mother is right, I must insist upon your taking a servant."

"But consider the expense?"

"I will pay that."

"I should like to have my own way in this matter," pouted Rachel, for I feel that I am in the right."

"And those who love you are wrong, in wishing to spare you fatigue and pain. Is it not so Rachel?"

This silenced Rachel, yet, had her advice been acted upon, our emigrants would have been spared great trouble and inconvenience.

Perhaps of all follies, that of persons taking servants out with them to a colony, is the greatest; and is sure to end in loss and disappointment. If we consider the different position in which domestics are placed in the new and in the old world, we shall cease to wonder at this.

In Britain they are dependent upon the caprice of their employers for bread. They are brought up in the most servile dread and admiration of the higher classes; and feel most keenly their hopeless degradation. They know that if they lose their character for honesty or obedience, they must starve, or go to the work-house, a doom more dreaded by some than transportation or the gallows. To this cause we owe their fidelity and laborious services, more than to any moral perception of the fitness of submission in a situation which they are unable to better. The number of unemployed females in the lower classes at home, makes it more difficult for a girl to obtain a good place; and the very assurance that she will be well lodged and fed, and secure for herself a comfortable home in a respectable family as long as she performs her part well, forms a strong bond of union between her and her employer. For well she knows that if she loses her situation through her own misconduct, it is not an easy matter to get another.

But in Canada, the serving class is a small one. It admits of very little, if of any, competition, for the demand is larger than the means of supply, and the choice as to character and capability very

limited indeed. Servants that understand the work of the country, are always hard to be procured, and can at all times command good wages. The dread of starving, or incarceration in the workhouse no longer frightens them into a servile submission. They will only obey your orders as far as they consider them reasonable. Ask a female domestic to blacken your shoes, or clean the knives, or bring in an arm-ful of wood, or a pail of water; and she turns upon you like a lioness, and flatly tells you that she will do no such thing—that it is not woman's work—that you may do it yourself—and that you may get another as soon as you like, for she is sure of twenty good places to-morrow.

And she is right in her assertion. Her insolent rejection of your commands will not stand at all in her way in procuring another situation, and although blacking a lady's shoes is by no means such dirty work as cleaning the pots, or bringing in a pail of water so laborious as scrubbing the floor, she considers it a degradation, and she is now the inhabitant of a free country, and she will not submit to degradation.

When we look upon this as the reaction rising out of their former miserable and slavish state, we cannot so much blame them; but are obliged to own that it is the natural result of a sudden emancipation from their former bondage.

Upon the whole, though less agreeable to the prejudices of old country people, we much prefer the Canadian servants to the English; for if they prove respectful and obedient, it generally springs from a higher moral feeling; that of affection and gratitude.

Servants brought out to the colony in that capacity; scarcely put their foot upon the American shore, than they become suddenly possessed by an ultra republican spirit. The chrysalis has burnt its dingy shell, they are no longer caterpillars, but gay butterflies, anxious to bask in the sun-blaze of popular rights. The master before whom they lately bowed in reverence, and whose slightest word was a law, now degenerates into the *man*; and their mistress, the *dear lady*, whom they strove by every attention to please, is the *woman*—while persons in their own rank are addressed as *ma'am* and *sir*. How particular they are in enforcing these assumed titles; how persevering in depriving their employers of their title. One would imagine that they not only considered themselves equal to their masters and mistresses, but that ignorance and vulgarity made them vastly their superiors.

It is highly amusing to watch from a distance,



these self-made ladies and gentlemen, sporting their borrowed plumes.

True to their human nature, the picture may be humiliating, but it is a faithful representation of the vanity inherent in the heart of man.

It happened unfortunately for Rachel, that her mother had in her employment, a girl whose pretty feminine person and easy pliable manners had rendered her a great favorite in the family. Whenever Rachel visited R—— Hall, Hannah had taken charge of the baby, on whom she lavished the most endearing epithets and caresses. This girl had formed an imprudent intimacy with a young farmer in the neighborhood, and was in a situation which made their marriage a matter of necessity. The man, however, who in all probability knew more of the girl's worthlessness than her credulous employers, refused to make her his wife; and Hannah, in an agony of rage and grief, had confided her situation to her kind and benevolent mistress, imploring her not to turn her from her doors, or she would end her misery by self-destruction.

She had no home—no parents to receive or shelter her from the world, and she dared not return to the Aunt, who had previous to her going into service, offered her the shelter of her roof.

Shocked at the girl's melancholy situation, and anxious to save her from utter ruin, Mrs. Wilde proposed to Rachel, taking the forlorn creature with her to Canada. To this proposition the girl joyfully acceded; declaring, that if Mrs. M—— would take pity upon her, and remove her from the scene of her shame, she would ask no wages of her, but serve her and her child upon her knees. Though really sorry for a fellow creature in distress, Rachel for a long time resisted the earnest request of her mother and sisters. There was something about the girl that she did not like; and though much was said in praise of her gentle amiable temper, Rachel could not convince herself, that the being before her was worthy of the sympathy manifested in her behalf. She was reluctant to entail upon herself the trouble and responsibility which must arise from this woman's situation, and the scandal which it might involve. But all her arguments were borne down by her mother's earnest entreaties to save, if possible, a fellow creature from ruin.

The false notions formed by most persons at home, of Canada, made Mrs. Wilde reject as mere bug-bears all Rachel's fears. In a barbarous country so thinly peopled, that settlers seldom resided within a day's drive of each other, what was to be dreaded in the way of scandal. If the

girl kept her own secret, who would take the trouble to find it out—children are a blessing in such a wilderness, and Hannah's child brought up in the family, would be no trouble or additional expense, but prove a grateful, attached servant, forming a lasting tie of union between the mother and her benefactors. The mother was an excellent worker, and, until this misfortune happened, a good faithful girl. She was *weak* to be sure, but then—(what a fatal mistake)—the more easily managed; they were certain that she would prove a treasure. And so Rachel was persuaded, and a bond was drawn up by the Lieutenant, that Hannah Turner was to serve his family for five years, at the rate of four dollars per month, after her arrival in Canada, and the expense of her outfit and passage across had been deducted from the period of her servitude.

The girl signed this document with tears of joy, and Rachel was provided with a servant.

Rachel remained with her mother until the day previous to their embarkation, when she bade a sorrowful farewell to home and all her friends—we will not dwell on such partings, they, as the poet has truly described them—"Wring the blood from out young hearts, making the snows of age descend upon the rose-crowned brow of youth."

Sorrowfully Rachel returned to her pretty little cottage, which now presented a scene of bustle and confusion that baffles description.

Every thing was out of place and turned up side down. Corded trunks and packages filled up the passages and doorways, and formed stumbling blocks for kind friends and curious neighbors, that crowded the house. Strange dogs forced their way in after their masters, and fought and yelped in undisturbed pugnacity. The baby cried, and no one was at leisure to pacify her, and a cheerless and uncomfortable spirit filled the once peaceful and happy home.

Old Kitson was in his glory, hurrying here and there, ordering, superintending, and assisting in the general confusion, without in the least degree helping on the work. He had taken upon himself the charge of hiring the boat, which was to convey the emigrants on board the steamer, and he stood chaffering for a couple of hours with the sailors to whom she belonged, to induce them to take a shilling less than the price proposed.

Tired with the altercation, and sorry for the honest tars, M—— took the master of the boat to one side, and told him to yield to the old Captain's terms, and he would make up the difference. The sailor answered with a knowing wink, and appeared reluctantly to consent to old Kitson's wishes.

"There, Mrs. M—— my dear! I told you that those fellows would come to my terms, rather than lose a customer," cried the old man, rubbing his hands together in an ecstasy of delight, "I am the man for making a bargain. The rogues cannot cheat me. The Lieutenant is too soft with those chaps. I'm an old stager, they can't take over me. I have made them take one pound for the use of their craft, instead of one and twenty shillings. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves, I found that out, long before poor Richard set it down in his log."

Then sideling close up to Rachel, and putting his long nose into her face, he whispered in her ear—"Now my dear gall, if there are any old coats or hats that Lieutenant M—— does not think worth picking up; I shall be very glad of them for my George. Mrs. K—— is an excellent hand at transmogrifying old things, and in a large family, such articles are always serviceable."

George was the Captain's youngest son, a poor idiot, who though upwards of thirty, had the appearance of an over-grown boy.

Rachel felt ashamed of the old man's meanness, but was glad of this opportunity of repaying his trifling services in his own way, and that suggested by himself.

The weather for the last three weeks had been unusually fine, but towards the evening of the 30th of May, large masses of clouds began to rise in the north east, and the sea changed its azure hue to a dull livid grey. Old Kitson shook his head prophetically.

"There is a change of weather at hand. You may look out for squalls before six o'clock to-morrow. The wind shifts every minute, and there is an ugly swell rolling in upon the shore.

"I hope it will be fine to-morrow," said Rachel, looking anxiously at the troubled sky. "It may pass off in a thunder shower."

The old man whistled, shut one eye, and looked at the sea with the eye of a connoisseur. "Women know about as much of the weather, as your nurse does of handling a rope. Whew! but there's a gale coming—I'll down to the beach and tell the lads to haul up the boats, and make all snug before it comes." And away toddled the old man, full of the importance of his mission.

(To be continued.)

"The wit and knowledge of men, is far more frequently at fault, than the simple instinct of woman."

## SONG AND HYMN OF LIFE.

—  
BY CHARLES MACKAY.  
—

A traveller through a dusty road  
Strewed acorns on the lea,  
And one took root, and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time,  
To breathe its early vows,  
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs:  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music bore,  
It stood a glory in its place,  
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way  
Amid the grass and fern,  
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,  
Where weary men might turn;  
He wall'd it in, and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink—  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again—and lo! the well,  
By Summers never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues.  
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer drop'd a random thought;  
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true;  
It shone upon a genial mind,  
And lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
A monitory flame.  
The thought was small—its issue great—  
A watch fire on the hill,  
It sheds its radiance far adown,  
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd  
That throng'd the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of Hope and Love.  
Unstudied, from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown—  
A transitory breath—  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last!

## THE PERSONALITY OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. HENRY GILES.



If we look into life, in itself, as each of us finds it in his own experience, as each of us finds it circumscribed in his individual consciousness, we become aware of a principle in our being, by which we are separate from the universe, and separate from one another. We become aware, that, by the power of this principle, we draw all the influences which act on us into our personality, and that, only as thus infused, do they constitute any portion of our inward life. It is by the power of this principle, which is properly, myself, modifying all that is *not* myself, that I live, and that my life is independently my own. But some say, that man has no inherent spirituality, no spontaneous energy, no sovereign capacity. Such say, that man is never the master, but always the creature of circumstances. These are assertions to which no logic can be applied, and if a man, on consulting his own soul, is not convinced of the falsehood, there is no other method of conviction. No matter what may appear to be the external showing, the external necessity of our condition, we still feel that we have a principle, an individuality of life, that is separate from our circumstances and above them. Take this feeling once away, and we are no longer rational, and we are no longer persons. And to this end, the utmost of human power is as feeble as an invisible atom. Human power may indeed so alter a man's condition, as to alter his experience; to give him pain for pleasure, or pleasure for pain; to impoverish or to enrich him; to shake his heart with fear, or to entrance it with delight; but in every change, his individuality is perfect, and his own.

We do not, certainly, deny the influence of circumstances. In a great degree, circumstances are the materials, out of which, the life is made; and the quality of the materials must, of course, influence more or less the character of the life. But the connection of circumstances with life, the influence of circumstances on life, do not loosen the inviolability of its interior consciousness. This

doctrine of circumstances affords no evidence for the interpretation of that in life, which may be interpreted; because, for a true interpretation, you should know all circumstances that acted on the life, and you should know in what manner they acted. But who knows this of any one? Who knows it of one with whom he has been longest and nearest? Who can know it? Who can know the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him? Race, country, era, creed, institutions, family, education, social station, employment, friends, companions,—these are vague data, when a soul is to be judged; and be it only a judgment on the merest externals of character, such data afford, even for this, but uncertain inferences. Perhaps, things of which no one takes heed, are the most important. A word heard in childhood, a kind or cruel look felt in youth, a tune, a picture, a prospect, a short visit, an accident, a casual acquaintance, a book, aye, the page of a book,—something, it may be, that an observer's eye had never seen; something that sank inradically into memory, and never passed the lips,—these, and a thousand like, may be the chief constituents of many an impulse that begins a destiny. We behold the streams of individual life as they bubble out upon the surface, but we do not see the fountains whence they spring; we observe the fruit, sweet and bitter, which hangs upon the branches, but the roots are concealed from which it grows.

Every life has combinations of experience, of which another has not an idea, or the means of forming an idea. Every life has treasures, of which others know not, out of which, and often when least expected, it can bring things new and old. But, did we know, and most exactly know, all the circumstances that enter into another's life, in what way they mingle with that life, in what way they become a part of it, it would still present to us an impenetrable mystery. How it is the events, incidents, objects, tunes, and changes, alike in outward semblance, enter into millions of minds, and in every one of them assimilate with a different individuality. How one man is a poet, where another man is a sot; how one man is in raptures, where another is asleep; how one man

is improved, where another is corrupted; how one man elevates himself to all that makes devotion great, where another finds nothing to attract him, but that which should repel him. Thus, whatever, the visible appearances within them, there is a central self, in which the essence of the man abides. Your life is yours, it is not mine. My life is mine, and not another's. It is not alone specific, it is individual. Human faculties are common, but that which consigns these faculties into my identity, separates me from every other man. That other man cannot think my thoughts, he cannot speak my words, he cannot do my works. He cannot have my sins, I cannot have his virtues. I am as incapable of taking his place, as he is of taking mine. Each must feel, therefore, that his life must be his own. It has a training, and an impulse, and a power, and a purpose, which give him an independent personality; and in the unfolding of that personality, consist the destiny of his life and its uses.

Life is first unfolded through outward nature. In that rudest state of humanity, which seems almost instinctive, we might imagine individuality as nearly impossible, but so it is not; and monotonous as the ideas and experience may appear, they become incorporated with a distinct life, in the personality of each soul. But, does not outward nature afford manifest evidence, that it intended to unfold life through higher feelings than sensation; sensation of that kind, I mean, which is merely necessary to animate existence? Is there not other purpose for sight than discernment of our position, and our way? Is there not other purpose for hearing, than the simple perception of sound? Why are there flowers in the field? Why are blossoms on the trees? Why, in summer, is such bloom upon the woods; and why is autumn so clad with glory? Why is the rainbow painted with hues so inimitable? Why, indeed, is every natural object so shaped and colored, that the very sun seems but a great light, kindled in the midst of immensity, to illuminate and display the riches of its beauty? Or, why, also, do the waves make music with the shore? Why do the airs make music in the groves? These are not necessary to feed, or lodge, or clothe us; they are not necessary to mere labor, or mere intercourse. Did God lavish out this infinite wealth of adornment, which ministers nothing to bare bodily wants, which is not needed for bodily subsistence, not even for bodily comfort, that it should be as idle gaud and empty song in his inanimate creation, but afford no nutriment to the inherent life of his rational creatures? This cannot be, since we know, that the most imperfect life has a

sense of beauty, and that in some lives, it has the depth of an inspiration, and the force of passion.

The life is indeed but narrowly unfolded, in which the sense of beauty in outward nature is dull or wanting. To walk over this goodly earth through the changing path of three score years and ten; to take no note of time but by the almanac; not to mark the seasons, except by the profit or the loss they bring; to think of days and nights as mere alternations of toil and sleep; to discern in the river only its adaptation for factories; to associate the ocean only with facilities of traffic; to care not for the solemn revolutions of the earth through its circle in the stars; to have no eye for the infinity of sight; no hearing for the endless succession of sounds—sights and sounds that vary ever as the earth rolls on; to be blind and deaf and callous, to all but the hardest uses of creation—is to leave out of conscious being whatever gives the universe its most vital reality.

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But it is not in mere sensibility alone to beauty, that life is unfolded by means of outward nature. Outward nature also unfolds life by exercising thought; not thought which is busied only about wants, but thought which delights to see the end of Creation's laws and mysteries. But life is unfolded in its loftiest capacities, when everywhere in outward nature, the soul is conscious of God's pervading presence; when it sees the goodness of God in all that is lovely, and the wisdom of God in all that is true. "A thing of beauty it has been seeing, is a joy forever." But it is not a joy at all, until it becomes mingled with a human life. A child wanders by a stream. The stream would babble onward, whether the child were there or not; but when the child mingles his laughter with its babbling, it is then a thing of beauty and a thing of joy. Every man, whether he knows it or not, is an incarnation of the immortal; and through his immortality all things that connect themselves with his soul are immortal. In every loving soul, therefore, according to the measure and extent of its power, God reconstructs the heavens and the earth.

The individual being of man is also unfolded by society. It is born into society, and by society it lives. Existing at first in passion and unconscious instincts, it finds protection in the care of intelligent affections. The home, therefore, is the first circle within which personality opens, and it is always the nearest. Beyond this, the individual is surrounded with circumstances more complex. He is cast among persons whose wills are not only different from his own, but constantly antagonistic to it. And thus in society, as in

nature, the unfolding of his being will be by resistance as well as by affinity. The most self-complete personality can have no development but by means of society; and the more it has largeness of capacity, the more it has fulness of thought, the more it has greatness of feeling, the more it has aptitude for action, the more it needs society; the more it needs society to draw out its faculties and to engage them. Intellect works by means of society. Thinkers, the most abstract have not all their materials of reflection in themselves. The studies that belong purely to the mind as well as those that belong to matter, and to the active relations of life, require observation, comparison, sagacity, variety of acquisition and experience. No man can be a thinker by mere self-contemplation. He might as well expect to become a physiognomist by always gazing in a mirror, or to become a geographer by measuring the dimensions of his chamber. A man is revealed even to himself by the action on him of external things, and of other minds. According to the measure of the sphere in which a man is placed, and his sufficiency to fill it; according to the force of the influences which operate upon him, and his ability to give them form and direction, must be the expansion of his being. Society is, of consequence, a necessity, not to the growth merely of thought, but to its very existence. The body could as easily breathe without an atmosphere, as the mind could cogitate without society.

Thinkers, the most abstract as well as the most practical, have been men of the world, and men in it. Aristotle was a courtier; so was Lord Bacon; and no modern politician is more among crowds than was the mighty-minded Socrates. Imagination works by means of society. For society, it builds and sculptures, paints, forms its concord of sweet sounds, and puts its dreams into melody and measure. Of the men who have done these things so supremely, as to gain immortal names, many were reared in cities, and nearly all labored in them. Among such we may especially name the great poets, and, as not the least remarkable, the bards of rural life. In contrast with crowded places and artificial objects, men felt with quick delight the influences of God's uncontaminated creation, while many whose dwellings were embosomed in the secluded peace of nature, slept through life and into death without awaking to any knowledge or enjoyment of their inheritance.

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Life in our age is too much in the mass for any thorough spiritual culture; and life is too much in the outward for any intensity of individual

character. Men are looking beyond, when they should look within themselves; they are anxious for the good of the community, when they should be at work to mould their own nature to the best conformation of which it is susceptible. If those who use efforts for others, and use them seriously, would first use them to the utmost on their own spirits, society would advance more quickly towards regeneration. Just as one supreme work has a more elevating influence upon art, than thousands that are imperfect—so one really complete and harmonious character does more to raise the community than scores which fail of power and proportion. Society unfolds the life to a true end, only when it respects, while aiming to improve the individual, his inward, his really inalienable rights. It may correct, it may chastise—I will not say it may kill—but these it has no title to outrage. The individual has the authority, and, if he will, he has the power to resist such usurpation, to hold his inner being as his own, and to preserve inviolable its individuality and independence. Let every man do this, and for the same reason that he respects his own personality, let him respect that of every other. Let every man, I say, hold his personality sacred: let him do so, because he will thus build a nobler virtue for himself; because he will thus exercise a juster influence on his neighbors, and because the combinations which grow out of sympathies free and independent, have that real union wherein is strength. Let not even the consciousness of having done evil break down the strength of this personality.

## WORDS OF LOVE.

BY SIDNEY FRANCIS.

How sweetly falls upon the weary ear

A gently spoken word of love!

It speaks the presence of an angel near,

It breathes a message from above.

A word of love! what sweeter sound than this—

The utterance of a kindred heart!

What other sources of terrestrial bliss

Can purer, holier joys impart!

A word of love! what more ecstatic thrill

Can vivify the languid frame,

Can move the spirit, or can nerve the will,

Than that which springs from love's blest name!

Then let each spirit hold this priceless love;

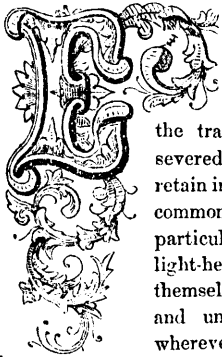
In every action let it shine;

Let every smallest word we utter prove

Communion with the love divine.

## THE OLD MANUSCRIPT; A MÉMOIRE OF THE PAST.

BY H. V. C.



EVERY nation possesses some distinctive trait which constitutes its individuality and even the trans-atlantic scions, long severed from the parent stock, retain ineffacable marks of their common origin. The French in particular, preserve a careless light-heartedness, peculiar to themselves, through all changes and under every sun; and wherever the French language

is spoken, or the blood of Frenchmen courses, a certain air of refinement is invariably observed. Even in the cabin of the lowest *habitant*, one's good taste is rarely offended. A graceful veil is cast over poverty, which conceals its grossness, and lends to it a romantic interest. With no other people is there so much genuine, *bon-homme*, such an artistic adaptation of the beautiful.

The French Canadians, as a class, in their rural districts, are singularly insulated. They seldom come in contact with other races in the usual intercourse of life, and hence their habits remain primitive, and their customs date back to the earliest settlement. But if their progress in improvement is slow, their knowledge of evil is also limited. Generation after generation, till their farms and leave them to their sons, precisely as *their* fathers left them; they seldom increase their acres and are rarely compelled to sell them. They labor on their own inheritance and smoke their pipes in happy contentment; the *drap du pays*, clothes the paysan, and the weekly sale of fowls and eggs, provides the few articles of luxury, which female vanity, in the simplicity of rustic life, desires.

But the old aristocracy of the Lower Province has still its representatives, and names which once rung on the battle fields of Europe, or swayed a monarch's councils, are now heard in the courts of law, and the merchant's office,—in the fields of labor, and the workshops of the artizan. Time, in his onward progress, has wrought startling changes, sweeping down the barriers of

feudal prejudice and opening a path for labor and enterprise over the ruins of fallen nobility and decaying grandeur. Right has become might, and the clear head, the strong hand and stubborn will, in these prosaic days, carve out the most substantial fortunes, and dispense the most lasting benefits to humanity. Yet still the chivalrous names which stand prominently in our early history are cherished with honest pride by those to whom they are transmitted, and in almost every village are found heir-looms and relics handed down from father to son since the days of Jacques Cartier and de Vaudreuil.

Such were the observations of a young Englishman, travelling in the depth of winter with despatches to the military commandant at Quebec. The war with the United States was then in progress, and during his long journey from Halifax by land, he was brought into frequent contact with the Canadians in their rural homes, and received from them much friendly and hospitable kindness. Charles Elphinstone was a close observer, and loved to study mankind in every stage of progress; the present opportunity therefore was not lost upon him.

Elphinstone travelled with an experienced guide, and was well prepared for all the exigencies of a long wintry journey. Constant relays of horses provided by the friendly *habitants* carried them on at a rapid pace and the novelty of his situation suggested the most agreeable fancies. Never before had a region of such enchanting magnificence spread before him! Interminable fields of snow presented a dazzling surface,—now smooth, unbroken, blending with the blue horizon;—then piled by the eddying wind into mountain ridges; and again tossed in light wreaths, and formed into chrysal pyramids, and foliated achitraves, it presented a thousand graceful and fantastic forms, as if moulded in mad caprice by the frolic genii of the season.

Then his course lay through the heart of vast primeval forests, and the stately pines and branching firs were hung with feathery foliage, rose-tinted by the brilliant sunlight or glancing with pearly lustre in the silver moon-beams. Swiftly

and silently they passed over the dazzling snows, and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells was the only sound that disturbed the solitude. Occasionally they would meet a *habitant* in his traineau, dashing along at full speed,—his grey capot drawn closely over his head and eyes, and his waist girded by a crimson band. Courteously he would turn aside to let them pass, and taking the pipe from his mouth, exchange a few words of friendly greeting. No other incident gave relief to the unvarying monotony.

But in a few days this uniform expanse of frost and snow became painful to the eye, and the monotony was wearisome. The road was often blocked up by deep snow or obstructed by fallen trees,—broken down by sweeping winds,—which stretched their giant length, covered with ice, in the pathway. But the guide, accustomed to battle with the elements, drew his light *traineau* over all impediments, thrashed his hands to promote circulation, and smoked his pipe with the most enviable indifference. When the road was smooth, he would urge his sturdy little horses to their full speed, and break out into a merry carol singing an infinite variety of popular airs with such a genial spirit that Elphinstone could not refrain from joining sometimes in the merry chorus. The clear bracing air, in spite of the unmitigated cold, gave elasticity to the spirits, and irresistibly impelled to some outward demonstration of enjoyment.

When within about a day's travel to Quebec, Elphinstone was overtaken by a violent snow storm. All day the sky had been overcast and the moderated temperature forboded change of weather. Before sunset large flakes of snow filled the air,—thicker, and thicker they fell, driving into the eyes, and freezing on the horses' manes. It became pitch dark; the wind swept over the broad prairies and whistled dismally through the trees, while the branches crackled under their icy burden, and the snow drifted so fast that the guide was often obliged to lead the horses through, and with much difficulty kept them in the track which was soon completely covered up. Our young traveller certainly wished himself in a more safe and comfortable place;—but he could give little assistance, so he wrapped his furred cloak more closely around him, and tried to feel satisfied that all would end well.

The guide applied his whip smartly to the jaded horses, and they set out with renewed speed; but directly they plunged into a drift, and in their struggle the vehicle was fairly overturned leaving Elphinstone half buried in the snow. The acci-

dent might have been amusing under other circumstances; but it was found they had deviated from the highway and there was not even a solitary star to guide them. Fortunately at that moment a feeble ray of light was seen struggling through the gloom,—without doubt it proceeded from some neighboring cottage, and Elphinstone following the direction hastened to make enquiries about the way. With some difficulty he reached the dwelling, and by a cheerful light streaming through the windows, he perceived it was a farm house of the better sort,—built of stone, square and solid with sloping roof and projecting attics. It was enclosed by a substantial fence, and several old trees, swaying their branches in the piercing air, seemed to stand as sentinels to guard the entrance.

As Elphinstone passed through an open gate, the loud barking of a surly mastiff within, apprised the family that a stranger was approaching. Directly the door opened, and a middle aged man, with a candle in one hand, stood peering out into the darkness. Elphinstone hastened to salute him and briefly explained the dilemma in which he stood. The good man with cordial hospitality entreated him to come in, assured him he was welcome to a shelter, and throwing open the door of an inner apartment, ushered him into the presence of his family. The room presented a pleasing picture of domestic comfort. A large stove, if not cheerful looking to English eyes, yet diffused a genial warmth most grateful to the chilled traveller, and its polished surface was evidently a *chef d'œuvre* of housewifery. Madame Valois, the mistress of the house, dressed in a dark etoffe and a neat, matronly cap, sat knitting at a small table, and beside her was an old fashioned cradle which contained a sleeping infant. A girl of seventeen perhaps, a pretty brunette, was sitting by her mother busied with some fancy work; while two young boys on low stools, seemed deeply interested in a game of draughts,

Madame rose with native grace to receive the stranger, and offered him a seat near the stove; a few cheerful words, and the young girl's unaffected, cordial smile, quite charmed Elphinstone, and placed him entirely at ease. M. Valois in the meantime had gone out with his farming men to render any needed assistance to the guide. They soon returned together, but the cariole had received some injury in the overturn, and they could not with safety proceed any farther that night. Elphinstone felt great annoyance at the delay; but the storm was raging with increasing violence and the hazard of encountering its severity

was so strongly represented, that he felt obliged to submit to the inconvenience.

The little circle soon became social and very friendly. Elphinstone conversed fluently in French, and his host was cheerful and communicative. He talked of past events, connected with French colonial history, which seemed much more familiar to him than the current topics of the day; and dwelt with no little pride on the traditional dignity of his ancestors. They were long, seigneur's of the soil, he said, but their large patrimony had dwindled to a single farm long before he came into possession of it, and the present substantial dwelling house his father had built from the ruins of the old seigneurial manor. M. Valois spoke with great animation but without any bitterness of his fallen fortunes; as a compensation for past splendor, he had accepted the reward of perfect contentment with his present lot. In his regular features and pleasing countenance, Elphinstone fancied he could still trace the lines of noble descent, while the daughter with her delicate features, her graceful air, and arch smile, seemed to him no unworthy type of the courtly beauties, which graced the age of Louis le Magnifique. As for Madame la Mère, she endorsed all her husband said by an approving smile, but was evidently not accustomed to take the lead, in the domain of thought or conversation.

M. Valois, who was delighted to find an intelligent listener, a rare occurrence in that retired district, kept up the conversation till a late hour. He had several antiquarian relics to display, among others, an old sword of curious workmanship said to have been wielded by a Marquis de Valois, in the celebrated siege of Rochelle. There was also a chair of very ancient fashion, the framework elaborately carved, and the seat and back covered with tapestry, long faded, but still showing a ducal coronet wrought with gold and silver thread, and surrounded by armorial bearings. As it was the favorite seat of *mam'selle Odille*, and she then occupied it, perhaps Elphinstone's eyes were more frequently attracted to it than they would otherwise have been; but he was an admirer of old relics, and it was a pretty picture, that young blooming girl so quietly leaning on the arm of the quaint old chair: he must go near and look closely at it, and touch the foliated tracery carved on it with such artistic skill! But as his fingers passed over it, they chanced to press a secret spring, and a small cover, nicely adjusted, flew up, disclosing a snug repository where the secrets of some early proprietor of the chair had probably been deposited. An old manuscript was still lying there.

Elphinstone started back in surprise, but a merry laugh at his expense showed that he was not the first discoverer of the secret, and that his surprise had probably been anticipated.

"There is a tradition," said M. Valois, "that this chair was brought from France by a remote ancestor of ours, who came over in the suite of one of the earliest governors. It has passed down to us through successive generations, and has always been preserved with great care, for there is a tradition transmitted with it, that as long as this chair remains in the family, the possessor will never lack for gold. The knowledge of the secret spring had probably died out of remembrance, it certainly was not known in the family since my father's day, till a few years ago, in making some slight repair, I touched it, as you did just now, and to my great astonishment, found this manuscript concealed there. I fancied I had got a treasure, some deeds which would convey a title or large estates to me, or a schedule of unknown wealth, but behold! it was only the love story of some old ancestor!"

He shrugged his shoulders significantly and held up the manuscript as he spoke; it was time-stained and sadly faded, in some places almost illegible. But Elphinstone's curiosity was on the *qui vive*, and he looked at the old scroll as a devotee would at a saintly relic.

"You can read it if you have patience," said M. Valois, amused at the interest he displayed; "I gave it to our good Curé who said there was no harm in it, so I have looked it over and put it back here where it seems to belong. Our little Odille has read it over and over, till she has it by heart, I believe."

Elphinstone thanked him warmly, and promising himself a rich treat, asked permission to take it to his room when he retired for the night. The evening was then far advanced, and the family soon after separated. Our young traveller was shown to a large apartment on the ground floor, passing through passages the thick stone walls of which might have withstood a siege; and every room was separated by stone partitions, at least two feet in thickness. The windows, sunk deep in the walls, were secured by iron shutters and looked like the embrasures of a fortress. The doors were protected in like manner, giving a stern and uninviting aspect to the house; a style of architecture, common in the earlier history of the province and which may still be seen in remote districts, and in some of the old, narrow streets of our cities.

Elphinstone occupied the best bed room, and it was cheerful enough, well warmed by a large



stove,—the windows shaded by muslin curtains, and the old fashioned high post bedstead hung with snow-white drapery. A few tall, straight-backed chairs, a small oaken table, and an antique chest of drawers completed the furniture. An air of exquisite neatness pervaded the apartment, and more than compensated for any apparent want of luxury.

Elphinstone exchanged his travelling dress for a lighter garment, and sat down to look over the precious manuscript. But he found it would be a work of time to decypher the faded characters; and the weariness of the day's travel, and exposure to the wind rendered him lethargic, so that even the excitement of a romantic adventure could not keep his heavy eye-lids from closing. The paper fairly dropped from his hands, and finding it vain to struggle against the drowsy god he extinguished the candle, and was soon literally buried in the downy feathers that composed his bed. But the events of the day, the isolated old farm house, and the faded images of the past, brought out in the evening's conversation, were whimsically blended in his mind, and the most fantastic dreams hovered around his pillow. At one moment he seemed to be mingling among the actors in a crowd, at some grand festival, when the Count de Frontenac held his court in the old chateau at Quebec. The magnates of the colony and the old noblesse, mixed together, glittered in jewels and rich brocades, and slashed doublets, while he, in plain clothes was vainly trying to hide himself from observation. Again, he was marching to battle with the fiery old commander and his tawny allies, and in the strife a grim savage turned upon him with his tomahawk, when just as it was descending, the pretty Odille stepped between them and averted the frightful catastrophe. As he tried to catch her in his arms, she melted into a wreath of snow, and disappeared. Ah length, however, even busy fancy rested in profound repose, and he slept soundly till the slanting rays of the winter's sun; shone brightly through the window.

Elphinstone might have slept half the day, but the guide who was waiting with all things in readiness to leave, sent to waken him. On entering the sitting room, he found the family assembled, and a hot breakfast smoking on the table. Odille, in a little morning cap, looked so pretty and piquante that our young traveller's eyes perpetually turned towards her; and though she blushed often, there seemed to be no offence taken at his silent homage. Indeed Elphinstone left an agreeable impression on all the family; and at parting, M. Valois, cheerfully confided the manuscript to

his keeping, receiving a promise to restore it to the old resting place, on his return from Quebec, when, it was also agreed, he should remain a day or two at the hospitable farm house. \* \* \* \*

The gaiety of a winter in Quebec, at a season of unusual excitement, absorbed all Elphinstone's time and thoughts. There were balls, parties, driving clubs, a constant routine,—and for a few weeks at least he had scarcely a moment at command. At length he grew weary,—he had flirted with all the prettiest girls, and barely escaped entanglement with a practised coquette. He was tired of formal dinners, tired of dancing with plain daughters, in return for their mother's civilities,—so he took refuge in a doctor's prescription,—pleaded indisposition, and was left alone. Strange to say! The gay world went on its heartless round just as well without him.

We will not betray how many novels Elphinstone devoured in his solitary hours, or say how often, with better purpose, he turned to more instructive pages. But one evening of unusual *ennui*, his thoughts recurred to the old manuscript, and wondering at his strange forgetfulness of what at the time so deeply interested him, he drew it forth, and was soon agreeably absorbed in its perusal.

We have the privilege of looking over as he reads, and take the liberty of giving a free translation. Its fidelity may be relied on, as we have used no freedom with the original, except as a mere matter of taste to substitute the third person singular for the egotistical little pronoun which stands so prominent in the manuscript,—that record being essentially an autobiography.

#### THE MANUSCRIPT.

"The ancient city of Quebec presented a scene of unusual splendor, during the administration of the Count de Frontenac. After struggling more than a century with discouragements innumerable, the feeble colony planted on the St. Lawrence began to experience the benefits of prosperity, and made the first advance towards political existence. The indefatigable research of M. Talon, the Intendant, developed the rich resources of the country, and, through his influence, royal patronage was obtained, and the private company which had long directed its affairs with narrow policy, and for the most selfish ends, was induced to resign its charter to the crown, from which it was first received.

Louis 14th., who loved to surround every department of state with a certain pomp and éclat, selected men of high rank and commanding talent to represent his authority in the distant colony of

New France. From the ranks of the old noblesse, and from the head of his victorious armies, they were sent to fill the civil offices and military posts of the new world. The Church, too, was honorably represented,—for Louis, in creed a bigot, and in life a voluptuary, professed a tender regard for the souls of his subjects, and to secure their salvation, gave spiritual dominion and lordly inheritance to the fraternity of St. Sulpicius, while the conversion of the savage tribes was entrusted to the wily Jesuits.

The Count de Frontenac, a man of brilliant talents and indomitable energy, held the reins of government with a wise and skilful hand. Though his haughty temper and love of power involved him in frequent quarrels with the subaltern officers and ecclesiastics, yet he won the popular favor, and elevated the colony to a more prosperous condition than it had ever before attained. He brought with him to a new world, the refined tastes and luxurious habits of a European court; and the brilliant circles which often graced the Chateau, rivalled in gaiety and elegance the most attractive coteries of Paris.

In the isolated position of the colony, every change was attended with an exciting interest, difficult to be appreciated in the present day. The departure or arrival of a vessel was regarded as an event of moment by the whole community, particularly when the long winter had passed away, and the white canvass of the first friendly bark was seen entering the port, bringing news from distant homes,—friends anxiously expected, perhaps change of officials, and though last, not least, the latest fashions and the court gossip. Crowds of citizens flocked to the heights, one morning in early summer, to witness the arrival of an armed vessel which was observed rounding the Isle of Orleans. She came up the channel with swelling sails, the French colors flying at her main-mast; and gracefully sweeping into the port, fired a salute, and dropped anchor under the cliffs of Cape Diamond. An officer was sent on shore with information, that the new Intendant, M. du Chesneau, had arrived; and directly a salute was fired from the battery, and the civil and military authorities assembled to receive him with becoming honor. He was escorted with much pomp and display to his official residence, which was an imposing building, called a *palace*, because the superior council assembled in it,—and was situated on the mountain side, now the upper town, and extended its wings, surrounded by fine gardens, to the pretty river St. Charles.

On the following evening there was a grand

entertainment at the Chateau, given by the governor in honor of the occasion. The reception rooms were crowded with guests, comprising all the public dignitaries, several resident families of nobility, military officers, and most of the wealthy merchants of the place. Several young men of fashion, who came out with the Intendant from a mere love of adventure, were also there; and their presence served to increase the gaiety of the evening.

But there was one, whose appearance, after some months of absence, was welcomed with more lively interest; and in any society, Clarice de Beausejour must have made a favorable impression. It was not her beauty, for there were many fairer, many who boasted more regularity of feature, and more attractive liveliness of manner. But there was a quiet charm in her winning grace, in the harmony of her motions and the mingled sweetness and dignity that accompanied every word and action. M. de Beausejour, her father, who bore the imposing title of Grand Master of Waters and Forests—an extensive jurisdiction, it must be allowed in that primeval wilderness—was a gentleman of family, whose claim of services to the crown had been rewarded by the gift of that sinecure. The living was valuable to a man of ruined fortunes and doubtful reputation; and it placed him in a situation to retrieve his affairs by some of the numerous avenues of wealth, then opened to the speculators of the new world. But even there, his extravagant expenditure exhausted all his means, and the state he maintained, it was well known, could be supported only through dishonesty and speculation.

It was the ambition of M. de Beausejour to connect his daughters with men of influence and fortune; and the intrigues of Madame de Beausejour, who seconded his efforts, had already provided the two eldest with establishments suited to their wishes. Clarice, the only one remaining, was early destined for the convent of the Hotel Dieu; her calm and reflective childhood seemed to fit her for conventual life, and the earnest appeals of father Martiquè, confessor to the family, were not without effect on the mind of the child and the superstition of the mother. But at sixteen, a wealthy suitor appeared for Clarice, whose opening girlhood already attracted admiration; and her worldly minded parents began to think that matrimony might be a more profitable speculation than the veil and cloister. The suitor though advanced in years, possessed rank, wealth and a high position; his official reputation was fair; his ostentation unbounded. What more

could be desired? Nothing on *their* part; but Clarice shrunk from him with detestation. His undignified age, his arrogant conceit, his narrow-minded sensual views inspired her with unmitigated contempt. Her aversion piqued his vanity and awakened bitter and revengeful feelings.

Had no other objection existed to the Count la Vasseur's addresses, Clarice would have found a sufficient one in her own heart, which had already given its first affections to a young officer of the garrison, Adolphe Valois. Poor he was, in a worldly acceptation of the word, but with her unselfish feelings, the very poverty which separated them only served to elevate her attachment, and render it more sacred and steadfast. Still there were no open vows, no formal intelligence, their affection remained the unwritten poetry of young and loving hearts.

Adolphe was the younger son of a poor and proud noble, with only the portion of a cadet, which in those stormy days was but a sword and an untarnished name. How could he offer that poor inheritance to one gifted with such rare attractions!

Madame de Beausejour's sagacity penetrated the secret of the young lovers, and without betraying her knowledge, she kept a watchful eye, and tacitly endeavored to restrict the intercourse they had hitherto so freely enjoyed. Vain precaution! love is at no loss for expedients, and his significant language written in unmistakable characters is blank to all eyes but those touched by his magnetic influence. Clarice steadfastly refused the attentions of the Count la Vasseur, never for a moment permitting the idea that she would ever submit to a union with him; and her firmness was so well understood, that Madame de Beausejour suggested the expedient of sending her to France on a visit to her sisters, hoping that a year of gaiety in the brilliant salons of Paris would change her views of life, and obliterate her early penchant for Valois. Perhaps, so the politic mother reasoned, she might form a suitable alliance there; but if not, a glimpse at the great world could not fail to inspire a taste for its magnificence, and a marriage with la Vasseur would no longer be despised.

Clarice accordingly went, and at the expiration of a year returned, under the protection of the Intendant's family, improved in personal grace, her mind enlarged by intercourse with the best society, but unchanged in the simplicity and unaffected loveliness of her character. We have already said that her appearance at the Chateau produced a lively sensation. Young, brilliant, just arrived; she was of course the cynosure of the

evening. Her dress, a silver brocade richly fringed with pearls, made in the elaborate fashion of the day, and of the latest Parisian style, was singularly elegant, and elicited many critical remark from the ladies. But her personal charms attracted the regards of the young cavaliers, and the homage which they rendered was at least unmixed with envy.

Early in the evening, Clarice was standing by the lady Intendant, conversing in an animated tone, when the Count la Vasseur approached, and with a confident air, requested permission to lead her to the dance. A flush passed over her face, and with haughty coldness she declined, turning from him almost before the words had passed his lips. Two or three young men standing in the embrasure of a window, noticed the repulse, and an involuntary smile rose to their lips.

"Mademoiselle de Beausejour is the queen of the evening, without doubt," remarked one, "and in faith she has a queenly bearing towards that old coxcomb, la Vasseur; truly it does one good to see his conceit humbled by a lady's frown."

"It is only a *ruse* of coquetry, depend on it," said another, laughing, "for if report speaks truth she is even now on the eve of marriage with the Count."

"That must be scandal," he replied; "a beautiful young girl like Mademoiselle Beausejour to marry such a man! It is impossible!"

"But he has wealth and rank," replied his friend, "and I am told offers a magnificent dowry. Ah! Mavicourt! these rich old dolts cast us poor young devils quite into the shade!"

"I have no faith in such a sacrifice," he replied warmly, "she would never consent to it—never, if her face is an index to her mind. She *is* beautiful, Louis—beshrew me I would throw my gauntlet against the bravest man in Christendom, if he denied it!"

"I am not so chivalrous," he returned, "perhaps because her beauty does not inspire me. Her complexion is too dark to please my fancy—one could almost swear there was a dash of savage blood in her veins, only the rose blooms too delicately on her rounded cheeks to have been a scion from so wild a stock. Ah! Valois," he added, turning to Adolphe who was standing near, a silent listener, "what think you of this bright star of beauty that has returned to shed its rays on our benighted city?"

Valois started on hearing his name pronounced, for though an attentive listener to the conversation, his thoughts were abstracted from the speakers. Striving to hide his feelings under an air of badinage, he replied:

"It would be presumption in a poor cadet like me, even to raise my thoughts to Mademoiselle Beausejour; she is above all praise of mine!" and he hastily turned away to avoid any farther remark.

"Your question was *mal-à-propos*," said Mavi-court, "do you not remember, long ago, it was thought Valois had a tender inclination for the fair Clarice? but perhaps it is all forgotten now."

"Of course," returned his friend, "one cannot love forever you know." And with this philosophic conclusion, the young men mingled in the crowd.

Valois had not yet approached Clarice. She was surrounded by admiring homage, and how could he still the throbbings of his heart, and mask his cherished secret from the eye of curious observation, under a smile of gay indifference? He had already called at her father's house and been denied admittance. She had not willed it, his heart whispered—a few months of absence could not have wrought *that* change! So in the courage of his buoyant hope, Valois at last ventured to draw within her charmed circle;—nor was he disappointed. The glow that mantled so richly on her cheek, the tremor of her slight hand as he gently touched it,—confirmed the whisperings of love, and stilled every painful doubt. In spite of the frown on Madame de Beausejour's usually smiling face, Adolphe led Clarice through the mazes of the stately dance, then in courtly favor; and when he reluctantly resigned her hand, he softly murmured, *Elle n'est pas changée!*

Clarice caught the whispered words, and answered with a blush and smile, in love's alphabet the Alpha and Omega,—and every doubt of the lover's questioning heart was stilled. "*Elle n'est pas changée*," rung out in every note of music, and seemed syllabled in all the voice of mirth—and for the remainder of that gay evening, who so happy as Adolphe Valois?

To be continued.

## T E A R S .

BY M. K.

Tears of childhood bright ye flow  
From the little sparkling eye;  
Down the rosy cheek ye go,  
Unattended by a sigh;—  
Sighs to your sweet years unknown  
Your sorrow, with the light tear flown.

Tears of riper childhood, swift  
From the tender heart ye flow,

In sympathy for other's grief,—  
Trickling for another's woe;  
Unconscious that a time is nigh,  
Ye'll need the like from other's eye.

Tears of sorrow, true and deep,  
Bitter from the soul ye come,  
For beloved friends that sleep  
In the cold and silent tomb;  
But from these sad floods of grief  
The stricken heart may find relief;

Grief like this will time efface,  
And soothe the woe to rest,  
Peace will again resume her place  
Within the troubled breast,  
Through such tears of mournful sorrow  
Hope presages, smiles to-morrow.

Tears of wasted love, ye flow,  
And leave a withering trace  
Upon the blighted cheek of woe,  
This earth can ne'er erase;  
Alas, can naught again impart,  
Pleasure to so young a heart.

Ah, what can stay the sad tears shed  
When youth awakes to find  
It's dreams of bliss forever fled,  
And only left behind  
Regret, for lovely visions flown,—  
For faded hopes thus early gone.

Tears of stern despair, that still  
O'er-run the hollow cheek,  
In vain the sunken eye ye fill—  
In vain alas ye seek  
The torturing fire within to shake,  
Or ease the heart that will not break.

Tears for age—for age has tears—  
To fall from memory's eye,  
As she recalls the bye-gone years,  
And with a pensive sigh  
Reviews the chequered scene of life,  
With falsehood, change and suff'ring rife.

In the uplifted eye, ah! see,  
What tears are these and whence?  
Drops of trusting hope are ye,  
And sprung from penitence,—  
Ye flow from hearts of faith, which feel  
The hand that wounds has pow'r to heal.

Child of sorrow, murmur not,  
Such tears to thee are given,  
They're sent to loose thy hold on earth,  
And raise thy thoughts to Heaven,—  
To point thee to that world on high  
Where tears are wiped from every eye.

## JOHN HAMPDEN.

BY G. B. F.

THE history of the English nation contains eras which mark its progress. The most prominent is that of the 17th century. James I, by his folly and weakness, brought on the storm which darkened the close of his own reign, and broke in full fury upon the head of the unjust and treacherous Charles. Early in his reign, Charles was contending with the parliament, and that body, itself, was torn by rival factions. The political horizon looked dark and frightful. The people groaned under taxes and religious persecution, and the fires of civil war began to blaze out. During this stormy period, many champions stood forth, bravely to defend the rights and privileges of the people, but none were more worthy of admiration than Hampden. Earnestness and sincerity made him eloquent in speech, and love of freedom rendered him brave and efficient in action. In debate, and in the field, he was equally cool and decisive. His political career seems to have commenced in his uniting himself with a party, remarkable for fearlessness in detecting and punishing the crimes of those high in office, and in curbing the overbearing disposition of the king. Among Hampden's first prominent actions, was that of restoring to certain boroughs, the right of sending members to the House, which right had fallen into disuse. In the words of Clarendon, "This was the first of those measures which he had the power to contrive, to persuade, and execute in the great struggle for liberty." His previous firmness and wisdom had endeared him to the hearts, and installed him in the confidence of the people. When, therefore, the evils of arbitrary taxation were felt, there was one common desire that the combat should be decided in the person of a single champion, and the eyes of both court and people, were turned upon Hampden. And well did he stand the shock, strengthened by the struggle, and accomplishing his object, which was to rouse the popular mind to a sense of Charles' injustice.

Although, monarchy and liberty were allowed to plead at the same bar, yet the former was too old and strong, to yield anything to the latter. Still the eyes of all men were fixed upon Hampden, as the pilot who must steer the vessel of State through the tempests and rocks that threatened it. No private interest or petty jealousies seem to have marred the symmetry of his political character. Born of an ancient and ambitious family, he scorned a purchased title of nobility, and trusted to his own individual merit for

honor and celebrity. He stands with Washington upon the page of the world's few perfect characters. Love of liberty, was indeed his prime virtue, but he had it not to the exclusion of all others. Kindness of heart, and all the finer feelings of our nature stood out prominent in him.

During the last three eventful years of his life we find him constantly employed for his country's weal. Field sports, and the embellishment of his paternal estate, occupied the moments not taken up by the duties of a magistrate. His home was, indeed, one which a true lover of nature, one, who, like himself, "delighted to hold communion with her visible forms," would have chosen. The mansion embowered in lofty and magnificent trees, the growth of centuries, and surrounded by knoll and dell, invited its owner to rural retirement, rather than to the stirring scenes going on in the outward world. Strong, indeed, then, must have been that love of country, which drove him forth to be tossed about on the waves of civil dissention. Then it was that the character of Hampden, marked before by modesty and mildness, became fierce, and "he threw away the scabbard, when he drew the sword." Martial exercises engaged all his faculties, and those traits which made him foremost in debate, made him irresistible in action. In the words of Macaulay: "In Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which, at such a crisis, were necessary to save the State—the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney." A death, glorious indeed, but mournfully untimely, overtook him, and with a prayer for his country lingering on his lips, he was gathered to his fathers. He was cut down when his powers were in their fullest vigor, and his military talents were ripening under the experience of war. Generations yet to come, will look with reverence and esteem on him, who, united the unswerving statesman and patriot, the fearless and efficient warrior, and the perfect character, in the person of John Hampden.

## FASHIONABLE BOARDING SCHOOLS.

THEY sent her to a stylish school;  
 'Twas in her thirteenth June;  
 And with her, as the rules required,  
 "Two towels and a spoon."  
 They braced her back against a board,  
 To make her straight and tall.  
 They laced her up, and starved her down,  
 To make her light and small;  
 They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,  
 They screwed it up with pins—  
 Oh never mortal suffered more  
 In penance for her sins!

“DROWNED, DROWNED!”

“One more unfortunate  
Weary of breath  
Rashly importunate  
Gone to her death!”

She stood upon the bridge and gazed into the deep  
below,

She heeded not the hasty tread of hurriers to and  
fro.

Near her were beggars in their rags, and men of  
high degree,

Some hastening on to happy homes, some home-  
less even as she,

Their garments touched her as they passed, she  
saw or heeded none,

Amid ten thousand beating hearts, her sick heart  
beat alone!

A poet tells us, trifles have a fearful power to  
bring

Back like a flood, upon the heart the thoughts  
which it would fling

Aside forever, and it is in vain we try to still  
Their voices, for they go not, as they come not at  
our will.

One backward glance reveals to us, our history  
writ in tears,

And in one short hour we struggle with the agony  
of years.

She had no thoughts of other days, she dreamed  
not of the past,

A trifle—and old memories come crowding thick  
and fast,

A child sat singing on the steps, an old song soft  
and low,

She had heard her mother sing it last, years, long  
years ago.

And through the crowd she madly rushed, nor  
paused she till she stood

Upon the bridge with one wild wish, to plunge  
beneath the flood.

Sullen and foul the waters rolled, that once so  
clear and bright,

Came dancing down the mountain side, or burst  
into the light,

From hidden springs in quiet dells, then calmly  
wound their way,

Mid pleasant fields and happy homes through  
many a summer day,

And she shuddered loathingly to think how her  
life from first to last,

Was unblest by that once bright wave, now  
rolling darkly past.

Then came a wild wish to recall the past, a glim-  
mering thought,

That even by one so lost as she, repentance might  
be sought!—

In vain—she was alone—alone! None pitied, all  
might blame,

She knew suspicion, scorn, and hate, were hers,  
and then there came

A sense of wrong, guilt, shame, remorse, fear  
agony, despair!

Oh, God! to think that one poor heart should have  
so much to bear.

She might not bear it, human hearts were never  
made to bear

Such woe, there rose one stifled cry, half formed  
into a prayer,

Then a fierce impulse to be gone, a madness to be  
hurled

To death, to darkness, anywhere, out of a weary  
world!—

The hand that clasped the iron rail relaxed.—A  
sudden spring,

The morrow comes, they drew her forth, a dead,  
polluted thing.

Eastern Townships. H——h.

ANECDOTE OF FIELD AND HUMMEL.—A stranger  
once called upon John Field, the celebrated pian-  
ist, (who resided many years in Moscow, and died  
there,) pretending to be a passionate lover of  
music, and stating that he could not leave Mos-  
cow without having heard the celebrated master,  
Field, perform.

Field, somewhat flattered by this mark of at-  
tention from a stranger, sat immediately down to  
the piano, and played with exquisite grace one of  
his beautiful capricci. The stranger thanked him  
again and again, declaring that he never had heard  
the piano played with such ease and precision.

Field, not having much opinion of the stranger,  
still out of politeness, asked him to play some-  
thing. His request was faintly refused, but Field  
persisted, and the stranger seated himself at the  
piano.

Without any prelude the stranger took up the  
same theme which Field had just been playing,  
and extemporized upon it in the most masterly  
manner; treating it in every possible way, and  
embellishing it with the most exquisitely beauti-  
ful and fascinating variations.

Field stood for some time as one amazed, when  
suddenly bursting into tears, he seized the head  
of the performer from behind, and kissing him, he  
exclaimed with great emotion, “You are Hummel,  
for Hummel is the only man in the world who  
could extemporize in such a manner!” And Hum-  
mel had great difficulty in extricating himself  
from the hands of his admirer, in order to em-  
brace him.

# INTRODUCTION AND AIR.

COMPOSED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY W. H. WARREN OF MONTREAL.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (one flat) and 3/4 time. The music begins with a series of eighth-note chords in the right hand and a corresponding bass line in the left hand.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a more active melodic line with eighth-note patterns, while the lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth-note chords.

The third system of musical notation shows a change in the upper staff's melody, which now includes some sixteenth-note runs. The lower staff continues with a consistent accompaniment pattern.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The upper staff ends with a final chord and a fermata, while the lower staff provides a final accompaniment line.

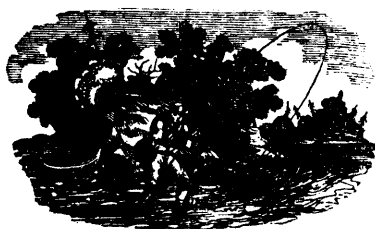
*Aria Innocente.*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a sharp sign (F#) in the fourth measure. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a bass line with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff continues the bass line. The word "Fine." is written in italics at the end of the second staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody with various note values and rests. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords and single notes.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff continues the bass line. The initials "D. C." are written in italics at the end of the second staff.





## OUR TABLE.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT ON LIFE, IN A SERIES OF DISCOURSES—BY HENRY GILES, AUTHOR OF "LECTURES AND ESSAYS." BOSTON, TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

THE Rev. Mr. Giles is already well known to the readers of the *Garland*, as the author of some of the most powerful articles that have ever appeared in its pages. The present occasion is not an inappropriate one, to express our sense of the kindness he has shown, in lending us so frequently the aid of his distinguished name. In the collection of "Lectures and Essays" published during the last year, are to be found several papers which originally appeared here. They have all received from the literary public, the most indubitable proofs of approbation.

But none of Mr. Giles' writings, as we think, indicate so well the peculiar characteristics of his mind, none possess so largely the excellencies of his style, as the volume now before us. Though termed "A Series of Discourses," it was not written, as the preface tells us, in pastoral relations or for pastoral purposes. The author's object was "to gather into compact form, fragments of moral experience, and to give some record and some order to desultory studies of man's interior life." The worth, the personality, the continuity, the struggles, the discipline, the weariness of life,—these form the subjects of separate far-seeing and philosophic dissertations.

We trust we shall not be accused of any sectarian predilections, when we thus, in our strongest terms, commend this delightful book. There is nothing in it which can wound the feelings of the bitterest sectary, nothing which need disturb a single pre-existent dogma. It unfolds man's life,—this life, in all its vast variety of relations, with its hopes and its fears, its actions and its aims, its sorrows and its joys, its duties and its end. What theme is there more fit than this, to fill the soul with grandeur, or to crown the lips with eloquence.

As we read these pages, we are impressed anew with the value of our existence; we gather strength to our conviction that the world which God "made by his power, fashioned by his wisdom, and fitted by his bounty for many precious uses," is a world of goodness and of glory, which should inspire the loftiest sentiments of love and reverence; we feel the great responsibilities of man, but then we also feel the never-failing means by which they may be borne, the means by which his destiny must be accom-

plished. These reflections bring to mind, as appropriate, the beautiful lines of Longfellow:—

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream;  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.  
"Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul."

In our present number, we give an extract from one of these discourses—"The Personality of Life." We are mistaken if it is not read with pleasure; and equally mistaken if those who read it are not led to get the book itself, and follow out the series. There are few minds so elevated that its tone will not still further elevate,—few hearts so free from error that it will not further purify.

LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST OF THE MONTREAL EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION, JANUARY 15, 1851. BY JOHN LEEMING.

We are not in the habit of noticing single lectures, however great may be their merits. But the occasion on which the one before us was produced, seems to warrant a departure from our general rule. No merely local object can be worthier than that here sought; the elevation of a numerous class, on whose intelligence or ignorance the future prosperity or depression of our city must, in a large degree, depend. The "early closing movement," the counterpart of another in Great Britain, was begun in Montreal some three or four years ago, and by the unremitting energy of its supporters, has become successful. The opportunities of mental and moral culture, which were formerly, from an imaginary necessity, denied, are now afforded; and the result is cheerily displayed, in the increasing intelligence and usefulness of those for whom those opportunities have been obtained.

Mr. Leeming's production is marked by perspicuity of diction, and by a comprehensive view of the subject he presents. It will amply repay the time given to its perusal. It is distributed, we believe, gratuitously.

We congratulate our readers upon the appearance of the beautiful tale by Miss Murray, which commences our present number. It will be continued through several months, and its interest increases as it progresses.

Several articles which were received too late for insertion this month will appear in May. Among others, "Yock Junior," and "Lucille," will be attended to.