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## THE HALLS OF THE NORTH.\*

### CHAPTER III.

AWAY! away! thou gallant grey!  
 On, on and do thy best!  
 Or the Imps of the law, at bonny Broughan Ha'  
 Will have frightened the Birds from their nest.

OLD BALLAD.

In the midst of a clump of old sycamores, near the end of the long narrow bridge across a nameless rivulet in a long straggling village, if so small a hamlet may be so designated, between the road leading down the Fell-side into Orton and the little old low church, or rather chapel of ease, surrounded by its numberless headstones with their homely rhymes, mementos sacred, though uncomely ones, of the affectionate regard of the living for the dead, stands, or rather stood, for it has long since fallen into a heap of ruins, a small stone cottage with a thatched roof, a low narrow door, and a small casemented window, divided into two parts by a heavy stone mullion, with its tiny diamond shaped panes, dimmed with dirt, and green with age; except where they were broken and stuffed with old rags, to ward off the blasts of the cold helmswind. The inmates of this small cottage consisted, at the period to which our tale relates, of an elderly couple and their son, and daughter-in-law his wife, and two or three rugged urchins of boys. As to their occupation—they had none, at least none that was ostensible; two or three fowling pieces of different descriptions, one that unscrewed near the breech, and which could be made to assume the shape and appearance of a walking stick; another which could be taken to pieces in lengths short enough to be concealed in the ample pockets which prevailed at that remote period; these, together with some suspicious looking dogs of a mongrel breed, between the greyhound and the pointer, excited in the mind, even of the most casual observer, more than a suspicion that they belonged to pouchers and deer-stalkers; and the tout ensemble of this rude and miserable establish-

ment plainly evinced that its inmates were no better than they should be. Close to the corner of the gable end of this cottage was a gate across the road, by no means an uncommon obstruction at the present day in the bye-roads in England, and on a fine sunny morning in June, on the clatter of a horse's hoofs being heard upon the hard pavement on the bridge, one of the little urchins in the cottage I have mentioned, ran to the gate, which he held open with one hand while with the other he held up his ragged cap, in the hope of receiving a few ha'pence, but was delighted to find that the passing stranger, without slackening the quick pace at which he rode, had thrown into it a white silver coin, when instead of thanking him for so bountiful a largess, he exclaimed:

"Hide, ride! or ye'll be ow'r late; there are men before ye!"

When master Harry, for I need hardly say who was the stranger, drew a tighter rein in order to obtain further information from his mysterious monitor, who evidently knew both him and the object of his journey; but the urchin had delivered the message with which he was charged, and was gone.

"These Mitchels," he said to himself, for he knew them well—too well, as did every gentleman within a circuit of many miles, who was possessed of parks and manors; "these Mitchels are a villainous set of wretches, and it's very absurd for me to take any notice of their mysterious warning," as if deprecating the increased rapidity with which he was pursuing his journey in consequence of it. "There may, however, be some truth in it, for they know every thing," he again reflected as he

\* Continued from page 69.

was about to slacken his pace, despite the admonition. "Hudson is a deep and an unprincipled villain; I wonder my father could have employed him," he continued as if ruminating with himself; "and I will take it as a friendly hint and e'en spur on; for I think these vagabonds would do me a friendly turn after all, as I always make a point of giving them silver when I pass their gate, a cheap method of purchasing their forbearance at least, and perhaps, in this instance, their friendship. On, on! therefore, my gallant steed," he said aloud, apostrophising in mock heroics his noble charger; "if thou bring me safe to Forest Hall before it pass into other hands, a week's rest shall be thy guerdon."

These and such like thoughts were forgotten ere he had advanced a mile or two beyond the cottage of the Mitchels, but they were succeeded by others which were still stronger incentives to hasten on; the friend of his childhood was in distress—an orphan like himself—the fond and affectionate playmate of his youth, one with whom he had often exchanged vows of eternal friendship, when neither knew what such vows meant; and although he had not seen her for years, yet he was impressed with the idea, formed originally of course in the heyday of thoughtless and inconsiderate youth, that she was every thing as lovely and amiable, and beautiful, and good, and affectionate, as poets ever painted or enthusiastic lovers ever dreamt of. And then again he thought of the many little attentions she had received from her when playing together as children; how the first violet and primrose of the early spring had evidently been esteemed by her only as they would give pleasure to him for whom she had gathered them; how gayly bloomed in his bosom the cowslip and blue-bell she placed there, which her sad thoughts for years and years—but this he knew nothing of—had converted into emblems of the fading and transitoriness of "love's young dream."

With the varied thoughts and feelings and affections of a dozen years—a long life for youth to look back upon—he found himself sooner than he thought it could have been possible, at the gate of the Forest, which was opened by a decently dressed and good-looking boy, the son of the porter, to whom he threw a few ha'pence, and passed on into the narrow avenue through the thicket already mentioned, leading to the Hall, which was yet full three miles off.

Harry of course had never been in this romantic dale before; indeed it had been forbidden ground to any of his name and lineage, for several generations; and he had but half divested himself of the prejudices of his boyhood, imbibed from the distorted representations of the adherents

of his house, concerning the wild and desolate mountain holds of that band of robbers and murderers, the Musgraves; what was then his amazement, on reaching the first little rising ground, to find himself in a perfect paradise of terrestrial beauty, which, however, he could not then stop to contemplate; but the thought came o'er him like a pleasing dream, as he slowly rode along the little ridge, beneath the shadow of those lofty and majestic oaks which crowned the verdant summit: "Were Alice on her palfrey by my side, how much more lovely would that scene appear!" On the left the sheep and cattle browsing on the grassy slope, or calmly ruminating in quiet and placid rest, sheltered by the thick foliage from the noontide heat, their eyes half closed, as if the soothing murmur of a tiny waterfall hard by were lulling them to sleep. On the right, in the far off distance beyond the little lake, embosomed thick in woods, stood Forest Hall, as he supposed from the curling smoke which alone gave note of human habitation in that fairy land; then there was the babbling streamlet right before him, winding its tortuous course along a rocky glade, half hidden by the fringe of bushes on its banks, while ever and anon its crystal waters would expand as if it thought itself a river. "But what's that!" he almost exclaimed, as he mounted the slope on the other side of the rivulet, after he had forded, and perceived the figure of a man stretched at full length on a mossy knoll, apparently asleep, under the wide spreading branches of the trees around, with his little wakeful watch-dog at his feet; which, by its barking at master Harry's approach, awoke its master, who rubbed his eyes and slowly rose, when no less a personage than Billy Stone stood, in all his self-importance, fully portrayed before him.

"What in the world has brought you here?" inquired master Harry, in undisguised astonishment.

But Bill, as we have already said, had a very strong and morbid antipathy to every species of direct interrogation, and consequently answered the master's question by asking, not only another, but half a dozen, as for instance:

"Do you ken, Sir, where you are? Do you ken the way to Forest Ha', round that lake, as they ca' it, yonder? Do you ken that Durley Hudson is there afore you? There! just where you see you smoke, for that's the ha', an' if you don't ride as hard as you can, it'll be his yet, and then, heigh for *Mistress Hudson o' Forest Ha'!*" and then he set up a loud uproarious laugh, which made the forest ring again; but suddenly recollecting himself, he relapsed into a serious mood, and told the master to "ride as far dear life, or he would be over feat," when Harry took the hint

without another word, astonished though he was, for there was then no time for explanation, and pushed on at a hand gallop, *feeling*, in his anxiety to reach the end of his journey, that the nearer he approached, the longer every specific distance appeared. The avenue is cleared—a crowd of people is on the lawn, the tramp of his horse on the soft turf makes no noise; and perceiving a heartless bailiff-looking man in the attitude of an auctioneer, he hears him exclaim—"Going!—going!—gone!"

And the hall, and the forest, and the manor, the home and the pride and the riches of a long line of ancestry, whose *glory* had departed, was knocked down, like a *cube of goods* at a common auction, to the highest bidder: to some chandler or sugar bailer, who are every where treading upon the skirts of their betters: such contemptuous terms were, at that instant of chagrin and disappointment at his being a few moments too late for the object of his long journey, on master Harry's tongue; but on perceiving a well dressed elderly gentleman, with a bland benevolent expression of countenance, stand out from the crowd to respond to the demand of the sheriff's officer for the name of the purchaser and the amount of deposit money, he did not give them utterance, but throwing his loosened rein over the drooping neck of his jaded horse, he left him to roam at his pleasure on the lawn, to seek and to console poor Alice Musgrave in her sorrow. But ere he reached the hall his steps were arrested by a call from the bailiff to the departing crowd to return, for the sale was not over, as the purchaser would not comply with its conditions, for he had refused to pay down the deposit money; master Harry was delighted; and as he returned, said to himself, "I may yet save it." But it appeared on further investigation, that the stranger had offered the whole amount of the purchase money, instead of the small per centage demanded as security for the fulfilment of the bargain, which the ignorant and rude officer had misconstrued into a demand against this particular condition, originating in his inability to advance the money, making some vulgar remark in a rough and loud tone of voice about people coming to sales of gentlemen's estates, and pretending to bid when they had not the blunt to fork out for one of their pig-sties; but when the stranger quietly gave him to understand that he offered the whole of the purchase money instead, his taunts were changed in an instant to grovelling obsequiousness; and master Harry again in his disappointment, retraced his steps to the hall, where he was doomed to meet with another, and, as he then thought it, a much greater. He had rung the bell twice and waited, what appeared to him in his feverish anxiety

and weariness, occasioned by his long journey, an unreasonable time before it was answered, when a servant he did not know, and such a servant as he had never seen before, opened the door, and said something which, in his fright he did not hear, but stepped back from the door in an attitude of defence or defiance, 'twere hard to say which, for the servant was a pure African, and he had never seen a negro before.

"Massa no in, Sar," the poor black again repeated, equally frightened at such an extraordinary, and to him unaccountable, exhibition of fear: "but walk in, Sar," he had the presence of mind encouragingly to say, "and I will tell him that *buera* wants to see him."

This reassured him in some degree, although it did not unravel the mystery of so strange an apparition; but he entered the hall in compliance with its civil invitation, and was ushered, just the same as by a common and less unearthly-looking serving man, into the withdrawing room, where he was left to his own reflections, which had begun to take a very different turn from what they had before assumed, as Sambo shut the door with a—"Massa be here directly." But this directly was at least a long tedious hour, which seemed lengthened out to an age, and no mistress Alice appeared; for as she was the object uppermost in his thoughts from the moment he entered the hall until his patience had been more than exhausted, when the latch of the door was lifted he fully expected to see the fair mistress Alice enter the apartment; for in his surprise and fright he had either not distinctly heard or had misunderstood what poor blacky had said about "Massa," and the confusion of his ideas, occasioned by the last half hour's occurrences, was doubly confounded by the entrance, not of the sorrowing playmate of his boyhood, mourning over the ruin of her house, and all through his instrumentality or negligence—and this thought, which although it had never struck him before, was not the less poignant now that his efforts to counteract the revengeful feelings of his poor father had been so unfortunately frustrated, all of which he would explain to her satisfaction. But instead of the poor, forsaken, disinherited and persecuted orphan he had risen from his chair to clasp to his bosom, the gentlemanly personage, to whom he had seen the property knocked down not an hour before, made his appearance, and with a look and air of cold politeness, mingled with something approaching to contempt, inquired, notwithstanding, in a mild though serious manner, so serious as to merge into sternness, to what he was indebted, at such a distressing juncture, for the honor of a visit from the young master of Dunsell; pray he seated. Sir, he continued, as Harry rose to meet his saluta-

tion, although he remained standing himself. Just at this moment the extraordinary servant came in as if to receive his master's commands, to whom he turned and addressed himself in words whose every syllable added gall to the bitterness rankling in master Hurry's heart.

"Tell the young mistress that the master of Dunfell has called to congratulate her on the happy consummation of all his late father's plans and wishes."

CHAPTER IV.

The patient fisher takes his silent stand,  
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand.

Porr.

At the foot of the long lone street which then constituted, as it still does to this day, the principal portion of the ancient county town of Westmoreland, and so close to that end of the cloisters, in front of the church, nearest to the bridge across the Eden as to appear to have been a part of them, was a small room with one little solitary square window, looking out upon the church and church-yard, the entrance to which was from the street by a low door of the same shape as the window, with wooden lintel and door-posts, evidently of modern construction, compared with the surrounding and adjoining buildings, which, from their rude Gothic architecture, and still ruder sculpture, could lay claim to a very remote antiquity; and just within the door, forming a sort of inner porch, was an old oaken screen, with its uncouth but elaborately carved pilasters and groinings, oddly enough filled in and mixed up with plain panels, surrounded with the plainer mouldings of modern but disproportioned architraves, according to the taste, or more properly speaking, to the want of it, of some village carpenter, who had doubtless been employed to convert it from the holier purpose for which it had been originally intended, to the manner, though useful office of warding off from the occupants of the room, the cold blasts of the helm-wind. In one corner of this room, more immediately behind the screen I have mentioned, was a square recess, encroaching still further upon the cloister, the floor of which was a step higher than the floor of the office—for such was now its appropriate designation—and forming a sort of dais, in which was a small oblong table, which from its colour appeared to be mahogany, of the lightest possible construction, contrasting oddly enough with the heavy elbow-chair of oak, at each end of it, from which indeed one might fancy, judging from the formation of its legs and feet, being no bad imitation of those of a dog, that it was about to run away—so at least thought

Billy Stone, whenever he chanced to come into the office to exchange the fruits of his only art, that of angling, into money. And on the day before the eventful morning on which our tale opened, he was at the door with a nice little string of fresh caught trout, the fruits of his morning's sport; but he did not enter the office, although the door was more than half open, a stranger's voice in the recess having arrested his steps before he had passed the screen, when he stopped to listen, and to watch through a crevice in the thin partition that separated him from the speaker—for a peering and insatiable curiosity was probably his most striking characteristic, suppressed however, if possible, by the look of almost idiotic stolidity he always assumed when any one attempted to elicit from him such secrets as he had thus surreptitiously got possession of, which would have led a casual observer to the conclusion that if he had heard a dangerous or an important secret divulged, he could not have remembered it; but Spurzheim, or Hall, or Combe, would have told a different tale, and have adduced his bump of memory so strongly developed, together with the naturally corresponding mental quality, as they would have termed it, so powerfully manifested, as the very acme of practical and demonstrative proof of the truth and certainty of their dogmas, for he had indeed a most accurate and extraordinary memory—so extraordinary indeed as to lead to the supposition that what had been taken, in some mysterious freak of nature, from his other reasoning faculties, had been all restored to him again, without attention to their proper distribution, and accidentally concentrated in one—Memory—and this, without the slightest connection with his understanding; so that whatever he heard, he could repeat, *verbatim et literatim*, whether dialogue, speech or sermon, and whether he understood it or not;\* and this the reader must take care to bear in mind, or he will not only subject himself to the imputation of being inferior to the half idiot in one particular at least, but may be led to entertain serious doubts of the truth and authenticity of my narrative, a circumstance I would consider of far more importance—not that I mean this as a left-handed compliment, for poor Billy Stone had more sense than half the wise-acres in his neighbourhood gave him credit for. His cunning did indeed wonderfully make up for his want of judgment—his curiosity

\* A person very similar to Billy Stone in every respect, was especially as to this particular qualification, in the South of Scotland, was well known to the author, and mentioned I believe, and if so, immortalised, by Sir Walter Scott in one of his works as the original of one of his portraits.

and keen observation for his want of knowledge—and his wonderful memory, absurd and anomalous as it may appear, for his want of reflection. It was merely and solely mechanical—foresight and discretion he had none, except where a secret was concerned, the value and importance of which he could not appreciate; all that he cared to know was, that it *was* a secret—but whether involving the rise or ruin of an ancient house or the marriage of a shepherd's daughter, was all alike to him.

"So you're sure that young Master Netherby doesn't want to buy the Ha?"

This was addressed to Lawyer Hudson, as he was called, for it was his office we have been describing, and the mention of young Netherby's name would have been sufficient in itself to have excited Billy Stone's curiosity, if it had required any excitement, and as he heard it, he certainly did listen with greater eagerness, and applied his only eye—for he had but one—to his little peep-hole, to ascertain if he really knew the speaker, as the tone of his voice led him to suspect.

"Yes! yes!" he said to himself, "it is him! and it's all right. There'll be no plotting and planning and scheming against master Harry, where Mr. Moreland is concerned; but what Ha'is't they're talking about, I wonder? But I'll hear anon!" and he soon did hear; and as Mr. Moreland rose to depart, Billy boldly entered with his fish, when the cunning lawyer started as if a viper had stung him; but, recovering his composure ere he thought the poor innocent fisherman could have noticed it; and turning upon him a most penetrating glance, he was satisfied, from the stolid inanity of every feature of his face, that he had not suspected the cause; thus reassured, he could not refrain from some slight expression of delight, as he turned upon poor Billy with another searching look; but it was all in vain, for the daft lad never appeared so daft before.

"Well, what are you expecting now, for these bits o' minnows?" he said, with one of his blandest smiles, as he took the withe from Billy's hand, on which half a dozen little trout, in all the freshness and gorgeousness of their spangled and unfaded beauty, were strung. "What am I to give you for these?" turning them aside separately, with a depreciating remark upon each; but on Billy's leaving it altogether to "his honour's honour," he received with a grateful heart and a glistening eye, a small piece of silver, at the sight of which, being so much beyond his expectations, he was as much astonished in reality as he apparently was at the injunction with which the gift was accompanied.

"There, there, Billy!—no thanks—take it. I

have no smaller change—you'll bring me bigger ones next time. Take it, and don't tell everybody what you hear," said the cunning lawyer, laying an emphasis on the last word, sealing his lips, as he thought, with a bribe, in case he had chanced to have accidentally heard any part of the important conversation in his late interview with Mr. Moreland; "but away with them to Mrs. Hudson," he continued, pulling out his watch to ascertain the hour, "or it will be high noon before you get there, and I have a long way to go after dinner."

"Anon!" replied Billy, with a most vacant and unmeaning stare.

"Take them, I tell you, to my house," added the lawyer, with some petulance, but carefully avoiding to repeat his order in the same terms, lest the daft lad should enter a protest against their propriety; "take them to my house, and give them to any one you find there."

"Aye! aye!" quickly returned Billy, and off he ran, muttering to himself as he crossed the bridge: "Mrs. Hudson, indeed! I se daft enough, God knows, but not so daft as that comes to!—Burley Hudson of Forest Ha!" and he burst out into a loud and boisterous laugh.

"What's the matter with thee?" exclaimed a carter with three loads of coals from Stainmore, stopping his teams as he confronted him at the moment of this exhibition of uproarious mirth. "I say, what's happened now—whose house is burnt?"

"Oh, nothing!" responded Billy, with that ready wit which sometimes so mysteriously flashes out from such darkened intellects, "nothing! only I was laughing at the folly of you lawyer down there in the Cloisters, who thinks he can wade the deepest lumb\* of the Eden, and keep his head abone water."

"And is that deeper than where I have to ford it with my coals?" asked the teamster in his simplicity and ignorance of the general depth of that majestic river, for his home was some twenty miles beyond it.

The half idiot stared in astonishment at the stupidity of his new acquaintance, and although conscious in some measure of his own infirmity, was rather staggered about his idea of the extent of it, when he thus met with a person entrusted with his master's horses and carts, so far from home, apparently more daft than himself; and was on the point of shaping his reply in terms of corresponding contempt, when a furious hullabaloo was heard, as if Bedlam had broken loose, and the boisterous din and the merry laugh waxed louder and louder as it approached the

\* Lumb (patols), deep, still water at the foot of a current.

bridge where the two strangers, at least to each other, were holding their quiet colloquy.

"It's the morning o' the school," exclaimed Billy, "and I must be off with my fish, or I shall not be in time for *Mrs. Hudson's dinner!*" This was literally said in Italian. But he was too late. The boys had caught a sight of their favourite, and "Billy Stone" was hillored by more than a dozen voices; but on he went, regardless of their riotous mirth, while the poor teamster stood gazing with open mouth, in stupid astonishment, at the unwonted scene before him; but he was too far north, too near the Scottish border, not to have an eye always to the main chance, and he pricked up his ears as a war-horse would do when he scents the battle-field, as he heard, amid the conflicting shouts of a hundred voices, some boy calling out, "Who's lost a shilling?—I say, who's lost a shilling?" when the shrewd Fell-sider, thinking he saw a chance of getting it, exclaimed:

"I have, my lad!"

When the wicked little rascal coming close up to him, in mock simplicity, and apparently in artless accents, said:

"Ah! but yours hadn't a hole in it!"

"Yes, it had!" eagerly responded the boor reaching out his hand to receive the pieces of money he thought he had so cunningly taken advantage of the boy's ingenueness to prove his own.

"Dut see, you!" said the boy, shewing him the shilling, "this has'nt."

A loud shout accompanied with a merry laugh, and something still more annoying to the unfortunate teamster was the result, and he was glad to escape, bruised and bespattered with mud as he was, with a whole skin; and I doubt not he will remember the admonition implied in his dying day—"To claim a shilling not your own is as dust as to pretend to wade the deepest lumb in the Eden," and Billy laughed again, and the boys laughed, and the passers-by laughed, and every body laughed, except the poor teamster, who did not laugh.

#### CHAPTER V.

Did sublunary lovers love,  
Whose soul is sense, cannot admit  
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove  
The thing which elemented it.

DOSS.

The morning after these occurrences, being that on which our tale commenced, brought Billy Stone to Hell-Beck, charged with some important information, as the reader has already been told; but in order to elucidate some points which

would otherwise appear dark and mysterious, we must again advert to the interview between him and the nunster; but to render it clearly intelligible, it will be necessary, however, first to enter at some length into a detail of circumstances to which it alludes and upon which indeed it was grounded.

To this end it will be remembered that soon after the termination of the fatal lawsuit, as it might with propriety have been called, both the litigants died, as set forth in a former chapter, an event which was generally supposed would have put an end to all further proceedings, the more especially as it began, at that particular juncture, to be whispered abroad that the quarrel betwixt the two houses which had lasted for ages was about to be settled, like that of the roses, by a matrimonial compact, and there were certainly strong grounds for such a supposition. The young representatives of the two families were brought up almost together, at their maternal grandfathers', from their infancy; their tempers and dispositions were congenial, their occupations and amusements were the same, for there happened to be no other children in the neighbourhood with whom they could associate, and so they grew up together like brother and sister, and their mutual regard and esteem was not long in being nurtured into deep and enduring affection; but as for *love*, in the common acceptation of the term, as found in the vocabulary of every boarding-school girl, originating in the insect selfishness, and generally ending in disgust and disappointment; they knew nothing of it—the word was never on their lips—such love I mean as is said to be felt at first sight; a flashing eye, a ruby lip, an auburn lock, a rosy tint, pretty things enough to talk about, but sadly at a discount when they come into collision with the buffetings of life. No, no! theirs was an affection of the heart, not of the passions, founded and established upon what is implied in that cold word, esteem, an esteem which had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength. They were truly one already—one in their ideas—one in their joys and sorrows—one in their thoughts and dreams, sleeping or waking, when "paddling" the burn together as when seas braidly rolled between"—one in spirit—one in life, in death, and beyond the grave. Love! a butterfly's wing! a poet's dream! a thing of nought! transferable at will from one object to another—they knew nothing of it; and when the order came from one at least of their stern fathers for their separation, they fell upon each other's necks and wept; but there were no promises—no protestations—no vows or plighted troth, either to other—their hearts were as firmly united as their tears had



been inseparably commingled, and they both of them knew this and felt it, although neither could have described it, and if the idea had been suggested by a looker on at this parting scene, if there could have been one, it would have been considered by both as a desecration and an outrage upon insulted purity.

Such, gentle reader, is an old man's definition of love, and if you say that he knows nothing about it, he can only reply, neither did master Harry Netherby's father, for when on his death-bed he urged his son to marry the heiress of Newby Hall, the preliminaries of such a connexion having been all arranged without taking into account the possibility of any demur arising between the parties most interested; but finding that he obstinately refused to comply with his dying request, he sent immediately for Barley Hudson to alter his will in order to disinherit him, not if he did not take the bride he had selected for him, but in the event of his marrying Alice Musgrave—a union which, on the solemnity of the occasion and in the sincerity and simplicity of his heart, he had impolitely requested his dying and only remaining parent to sanction.

But before this new and insuperable barrier arose between them, some few years had elapsed since the young people had thus parted, cheered and buoyed up with the hope of soon meeting again, however little probability there might have been of such an event ever taking place.

During this period, each had been sent to a distance from their native mountains, he to Cambridge, and Alice with her aunt to London, to finish their education; when the most careful precautions were used to prevent either from knowing where the other was, lest by some secret and clandestine correspondence they should keep alive that feeling of affectionate attachment to each other which both their parents had suspected might have naturally been called into existence, by the long uninterrupted intercourse of their childhood, which thus nurtured might ripen into love, but which time and distance would otherwise destroy. They little knew the hearts they had to deal with; and hence the violence of master Harry's father when he found that all his precautions had been worse than useless, doubtless fanning the flame by the very means they had been employing to extinguish it. "But if I have hitherto failed to prevent such a misalliance," the old man said, "I have one resource left which must succeed," and this was the restrictive will, which had no sooner been executed than the old man, over excited by his feelings and the exertion of signing his name, sunk back exhausted, and after half a dozen difficult respirations, with intervals of increasing duration between them,

breathed his last, and thus terminated the enmity which had existed between the two halls for nearly three centuries.

Shortly after this mournful event, for it was a mournful event to poor master Harry on more accounts than one, for, save in one solitary instance, he had been to him a kind, indulgent and an affectionate parent, and if he had survived even but a few days, he doubted not but that he would have relented so far as to have abrogated the obnoxious will. When he had regained his composure he began not only to reflect upon his own circumstances but on those of poor Alice, who was likely to be turned out, in a few days, upon the wide world, without a house or home, while he was cruelly deprived of the means of offering her an asylum, as he had fondly hoped, in his own hall. And while he was thus beset with difficulties on all sides, and hope, fondly cherished as it had been, had died within him, he received a visit from a college friend, a young man of fortune like himself, whose property was situated a few miles from his own; namely, at Newby Hall, already mentioned.

This visit had no reference to the projected alliance between the two families already noticed. The day for compulsory marriages had passed away, and the severities of domestic discipline had been so far relaxed as to leave the subjects of it at liberty to decide for themselves in matters of this kind, in which their happiness, throughout the whole of their after life, so completely depended; but the two old people, although brought up under a very different regime themselves, quietly gave in to the general innovations which the march of intellect had made in its encroachments, even at this remote period, into those lonely and sequestered valleys; but to the last and most important relic of domestic tyranny, they had clung with determined tenacity, and this was the settlement of succession to their name and property, considering it necessary alike for preserving their escutcheon free from a stain, and their blood, which they viewed in somewhat of an aristocratic light, from plebeian contamination.

And therefore the visit of master Harry's young friend, Moreland, had its motive not only in a very different, but a directly opposite tendency, to that which Barley Hudson who accompanied him, pretended to assign to it, on their way from his office to the hall.

"The venerable and respected parents of these young lovers, I am aware, had set their minds very determinedly upon this happy union," the cunning lawyer ventured to remark; "but," he continued, somewhat confusedly, when he saw the stare of astonishment with which this "feeler"

had been met by his companion. "I was not aware that the affair had got so far as to require my presence so soon after—" here it was his turn to be astonished, for if his auditor smiled before he now laughed outright, even while his companion was making a very solemn and pathetic allusion to the death of his very much lamented friend and patron, Mr. Netherby.

"I really beg your pardon, Mr. Hudson, for my very strange and rude behaviour," said Mr. Moreland; "but there appeared to me something so extremely comical in the idea of the two old catfish, saving their memory, who were such bitter and implacable enemies, laying their heads together to concert a scheme for the union of the two families, and I should have thought," he added more seriously and with a spice of sarcasm in his tone and manner, "that Mr. Hudson would have known this." But Mr. Hudson looked as if he neither knew this nor any thing else, he appeared so utterly confounded.

"I was alluding," he stammered, "to a union with your own worthy family."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Moreland, turning upon him a searching and incredulous look, under which the attorney quailed and was silent.

They were by this time within the domain, and therefore their silent ride together soon brought them to the great gate, with its heavy iron knocker, leading into the court-yard in front of the hall, which was promptly opened at their summons by the old butler, when Lanty the groom was in immediate attendance to take care of their horses, both of which functionaries received some kind word of recognition from their master's honoured guest, who was immediately ushered into the library with his companion, where they found master Harry in a deep brown study; but the sight of his friend cheered him up, and after the first and hasty salutations were over, anxious to get rid of their legal adviser, they, or rather Mr. Moreland, proceeded to business at once, by observing that he understood that the Forest manor and demesne were to be sold to satisfy certain claims and mortgages—

"And judgments," interrupted Mr. Hudson.

"And judgments," repeated Mr. Moreland, "and that his friend Mr. Netherby wished to be the purchaser, and that he, Moreland, was ready to assist him with a few thousand pounds to accomplish his purpose, provided he could receive proper legal security."

This was soon arranged, when the attorney departed for his office, to draw up the mortgage, upon Hell-Beek Hall and estates, for the amount required and agreed upon, and Mr. Moreland would call before the sale took place and lodge the money in Mr. Hudson's hands, who had in-

structions from Mr. Netherby to buy the property in Alice Musgrave's name, and satisfy all claims upon it.

It must also be premised, before we can proceed with our history, that as Harry Netherby had never, during his father's life-time, been accustomed to the transaction of business, much less had he been fitted for it since his death, owing to the melancholy train of thought which that event, connected as it was with other painful circumstances, had super-induced, and to such an extent as almost to paralyze, if not to prostrate, his mental faculties. On his friend leaving him the next morning he said to himself, somewhat cheered by his visit and the object of it: "Fate may do her worst, now that my poor Alice will have a home and a competency secured to her for life, when it is all settled, and the last sad relief of this accursed feud of three hundred years' duration shall have been annihilated, I may surely be permitted to see her, at any rate I can write to her; and he forthwith proceeded to carry this resolution into effect.

"Five long, long years have passed away, my dear Alice, since"—but this he thought too cold, and substituted "dearest," and then again he considered that too warm an expression to use, when there was an insuperable barrier to their union; then he found out, what he had known all his life long, that there was no post-office within twenty miles of Forest Hall; but he could send a messenger—then who was that messenger to be? John was too old; Lanty did not know the way, and had not sense enough to find it; there was Billy Stone—the very man—he wondered he had not thought of him before; but then where was he? no one knew any thing of his movements, and he might not be at the hall for a month to come, and he could write the letter, he thought, shutting up his desk, when he had found his messenger.

A very few days, however, only elapsed before the messenger intended to be sent on this important embassy, made his appearance; but the letter was forgotten and his purpose entirely changed by the information which he had brought him.

"Well, and what did Mr. Hudson say?" eagerly asked master Harry, when he had at length got him into a communicative mood.

"Why he said, says he, when Mr. Moreland asked him if he was sure you'd changed your mind and didn't want the money to buy the hall: 'He has, as sure as I'm a living man.'

"That's very strange," says Mr. Moreland, musing like, as if he'd known the man as well as I did; 'but I must ride over to the hall and see him.'

"Then," says lawyer Hudson, says he, 'maybe yo're in a hurry, Mr. Moreland?'

"I am," says he, sharp like—so," and Billy, who, among his other qualifications, was an excellent mimic, gave his tone and manner to the life.

"Then," says Mr. Hudson, "I can show you black and white for it, which may save you the trouble of going to Dunfell, unless you'd rather go."

"No, no! shew me his own hand writing," said Mr. Moreland.

"With that the lawyer pulls out a drawer in the table and hands him a paper, which the other looks at and says that this is not his writing. Mr. Hudson smiles and says nothing, but waits till Mr. Moreland reads it all, and then he hands it back, and says nothing either, at least to him, but to himself like, he says 'this is very, very strange.'

"Not at all," returned the other, speaking as I thought when he was not spoken to, 'not at all,' says he, 'and I can explain it to your satisfaction, Mr. Moreland; there's a substitution in his father's will, under certain conditions, in favour of his uncle, upon the property intended for your security, in consequence of which that property, consisting of the demesne, with the hall and other buildings thereon erected, together with certain manors, lands, and tenements, with the appurtenances thereto belonging, of which the testator was lawfully possessed and seized at the time he devised the same by his last will and testament, a certificate of the probate of which said last will and testament from the Surrogate's Court is appended thereto—is not available for such legal security as you require, Mr. Moreland, and besides, I am of opinion that there is another honourable house with which he is desirous of connecting himself.'

Such, at least, was what might have been naturally gathered from Billy's jargon, especially as he did not forget any of those technicalities so often repeated.

"The deep villain! as he is," exclaimed master Harry, "and for me to be such a consummate fool, after being made so fully sensible of this by his offer, for a consideration, to destroy my father's will, as to give him, in my thoughtlessness, my signature in blank to fill up as he pleased! and I plainly see now, what I ought to have seen long ago, that I must attend to my affairs myself."

"Or the people will call you a greater fool than poor Billy," chimed in the latter.

It was about six o'clock in the morning when this interview took place, and as Billy ran off by the master's directions, to the stables for his horse, he prepared for his hasty ride to Newby Hall, to breakfast with his friend Moreland, and to make a new arrangement about the money,

which he easily effected, and then rode off to Haverstonedale, with the certainty of being there in time for the sale; but his lawyer had here made a double, to use a sporting term, by telling him that the hour was twelve instead of ten, which completely threw him out; and consequently, as the reader has been made aware, he was not in at the death, although the cunning lawyer reaped no advantage from the success of his deep laid scheme, as the property was bid up, beyond his reach, by a stranger whom nobody knew.

## CHAPTER VI.

Fair was her cheek's carnation glow,

Like red blood on a wreath of snow;

Like evening star her eye;

White as the sea-mew's downy breast

Borne on the surge's foamy crest.

Her graceful bosom heaved the sigh.

LEWIS.

Master Harry Netherby, it will easily be imagined, did not prolong his interview, with the stranger at Forest Hall, beyond the shortest possible period to get courteously out of it; he could not even wait, with any degree of propriety, for Sambo's return, after the treatment he had received, nor could he expect any favourable answer to such a message; but mortified, and insulted, and disappointed as he had been, he could not refrain from turning one lingering look at the easement above, as he passed through the courtyard, and while detained a moment waiting for his horse—when he was indeed cheered with one look of recognition, though a tearful one, in return; for there stood poor Alice, who only waved him impatiently away, and then left the window, when he immediately mounted and departed; indeed, he could hardly have done otherwise, as the groom had arrived with his horse, and the stranger, he doubted not, was noticing his movements. "But what had he to do with either him or Alice?" he murmured with himself, as he rode slowly through the winding avenue leading out of the forest. "And why was poor Alice in distress? They perhaps would not permit her to see him? But what was he to her?" he thought again, with the ingenuity so common to human nature, in finding out the means of self-torture. Five long years had passed away, nearly one of which had seen this master of his own actions, and without even one friendly message of enquiry after the lone and distressed orphan, the friend of his childhood's happiest hours, mourning over the ruin of her father's house, the extinction of her name and family, and brooding over the still more melancholy prospects of her own approaching destitution—and all through his instrumentality.

"Yes, yes, I see it all now," he said aloud, as if to make it more emphatic; "well might the poor forsaken girl weep at the sight of one who had wrought all this wretchedness and ruin," and in bitterness of spirit he did at that moment forgive the caustic and stern manner in which the stranger had treated him. "But who and what was he, with his black servant? Some foreign nabob from the Indies, I presume. But what on earth has he to do with Alice? and how comes it that he still calls her the mistress of the mansion, as he evidently did when he sent that cutting message to her?" The more he dwelt upon the trifling incidents and occurrences of the last half hour, the more he became bewildered in the mazy labyrinth in which he was involved, and every step he took, to unravel the mystery, instead of affording a clue to its development, added to his confusion.

And he rode on many a weary mile without thinking or caring what road he took, leaving to his jaded horse the choice, which had naturally retraced his steps, and was returning as he came by Orton, Oddendale, Wintertorn and Newby, a long and round-about road to his own residence. But on approaching the bridge near the first-named village, he was awakened from his deep reverie by the appearance of the same little urchin, running out to open him the gate, who, on performing the like service for him in the morning, had given him such a mysterious warning.

It was certainly a lucky day for the poor boy; weeks and months had frequently elapsed when he could not have counted up his hapence into a silver coin of the smallest currency, and today he had received no less than two; but as he was about to run off with his treasure to his mother his steps were arrested by a call from his benefactor to stop, and the lad thought, be the consequences what they might, he must do the bidding of a gentleman, who had given him two silver sixpences in one day for opening the gate, and so he did stop, though with fear and trembling, to obey the high behest of so great a man.

Lord Bacon was a fool when he said that knowledge was power; but he lived in the dark ages, or so near them that there must have been some mistake committed in transcribing his wise saws, or in handing them down to us, which latter alternative I think more likely, for he was a wise man, and therefore must have said money—or if he did not, he must have meant it—and this is the more certain, as money was of much more value then than it is now, while knowledge was of much less: therefore I wonder at the schools retaining this error in their philosophy; and as an illustration of my hypothesis, I do maintain, that if master Harry Netherby had possessed all the

knowledge of the age in which he lived, he could no more have controlled the motions of that wayward young ragoon than he could have sat upon the whirlwind and ruled the storm; whereas the gift of two sixpences secured his most willing and implicit obedience; and therefore it follows, by a natural and syllogistic deduction, that all the knowledge in the world is not worth a shilling; against this mode of reasoning, whatever objections could be raised, none could, with justice, be adduced against its present application.

"Tell your father I want to speak to him, my man," said the gentleman.

"Yes, Sir," said the boy, and ran off without thinking of the message till he had got more than half way to the house, when he stopped and turned round apparently in some bewilderment, and when asked what was the matter, replied, "that his father was not at home, and that his mammy said he was not to tell nobody where he was gone."

"I suppose he's after no good, then," observed master Harry.

"No, no!" said the lad, gathering courage as the interview continued; "that's not the place, but I see not to tell."

"Why? you're a little fool, and perhaps —"

But the urchin did not allow him to finish the sentence, but replied—"No, it's brother Tom that's the fool, father said so last night, when he set him to watch a net at the gate of Peter Hodgson's turnip field, because when he saw a hare coming he ran away."

"Well, well!" said master Harry, getting wearied with the colloquy, "ask your mother to come out and speak to me."

"Yes, Sir," said a dirty ragged slattern, coming out of the cottage hard by, with fear and trembling, having evidently overheard the conversation, and with a low courtesy demanded, as much by her attitude and manner as by words, what the gentleman might want with her.

"I only want to know, my good woman, if you can tell me where Bridget Hebson lives?" replied Mr. Netherby, to the great relief of the poor woman, who certainly expected to hear some very different inquiries, and as her fears subsided her tongue loosened.

"Bridget Hebson! Bridget Hebson!" she said, trying to recollect such a person; but at length, with apparent unwillingness to give it up, was obliged to answer in the negative. "Biddy Hebson!" she again repeated to herself half aloud in the hope that her own mode of pronouncing the name might help her memory; but all would not do, and she was mortified and annoyed at her uncommon stupidity, as she expressed it, in not being able to give the gentleman the information he wanted.

"Perhaps," said master Harry, fancying from her manner that she had some faint recollection of the person he was inquiring after; "perhaps it may assist your memory if I tell you that Biddy Hebson, as you call her, was many many years ago a wet nurse at Forest Hall."

"Biddy Fawold! Biddy Fawold!" replied the delighted woman, with almost a shout of triumph; "Do I ken her! yes, Sir, an' bravely too, and where she lives, and a' about her. If ye'd but said Fawold, or mistress Hebson; now I mind me, as they used to ca' her, for she *was* far abune us, puir folk, for a' she's no' but poor Biddy now, that the Forest folk are gane to the wa'; and then her last goodman, God be wid him, has lang been gane; he was kill'd in some poaching scrape, or somewhere no body kent hoo nor where, and left her a puir lane widow a second time. O aye, it was when her first bairn by her former husband de'd that they sent for her in seek a hurry; I mind as weel as it had been yesterday, for oor Tommy met them as he was coming ower't Fell a-coorting me that blessed neet, an' oor weddin' was the varra week the good lady was buried."

"But, my good woman," interrupted Mr. Netherby; "but it would not do, as she continued, without allowing him even a parenthesis."

"So that my Jim is just poor mistress Alice's age, within three months or soe, an' a brave lass she is, an' a good, and they say she's to be married to this rich nabob's son, an' it's a pity too, for if a' yan hears be true, he's a bit of a scapegrace, and her born first-cousin besides; but it'll mobby be nre weddin' efter a', if the auld uncle, with his queer unarthy black imp of a sarvant, does'nt foree her to wed him; but it's thowt he will, as the puir thing's at his mery noo, being baith houseless an' pennyles, as yan may say. But your honour's lookin' terrible white-like; ye're mobby seek and tired with your ower lang ride today, and if ye'll wait a minute I'll fetch ye a rale drop o' cordial;" and into the house she ran without waiting for his assent or refusal, and brought him out a little brandy in a cup, which he took and tasted, after perceiving that his refusing to do so had annoyed her, and might perchance cut short her story.

Returning the cup, he said—"I thank you kindly, my long ride has, I think, been rather much for me; but the faint feeling has passed away. Pray proceed." He had no wish to interrupt her now.

When Mr. Netherby stopped and asked for her husband, she was thrown into the most abject state of fear and apprehension which the guilty only can feel, "for a gentleman like you," she said to herself, "to be looking efter oor Tommy;" as she called her goodman, "can't be for good," and the

relief, as from a weight that crushed her to the earth, which his enquiries afforded, when she found they were not for evil, produced such a sudden reaction, in her oppressed and pent up feelings, as gave a garrulous volubility to her tongue, as a woman's most natural safety valve; but the steam had all been blown off, the spell had lost its power, the thread was broken by this slight interruption and could not be resumed; and the poor woman had nothing more to say, except to satisfy him about poor Biddy Fawold's place of residence, his primary object for commencing the interview, when he was informed that she lived in a lone "outside"\* cottage, not far from Oddendale Head, the name of a little hamlet a few miles from Orton; and putting the smallest gold coin into the hand of the poacher's wife, who was as much delighted with it as her boy had been with his two sixpences, master Harry rode off, to the head inn, I need not call it, for it was the only one then in Orton, the Dun Cow, in which, from the etymology of its name and the comforts it afforded, he might well have fancied himself in his own mansion, had his thoughts not been occupied with far other subjects.

"These wretched Mitchels—poachers, smugglers, and worse, if all reports be true—that I should be so moved by her garrulous volubility—the hag—she knew who I was well enough! Her uncle—how strange that I should have so totally forgotten, while at her grandfather's at Kirkby-Stephen, that she had an uncle away in foreign parts to seek his fortune—and this must be that same uncle returned, and he has brought over yon black servant with him. But this hateful son of his—I never heard that he had been married. He may not however be hateful to *her*," he could not say Alice—the name when so coupled with another, would have stuck in his throat. "And who knows," he said to himself, "as he made a strong effort to shake himself free from these sad thoughts," but that this good uncle has only interposed with his exuberant wealth to restore poor Alice to the hall of her ancestors, and she may be as free yet as the moorfowl on the Fells, to mate as she lists, and that mate, for aught I need care, may be her foreign cousin. She knows not—she cannot know, that I have ever loved her, other than as an only sister, and I can do her a brother's kindness yet, and will, if the hall be his; 'tho

\* An "outside cottage" in Westmoreland is one that stands by itself, isolated and away some considerable distance from any other; thus in the bosom of the Fells there are outside houses some four or five miles from a neighbour, a fact which may appear extraordinary to foreigners, who find the Island so crowded with inhabit-

mortgage I will forego, and then, that this may not be thought a bribe to buy a sordid love, I will leave my native land and home, and seek in foreign climes upon the battle field—"

But before he could conclude his rhapsody, the landlord entered to stir the fire, and to ask what he would like to have for supper, and as even lovers must eat sometimes—and he had taken nothing since his morning's meal, and now the sun had set—he listened to his kind host's bill of fare, with patient resignation, agreeing to every thing he recommended. And when left again to commune with himself, he would fain have taken up the thread where he had left it; but, like the poor woman's, it was gone, and a smile, the first that lighted up his face that day, beamed from his hazel eyes, as he thought upon this trifling coincidence; and, in the strange vagaries of the human mind, it turned his thoughts on other things less sad and gloomy, as if that smile, the harbinger of better days, had said "I did not come alone;" and to the bustling landlord, as he again came in to lay the table for his supper, he made some cheerful common-place remark, to which a bland and courteous reply was made, accompanied with a request to know what provender his horse should have.

"I shall see him fed myself; but he's yet too warm."

"Not a hair turned, sir, I assure you; but there will be plenty of time after you've got your own supper, which will be on the table in a twinkling; I'm sure your honour's hungry and tired with your long ride, as I suppose you've been at the sale today."

"I have," was the laconic reply, when mine host perceiving, with that intuitiveness so common to such functionaries, that he was treading on some forbidden ground, (but why or wherefore it was not for him to ask,) pursued his task in silence, till the viands were on the table and the claret at the fire, when he invited his noble guest, as he designated him, to be seated, and try to make his evening meal upon the best fare, though poor, his house afforded; thus awakened from the reverie he was gradually falling into from the unfortunate remark about the sale, he turned to the supper table and could not refrain from smiling at the landlord's apology when he contemplated the profusion before him. At the end of the small table where he sat, was a dish of cutlets smoking hot, while the other was graced with a royal round of beef, cold although a knife had never touched it; a cold fowl on one side, and a tongue on the other, while the corners were garnished with sundry puffs and tarts, containing rich and curious conserves, more, in the present case, for ornament than use; not but

that our hero, with that best of all most piquante sauces, a good appetite, did ample justice; and no wonder, harassed as he had been, throughout that live-long day, in mind and body, if he felt refreshed in both; and a soothing calm came creeping over him; a looker on would have said he was indeed another man, and so he thought himself, as he went out to the stable to see his horse, when all his firmness gave way on hearing, in the broadest patois of that district, the ostler saying to the labouring servant of the inn, to which a small farm was attached:

"I say, Bill, I'll just bet thee a gallon o' yale that Mr. Winterton's horse is 'at worth sae mickle by five gold guinies, and the maister hissel' shall be't judge. Mr. Winterton's, indeed! and that's all thou knows about horses."

"Done!" said Bill.

And off they were both posting to the house with the lantern, but were intercepted in their course, as well as in the high words to which the argument was rising rapidly, by Mr. Netherby at the very door of the stable.

"What's all this about! what's the matter?" he said, first looking at one of the abashed servitors and then at the other; but instead of an answer to his question, they both set officiously to work to groom and feed his horse, when he observed to him who appeared the chief functionary there, for he had a kind word for every one, however mean, with whom he came in contact: "You must be a judge of horses, you see so many. What do you think of mine? I've just bought him."

"That, your honour's lordship was just what all the noise was about 'tween me and Bill here. He says Mr. Winterton's is a better, and I say he's foondered all fours, and has'n't a leg to stan' on, and isn't worth as mickle as this by five gold guinies, and he says this chap's got no bottom, says he; may be not, says I, as nobody has niver foond it, or I know nought about a horse's ee—Mr. Winterton's indeed!"

"And who's Mr. Winterton?" inquired master Harry, so far interested in the conversation.

"Mr. Winterton! but it's the young Mr. Winterton. I thowt your honour came frae t' ha' and mun hae know'd him," said the now communicative ostler, and continued, as he saw from Mr. Netherby's manner that he did not know who he was:

"Why it's the young un that's come frae fur away, frae the Ingies, or some forrin' parts to wed mistress Alice; and a grand weddin' it's to be, they say."

Poor master Harry returned to the house more confounded and bewildered than ever, any misfortune, he thought, he could bear, with manly

fortitude, in fact he had mustered all his resolution and had firmly determined to submit to his cruel destiny; indeed he considered that he had no choice in the matter. A union with Alice Musgrave was, in his idea, an utter impossibility; "to wed her and bring her to poverty as I must do," he said to himself, "if Forest Hall is not her own, is a thing I cannot do; if it is—to wed and be a pensioner upon the dower of my wife, and that provided from the bounty of her uncle, or perhaps this cousin, I will not do; but any attempt to force my poor Alice to unite herself with one her soul abhors, I'll circumvent, or my life shall be the forfeit of my future; but I'll know more tomorrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### FAIRY FAITH.

How 'mid life's hard and rugged ways,  
Where sorrow, want and wrong  
Have broke the spirit of the weak,  
And bitter made the strong:  
How, even there, do soft-lined flowers  
From out the soul expand!  
So, wildly blooms the Fairy Faith,  
In hapless Ireland!

### LEGEND.

I.

A maiden from her stealing home,  
In spring-time's glowing close,  
Was borne in early, sinless youth,  
Unto the grave's repose.  
There were grey heads bent low for her,  
Young eyes were blind with tears,  
And manhood's step went tremulous  
As that of four-score years.

On the unwell'd countenance  
Of death, the lines were traced,  
Which want and toil had written there,  
Too deep to be effaced:  
No wrath, nor evil wish or thought,  
On that pale face had been,  
With breath of flame—but there she lay,  
Withered at seventeen!

The funeral band had paused in awe,  
For down the hazel lane,  
There came with mirth and pageantry,  
A long and brilliant train;  
And in the midst the maiden fair  
For whom they wept as dead,  
Came gracefully and gaily on,  
By fairy comrades led.

No earthly woe or earthly care  
Now dimmed the deep blue eye;  
No more the sharpened features told  
Of squalid misery;  
But radiant as a summer heaven,  
The sun just sinks below,  
Her beauty shed a wonderous  
And half-ecstatic glow.

The parted lips breathed forth no word,  
But her transparent hand  
Waved the homeward way again  
With a slight hazel wand;  
Then with a smile of dazzling light,  
She searched through each heart,  
And with the fairy company  
She turned her to depart.

Back with a slow and timid step  
The mourners trod with fear.  
It seemed to them each footstep fell  
Like thunder on the ear.  
They laid the body as before,  
With crucifix on breast,  
Upon a table, and sat round  
Twelve waxen tapers blest.

Through many a week and many a month  
The embers wreathe-flights burned,  
While yet no pulse or line of life  
To the dull corpse returned,  
And strife, and all the common round  
Of business and of care,  
And jest and tale went heedless on  
As if she lay not there.

II.

The autumn winds were wailing low,  
The autumn leaves were sere,  
The peat-fire on the shieling hearth  
Was burning red and clear,  
When with a calm and quiet mien,  
As from a brief repose,  
The maiden kissed the holy cross,  
And clasping it, arose,

She sat her down beside the fire,  
Nor word of greeting spoke:  
A cry of joy, and "Christ be praised!"  
Forth from her mother broke.  
Kinsmen and friends their welcoming  
To clamour out began,  
While some the marvel first to tell,  
In eager hurry ran.

But she, with fixed and mournful look,  
Sat still and silent there,  
While all her thoughts, or sad or gay,  
Seemed wandering elsewhere,  
'Till spell-bound with resistless dread,  
Which on them gathering grew,  
The group around the shieling-fire  
Sat still and silent too.

Day followed day; the priest had prayed  
Again and yet again,  
And relics listened round her neck,  
And bones of saints—in vain.  
She strayed among the lonely hills,  
In sunshine, and in storm  
She nestled, like a frost-chilled bird,  
Where the home-fire fell warm.

Some vague, unmeaning phrase she gave,  
In answer to the word  
Of questioning or kindness,  
Which now and then she heard;  
The tasks which in a former time  
She diligently piled,  
Were now by other hands performed,  
Or careless set aside.

But never more in free exchange  
Of feeling or of thought,  
Or cheery word, or merry laugh,  
Or jest that comes unsought,  
Mingled she with the early friends  
That once were held so dear,  
But separate, as a spirit, moved,  
Who grieves to tarry here.

## III.

The evanescent Christmas snow  
O'er earth a mantle spread,  
But ere it melted quite away,  
The maiden's soul had fled :  
Nor unto fairy revelry,  
On earth's green slopes and glades !  
Nor unto fairy fastnesses,  
'Neath tangled wood-grass blades !

Her spirit floats in heaven's broad light,  
By angels circled round,  
Her body laid with solemn prayers,  
May moulder in the ground,  
The dew that falls upon her brow  
Gives bloom no blight can bring ;  
The words of love that greet her ruin,  
Will ne'er grow cold or strange.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blessed and dear the promises  
The holy cross can give,  
To soothe the sinful when they die,  
Or teach the sinless, live ;  
To lead the weary to a heaven,  
Where grief and care shall cease,  
The heavy-laden to a houring  
Of freedom and release.

But o'er Life's woe and penury  
Let graceful tendrils twine,  
And o'er its hard and rugged ways,  
Hang Fahey's green ensign,  
The stately tree around whose base  
No wreathing vine has grown,  
Stands harshly with its rough bare roots,  
From the shrunk earth upthrown,

And sweetly breathe the tender flowers,  
Safe from the scorching sun,  
And swelling up from drought secured,  
The heart's free streams may run,  
And one New England heart is glad,  
With joy no doubts withstand,  
That wildly blooms the Fairy Faith,  
In hapless Ireland !

## LINES

OF HEARING THAT A MARBLE TABLET WAS TO BE PLACED BY  
SOME FRIENDS ABOVE THE GRAVE OF MRS. S.

There needs no stone to mark the spot  
Where sleeps our loved and lost, below ;  
The trodden path shall point it out,  
The rose and violet there shall grow.

The modest lily of the vale,  
And mignonette with sweet perfume,  
Shall tell to all who pass, the tale  
Of her who died in life's young bloom.

The clematis so pure and white,  
Shall wreath its gentle tendrils round,  
The blue forget-me-not delight  
To raise its soft eye from the ground.

These "floral bells" shall toll the dirge  
Of her who like them cheered our way ;  
Like them, too, in her youthful bloom,  
And like them in her swift decay.

Yet raise the marble cold and fair,  
Token of Joys forever fled,  
Of youthful hopes dispersed in air,  
Of treasures numbered with the dead.

And when stern winter chills the flowers,  
Spreading its shroud on all around,  
The stone shall shew the passer-by  
Where C—— sleeps, beneath the ground.

Then grave the stone—'tis hard to feel  
That others knew and highly prized  
The spirit lent awhile below,  
Now radiant in her native skies.

We mourn our loss—to her 'tis gain,  
For she is now for aye at home,  
We could not long her form retain,  
She heard the Master bid her "Come!"

'Tis but the tenement of clay,  
That rests beneath the cold, cold sod,  
The blissful tenant is at rest,  
Safe in the bosom of her God.

Montreal, Jan. 6, 1811.

## LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

At this gay season of the new-born year,  
When buoyant hearts are all to joy inclined,  
I'm doomed in grief to muse, while drops the tear,  
O'er scenes gone by, tho' deep in memory shrined.

Life's early morn in smiles was drest,  
In life's meridian I was blest ;  
But now the tear manna tell the rest,  
That dims life's gleaming ee.

Friends dearly loved, alas! are gone,  
They've dropp'd off a' ane by ane,  
An' dreary I am left alone—  
Life's Joys are ta'en frae me.

But soon shall a' vain-grievin' cease,  
For Time wif' silent, stealthy pace,  
Leads to life's final resting-place,  
The cauld—the narrow bed.

Life's thread is wearin' unco sma',  
Yel, oh! while I hae breath to draw,  
'Twill pass in sighs for them awa'  
Noo numbered wif' the dead.

Wif' objects dear we're sweeter to part,  
Affection twines sae round the heart,  
Asunder torn, the pang—the smart  
It leaves, will last for aye.

Thus morn' on my state forlorn,  
I think I view the mien, the form  
O' those I loved, an' noo I mourn,  
In this my closing lay.

Three Rivers, Jan. 1, 1841.



# MILDRED ROSIER.\*

A TALE OF THE RUINED CITY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

## CHAPTER II.

Beats there a heart, which hath not felt its core  
Ache with a wild delight, when first the roar  
Of ocean's spirit met the startled ear?  
Beats there a heart so torpid and so drear,  
That hath not felt the lightning of its blood  
Flash vivid joy, when first the rolling flood  
Met the charmed eye in all its ruthless strife,  
At once the wonder and the type of life?

BIRD'S DEWICHT.

So felt yet young Mildred Rosier, when, after a long day's journey through cross-roads and over desolate sheep walks, the broad and beautiful ocean for the first time burst upon her admiring view. She had read of the sea, had seen it in dreams, had loved it for its very name's sake; but never till this moment had she seen it in its majesty: "The sea! the glorious sea!" rose to her lips; but the exclamation was repressed when she saw the tears slowly trickling down her mother's pale cheeks. Within its depths her father had found a grave, and her brother, her dear Sydney, was a voyager upon its mighty expanse of heaving waters. Yet, spite of sad tales connected with the family history, Mildred loved the sea, and rejoiced that she had escaped from the populous solitude of London to become a resident near it.

As the postchaise left Westleton heath, and turned into the deep lane which led to the Brook Farm, Mrs. Rosier cast a desponding look around her, and turning to Abigail Atkins, an old servant who had nursed Mildred and her brother, and had become one of the family, she said with a sigh:

"Abigail, did you ever see such a lonely, desolate place? how shall we be able to pass the winter here?"

"It's better than London," muttered the old woman, who, born and brought up in the country, had longed to end her days amid its quiet rural scenes. "I have felt all day as if I were ten years younger; the thick, black, smoky air of London, was withering me up entirely. Depend upon it, madam, we shall be quite happy here."

"And so we shall, Abigail," said the smiling Mildred; "I could love you for saying so; we shall enjoy ourselves in this quiet retired place. See, dear mamma, what a beautiful view we have from the brow of this hill. The keen bracing sea-air makes me feel in such high spirits, and so hungry."

"It's very cold," returned Mrs. Rosier, drawing her cloak round her. "Put up the glass, Mildred, you will have plenty of time to look about you tomorrow; I cannot bear this raw air."

"Is that the house?" cried Mildred, as the chaise, after ascending the brow of a steep cliff, which commanded a fine view of the sea, stopped in front of an old fashioned farm-house with high gables and narrow windows, whose scanty quantum of dingy panes admitted a dull light into the low apartments, whose brick-paved floors, oak wainscots, and heavy beams, gave a melancholy air of discomfort to the place. A cheerful fire was burning in the huge old-fashioned grate in the parlour, and no less a personage than Florence Barnham and her daughter, came forward to welcome the strangers. The kind-hearted hostess of the Anchor expected to find, in the sister-in-law of Peter Rosier, a woman in her own rank; how greatly was she surprised and taken aback when she beheld a real lady—a proud, noble looking woman, who received her attentions with a gentle dignity of deportment, which never for a moment forgot the respect which she considered her due, when addressed by an inferior.

"Mother, these are no neighbours for us," whispered Lucy, as she assisted Mrs. Barnham in preparing a cup of tea for the strangers. "She is a proud woman, that Mrs. Rosier. If she had mints of money she could not hold up her head higher. What do you think of her?"

"Little enough," said the widow; "such airs don't become her station. What was her husband? Old Peter Rosier's brother! I consider myself quite as good as her. The girl, however, is a sweet looking creature—a perfect beauty."

"A beauty, mother! La, you don't say so!"

"I say, child, what I think."

"She's too fair, and looks like a painted doll; I am sure there are prettier girls than her in the old city. But hush! here she comes."

With the sweetest smile imaginable, the unconscious object of Lucy Barnham's envy proceeded to thank Mrs. Barnham for her kindness, in being the first to welcome them to Dunwich.

"I don't know how we shall be able to repay you," said she; "it was so good of you and your daughter to take compassion upon us poor strangers, and make us so comfortable. My dear mother is afraid that she did not express her thanks as warmly as she ought to have done; but I know you will excuse her; she is an invalid, and greatly fatigued with her long journey."

Mrs. Barnham felt ashamed of her ill-natured remarks, and even Lucy blushed, as they assured Miss Rosier that she and her mamma were heartily welcome to their services whenever she might require them.

"What sort of a man was my poor uncle?" said Mildred; "I should have liked to have seen him before he died."

"It was no great loss," said the widow, "that you did not. He was a rough farmer, very unlike you and your mother. Perhaps it was well that you never met. He had a great aversion to fine ladies."

"It was very good of him to leave us his property," said Mildred, "after he and my father had quarrelled for so many years; I am sure we never expected it of him."

"I should not wonder if his ghost were to haunt the old place," said Lucy, glancing timidly round. "I would not sleep here for the world; they do say that this here house is haunted already, and old master Rosier would make an awful like ghost."

"There, don't go to frighten Miss Rosier," said Mrs. Barnham, "with your nonsensical stories; London folks are never afraid of ghosts."

"I should hope not," said Mildred; "but I love to hear ghost stories, and I defy Lucy to frighten me. I should not mind racing through these beautiful ruins by moonlight, and inviting all the friars, white and gray, to meet me on the desolate heath we passed over an hour ago."

"The Lord preserve us!" said Lucy; "I would not do the like of that for all the gold which the old monks have buried in the vaults of the gray priory."

"Well, we will talk of the ghosts another time," said Mildred; "I am more afraid of Bonaparte landing on the coast, than of all the ghosts in the world."

"And do they really talk of old Bony landing in England?" said the widow.

"Oh yes," said Mildred; "the papers were full of it when we left London. He is now at Boulogne preparing a great fleet in order to invade England; but I am sure he will never be able to conquer us."

"Oh dear!" said Lucy, "what will become of us? That horrible Bony will murder us all, and that will not be the worst of it."

"It must be the last of it, at any rate," said the widow; "for my part, I shall be prepared for the worst; but we need not frighten ourselves before the evil comes. Does your ma, Miss Rosier, like cream in her tea?"

"We are not used to such luxuries in London," said Mildred. "I don't know that I ever saw cream in my life; but I am certain it must be very nice."

And very nice Mildred thought the fine homemade bread, the fresh butter, and the delicious cream; and she ate with an appetite which she never knew that she possessed before; which made old Abigail laugh and her mother stare.

It was cold, bleak, comfortless November; thick fogs enveloped the sea, and hung in smoky wreaths along the distant woods. Poor Mildred the next morning rose by day-break from her bed, in order to explore the beauties of her new location. She turned her face to the east, where she expected the sun to rise. She looked in vain. No sun broke through the blinding sea-rook—she could not see three inches beyond her nose.

"It looks rather dismal," she said to old Abigail. "I can't see as far as the edge of the cliff. I hope we shall not have many such days as this."

"Is it worse than the black fogs of London?" said the old woman. "There is a freshness coming up from the sea, in spite of the mist, which hides it from our eyes, which is quite refreshing, while the foul hot smells, and bad air of that dark, close city, made me wish myself in the grave to get rid of them. But you had better not go out, child," she continued in a hasty tone, perceiving Mildred's hand upon the door latch; "or you may chance to fall over the cliff."

"I won't go beyond the garden, Abigail;" and away darted Mildred to grope her way round the enclosure that went by that name. A few stunted alders that loomed through the fog, just defined the bounds of the spot which Mildred meant to convert next summer, into a paradise of roses; and she stumbled continually over the stalks of cabbages, which very impertinently reared their ugly deformities in most irregular ranks in her very path.

Mildred soon found out that there was no plea-

nare to be derived in a stroll while all around was enveloped in a thick sea fog.

"Never mind," she said, as she answered old Abigail's summons to breakfast; "the sun will come out by noon, and then I shall have a nice run upon the beach."

But Mildred waited all that day and all the next, and till the middle of the ensuing week, before the glorious luminary deigned to burst through the white curtain that floated between him and the earth. December set in with clear, bright, frosty weather, and the happy Mildred felt like a bird emancipated from its cage. With what delight she explored all the wild scenes of that most wild and interesting spot. She lingered within the walls of the old roofless church (in which service was performed once a year in order to retain the right, which the desolate city still possessed, of a free representation in parliament,) to watch through its broken ivy-bound arches the white sails gliding over the glassy sea; or climbed those mysterious mounds, which the modern aborigines of the place have designated the "cock and hen hills," but which in all probability are vast receptacles of the vanished dead. The gray priory was hallowed ground; and she approached the sacred fabric, still entire in its desolation, with feelings of superstitious awe. She passed through its massy gothic doorway, without asking the permission of bishop or priest. No cowed porter obstructed her way, or asked the rosy, light-hearted girl, what brought her there. With soft steps she traversed its vast, silent courts, or sat down to rest in the narrow stone cells, whose broad pavements were worn by the track of feet, which had mouldered for hundreds of years beneath the sod. In many of these cells the stone crucifix still remained, but the worshippers were gone, who once knelt in adoration before the inanimate and eternal stone.

Often did Mildred start, as the sound of her own footsteps awoke the hollow echoes of those dreamy courts; and the sparrows, disturbed in their lonely retreat, flew twittering and chirping about, now perching upon the simple symbol of redeeming love, or making the head of some rudely carved, grim looking saint, a resting place. How Mildred, the impassioned child of beauty and romance, loved this spot! Not a day passed over her head but found her there. She delighted to sit down upon the broad worm-eaten steps of the altar, and watch the sunbeams as they stole through the unglazed windows, and shed a golden light round the old carved images, or cast bright lines across the broad stone floors. Sometimes she would sing a hymn, and as the wide arches took up the tones of her young sweet voice, and rolled them in deep echoes back to her startled

ear, she would fancy how the choir sounded at midnight, when sustained by a hundred manly voices; and often, though half ashamed of her devotions, lest they should be offered up in an idol temple, she would say her prayers, never omitting to thank God that He had taken her from the busy, heartless, crowded metropolis, and brought her to sojourn in this happy solitude.

Thus the two first weeks of her residence in the old city passed away. The badness of the roads had precluded all visits from the neighbouring gentry, and Mrs. Rosier was a timid, nervous woman, who naturally shrank from mingling much in society. She was a devotee to religion and religious observances, and the less she saw of the world, the more congenial was it to her tastes and feelings. How sadly and seriously she reproved her gay-hearted child for the levity of her spirits. How often she told her that laughter was madness; that Christ wept, but was never known to laugh; that it was not for the child of man, who was born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards, to indulge in mistimed mirth. Mildred loved her mother tenderly, and was not destitute of religious impressions; but they were of a happy, cheerful cast, and her mother's melancholy, gloomy way of thinking was very irksome to her. She could not think that it could be such a sin to love a world, which the Father of the Universe had made so supremely beautiful. Of the moral depravity of its inhabitants, she was too young and too ignorant of its ways to form the least idea. She had never had companions of her own age; the poverty of their circumstances precluding them from visiting while inhabiting cheap lodgings in the suburbs of London. Her mother was the daughter of a poor curate of a good family, who found it no easy matter to clothe and feed twelve children, of whom Mrs. Rosier was the youngest. From her maternal relations Mildred had been completely severed by circumstances—of her father's she knew nothing. All Mrs. Rosier's little means had been exhausted in educating and fitting her brother Sydney for the quarter deck, and when the lawyer wrote to Mrs. Rosier to administer to Mr. Peter Rosier's will, the astonishment of that lady and her daughter was as great as their joy. The Brook farm was left to his brother's widow for her life, and after her death was to be equally divided between her children. Rude and solitary as was the spot in which Providence had cast their future home, both mother and daughter felt a proud consciousness that the property was their own; that they were independent; that however small the income was which they derived from the government pension, that it was not only enough to satisfy their wants, but when added to the produce of

the farm, would enable them to enjoy some of the luxuries of life.

"We need not be afraid of rent-day now, dear mamma," would Mildred exclaim. "Is it not a blessing to have a home of our own? Ah, how thankful I am to good uncle Peter for his bequest."

"Rather say to God, my child," returned Mrs. Rosier; "your uncle was but an instrument in His hands; to Him alone our gratitude is due—your uncle neither knew nor cared for us; God put it into his head to net justly to the children of a brother who had received nought but unkindness at his hands; his harshness drove him from his home—threw him friendless upon the world, and led to his early grave."

"Well, mamma, it may be so; but I shall always love uncle Peter for being the cause of our coming to this delightful place."

"Bless the child!" said Mrs. Rosier, turning to Abigail; "how can she feel happy in such a dull, melancholy place, and after the bustle of London? but it is a great mercy that she is contented with her lot."

As she ceased speaking, a plain carriage drove up to the door, from which a footman in a sad coloured livery assisted two ladies to alight.

"Dear mamma!" cried Mildred, trying to arrange her hair, which a run in the fresh breeze by the sea-shore had scattered all over her face; "here are two ladies. Who would have thought of seeing a carriage in this lonely spot? I am sorry for it, for it reminds me of hateful London."

The two ladies entered the room, and were announced as Mrs. and Miss Stainer.

"My dear madam," commenced the former lady, sinking Mrs. Rosier warmly by the hand, "I should have done myself the pleasure of calling upon you sooner; but the weather and the bad state of the roads hindered me. We are neighbours, and should be friends—Christian friends, I hope."

Mrs. Rosier, who perceived that she had met with a person after her own heart, returned her friendly greeting with sympathising cordiality.

"Is this your daughter, Mrs. Rosier? A fine tall girl; I hope she is a good girl—a comfort to you?"

"She is very affectionate," said Mrs. Rosier, looking up with maternal pride into the sweet face of Mildred.

"Ah, yes, that is good; but you know, my dear madam, it is not *all* that is required in a child. Is she alive to her true interests—mindful of the one thing needful?"

The ladies exchanged significant glances, and Mrs. Rosier sighed and shook her head.

"I thought as much. Well, we must not des-

pair—we must watch and pray." Then turning to Mildred, she said: "we must be better friends, young lady;" but that naughty girl was secretly wishing that she might never see Mrs. Stainer's face again. "Let me introduce you to my daughter—my husband's only daughter. Charlotte, my dear, cannot you persuade Miss Rosier to accompany us back to the lodge?"

"I should be most happy," said Miss Stainer, raising for the first time, a pair of large beautiful dark eyes to Mildred's face. But oh, how sad was that glance! What early marks of care were visible in that young handsome countenance! Those pale fair cheeks seemed recently to have been washed with tears, and there was a slight quivering about the under lip when she spoke, as if she were half afraid to trust her voice, lest it should betray her into an exposure of some grief, which it required the greatest mental exertion to repress.

"Oh! I thank you," said Mildred, terrified at the prospect of a visit to the lodge. "I cannot leave mamma alone in this strange place—you must excuse me."

"If you wish to go, Mildred, do not deny yourself the pleasure on my account," said Mrs. Rosier; "I should like you to accept Mrs. Stainer's kind invitation."

"Indeed! indeed! I cannot go," said Mildred, who grew every minute more afraid of the parson in petticoats. "I do not wish to leave home; I never left it in my life."

"We would try all we could to make you comfortable, Miss Rosier," said Mrs. Stainer.

Charlotte again raised her eyes, and fixed them mournfully upon Mildred's face. If there was anything which could have inticed Miss Rosier to accept Mrs. Stainer's invitation, it was the hope of becoming better acquainted with the pale dark-eyed girl, whose looks were so eloquent, and her lips so silent.

"Are you fond of reading, my dear?" said Mrs. Stainer, again addressing herself to Mildred, who had retreated behind her mother's chair.

"Yes—very." This answer was given in her usual lively tone.

"What authors do you generally prefer?"

"Poetry; history; voyages and travels," returned Mildred, with all the enthusiasm of fifteen. "I know the beautiful Pleasures of Hope and the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders, by heart."

"This is but vain, unprofitable reading, my dear young lady. The Religious Courtship; the Dairyman's Daughter, and Mrs. More's Religious Dramas, would afford you more real edification. You read romances too, I have no doubt?"

"Not many," said Mildred, blushing deeply. "Mamma does not allow me to do that."

"Your mamma is very right; such reading overrates the mind, and unfits it for moral and religious duties. Are you acquainted with the *Pilgrim's Progress*?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mildred; "It is a delightful book—almost as interesting as the Arabian Tales; I read it when I was a very little girl, and I wanted to go in search of the wicket gate, and should certainly have set off on my travels, if Abigail, to whom I had confided my secret, had not prevented me. Ah, well do I remember reading that book! You know, mamma, it was in the little back parlor; you had forbidden me to light a candle until after ten, and I sat before the fire, leaning my head almost against the bars, in order to see poor Christian safely through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I never read any book with greater interest than I read that."

"You have profited very little by the admirable religious and moral lessons it contained, young lady, if it only struck you as a fairy tale," returned Mrs. Stainer, with a severity of look and manner which by no means tended to raise her in Mildred's estimation. "I fear you are still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity; that your heart is wholly set upon the idols of the world."

"Mildred is very young," said Mrs. Rosier, meekly. "I hope with such a friend to instruct her that she will be enabled to choose the better path. It is a great misfortune, that there is no public place of worship in this village."

"We are endeavouring to supply that deficiency," returned Mrs. Stainer. "The colonel reads portions of the scriptures, and expounds thrice every Sabbath day, to all who hunger after spiritual food, and we have prayer-meetings twice a-week. We should be most happy to see you amongst our praying friends."

Mrs. Rosier expressed a great desire to attend.

"Our meetings are held every Wednesday and Friday evening. The distance is three miles; too far for one of your delicate health, Mrs. Rosier, to attend on foot; but I shall feel great pleasure in sending the carriage for you and Miss Rosier. To you, my dear madam, who feel the importance of these things, it will be quite a spiritual treat. That young man who attends upon us, is an excellent pious person, and possesses a wonderful gift of prayer; Colonel Stainer looks upon him as his best spiritual friend. I wish the colonel's sons were worthy to unloose his shoe-latches; but they are sad, worldly minded young men, who, though they admit the truth of the gospel in theory, make a point of never practising what they profess to believe."

So saying, the good woman of the parish rose and took leave. As Charlotte shook hands with Mildred, she whispered to her—

"Do come; I long to know you, that I may love you. Ours is a melancholy home; we want a smiling face like yours to cheer our religious gloom. There's a dear kind girl, do not refuse my request."

"I will come," said Mildred; "but your mother will frighten away all my mirth."

"She is not my mother," returned the young lady with emphasis. "Home has never been home to me since my dear mother died, and my poor father married again. Mrs. Stainer is a good woman, and means well; but she has converted our once happy family into a set of moping fatalists, who believe themselves either the chosen or the doomed of heaven."

Mildred lingered a few minutes at the open door, looking after the retreating carriage. For the first time a deep sadness pervaded her mind—an undefined, vague presentiment, of future misery seemed connected with its occupants. She returned to the parlour and sat down without speaking a word, and was so deeply absorbed by her own reflections, that her mother spoke to her several times without rousing her from her unpleasant reverie.

"Mildred! Mildred!" at length she exclaimed, rather testily; "what are you thinking about?"

"I am so glad that that disagreeable woman is gone," said Mildred, slowly, as if half afraid to speak her opinions openly and candidly. "I would as soon live on the north side of an iceberg, as reside in the same house with her."

"I am sorry to hear you say so—such an excellent good woman. Rather rejoice, my child, that you have the opportunity of making her your friend."

"Friend!" reiterated Mildred; "we shall never be friends; I am too wicked for her, and she is by far too good for me. I think I could love that meek, unhappy looking girl—she is very pretty, mamma, is she not?"

"I did not notice her," said Mrs. Rosier coldly, who like many other good women, thought that no one could own a pretty daughter but herself. "I shall be proud to cultivate Mrs. Stainer's acquaintance—she is a woman after my own heart."

"Then I am sure, mamma, you cannot love me, for I am very unlike Mrs. Stainer," said Mildred, taking down her bonnet; "and I do not wish to be like her." And without waiting for her mother's reply, she ran away to the ruins, to dissipate unpleasant reflections in strolling among her favourite haunts.

## CHAPTER III.

What hast thou seen in the olden time,  
 Dark ruin, lone and gray?  
 Full many a race from thy native clime,  
 And the green earth pass away.  
 The organ has pealed in these roofless aisles,  
 And priests have knelt to pray  
 At the altar where now the daisy smiles,  
 O'er their silent beds of clay.

NEAR the great gate that led to the priory Mildred passed an old man of mild and gentlemanly demeanor, dressed in a sober suit of drab coloured cloth. His age appeared to be seventy, or thereabouts; and as Mildred's bright blue eye flashed upon him, as she tripped lightly by, he smiled, and lifting his hat from his head, gave her the time of day. The boisterous wind swept from his broad, high temples, the few thin, scattered locks of snow-white hair, that shaded his pale, intellectual countenance, and Mildred thought that she never had beheld a more beautiful specimen of benevolent old age. More than once she caught herself peeping through the ivy, to see what had become of him, wondering all the while who he was, and where he lived—whether he was a stranger, or an inhabitant of the old city.

In her absent mood, she turned into a narrow doorway she had never entered before; and, after groping her way along a dark passage, she found it terminate rather abruptly, in a slight of steep steps. Possessing a natural craze for adventure, without a moment's reflection, she sprang down the gloomy staircase, which, winding round a turning in the mussy wall, ended in a low, arched door. For some time it defied all her strength to unclose, and if it had been human, it would have laughed at all her impotent assaults, being strongly bolted within. But these bolts being slowly and cautiously withdrawn, and the door being suddenly pulled back, Mildred staggered forward, and would have fallen into the deep dark vault that presented itself to her view, had not a strong arm prevented her.

"Are you drunk, Nicolas Storer?" whispered a deep voice. "Stand up, man, and tell me what has detained you so long? By Jove!" he continued, dragging the trembling Mildred forward, and lifting the dark lantern he held in his hand, to her face—"a woman, young, fair and well bred! In the name of all the saints! young lady, who are you, and what business have you here?"

"Oh, pray let me go!" said poor Mildred, holding up her clasped hands, and bursting into tears. "I have no business here, and I never will come here again, if you will but let me go."

"Not until you have answered my questions, little maiden," said the tall, dark figure, passing

the huge iron bar across the door, and relaxing his grasp upon the arm of the trembling girl, who for the first time raised her head, and looked haughtily up into her jailor's face. The lantern, which was now turned the bright side towards her, threw a strong light upon the fine manly face of her tormentor, whose keen, dark eyes rested upon the beautiful features of his prisoner, with an expression of savvy admiration, while a humorous smile at the apparent absurdity of their relative positions curled his handsome lips, and served to display a set of dazzling white teeth. "Nay, do not look so proud, pretty one, but tell me who and what you are, and I give you my word of honour, as a man and a snilor, to let you go, without demanding an entrance fee from you, for having so unceremoniously invaded my dominions."

Now, Mildred did not know what to make of all this. She felt that he was right—that she had no business there—that, if he pleased, he might hinder her return, misuse, and even murder her, and no one would be a whit the wiser. There was something in his frank, handsome face, that inspired confidence, and she thought it would be the wisest plan to conciliate his friendship, instead of endeavouring to provoke his malice.

"My name is Mildred Rosier," she said; "I am the daughter of the lady who has lately come to reside in this place; I love these old ruins, and often come hither to read and examine the inscriptions on the monuments and walls; I had no idea that the place was inhabited until this moment; accident led me here, and curiosity prompted me to explore a spot which was new to me. Forgive me for unintentionally intruding upon you, and let me go home without further detention."

"You have told me the truth," said the stranger, continuing to gaze with evident delight upon his artless captive. "I will be equally candid with you. Look round these vaults," he continued, holding up the lantern; "what think you do they contain? Not the bones of musty monks and friars; these have long since crumbled into dust. They are the receptacles of those evil spirits—brandy and gin. This is the shop from which my lady countess procures the rich Valenciennes and Brussels lace which trims the train of her court dress—from which the doctors' and the lawyers' wives purchase their hyson and bolus—the dainty young belle buys her choice bottle of Eau de Cologne, and her private dram of French cordial. Many and costly are the silks and cambrics piled up in these gloomy vaults, which if known to young Scarlett, the officer upon service here, would make his fortune."

"You are a smuggler then?" said Mildred, drawing back a little, as if afraid that she would be considered in the light of a trader in contraband goods.

"Exactly so. Now, young lady, we are in your power—our lives and all that we possess, should you go home and betray to the authorities the place of our retreat."

"Do not think me capable of such an ungenerous act," said Mildred. "I know that it is wrong in any one to break the laws of his country; but do not imagine that I would betray you. Let me go, and I will never breathe a syllable to any person of that which I have just seen."

"Women are bad hands at keeping secrets," said the smuggler. "Did my people know that their lives and fortunes depended upon such a brittle thread, your own life, sweet child, were not worth a moment's purchase. You must swear to me, solemnly, that you will neither by word, look, or sign, or by written communication, convey to any person, the knowledge which you now possess?"

Mildred turned pale, and looked wistfully towards the door.

"Ha! you waver!" exclaimed the smuggler, grasping her arm. "The lives of thirty-seven brave men are not to be sacrificed to the caprice of a wilful girl in her teens. I thought that I could perceive the innate force of a strong mind flashing through the clear glance of that beautiful eye; I fear I am mistaken; that if I let you go, I shall have reason to curse my folly."

"Oh, never! never!" said Mildred. "I swear to you by all that is dear to me upon earth, that I never will betray your secret—not even to my dear mother. Will this satisfy you?"

"Methinks it ought," said the smuggler; "I could trust you with anything. That sweet face reminds me of what I once was—of all that I have lost. Accursed be he who would for a moment imagine mischief against you. Go home, pretty one, to your mother, and seek other haunts than the vaults of the grey priory."

As he ceased speaking, he unclosed the door, and respectfully raising his fur cap, suffered the terrified girl to depart.

Mildred scarcely felt the stone steps under her feet, as she sprang up the stairs, and darting along the narrow passage, found herself once more in the ruined chapel of the priory. Here she was joined by the old man, who had attracted her attention without the gates.

"What have you done with your roses, young lady?" said he, as he came smiling forward to meet her. "You look as if you had seen a ghost while visiting the dead friars below?"

"They do not love the company of women even

in death," said Mildred, affecting to hide her confusion in a laugh; "for they have very ungalantly barred the door, and I have not much curiosity to explore their gloomy retreat."

"I think I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Rosier?" said the old man. "I knew your uncle well; he and I have spent many hours in rambling among these ruins."

"I could almost fancy that you were an old friend," said Mildred, returning the hearty shake of the old man's hand, while her thoughts all the while were with the handsome smuggler in the vault beneath, and her heart fluttered so, that she could scarcely command her voice sufficiently to speak.

"An old friend I must be, at any rate," returned the stranger, without noticing her agitation. "for I have already attained the prescribed age of man; I hope I may find you a young friend. Perhaps you may have heard the name of Gardner since your residence in this place."

"Indeed I have," said Mildred, regarding her aged companion more attentively. "Are you the person that the people in the village call Old Antiquity?"

"The same," said the antiquarian, with a good humoured smile; "and so fond a lover am I of what is antiquated and out of date, that I am proud of my quaint title."

"Ah!" said Mildred, quite forgetting in the interest which she felt in her new companion, her terrible rencontre in the vaults; "you are the person whom Florence Burnham told me could inform me all about the ruins; she said that she believed that you had been born and brought up amongst such outlandish places, and that you held conversations with people who had long passed from the earth; that you had learned from them all the secrets of the olden time, and written a great book about the old city, which you could only have learned from the ghosts of its ancient inhabitants. I should so like to read that book!"

"It contains no fabulous histories, but a simple statement of facts," returned the old man; "I have spent a long life in rescuing from oblivion all that time has left regarding this interesting place. Friends and kindred I have none. My wives (for I have had two) and their numerous offspring, are all dead; I am left alone in the world—my life is in the past; I love to contrast it with the present, and speculate upon the future; and if my name survive for a few years, after this feeble frame is dust, I shall owe my literary existence to the subject which has ever occupied my thoughts and employed my pen."

"I have heard that this was a very great place in the olden time," said Mildred.

"Yes," said the antiquarian; "it was the seat of the East Anglian Kings. Ina, who was slain with his seven sons in the great battle that was fought on Bulechamp heath, was the last of the East Anglian Monarchs who held his court in this deserted place. At the time of the Danish invasion this was a place of great strength and importance, and received from them the title of the Splendid City."

"How little remains of its former magnificence!" said Mildred.

"Almost less than nothing," continued the old man. "Were no traces of it to be found, it would be less humbling to human pride than in its present forlorn and desolate condition. All its palaces and churches are beneath the waves, and where the sea comes in with such a bold sweep to the right, a royal park and a stately forest of ten miles in extent, gladdened the eye with its summer verdure and luxuriant foliage."

"How I should like to have seen it in the day of its power," cried Mildred, her eye kindling with enthusiasm, as her imagination hurried her back through the long vista of the past, and the city in its ancient splendor crowned the bold height on which she stood.

"And where would you now be if such had been the case?" said old Gardner.

"Where churches, castles, and palaces, now are," returned Mildred, with a smile; "beneath those bright, white, flashing waves, that dance and sparkle like things of life, in the wintry sunshine. But who is that tall, handsome man?" she continued, drawing nearer to her new friend, as the smuggler passed through the ruin, and touched his cap to them. "He looks like a foreigner."

"He is a relation of the Barnhams, I believe," said the old man; "I have seen him lately there; his name is Tasker—Captain Tasker, I think they call him—he commands a privateer in the service; a very smart, intelligent fellow that. I must improve my acquaintance with him."

"Jacey can tell me something about him," thought Mildred, as she bade the antiquary good morning, and returned home, her thoughts running upon the strange adventure in the ruin; and what was still more imprudent, upon the mysterious person who had acted the principal part in the drama.

Mrs. Rosier was waiting dinner, and there was an expression of displeasure upon her countenance that Mildred had never observed before.

"Miss Rosier!!" (when had she ever addressed her so formally before?) "I do not approve of these sea-side rambles. It is not prudent of a young lady to wander about alone, without a protector; some harm will happen to you if you persist in your romantic folly: for the future you

must either make Abigail the companion of your walks or stay at home."

"Abigail!!" exclaimed Mildred; and as a vision of the old, decrepid woman, hobbling by her side, rose on her mental view, she flung her hat into a chair, and gave way to a long and merry laugh.

"And why not Abigail, Miss Rosier? I see nothing to laugh at."

"Oh, if you could but see her as I see her at this moment," said Mildred, "you would laugh too, my dear, grave mamma. Poor Abigail! how could she keep up with me? When the spirit moves me, I run along the edge of the cliffs to enjoy the resistance of the fresh, keen air. Oh, there is joy, and health, and life in the motion! Poor Abigail! she would be panting far behind, ever and anon, screeching at the top of her cracked voice—Miss Mildred! Miss Mildred! have mercy upon my old bones, or you'll kill me quite!"

Mrs. Rosier could not refrain from a smile, at Mildred's graphic description; and her gay, light-hearted daughter perceiving her advantage, went rattling on.

"Now, dear mamma, if you love your poor Mille, do not lay an embargo on my freedom—shut me out from the fresh air and I shall pine and die. You need not fear that any harm will happen to me; who would hurt me? I am sure that every old sailor in the place would defend me from insult or outrage."

"It may be so, Mildred, and it is not these people that I dread; they are so far beneath you in rank that they feel little if any temptation to defame your character, or detract from your merit. But, my dear child, every person, who is at all conspicuous for mental or personal advantage is sure to attract the envy of less gifted competitors. Hence the reason why scandal is to be found in all communities, and the unsuspecting are sure to suffer from the cruel remarks, and base insinuations, of the worldly and vicious. The most guarded conduct will not always shield you from the activity of their malice, but we should be very careful that our own imprudence does not give a coloring of probability to their ill-natured accusations. If you will persist in your solitary rambles, you will find that the village gossips will interpret your actions in a manner, that may prove very wounding to your feelings."

"I don't care what they say," said Mildred, shrugging her shoulders; "but my dear mamma, I will be more cautious for the future."

Mildred had yet to learn the true meaning of that word. A more incautious creature could not be found in any place, or under any circumstances. She looked upon the world as a terrestrial paradise, and believed its inhabitants as little



below the angels in beauty and excellence! Candid and generous herself, she never suspected deceit in others. When she praised a friend, it was with all the honest zeal of a true, warm heart; and the artful flattery of the two-faced crew, who form the larger portion of society, was readily received as truth, by one who was incapable of falsehood. Her mother had ever been the bosom friend and confidant of her ardent, guileless child; and it was with feelings of conscious shame, that, in relating her visit to the ruins, she, for the first time in her life, concealed any event which had happened to her from her easy and too indulgent parent. This was the first false step of her life, and from it she might well date all the misfortunes which afterwards cast their baleful shadows upon the brief, bright dawn of her joyous youth. Mrs. Rosier was much pleased and interested in her account of the antiquary, and expressed a wish to improve his acquaintance. This circumstance helped to raise Mildred's drooping spirits; but when her mother's eye was off her, she again fell into a fit of gloom, and the tears unconsciously filled her eyes, as she asked herself the question—"Why did I promise him to conceal it from my mother?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### THE MIDDLE CLASSES IN FRANCE.

The middle classes in France are very different from the middle classes in England. Here there are *myriads* belonging to the middle rank in life, who are the possessors of large fortunes, and live in a style of comfort, if not of splendour, with which even the aristocracy of France could never dream of competing. They have their handsome carriages, their studs of first-rate horses, their spacious and splendid residences; their ten or twelve servants, and all the other adjuncts with which we associate the idea of "making an appearance." In France, you see nothing like this among the middle classes, and exceedingly little of it even among the nobility. The middle classes in Paris consist of the more respectable shopkeepers, and of persons engaged in professional pursuits. Their incomes average from £250 to £400 a-year. On either sum, it is unnecessary to say, it would be impossible to live in what is called style; but the Parisians know not the want of any comfort, and yet always contrive to live within their means.—*Paris and its People, by the Author of "Random Recollections."*

GEORGE COLMAN being once asked if he knew Theodor Hook—"Oh yes," was his reply; "I look and I (eye) are old associates."

#### MY BEAUTIFUL—MY OWN!\*

TO M. S.

Oh! life to me, unblest by love of thine,  
Were like a desert drear,  
Where verdant spots are never known to smile,  
Or cooling fountains appear:  
For I do love thee—in my brightest dreams  
Your image dwells alone;  
My hopes you gild, and bliss but through thee beams—  
My beautiful, my own!

And I have felt, when glow'd ambition's flame,  
And hop'd I much to rise,  
That 'twould be bliss to win an honour'd name,  
The praises of the wise;  
Yet fancy e'en a picture drew the while,  
Where joy more beaming shone;  
It was that at my triumph you would smile—  
My beautiful, my own!

And wander'd have I in the silent glade,  
Where ran a gurgling stream;  
The trees above me twined in verdant shade,  
Beneath, was mossy green,  
Where all was lovely, calm, from trouble free,  
I thought of thee alone,  
For all things bright and pure remind of thee—  
My beautiful, my own!

And pluck'd I flowers—their sweetness and their glow,  
Oh, they seem'd like to you!  
And I have watch'd the stream's light, cheerful flow,  
For it seem'd like thee too!  
I've seen the ivy round the trees entwined,  
Where no decay had shone,  
And oh, it seem'd too like affection's thine,  
My beautiful, my own!

Nor yet in happier scenes, where joy but cheers,  
Did fancy turn to you;  
In sorrow's hours, in disappointment's tears,  
Oh, then I saw thee too!  
And when I sank, depress'd, and like to fall,  
Saw foes where friends had shone,  
You smil'd—wert kind—and I was bless'd withal—  
My beautiful, my own!

Then may I hope that mine one boon may be,  
For love that thus is thine—  
That you will live for, feel for, only me,  
With love as deep as mine!  
For though I've said I with—seen those o'er and o'er,  
Who loved me, and alone,  
Yet ne'er could I call one in life before,  
My beautiful, my own!

ZADIG.

Toronto, January, 1841.

\* The words "My beautiful, my own!" occur in Lord Byron's lines on the death of Haides, as a quotation. I have also a faint recollection of having seen them at the head of some verses not long since, in some of the magazines. But as every one's "beautiful, his own," may not be alike, and still less may be his feelings towards her, I suppose I may be allowed to have mine, as well as my own peculiar feelings too. If the one or the other resembles anything that has been already written on the same words, I am unconscious of it.

## CHRISTINA STEINFORT.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

1.

"Wouldst thou like to be a queen, Christina?" Such was the question addressed by the Baron Steinfort to his daughter, at the close of a game at chess, during which his thoughts had evidently been wandering and distracted.

"Queen of hearts, papa?" carelessly asked the graceful girl, without raising her head from the rich velvet cushion on which she had reposed it, as she fiddled a hideous little lap-dog, her prime favorite among all her pets.

"Queen of hearts, my daughter! that empire is thine already," rejoined the father in a tone of affected gaiety.

The Swedish minister, for such was the rank held by the Baron Steinfort, shook somewhat nervously the splendid snuff-box he held in his hand, as his eye rested on a miniature encircled by diamonds that adorned the lid—the portrait and the present of the neglected sovereign in Europe—his master, Charles XII.

"Aspires not thine ambition higher than this?" he added, after a pause.

"How should it?" was the reply. "I have already more subjects—slaves they call themselves—than I well know how to manage."

"Of that I doubt not," answered the Baron; "but you have too much prudence, I trust, to encourage their homage."

"Indeed, I care neither to repel nor encourage the homage which is only my due," saucily replied Christina, with a furtive glance at an opposite mirror. "There is only one of my train for whose services I feel the least gratitude."

"And who is he?" enquired the minister, with apparent negligence, but real anxiety, his heavy eyebrows contracting as he spoke.

A deep blush tinged the cheeks of Christina, and without replying she continued her caresses to the dog, pulling his long silky ears as he playfully snapped at her hand.

"Of whom speakest thou Christina?" repeated Baron Steinfort, more firmly.

"Of whom should I speak, my father! but of your handsome nephew, Adolphus de Hesse?"

"You have not been so foolish, I trust, as to

engage your heart to this young man?" said the Baron, in a grave and severe tone.

"Young!" she repeated; "Adolphus is at least twenty; he is the oldest friend I have. I cannot say when I first learned to love him, it is so long ago."

"Tush, girl! you love him but as a brother. You were brought up together by his mother, and nothing is more natural."

"You are quite wrong, father!" Christina calmly answered; "I should be very sorry to see Adolphus my brother."

The Swedish minister rose from his seat and traversed the apartment several times with an agitated step. At last, pausing behind the couch on which his daughter rested, he passed his arm round her slender waist, and said tenderly, but firmly.

"My dear child! this foolish whim must cease. You must forget him."

"My dear father! I shall never try it, for I know I should never succeed. Nay, you are proud of him yourself, and love him too."

"But not enough to make him thus my heir."

"Yet he would become so were I to die, my father!"

The Baron fixed his eyes with a searching look on the fair and rosy face of his daughter, and the expression of paternal alarm which these words had spread over his countenance gradually disappeared.

"All is life here," he said, gently tapping her forehead. "All my thoughts are bent on the disposal of this dear but teasing girl."

"Give me to Adolphus, and you will see the happiest couple in the world," exclaimed Christina with animation, her dark eyes glancing through her tears.

"My poor child!" replied the father, "you have been terribly spoiled; I have allowed you too much freedom. What you now ask is impossible—let me hear no more of it! Be reasonable; and to occupy your mind, your aunt will present you at court. You will see many fine things there;—you will behold our young and brave king —"

"The rude monster!" interrupted the lively girl. "I do not wish to see him; they say he is a hater of womankind."

"They wrong him then, Christina! He is in love——"

"Well! and his choice? Is she pretty?" again broke in the daughter.

"Pretty and teasing—like thyself."

"Like me?"

A meaning smile spread over the courtier's face, and the womanly instinct of Christina was at once aroused.

"I have never seen him," she said, after a moment's thought.

"But he has seen thee; and he says——"

"What does he say?" urged the maiden, as the baron paused in his speech.

"What matters it to thee what a monster—a hater of womankind—may say?" demanded he with assumed gravity.

"Ah! but thou he is a king! What does he say—what *can* he say of me? My dear father, do tell me!"

But the minister was determined to keep silence, and was proof against all her little blandishments.

"By-the bye!" interposed he all at once, as if recollecting something he feared to forget, "let us turn to another subject—and a very serious one too. I will bring an officer to sup with me this evening—see that all be in order for his reception. Receive him courteously—receive him with deference—I have destined him for your husband."

"I will have none of him!" cried Christina, following her father, as he left the apartment; "if Adolphus be not my husband, no one else shall."

"Thanks, my sweet cousin!—a thousand thanks!" exclaimed Adolphus de Hesse, gliding from behind the long gold-fringed curtains, where he had been concealed for the last quarter of an hour. "How pleasant it is to play the spy, when we thus hear our cause sustained by the lips we love best, even should it be a cause as desperato as mine."

"Desperate!" repeated the maiden, who had regained all her vivacity. "The battle is half won. My father's anger is like a shower on the grass—a sunbeam suffices to evaporate it; dost thou not know him, Adolphus? Do not sigh thus, I beseech thee! cross not thine arms so! look not upwards with that solemn air! Away with gloomy looks and downcast brows! Thou would'st frighten poor Cupid away even from our wedding festival."

"Hope misleads thee, dear Christina! I know thy father better than thou dost thyself; Ah! my beloved!" pursued he, regarding her beauti-

ful and animated features with a melancholy smile; "canst thou have the courage to reject the splendid lot he will offer thee, in exchange for the ardent and devoted heart of thy penniless cousin?"

The beautiful eyes of Christina filled with tears as she met his gaze, but hers was not a nature to cherish long any sad idea, and she tried a little anger.

"You do not seem to think me destined to swell the list of faithful lovers, Mr. Adolphus! and that too in spite of the last proof of my affection, which you got by stealth like a spy as you are."

"Dry that tear, sweet cousin!" he replied; "I am no Stoic to bear unmoved its eloquence."

"Why wilt thou make me weep, then?" asked Christina, already in smiles. "Was it for the childish pleasure of drying my tears with thy lips? or wert thou really jealous of some imaginary rival—Count Erierson, perhaps, that antidote of every tender emotion?"

"I know thine aversion for Erierson, and have no fear of him; besides, he seems no richer than myself. But, Christina!——"

"What now, Adolphus? What new perplexity is this?"

"The baron brings with him this evening a new lover, and thy poor Adolphus—will he not be forgotten?"

"Thou would'st well deserve it, for even hinting at it. But thou art my—cousin, and I forgive once more thy jealous suspicions."

"Thou lovest me then in very truth, Christina?" said the young soldier, as he sealed his pardon in the manner usually adopted by lovers in such cases.

"Havo I not told thee so an hundred times? Art thou not tired of the repetition?"

"No! no! thou canst not repeat it too often, my beloved!"

"We love one another, that is certain, Adolphus! And though my father will not now grant his consent to our union—what then? let us wait patiently for it."

"And should he never grant it?"

"Never! Dost thou fear it, cousin?"

"I fear it much, my Christina!"

"Well then, we must remain as we are. Happiness can never be insured by an act of disobedience."

"True, Christina!" replied young De Hesse, gazing on her with an abstracted air, in which might be traced some shade of reproach. "I find thee more prudent and philosophical than I had thought thee."

"I cannot break my father's heart," she answered.

"But mine, Christina? is it nothing in thine account?"

"Adolphus! if I cannot be thine with my father's consent, I will never espouse another; let that content thee."

The brow of the young officer flushed with disappointment and vexation; he paced to and fro with agitated mien, regarding from time to time the gentle tyrant who held him thus enslaved, and for a few minutes neither spoke. Christina endeavoured to maintain a grave demeanour, but a deepening dimple in each cheek betrayed her disposition to give way to her natural gaiety, on the slightest provocation. Considering in the affection of her beloved parent, and ignorant of his designs on her behalf, the minister's fair daughter could not imagine that the cloud, which now seemed to hang over her future, could long remain.

Poor Adolphus was of far different mood. His ardent and jealous imagination could only consider Christina as a rich and priceless treasure, guarded by two horrid monsters—Ambition and Avarice—sufficient to baffle all his attempts to obtain it. Vexed and irritated, and with too little self-command to conceal these feelings, which yet he could not display towards Christina, he let them loose on his own head.

"I have been a fool—a madman!" he exclaimed. "Let what will befall me, I deserve it all. To fall blindly in love—to allow an absurd passion thus to mislead me! But it is now over," he added in a softer tone, turning to his cousin as he spoke. "I will never repay the debt I owe your father, by depriving him of his only child. Adieu, Christina! I go to rejoin my regiment. The front of the battle shall be my post; and when you hear of my being left lifeless on the field, you will at least think with sadness of your lost friend."

At these words Christina uttered a cry of terror and alarm, and in a moment Adolphus was at her feet, forgiving, and asking forgiveness. His warlike resolutions melted before her tears, like wax before the flame; and the young pair parted, a full hour afterwards, more deeply in love than ever.

11.

CHRISTINA had no wish to die for love—she rather wished to live for it; and forcibly separated from the object of her affections, his memory would have been for ever sacred to her. But notwithstanding her genuine and deep-seated love for Adolphus, as night approached, an undefinable attraction drew her to her mirror. She remembered her father's orders to do the honours of their evening meal to some favoured guest,

and punctually fulfilled this order by an attention to the aids of the toilet that would have satisfied the proudest and most dotting father. Thus, when she entered the apartment where the baron and his guest awaited her, she appeared as if prepared to receive the homage of a royal court.

Nothing can describe the surprise and astonishment of Christina, when in place of the distinguished stranger she had been led to expect, she recognised, in the person who rose awkwardly at her approach, to conduct her to table, the odious Count Ericson, the sole object of her aversion, the constant butt of her screeed concealed sarcasms.

"What could induce my father thus to mock me?" thought she, as her eye fell on this well known figure. "Yes, 'tis the wretch himself!" she pursued, stifling at once a sigh and an inconvenient inclination to laugh, which struggled together. "A fine suitor, certainly, this ugly captain, with his eyes of faded blue, and his crisp and yellow locks!"

In fact, her feelings of dislike had added nothing to the unfavourable portrait she had thus mentally drawn of the gaunt and ungraceful young man who stood before her, with his high-arched Roman nose, his rough and weather-beaten cheeks, and the military rudeness of his bold look, seeming as if he intended to take by assault the heart of the pouting damsel. Such was the man who had now for some weeks been a frequent visitor of the Baron Steinfors, sometimes remaining closeted with him for whole hours.

Christina, in all feminine despair, at a careful toilette thrown away on this lout, resigned herself to undergo his vulgar gallantry—but in vain; this martial machine might have remained beside her for six months, without a compliment issuing from its mouth. His discourse was addressed altogether to the father, and from time to time he broke into a loud and noisy laugh at his own heavy and unmeaning jokes; while Christina, afraid of displeasing her father by openly showing her dislike, anxiously watched for an opportunity of retiring from the scene. It seemed as if Count Ericson at last became conscious of her hostile reflections, and deemed it necessary to cultivate a closer acquaintance, for, turning to her, he abruptly demanded:

"What is your opinion of Alexander the Great?"

Christina could not restrain a burst of laughter at the serious air with which this question was put.

"Alexander the Great!" echoed she; "I have no opinion of him at all. I only remember that when I read his history, I used to have a fear of him; as of some desperate madman."

Erierson argued with animation in favour of "the greatest hero ever" afforded to the admiration of the world," as he styled him.

"If he had been as prodigiously fond of wisdom as he was of *dominion*," coolly replied Christina, "he would have learnt to govern himself before attempting to govern the world."

The count's face flushed, as he answered with enthusiasm:

"A woman cannot comprehend the noble ardour—the fever of the soul—that hurries a man of courage into the midst of dangers, and leads him to despise life, with all its empty pleasures, in comparison with the garland of immortal fame."

"Very true!" returned she, simply; "I have no such fever, and no sympathy with such destroyers of their race. Did I wish for fame, I would look for it amidst the blessings of those around me. Yes, my father! yes!" she pursued in disobedience to the expressive glance of the minister, commanding silence; "rather let men live to bless me than die in cursing me!"

"Hush, child!" said the baron in a stern whisper. Then filling the glass of the thunderstruck count, he exclaimed:

"Let us drink to the glory of Alexander, Count Erierson!"

"Well said, baron!" cried the soldier, drowning his displeasure in the generous wine; then, as he struck his drinking glass against that of Christina with a force that threatened to shiver it to atoms, he continued—"come, little savage! to the glory of Alexander!"

"I have no thirst for such glory," replied she, in the same mutinous spirit; "I will not drink to such malevolent spirits as conceal a tiger's heart under a royal robe."

"My lord! my lord!" interrupted the courtier, alarmed at the rising wrath of his guest; "be not troubled at the sallies of a silly girl, who will brave the anger of a bold soldier, while even her little lap-dog there, might tear with impunity these weak and slender fingers," and the indignation of the soldier died away at the sight of the fair and graceful hand of the maiden, as it was held up to him by her father. "Her knowledge of war is confined to its mimic substitute of chess; this narrow board is her field of battle," continued the baron, pointing to the favourite game of Erierson, previously laid out by his orders on a neighbouring table; "she fights so courageously, that even an old soldier like myself might claim some triumph in her defeat."

The prospect of a game at chess seemed at once to calm the irritation of the count; and, turning to the half-angry, half-laughing Christina, he challenged her to the combat, with more courtesy than might have been expected from him.

"But should I beat you?" replied she, recovering all her gaiety.

"It would not be the first time that I have been conquered by you, my fair tyrant!" answered the soldier, gazing earnestly in her face, and pressing her hand with a force that almost made her cry out.

"There is more fire in this automaton than I had imagined," thought Christina; "this game may be a dangerous one."

She fixed her eyes steadfastly on the chequer, determined to annoy her haughty adversary by playing as ill as possible. But her efforts to lose were in vain; the small table trembled under the agitated hands of Erierson, who seemed scarce to know one piece from another, and his play was so careless, that his fair antagonist was very soon able to exclaim, in all the innocent joy of unexpected success:

"Check to the king!"

"Ah! cruel one!" replied the count, sweeping his hand through the pieces; "would you make the king your slave?"

"I do not prevent you from saving him, if you choose," said Christina, frightened at his rudeness, and astonished at the calm demeanour of her father, who looked on with an indulgent smile. "It is impossible to place them right again," she continued, endeavouring to separate the confused mass of bishops, knights and pawns.

"Do not attempt it!" cried Erierson, in an energetic tone, at the same time overturning the table with a violent push; "the game is decided—you have checkmated me."

"Then, as if ashamed of his violence and of the disturbance caused by such a trifle, he hastily left the room, followed by the Baron Steinfort, without a single apology or adieu.

"He will never come here again, I trust," said Christina to her father, as he entered the apartment an hour afterwards, having just dismissed his guest.

"Thou art deceived, my child!" replied the minister, who appeared in better humour than ever; "he is already anxious to return, and is only sorry that he has not better employed the two pleasant hours he has this evening spent in thy presence."

"Pleasant! calls he them?" exclaimed she in astonishment; "truly he is very easily pleased, then. But thou art surely mistaken, my father," she continued, almost crying at the baron's gaiety, whose reproaches would at this moment have been much more welcome than before his smiles; "thou art surely mistaken in calling him my lover. He seems more in love with Alexander the Great than with me—and I am very glad of it."

"It is nothing but the laudable enthusiasm of

a young warrior of nineteen, whose mad ambition thou wilt soon check. He is in truth consumed by a passion, very flattering to a giddy pate like yourself, and you ought really to contradict him with more gentleness, my dear! if contradict him you must. He is rich, brave, and highly born—what do you wish more?"

"My cousin!" quickly replied Christina; "my Adolphus—as brave as Count Ericson, I am certain, and as noble as yourself, my dear and honoured father!"

"Well, well! we will talk more of this anon. To thy couch, my child, and sleep away these girlish fancies."

"Christina took the first part of this advice. she sought her couch, but it was to dream of the handsome form and animated countenance of Adolphus de Hesse.

### III.

For some days Christina was too busy tormenting the suitor whom she loved, to remember the one whom she so cordially detested. All at once Adolphus, prouder because poorer than his mistress, openly rebelled against the yoke of the fair and lively coquette; he had the immense courage to absent himself almost entirely from the house of Baron Steinfort, leading Christina—nay, even deluding himself—into the belief that he had abandoned all opposition to the addresses of his rich rival. During his few and short visits, his uncle allowed very little cordiality to appear through the diplomatic coldness of his character; while Adolphus, on his side, kept himself constantly at such a distance from his cousin, that she saw no other mode of restoring his love and confidence, than by bringing the audacious pretensions of his rival to an immediate and decisive termination.

One morning, therefore, when she had desired—perhaps more anxiously than the count himself—to be left alone with him, and when her father, under pretence of despatching an important missive, had retired from the apartment, she waited with impatience for the first words of her suitor, to make some such rude and insulting reply as would forever banish him from her presence. It was in vain; one would have supposed the motionless and contemplative lover to be without lips or voice.

"I dreamt of you last night," she said at last, to bring on a decisive quarrel; "and I hope that in future you will not have the presumption to trouble my sleep with your presence. You are very bold to intrude even into my dreams."

"I too have dreamt," replied Ericson, who had only comprehended the first part of this impertinent speech. "I dreamt that you looked upon me with smiles—and I was happy!"

"'Twas a falsehood!" exclaimed Christina, with a frank but indignant manner; "I know better, whether sleeping or waking, on whom to bestow my smiles."

"How then did I appear to you last night?" asked the count, with an expression of amazement, which Christina considered very stupid.

"Like a nightmare, my lord!" she replied, "as insupportable as you now are."

"Strange girl! teach me then how to make love to you!" cried he, suddenly snatching a kiss from her rosy lips.

This liberty was repaid by a buffet so prompt and energetic, that the offender, as he rubbed his glowing cheek, could scarcely believe that it had been applied by "those weak and slender fingers," as her father had termed them. The bursting of a bombshell would have confounded him less.

"Your father has misled me," he said in a grave tone, after a long and awkward silence; "he taught me to believe that my visits were not received by you with indifference."

"My father knows nothing of these matters," replied Christina, with undaunted courage, "otherwise he never would have presented to his daughter a young man so rude and insolent. He is so far in the right—you are *not* an object of indifference to me; and never will be so, Count Ericson! for you are——"

At this moment the door of the apartment was thrown open, and Adolphus, who had caught his cousin's last words as he approached, rushed in, agitated and indignant.

"Who art thou?" sternly demanded Ericson, in such a tone of authority that Christina's fingers tingled for another buffet.

"A soldier!" replied Adolphus, unbuckling his sword and throwing it on the table; "a soldier, wounded for the honour of his country, and who would die to defend it!"

"We are friends then," said Ericson, stretching out his hands.

"No!" replied Adolphus, coldly drawing back; "we are rivals!"

"Does Christina love you?"

"She has told me so—trust in your turn to a woman's faith. You are not an *object of indifference to her*, and I yield my place to you."

"To whom?" cried the trembling Christina, with tears in her eyes.

"To the King!" replied Adolphus, rushing towards the door with a gesture of despair.

Christina fell upon a couch and covered her face with her hands.

"Stay!" cried Charles the Twelfth in a commanding voice; "stay, young man!"

De Hesse obeyed, biting his lips till the blood came, in the impatience of his spirit.

"I have seen you before," continued the king;  
"but never in this house."

"Entrance was forbidden me by my uncle,  
when you were expected here."

"Yet your face is familiar to me. Your name?"

"Adolphus de Hesse, the son of a brave officer  
who fell fighting for you. He left me nothing  
but his sword and the tears of his widow."

"Who told you that I was not Ericson?"

"My own eyes, for who that has seen your  
majesty can forget you?"

Charles XII. approached the soldier, whose  
eyes glared like those of a young lion; but, paus-  
ing as he drew near, he enquired:

"Where did you receive that scar on the left  
temple?"

"At Nerva, Sir! where with a handful of men  
you defied the armies of Russia!"

"Thou sayest well!" cried Charles, his coun-  
tenance beaming with ardour; "that scar would  
gain thee at all times admittance to my presence,  
even were it for the purpose of fighting me, as  
I'll be sworn! thou would'st now willingly do  
for, on the day of which thou speakest, I learnt  
like thee to be a soldier. By the thousand bul-  
lets that ruined around us that day, when thou  
and I fought and bled together! give me thine  
hand, my brother!"

How different did the bold and generous mon-  
arch then seem, from the rude and awkward  
Count Ericson! Adolphus seized his hand as  
readily as it was offered, though with an air of  
respectful gratitude; and Charles then turned to  
Christina, and said with a gaiety not altogether  
destitute of grace:

"By my sword, Christina! but I make a poor  
lover. A single gesture of thine hand has put  
to flight the Cupids that had treacherously taken  
possession of my heart. Let your words, then,  
be as frank as your actions: Lovest thou my brother-  
in-arms, here?"

"I do, sire," she answered, in a low but firm tone.

"And what hinders your marriage?"

"That of the Count Ericson, with which my  
father has menaced me."

"Ah! I see into the matter now," said the  
monarch to himself: "The king has no reason  
to regret the kiss, since the blow fell on the cheek  
of the minister. Christina!" he continued aloud,  
"thy father refuses to give thee to him whom  
thou preferest; he shall do it, for I will it. Al-  
low that if I was a nightmare to thee as lover, I  
am not thine enemy as king."

"With gratitude I avow it," exclaimed the  
happy girl, kneeling at his feet with her lover.

Charles united their hands with a sort of bluff  
kindness, and bending over the blushing culprit,  
imprinted a kiss on her fair forehead.

"His Majesty pardons me then?" murmured  
Christina, now fully re-assured, as Charles rais-  
ed her from the ground; "if I had known you  
to be the king—I should not have struck so  
hard!"

"Recognize him, Christina! only by the mode  
in which he avenges himself."

His eyes were fixed for a moment on the hand-  
some couple before him; then fixing them with  
an intent gaze upon vacancy, he said, scarce con-  
scious that he spoke aloud:

"Henceforth let Fame be my only mistress!  
Our bridal-bed shall be the field of battle, and  
the shouts of victory shall celebrate our union!"

That same evening the disconsolled Baron  
Steinfort signed his daughter's marriage con-  
tract, which was not with Count Ericson, al-  
though honoured with the signature of Charles  
the Twelfth.

## THE SWEETS OF THE SEASONS.

(1) The earth is fair on a sweet spring day,  
When sportive lambs in the meadows play—  
When the voice of song is on every breeze,  
And clustering blossoms adorn the trees—  
When the emerald turf is bedeck'd with flowers,  
Watered by soft and lulling showers—  
When the flow of the stream and the chime of the sea  
Join in the general jubilee.

And the earth is bright in its summer bloom,  
When even night loses half its gloom—  
When the hues of morn and the tints of even  
Strive which shall shew us most of heaven—  
When the dove's soft voice in the lone wood sounds,  
Where the purling streamlet now creeps, now bounds;  
When the mulling field and the leafy grove  
Invite us forth 'mong their sweets to rove.

And the earth is sweet when in summer's night  
The mild moon sheds her silvery light,  
Have we not felt its soothing power,  
Who have sought alone the shady bower,  
Where the twinkling stars are scarcely seen  
Through the dense foliage rich and green,  
Where no sound but the beetle's hum is heard,  
Or the evening air by the bat's wing stirred?

And the earth is rich ere the reaping train  
Have swept the field of its golden grain,  
Ere the mellow load from the tree is borne,  
Or the vine of its clustered wreath is thorn.  
Yet there is a sadness in autumn eves,  
When the low wind sighs through the falling leaves,  
When sadly they tremble, and slowly descend,  
Like the tears we shed o'er the grave of a friend.

A PERSON speaking to a very deaf man, and get-  
ting angry at his not catching his meaning, said,  
"Why, it is as plain as A. B. C." "That may  
be, sir," replied the poor man; "but I am D  
E. F."

EXTRACT FROM

A TOUR IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS,

EAST INDIES.

BY J. C. H.

CHENESE IN KOONAWUR,  
July 18, 1843.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* We left Siala on the 17th of June; our first two marches were through the valley of the Giree, which, being low, we found very hot, and enjoyed our bath in the evening, watching with some interest the numerous monkeys descending to drink, and envied the ease with which they accomplished the most precipitous ascent. Our next march was one of fourteen miles, the first eight of which still ascent—then gradual descent. We should have found this dreadfully fatiguing, had not the lofty and beautiful mountains of forest and grass attracted so much of our attention. All these stages were the residences of hill chiefs—immense wooden buildings, that at one time must have been most stately, as well from their elaborate carvings as from their secluded and romantic situations. The next five marches were through the valley of the Pabur; most beautiful, wild and romantic was the scenery in many parts; every stage brought us higher, and thus it became cooler. We crossed the Sepun close to its junction with the Pabur. I stood for some time on the loose bridge of spars, to admire the magnificent grandeur of the scene, where the two rivers meeting with a stunning roar, at one point displayed a perfect bed of foam, dashing with unresisting fury, and headless rapidity, against the hidden and encompassed rocks, and whirling their snowy spray to a height of many feet; the mountains rose almost perpendicularly to a towering height, presenting a profile, rough, rugged and irregular, nearly concealed by jutting pines and creepers. Our encampment was sometimes under huge old horse chestnut trees, with their luxuriant blossoms just arriving at maturity. On the 23th we started for Settee, where there is no village but a bungalow, built by Lady William Bentinck for travellers. We found it, however, roofless—consequently, uninhabitable. For some distance we passed through a pine forest; then over grass-covered hills of great extent. It was like walk-

ing through corn-fields at home, the grass being from one to two feet in height; there was a fine view of the Borenda pass, over the snowy range; the mountains around, especially the northern face, are in many places thickly covered with snow, and rise up in sharp peaks to an immense height. At some distance from us on the opposite side of the valley, on a ravine filled up with snow, we observed a black spot which appeared to be moving, and on applying my spy-glass, to our great joy discovered it to be a huge black bear. We drew the shot from our guns, and loaded them with ball, and having got directly opposite, took up a station on this side of the valley, at a distance of about two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards from him. Seeing, however, that he had not altered his position, but was still walking backwards and forwards on the snow, we determined to get within lesser range, so descended to and crossed the Pabur by a bridge of snow; with some difficulty we climbed up the other side, and managed to get within one hundred yards of the bear, a perfect monster, by far the largest I had ever seen. Apparently having perceived us, he was making large strides to gain a small wood close at hand; from this spot we might have had capital shots, but were determined not to lose so great a prize by any undue precipitation. Now, to tell the plain, honest truth, at that time I would rather have taken deliberate shot from the other side of the valley, than to have gone under the very nose of a brute that I had never before seen in a wild state, especially as we happened to be on ground where he would have the decided advantage of us in every way; but as H. was with me, and being also well armed—he with a double-barrelled gun, and I with a single one and a rifle, we determined to proceed. On therefore, we trudged, and a truly difficult and slippery task we found it. We saw the bear enter the wood, whither we followed him, having to cross a huge ravine, blocked up by snow, in a horizontal direction. H. found it so difficult and slippery that twice he fell, and slid down a distance of twenty feet; but



his high heeled boots sticking in the snow, stopped his farther progress. I was not so fortunate, for having flat-soled shoes on, down I slipped, rifle and all, with the rapidity of lightning. After a descent of fifty feet, I passed the Cooley, in the act of crossing with my gun, and gave him a deadly clutch of despair, in the hope of saving myself; but I only brought the poor fellow down with me, who uttered shrieks of fear and woe; being heavier than he was, I soon out-distanced him, and went, increasing in velocity every instant, at an angle of thirty degrees, till, after a descent of upwards of two hundred feet, the snow being soft brought us both up; happily indeed, for one hundred feet more would have precipitated us into the torrent below. I was in bodily terror the whole time, lest the Cooley should accidentally have discharged the contents of the gun into me. My guns were filled with snow; thus there was every chance of the loading being quite damaged. II. did not observe my accident, but had gone into the wood after the bear, thinking I was behind him. This was very disheartening. After accomplishing a most tedious ascent, I had it to make all over again. II. was out of sight—my guns being wet, I had no confidence in either of them—I knew that if he came across the bear, and wounded him, and sent him in my direction, my situation would not be a pleasant one. I half determined to recross the river, and take my chance of the sport from the opposite ridge; but then I reflected that my companion would be alone, or at least with only natives, who would have run away on the least approach of real danger, so I trudged up again, the best way I could, into the wood, where, to my no small satisfaction, I found II. waiting for me. A few words explained what had happened, and after a hearty laugh, we continued our search, and presently discovered the object of it rolling about with great apparent ease, under a tree one hundred yards ahead of us. We proceeded by stealth till within fifty yards of him, and crouched down behind a piece of rock; as I had the rifle, upon which much depended, II. requested me to take the first shot, but, as I expected, it missed fire. I tried it again, but without effect, and laid it aside with mortification, keeping my gun as a reserve, in case the bear should charge upon us. They usually come within ten paces of you, then raise their bulky carcass on their hind-legs, preparatory to giving you an embrace. If your gun is all right, and your nerves are good, you have nothing to fear; wait till he comes within three feet of the muzzle, fire at the horse shoe on his breast, and he is sure to roll over; if your gun misses fire, throw it down, and bolt like the wind. II. was

more fortunate than I, for he struck the brute in the side, which, with a hideous yell, half scrambled, half tumbled down the hill; we followed at once; I took my gun, leaving the useless rifle to the care of the Cooley; we descended the hill in such a manner as only our extreme excitement would have permitted; regardless of pain, I grapsed when falling, the thorny bushes with my naked hand. The snow had made my shoes so slippery, that I bruised my ancles terribly against the sharp stones; but this I did not mind till afterwards. We soon discovered poor Bruin, who had reached the water's edge, and was endeavoring to climb over the rocks. Seeing this, I turned off to the left, to give him a salute, *en passant*; but the poor brute could not accomplish his end, so I arrived just in time to see both barrels of H.'s gun take effect, and the huge monster roll passively into the water, which became instantly crimsoned with his blood; he was carried down some short distance by the rapidity of the current, and after passing under a long tunnel formed by the snow, got jammed against a rock, from whence, with some difficulty we dragged him out. He was an enormous size, evidently full grown; several wounds and festers about the ears showed that he had been lately fighting with one of his own species. We left him, covered with stones, to protect him from the jaws of any animal prowling in the vicinity, not having sufficient men to carry him.

We found it dreadfully fatiguing to regain the road. Seetee is nearly twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, so you may imagine, when it rained, how dreadfully cold we found it; the snow lay in many places thickly on the ground, a short distance from our tent, where, on our arrival, we enjoyed a nice hot breakfast. Previous to reaching this, we had to cross a torrent, supplied by a superb cataract some distance above, rushing from the snow. The water itself was like ice, so our feet were perfectly benumbed. We enjoyed a splendid prospect from thence, but the clouds descend so low that much of it was lost; still we occasionally caught glimpses of the lofty and prodigious peaks of snow that seemed to separate "the world from the regions of space." The mind experienced a thrilling sensation of awe while contemplating these vast and stupendous works of our Creator, that neither the ravages of time nor seasons have been able to remove. Though the thunders roll, and the lightnings flash, threatening destruction to all around, still they remain, generation after generation, unchanged in their position as if all were calm and serene. It was a picturesque sight, watching our long line of Coolies toiling up the mountain, with here and there some soli-

tary Tartar or Koonawuree plodding on his weary way.

We now commenced our descent, having eight miles to go ere we reached the village of Broung, seven thousand feet below where we now were; the first three miles across an extensive field of snow, the steepest parts of which I got over very rapidly, by wrapping a blanket round me, and sliding down. We then entered a very beautiful forest of various kinds of trees. Never were the grand ideas I had formed of the woods of the Himalayas so fully realised as on this occasion. On our right and left were apricot orchards and vineyards—the fruit of the former so plentiful that II, and I found amusement in pelting each other with them. We perceived several mounds of loose stones erected over the graves of Lamas or Tartar priests, with some strange characters carved on them. They are always placed down the road lengthways, to enable passengers to pass by the right—the Puharies or Hill-men deeming it dangerous to pass by the left.

Late one night, as we were going to bed, our servant came to tell us that there was some animal prowling about the wood, close to our tent. We instantly sallied out with our guns, and distinctly saw him stealing through the bushes a few paces from us; as he got out of the shade the moon displayed him to us more clearly; but he, evidently perceiving us, instantly darted off amongst the vines. I think from his size he must have been a large black wolf. \* \* \* \* \*

On the 7th our rope bridge was completed; it consisted of large posts fixed firmly in the ground on either bank, to which were fastened several ropes joined together; a piece of wood, in the shape of a horse collar, was placed on them, and drawn backwards and forwards by other ropes. The collar has a cross piece of wood to grasp hold of with both hands—and the person or baggage is suspended by ligatures round the body. It is a terrific undertaking, if the ropes are high above the water, as in this case, and you get terribly jerked when pulled over the knots; the rapidity of the current makes it appear as if you were being blown over the river. We ascended to this place by a pretty road, and took up our quarters in a stone built bungalow, the interior elegance of which we could not boast; but it was proof against the inclemency of the weather, and possessed a good fire-place. We were at an elevation of nine thousand feet, a nice middle temperature. Though in the Province of Koonawur, we are still not quite out of the influence of the rains, which, however, only cause us to enjoy our fireside the more. The prospect before us presents a stupendous chain of mountains, called the Kylas Range; their lofty summits far

above the range of perpetual snow, some upwards of twenty thousand feet high. Behind us, and to the right and left are forests, into which we penetrate morning and evening with our guns, and generally return with sufficient game for dinner. One morning, as I was strolling through an open wood of pines, I was attracted by a huge bird, which I took for an eagle; he passed over me twice, and seeing he was likely to come round again, I crouched down in readiness; he passed above me at a distance of forty yards; I waited till he came nearer, and then fired at him; he staggered in the air, half falling, half alighting, on the top of a pine close to me, when, unable to support himself, he came with a tremendous flutter to the ground, his magnificent eyes darting fire around, as he stretched out his legs and huge wings in the last death struggle. I then approached him and perceived that both wings were broken; he was besides wounded in the head and in several parts of the body. I found him a great weight to carry with my gun, and luckily I soon met a man who brought him in for me. On referring to my book of Natural History, I discovered him to be the Lammergeyer, or Bearded Griffin of the Himalayas, the largest bird of prey known in Asia; he measured upwards of nine feet from the extremity of one wing to the other, and more than four feet from beak to tail; his neck was covered thickly with fine soft feathers, of a light tawny or orange, as well as his body; his head black and white, with a hooked beak; his back and wings dark brown, beautifully pencilled with white; he was, without dispute, one of the finest specimens of the feathered race. These birds prey upon sheep and children, and have even been known to attack men and large animals when near the edge of a precipice, orer which they endeavour to force them, and then descend to glut themselves on the unfortunate carcass.

We propose returning to Simla about the first of September, by the Valley of the Sutleg. \* \* \* \* \*

Tuz celebrated Dr. Thynno—celebrated almost as much for his love of good living as for his professional skill—called one day on a certain eccentric nobleman, whom he found sitting alone at a very nice dinner. After some time, the doctor, receiving no invitation to partake of it, said, “My dear lord, if I were in your lordship’s place, I should say, ‘Pray, doctor, do as I am doing.’” “A thousand pardons for the omission,” said his lordship; “pray, then, my dear doctor, do as I am doing—go home and eat your dinner.”

## FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE.

BY T. D. P.

"ALICE, my beloved, why wilt thou cloud our parting by this sadness, and these vain regrets? Look cheerfully upon me, and bid me God speed, then shall I go doubly armed to meet the perils I may have to encounter in my onward course."

The beautiful girl thus addressed raised her head from her lover's shoulder, and brushing the tears from her dark eyes, attempted to assume a sudden cheerfulness of manner; but her feelings were not to be controlled, and between convulsive sobs she murmured forth:

"Oh, Robert! how can you wish to see me smile, on this the saddest day I have ever known? Life has been a beautiful picture to me heretofore, a bright and sunny landscape; but the dark cloud is now gathering over me, and I have a weight upon my heart which tells me it will never be blithe again. If you love me, Robert, as you have often said you did, why will you not give up these promptings of ambition, and content you with the happy and quiet life we might lead here?"

"It is for your sake, dearest Alice, that I go to seek a brighter fortune; you are too lovely to live always in this secluded valley; I am but a younger brother, and could scarce give you, were I to remain here, the comforts of life, much less the elegancies with which you should be surrounded; let me but go with your blessing for my comfort, and your remembrance for my safeguard, and fear not but I shall return to you with a heart as devoted, and a fortune more worthy your acceptance. There is that within me which tells me I am intended for higher things than await me here, and surely it cannot be wrong in me to follow the promptings of a laudable ambition."

"Ah! Robert, it is then ambition, not love, that lends you from me, and can you wonder that I have fears and doubts? New scenes will be opened to you; the army or the court may shower their attractions upon you; and you may find among the high-born and the affluent, those that will make you forget the wildflower you have so long cherished and loved."

"Peace, Alice!" said the young man, a cloud

of displeasure darkening his handsome face; "let not such a suspicion cross your mind. Have I not loved you from childhood? When you were a tottling thing, scarce higher than my knee, did I not gather the fairest flowers and ripest fruits for my wee wife? And have we not, with coming years, shared each thought and feeling? Have we not been a bye-word to the country people for our love and devotion? Who but I, has guided your steps up the steep mountain side, or roamed with you through the lovely valleys of our native home? Oh, no, Alice! this feeling is stronger in my heart than life itself, and nothing can annihilate it but death. Then, dearest, cheer up, and let not our parting be so sad as to throw a gloom over my otherwise bright prospects."

"But you have not told me, Robert, what your plans and hopes are; you go forth into the world a stranger and alone; who will you find to be your friend?"

"My father," replied the youth, "was in early life, the most intimate friend of Lord Hay; he rendered him at the risk of his life an essential service; and now, for my sake, and in compliance with his request, he ventures to ask his influence for my advancement."

"You go, then, to London," said Alice, in a faint voice, as if her heart misgave her still more at the certain knowledge of his destination.

"Yes, dearest; but our separation shall not be long. In a year from this day, be my fortune good or ill, I will be with you at this our sweet trysting spot, when I hope to be in a situation to claim this dear hand. Then shall I transplant my lily to a more genial clime, where, from the humble flower of the valley, she will become the queen of the garden, yet retaining all her purity and sweetness."

It was a lovely spot where these two lovers sat, and had been their trysting-place for many a year; it seemed as if nature had delighted to make it a meet temple for the loves of these young and innocent creatures. A little burn ran sparkling and wimpling through it, forming nimble cascades, as it dashed over its rocky bed; and lofty trees sheltered it from the noontide

sun, which threw a few scattering beams upon the green turf, as if longing to penetrate, and yet fearing to intrude upon the hallowed privacy. Robert had piled in the prettiest nook turf upon turf, which formed a grassy divan, softer than the damask couches of luxury, and had planted all about the lily of the valley, which he chose to consider as the emblem of his Alice, and it contrasted prettily with the sweet native heather, which is so dear to all Scotchmen, and which clothed with its purple bloom the overhanging cliffs.

Alice had carelessly, as she sat upon the turf, gathered a handful of the flowers that bloomed around her, and their soft petals were now gemmed with the tears that had fallen from her eyes, while bending over them to hide her grief. Robert saw the glittering drops, and taking the blossoms gently from her hand:

"Let your parting gift, sweet Alice, be these precious flowers," he said—"the emblems of my beloved country, and of my betrothed bride. They are consecrated by the tears of affection, and they shall lie upon my bosom, till, on this very spot, my Alice is again clasped to it in joy and love."

With such converse did Robert Carre soothe Alice Jamieson on this their last meeting. His heart could not partake of the sadness of hers; for he was full of high hopes, and looking forward to a future of glory and renown. But she felt that she was to be *alone*; the only child of a widowed mother, she had no one, when Robert was gone, to share her daily walks or pursuits, and well might she feel sad.

The fleeting time sped all too fast, and the day came for Robert's departure. The last words were spoken, the last fond-kiss was given, and Alice laid her aching head upon the pillow, which was that night bedewed with her tears. She could not sleep; visions of blighted hopes flitted before her, and chased slumber from her eye-lids. But Robert, light-hearted and buoyant, soon forgot the sadness of the parting moment, in his brilliant hopes for the future, and he rose early the next morning, refreshed by quiet sleep and bright dreams, and prepared to bid adieu to his early home. A father's blessing and a sister's caresses were showered on him without measure, for he was the loved and cherished idol of their hearts, and they had grieved at his wayward determination to seek fortune and distinction amid the dangers of the world.

Sir John Carre's limited income did not permit him to give his son the retinue which usually attended young men of his rank, and one old and faithful servant, on whose judgment he could rely, was his only follower.

They were to travel on horseback; and it was a long and weary way, in those times when rail-cars and macadamized roads were unknown, from Tviotlandale to London; but to Robert's active imagination, busy in picturing the future, with all the bright hues of young hope, the time and distance were shortened, and he could hardly believe he had travelled so far, when he found himself just at dusk entering the metropolis of the three kingdoms. It was long before he could find the hostelry to which his father had directed him, for vast even then, in comparison with most other places, in its extent, London was a perfect labyrinth to those unfamiliar with its multiplied streets and their intricate turnings.

His feverish impatience would hardly allow young Carre to wait till a suitable hour the next day, to deliver the letter he had brought for Lord Hay, and to which he looked as the "open sesame" which was to admit him into new and brilliant success.

Lord Hay was one of the most honoured of the Scottish nobility; he had accompanied James, when he left his native kingdom for the throne of England, and had always been the most favoured of his councillors; his urbane manners had won him friends, and none seemed to envy him the confidence of the king; he was almost the only one of the Scotch nobles, who was not looked upon by the English with suspicion and distrust. He occupied a delightful residence not far from the palace; and it was with a beating heart that Robert Carre found himself ascending the steps which led to the vestibule. Half a dozen serving-men, whose peculiar physiognomy marked them for natives of Calcutta, were loitering in the hall, some engaged with cards, others lounging idly round; and as he entered they gazed with an unmannered stare upon the handsome youth, who demanded to see their lord. But there was something in Robert's manner, young and untaught in the graces of the court as he was, which commanded respect, and one individual civilly doffing his turtan cap, replied to his question—"That his master had gone to his daily attendance upon the king."

Carre turned away with a feeling of disappointment, almost the first he had ever known, and was descending the steps, when, recollecting his father's letter, and wishing to leave it to Lord Hay's spontaneous generosity to notice him or not, he thought it best to entrust it, with his address, to the attendant who had replied to his inquiry, that so he might be sought by the nobleman, rather than seem to presume on his father's claims for remembrance: he therefore gave it to the man, and slipping a small *douceur* into his hand, requested him to deliver it immediately on

the return of his lord. He readily promised to do as he was bid, and the young adventurer turned away, and sauntered through the streets, looking with great interest upon all whom he met. His secluded life, in the quiet of the country, had not prepared him for the variety he was to encounter in this great city, to which all nations sent their representatives: the gay and gaudy Frenchman, the dark and sombre Spaniard, the stolid Hollander, were all there; and all were recognised by him, by their peculiar costume and physiognomy; and as he gazed around he felt that these crowded thoroughfares, through which he was wending his way, were teaching him almost his first lesson in worldly knowledge.

Nor did he pass unnoticed, for his face and air were peculiarly attractive, and his garb marked him for a stranger, for the extravagance of the court had not penetrated to the vallies of bonnie Scotland, and his dress was simple in comparison to that of the young nobles, whose slashed doublets, pointed and curved shoes, and extreme length of ruff and rapier, marred, rather than improved, their persons. Indeed, to such a height was the extravagance in these things carried at that time, that the Royal James, who took rather an unkingly interest in the most minute trifles, was about issuing sumptuary laws, regulating the style of dress, and forbidding, among other things, the wearing shoes so long, that they were obliged to be chained to the knee, which fashion had become a very prevalent one, rendering it extremely difficult to walk with grace, besides the danger of entangling the long rapier in the links of gold, which were put to what seemed so unhonoured a purpose.

During his walk, Robert met many of his countrymen, for they had flocked in multitudes to the metropolis, hoping the king would consider their claims to preferment before those of his English subjects; and the city was deluged by them: their high cheek bones, and broad accent, rendering them conspicuous among the more polished Southrons. But amid the passing crowd, in vain did Carre look for a familiar face; all were strangers to him, his thoughts turned to his poor Alice, and he bent his steps to the hostelry, thinking to wile away the time, which was already beginning to hang heavily, by writing her an account of his adventures. He was but a poor scribe, for his education, as was that of many others of even higher rank in those days, had been very imperfect; he had preferred hunting the wild deer, or roaming the vallies with Alice, to the confinement of study, and he now felt the want of that facility in writing which cultivation of the art would have given him.

He had hoped before the day closed he should

hear from Lord Hay; his impatient spirit could not make allowance for the necessary delays of a courtier's life, and as he laid his head on the pillow that night, he accused his father's friend of ingratitude, and began to form some plans in his own mind, independent of him. But he was not doomed to wait long in vain; the next morning, while at breakfast, a note was brought him from Lord Hay, who, warm-hearted and truly faithful to all early attachments, had gratefully cherished the remembrance of Sir John Carre, and had always wished it might at some period be in his power to prove that he had not forgotten the service rendered to him in his youth. The note simply contained a brief welcome to London, and a request that the young man would favour him with an interview before the hour of noon.

Robert's heart bounded with joy, and renovated hope, as with unusual care he performed his toilet on this important morning, for he was fully sensible how much depended upon first impressions, and instructed by his walk through the streets, of the importance attached to decking the outer man, he felt as if he must rely for success, less than he had heretofore done, on his own intrinsic merit. He therefore sent Edmund, his servant, to purchase him a short Spanish cloak, which he had observed to be much worn, and which he thought would, in part, conceal the unfashionable cut of his doublet; and throwing it carelessly over his handsome person, he set out, attended by his single follower, for Hay House.

On arriving, he was immediately ushered into Lord Hay's presence, from whom he received a most cordial and friendly welcome. So courteous and kindly were his manners, that they soon put the young man, who had been at first abashed by the superior elegance of every thing about him, entirely at his ease, and he was even able to converse familiarly with the old lord, who enquired with great interest about his father's family, as also respecting his own views and purposes in coming to London.

Robert told him that he had formed no distinct plan of action; he trusted to fortunate circumstances to carve out for him his destiny, and he was ready to seize upon anything that promised him honour and advancement. It was his desire to render illustrious the name he bore, and neither mental toil nor personal danger, should place obstacles in his path, if he could but discern the true way to achieve his object.

His beautiful face glowed with animation, as he spoke of his hopes, and Lord Hay gazed with pitying interest upon its expression—unsullied, as yet, by the vice and deceit which is acquired in intercourse with the world.

"Poor lad!" said he, laying his hand upon the

the youth's head; "you little know what you will have to encounter in the thorny pathway of the future—the envyings, and jealousies, and temptations of a city life, and particularly of a court, you are yet ignorant of. May God give you strength to resist them! I will do all for you that I can; but I have such numbers to aid—so many young countrymen come to me, as you have done, that my power to benefit them is far less than my desire. But you have interested me much, and I will see what can be done for you also. For the present you must remain as a member of my household; you and your retinue shall be most welcome to all the hospitality I can offer."

"My retinue is but a small one, my lord," said the young man, deeply colouring as he contrasted in thought his one attendant with the gay retinues of the young men of fashion about the court; "but I am deeply indebted to your kindness, and will accept it as frankly as it is proffered." Thus saying, he took his leave, promising to return at night.

Long after Robert Carre departed, did Lord Hay meditate upon some means of advancement for one whose *naïve* manner, and singular beauty, had so much interested him. He had so often and so recently, applied to the king for offices to bestow on his own kinsmen, that he dared not so soon again petition for a similar favour, lest he should be considered as encroaching on the kindness of his master; but he felt assured, if the king could only see this youth, that his own feelings would incline him to bestow some especial marks of kindness upon him, for James' overweening love of personal beauty was almost a bye-word to the courtiers, who respected much less than they loved their sovereign. Lord Hay accordingly determined as soon as possible, to place his young protégé in a situation where he could not fail to meet the monarch's eye. Considering that a tourney, or tilting match, would afford perhaps the best opportunity for displaying him to advantage, the courtier suggested to the king, during the day's attendance, that it was a long time since the court had so diverted themselves, and intimated a wish that it might please his highness to appoint a day for the enjoyment of this favourite pastime.

The king was delighted with the proposition, for he considered it peculiarly a royal sport, and though peaceful to the extreme, in his disposition, he loved this mimic war, which endangered no lives, and was in its harmless amusement a remnant of the chivalric ages. He gave, therefore, to Lord Hay, a "*carte-blanche*" for all the arrangements of the tourney, only intimating his will, that it should take place within two days. Lord Hay, pleased with the consent he

had so readily obtained, hastened to issue orders for marking the ground, and caused the young nobility to be notified, that they might hold themselves in readiness for the occasion.

The eventful morning dawned at last in peerless beauty, and at an early hour, the sounds of preparation were heard in the court-yard of Hay House. Excitement had prevented Robert from sleeping, and he was up long before the attendants of the earl, and awaiting, with feverish impatience, the appearance of Lord Hay, when he knew he should receive his instructions for the day's duty. At last a summons to breakfast told him he had arisen, and he hastened to join him; but he could not do justice to the plentiful repast, though kindly pressed by his host, who piled his plate with many tempting viands.

"Take courage, my young friend," said the noble; "you will never make a courtier, if your appetite is so easily marred; eat man, eat, and you will be better fitted for the duties of the day."

The meal being finished, Lord Hay directed Robert to follow him as one of his personal attendants, and, giving him a lance and shield, told him that the king would go unarmed, but that if he called for weapons, as he often did when he got warmed with the excitement of the scene, to spur forward, and present him those which he bore—to be sure and do it quickly, yet modestly.

Lord Hay himself selected the lance and shield, and sending away the strong but inelegant horse which Edmund had saddled for his master, he gave him a beautiful charger, whose arching neck and graceful limbs betokened high blood and mettle.

"This is your's Robert," he said; "it is a good steel, and will never fail you in time of need."

The *cortège* of Lord Hay were very soon in their saddles, and they wound along towards the palace, where indeed a gallant show greeted them, for all the young nobility, in their gayest garb, were in attendance, to escort the king to the place of meeting. Hounslow Heath, which has since acquired so fearful a reputation, was then the favourite place for these impromptu tourneys, or tilting matches, as they were called, to distinguish them from the more imposing tournament, which required weeks of toil and preparation before it could be enacted.

With anxious interest did Robert Carre watch for the coming of the king, which was made known to him by the unbönnetting of the lords in attendance, and the strains of music which accompanied the royal cavalcade. The queen, with her ladies, was often present on these occasions, but on this day, from indisposition, she had declined the invitation which her royal con-

sort had given her, to present the prize with her own fair hand, to the successful competitor.

The gay cavalcade passed along, followed by the admiring looks and joyous greetings of the good citizens, who always fond of show, enjoyed, particularly during this peaceful reign, any spectacle that wore the panoply of war. The ground was soon reached, where the lists had been prepared; and an elevated seat, covered with crimson cloth, had been erected for the king, that he might enjoy without fatigue, all that passed before him. When he was seated, the trumpets sent forth their martial sound; the challenge was given, and a dozen knights on either side, leaping the frail barrier, coursed round and round a few times, as if to try their horses' power, and then returned to their stands, waiting the signal for the onset. And bravely did they meet the first encounter, one only being unhorsed, and then again the charge was eagerly renewed. Then followed single matches, young Lord Suffolk and Sir George Goring leading the way, while the king watched the strife with intense and breathless interest. Seeing that Suffolk was the most successful competitor, he sprang hastily up, crying out:

"For God's sake! give me a lance and shield, and I will myself unhorse you lord, lest he pride himself too much upon his success!"

Carre, who had watched all that passed, waited not even for a look from Lord Hay, but striking the spurs into his horse, dashed towards the king, when the noble steel, accustomed only to the rein, plunged forward and threw his unguarded rider to the ground. Burning with vexation, Carre attempted to rise, hoping still to present the lance to his sovereign; but it was in vain that he struggled, the fall had broken his leg, and he could not even move.

"Curse the beast!" murmured Hay, as he sprang forward to assist his unlucky protégé; "thou hast marred the prettiest fortune ever woven by the Fates!"

But how short-sighted and mistaken was the good lord; for this accident, which he looked upon as the ruin of his young friend's hopes, led to their highest consummation, as since, in the words of a historian of those times, "James approached him with pity and concern, love and affection arose on the sight of his beauty and tender years, and the prince ordered him to be carried to the palace and carefully attended; and he himself, after the tilting was over, paid him a visit, and the simplicity of the boy finished the conquest begun by his exterior graces."

James, with his usual pedantry and pride of intellect, inquired into the young man's education, and finding it very imperfect, and that he

was entirely ignorant of Latin, he determined to lay aside his sceptre, and take up the birch, or in other words, to assume the office of teacher. Pleading himself with the idea that by his lessons and instructions, he might, in a short time, render this untaught youth equal in knowledge to his wisest ministers.

The young man, stimulated by the favours he was receiving, and fully sensible of the benefit he should derive by gratifying the whim of his royal master, applied himself so studiously to his books that he soon made great advancement. The quiet of his sick room was favourable to study, and he could not regret the weeks of his confinement when he found that each day was endearing him more and more to the king. He had feared that lameness would be the consequence of his broken limb; but the surgeons of that time were skilful, and they assured him that cure alone was necessary to his perfect restoration.

How often during these weeks of his confinement did thoughts of his dear Alice come over him like the sweetness of balmy odours, exhaled by the dews of evening! He recalled her beauty, her delicacy, her devotion to himself; and he blessed his good fortune, which would soon enable him to make her his own, and place her in a sphere she seemed fitted to adorn.

The king had already knighted him, and created him Viscount Rochester, with a fortune sufficient to support the title; indeed his royal patron seemed never weary of heaping favours upon him; each day conferred upon him some new honour, and the young knight's heart was filled with grateful love to his too indulgent master.

He had written to his father and to Alice, telling them of his brilliant prospects; and he lounged to receive their congratulations. At last they came; a letter from Alice, sweet and gentle as herself, but full of sadness—"Would, dearest Robert," it said, "I could win you to forsake the path which seems to you so full of hope and brightness; I feel that you are on the brink of a precipice, and I have not power to hold you back; believe me the flowers you are gathering are poisonous, and though you may resist their influence for a time, the effect at last is certain. I fear me, our day-dream of happiness is over—you do not think this, but I feel that our trying spot, which I visit every day, will never behold us together again."

When he read these sad words, the young viscount almost wished he could recall the last few weeks, and be once more the simple Scottish lad, wandering with his own Alice among the green hills of Teviotdale. But then came the whisperings of ambition and gratified vanity, and the

rich—the handsome favourite of fortune would not admit the thought that anything could ever occur to make him regret that he had left his native valleys.

Having now entirely recovered, the king made him a member of his privy council, and gave him the superintendance of his business, public and private. Such unlimited confidence would have brought upon the young viscount the hatred of the whole court, but for his own judicious management; he was not so intoxicated with his good fortune, as to be insensible of his own inability to fulfil the duties assigned him, and he wisely selected from among the many who courted him, Sir Thomas Overbury, as his especial friend and counsellor. He was just the person for so important a trust; experienced in courtly life, judicious and honourable, and a sincere and upright adviser, he guided the young tyro with so much discretion, teaching him to serve every body, but to show a decided preference for the English, that he won him friends even among his enemies, and led him to secure not only the love of his prince, but also that of the people.

Several months of this new and brilliant career passed happily away, and nothing seemed wanting to complete the young viscount's bliss, but that it should be shared by the one he loved. Accordingly he determined to obtain leave of absence from the court for a few weeks, that he might go and claim his gentle Alice as his bride. The king yielded his consent with great reluctance to his favourite's request; he could not bear to part with him even for a short time; but Rochester begged so earnestly for permission, that it was at last granted, though the king would not permit him to depart till after the ceremony of the investiture which was to confer on the young Duke Charles the title of Prince of Wales, as he wished Rochester to remain and partake of the magnificent court revels which were to celebrate the occasion.

It was with extreme reluctance that the viscount submitted to his sovereign's command, as his love for Alice and his impatience to behold her, prevented his enjoying, as he would have done under other circumstances, these courtly entertainments. His mind and heart still retained their purity, and he had never yet seen among the high-born ladies who surrounded him, one who could compare with his sweet wildflower, or for a moment make him forgetful of her whom he had so long loved. He had confided to Overbury his betrothal to Alice, and Sir Thomas had endeavoured to dissuade him from forming such a connexion; he advised him to ally himself with some illustrious family, and thus strengthen his claim to be ranked among the ancient nobility of

the kingdom. But these arguments were urged in vain; and fruitless were the smiles of the fairest flowers of the court, to win him from his allegiance to the early chosen of his heart.

The whole city was astir with preparations for the solemn ceremony of the investiture. It had already been deferred longer than was intended, for the king, naturally timid, was fearful it might renew the murmurs of the people, who, strongly attached to Prince Henry, had been much moved by a rumour that his sudden and violent death was caused by poison, administered through his father's jealousy. But this report was wholly without foundation, for the poor king had too pitiful a heart to cause the death of any living thing, much less of his own son, whom he mourned with heartfelt sorrow.

The ceremony was performed in the parish church of St. James, by the venerable Bishop of Ely, and the young prince won golden opinions from all present, by his modesty, and by the sadness which seemed to cloud his brow, at the remembrance of his brother, now brought by the occasion so powerfully to mind. Charles had tenderly loved him, and would not be reconciled to his death, though it had opened the way for him to a throne; and to our finite eyes, much happier would it have been for this ill-fated prince had his brother's life been spared, for Henry's energetic and warlike character was more fitted to wield the sceptre in those troublous times, which Charles was doomed to encounter, though his meek and quiet spirit consecrated his afflictions, and won for him the martyr's crown.

A sumptuous entertainment was given that night, in the queen's apartments. The amusements began with dancing, and the splendour of the scene, as chronicled by the writers of that day, had never been surpassed. In the midst of their enjoyment the whole company were surprised and delighted by the entrance of one of those magnificent pageants, which were the chief delight of Queen Anne. It had been composed expressly for the occasion, and as all the young nobility of the court were to be present in honour of the prince, it was of a higher order and more refined in its character than most of the masques of that day. It has been handed down to us unaltered, and few have read its thrilling description of the young and beautiful maiden, in the power of the hoary satyr, with only the amulet of modesty for her safeguard, without intense interest. What then must have been its effect upon the spectators, heightened as it was by the magic of scenic decoration: "the town and castle of Ludlow," says a contemporary, "being so beautifully depicted as to be immediately recognised." Rochester, as we must now term him, was gaz-



ing with an indifferent eye around him, when this magnificent pageant was rolled into the room. At first he scarcely noticed it, for he was weary of the common and fantastic spectacles he had so often gazed upon, till a voice of exquisite melody attracted his attention, and he turned to see from whence it came. Then he was rivetted, not indeed by the fancy and beauty of the scenery, though surpassing as it did, any he had ever seen before, but by the lovely maiden who was threading the labyrinthine walks of the forest of Ludlow. Never had any being so brilliantly beautiful met his eye before; he feared to speak, lest he should dissolve the charm, for he could not believe her mortal; if she were so, from whence had she come, and why had he never till now beheld her? These questions passed rapidly through his mind, and he was turning to ask from some one a solution of his doubts, when the appearance of the other actors in the scene arrested his attention. As Comus and his crew of drunken revellers encircled the fair girl, Rochester hastily sprung forward, as if to her assistance, then recollecting himself, drew suddenly back. But the impatient gesture had been noticed by a keen observer, Sir Thomas Overbury, who quickly read all that was passing in his friend's mind, and he hoped through the impression which he saw the beauty of the unknown had produced on the young earl, to win him from his connexion with the humble Alice.

"Is she not beautiful?" he said, approaching Robert.

"Is she mortal, or a divinity?" asked the young man; "surely she must have winged her way hither from some brighter sphere, and I tremble lest she depart as suddenly as she has appeared."

"You need have no such fear," answered his friend. "Can you be ignorant that this transcendent creature is no other than the youthful Countess of Essex? She has just arrived at court, and this is her first appearance; surely you must have heard her history?"

"She is a daughter of the house of Howard—is she not?"

"Yes; and was married when only thirteen by the king's order, to the young Earl of Essex, but one year her senior; the poor children thought it a pretty thing to be wedded, and could not realize how much of their future happiness was involved by the act. He was sent to the continent to complete his education, and she returned to the nursery from which she is now just freed; the earl is expected home shortly, and her parents have sent the young bride to court, that she may be prepared to adorn the high place to which she is destined. You must be introduced to her—report speaks of her as more fascinating than any of the hours of the court."

Rochester waited with impatience till the pageant was finished; the beauty of the language, the purity of the sentiment had not power to interest him. He doubted not he should be presented to the countess when the entertainment ended; but he was disappointed; the masque was concluded, and the ponderous machinery was rolled from the stately hall; but the beautiful vision returned no more that night.

The gifted author of the masque, which had so delighted the company, had been invited to be present at its performance, and he was now sought out, by Queen Anne's commands, to receive her thanks for the pleasure he had afforded her. Milton was then in extreme youth, and so delicate and beautiful was his person, that in the university, of which he was still a member, he was known by the appellation of the "Lady of Christ's College," and in later life, when he visited Italy, the poet Manso celebrated his charms in an epigram which is still preserved, and has been thus translated:

"So perfect thou in mind, and form, and face,  
Thou'rt not of English, but Angelic race."

As he approached the queen, and bent humbly before her, his colour deepened, and he looked like the impersonation of his own exquisite sentiments.

The queen gave him her hand to kiss, and complimenting him on the beauty of the masque, which so far excelled any she had ever before seen, she expressed the hope that he would remain at court, and often thus contribute to their divertisement. Then unclasping a chain from her neck, to which was attached a miniature of the king, set with brilliants—

"Wear this," she said, "as a token of our appreciation of your talents, and let it remind you, whether you remain near us or not, that you will always find a friend and patron in your sovereign."

The young bard gracefully bowed his thanks, and hastened to a more retired spot, where he could indulge, unobserved, the gratified feelings caused by the unexpected success of his first poetic effort.

The evening's amusements were crowned by a banquet, where all that was rich and rare, that could please the eye or the palate, were collected; an immense party, representing a fortified city, formed the centre of the table; and around it were clustered many a Chinese pagoda, Grecian temple, and Egyptian pyramid, wrought with cunning hand from various confections.

Rochester was placed at the king's left hand; but he did not as usual contribute to the gaiety of the evening, for his thoughts were filled with the

lovely image of the enchanted lady of the masque. The king rallied him upon his absence of mind, and Rochester was well pleased when the banquet ended, and the signal was given to retire.

The thought of Alice and her quiet beauty visited not the young viscount's pillow that night, for the radiance of the lovely masquer had dazzled him, and her graceful form and brilliant eye were ever intruding between him and his sweet wildflower. The next morning was to be devoted to hunting, and the queen and ladies of the court were to accompany the king. Robert had excused himself on some frivolous plea from accompanying them; but he soon regretted having done so, as the thought occurred to him that the young countess might form one of the party; therefore, aware that he would receive a welcome from the king, he presented himself in his hunting suit, abruptly before his master.

"Ah! Robie, lad," said the pleased monarch. "I thought you could not resist the pleasure of such a day; I am glad you are come, my boy, and you shall have the prettiest dove in my cote for your companion."

Rochester well understood what the king meant, but he feigned a wish to be allowed to ride by His Majesty.

"No, no," said the king, his usually stolid face bright with good nature; "we will ride by our fair Annie, and illa bird must find his ain mate; but come, Robie, 'tis time we were going," and leaning familiarly on his favourite's arm, they descended to the court-yard. The horns sent forth their summons, and the queen and her attendants appeared equipped in the costly riding dresses of the time. The king insisted upon assisting Lady Annie, as he gaily termed her, to mount, and having done so, he turned round to the lady who stood near her, and in whom Rochester recognised the young Countess of Essex.

"Ah! fair lady, by your leave," he said, courteously, kissing her cheek, "this for last evening's divertisement—truant though you were, not to return to us; many an eye was sad with watching for you, and this young gallant's among the number," turning to Rochester and presenting him, he added, "I commit you, bonnie lassie, to safe charge for the day; my lord of Rochester is a true knight, and will guard you well."

It seemed to Rochester as if the fair girl whose hand he now took, to assist her to the saddle, was even more beautiful in her riding costume, than she had appeared amid all the decorations of the previous evening; and his heart thrilled at the thought that he should be her companion for many hours.

The countess was at first very reserved, almost shy; for, owing to the peculiar circumstances in

which she had been placed, a wedded child, she had lived a secluded life, and had all a rustic's diffidence and modesty, without any of her *gaucherie*. But her reserve soon yielded to the fascination of Rochester's manner, and as she looked up to him with her large soft eyes, full of a confiding expression, his heart sickened at the thought of those ties which bound her to another. Yet, even as the remembrance of Alice forced itself upon him, he thanked God that he was saved from the danger of forsaking her, by the impossibility of obtaining the object of his new fancy; but little did he know the weakness of his own heart, and the fearful strength which unrestrained passion will acquire.

This was but the commencement of the intoxication which was to prove his ruin. Day after day he met the countess, in walks, in rides, and in the evening dance; they were, in short, constantly together, and though they had not as yet spoken of love, each knew it was in their hearts. Overbury, aware of all that passed, rather encouraged the intercourse, for he thought it would be the means of detaching Rochester from his first love; and viewing the young countess as already married, he supposed, of course, the affair would go no further than harmless gallantry allowed. Reasoning thus sophistically, for so wise a man, he lent his aid in facilitating their interviews, and wrote for the young viscount letters full of love and poetry, which did much for his cause with the countess. Overbury was a man of cultivated taste and imagination, and could write with fluency; but to Rochester it was an almost impossible task, and when attempted, there was no grace nor life in his compositions.

But soon a rumour of the immediate return of the Earl of Essex put a stop to this state of things, and aroused the lovers to a sense of the misery of their situation. Then, breaking through all restraint, Rochester, poured forth his passionate love at the feet of the countess, and she solemnly vowed never to receive Essex as her husband, but by coldness and disdain, to force him to divorce her.

When Rochester told Overbury what was the intention of the countess, he found, to his surprise, that Sir Thomas, who had before seemed to encourage his passion, now opposed it; for seeing but too clearly the effect of such a course, he implored the infatuated lover, not only for his own sake, but for that of the young and pretty countess, not to consent to the measure; she had proposed, since disgrace and wretchedness must follow a union founded on the rupture of the most sacred ties. A powerful party, he said, would be found among the nobility against him, who would effect his ruin; and finally, he reminded him,

but, alas! too late, of Alice; and he threatened, if he persevered in the pursuit of his object, to renounce his society and friendship forever. Rochester left his friend in anger, for he was annoyed and exasperated, to find such opposition where he had expected aid, and on his next interview with the countess, he told her what had passed between Overbury and himself. An entire change appeared to have come over this lady's character, since the commencement of her acquaintance with Rochester. She was then, little more than an exquisitely beautiful piece of marble, which was ready to become whatever of exquisite or revolting, it pleased the sculptor to make it. Had she never met Rochester, the evil in her nature would perhaps not have been so thoroughly aroused, and she might have left a fair and untarnished name to posterity, instead of that which has come down to us, stained with accumulated guilt. In loving Rochester, she broke the marriage vow, which, though given when a child, she had considered as binding. The barrier of female reserve once passed, there was nothing to restrain her, and her love became like the mountain stream, which leaps over every impediment in its downward course; and through its indulgence she was transformed from the gentle woman into a being of fearful power and purpose. And now, when the crisis was approaching, no wonder she dreaded one whose influence she feared might detach Rochester from her fascinations, and open his eyes to the gulph which yawned beneath him; for, with all a woman's keenness, she foresaw the misery that must ultimately result from a union so unhallowed. She therefore implored her lover to remove Overbury from the confidential post he occupied as his secretary, and represented him as guilty of the basest ingratitude, in daring to oppose a friend who had showered so many favours upon him.

Though deeply irritated against Sir Thomas, it was with reluctance Rochester admitted the thought of severing the tie that had so long bound them; but once admitted, it soon gained ground, and in his next conversation with his friend, finding him still violent in his opposition to his wishes, he plainly told him he should have no further need of his services or friendship. Stung by his manner, Overbury gave way to a naturally violent temper, and both ridiculed and reproached the young viscount; taunted him with his want of knowledge, and insinuated that if he had not carefully guided him, he would long since have fallen from his high station.

Irritated beyond endurance, Rochester went to the king and complained of Overbury's insolence, and pretending great regret at being compelled to dismiss him from his service,

begged the king to provide him with some foreign mission. The yielding monarch consented, and said he should be sent to Brussels on a private embassy. Rochester pleased that he was so easily rid of his mentor, hastened to communicate the intelligence to the countess; but to his surprise she was displeased and discontented; a fury had taken possession of her, and she would have been an admirable model for the Eumenides of old, with her lovely face so fascinating, but for the fires of hate, jealousy, and unlawful passion, which gleamed from her eyes. She spurned the idea of Overbury's receiving a post of honour from the king; she implored the viscount to have him imprisoned in the tower, vowing she should never feel happy while he was free, who had attempted to ruin her happiness by detaching from her the idolized object of her attachment. By her blandishments and entreaties she so won upon Rochester as to stifle his better nature, and he returned to the king with the forged tale, that Overbury had rejected the offer of the mission with insolence, and that from some words he had uttered in the heat of passion, he believed him to be engaged in a conspiracy to place the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne; and accordingly, advised his immediate imprisonment. James caught the alarm; the order was given without delay, and before night Overbury was a prisoner in that tower which was also to be his grave.

The young Earl of Essex returned, and with a heart full of love, of hope, and high-wrought expectation, he sought his youthful bride, trusting to be welcomed as the husband of her choice, for no rumour of the intimacy between the favourite and his faithless wife had reached him,—since the eyes of the court were only just being opened to the impropriety of their conduct. What then was his surprise on finding himself repulsed by her with coldness and disdain; but not knowing the secret motive which actuated her, he trusted to time and his own assiduity to overcome her reticence. Young, handsome, and chivalrous, he had always found himself well received by "*le beau sexe*," and he could not admit the thought that he should be rejected where he had garnered up his affections. But vain were his attempts to move the heart of the inexorable countess; vain were her parent's commands, and the entreaties of her friends. She would not consent to acknowledge herself the lawful wife of Essex, but insisted that she would throw herself upon the law and sue for a divorce, ere she would be trammelled by a marriage contracted before she was old enough to judge for herself.

James had become deeply interested in the progress of the affair, and now, yielding to the supplications of his beloved Rochester, he took upon

himself the annulling of the marriage; and forbidding Essex to prosecute his suit any farther, he ordered splendid preparations to be made for the union of his favourite and the young countess; he would himself give away the bride, and that she might not lose rank by her union with Rochester, he created him Earl of Somerset.

Before the marriage was solemnized, the court were astounded by the sudden death of Overbury; rumours of poison were circulated, and many eyes were turned in distrust on Somerset; but as poor Sir Thomas had no relations to prosecute the search for truth, the rumours soon died away.

The day fixed upon for the nuptials came at last; and did Somerset remember that it was the day he had appointed for his trysting at the burn-side, with his devoted Alice? It was just twelve months since he parted with her; but so wholly absorbed was he in his meretricious attachment, that he forgot, as he wished to, his early love, and not one thought of her clouded the bridal day.

But remorse—deep, bitter, remorse—was yet to come; after the first intoxication of his love was over, he found his countess destitute of every thing calculated to fix the affections, to give a charm to the domestic circle, or wile him from the remembrance of the guilt by which he had won her. He lost the animation of manner and buoyancy of spirit which had been his greatest charm, and the recollection of his kind friend, whose death he had been indeed cognizant of, haunted him; and though he had not been the instrument of it, he feared detection. Then, worse than all, would come the thought of Alice, her gentleness, and her sufferings; these things conspired to make him captious and irritable even to his indulgent master.

James' attachment was strong, and for a long time he bore, without any change, the rudeness of his creature; but by degrees his affections became weaned from him, and his sagacious courtiers perceiving the first symptoms of alienation, and disgusted with Somerset's conduct, plotted for his overthrow, and offered a new minion to the king, in George Villiers, a youth of one-and-twenty, who had just returned from his travels, and possessed the advantages of a handsome person, genteel air, and fashionable apparel. At a comedy he was placed full in James' eye, and immediately engaged the attention, and, in the same instant, the affections of the monarch: But the king was ashamed to own his sudden change, and still admitted Somerset to apparent intimacy, having no excuse to throw him off; but one soon offered: the apothecary's apprentice who mixed the poison for Overbury, had been bribed to leave England, and being taken sick in Holland, confessed the deed, and that he had been induced

to do it by Mrs. Turner, a creature of the Countess of Essex, and that she had administered it in some delicacies which she had carried to him, under the pretence of compassion for his situation.

The confession was transmitted to the minister of the low countries, and he being opposed to Somerset, forwarded it to the king, who determined to investigate the affair with the utmost rigour.

Mrs. Turner and the keeper of the tower were immediately seized, confessed their guilt, and were condemned to death; their confession implicated the Earl and Countess of Somerset, who were also tried and condemned to death; but the king could not bear to see one he had so loved die the death of a felon, and he commuted the punishment to a sentence of imprisonment for life, which after a few years was changed to banishment, when the guilty earl and his more guilty countess retired to the country on a small allowance,—their ardent love changed to intense hatred, they received the full punishment of their crimes in the wretched existence they were destined to endure.

Such was the meteor-like course of the favourite of King James; generous and noble in his disposition, he might have lived loved and honoured, but for yielding to uncontrolled passion, which distorted all the better parts of his nature, and has rendered him a bye-word and beacon-light to all who would follow his steps.

And what became of the innocent victim of his unprincipled conduct, poor Alice Jamieson? She sought the burn-side day by day, and fed her fearful fancies; but as time rolled on, and she heard often from Rochester, and found that though elevated in rank he did not forget her, her fears were conquered; and when he wrote to her that he had obtained the king's permission to leave the court and should be with her immediately, she was happy. How great then was her disappointment when day after day passed, and he came not; months rolled on, then came rumours of the intended marriage of the king's favourite, and then the bitter certainty that the day he had pledged to meet her at the burn-side, he pronounced the nuptial vow to another.

Day by day did the fair lily droop, and ere many months, she was numbered with those that were, but are not. On her death-bed, she wrote a few words of love and forgiveness to Somerset, and they came to add double pangs to his remorse. All loved her; and for many years the village maidens sought her grave by the burn-side (for she had begged to be buried in that spot which had witnessed her happiest hours,) and adorned it with garlands of the sweetest flowers; and her hapless tale, handed down from generation to generation; is still told in the valley of her birth.

## "I WOULD FAIN DIE IN YOUTH."

I would fain die in youth, while the leaves are yet green,  
And the flowers of my heart are still new,  
While the rose-bud of promise all blooming is seen,  
Just opening her sweet leaves to catch the sun's beams,  
As he laughingly drinks up the dew.

I would fain die in youth, while the heavens are clear,  
And the morning sun gaily looks forth,  
While no clouds in the boundless horizon appear,  
And hope smiles so brightly, forbidding each fear,  
And making a heaven of earth.

I would fain die in youth, while the loved ones are near,  
Who have watched o'er my childhood's deep joy,  
While my heart is still warm, my intellect clear,  
And all that e'en Fancy can wish for, is here,  
With scarcely an earthly alloy.

Then why would you leave them so early—you ask—  
If all these bright things are your own?  
They are mine, but how soon they may fade from my  
grasp,  
How early, alas! it might be my sad task,  
To record—I am left all alone?

F.

## ROMAN NEWSPAPERS.

THE Romans, though we are apt to overlook the fact, had registers of politics and intelligence, which were really not unlike our newspapers in their contents, but immeasurably inferior in the mode of circulation. The journals of the senate and national conventions long contained little more than entries resembling those in our collected acts of parliament. These furnished most of the materials from which till 625 the pontiffs compiled their annals; and there is also proof that, after the republic had extended its dominions, these official journals were regularly copied and transmitted to public men living at a distance. But these sources were not enough. Every man abroad had his correspondents in Rome; and when the task of collecting news became more difficult, several persons assumed news-mongering as a trade, taking in short-hand notes of the proceedings at public meetings, and selling copies of them as well as of the common gossip of the day, and the official journals. Julius Cæsar, established a regular system for recording the deliberations both of the senate and the conventions, in a form much like our reports of parliamentary debates; and he allowed these accounts to be copied and freely circulated. Although Augustus stopped the publication of the reports, the restraint was soon afterward withdrawn; and even after their introduction by Julius, these and all other archives of the state were so unreservedly open to the public, and their contents were diffused in so many shapes

that we are often uncertain whether the sources to which the Roman authors refer are these official reports, or the notes of the professional short-hand writers, or finally, those collections of common news that were handed about with the other pieces of information. But we are less curious to disentangle this confusion than to learn some of the subjects which were discussed in the news-journals. The accounts of the political debates embraced the acts and resolutions, the rescripts of the emperors, the reports of magistrates or committees, the names of the voters, (like that of Thrasea Pætus, whose silent dissent was watched with such eagerness by the provincials,) the speeches, their reception, the squabbles of the debaters. Stray articles of law intelligence soon to have found their way into these collections. There were likewise occasional notices extracted from the local registers of births, and announcements of marriages, divorces, deaths, and funerals, as also descriptions of new public buildings, shows of gladiators, and such ordinary themes. Julius Cæsar, who read the news-sheet every morning, gave strict orders that Cicero's witty sayings should be regularly added to the other current matter. The journals, too, like our own, were the receptacles for all tragical and marvellous occurrences; and Pliny derived from them many of the odd stories inserted in his Encyclopædia, among which the following may be cited. The gazettes related that on the day when Cicero defended Milo there descended a shower of bricks; that under Augustus a burgher of Pæsupia walked to the Capitol in a procession formed by his own sixty-three descendants; that when a slave of the unfortunate Titus Calpurnius had been executed by Tiberius, his dog watched the corpse, carried food to its mouth, and on its being thrown into the Tiber, swam after it and strove to bring it to land; and that in the reign of Claudius a phoenix from Egypt was publicly exhibited in Rome; which last story, however, Pliny truly pronounces to be a manifest invention.—*Spalding's Italy.*

It has been thought to be a peculiar felicity for any one to be praised by a man who is himself eminently worthy of praise. How much happier to be prized and loved by a person worthy of love! A man may be esteemed and valued by a friend; but in how different a style of sentiment from the regard and attachment that reign in the bosom of a wife! To feel that we are beloved by one whose love we have deserved; habitually to study the happiness of one by whom our happiness is studied in return—this is the most genuine and unaltered, and the most desirable condition of human life.

# THÈME DU CHÂLET.

BY A. ADAM.

ARRANGED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY MR. 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. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/2. The music begins with a 4-measure rest in the treble staff, followed by a melodic line. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a dynamic marking of *SVA* (Sforzando) above the treble staff. The melodic line in the treble staff shows some slurs and accents, while the bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation shows further development of the theme. The treble staff has a prominent melodic line with some slurs, and the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a dynamic marking of *EV* (Crescendo) above the treble staff. The music ends with a final cadence in both staves.

THEME DU CHALET.

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. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The music features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a supporting bass line in the left hand. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system. The tempo marking *molto rit<sup>o</sup>* is written in the right hand.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps. The tempo marking *Pia* is written in the left hand, and *DOLCE TEMPO* is written in the right hand. The music continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps. The music features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking *p* is present in the right hand.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps. The music features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps. The music features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking *ov* is present in the right hand.

## AMUSING AND USEFUL EXTRACTS.

## ODDFELLOWSHIP IN LIVERPOOL.

THE members of this district can now boast of having numbered amongst them one Lord Viscount, one Judge, one Baronet, one Member of Parliament, one ex-Mayor, fifty medical gentlemen, also a number of the Town Council, and, in acts of philanthropy, the society can vie with any other in the world, having paid during the last year to the funerals of departed brothers and their wives the sum of £2615; also to the widows and orphans of departed brothers the sum of £789; relieving distressed brothers passing through the town in search of employment, £51, or thereabouts, this sum being independent of private gifts in the various lodges. There are 139 lodges in the district, numbering 9232 members good on the books, and these men meet in their lodge-rooms, where they are not allowed by any means to discuss either religion or politics, but for the sole purpose of devising means to relieve their brethren, their widows, and orphans, when overtaken by adversity.

## PARIS FASHIONS.

A NOVEL patent has recently been taken out in Paris. It is for the making of clothes, in the words of the announcement, "without any wrong side." That is to say, the sleeves of the coat may be turned inside out, and the garment worn reversed, without the slightest diminution in the fashion and neatness of the article. Moreover, the make and colour are different one side from the other, so that a double-breasted black frock may in the twinkling of an eye be converted into a military single-breasted blue, and a fox-hunter's scarlet cutaway be with equal rapidity changed into the Windsor uniform, blue turned up with red. These coats are offered to the Parisian exquisites as extremely acceptable on the score of economy. The fashion has not yet reached London, but like the last piece of Scribe, it is doubtless in course of translation.

## QUESTION FOR THE LADIES.

VERY expensive and troublesome things them white gloves be too: there is no keepin' of them clean. For my own part, I don't see why a man can't make his own skin as clean as a kid's, any time; and if a feller can't be let shake hands with a gail except he has gloves on, why nint he made to cover his lips, and kiss through kid-skin too?—*Sam Slick in England.*

## A PUNNING PORTER.

FAWCETT, the comedian, who had chambers in the Temple, having called a ticket porter to carry a message, asked his name. He said it was Rus-

sell. "And pray," said Fawcett, jocularly, "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our arms, your honour," was the porter's reply. "I believe they are pretty much alike, but there is a confounded deal of difference between our coats."

## BEGGING.

IN Dresden, lately, a little girl was heard to call from the window of a mean house to her opposite neighbour: "Please, Mrs. M——, mother sends her best compliments, and, if its fine weather, would you go a begging with her tomorrow?"

## PROGRESS OF STEAM.

AS American paper says that a Mr. Perkins has invented a compound which he calls the "Concentrated Essence of the Sublimated Essence of Steam." A person has only to put a phial of it into his pocket, and it will carry him along at the rate of fifty miles an hour; or, by merely swallowing three drops when you go to bed at night, in the morning you will wake up in any part of the world you may choose.

## STATISTICS OF A BEE-HIVE.

THE "masses" of every hive consist of two kinds of bees, the workers and the drones. The first are undeveloped females; the second are the males. Over these presides the mother of the hive—the queen bee. The number of workers in a strong hive is above 15,000, and of drones, about one to ten of these. This proportion, though seldom exact, is never very much exceeded, or fallen short of. A single family, where swarming is prevented, will sometimes amount, according to Dr. Bevan, to 50,000 or 60,000. In their wild state, if we may credit the quantity of honey said to be found, they must sometimes greatly exceed this number.—*Quarterly Review.*

## THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

LORD Jeffrey says he was informed the other day, by Mr. Cadell, that he had sold not less than sixty thousand volumes of the Waverley novels in the course of last year! and, that the demand for them, instead of slackening, had been for some time sensibly on the increase.

## VIRTUE.

IF you pursue good with labour, the labour passes away and the good remains; but if you pursue pleasure with evil, the pleasure passes away and the evil remains.

## LOVE.

THE approaches of love, if to be resisted at all, must be resisted at the first assault, lest they undermine at the second.



## OUR TABLE.

## COLONIAL EDITIONS OF BRITISH MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The prohibition of the importation of American reprints of British Reviews and Magazines has been productive of the happiest results. By it the publishers at home have been induced to issue a cheap edition, expressly for circulation in the colonies—a consummation most devoutly wished for, and for which the Canadian public are principally indebted to the enterprise and spirit of Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, by whom the publications are for sale.

It is unnecessary to expatiate upon the merits of these Reviews and Magazines. Every one is more or less acquainted with them, and there are few who are not aware that through them a great proportion of the most valuable literature of the day is ushered into the world. Many of the best tales and novels which have for several years appeared, have been first published in the Magazines—while, in the Reviews, almost every question of interest to the world has been discussed, in the masterly style which forms the distinguishing characteristic of these periodicals, to which the mightiest talent of the day contributes.

The January and February numbers of these Magazines and Reviews are now before us. In the latter we have scarcely looked, but their tables of contents convince us that they are amply stored with the choicest articles. The former, which we have had the pleasure of perusing, are filled with excellent papers, on a great variety of literary and political subjects. Blackwood, the Edinburgh Quarterly, and the Dublin University Magazine, have each a lengthy paper on the present interesting position of Ireland. The authors, representing the views of different parties, of course take opposite sides of the question, which they discuss at length, if not with perfect fairness, at least with as much impartiality as can be looked for from writers so thoroughly imbued with party feeling as all of them necessarily are. The whole of the causes of the unhappy quarrel are, however, laid bare to the reader's view—the faults and errors of both Government and people are clearly pointed out—and remedies suggested, with a distinctness and sincerity which afford the best evidence of the intentness with which the question has been studied, and the deep importance attached to its early settlement. Those who desire to see the matter in all its bearings will do well to become possessors of the books, and carefully to peruse them. They may find positions taken, and opinions advanced, from which they may dissent; but they

can scarcely fail to rise from the perusal with a clearer view of the true sources of the difficulty than can be obtained by almost any other means.

Only a very small portion, however, of these valuable periodicals is occupied with this subject, although, at the present moment, it is to many the most interesting one. The literary papers and tales, to the general reader, will not be less entertaining or instructive. Indeed, the books are a perfect mine of literary wealth, from which we may each draw largely, without diminishing the store for others. They are well worth the price at which they can be purchased, many times told; and, without speaking of the justice of rewarding the enterprise to which the colonists are indebted for them, we may, in all sincerity, recommend the reader of taste and judgment, for his own sake, to give the Canadian publishers such encouragement as the purchase of the series will afford.

On the cover a notice will be seen, from which the prices of the several publications may be learned.

## NEW SKETCHES OF EVERY DAY LIFE—BY FRIEDRIKA BREMER—TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

Such is the title of one of the most delightful books we have for some time had the pleasure of perusing. The fair authoress paints with the skill of a master of the subject, the "every day life" of the highly interesting country of which she is a native, as well as of that to which it is now politically united. Nor are we less indebted to our own accomplished countrywoman, for the spirit and fidelity which she has displayed in the translation.

In the preface, Mrs. Howitt complains, we presume with justice, of the cupidity of a certain publisher, who, on discovering the vast popularity of her translations of Miss Bremer's former works, has entered the field as her competitor, and is endeavouring to drive her from it, by issuing wretched translations of translations; or, in plainer terms, translating badly from the German, what has been already badly translated into that language from the Swedish. The justice and gallantry of the British people, we trust, will preserve her from suffering from the consequences of such a wretched attempt, and that the ungenerous conduct of which she complains will not be repented. Mary Howitt has opened a mine of entertainment for the English people, and, in our humble opinion, will be no more than adequately rewarded by having the entire British literary market, as far as these works are concerned, to herself.

This book is for sale by Mr. R. W. S. Mackay, 115, Notre-Dame Street.

ARABELLA STUART—A ROMANCE FROM ENGLISH HISTORY—BY G. P. R. JAMES.

WE have only room in the present number, to mention the publication of this romance, which we have barely had time to glance over. It seems to be written in the author's happiest vein, and treats of a period which was fruitful of incident and adventure. Several of the characters introduced are identical with those in the interesting story of "Fortune's Favourite," in this number of the GARLAND. The admirers of the novels of James may be supplied with it, at a very moderate price, at the Library of Mr. R. W. S. Mackay, 115, Notre Dame Street.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE—BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THIS little work reminds us of the earlier productions of its gifted author. It is a gem in its way, and well worthy of perusal by all who admire genuine feeling and pleasant humour. It is an original kind of ghost story, in which the grasping and griping class known by the name of usurers, is very severely used up. We commend it to general perusal, as well calculated to afford pleasure to everybody who reads it.

THE MIRROR LIBRARY.

IN connexion with their excellent weekly the editors of the NEW MIRROR have commenced the publication of a series of works, to which they have prefixed the title at the head of this paragraph. Already, the writings, in prose and poetry, of the two gentlemen themselves—General Morris and N. J. Willis—have appeared, as have also the poems and songs of Barry Cornwall, and several favourite American authors. The selections, so far, seem to have been made more in accordance with the personal feelings of the editors than with reference to actual value; but they are nevertheless, extremely pleasant reading. The cheap rate at which they are published will secure them a large circulation in the United States, and, in this country, where the authors selected are not without admirers, we may expect that the Library will find its way into very general notice.

FIRST BOOK FOR CANADIAN CHILDREN.

WE had intended noticing this excellent little work, which appears to us admirably adapted for the object with which it has been compiled; but any remarks of ours are rendered unnecessary by a number of recommendations from those whose profession enables them to be much better judges of its value than we can pretend to be. We therefore select the following from the many with which Mrs. Fleming has been favoured:

MONTREAL, Feb. 26, 1844.

I have introduced your "First Book for Canadian Children" as well as your "Views of Canadian Scenery," into my school. I think the matter of both admirably calculated to interest children, whilst the arrangement of the lessons facilitates their progress, and lightens the labour of teaching. The First Book is decidedly the best of its class I have seen.

If my recommendation can be of any service to you, you are at liberty to publish it, and I wish you every success in the effort which you are making to provide for the Schools of Canada a series of books suited to their wants.

E. M. EASTON.

We, the undersigned, after having examined Mrs. Fleming's First Book for Children, and having had experience of the usefulness of its form, it having been used for some months for the instruction of the younger children in the School-house of St. George's Church, recommend it as an excellent school book.

WM. T. LEACH, M.A.  
Minister of St. George's Church.  
JAMES GARDNER,  
Teacher.

B. Workman's compliments to Mrs. Fleming; returns the "First Book" with thanks.

He has long wished for a set of good school books, prepared for, and printed in, the country, and at times has been induced to make the attempt of compiling them; but after several efforts was obliged to abandon it for want of sufficient leisure. It is therefore with pleasure he has lately learned that Mrs. Fleming has undertaken to render so valuable a service to the country, and wishes her every success.

Mr. W. has examined the "First Book," and likes the plan and the matter. Has marked several places to which Mrs. F.'s attention may perhaps be given in subsequent editions. Perhaps more ample tables of spelling in words of one and two syllables would be an improvement.

December 5, 1843.

THE engraving in this number of the GARLAND illustrates beautifully a scene described in the spirited tale of "The Halls of the North." This tale, the production of a gentleman experienced in the art of moving the passions of the human heart, promises to be a most exciting one. The author, being thoroughly familiar with the scenes in which he has found the materials for his story, describes so vividly as to render any other representation scarcely necessary, but this engraving will not on that account be the less welcome, seeing that, as a simple picture of pastoral peace and serenity, it is well deserving a place in the pages of our Canadian Magazine. While all around us is invested with the drapery of winter, this summer-scene will, by contrast, be rendered doubly pleasing to the eye of taste.