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(ORIGINAL.)

## JOSEPHA OF AUSTRIA.

Come, beautiful betrothed ! the bitter sting  
Of hope deferr'd, can reach no bosom here.

• • • • •  
Come, stainless spouse. Ye gates of peace receive the Bride.

CROLY.

ON a fine September evening in the year 1767, the gay city of Vienna, exhibited even unusual marks of joy and festivity. The imperial palace, where the Empress-Queen Marie Theresa, then held her court, was brilliantly illuminated, from its spacious gardens came the sound of mirth and music, and its lighted halls were thronged with the great, the beautiful, and the highborn of the land. They had met to do honour to one of the fairest daughters of the illustrious House of Austria.—the pride of the court, the beloved of every heart, the young and lovely Archduchess Josepha—who on that day had been publicly betrothed to Ferdinand, King of Naples.

Already was she hailed as Queen, and a circle, waiting to do homage to her rank and beauty, gathered around her wherever she moved. And never did a brighter or more attractive object claim the love, or awaken the admiration of the heart—still in the earliest bloom of youth, for her fifteenth year had not yet flown, she was tall and striking in her person, exquisitely formed, and with a face full of expression, that varied with every changing thought, and told without disguise each emotion of joy or sorrow, that swelled or saddened her young heart. Her manner was animated and playful almost to childishness ; yet chastened by a gentle grace, that might have belonged to more mature years. Like her illustrious mother, she was simple in her tastes ; and so passionately attached to her family, that the bare idea of a separation from them filled her with grief. Her very being seemed entwined with that of her sisters—her brothers were her idols, and her mother, next to her God, the object of her profoundest love and veneration.

Endowed with such warm affections, and still scarcely past the bounds of childhood, it is not strange that the young Josepha should shrink with dread from this union with a stranger and a foreigner—one whom as yet she had never seen, and who,

her heart told her, could never supply to her the place of those dear relatives, she was soon to quit, perhaps forever. One beloved sister had already been affianced to Ferdinand, but before her vows could be ratified, the grave had taken the fair child to its bosom, and she was the reluctant victim destined to fill the place of her lost Joanna. Vain were her supplications and entreaties—Marie Theresa saw but the caprice of a petted child in her daughter's struggles : and as she considered but their permanent good, and the extension of her own power, by the princely alliances she formed for her children, she refused to listen to her prayers ; but by mingled persuasions and commands, obliged the young archduchess to yield an unwilling consent to this dreaded marriage with the Neapolitan King.

And now, attired as a royal bride, Josepha stood to receive the congratulations of the imperial court, and of that princely deputation, who came in the name of the King their master, to demand her as their Queen. But no glad smile repaid their courtly greeting, and those who watched her, as she joined, through courtesy, the dance, read no joy in her languid step—no queenly triumph on her fair and youthful brow, though circled by a diadem—but saw in the frequent changes of her transparent cheek, and in the tearful glances of her deep blue eye, the anguish of a soul casting a fearful look into the unknown future that lay dim and distant before her. The Empress watched through this long and anxious evening, the troubled countenance of her daughter, nor could she stifle the secret upbraiding voice, which from the depths of her soul whispered that she was sacrificing her innocent child to the rapacious demon of ambition, who had ever exercised a sway too unbounded, even over her wise and beneficent heart ; glad was she when the dances at length ended, the music ceased, the blaze of lights was quenched—when silence reigned in those princely

halls, and she was left alone to commune with heaven and herself—and to justify by those false and specious pretexts, of which the great and powerful are so prone to avail themselves, the course she had pursued.

But to the unhappy victim of her policy, came no ray of hope or comfort to irradiate the darkness of her fate—though long past the hour of midnight, yet from one apartment of the palace streamed the rays of a lamp that burned before an image of the Virgin; and at the foot of that consecrated shrine, knelt the young Queen of Naples, her face buried in her hands, and her long fair hair falling like a rich veil over her neck and arms. The gorgeous robes which had decked her for her bridal, were lying near, where her attendants had left them, and on her toilet sparkled the jewels, and the diamond tiara, which on that evening had lent to her beauty the adornments of royalty. How worthless seemed these gauds to the sorrowful princess, compared to those rich treasures of the heart, which she was compelled to cast away for the idle pomp and burdensome caresses of sovereignty. Bitter thoughts like these forced themselves upon her, even in the midst of her devotions, and with them came fresh bursts of tears, and impassioned words poured forth in agony from her lips.

"Pitying Mother, save and support me!" she audibly exclaimed, "thou knowest the wretchedness of my heart—its horror at this fate—its hatred of this idle pomp. Holy Mother, take me to thy arms, safe from the snares and miseries that haunt my youth."

A fresh burst of tears and sobs interrupted her supplications, and, before she could again recover herself, a light step approached, a soft arm was thrown around her, and a lovely form knelt by her side, and joined audibly in her devotions—entreating for her firmness and composure, and imploring that heavenly joys, and the richest of earthly gifts might unite to crown and bless her.

Josepha knew the voice of her sister Christina, the beautiful and gifted wife of Prince Albert of Saxony, and casting herself into her arms, she gave way to her grief and tenderness without restraint. Christina clasped her weeping sister to her heart, and passionately kissed her lips and brow, while her own tears rained down upon the lovely face that rested on her bosom.

"Be comforted, my sister," she at length said, and her low sweet voice trembled with emotion—

"God smiles on your filial obedience, and he will not suffer it to go unrewarded."

"Ah, my Christina," sobbed the young Josepha, "needed there this dreadful sacrifice to test its strength. God knows I would have laid down my life to have proved the depth and fervour of my filial love—but this living death, this endless exile to which I am condemned—is it not fearful?"

"Nay, my love," said Christina, with increasing firmness; "there seems to me nothing so frightful in this exile, as you term it. Think of the delicious climate in which you are to dwell—the fair realm over which you are to reign, and the splendour and power which await you as its Queen, and then tell me, my royal sister," she added with a smile, "what there is in all these delights which thus terrifies your young imagination!"

"Your lips may well wear a smile, Christina," said Josepha sadly, "for you are wedded to a man you love, and with whom, whenever inclination prompts, you may come to dwell amid the joys of your early home—but to me, the thought of quitting all I love brings with it the bitterness of death—sisters and brothers, and my tender mother—cruel though she has been in this act—for one whom I know not, who receives me without affection, and whose love I may never win—nay, whose hatred may perchance by my bitter portion, in that stranger land where my heart can never find a home."

"And why, my Josepha," asked the Princess, "should it not find a home, and a blessed one, in that lovely land of beauty and bloom; and happiness in the new ties which will there soon link it to dear and tender objects of affection?"

"Ah, my sister, seek not to flatter me with false hopes, answered Josepha mournfully,—“look at that miniature of my affianced husband, and no longer marvel at my grief. Already have those stupid and inexpressive features inspired me with disgust which I strive in vain to conquer—and to the anguish of quitting all I hold dear on earth, is added still another pang, in the certainty that I go to link my fate with one whom I can never learn to love.”

"A picture is but an imperfect, and often a faulty representation of its original," said Christina—"it may be so, nay I think it is in this instance—at all events, though we have never learned that Ferdinand is great or warlike, report bespeaks him amiable and beneficent, and these qualities will go much farther to promote your happiness, than if by his valour he gained a thousand battles, or by his genius outwitted all the courts of Europe."

"And if such reasoning could have availed with you, Christina," replied the young Queen with some bitterness, "the Duke de Chablais had long since won his bride, and Prince Albert of Saxony might now have been the husband of another."

"I loved Prince Albert," said Christina earnestly, "and I saw no sufficient reason of state policy to forbid the gift of my hand where my affections had been long concentrated; my mother too favoured my wishes, or I might not have had the courage to persist in my choice; for, as the children of a great sovereign, we are bound to consult the interests of the realm, rather than our private inclinations, in the alliances we may form; yet, my Josepha, if you loved

another, I know not that, even with my philosophy, I could thus calmly urge you to fulfil your duty, at the expense of the cherished feelings of your heart. But—"

At these words Josepha started with a sudden bound from her sister's arms, a burning blush mounted to her temples; and with a choked voice she uttered the word, "Forbear;" then burying her face in her hands, her whole frame shook with the violence of her emotion. The Princess sprang to her feet,—doubt and dismay filled her heart, and laying her trembling hand upon her sister's head, she softly asked, "Can this be so?"

For an instant Josepha made no reply; then by a powerful effort regaining composure, she turned towards Christina a face pale as her robe, and said in a low but firm voice,

"And if it be so, my sister, it matters not. Even were Ferdinand another's, the daughter of Marie Theresa must fulfil her destiny, and wed a royal wooer; yes, even though in the object of her love were united every virtue and every gift, save sovereignty. It is the cruel doom that appertains to our greatness, and no hope that it may be otherwise has ever found an entrance to my heart. Ah, my Christina, peasants envy us, but they dream not of the griefs that dwell with us, hidden as they are by the jewels that cover our aching hearts."

"And can I not give you aid or comfort?" asked Christina with affectionate eagerness—"Withhold not your confidence from me; it is hard to suffer alone, and I well know what it is to endure, even for a brief space, the pangs of hopeless love—for when my father opposed my union with Prince Albert, the world held not a wretch so reckless, and miserable as myself."

"Ah, but remember Christina," murmured Josepha, "your love was placed upon an object whose rank cast no disgrace upon your choice—you had a spirit that I possess not, and our mother smiled upon the wishes of your heart. Speak no more of this, sweet sister, if I am dear to you—believe me I weep not for this—but I weep that I must quit my mother's arms, my sisters' caresses, my brother's love, and the scenes and haunts of my happy childhood; and—despise not my weakness—but I have a fearful presentiment that the fate of Joanna will be mine—and that ere long the same tomb will hold in its cold bosom the two betrothed brides of Ferdinand of Naples."

"Yield not to such idle fears," said the Princess, tenderly embracing her—"Whence can they spring? the flush of health is on this cheek, this bounding pulse beats high with life, and that radiant eye sparkles not with the artificial lustre of disease. Your nervous system is unstrung—the ceremonies of the day have been too much for you, and this night of weeping vigils has prostrated your little remaining strength. Dismiss these vague terrors, my sister,

and seek the repose of your couch. See, the yellow dawn is just tinging the sky, and you have not yet slept. Go, dream of your coming power, and rest assured the Queen of delicious Naples shall not have cause to complain, that the Princess of cold and rude Saxony absents herself from her court."

A languid smile stole faintly over the beautiful features of Josepha, as if to repay Christina for her kind attempts at consolation, but as she strove to rise, her limbs faltered—the Princess perceived that she was fainting, and in alarm summoned her attendants. In a few minutes she recovered, was undressed and placed in bed, when she desired to be left alone, and Christina, affectionately kissing her, retired, to seek that repose from which she had been disturbed by the restless step of her unhappy sister, whose apartments adjoined her own.

On the succeeding day, Josepha pleaded indisposition as a wish for remaining in private; but when another and still another day passed on, and the same plea was urged, the Empress, convinced that the disease was that of the mind, insisted upon her reappearance in the courtly circle, as the only means of dispelling the gloom to which she was constantly yielding, in the retirement of her own apartments. She obeyed—but nothing won her from her sadness—no smile lighted up her lovely face—the hue of health and happiness faded from her cheek, the lightness of her step was gone, and the deep blue eye, which was wont to look joyously on all, now sadly sought the earth, veiled by the long dark fringes of its snowy lid. In vain her sisters strove to cheer and amuse her with plans of future pleasure, and pictures of gaiety and splendor, that were to make her court the most brilliant and attractive in Europe—or that her mother sought by alternate reasoning and persuasion, to reconcile her to her destiny. A settled gloom brooded incessantly over her, and she spent hour after hour alone in her oratory, or stole to some sequestered alcove of the palace gardens, to spend the time in solitary weeping. Sometimes she would take with her, her young sister Marie Antoinette, afterwards the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of France, and pour into her childish bosom the grief that was consuming her. The Empress was a fond and tender mother, and her heart bled to behold the unhappiness of her daughter, yet regarding her only as a wayward child, she looked forward with confident hope to the period when her present idle and unaccountable repugnance to an alliance with Ferdinand, would be dispelled by the active duties and pleasures of the high and brilliant station she was called to fill. Acting upon this conviction, she continued to treat the young Josepha with the most tender regard, and to notice as slightly as possible the dejection to which she was a prey.

At length, with a despairing heart, Josepha saw the day draw near on which she was to bid farewell to

the Austrian court. Splendid preparations were being made for her departure, and a brilliant retinue formed to escort her to her new dominions; all appeared solicitous to offer homage to the young and lovely Queen, and whenever she appeared, it was to be greeted with enthusiasm by courtiers and people. But all this *éclat* served only to deepen the sadness of Josepha. She looked at every familiar face, at every inanimate object even, with a pang—for the thought that she was soon to quit all, dwelt like an arrow barbed with poison in her heart. Young as she was in years, she was still more youthful in feeling, and the simple and pure joys of childhood, its love of bird and flower, and wild freedom from restraint, had not yet ceased to be precious to her—she loved all that belonged to her own tender years, far better than the burdensome ceremonials of royalty—and the outpouring of affection and delight from young hearts to which hers was linked, was far more grateful to her ear, than the fulsome strains of adulation, uttered by nobles and princes, who hailed her as their Queen. Never, indeed, did a young brow wear its regal honours with so little majesty, or a young heart throb with so little pride at the prospect of dominion, as Josepha's. But her fate was sealed,—and aware that it was so, she remained passive in the hands of others, and ceased to express either hope or fear, with regard to her future destiny.

Things were in this state, when, as she sat alone one morning in her closet, she was startled by a low knock at the door, and immediately the gentle voice of the Empress requested admittance. Josepha was surprised,—for never before, that she recollected, had her mother intruded on those hours devoted to religious exercises—she was too scrupulous an observer of every external form of the church, willingly to interrupt the devotions of her children, and as Josepha hastily unclosed the door, she wondered within herself what urgent occasion could have brought her thither at this unusual hour. The fine countenance of the Empress wore that look of sad and patient resignation, which, since the death of the Emperor, had become almost its habitual expression. Inferior as he had been to her, in every great and noble quality, she yet cherished for him a love deep and intense as the heart of woman ever knew; and his loss, which she unceasingly deplored, wrought in her person and character a change, which no other event had been able to effect—teaching her, though still ambitious, to feel the vanity of earthly aspirations, and the fleeting nature of all joys, save those which have their birth in heaven.

As Marie Theresa entered the little oratory of her daughter, she embraced her with maternal fondness, and then, speaking in her accustomed sweet and subdued voice, "I trust, my child," she said, glancing towards the breviary which still lay open on a cushion, "I trust I have not disturbed your devotions. I

thought the hour past in which you were usually engaged in them, and I wished to speak to you of a duty to be performed before you quit the soil in which your father sleeps."

The voice of the Empress faltered; she paused and covered her face with her handkerchief. Josepha, with childlike simplicity and affection, threw herself upon her mother's bosom, and gently uncovering her face, kissed away the tears that bedewed it.

Tell me, mamma, what you would have me do," she said—"I have caused you so much grief, that I would, if possible, by some act prove to you my love, and glad obedience to your wishes."

"I thank you, my Josepha," said the Empress, "and cherish not a doubt of your zeal in the performance of the sacred duty I shall name. It involves my peace of mind, and as I think, your welfare, temporal and eternal."

"Name it, mamma," said the young Queen, with a slight foreboding of ill, as she marked the more than usual solemnity of her mother's voice and manner.

"Need I remind you, my daughter," she replied, "that this is the eighteenth of the month, a day always consecrated by me to the memory of him we mourn—the best of husbands and of fathers."

"I remembered it, mamma, while on my knees before that altar," returned Josepha, "and I omitted not a fervent petition for the repose of his blessed soul."

"And I, my child," said the Empress with emotion, "have but now returned from that vault within which his precious ashes rest. I have watered his tomb with my tears, and there, where earthly pride and vanity may read their impotence, I have mingled with my prayers for his soul, the deepest and most abasing confessions of my own frailty and imperfections, and asked of God wisdom to rule my people with justice, and to maintain a virtuous sway over the more difficult and rebellious empire of my heart."

Josepha shuddered—the superstition which tinted the strong mind of Marie Theresa was deeply interwoven in her weaker and more youthful one, and the idea of going alone to that sepulchral vault, beneath the dark and gloomy church of the Capuchins, as her mother often did, and always on the eighteenth of every month, the day on which the Emperor died, filled her with dismay.

"My daughter, you are soon to quit the arms of my love," resumed the Empress, "and before your bark is launched upon the broad and stormy ocean, where it is destined, perhaps, to buffet many perils, I entreat that you will seek the tomb of your father, and over his cold remains, dedicate yourself to God—implore his guidance and protection through the devious paths it may be your lot to tread, and invoke the beatified spirit of him who sleeps beneath, to pray for you, and watch over you with the eyes of

his heavenly, as he once did with those of his earthly love."

A thrill of horror ran through the veins of Josepha, as she listened to these words—she stood like one paralyzed—with fixed eyes, and bloodless cheeks and lips; but Marie Theresa, absorbed by her own emotion, noticed not that of her daughter.

"Prince Kaunnitz will attend you," resumed the Empress, after a momentary pause, "and Father Stephen will himself conduct you to the vault, where—."

"Oh, my mother, spare me!" burst from the lips of the terrified Josepha, as with a look of supplicating agony, she threw herself at the feet of the astonished Empress.

"Spare you the performance of an act of filial piety, Josepha? Is it this you mean?" asked her mother in a tone of reproachful surprise.

"And must then, such a dreadful test of my filial piety and love be required—is it not enough that my tears, my unceasing regrets for my lost father, daily prove how rooted are these sentiments in my heart?" asked Josepha, bursting into a passion of tears, and burying her face in the folds of her mother's robe.

"I understand not these tears, this ill-timed resistance to my rational request," said the Empress, rising with dignity; "surely no physical fears can operate to produce this strong repugnance to an act which should have been voluntary on your part; yes, it should have been a spontaneous wish in the heart of a daughter of the House of Austria, to perform her last act of devotion at the tomb of a father who adored her, before quitting her country perhaps forever."

"Oh, forgive me, my mother," exclaimed the unhappy Princess, still kneeling in humble entreaty at the feet of her imperial mother; "I am very, very wretched, and call me weak and childish if you will—but indeed I cannot, dare not encounter the terrors of that gloomy vault—assign me any other task—vigils or penances, weary and cruel as they may be, I will perform—but this—no—I never can survive a visit to that tomb."

"Josepha arise," said the Empress, in a tone of severe displeasure; "I blush that a child of mine should avow herself the victim of such idle fears; but they can avail you nothing—they are too absurd to be regarded, and I should feel that I did my duty neither as a sovereign, nor a Christian mother, if I consigned my daughter to the arms of a husband, ere she had performed this last sacred act of filial love, deemed by me essential to her peace and happiness; and on the tomb of her dead father, registered her vows to live always for Heaven, and for those over whom she is destined to reign. Prepare yourself to set forth privately, and in an hour Father Stephen will be here, to attend you to the church of the Capuchins."

Accustomed as she was to absolute and unbound-

ed sway, Marie Theresa could ill brook resistance to her will from any, and least of all from her children. Even her son, the Emperor Joseph, whom, after his father's death, she admitted as co-regent of her dominions, was compelled to render her implicit obedience, and yield in all things to her will—so that she was in reality as much the sole sovereign of Austria as she had been during the lifetime of the late nominal Emperor, the passive and unambitious Francis. Aware from bitter experience of this trait in the character of her illustrious mother, the young Queen felt how worse than useless would be all further attempt at resistance, and rising mechanically from her suppliant attitude, she signified her acquiescence in the task required, by a silent gesture, and the faint utterance of the words "I obey," that fell almost inaudibly from her quivering lips.

The Empress was satisfied, and immediately withdrew, when completely subdued by her nervous terrors, which aggravated a thousand-fold the horrors of this dreaded visit, the unhappy Josepha sunk upon a couch, and gave way without restraint to hysterical sobs and tears. The voice of her young sister, Marie Antoinette, singing her joyous carols as she bounded along the corridor, first aroused her to herself, and rising, she wiped her swollen eyes, and went forth to embrace this darling child, the personification of infant grace and beauty. She found her seated on the floor of her apartment, the head of a beautiful greyhound resting passively on her lap, while she twined around his neck a carcanet of pearls, which she had roguishly purloined from the toilet of an elder sister. Happy, unconscious child! little dreamed she who now clasped you to her bosom, of the woes, the miseries that were preparing for your after years—miseries to which those that darkened her lot, bitter as they seemed, were as the summer storm, compared to the fierce and desolating tornado of the tropics.

"Ah, mamma says you must soon leave us, dear Josepha," exclaimed the lovely child, as she showered her fragrant kisses on the cheeks and lips and brow of her weeping sister, "but why do you cry, you are going to be a queen as mamma is, whom every body loves—though Christina says you would rather be an archduchess still, that you might stay here with us in our pleasant home—or go with us sometimes to Schonbrunn or Lachsenburg, where we have such delicious fruit, and nice large gardens to play in."

"Indeed, indeed, I would my Marie," said Josepha, as she strained her young sister to her bosom with energy that surprised the child, accustomed as she was to the fervour of her embraces—"God knows how my heart aches to quit you, dear one—yet I must go—but not to be a queen, save as they now call me so—an empty word, for never shall I live to wear a crown," and she hid her face among the golden ringlets of the little archduchess, till

they were wet with her streaming tears. The child clung to her agitated sister, weeping also with passionate vehemence—yet she scarcely knew wherefore, till Josepha, hearing the sound of approaching steps, started up with a look of wild terror, exclaiming :

“ He comes for me dearest, farewell—know you not that I go to visit our father’s tomb—my mother commands it—and oh, let your innocent prayers arise for me, when I descend into that gloomy vault—that will be my only kingdom—there shall I soon be laid, and never, no never embrace you thus in health again.

At that instant an attendant came to say Father Stephen awaited her in the corridor, and holding Marie Antoinette for a few moments to her heart, she breathed over her a silent prayer, and consigned her to the care of her women. Then suffering a large cloak to be wrapped around her trembling form, she joined the priest, who conducted her to a private staircase, by which they left the palace, and at the foot of which Prince Kaunnitz, long the able and faithful Prime Minister of Marie Theresa, awaited their appearance. One confidential attendant followed her youthful mistress, and supported her, as speechless and almost motionless, she was placed in the carriage, which stood ready to convey her to her dreaded destination. The Prince, with the kindness and tenderness of a father, strove to soothe her agitation, and arm her with fortitude, while the good father interposed benevolent words, and gentle counsel, to encourage and reassure her. But all their efforts availed nought. Her once buoyant and happy mind had lost its equilibrium—nervous terrors and superstitious dread, assumed the mastery over all calmer and more rational sentiments, and yielding to their sway, she fixed not her mind upon the act of piety which was her ostensible object ; she saw only arrayed before her the funereal gloom of that dismal vault, and all the insignia of death which reigned within its precincts. Each moment, as she drew nearer to the church of the Capuchins, whose dark towers frowned in the distance, her emotion increased, till it became so uncontrollable, that when the carriage at length stopped before its lofty portals, the Prince was obliged to lift her in his arms, and bear her into the vestibule, so utterly had strength and courage forsaken her, in the near prospect of the task she was destined to perform.

Here, as she paused with her companions, to rally her fleeing spirits, a tall figure, wrapped in a military cloak, glided past the group and disappeared in the body of the church. It was so common for persons, at all hours, to enter this sanctuary for the purposes of devotion, that neither Prince Kaunnitz nor the priest regarded the stranger as he passed. But Josepha felt the blood mantle on her before pallid cheek, as with an involuntary start she turned

her head to follow his receding figure—but it was almost instantly lost to her view, when fearful that the gesture might have been remarked, she signified her wish to proceed, and was immediately led by the prince up the principal aisle, towards the high altar of the church. Here she again paused, to pour forth a brief, but soul-felt prayer for guidance and support, after which she arose, and with agony that every instant deepened and concentrated, followed Father Stephen towards the concealed door that led into the sepulchral vaults below. Slowly she moved forward, dreading, to think, yet murmuring inarticulate prayers for the fortitude necessary to sustain her, when she was startled by beholding the same figure which had passed her in the vestibule, standing half concealed in the deep shade of a broad and projecting pillar. The stranger, as if by an involuntary impulse, moved a step forward, when Josepha appeared, and the oblique rays from a distant lamp falling on his person, revealed through the open folds of his cloak, a youthful and noble form, wearing the uniform of the imperial guards, and the decorations of many brilliant orders, among which blazed conspicuous, that of Marie Theresa.

Not all the terrors of the task she was about to perform, had so blanched her cheek, and palsied the energies of her heart, as did the sight of that young and gallant noble who now doffed his plumed hat, and bent in lowly but speechless reverence before her as she passed. She raised one furtive glance of mingled sorrow, tenderness and entreaty to the pale and agitated face that locked with earnest gaze on hers, and then by a painful effort quickened her speed, till she gained the secret door which the priest was preparing to unlock. None save the faithful attendant, on whose arm she at that moment leaned, knew that the young Count Dalmanoff stood within that sanctuary—and no other had marked the recognition which passed between the youthful Queen and this brave and noble soldier of her mother’s guard. The short lived energy which had inspired her after this incident, passed away when she heard the key turning in the massy lock of that fatal door, and saw its hinges unclose to admit her into the dreary abode of death below. The voice of Prince Kaunnitz, uttering words of kind encouragement, as he bade her a short farewell, for a moment recalled her resolution, but again it fled when she found herself descending the steps alone with Father Stephen, and actually penetrating the funereal gloom of that subterranean vault. Then it was that, though her limbs like those of a machine continued to perform their office, the pulses of her heart stood still with dread, and her eyes, fixed and dilated with horror, seemed to behold ghastly shapes beckoning to her from the tomb of her father. Wrought upon by many causes, her naturally superstitious mind, was now wound up to the highest point of endurance, reducing her to that critical

state, when one unfamiliar sound, one fearful sight, real or imaginary, might snap the delicate and brittle chords of life, and terminate at once her frail and brief existence.

Having reached, in this state, the bottom of the stairs, the priest led her on through the damp and silent cemetery, muttering prayers as he proceeded, and holding up the silver lamp which he bore in his hand, to light them on their way. Its feeble ray struggled with the surrounding gloom, till as they passed onward, it was lost in the blaze of the wax tapers, which on this day always burned in profusion around the tomb of the Emperor. Josepha saw by the glare of light which shone upon the emblazoned escutcheon of her imperial house, that she stood beside the splendid mausoleum of her family; a mausoleum erected by the piety of her mother, in the early days of her beauty and glory. Surrounded by all that earth could give of happiness and power, Marie Theresa, forgot not even then, to look forward to that period when the joys and pomps of earth must pass away, and the grave claim that decayed body from which its immortal inmate had departed. Beside her father's splendid monument stood the humbler tomb of her youthful sister Joanna—she who, like herself, had been betrothed to Ferdinand of Naples—but who was early doomed to make her bridal bed in the eternal coldness and silence of the grave. Josepha started as she passed it, to behold the garland of white roses which had been placed there by the hand of affection, still hanging unwithered, as it seemed, upon the icy marble. "It has waited to crown me too for my bridal," she murmured, and as this thought of a distempered mind burst from her lips, she reached forth her hand to grasp it. But preserved as it had been, by some quality of the atmosphere, it crumbled to dust at the touch, and the unfortunate Josepha, regarding the incident as an omen of the fate she had predicted for herself, uttered an hysterical shriek and sank fainting to the earth.

Father Stephen in alarm hastened to her aid—he raised her in his arms, and called upon her name—but to his terrified gaze, life seemed extinct, and with all the speed which his trepidation would permit, he bore her from the vault to the upper air. The terror of prince Kaunnitz at her situation exceeded even that of the priest, and when neither their efforts, nor those of her attached attendant, could succeed in reviving her, they bore her to the carriage, and without delay conveyed her back to the palace—and there, amidst the skill of physicians, the cares of attendants, and the tender assiduities of anxious and alarmed relatives, she was at length restored to animation, but not to consciousness. When again those soft and eloquent eyes opened to the light, the wild gleams of insanity shot from them, and its ravings burst from the fevered lips which

constantly uttered the incoherent ravings of terror or despair.

Bitterly now did the Empress regret the severity with which she had insisted upon her daughter's observance of a duty, that had wrought such fatal effects upon her sensitive frame. Her own superstitious piety had made it appear in her eyes, an act of paramount importance, involving the temporal welfare and eternal happiness of her child—and this view of it, had rendered her insensible to the danger of opposing a timid and over-wrought mind to the influence of scenes and emotions, too fearful for its weakness to encounter. In short, the seeds of a fatal disease, which lurked in the frame of the young Josepha, were prematurely ripened, and endued with a malignancy that might otherwise have been unknown to them, by the dreadful excitement she had endured—and on the day succeeding her visit to the church of the Capuchins, her medical attendants declared her to be suffering under the small pox, that terrible malady, which no science had then taught mankind how to counteract or ameliorate, and which had already found one victim in the imperial family, in the person of the young Archduchess Joanna.

How bitter were the tears shed by the conscience-stricken Empress! over that disfigured and unconscious face—that face, but a few short days before, so full of life and beauty—an object of delight to every eye—of love to every heart. How poor to her now seemed all her schemes of ambition for this lamented child,—this victim of her worldly policy and superstitious weakness. How importunate were the prayers she offered up for her recovery, and how fervent the vows she now made, to seek in future only happiness and virtue for her children, nor covet for them those alliances, which must be purchased at the price of every pure and home-born affection of the heart. How well she kept the vows and promises made beside that bed of death let history tell—history, dark with the fate of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and polluted with the record of her career, who within one short year from this period, her mother sacrificed at the same shrine, whither the poor Josepha had been led, a sad and unwilling victim.

Although the physicians forbade any, except the necessary attendants, to enter the apartment of their patient, yet the Empress would not be excluded from the presence of her child. She hovered incessantly around her, she ministered with her own hands to her wants, and though that closing eye never again looked with one ray of intelligence into hers, she could not deny herself the melancholy comfort of listening to the low and broken murmurs of her voice, soothing the querulous complainings of insanity and pain, and when the brief and fearful contest was about to terminate, her bosom pillowed the head of



the dying sufferer, and her eye watched the spirit's latest struggle, till it quitted its disfigured tenement, and soared upward to its native skies.

But then it was the mother sank beneath the terrible infliction. Many were the wounds which in her splendid and triumphant career, the noble heart of Marie Theresa had received, and at this last blow they all bled afresh. It was more than nature could sustain—she was carried from her daughter's apartment to her bed, and before the dawn of another day the same dreadful malady declared itself in her. All wept for the "Mother of her people," but He who never breaks the bruised reed, interposed his healing hand, and she arose in due time from her bed of sickness and affliction—instructed by the past, purified in heart, and humbly submissive to the rod which had chastened her.

On the eighth day after the death of the young and ill-fated Josepha, the imperial vault beneath the church of the Capuchins, was opened to admit a funeral train, and she who had so short a time before entered it with agonizing fear, and ominous foreboding, was now, silent and insensible, borne thither to her lonely rest beneath the cold and fretted marble. Long and imposing were the ceremonies performed over that young inanimate form. But at length they terminated—the last prayer was said—the last wreath of incense arose from the swinging censer, the last chant was sung, and the young bride of Ferdinand slept beside the sister whose fate had been so similar to her own. The pageant disappeared—but one still lingered beside the tomb, and as he bent over it, embracing as it were the insensible marble, the light from the burning tapers fell upon the noble figure of him who had greeted Josepha in the church of the Capuchins. As he now stood beside her last resting place, the eloquence of deep and hopeless sorrow was written on every line of his fine countenance, and in the gathering drops that fell fast as a summer shower upon the cold marble of her tomb. Long he remained there, lost in a trance of grief, then hanging on the same shaft, whence her hand had displaced the withered roses, a garland of amaranth and myrtle, he drew his cloak around him, and with a backward, lingering look, slowly departed. A gallant steed stood in the court of the Capuchins—he bounded into the saddle, and passed the barriers of the city, just as the last requiem which had been chanted for the soul of the youthful queen, had died away in the churches and convents of the city.

From that melancholy day, the young Count Dalmanoff, the flower of the Hungarian nobility, the pride and boast of Marie Theresa's chivalry, disap-

peared from the Austrian Court. Whether he went, or what had been his fate, no one could conjecture. Nor were any tidings gained of him till years had passed away, when he was recognized among the slain in one of those bloody battles, which to Austria's shame, she waged against dismembered Poland. On his breast was found a small case of gold, enclosing a withered rose, and a tress of fair hair, and bearing engraved upon its back, the cypher and crest of Josepha of Austria.

E. L. C.

Montreal, December 10, 1838.

#### A HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. Oh, my friend, I think sometimes could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those "merrier days"—not the "pleasant days of hope"—not those "wanderings with a fair-haired maid"—which I have so often and so feelingly regretted; but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day; on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper, which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust will come. There will be time enough for kind offices of love, if heaven's eternal year be ours. Hereafter, her meek spirit shall not reproach me. Oh, my friend, cultivate the filial feeling!—and let no man think himself released from the kind "charities" of relationship. These shall give him peace at the last. These are the best foundation for every species of benevolence.—*C Lamb's Letters.*

#### DIFFERENCES OF THE SEXES.

Men love for things, as facts, possessions and estates; and women, persons; and while a man regards only abstract scientific facts, a woman looks only at the person in whom they are embodied. Even in childhood, the girl loves an imitation of humanity, her doll, and works for it; the boy gets a hobby-horse or tools, and works with them. But the noblest quality wherewithal nature has endowed woman for the good of the world, is love—that love which seeks no sympathy and no return. The child is the object of love, and kisses and watching; and answers them only by complaints and anger; and the feeble creature, that requires the most, repays the least. But the mother loves on; her love only grows stronger, the greater the need and the greater the unthankfulness of its object—and, while fathers prefer the strongest of their children, the mother feels most love for the most feeble and garrulous.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAM.

—  
 "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the Battle.  
 —

I.

On Abram shone nor moon nor star,  
 Yet quickly gathered from afar  
 The rushing tide of ruthless War,  
 In all its pomp and revelry.

II.

Beneath the canopy of night,  
 The Sons of Britain in their might,  
 Prepared to die or win yon height,  
 And passed the word—"Our Ancestry!"

III.

Dark rolled Saint Lawrence's stormy wave!  
 The woods, the vales—each rock and cave,  
 The hills and Montmorenci gave  
 An echo like artillery.

IV.

On—on! ye freest of the free,  
 Though swift the stream and rough the sea,  
 Who would not die for liberty,  
 E'en midst this night's obscurity!

V.

Cape Diamond's passed; now on the strand,  
 In silence, chief and vassals stand:  
 Fast from each scabbard flew a brand,—  
 "Up—up the mountain rapidly!"

VI.

No sooner thought, than said and done;  
 Those were no hearts the fray to shun,  
 And o'er the height, like orient sun,  
 They stood in glorious panoply!

VII.

Now from the vale below advance  
 In hurried pace the hosts of France:  
 Their banners wave—their armour glance,—  
 All long to meet the enemy.

VIII.

Ah! ere yon orb, with fading ray,  
 Shall gild the closing scenes of day,  
 These hostile bands, in fierce array,  
 A tale will tell of agony.

IX.

But hark! the signal now is given:  
 The air with warlike sounds is riven:  
 Each footman rests his cause on heaven:  
 Mark—mark his eye of bravery!

14

X.

As wave meets wave upon the shore,  
 So deepens fast the combat's roar:  
 High is each arm, and deep in gore,  
 The field is red and slippery.

XI.

Yet onward—onward, press the brave;  
 Around them flags opposing wave:—  
 "Our country or a glorious grave!"  
 Is shouted high and cheerily.

XII.

And now the pibroch's mountain tones  
 Are heard amid death's dismal groans:  
 They fire Old Albyn's fearless sons—  
 Woe—woe, to France's chivalry!

XIII.

They think on Scotia's hills and glades:  
 They whirl in air their tartan plaids—  
 In blood they dye their dauntless blades;—  
 Saint Andrew!—their's is victory!

XIV.

But over whom, so pale and cold,  
 Dares death his sable ensigns fold?  
 Alas! 'tis Wolf—the good and bold:  
 His life's blood gushes rapidly!

XV.

A veteran at the warrior's side  
 The glorious issue saw, and cried  
 "They run!"—the sinking hero sighed,  
 "Thank God!—I die contentedly!"

D. C.

## A SENSIBLE ARRANGEMENT.

A worthy gentleman, had the bell-wire of his door cut one night by some inebriated person returning from the garden. To prevent the occurrence of a similar outrage, he ordered the bell-hanger to place it *out of reach*.

If a person has a great knack a finding out seats of legerdemain, you may pronounce him a blockhead. I never knew a clever man who was worth a farthing at detecting such tricks.

The most honest gourmands are decidedly the English; they talk of the subject with profound gusto, and may be said to have studied the philosophy of eating more deeply than any other nation in Europe.

## ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

A Prussian lieutenant-colonel, whose regiment had been disbanded at the end of the war of 1756, was constantly soliciting his majesty to be again put on the establishment, and became so troublesome that he was forbidden the court. Soon after, a libel appeared against his majesty; and Frederick, however indulgent he was to transgressions of this kind, was so much offended with the audacity of this, that he offered a reward of fifty gold fredericks to any person who would discover the author. The lieutenant-colonel sent in his name to the king, signifying that he had an important piece of intelligence to give. He was admitted. "Sire," he said, "you have promised fifty gold fredericks to the person who would discover the author of such a libel—I am the man; I lay my head at your feet; but keep your royal word, and while you punish the criminal, send to my poor wife and wretched children the sum you promised to the informer." His majesty already knew who was the author of the libel: he was affected with the desperate extremity to which necessity had obliged an otherwise estimable officer to have recourse; but he had owned himself guilty.—"Go (said the monarch) instantly to Spandau, and under the locks of that fortress, wait the just effects of the wrath of your sovereign."—"I obey, sire; but the fifty gold fredericks."—"In two hours your wife shall receive them. Take this letter, and deliver it to the governor of Spandau; but enjoin him not to open it until after dinner." The lieutenant-colonel arrived at the dreadful castle assigned him for his abode, and declared himself a prisoner.—When the desert was upon the table, the governor opened the letter; it contained these words;—"I give the command of Spandau to the bearer of this letter; he will soon see his wife and children arrive with the fifty gold fredericks. The present governor of Spandau will go to B——in the same quality; I bestow that recompense upon him, in consideration of his services."

## THE HEAD OF THE ELEPHANT.

A vulgar admiration is excited by seeing the spider monkey pick up a straw or a piece of wood with its tail, or the elephant searching the keeper's pocket with his trunk. Now, fully to examine the peculiarity of the elephant's structure, that is to say, from its huge mass to deduce the necessity for its trunk, would lead us through a train of very curious observations to a more correct notion of that appendage, and, therefore, to truer admiration of it. We find that one of the grinders of the elephant weighs seventeen pounds; and, of these there are four in the skull, besides the rudiments of others. We next observe how admirably these grinding-teeth are suited to sustain great pressure and attrition. The jaws must be provided to give deep socketing to such

teeth; and they must have space and strength to give lodgment and attachment to muscles sufficient for moving this grinding machine. The animal must have its defence too. Now each of the tusks sometimes weighs as much as one hundred and thirty pounds; and being projected, they may be considered as if placed at the end of a lever. If this enormous and heavy head had hung on the end of a neck having any thing like the proportion in its length, which we see, for example, in the horse, it would inordinately have increased the pressure of the anterior extremities, and more than four times the expenditure of muscular power would have been necessary to the motion of the head. What has been the resource of nature? There are seven vertebrae of the neck in this animal, the same number that we find in the giraffe; but they are compressed in a very remarkable manner, so as to bring the head close upon the body; and thus the head is, as it were, a part of the body, without the interposition of the neck. But the animal must feed; and, as its head cannot reach the ground it must possess an instrument like a hand in the proboscis, to minister to the mouth, to grasp the herbage, and lift it to its lips.—Thus we perceive, that the form of the elephant, so far as regards the peculiar character in the shoulders and head, the closeness of the head to the body, the possession of the proboscis, and the defence of that proboscis by the projecting tusks, is a necessary consequence of the weight of the head, and, indeed, of the great size of the animal.—*Sir Charles Bell on the Hand.*

## THE CURSE OF PHARAOH.

I have omitted to mention that the curse provoked by Pharaoh still rests upon the land of Egypt, and that rats, fleas, and all those detestable animals into which Aaron converted the sands, are still the portion of the traveller and sojourner in Egypt. I had suffered considerably during the last four days, but not willing to loose a favourable wind, had put off, resorting to the usual means of relief. To-night, however, there was no enduring it any longer—the rats ran, shrieked, and shouted, as if celebrating a jubilee on account of some great mortality among the cats, and the lesser animals came upon me as if the rod of Aaron had been lifted for my special affliction.—*Stephens' Incidents of Travel in the Holy Land, Egypt, Edom, &c.*

Snuff-taking in a woman is abominable, unless she be very aged—say eighty, or upwards—when it is rather becoming than otherwise.

The best tooth-powder in the world is the Armenian bole, a penny worth of which will serve a man for six months.

## THE BIT O' WRITIN'.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

*Continued from our last Number.*

## CHAPTER VII.

We hate getting serious to-day, but cannot now well help it; and yet we have tried hard to avoid doing so. Sitting down to this story, we made up our minds, indeed, that it should not, if possible, grow solemn from the beginning to the end of it; and now, even when it is plain, that, with close regard to truth, it must take some such a turn, in spite of us, we would fain avoid the contingency, if, we repeat, circumstances permitted our choice; so anxious are we to have it to say that we possess the talent of selecting, for once in our lives at least, as the subject of a tale, occurrences and persons always of a sunshiny character.

But human nature, we fear, is against us. The clear blue sky and the cloud of life, the sun and the shower, work alternately with each other in whatever succession of true events our experience can bring before us. And it is to be even so with our little history, henceforward. We promise, however, to wlay out in the sun as often and as long as we can, and not to chill you under the cloud-shadow, or wet you with the shower, except when there is no running in-doors from the approach of either.

Moya Moore deserved the character jointly given of her by her sister Chevaun, and by her good brother-in-law, Murty Meehan. She was, indeed, an excellent-hearted girl; very pretty, too, with as tender and loving a blue eye as ever lighted up a rosy cheek. We have often paused, with others, to admire her modest beauty, and her soft, retiring manner, as she stood by one of the pillars of our market-house, with some half-dozen pairs of woollen hose hanging over her arm, all of her own knitting—nay, the materials of all carded and spun by herself; and we have as often thought, while engaged in our innocent studies of Moya, that the cooing, pipy murmur of voice in which she used to recommend the quality of her merchandize, must have convinced many bidders of their excellence.

But Moya Moore had been more blooming some years before our approaching introduction to her, than she is at present. Care and sorrow, and her efforts, from morning to night, to supply, with un-  
siring industry, to her old broken spirited parent, the

comforts her age required, had lately made sad work among the roses on her cheeks. And, after all, little could she effect to soothe her mother's lot: the profits of her little household manufacture were inadequate to pay men to till the old farm, to stock it, and above all, to clear it of the heavy arrears of rent with which it was burdened.

Murty has already hinted to his friend, the ould admiral, something of the present position of Moya and her mother; we must be a little more particular.

Mrs. Moore had once been a busting, consequential personage. Perhaps she used to pride herself on the station she enjoyed in the world. She had been an heiress—after the fashion following. Her father held a small compact tract of land, but having no male issue, no child but herself, in fact—caused her husband, when she married, to come and reside with his wife, in the house in which she was born, and help him to cultivate and take care of the land, and be in every respect a son unto him—which, indeed, Daniel Moore was, until the old man died, leaving him, in right of his spouse, the envied possessor of a comfortable independence.

And still every thing went on prosperously; Mrs. Moore became the mother of two sons, who in time proved industrious lads, and, directed by their father, increased the profits of the farm; and so, year after year, the heiress, all along covered by her natal roof, saw herself and her family gain much repute in the neighbourhood. But a sorrowful reverse was doomed to her. A malignant fever broke out in her district; and, within a few weeks of each other, hurried her husband and her sons to the grave. And now, her broken-heartedness and her consternation assisting the ultimate result, the widow gradually became, first embarrassed, and then involved beyond hope of redemption. Eagerly would she have then insisted to a political economist, that labour, not land, is the true source of the wealth of nations.

At the time of her first misfortune, her daughter Chevaun had, during some years, been married to Murty Meehan, and her second daughter, Moya, was a child of nine or ten. At present that child is nineteen, so that for a long period poor Mrs. Moore

has been vainly struggling, almost alone, still to live, and if possible die, under the roof which sheltered himself, since her birth, her husband, since he became such, to the day of his death, and her fine young sons, to the day of their untimely demise, also. And at last she has but one melancholy prospect before her—that of seeing herself and her innocent Moya turned out upon the world, poorer than beggars, because in debt—and the one helpless from age, and the other on account of her green youth and tender character.

As Murty Meehan crossed the farm to Mrs. Moore's house, bent upon his matrimonial diplomacy, bitterly did he lament over the face of dilapidation worn by every thing around him, as well as on his path to the very door of the sad dwelling.—The fences were all broken down: the land overrun with stones, weeds, thistles, and brambles; and over that part of it which had once afforded pasture to a goodly herd of cattle, and a fine flock of sheep, a single half-fed cow—a present from himself by the way—now ranged, untended and mournfully.

Nor did the once comfortable farm-house and its adjuncts present a better appearance than the land. The disjointed gate of the front yard lay in the mire. No sturdy swine grunted and lorted it over the back-yard; no grand chorus of cackling geese, gobbling turkey-cocks, and quack-quack-quacking ducks greeted his ears from its recesses; two or three old maid hens alone, who, by sharing Moya's scanty meal of potatoes, just contrived to live, uttered some fretful sounds in one of the corners. One end of the barn had fallen in. The house itself was fast bending to decay and ruin. Here and there the thatch had slid off its roof, or been blown away by the winds, and was all over that greenish hue which indicates, in such material, a speedy approach to decomposition, while rank grass, moss, weeds, and furze, flourished through it. The once decent, though small windows of the humble mansion were shattered, and their framework shaken. Before the door, on both sides, lay a broken plough, a broken harrow, and the wreck of a farming cart; all had gone to pieces in the weather, as well as from the want of an eye and a hand to keep them in repair.

We have said that Murty Meehan scanned with a feeling heart all these symptoms of distress. One thought, however, brought him comfort. The ould admiral's gold would put every thing to rights. In the scattered heap of it which he had just seen on his supper-table, there was surely enough for the purpose. And deriving spirits from this reflection, Murty crossed the threshold of the house.

Moya was seated to her knitting, inside the door, when he suddenly appeared before her with the usual "God save all here." Murty never paid a visit to the widow's abode without bringing some little present, or else volunteering and performing some little piece of service; even his placid, good-natural face was

ever welcome. His sister-in-law sprang up, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him cordially.

"A-charra-ma-chree, Moya, how is every little inch o' you?"

"Thank God, Murty, I'm as well as my heart could desire;" such was now her habitual answer while her cheek, her eye, her very voice, contradicted her.

"An' the poor ould mother, a-chorra, how does she hold up?"

"Och, Murty, only poorly, poorly; she's making my heart to bleed for her—in good truth she is; and while Moya pressed the tears from her eyes with one hand, she pointed towards the window with the other.

The old woman was seated in a far corner brooding, as usual, over her troubles. They presented to her mind the one monotonous subject of bitter study and chagrin. She had been comfortable—she was a pauper; happy and she was miserable; the respected mistress of a plentiful home, and she did not now know how soon she must leave it for ever, to die under a strange roof, or perhaps on the road side. A plentiful home!—and now there was no butter in her dairy, no sides of bacon in her chimney, no brown loaf in her cupboard; the small vessel full of inferior potatoes, which simmered on a low fire, and a scanty allowance of milk from the ill-nourished "stripper," presented to her by Murty Meehan, were her only food.

Seated on a very low stool, the tail of her tattered gown was turned over her head, and pinned partially round her face as if to shut her up with her own melancholy! her knees were cripped up to her mouth—a favourite position—as we have noticed among our humble people—of hopeless poverty; as if such a cringing and doubling of the person were meant to express the sense of self-humiliation weighing upon the heart: her fingers were dove-tailed across her knees; and with an exaggeration of the rocking movement before noticed in her daughter Moya, during her visit to Murty Meehan, she swayed her body to and fro—the low wailing which occasionally timed the motion imparting to it a character at once wild and despairing.

"How do you come on, my poor sowl?" asked Murty Meehan, bending his gigantic figure till his head came on a level with hers, in her lowly position, and his tones expressed deep and extreme commiseration.

Started from her wretched abstraction, she suddenly turned round and fixed her sombre, filmy eyes on his; but it was some time before she could perfectly recognise and bring to mind the features of her son-in-law.

"Murty Meehan, is that you?" she at length said; "I didn't know you at onct: the sighth o' my eyes is goin' from me—the very blessed sighth o' my eyes; yes the way everything else is goin' from

me,—husband, and sons—they're gone—gone, this many a year—paice an' comfort, house an' land—they're gone, too, or else goin' fast, ay fast; an' may be 'tis well that the ould eyes will be fadin' too; the good Christins may be more openhanded when they see that the widow that begs a ould pee-aty from them, is blind as well as poor."

"She's frettin' herself into the grave from me, this away," said Moya, still weeping; "an' there's no use in my tellin' her that God is good, and that he never shut one door on us but he opens another. Mother, I'm strong, an' young, an' able to do for you."

"That child puts the vexation on me, Murty Meehan," resumed the peevish and therefore selfish old woman; "just listen to the words of her mouth; she goes on talkin' o' doin' for me!—does she call givin' me half a mayle o' pee-aties doin' for me? Is she able to put her hand again the rascal of a sheriff an' his bailiffs, an' shuv 'em from the door? Will she stock the land, and till the land?—will she pay the black-hearted landlord his rent?—will she keep me in the house where I was born, as I used to be kept in id? I'm not to be under this roof another week."

"Mother, mother! don't be so cast down in yourself," comforted Murty, as Moya turned away, hopeless and pained, though not feeling offended, and weeping more than ever. "Bethter times is comin'."

"Bethter times! well, ay; I know that; the day I'm sent adrift over that thrashold, the heart will burst in my body; an' then there will be the better times—in the grave: bethter times, because I can't call to mind there the times that are gone; ay, ay; I know it well; an' I'm thankful to you for your comfort, Murty."

"She's sore afflicted," whispered Moya, coming back, and wishing by her remark to soften to Murty's ear her mother's bitter and hurtful words.

"Mother, you'll want none o' the grave's comforts yet a start, please God; you'll be livin' under the roof that covers you, an' that you was born under, this many a day to come; an' you'll be livin' under it prosperous an' happy."

"Did you stalk over here on your long legs, Murty Meehan, thinkin' you had a witless woman, as well as a broken-hearted woman, to make your mock at? You have a house to cover you; don't jibe them that'll soon be houseless, an' that onct had a home o' plenty. Go to your own place, Murty Meehan, an' laive me to myself; go to your own place an' take your gorsoon on your knee, an' promise him a coach an' four horses, if he stops cryin'; but don't bring sich stories to the ould widow in her misfortunes."

"Och, mother, mother?" gently remonstrated Moya; Murty 'ud never come to your hearth-stone to mock you."

"Mother, the colleen says the truth," blandly continued Murty; "I was never given to say or do what 'ud give pain to the heart of a stranger, not to talk o' you; an' I tell you again, an' I know what I'm sayin', that you'll live in the ould house to the ind o' your days, asy an' comfortable an' happy, if you like."

Moya had begun to listen to Murty with a beating heart: now she looked at him in breathless interest. The widow relaxed her clasped fingers from her knees, put back, with one hand, the neglected grey hairs from her face, and rested the palm of the other on her low stool, that so she might enable herself to turn round, and gaze her full wonder into the speaker's face. Her fluent words ceased.

"First an' foremost," Murty went on, "you don't owe a *laffina* o' rent in the world wide, this blessed moment! there's the landlord's resate in full, to the present day." He laid it on her knees. "An' will you b'lieve me now, mother dear?"

Moya, uttering a low scream of joy, suddenly knelt, clasping her hands, looking upward and moving her lips in prayer. The aged woman snatched up the paper, started on her feet, flung back the gown which had been hooded round her head, tottered to the rush-light in the middle of the floor, read the writing, and saw there was no mockery.

"May the ould widow's blessins," she began, also kneeling, "fall in a plentiful shower on the head that—that—" she could not go on; a passion of tears interrupted her speech. Moya piously finished for her the intended blessing, adding, "An' mine with it, our Father in heaven! mine—the blessin' o' the poor widow's orphan child on whoever it is, that takes my mother out of her sore trouble this holy and blessed night!" She then arose to assist her parent off the floor to her low stool again.

"'Tis more nor two years," resumed Mrs. Moore, wiping with her apron the plentiful moisture from her eyes and her wrinkles, "more nor two years since a tear fell from me; my heart was crusted over wid bitterness, like the wather when the frost is upon id: an' I'm cryin' now because the thaw is come to me; don't be afcaered, Moya; don't let it trouble you; nor you, Murty, asthore; it's the joy makes me cry, an' it will do me good."

For some time the certain tidings that she was not to be turned out of her house—the home of her fathers, of her youth, of her womanhood, and of her matronly consequence—were sufficient tidings for the widow Moore; and as she professed to receive relief from her tears, Murty allowed her to indulge them without interruption.

Moya also experienced a temporary abstraction of joy, though not of a nature so selfish as that indulged in by her mother; in fact, her heart thrilled with pleasure, because her mother's had been comforted. Both, however, awakened, at length to the interest

of the new question—how did Murty obtain the money to pay their rent ?

“Sit where you are, mother, quiet an’ asy, an’ I’ll soon tell you the whole story. The body that gave me the money to free you o’ the landlord won’t stop his hand there. He’ll stock the farm for you ; an’ he’ll make the ould land and the ould place to look the same it onct looked for you, an’ he’ll come an’ live unner the same roof wid you ; and he’ll be a son in your ould days to you ; an’ I’ll let you call me a born gander, if he doesn’t turn out to be a good son, into the bargain.”

“Yes, Murty ; yes, avich,” gasped Moya, changing colour, in an ill-boding, and fidgetting with her fingers.

“An’, to ind all, in one word, he’ll just marry wid my little Moya, here ; an’ if he doesn’t make mooch iv her, why I’m asthray intirely.”

Moya, feeling herself growing weak, slid down quietly in a sitting position, her face now very pale, and her eyes staring at Murty.

“Who is he, Murty dear ?” she asked in a whisper scarcely audible.

“Yes, Murty, aroon ; what name is on the gorsoon ?” echoed her mother.

“Gorsoon ?” questioned Murty, with an innocent smile—that is, with a smile meant to be received as quite innocent, though it really did not, so much as his usual ones, partake of that honourable character ; “Gorsoon ! why, then, barrin’ he’s a gorsoon bee raison iv his bein’ a bachelor boy, I’m thinkin’ it’s time for him to be a man at the present day ; sure, ye both know Terry O’Brien, the—the——” Murty hesitated.

Moya started into an expression which it would be difficult to define, as, with the slightest possible approach to impatience, she resumed, “Terry—Terry O’Brien, the—the what ?

“The—the—admiral,” answered Murty, at last in a hurry. He could not, on the present occasion, bring himself to honour Terence with his usual title in full.

Moya’s figure suddenly sank lower as she sat, and with clasped hands, and a face of utter misery, she looked towards her mother. Neither that good woman nor Murty Meehan, however, noticed or understood the present meaning of her manner and features.

“Terry O’Brien, the ould admiral ?” queried Mrs. Moore, very slowly, supplying Murty’s delicate omission ; and it half seemed that even her selfishness could not at once reconcile her to poor Terence as a husband for her daughter.

Murty went on—“Call him bee whatever other names ye please, Terry O’Brien is the man ; a power o’ the goold cum to him, from his ould ship for prize money, bee mains iv a bit o’ writin’ that one poor Murty Meehan, a neighbour, dhrew up for him ; an’ we all know he had a thrifile o’ the guineas

aforehead, along wid id : an’ every *laffina iv id all* that’s left afther payin’ the landlord, he’ll pelt into little Moya’s lap, to do what she likes wid id. There’s no denyin’ that Moya might get a younger boy, an’ maybe a one more likely an’ comely to look at ; but would he bring her or you, mother, out o’ the trouble that’s on ye ?—would he rise up all our heads, again an’ bring back the ould times ?—an’ salvation to my sowl, if there’s a more *laucky* creature than my poor Terry walkin’ Ireland’s ground. He’ll be like a little dog about the house ; he’ll do everything ye bid him do ; Moya ’ll be his Queen o’ the May ; an’ if ’tis a thing that he’s a taste ould, why, he’s hearty ; an’ not bad to look at, when you cum used to him.”

Moya still continued silent, her looks fixed on her mother, as a culprit at the bar of justice, on trial for his life, watches the face of the foreman of the jury, returning into court, with his brethren, after having agreed upon a verdict. She soon knew her doom.

“Moya won’t say the ‘No,’” resumed the ould woman ; “Moya always cared for the mother, an’ she won’t be the cause of her dyin’ broken-hearted at last ; Moya wouldn’t put the mother’s blessin’ from her.”

The young girl drew in her breath, making a slight hissing sound.

“I tell you again, Murty Meehan, if id come to pass that I was thrust over that dour-stone, I’d lay down my head on its threshold an’ die ; and Moya wouldn’t send her father’s widow an’ her own mother out o’ the world that way.”

A visible shudder now ran through Moya’s frame, but again her agitation was unnoticed.

The garrulous Mrs. Moore went on in great glee—“No, no, Moya would not ; an’ so, all will be as it used to be agin, please God ; the fitches will be in the chimby agin ; the cows will come to the bawn, loin’ to be milked agin ; we’ll have the sheep-shearin’ agin ; an’ the churn-dash will be goin’ bee the fire ; we’ll have our little parlour nate an’ purty agin ; whin the lark is singin’ above our heads, in the mornin’, we’ll ramble through the green fields, to look at the lambs sportin’ and to hear the ewes blaitin’ to ’em ; there will be nothin’, widin’ an’ widout, but pace, an’ plenty, an’ happiness, an’ heart’s rest—O ! the praises be given above ?—och ! ’tis a blessin’ that Moya is bringin’ on herself an’ me !—she was always good ; the widow’s comfort in all her sore troubles an’ misfort’ns ; an’ now she’ll be the manes o’ lettin’ me die undher the roof where I first saw the light ; och, the blessings on my Moya ! Come an’ give the ould mother one kiss, my Moya bawn !—come, a-cushla !”

Mechanically, and with some difficulty in her motions, Moya arose from her crouching seat on the floor, and went to obey her mother’s commands ; and the lips she touched to those of the old woman were white and cold.

"The mother's blessin' be upon your head, my own chorra machree," added the good dame, laying her hands on Moya's head after embracing her; "but is id shiverin' wid the could you are?"

Murty Meehan also noticed, at last, the girl's wretched appearance and manner; but accounted for them on the grounds of maidenly surprise and bashfulness. He was not quite so much in Moya's confidence as was his worthy spouse. And after some further conversation between him and Mrs. Moore, honest Murty took his leave, convincing himself—though in the teeth of a lurking little suspicion to the contrary—that he had acted as a dutiful son-in-law and an affectionate brother-in-law ought to have done. All along, doubtless, he had admitted to himself—as indeed, we have heard him acknowledge to the girl's face—that Moya might very naturally prefer a younger and a sprucer bridegroom; and yet was it Murty's serious conviction that by the proposed match, he consulted her personal happiness as well as her worldly advantage; so very high was his opinion of the ould admiral.

As to the widow Moore, the sudden change wrought by the joyous prospect thus suddenly opened to her, from moping despair to brisk good spirits, was truly surprising. She seemed to have regained the vigour of her early days. So soon as Murty had departed, she became wordy and bustling to excess to the almost unconscious eyes and ears of her still silent child. She took, indeed, Moya with her through the house, and, late as it was, through the yards and outbuildings, to point out the repairs and improvements which were to be immediately undertaken, by means of the fortune so providentially supplied to them. Seated within doors again she ran over the arrangements for the wedding-feast; numbered the dishes to be placed on the tables; selected the guests; and even prescribed the fashion, colours, and quality of the bride's wedding garments. Moya only felt that a word of dissent or discouragement, on her part, to all this selfish and vain anticipation, would break her mother's heart, and deprive her of her mother's dying blessing, and she was still and silent.

At length, the widow retired to bed. Even after she had lain down, Moya sat enduring her loquacious and—to the poor girl—terrible visions of happiness and importance in the world. Sleep fell on her; Moya watched till she was sure her mother slumbered soundly, and then she stole on tiptoe to the door of the house, raised its latch quietly, stepped out, closed the door again, ran down the slope of a hill, gained the edge of the little stream that whimpered at its foot, cast herself sitting there; and now, as she wrung her hands in agony, the sobs and the tears which had been so long kept in, swelled through the echoing nooks of the lonesome spot around her, and pattered into the shallow water over which she bent.

And "Oh!" she cried, "may the Lord of heaven have pity on me this black night! The heart's-rest my mother spoke of—the heart's-rest! Oh, I was only poor before—poor, and fatherless, and brotherless—but now! now! now! now!"—she wrung her hands with increased energy and bitterness—"the fortune; oh, yes! the fortune to be sure. But isn't there *another* would do the same for my mother an' me, only he's poor, poor, like ourselves! Mother, it will cost me dear to keep your last blessin' on my head, an' to laive you under the roof-tree of your father's house! Mother, mother, it would break your heart to be turned out o' that house, an' id will break mine to keep you in id! Oh! the Lord look down on me! Oh! I am the most miserible crature on the face of the earth this moment! Oh! what is to become of me?"

Thus did Moya make her moan, while the running stream that received and bore away her tears, did not flow on with her young sorrows too. The grey morning began to break before she became alive to a necessity for calming herself. Then, however, amid continued sobs which almost rent her bosom, she tried to cool and wash away the tears from her burning eyes; and, at length, walked up the hill to the house slowly and heavily, that she might be in time for her mother's waking hour, and take her place to listen to renewed descriptions of the happiness in store for her.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER spending, as a matter of etiquette—indeed almost of necessity, after prize money—two or three days and nights at the alehouse, drinking King George's health, and confusion to all his enemies, but particularly to his French ones, Terence O'Brien steered up to the widow Moore's abode, to promote in person his matrimonial suit.

To this step he had been induced principally by Murty Meehan's frequent representations of its being indispensable in the eyes of all "dacent neighbours of people, livin' on firrum land;" for Terence's own part, he saw no use in jawing over the business: it wasn't "sayman-like." When "boord ould ship," they always cleared for action without any such palaver. So soon as mother Moore chose to give the word, he was ready to come to close quarters, and what else could be required of him? In boarding an enemy, who ever thought of speaking her fair? What was a broadside for, but to bring her to her senses, without wasting a word?

With his usual kind consideration, Murty Meehan laboured to convince the admiral that there was no parallel between the present proposed encounter and that of an action at sea; that, in fact and truth,



Moya Moore was no enemy of his, nor he any enemy to her; but that, on the contrary, they were both good friends already, and that the object in view was to make them the best and closest friends in the world.

"We cruise a-head together, then, my hearty—the Murty and the Terry alongside—eh?"

"Bee all manes, admiral;" and, accordingly, they proceeded to Mrs. Moore's together.

Upon this occasion, the admiral looked as well as his personal accidents could permit. From top to toe he wore a new suit, perfectly in sailor trim. Blue jacket, blue trousers, scarlet waistcoat, white stockings, and single-soled pumps. His grey hairs were smoothed backward from either side of his forehead, his new furry hat hung towards one ear, his pig-tail was freshly bound and ribboned, and around his throat he had coiled a flaming silk handkerchief, which

"Waved like a meteor in the troubled air."

Before the inmates of the house could see him, his stormy "Ould ship a-hoy!" sounded in their ears from the middle of the ascent to their threshold.—At the hail, Moya, who had been moping about the floor, sank on a seat in a dark and damp corner.—The widow, on the contrary, bounded from her stool, adjusted her attire, hastened to the open door-way, and there stood with a preparatory face and air, expressive of much welcome and cordiality. And there did the admiral first address her.

"Aha, ould frigate! all right an' tight aboard—eh?"

"He's axin' you, mother," said Murty Meehan, in an 'aside,' as Mrs. Moore's features began to wear a very puzzled expression, "he's axin' you, in his say gibberish, how is all in the house."

"Why, then, we're brave an' hearty, thanks to God, an' to yourself, sir, for the axin'," answered the dame, addressing Terence; "an' glad in the heart to see you undher our poor roof."


"Splice timbers, here, my ould frigate."

The widow Moore was again at a loss to comprehend the admiral's phrase, but the action accompanying his words, proved sufficiently intelligible to her. Terence jerked forward his one hand; she advanced one of her's to meet it; and then he set to work at her arm, along with that hand, as if he had been at the pump, aboard, five feet of water in the hold. The old woman's joints were nearly dislocated in their sockets; and the struggle of her heart to keep in screams expressive of her torture, and of her countenance, to keep up a show of good humour, became pitiable. Her son-in-law elect went on:

"I'll tell you a piece of my mind, now, mistress. I hate jawin'. A sayman isn't never used to id. He laives id to your land-loobers an' the parley-wows. But never mind for all that; he'll

do his duty widout it as long as a plank of him sticks together. An' now, agin, here's a bit o' log, d'ye see me. Murty Meehan, my jolly shipmit here, he cruised a start round your port t'other night to take soundin's: an' he spoke wid you, an' so you know our present tack. See here—I'll put the rhino aboard—I'll work ould ship for you, here, as well as one timber can do id, hearty and saymanlike—I'll tug when you cry, 'yee-ho!'—I'll keep the tackle thrue, and the canvass fair to the breeze.—Maybe I'd thry my look at the helm, off and on—but I'm no great hand at that part o' ship's work, an' I tell you so, plump, afore we weigh anchor. An' that's all I've got to palaver about. If it's a bargain for the voyage, I'm aboard; if not, only say the word, an' I'm off on the ould coorse—eh, my ould frigate?"

Again, Mrs. Moore wot not what to say, for again she wot not what had been said to her. She believed, however, that notwithstanding the pumping she had undergone, she was still called on to manifest great content and satisfaction. So, as the best thing to be thought of, she bobbed many curtsies. But, again, Murty Meehan considerably acted as interpreter between her and what he was pleased to call, in his own pride of knowledge of the English language, the "say-gibberish" of his friend.

"It's what he's demandin' o' you now, mother, is—would you be pleased wid him, goold an' , for a husband for the collein?"

"An' troth, an' why not? An' sure we'll do our endavour to make the place an' the house agreeable an' comfortable to him, an' to any friend of his," she replied; "paice and plenty widin an' widout; laucy times, an' happiness galore."

"But mind, mistress—mind one thing; sayman's allowance o' grog, an' no stintin'."

Murty promised there should be no stint; he was supported, upon explanation, by Mrs. Moore; and matters being so far understood, Terence again "spliced timbers" with ould frigate, and a second time wrought so hard, that in order to conceal her real feelings, she forced herself into an affected burst of laughter, while the sourness of her aspect plainly denoted that a hearty fit of crying would have more honestly expressed her sensations, and the state of her temper.

"Sink my hulk to ould Davy!" then bellowed the admiral. "Where's the little craft I'm to join company with? Ahoy, there!" as he discovered Moya in her dark corner; "alongside here! alongside, my little schooner!" and he seized her hand, and tugged her into the middle of the apartment. "What cheer, now what cheer? eh? scuttle me, but her canvass shivers in the breeze. But cheer up, cheer up; 'twill right soon—eh? Shiver my timbers, but you are a thrim little vessel—prize for an admiral; and if the ould jolly boy doesn't fight broadside to broadside, for you, against any seven-

ty-four that ever swum, may he be sent undher hatches for a skulker ! a buss, my little hearty, an' all's settled." And before the terrified Moya could recede from his advance, he snatched the favour he had promised. "My hulk to splinters, shipmit!" addressing Murty Meehen, "but she's a well-built little vessel—an't she? Lookee; painted, pinnace-like, d'ye see me, and right well rigged from stem to stern; don't you shiver so, my hearty; cheer up, I say," I never knew a land jack that warn't afear'd o' salt wather, at the settin' out; but you'll not be long before the wind till you bear a hand bravely; I know it—so cheer up." The ould admiral again saluted his bride; and Moya, then pulling herself somewhat free of his gripe, retreated to her corner.

Her mother next boarded the sayman, engaging him in a discussion of all her plans of improvement and management in the house and on the farm. For a short time he listened to her with some little seeming attention; but fatigued with her "jaw," suddenly bounced off his seat, told her that he left the whole business of the outfit to his shipmate and herself, snatched a parting *bonbouche* from his little pinnace, and scudded away, full before the wind.

Terence felt perfectly satisfied with the state of affairs. All was now settled, and so no more talk about it. Mrs. Moore could not be smother nor kinder. Moya seemed shy to be sure; but, as he had intimated to her, so were, according to his recollections and experience, all fresh water jacks at the first sight of the sea. She had not repulsed him—she had not said "No;" and, seeing that she was gifted with a tongue in her head, such must have been the case did she really dislike the proposed "cruise in company." On board the ould Vincent all his life long, his shipmates and he had always spoken their minds honestly to each other, and he had no other rule of judging of people's opinions, and he would have none. No meant no, and yes meant yes; or, what was even better, for it saved jaw, if you asked a "shipmit" will you? and he said neither yes nor no, but just held his tongue, and at the same time did not knock you down, or give any similar indication of dissent, why, you had an answer much plainer than all the languages in the world could convey it, to the effect of—"To be sure I will." So that our honest admiral left the widow Moore's "ould ship," experiencing pretty nearly the same sensations he used to feel, when about to make a fresh cruise after riding some time at anchor—careless and hearty, and his spirits up, from an undefined hope of something novel about to happen to him.

How often, with the best intentions in the world, do the best people in the world go near to break the hearts of the unhappy, in an endeavour to do them good!

And why?

Because they don't, or won't, or can't, understand.

And ah! that little word "won't," contains matter for chapters upon the curious and contemptible compound of our nature, take it, upon the average, at its best——

But—"d—n your sentiment."

With all our heart. Don't be afraid, "gentle light reader."

## CHAPTER IX.

THE news of the intended nuptials soon spread abroad, and, among the guests selected by Mrs. Moore on the occasion, great preparations ensued to grace the widow's roof upon the appointed day; and under that roof itself a still greater bustle went on, to do honour to her invitations. Before the arrival of the priest there is something to be noticed.

The high road leading, in the district in which we find ourselves, to the principal country town, ran at the distance of about a mile at right-angles with the front of the widow Moore's dwelling. From it a *bosheen*, or narrow way, diverged, and took a circuitous route towards the humble abode, and, by a branch-tack, communicated directly with its threshold; and along this route horses and carts, or—as the primitive machines which then substituted carts were called—cars, could journey to and from market. But pedestrians chose a shorter cut to the main road, as well from her house as from other solitary dwellings near her.

Upon the night when she first became informed of Terence O'Eric's proposal of marriage, Moya Moore, as we are aware, ran down a slope from her mother's door to the side of a little stream, there to vent her feeling in solitude. This stream, having its source among high hills in the recesses of the country, had, before Moya arrived at its banks on that spot, passed close by Murty Meehan's cabin, about half a mile up from her, and continued to flow on from her feet to the high-road already spoken of, which it crossed; thence pursuing its fated course to the river, with which it soon became confounded. While sketching, at the opening of our story, Murty Meehan's residence, and its surrounding features, we believe we hinted that the tiny rivulet ran a very zig-zag race near to his threshold; and we have now to say that it did the same thing all the way it had to run: its aberrations being caused by the nature of the ground, through which, like a dog on a scent, it seemed to nose its way; for sometimes the banks misdirected it to the right, sometimes to the left; now in an obtuse angle, now almost in a right angle—so that, every twist, it was almost shut up among puzzling inequalities, in one little solitude or another, from all sight whence it had come, or whither it was to go; and each of those

lonely spots along its course was differently characterised from the other. Now the little active stream found itself safely rippling over smooth sand or pebbles, then among sinking or swellings of cultivated fields; now stealing amid rushes, duck-leaves and sedge—through lumpy land, neglected or naturally barren; and anon it chafed, and beaded, and sometimes grew important enough to foam through a jumbled group of rocks and stones, great and small, doing its best to escape from the fairy fastness, and in such a hurry that you might fancy it was greatly afraid it should never be able to succeed, or else that, like a vagrant, taken up and sent back to his parish, it should at last be turned straight home again to its hilly source. Yet crooked as was the line along its edges to the high-road, foot-passengers, thither bound from Mrs. Moore's abode, or from the residence of her neighbours, chose it in preference to the cartway already described, for no other reason that we could ever discover, except that they found, or deemed it the pleasanter. And occasionally the path, worn by their frequent feet, crinkum-crankummed at one side of the stream, and by-and-by at the other,—stepping-stones, placed irregularly in the water, connecting in a very slippery fashion such rambling deviations.

At the point where one of those dislocated rows of stones sent the footpath from her edge of the brook to the opposite one, Moya Moore had sat down on the night we have mentioned; and the next night, and the next: her hot tears still making bubbles, like blisters, upon the surface of the clouded water. Girls of all degrees are, we are told, timid; and those of Moya's class in life superstitiously so; and it is therefore remarkable that in so often frequenting this lonely place, at such late hours, she did not feel uneasy under the influence of its character, nor yet on account of a time-out-of-mind story, of which it was the scene.

A story!—yes—an old and a terrible story! We cannot help it, but had better recount it in as few words as possible.

The rising ground to Moya's back as she sat, was called "Lacken-na-Monh," or "the Woman's Hill;" and opposite to her, at the other side of the stream, just where the pedestrian from the high-road should begin to cross it on his near approach to her mother's house, arose a huge rock of granite, streaked in a kind of deep dim colour, with a figure something like a cross: and from a murdered maiden had the hill been named; and at the foot of the pale gigantic rock she had been found dead and stiff; and the cross had been made four generations ago (though no weather could since erase it) with her blood. The unhappy girl had loved, in secret, a stranger. He prevailed on her to leave her father's home with him—she engaged to rifle, beforehand, for his advantage, her father's coffers; she kept both her promises but too well. He watched for her at night, by appointment. On her progress to him, after her elopement

from her hitherto innocent dwelling, he saw her steal down the Lacken-na-Monh to the stepping-stones; he received her with extended arms: after crossing the stones he led her apace under the ominous shadow of the pile of granite, ascertained that she came freight with the expected booty, struck her down, followed up the blows till he had killed her, and then escaped with his prize: for all along the villain had not in the slightest degree responded to her guilty love; at her father's gold alone he had aimed; and now, that gold in his clutch, he did not want her to encumber him, or to help him to spend it.

Such was the well-accredited story connected with Moya Moore's chosen nook of solitary sorrow, and yet, as we have noticed, it had not the effect of keeping her away, under her mother's roof, or even of sending her to spend half the night amid some less celebrated scenery out of doors. Nay, respectable authorities added to the horrors of the tale we have glanced at, by asserting that, very often, under the clouds of the night, the spirit of the murdered girl might be heard shrieking terrifically over and around the place, and sometimes seen, too, exaggerated to an unearthly size, and draped in (of course) white, upon the top, or at the base of the desecrated rock. And, again, all this seemed to make no disagreeable impression on Moya; or if, during her repeated visits to the haunted and unholy ground, natural fear did come over her recollections, either she was too much engrossed with her own grief to care about any thing further that might happen to her, or she had some particular reason for braving the terrors of the spot. We believe both feelings combined to shape her conduct.

At all events, upon the third night preceeding that appointed for her marriage with the ould admiral, Moya Moore was again sitting at her own edge of the stream, opposite to the "stone of the bloody cross." A smart breeze whistled along the brook, and eddied, at her back, against the "Lacken-na-Monh;" and the stars were now hidden by stormy clouds, and now shone free of the obstruction. But, on this occasion, Moya need not have given way, as much as upon former nights, to the supernatural terrors of a lonely woman, for she did not sit alone at the stepping-stones.

Her companion was a very young man, athletic and comely; but whatever might be the character of his brow, as stamped naturally by his disposition, it was now dark and wrinkled. When he spoke his accents were sometimes vehement and sometimes they sank into a cadence of despairing entreaty.—Moya's voice, in reply to him was invariably heart-broken and wailing, and often interrupted by sobbing. With his right hand he held her right hand, and his left arm passed round her waist; and often, in moments of excessive grief, the girl allowed her head to fall on his shoulder.

"No, no, I cannot pass the sthrame with you," she said, "nor stay out from my mother, even where we are, any longer; 'twas a wrong thing for me to come to meet you, at all; for 'tis sorer to part than I thought it would be."

"Don't forsake me, Moya," replied the young man; "don't, for the Saviour's sake."

"Never lay the blame to me, gorsoon—oh! would I, would I forsake you, if I could help it?"

"Moya, if you loved me—I am ill, Moya, some way I don't know how, an' I can spake but few words to you at a time—if you loved me—if

ever you loved me, you would surely help it, Moya."

"An' never say that to me, gorsoon baun, of all words out of your mouth; love you!—och, you have no reason to say id; God, who hears my prayers and sees the heart, knows you have not; feel Moya's

heart, this moment, ma *bouchaleen*,\*—'tis heavy—

heavy; heavy like a lump o' led; broke, I believe—

broke, I hope—I hope! An' the sleep never falls on my eyes the night long; whenever I am in the bed,

I sit up in id, cryin'."

"Moya, ma cuishla, we won't part—we won't go from one another."

"Och, the sorrow is on my heart to know that the time for partin' has come!"

"No, no, Moya! no—it would be a destruction to both of us."

"I know it will be the destruction of one of us, at any rate; listen to me well, my own bouchal

baun; I'm thryin' to get ready to laive the world; there's something tells me that I won't live out the

night that takes me from you; that the next mornin's breakin' will look down on the corpse o' Moya Moore!"

"An' you tell me to quit your side, Moya, in the same breath that tells me that! you love me as well

as that, an' you bid me laive you! Cuishla, I'd give up house an' home, kith and kin, land an' goold,

if land and goold were minc, for you."

"An' I'd do the same for you, my poor gorsoon, if so doin' only concerned myself in this world, an'

if so doin' no evil for me in the next; but I wouldn't break the ould mother's heart, and arn her dyin' curse."

"Och, my own calleen! what is to become of us then? Moya, Moya, the love is on my heart for

you, ever since we were little childer, goin' to the school together! an' now I see that you're in want

o' the pity as mooch as myself!"

"I remember the time you spake of, well. There was a day that I climbed up an' spilt the master's

ink, an' you took the blame on yourself, widout my knowin' id, an' you never cried when they punished

you; but suffered like a stout little man for my sake; an' I call to mind when we used to come home to-

gether of an evening, an' when the rain would be

fallin', you'd take off your coat to cover me, an' walk in the peltin' shower widout a tack to shelter you from id; an' I remember the singin' birds you'd bring me, and the nosegays you'd pull for me; avoch! I remember every thing—up to the very May-mornin' whin you tould me I was your own cuishla-gal-machree; an' if I was the mistriss of a coach-an'-six tonight, not the woeniest word or decd that ever passed between us, could Moya forget, my poor bouchal baun."

"An', after all, Moya, you talk of goin' from me?" One only idea was at present in the lad's mind, and, that one expressed, with but little variation of words, every time he spoke.

"I'm goin' from you into the grave—but then I'll die free of my mother's death, an' of my mother's curse, an' maybe God will give me a comfort in the life to come. What grieves me most of all, at present, is the knowledge that I must laive you broken-hearted too, for your poor Moya."

"Moya," he said, trembling, while she wept and sobbed in his arms, "if things are to turn out that way, God's heavy curse on my heart, if it does not break!" His tears now flowed fast with hers. She started, sat erect, and looked across the stepping-stones.

"What is id?" he asked.

"Did you see nothing over the sthrame?" He answered "No." "Nor hear any noise! But there's no one to be seen now, an' nothin' to be heard but the whistlin' wind an' the runnin' wather—an' sure I was only puttin' foolish things into my own mind —." Again her head rested on his shoulder, as amid tears and sobs, scarcely lessened or interrupted by her momentary fright, she uttered, in a very low voice, the young man's name: and when he replied she went on.

"You know the berrin'-place of my unfortunate people, my poor gorsoon? Yes, you do—only you'll know id better when you follow another coffin there: I remember well you walked after my father's, and after my two brothers' coffins, to it; so you'll come there of a Sunday; an' you'll kneel down, barcheaded, on a new-made grave, an'—"

"Cuishla! cuishla! stop them words—I won't listen to them! an' I won't part you, neither! I can't part you: never will I part you! My father is poor and has nothing to give me; but I'm an able boy; I can go through a day's work with any other that ever held a plough: I'll take a bit o' ground; I'll dig on it; we'll build a little cabin on it; I'll labour in our little garden after the day's work for the farmers, and afore the day's work—afore the sun rises, an' long after the sun goes down; an' I'll work so well for others, as well as for you, that the rich farmers will come to seek me out, and to hire me; I'll keep up your mother an' yourself, an' if there's a fort'n to be made on Ireland's ground, or a penny, I'll arn it for my colleen; an' we'll be

\* Little boy.

happy together; happy, though not very rich; but to part you! sittin' here wid you to-night, an' my arms about you—to talk of partin' from you! Moya I say again, we'll never part."

"Avoch! many's the time my own thaights an' my own heart brought before me the bit o' land, an' the little cabin and the little garden, an' every thing you spake of; ay, an' more; I seen my own self helpin' you in the garden, or makin' or mendin' for you at the cabin door; or busy about the fluer, inside, to be ready for your comin' home in the evening; but id was all a dhrame! an empty dhrame, though a very happy one! as empty as the wind that whistles on the hill behind us, an' as unthru as that the stars are dancin' in that wather, though *that* seems thru enough too. No, bouchaleen. The mother's curse, an' the mother's grave rises between us, an' opens between us! We *are* parted forever in this world—an' may God help us both!"

"I say no, still Moya! no, no! do you listen to me now. We are promised to one another in the holy name, an' nobody on earth has the right to stand between us!"

"Is id the anger is comin' upon you, bouchal baun?" she asked.

His looks and accents, as well as his words, told that a change began to work within him.

"An' why shouldn't the anger come on me, if id did come?—why should your mother desthroy us both for the sake of a wasteful dinner or a new gownd, or a curtishy an a 'God save you ma'am?'—us—two young people in the mornin' of our days—long life an' many hopes before us—cover my Moya undher the sod o' the grave, and send me—if I didn't soon lie by her side—send me, a mad creature over the face o' the earth, killin', I believe, any live thing that would stand up afore me. By the night that's above our heads, I'll not go from you, Moya! There's no one, I say, has the right over you but myself, an' I hould you close—an' I will hould you close!"

"Och, bauchal ma-chree! don't say them cross words to me, an' dont press me so hard—would you hurt me, as well as frighten me, now?—take away your hands, an' let me be goin' home to my mother, in the name o' God."

"Home you'll not go, Moya—never!"

Still holding her in his arms, he suddenly started up with the terrified girl, bore her rapidly across the stepping-stones, laid her at the base of the granite rock, and cast himself by her side.

"What did you bring me here for, ma bouchal?" she whispered, standing up, as well as she was able, after a shrinking glance around, which informed her where she was. He did not answer; but she saw him turn upon his breast, and cover his face with his hands, while his limbs, shook or started, and deep

sounds of great passion escaped him. Ay, the mother-fit was upon him. "Now, my poor boy, you frighten me more and more—the good night to you, for I must——"

He again interrupted her, starting up to her side, and clasping her wildly—"No, Moya, no; not the good night,—no, no!"—and amid showering tears and choking sobs, he impressed upon her lips and cheek kiss after kiss, in rapid succession. Moya was unable to struggle against his strength and blind impetuosity.

"Free me," she could only say, in a low voice, free me; an' tell me, I ask you again, why have you brought me to this evil spot?"

His paroxysm grew less: now, in his turn, his head fell on her shoulder; and, though he still held her, his grasp relaxed as he at length answered,— "I don't know why, Moya: I can't tell you why; it has gone out of my mind, I believe, if ever it was in id; or I brought you here only to bring you somewhere—no matter where—with me, may be—yes, that's the thruth."

"Let us quit it, then; 'twas here Nora Grace lost her life; an' they say that when two throe lovers stand together near this stone, in the night time, bad fortune is in the path of one o' them, or both o' them—come."

"Yes, so they say; an' we are two throe lovers—an' we are stannin' near the stone—an' the sayin' will turn out to be a right sayin', if you don't hinder it, Moya."

Silence ensued, while in the imperfect light she endeavoured to read the meaning of the young man's features. "Moya," he resumed, in a broken hoarse tone.

"What is id?" she asked, ill at ease, and speaking with difficulty.

"Will you come your ways with me, and be my own Moya?"

"Where with you, bouchaleen? where could we go together?"

"Anywhere that gives our heads a shelter—there can be love anywhere."

"O bouchal, bouchal! you will let me home to the poor ould mother, an' heaven will have a blessin' in store for you.

"I give you the warnin', Moya—don't say the no to me, this night."

"An' well you know I wouldn't, cuishla, if the mother's death and the mother's curse were not in our road afore us!"

"Moya, you must, or——"

"Or what?—why do you stop? Is it hurt or harm you'd put on your own poor Moya?"

"No" he roared out, stamping on the sward; "No!—there I free you!—I take my arms from around you! Go your ways, now to your mother, if you like!—only listen to me first. Listen!

well to me. By the cross o' blood on this stone——" He was stepping closer to the rock, his hand raised.

Moya interrupted his words, crying loudly, "Don't lay your hand on id, to swear by it!—don't touch it!"

"By the cross o' blood on this stone," he repeated, slapping his palm against it so smartly that the little solitude rang to the sound he produced by the action.

Moya flew after him, tore away his hand, flung herself on his neck, and after glancing around her, much terrified and in great apprehension, whispered, "An oath was sworn afore now, on that cross, an' the man that swore it was forced to keep it! It became his fate to keep it, though he grew sorry for takin' id, and wanted not to do what it bound him to do!—so do it, bouchal-baun, don't swear the oath, but come out of this unlucky place, at this unlucky hour—come, we'll talk more goin' back the way towards the house—come, a-grawgal machree!"

She saluted his cheek entreatingly but her moody lover was not to be shaken, in his present purpose at least. He swore the oath. A certain terror-moving ballad had been, if we remember aright, written about the time of which we speak, but was certainly unknown to the rustic lad; and yet his oath contained a threat very similar to that used "by a warrior so bold" to "a virgin so bright." "By that cross," said he, "I swear that if you marry any man but me, Moya Moore, I will take my own life on the sod where we stand; and, if ever a departed soul came back to this world, I swear that my ghost shall be seen at your wedding-supper. That's my oath; and half of it I'll keep, as sure as the stars are twinklin' above us, and the other half too, if I can."

"The Lord preserve us!" said Moya. "O bouchal, you know that a bad spirit has power in this place, an' now hears your oath."

"Then let the bad spirit be a witness for me."

The young man yelled aloud this raving speech, and as fearful a yell as his own replied to him; while to one side of the granite rock appeared, elevated from the ground, a whitish form, vaguely resembling the human shape, but to Moya's terrified glance wavering, as if it were disjointed—nay, as she afterwards averred, headless, and

"Was so thin and transparent to view,  
You might have seen the moon shine through."

Moya instantly disengaged herself from her lover, and with a shriek, which produced a second yell all around her and above her, darted across the stepping-stones of the stream, ran up the Laken-na-mooh, gained her mother's door, burst it open, and, one step beyond its threshold, fainted, and sank down, "a weary weight." It was not of her lover

she was then afraid—nay, in her wild race she did not even think of him; and he, daring as had hitherto been his words towards the "bad spirit," and all engrossed as he had seemed with the idea of losing his mistress, became even sooner than Moya, a victim to his unspeakable fears; falling, the instant she left his side, senseless and motionless at the base of the "Rock of the Bloody Cross."

And now we have placed ourselves in a dilemma which produces some fear, though not of the ghost, for ourselves. Be lenient to us, O gentlest of readers! while, on a fresh page, we afford ourselves breathing time, to deprecate thy offended dignity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## SLUMBER.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

Flow, softly flow, thou murmuring stream!

Beside my Lady's bower:

And do not mar her spirit's dream,

In this delightful hour:

But, gently rippling, greet her ear,

With sounds that lull the soul,

As near her bower, all bright and clear,

Thy beauteous billows roll!

Blow, softly blow, thou balmy air!

Beside my Lady's bower:

The rudest winds would hush, to spare

So soft and fair a flower!

Breathe gently o'er her rosy cheek

Thy mildest, purest balm:

But heed, lest thou a slumber break

So beautiful and calm!

## BRILLIANT SPIRITS.

It is a strange thing, but so it is, that brilliant spirits are almost always the result of mental suffering, like the fever produced by a wound. I sometimes doubt tears, I often doubt lamentations; but I never yet doubted the existence of that misery that flushes the cheek, and kindles the eye, and which makes the lip mock with sparkling words the dark and hidden world within. There is something in intense suffering that seeks concealment, something that is fain to belie itself. In Cooper's novel of the Bravo, Jaques conceals himself in his boat by lying in it where the moonlight fell dazzling on the water. We do the same with any great despair; we shroud it in a glittering atmosphere of smile and jest; but the smiles are sneers, and the jest sarcasms. There is always a vein of bitterness runs through these feverish spirits; they are the very delirium of sorrow seeking to escape from itself, but cannot. Suspense and agony are hidden by the moonshine.—*Miss Landon.*

## JESTING.

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing school to dance before her. "Pshaw!" said the Queen, "It is his profession, I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in, but the font? or to drink healths in, but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admission; and profane jest will come without calling. If in the troublesome day of King Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign, more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the Majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Wanton jest make fools laugh, and wise men frown. Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk. Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words which flieth from them in the deed.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghost of their winding-sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. O it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own. Purge them, therefore, from their position. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consist in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy

jest be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off. Like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii*; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.—*Fuller's Holy State.*

## OVER-FEEDING.

Mr. Abernethy agreed with the opinion entertained by Franklin, who said that nine-tenths of the diseases were caused by over-feeding. That learned surgeon, in one of his lectures in 1827, thus addressed his hearers:—"I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race; it is their gormandizing and stuffing, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritation. The state of their minds is another grand cause; the fidgetting and discontenting yourself about that which can't be helped; passions of all kinds—malignant passions and worldly cares, pressing upon the mind disturb the cerebral action, and do a great deal of harm."

## METHOD OF OBTAINING FLOWERS OF DIFFERENT COLOURS ON THE SAME STEM.

Split a small twig of elder-tree lengthways, and having scraped out the pith, or soft part of the wood, fill each of the apartments with seeds of flowers, of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time: surround them with mould, and then, tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot, properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be incorporated so as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.

Nine-tenths of the catsup sold in the shops is a vile compound of liver and the roan of fish, seasoned with vinegar, pepper, and other condiments. If you want the article genuine, make it yourself.

If you wish to annoy a little man, quiz him about his diminutive stature. He will affect to laugh himself, but will, for all that, hate you like the devil.

(ORIGINAL.)

## AUNT MARY'S NOTE BOOK.

BY E. M. M.

Aunt Mary came smiling one evening into the room, where Mrs. Selwyn and her daughters were busily employed, finishing some warm garments for some poor distressed objects of their charity in the village; her Note Book was in her hand.

"I am sure you have a story for us," exclaimed Julia, her youngest niece; "if so, pray indulge us with it, my dear Aunt."

"Most willingly, my child," she replied, as she drew in her chair to join the domestic circle; "perhaps you may be disappointed that I do not this time figure in it myself; but the last visit I paid to my friend, Mrs. Somerville, was too barren of incident to afford a story, which was, however, repaid by her relating the one I am going to read, and which is quite a 'romance of real life;' not the romance of olden days, which is haunted chambers and its mysterious witcheries, but a simple tale, and if it only yield half the pleasure to you which it has given me to collect it for you, richly shall I be repaid."

She then spread her book upon the table, and commenced the story of

## THE CONFIDED.

THE young Earl of Blondeville was riding leisurely through the woods of his own domain—his thoughts engaged upon the plans he had in view to improve the happiness of those who were so fortunate as to be placed under his protection, and were scattered over his extensive possessions—he had nearly reached the opening which led immediately up to the great gate of the castle, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of two females, who were sitting on a bank overshadowed by trees. The one was an ancient dame, and from her simple, though highly respectable costume, might be taken for a nurse, or favourite upper domestic—the other appeared but just emerged from childhood—and the white dress in which she was attired, showed to great advantage the slight graceful figure, and contrasted well with a profusion of raven tresses which fell over her shoulders—the silken bonnet was thrown back, and she was looking eagerly up at her com-

panion, who, with spectacled nose, appeared to be engaged in extracting a thorn from one of the most beautiful hands in the world. Her face was turned away or rather shaded from the view of Lord Blondeville by her ringlets, until he approached quite near, when one glimpse of its surpassing beauty rivetted him to the spot. He dared scarcely breathe lest he should disturb what it was a perfect delight to gaze upon. The old lady continued prying intently, but apparently without success, while the maiden laughingly said, in the most musical tone, "you may look forever, dear Ursula, but you will never find it."

"Ah, my eyes are not what they used to be," replied the dame; "I remember when they were bright enough, and could see any thing they sought, but age and sorrow have dimmed them."

"No sorrow shall again reach you, that your own Amy can avert," returned the lovely girl, throwing her arms round the neck of her companion, who pressed her with fond affection to her heart, "but my poor hand," continued she, looking down on it, as it rested on her knee, "who will remove the thorn?"

This was an appeal which Lord Blondeville felt to be perfectly irresistible—he made a slight movement towards them, when they both started; the moment the youthful stranger beheld him, she uttered a cry of terror, and covered her face with both hands. The dame was more composed, after looking on him intently, she turned to her charge, saying, "It is not he, my child, look up, do not alarm yourself." The Earl was distressed, he dismounted, and giving his horse to his servant, desired him to ride on with it to the castle; he then approached the ladies.

"I regret much having caused you alarm," he said, "it was unintentional, believe me; I was on my way home, when I was attracted by seeing you sitting here."

"It is the Earl himself," said the dame, "you are then safe, my dear young lady."

Her charge on hearing this, ventured to turn her eyes on the stranger—what she met in his gaze I know not—but in an instant her beautiful cheek



crimsoned, and she dashed the tear from her soft blue eye, which terror had called forth—the Earl smiled.

“Did I not hear there was a thorn,” said he, gently taking her hand, “do you think I shall be more fortunate in discovering it.”

“No doubt you will, my lord, your youthful eyes will see it in an instant,” returned dame Ursula, rising and resigning her seat, which he very readily accepted. He closely examined the tiny hand he held between his—yet notwithstanding infinite pains, some time elapsed ere the thorn was visible even to him, at length, with the assistance of Ursula’s finest needle, he was so happy as to remove it. The young lady thanked him courteously and with simplicity as she now rose. She was too young to affect a coyness she did not feel—and her engaging manner as she spoke, added yet another charm to a face and form perfectly enchanting.

“This is the Lady Amanda de Manfredonia,” said Dame Ursula, as she perceived with mingled pride and gratification the respectful admiration of the young Earl.

“And where does the Lady Amanda reside, that I may have the honour of escorting her home?” asked his Lordship, “you must permit your faithful chirurgeon so great a happiness.”

“We live in the low white house in the valley,” replied Lady Amanda.

“Ha, that house which has so often of late called forth my curiosity from its secluded situation, and the jealousies forever being closed. I remember one morning particularly, I was tantalized by seeing a white veil appear at one of the windows for an instant, and as suddenly withdrawing—have you lived there long?”

“Only a few weeks,” replied Lady Amanda, “and I fear we shall not be suffered to remain there, we are never long together in one spot.”

“Is that from choice?” enquired Lord Blondville, becoming more and more interested in the beautiful being before him.

“Oh no, indeed it is not,” returned Lady Amanda, clasping her hands, and looking him earnestly in the face, “but from fear.”

“From fear! of whom? of what? you astonish me.”

“My dear young lady, we had better hasten home,” interrupted dame Ursula, “we have already been absent longer than usual, and Mrs. Somerville will be alarmed.”

Lady Amanda instantly assented to the propriety of this remark and taking the Earl’s offered arm, proceeded homewards, while Ursula followed at a respectful distance, occasionally drawing nearer to join in the conversation.

“We are strangers to your Lordship,” said she, “but you are well known to us, both by report and by sight—we have always felt safe in taking our

walks through your woods, and have frequently seen you ride past.”

“Can this indeed be possible,” replied Lord Blondville, turning to his young companion, “can I have ever passed you, without seeing you?”

“We came out here often to gather the wild flowers,” replied Lady Amanda, “and you have sometimes been near to us, but never so near as to-day.”

He pressed the arm which so confidently rested on his, as she uttered this in real unaffected innocence. “Then what terrified you so, when you first beheld me near you today, Lady Amanda?” he asked.

“Oh! I scarcely looked at you, when I took you for another. We see few strangers, and we dread them; particularly at this time when we are expecting—.”

Here she paused and slightly shuddered. The Earl was too delicate to press her on what appeared a painful subject, but he paused a moment in their walk, and taking her hand, he said in an impressive serious tone, rendered more emphatic by his noble commanding and very handsome appearance.

“Lady Amanda, will you believe me when I say, that if you require a protector from any impending evil, I will prove one to the utmost—will you trust me?”

“Who would not trust the Earl of Blondville,” she sweetly replied, while the tears rose to her eyes.

“Do we not hear of you daily from every poor person who comes to our gate,” said Ursula; “all have cause to bless your name, which is beloved by many, who, perhaps, you never saw, but who still are the objects of your bounty.”

“I should be a wretch, indeed,” he warmly replied, “if I did not endeavour to scatter the rich inheritance I own, and which I feel, has been intrusted to my care by a bountiful Creator for the good of others; by withholding it, I should defraud them of a right. I am sure you think with me, Lady Amanda?”

“I do indeed think that the inclination to do good is an enviable feeling—but when it is united to the power of conferring it—it then becomes a gift beyond all price.”

They had by this time struck into a more open path, which commanded a view of the road—two horsemen were visible riding at a brisk pace.

“Ursula, Ursula, look out,” cried Lady Amanda, in a tone of agony, as she clung to her companion, “is not that Father Anselm, and—?”

“No, no, dear lady,” replied Ursula, straining her sight in following the travellers, “they appear honest countrymen.”

“Heaven be praised,” uttered the poor girl, much relieved.

“This terror of yours is very distressing to me,” said Lord Blondville, feelingly, “and is unnatural

an one so young—so innocent—and I am fully determined that I will not leave you without endeavouring to remove the cause.”

“Oh, you cannot, even you cannot do that,” replied Lady Amanda, “I ought to be accustomed to it, but I fear I never shall.”

A few minutes walk brought them to the gorge of the valley, which they descended by a circuitous path, and after winding their way through a thick plantation, they found themselves at the gate of Lady Amanda’s home. Dame Ursula unlocked the wicket, and on their entrance she carefully relocked it. The house was low, surrounded by a trellis, covered with ivy—its aspect was gloomy, though kept in the neatest order. Lady Amanda led the way to the small but exquisitely furnished drawing-room—here were her books, her musical instruments, her flowers—all bespeaking the refined taste of higher rank than the cottage, from its humble exterior, deserved to shelter.

“Will you tell Mrs. Somerville that Lord Blondeville is here,” said she to dame Ursula, who instantly withdrew.

The Earl thought, as he gazed around him, and on the lovely inmate of this singular abode, that he was in some place of enchantment.

A beautiful cross, studded with precious stones, lay on the table—he took it up. “Is this yours?” she enquired, in a tone slightly mournful.

“It is mine,” she replied, “I value it, I love it.”

“You are then a Catholic?”

“Oh no, no, indeed I am not, my religion is the same as my mother’s.”

“Thank God,” returned Lord Blondeville, earnestly, “from your foreign name, and a few slight touches in your appearance, I thought you owed your birth to *cara Italia*—and yet those blue eyes speak to me of England.”

Lady Amanda turned pale as he uttered this—at the same moment the door opened, and a very lady-like person entered, who she immediately introduced as Mrs. Somerville.

“You are a truant this day, my child,” said the lady affectionately. “I was becoming uneasy, when I heard the sound of your welcome voice.”

“I did not indeed intend to stay so long, dearest mamma,” replied Lady Amanda; “I am sorry I made you anxious.”

“Ah, my Amy, a very little does that now—you find us, my Lord, in a strange, secluded spot,” continued Mrs. Somerville, “but even this, I fear, will not be long left to us in peace—you will pardon me, as a stranger, for speaking very unreservedly to you—but I can assure you, unprotected as we are, and placed in peculiarly distressing circumstances, I have frequently longed for an opportunity of addressing you, and imploring your advice or assistance; and it is singular that accident should have this day given it to me.”

The Earl was surprised—but everything he had seen in these interesting strangers was mysterious.

“I have already told the Lady Amanda,” he replied, “how sincerely I desire to remove an anxiety and terror, which is to me inexplicable; I can only repeat the same to you—tell me, I entreat you, how I may serve you both.”

“If your Lordship has patience to listen to a long story.”

“I will listen to you forever,” replied Lord Blondeville smiling, as his eyes were turned on Lady Amanda.

“My child, you must leave us for awhile,” said Mrs. Somerville; “nay, it is imperative,” she added, on perceiving the countenance of the Earl overshadowed; “but she shall return to thank you again ere your departure.” Lady Amanda then left the room.

“That beautiful child,” continued Mrs. Somerville, “is the daughter of the dearest friend I ever had in the world, whose maiden name was Agnes Denison. Her parents were wealthy, proud, worldly minded persons whose only care was the aggrandizement of their children. She had received, with her brother, a highly finished education—the more solid parts of which were derived from a peculiarly gifted clergyman, who resided in the family as tutor—the oft repeated tale that he should become most deeply attached to his interesting pupil, was all too natural—and the moment it was perceived by the ambitious parents, that he should be banished from the house, equally so. Thus a shade of sorrow was cast on her path from her earliest years. To divert her mind from dwelling on the object of her affection, she was carried to the continent, where constant travelling and change of scene, it was hoped, would efface him from her remembrance; but this took longer than they imagined—all her letters to me were filled with the one interesting theme. I was of course very guarded in my replies, and offered her the best advice I could for years not many superior to her own. My own marriage, and removal from the neighbourhood I had hitherto resided in, at this time took place, and for several years I was unable to trace my friend Agnes. At length a letter from her reached me, which filled me with misery on her account—she had been prevailed on to marry an Italian nobleman, whose only recommendations were high rank, great wealth, and the most surpassing beauty of person—the Duke de Manfredonia. His mind was weak, united to a great obstinacy of disposition and very violent passions—he was guided in every thing by his Confessor, one of the most bigotted, austere and designing of men. Agnes was carried from her friends almost immediately after her marriage, and no communication allowed to be kept up—the only indulgence shown her was the permission to retain the attached servant who had been with her from child-

hood. Every effort was made to convert her to Catholicism, but without avail—her views of religion, imbibed from her amiable tutor, who was deeply pious, were too sound, and not to be shaken. Recourse was even had to violence, but she remained inflexible—she endeavoured to do her duty as a wife, but it was rendered arduous, painful, and most difficult; and it was on the birth of her child that she wrote to me—confiding all her anxieties, all her sorrows—well knowing how warmly I would sympathise in them—the name for her former lover was most properly never once alluded to. I endeavoured in my answer to strengthen her in her determination to adhere to the pure religion of her country, and to instil the same into the youthful mind of her little daughter—implored her to keep me informed of all that related to her—yet notwithstanding this, some years passed, and I heard no more. I dreaded to think what might have been the fate of my amiable friend; I was myself left a widow and had retired into Wales—all my early dreams of happiness flown forever. How well I remember one evening sitting in my lonely home, reviewing the past, the present, and the future. It was winter, and a fearful storm raged without. I was glad to draw into the blazing fire, in thankfulness for the blessings still left me, when I was suddenly startled by the sound of carriage wheels—followed by a loud knocking at the door. My servant asked the name of the intruders,—“Manfredonia,” was the reply. Judge my astonishment, my agitation—the door was immediately opened, when two females entered—in the one I beheld the faded form of my beloved Agnes, in the other her faithful Ursula, who carried in her arms a sleeping child.”

“Welcome, welcome, precious ones,” I exclaimed, “to my widowed heart, come share with me all I have, tell me your griefs and how I may assuage them.”

Fondly and affectionately did we embrace, and mingle our tears together; it was some time before either of us was sufficiently composed to ask or receive any explanation; at length, having partaken of some slight refreshment, and seen that her precious charge was placed safely in bed, I gathered from her a brief account of her troubles, and the cause of her flight from her husband. It appeared that after suffering every persecution, on account of her religion, the bigotted Father Anselm persuaded the weak Duke that in retaining a heretic for his wife, he committed a heinous crime—and his advice was that she should be immured in a cloister, and that her child should be taken from her and educated in the faith of her father, in order that at riper years she might take the veil. If even the motives of Father Anselm for this criminal proceeding had been purely religious, there would have been something to redeem him from reproach, however mis-

taken his zeal. But no such thing—his cupidities aimed at the wealth of his imbecile patron, which he coveted in order to enrich his convent, and he left nothing untried to effect his purpose. Some remaining attachment to Agnes made the Duke pause, for he was more weak than wicked; but his scruples were soon overruled by his subtle adviser, and the Duchess was told of the fate awaiting her, if she still remained determined. The idea of her child—her beautiful Amanda—her only solace in all her trials, being torn from her—had nearly destroyed her fortitude. She consulted with Ursula, now her only friend. She advised her writing to her father, who with his son, (her mother had been dead above a year), was in England, stating how painfully she was situated, and imploring him to receive her and her child. Will it be believed, that his answer was a positive refusal. He could not bear the idea of her giving up her high place in society—the rich palaces—the wealth of the Duke. And he told her that her first duty was to conform in every thing to the wishes of her husband, and become a convert to his religion. The unfortunate Duchess was, by this unlooked for, unnatural conduct, rendered more wretched than ever. She now, indeed, felt deserted by all—when Ursula mentioned my name, it acted in a moment as a spell. She knew that I would approve her conduct, and would stand her friend; but so long a time having elapsed since she had heard from me, she knew not where to address a letter to me. Indeed, she was now so well watched that it would have been difficult for her to have discovered one without discovery. By the aid of a faithful and attached friend of Ursula’s, every thing was put into training for an escape. The Duchess was, at this time, at one of the remote residences of her husband, surrounded by woods. He was engaged at his hunting seat, but the lynx-eyed Father Anselm was with her. It was his custom each night to see that every door was secured, and to keep possession of the keys, thus rendering the Duchess a prisoner in her own house. But all his efforts proved futile before the energy and determination of Ursula, who, with the aid of her friend, had false ones made, and by that means they stole from the chateau at midnight, and proceeded on mules to the next town. I will not tire your Lordship by relating all the hardships, anxiety, and fatigue these intrepid females encountered, and which never ceased until they found themselves on board a vessel bound to England. Ursula’s friend married her before their embarkation, and followed the Duchess, in charge of all the valuables she had collected together, while their attention was solely devoted to the beloved Amanda. On their arrival in England, she discovered my residence from my agents in town, and fearing to encounter her father, who, she knew, would give her up to her throne, she set out immediately for Wales. Scarcely

halting day or night until she reached my dwelling.

On hearing her story, which was given more in detail than I have ventured to do to you, I immediately made arrangements for our residing together, as a mutual comfort and protection—but she had not been many weeks with me, ere I made the miserable discovery that her health, from protracted anxieties, and exposures in her journeyings, had yielded to that fatal disease, consumption, and I had the sorrow to witness her strength daily and hourly declining. The dear little Amanda, now six years old, was a sacred charge she gave to me, with a promise that she never should be forsaken by me, and that she should be educated in the purest principles of the Protestant faith—not, she said, with sweet solemnity, merely as a nominal Christian, but in the blessed spirit of the Evangelist, which I received from the best of men. This was the only time my Agnes ever alluded to her former lover. Tenderly was she watched over by Ursula and myself, and every thing done to endeavour to save her; but without avail—the barbed arrow had been stricken too far. And ere many more weeks passed, her pure spirit had fled to its eternal rest.

Amanda, or rather Amy, (for that is her pet name,) keenly felt the loss of her mother,—wonderfully so for so young a creature. Even at that early age, she seemed to have an instinctive horror of Father Anselm, for she implored me not to send her back to him. I folded her in my arms, and promised that she never should be taken from me. Alas, I did not then know all the difficulties of keeping that promise. About this period, we lost our protector, in Ursula's husband, who was carried off by small pox. This was an unexpected, sad addition to our sorrows—and for a long time, she, poor creature, was inconsolable—but at length Amy's endearing, engaging qualities became paramount, and completely engrossed our affections. Richly did she repay us, and we were beginning to feel tranquil, if not happy, when a letter was delivered one morning into my hands, which completely destroyed all hope—it was from Mr. Denison, the father of Agnes, inclosing another from the Duke de Manfredonia—both couched in the most violent terms, announcing their determination to recover the Lady Amanda, and punish me, if I dared to withhold her. The bearer of the letter said they were now on their way, having arrived the night before at—

How my residence had been discovered, I never could learn—it mattered not. As I communicated my sad tidings to Ursula, I thought her senses would have fled—we had no time to act, for in a few minutes the Duke's carriage drove up to the door—when he, accompanied by Mr. Denison and Father Anselm, burst into our presence. The distressing scene which followed, you may perhaps imagine, for I cannot describe it—the remembrance

alone makes me shudder—suffice it that Amy, our beloved child, was dragged from us, amidst cries and shrieks, and I saw her no more for five years.

Mrs. Somerville here paused from strong emotion, while the Earl's interest more than ever awakened, made him impatient to hear the conclusion of her story—in a few minutes she was able to proceed.

Life now became a blank to me—I had been content to live alone before the coming of my beloved Agnes, but since my home had been cheered by her presence and that of her sweet child, to be so suddenly and cruelly deprived of both, upset all my fortitude, and a severe illness was the consequence. Poor Ursula pined after her treasure, and would listen to no words of consolation; she would sit for hours weeping and wringing her hands. At this trying period, the minister of our parish was called away to visit his friends in England, and another was appointed in his absence. The first Sabbath I felt equal to attend church, I was accompanied by Ursula. Our sorrowing appearance attracted the pitying gaze of many. As I passed the pulpit, I met the eyes of the new minister intently fixed upon me—in him I discovered the much altered Henry Martyn, the early friend of Agnes."

Here the Earl involuntarily started—but as he made no remark, Mrs. Somerville proceeded.

"Of course, in so sacred a place, not the slightest recognition followed; but I fancied there was a slight tremor in his voice as he commenced, which soon was overcome by higher feelings. His sermon that day, upon the subject of human trials, was the most eloquent, the most beautiful discourse I had ever heard. As I listened, a calm stole on my spirit, which until now I had been a stranger to. I looked at Ursula, to see what effect it made on her—her attention was fixed, and piety mingled with hope, seemed to have succeeded the look of anxious misery her countenance had lately assumed. We spoke little on our way home, but each retired to her own room, and on again meeting, we embraced, and tears, refreshing tears, relieved our hearts.

The following morning, Mr. Martyn called on me; it was a meeting full of interest—full of sorrow. I related all that had transpired connected with Agnes. His Christian sense of duty had taught him to combat his attachment to her from the moment he learnt her marriage—he spoke of her more with the tenderness of a brother—but the idea of her child being in the power of the wicked Father Anselm he seriously felt, and we held a long consultation upon the most probable means of recovering her. He strongly advised my going to reside on the continent as the most likely. Ursula was well acquainted with the localities of the Duke's different residences—and by taking a trusty courier we should not only have a guide but a protector. Amongst all my

misfortunes, I had not to combat with straightened means, and I never felt money of so much value as at the present time. Soon were my plans arranged, and with the assistance of Mr. Martyn, I engaged a most valuable person to act as courier. With hearts full of hope, we commenced our long journey. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of this period; I have already, I fear, intruded on your Lordship's time. We engaged no fixed residence, but travelled about, while at every principal town in the neighbourhood of the Duke's possessions, our attendant Gasper—(here again the Earl started,) made vague enquiries. As months rolled away, however, our pleasing anticipations of success became less sanguine, and you will allow that when nearly five years were thus spent fruitlessly, we had a right to relinquish hope; but it pleases the Almighty to frequently make us wait our answers to fervent prayers, that we may the better appreciate the blessing when it comes. We were at Venice, at an hotel, from the balcony of which we were looking on the gay gondolas as they passed in quick succession. We noticed one particularly splendid in its appearance; four persons were sitting under the rich awning—in the men, Ursula instantly recognised the Duke de Manfredonia and Father Anselm—and in one of the females we both discovered our lovely Amy, altered from years—but it would seem far more from sorrow—for her cheek was very pale—yet it was impossible to mistake her, from the peculiar beauty nature had endowed her with. Another youthful female, apparently some years older, sat beside her, on whose shoulder rested the lovely head of our child. We stood mute; transfixed to the spot. We desired Gasper to watch the party and see where they landed. He did so, and returned with the pleasing intelligence that they were residing in one of the superb edifices within our view. This intelligent man had formed a plan for obtaining an entrance, which that very evening he put into execution. He attired himself as a wandering mountebank or gypsey, and through the influence of many clever tricks, he gained admittance to the Duke's servants, amongst whom he quickly became an object of delighted attention; old and young all flocked round him to hear their fortunes. Presently a young female entered, who he instantly recognised as the one he had remarked in the gondola with Lady Amanda. His attention was instantly given to her—and with the gaiety of a young French girl, (which she was,) she soon became amused.

"I wish my dear young lady could see you," she said, "it would afford her a good laugh, which she never enjoys."

"Can you not bring me to your lady," asked Gasper.

"I should get into fine trouble, if I was seen doing that," said the girl; "no, no, I dare not."

"Perhaps you will show your lady these," said

Gasper, drawing from his bosom a small casket of jewels, with which I had intrusted him for the purpose.

"She is too young to care for such things," replied Annetta, "but I will take them to her to oblige you."

She remained some time absent, during which Gasper continued to keep the attention of the domestics fixed on himself. On her return she said, with some agitation:

"My young lady is so pleased with your casket, that she wishes to see yourself, that she may select some. Follow me."

No suspicion was awakened by what appeared a natural circumstance, and Gasper followed Annetta to a remote plantation in the grounds. The light childish figure of Lady Amanda was soon seen approaching, for she was at this time only eleven years old. At the sight of the stranger, in his grotesque garb, she shrank back alarmed—but when he spoke to her gently in English, she became rivetted to the spot.

"Oh, my own mamma, has she sent for me at last," exclaimed the innocent being, clasping her hands. "Are you come to take me from Father Anselm?" Gasper quickly told her that he had.

Amy then addressed her attendant in Italian, who seemed joyfully to assent. No time was to be lost—in another half hour the Duke and Father Anselm would have left the chapel, where they now were. Gasper produced two cloaks, which he threw around them; Annetta guided them through the plantation. A gondola was in waiting at some distance, into which they hurried, and in a few more minutes, which had seemed hours to me, Amy was clasped in the arms of Ursula and myself. Here we did not dare remain one moment. We had previously engaged horses, and we now proceeded with all rapidity on our journey. It is merely necessary to tell you that we reached England in safety, where we lost Gasper, who was engaged to attend a nobleman abroad, while we proceeded to Scotland, and fixed our residence among its Highland wilds. During our stay in this retreat, I had time to listen to my beloved Amy's account of all she had felt and suffered since she had been torn from me—the cruel manner in which Father Anselm had worked upon her youthful mind—terrifying her by supposed miracles—raising up false appearances in the form of demons, until her nerves were completely shattered.

"But," said the sweet child, "I contrived to conceal my Bible from his knowledge, and in its study, when alone, I found my only comfort."

Her father had never been positively unkind; but the unlimited power he suffered Father Anselm to exercise over her was as sinful.

Annetta, the kind hearted French girl, they had engaged to attend her, proved a great treasure, and soon became most strongly attached to her. They

were not suspicious of her influence, because she was a Catholic—happily for Amy, a good one. Some months now passed in comparative peace, and gradually I had the delight to witness the restoration of health, and the returning bloom on the cheek of my beloved child. I might relate numberless interesting traits and circumstances connected with this charming being during this period—her charity, her benevolence, her beautiful piety, which shone conspicuous in every action of her life. Only I should stretch my story to too great a length, and I am anxious to bring it to a close. There was one privation I felt—I did not dare write to a single friend, or receive any letter, for fear of discovering my residence; and my only correspondent was my banker in London. I could have wished to have informed Mr. Martyn of my success in recovering the child of Agnes, but I knew not where he was, nor have I since been able to trace him. We remained in the Highlands two years, when again we received an alarm from the arrival of an English party, who were making a tour, and in one of the gentlemen I discovered Amy's uncle—we met them in our walk. The whole party were struck with the extraordinary beauty of my young companion, but his attention, although he had not beheld her for years, seemed peculiarly fixed upon her. I hoped that time had so changed me, that I should pass unobserved, but he knew me instantly, and approached us saying:

"It is here then I find you, Mrs. Somerville, formerly the friend, but now the bitter enemy of our family—again have you dared to rob a father of his only child—the Duke de Manfredonia is now in England, and I shall write to him immediately—nor will I lose sight of you until his arrival here.

As he uttered these words, the cheek of poor Amy became suddenly blanched, and she fell senseless in my arms. The whole party who accompanied Mr. Denison, showed the greatest sympathy, and assisted me in recovering her—but whenever her eyes unclosed, and rested on her uncle, she relapsed, and I became most seriously alarmed for her life. A truly Christian old gentleman now interfered, and insisted on Mr. Denison withdrawing.

"It is well madam," said the brother of Agnes, as he struggled to restrain his violence; "you shall be watched, and may depend on hearing from me sooner than you expect."

He then turned away, and we gratefully beheld his receding figure—while the humane stranger said to me, his whole countenance beaming with benevolence.

"You appear placed in peculiar and trying circumstances, allow me to offer you my assistance, and tell me how I may best serve you."

I briefly explained that not only the happiness, but the life of the beautiful girl before him depended upon her being saved from the power of her father.

"Assist us only in leaving this place within an hour," I continued, "and we will forever bless you."

Dear Amy's tearful eyes and clasped hands, as she looked up in his face, strengthened my appeal—and so kindly and promptly did he act, with the assistance of his servants, (for he appeared from his equipage a man of rank)—that ere Mr. Denison could take any steps to control our movements, we were miles away from the only home where we had known peace for so long a period together—since then, we have continually moved our abode. We came here a few weeks ago, and except into the woods on your Lordship's estate, we have never ventured beyond the gates. We live in constant alarm and excitement, which I can perceive is preying more and more on my beautiful child. And yesterday I received a letter from my banker announcing that the Duke was in London, and that he had offered an immense sum for the recovery of his daughter, and had employed emissaries in all directions to seek her. Judge, then, my Lord, continued Mrs. Somerville, how hopeless it now appears to us, to shield her much longer from her impending fate. I have done all I could—sacrificed every thing and yet it is of no avail, while Father Anselm lives—we are in terror each day of being separated, and were they to gain possession of her now, she would forever be immured in the walls of a cloister, and I should behold her no more on this earth."

Here Mrs. Somerville paused, while tears of agony coursed down her cheeks.

Lord Blondville, deeply affected, now rose, his fine countenance glowing with emotion. "Mrs. Somerville," he said, "I have promised Lady Amanda to protect her; and I will. This day shall she be removed to the castle. Nay, start not, that Henry Martyn who you mentioned, is my best and most valued friend—he is my domestic chaplain, and Gasper is one of my confidential attendants. I thought I should surprise you," continued the Earl, as he beheld the agitation of Mrs. Somerville; "make any arrangements you think proper; of course the protection which is offered to her is extended to yourself, and to those you value who compose your household. Now tell me your wishes, I only wait for them."

Mrs. Somerville was silent for some moments. She gazed on the noble young man before her with looks of admiration; at length she replied:

"Your generosity, my Lord, only corroborates all we have heard of you since we came here, nor dare I refuse to profit by it. Were my own peace, my own worthless life, alone concerned, it mattered not, but a charge so sacred as I feel Amy to be, is too dear to be endangered. Yes, to you and Henry Martyn will I intrust her for a while, attended by Ursula, who I know would not leave her on any account, while I arrange my affairs here—and then proceed to London, where my agent tells me my presence

is very necessary, owing to the death of one of my trustees, but which I could not have done, without seeing Amy in a place of safety. On my return, I trust to have formed some new plan, which will relieve you of your charge."

"But do you not fear to encounter the Duke?"

"I have no fears but for Amy—Annetta will accompany me, and we shall keep ourselves so quiet, that it would be singular, if in that large city, we should happen to meet. In the meantime, I should like much to see Mr. Martyn."

"That you shall do today," said the Earl, "perhaps you would prefer his coming to receive Lady Amanda, to my doing so."

"I fully appreciate the delicacy of your Lordship's proposal," replied Mrs. Somerville; "it would indeed prove an additional comfort to me, to give the child of Agnes into his own hands, and I am sure you enter into my feelings."

"Perfectly so, they are quite natural."

Lady Amanda was now summoned, and informed by Mrs. Somerville of the Earl's proposal, and that Mr. Martyn was to be her guardian. The moment she understood that Mrs. Somerville was not to accompany her, she burst into tears, and threw herself on her bosom, avowing that she would not leave her.

"But, my child, your safety and my peace demand it," said Mrs. Somerville; "were I to go with you, we should be discovered without a doubt—but by dividing, the danger is comparatively removed, added to which I shall be ruined," she continued smiling, "if I do not attend to the advice of my agent." A very few weeks will restore us to each other."

"But you may be ill, or you may encounter them," said the poor girl shuddering.

"My Amy, you must strive against imaginary fears. Let us put our trust in that God, who has never yet forsaken us," returned Mrs. Somerville with solemnity, "nor can we be too grateful for the protection offered to you, which I feel to be quite an interposition of Providence."

Amy now turned her eyes on Lord Blondville, who immediately approaching her, and taking her hand, said:

"You know I found you trespassing on my grounds, therefore I have a right to take both you and Ursula prisoners; but I think we may afford you some resources which will mitigate the severity of your confinement, and you shall not find in me so harsh a jailor as Father Anselm."

"Oh, name him not," cried Amy, covering her eyes with both hands; "yes, I will go with you; when will Mr. Martyn come?"

The Earl smiled at the eagerness she had displayed, though he felt for the fears which could thus overcome her grief at leaving Mrs. Somerville. It was then arranged that towards the approach of

evening Mr. Martyn should call for her; soon after which the Earl took his leave, carrying away with him the prayers and blessings of this interesting family, with whom he had become so soon, and so strangely acquainted.

As the day gradually declined, and it grew dusk, Mrs. Somerville and her young charge became agitated, and sat listening, waiting, and watching—Amy with her head resting on the bosom of one who had been to her as a devoted mother. At length carriage wheels were heard rapidly approaching—they both actually trembled. Ursula, the vigilant Ursula, had been at the gate for some time, and the moment she beheld the Earl's coronet, she unlocked it to admit the welcome visitor. A gentleman attired in black alighted at the door, and was ushered by her into the house. His age seemed about forty-five. A sprinkling of grey was mixed with what had once been jet black hair, and was worn so short as to display the full form of his high and intellectual forehead—there was a grave sadness in his pale interesting countenance, which suited well with his deep toned voice, as he enquired for Mrs. Somerville. On being shown into the room where she was, he approached her holding out both hands, which she warmly pressed in hers; his eyes then turned on the youthful figure of Amy, who was timidly looking in his face, as he gently drew her towards him. Long and earnestly did he gaze upon her beautiful features, and as he stroked with his hand her clustering ringlets, he said with much affection.

"So you are to be my dear child at last. His ways are indeed inscrutable, and past finding out. How singular to have been so near, and never to have met, never to have heard of you till today."

"Not so, when you consider how we are obliged to seclude ourselves," replied Mrs. Somerville; "but, my dear friend, will you promise to watch over Amy," she continued laying her hand impressively on his arm, "to be a father to her, never to lose sight of her, until I return to claim her from you?"

"I do promise most solemnly. Have no fears, Amy shall be to me as a daughter."

"To none other than yourself would I have intrusted so precious a charge, even for a few weeks," returned Mrs. Somerville, "Lord Blondville seems all generosity, all honour, but he is young, and to me a stranger."

"He is a noble minded being," said Mr. Martyn, "and when a few more years will have passed, his mind will have still more opened to higher and better things. Few would have borne prosperity as he has done; no shadow has ever darkened his path and yet his whole feelings are alive to the sufferings and wants of others; his mother, the Countess of Blondville, and his sisters, the Ladies Clarendon, pay him an annual visit—they form, when together, a charming family group. Unfortunately for Lady

Amanda, they have just left the Castle, for their own seat in Devonshire; but his young brother, my dear pupil, is with him, Lord Arthur Clarendon, a fine boy of eight years; he will soon show you all the beauties of the place," continued Mr. Martyn to Amy, who, as she listened to his mild bland voice and met his benignant gaze, felt her confidence return, and thought within herself. "Oh! that I had such a father."

The parting between Mrs. Somerville and her interesting charge, was accompanied by many tears and embraces. All letters were to be addressed to the Earl, and it was hoped that in a few weeks they would meet again—yet, even this reflection did not seem to lessen the pain they both experienced. At length, Mr. Martyn drew Amy gently away, and almost lifted her into the carriage, followed by the faithful Ursula, who, as they drove rapidly from the gloomy abode, offered up a silent prayer of gratitude for the protection and happier prospects which had opened on her beloved young lady.

The whole party continued silent until they entered the great gates of the castle, over a draw-bridge, when the magnificent pile of building which appeared, called forth a youthful exclamation of delight from Amy, as she gazed on its fine gothic architecture; the lawns, the shrubberies, the stupendous avenues of noble elms were perfectly enchanting—and what rendered the scene still more perfect, was a fine lake, from which a sparkling fountain arose, and fell into a marble basin at its base.

As they drove up to the door, they found the Earl waiting to receive them, and at his side stood his young brother, a beautiful boy, who looked all eagerness on their approach. The Earl assisted Amy to alight, and led her into the hall, which was lined with servants.

An elderly gentlewoman came forward from the group, who the Earl introduced as Mrs. Bennet. With much consideration, Amy was at once conducted by this respectable person to the apartments prepared for her reception, and shown into a beautiful boudoir, which adjoined the bed-room, where she was left alone with Ursula, to recover herself, until the hour of dinner.

From the windows of this sanctum, a most luxuriant prospect met their eye, while the doors of stained glass, opening on a balcony, filled with choice plants, lent a chastened light within, which was very pleasing. The room was most tastefully furnished, and from the books lying on the table which appeared to have been particularly selected, it was evident that her noble host had taken an interest in its arrangements.

"Well, my dear young lady," said Ursula, gazing delightedly around her, you have at length anchored in a fair haven; here at least you may rest in peace."

"Ah, dear Ursula, can I feel happy," replied Amy, "when I have left my kind, my beloved mamma, to buffet with the storm?"

"Nay, do not be uneasy for Mrs. Somerville; she is relieved from the heavier anxiety of danger to you, and when she has completed the business which calls her to town, she will speedily rejoin you."

"And then, Ursula, whither are we bound? what home is in store for us, wanderers as we are; this is but a passing sunshine amidst tempestuous clouds."

"Be grateful for its light, while it shines, dear lady Amy, a kind Providence has watched over you this day—His ways are not straightened—be trustful of His care, His goodness and mercy."

"You are right, Ursula, you remind me of my duty; it were ungrateful indeed to yield to unfaithful fears now. How beautiful this is," continued Amy, as she sat down on a fauteuil near the window, and gazed without, "those fragrant plants remind me of my garden in Venice, the only pleasure I enjoyed there; music, flowers, and the song of birds, what happiness they confer on me."

As she spoke, the merry laugh of a youthful voice met her ear, and she started, "Oh that is a new sound to me," she cried clasping her hands, "and it trills on my heart."

"It is the Earl's young brother," said Ursula, looking over the balcony, "I see him running; ah, and there is the Earl himself following, he appears trying to recover something from him, he has caught him now, hark what happy merry voices."

"Ursula, is it not sad, that at my age they should sound so strange?" returned Amy, while a tear dimmed her eye.

"I trust they may henceforth be more familiar, my precious child," said Ursula affectionately, "I know not how it is, but something whispers me that bright days are nearer than you imagine, and that in this castle they will first shine upon you—cheer up then my dear lady, I must not have you seem the only moping, melancholy being amid so much happiness. Let me help you to dress, for already has the first bell rung."

Amy smiled as she suffered her faithful attendant to arrange her beautiful hair, whose rich fold in the form of a coronet, and the long ringlets falling nearly to her waist, required no other ornament to adorn her fair face and graceful figure—the only one she wore was the cross which Lord Blondville had noticed in the morning, and which was now attached to a string of pearls. This important task completed, Amy selecting one of the books which had been left for her perusal, sat down to await a summons to the drawing-room, while Ursula busied herself in preparing her young lady's sleeping room, close to which was another she herself was to occupy. In a little time Amy had become so interested in what she was reading, that she did not at



first heed a low knocking at the door, until Ursula re-entering, unclosed it and admitted the young Lord Arthur Clarendon.

"I am come to take you to the drawing-room," he said, approaching Amy; "my brother sent me for you."

As the child spoke he took her hand, and looking earnestly in her face, continued, "I hope you are not going away again soon?"

"I hope not very soon," replied Amy, smiling as she stroked his fair open brow.

"How like he is to the Earl," remarked Ursula, "do you often have such romps as we beheld a little while ago on the lawn, when you seemed so merry?"

In an instant the boy became all animation.

"Oh yes, often," he replied, laughing at the recollection; "I love to play a trick on Harold, he constantly plays them on me, and he is so cunning that I can seldom return them; that was capital fun just now; are you fond of running a race?" looking at Amy.

"I fear I have never tried," she replied, much amused at the enquiry, "but I shall like to see you run, and hear you laugh as often as possible, for it is quite delightful to me."

"Is it indeed, then you will just suit me—but come away, for the dinner waits."

Amy immediately rose, and attended by her young escort entered the superb drawing-room, which was on the same floor with her boudoir, and formed one of a suite. The Earl and Mr. Martyn came forward to receive her, and both actually started at her surpassing beauty, which appeared even more conspicuous than it had done in her morning attire.

The Earl led her down stairs, and there was a suavity of manner as he addressed her, which removed the restraint she naturally felt on being so completely amongst strangers. Mr. Martyn spoke to her with the affection of a father, and she seemed to derive much support from his presence, while the young Lord Arthur's liveliness threw a gaiety on the party which to her at least was new. Mr. Martyn drew her gradually into conversation, and was evidently surprised at her understanding. Her answers were given with great diffidence, yet with clearness, and simplicity, and he gazed on her in tenderness and admiration; as for the Earl he listened with mute attention, for there was a melody in her voice, peculiar to herself, and a softness in her manner without the slightest affectation, most attractive. Amy was indeed a beautiful specimen of Heaven's creation, too perfect, as Mr. Martyn afterwards said, for this earth.

In courtesy to their fair guest, the gentlemen retired from table soon after the cloth was removed, and accompanied her back to the drawing-room, which was now brilliantly lit up, but as the evening was warm the windows were all open. Lord Arthur

drew close to her side, and holding her hand, led her out on the balcony to look, as he said, at the view by moonlight.

"I hate being shut up in a room, don't you?" asked the boy, "now I should like a good race on the lawn, if I had any one to run with me."

"A fair hint, young sir," said Lord Blondeville, laughing, as he followed them, "do you think Lady Amanda will take it?"

"Oh no, she says she is not fond of running, but do you come, only one race," and the boy tried to draw him to the steps.

"Not tonight, dear Arthur; you must for once go alone."

"Must I? then here goes," and he sprang lightly down, running like a fawn, till he was lost to their view.

"What a happy loveable being," said Amy, "how I envy him his *gaité de cœur*."

"I trust I shall see you as happy ere we part," replied the Earl. "One so young has no right to sorrow. Will you leave the task to me?"

Amy's dove-like eyes met his, as he spoke, while with sweet solemnity in her tone, she murmured, "Under a kind Providence."

"He pressed her hand, adding feelingly, "God bless you." They then rejoined Mr. Martyn.

"Do you inherit the taste of Agnes, of your mother, for music, Lady Amanda," asked the latter, with hesitation, and drawing her attention to a grand piano forte, which was open."

"I am passionately fond of it," she replied; "it has been one of my blessings. But pray call me Amy. I feel as if there were none near to care for me, when I hear nothing but cold Lady Amanda."

"And may I call you Amy, too?" asked Lord Arthur, bounding in again, and overhearing the request.

"Oh, yes, yes, if you love me."

"Dear child," said Mr. Martyn, drawing her towards him, "you shall be Amy to us both."

"And why not to all?" again asked Lord Arthur, putting his arm round Lord Blondeville and trying to bring him nearer to Lady Amanda, "why should Harold be left out?"

Mr. Martyn looked at the Earl and smiled, who, stroking the boy's head, gently pushed him away, and joined in the entreaty, that Amy would try the instrument.

She immediately sat down, and after pausing for one moment, commenced a strain of sacred melody, so touching, so beautiful, that as her auditors gazed on her seraphic upturned countenance, and listened to her voice, tears filled their eyes—the highest tribute they could pay. When she ceased, Mr. Martyn, bending over her, pressed his lips on her forehead, and then turned away to the window in silence.

"And you have actually been for six weeks scarcely two miles off, and, until today, we have

never met," said Lord Blondewille, in a tone of astonishment—"how can you account for it?"

"Indeed, I know not," replied Amy; I have seen you several times—but not your young brother, Surely you must often run into the woods?" looking at Lord Arthur, who stood near them.

"Not very often; I prefer the open fields, or rowing in the boat. Are you fond of the water?"

"I think I should be fond of anything with you," replied Amy, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"I hope that kind answer is not confined to Arthur only?" said the Earl, smiling.

"Not only," was Amy's reply, and her voice faltered, for she thought of Mrs. Somerville. The Earl remarked the passing shade of sadness on her face, and immediately strove to divert it.

"You sing Italian, of course," he asked.

"I have cultivated it, for mamma's sake—who is fond of it?"

"Might I ask for one air?"

"Oh, yes, and you shall hear my favourite; my dear, dear song."

With exquisite taste, she then sang that beautiful one of Bellini's, "Vi ravviso." At the close of which she rose, saying: "And now you have heard enough. Lord Arthur's gay laugh is a far greater treat to me, and I see I have made him look grave."

"Stay yet for me," said Mr. Martyn, again approaching her, and gently reseating her at the instrument, "there is one song, I used to hear in former days, a simple Scotch ballad, perhaps you may not know it unless Mrs. Somerville has told you what a favourite it was of hers—of your mother's—'I'm wearing awa.'"

"Ah, that little melancholy air—yes, I know it, and love it for its sweet pathetic words."

And most sweetly, most pathetically did she sing it, as Arthur said, when she ceased:

"I feared to see the angels, indeed, come to beckon her away, for she looked like one herself."

The rest of the evening was spent in conversation, until a bell was rung, it being Mr. Martyn's custom to assemble the household to prayer; they all met in his private study, and Amy marked, with interest, many respectable domestics, who had grown grey in the service of their lord's noble family. Gasper was amongst the group, and on their retiring, when Mr. Martyn closed his book, she approached him, holding out her hand, which he received with a profound obeisance, having previously learnt her arrival from Ursula.

"And now good night, and take my blessing, dear child of my adoption," said Mr. Martyn, impressively, laying his hands on her head, as she bent low before him, "may your footsteps ever follow in the paths of pleasantness and peace."

"Good night, beautiful Amy," repeated Arthur, throwing his arms round her neck; "I will show

you many things about the castle tomorrow, which I am sure will please you."

Amy returned the child's affectionate embrace, and then looked at the Earl with timidity, and more reserve. He perceived the charge, as he said:

"Youth and age enjoy happy privileges—I may but say good night—yet believe me, that comprised in those words, are many good, many kind wishes—may Heaven realise them."

Amy's eyes spoke her thanks, as she hastened from the room, and attended by Ursula, sought her own.

"What a lovely creature," said Lord Blondewille, on the door being closed; "how shall we ever part with her again?"

"Harold," replied Mr. Martyn, in a tone of deep gravity, "beware of making an idol; I once knelt at an earthly shrine, and it crumbled into dust—trust not in man, or in any child of man—nor set your affections on things of clay."

Lord Blondewille warmly wrung the hand held forth to him, for he saw that the feelings of his friend were unusually moved—he then retired with his young brother for the night, when silence soon after reigned throughout the castle.

When Mr. Martyn met Amy on the following morning, he was calm and perfectly composed; early associations from seeing her, had been recalled the preceding evening, but he was too innately pious for these to retain any hold over his strong mind—he invited her to his study, where he conversed with her upon religious subjects—anxious to elicit the true state of her feelings, which, as a Christian minister, he was delighted to find were all that he could wish in one so young.

"You must come to me daily at this hour, Amy," said he, "and we will read and converse together."

Most gratefully did she assent, and Lord Arthur, who also studied with Mr. Martyn, said that "even his Latin lessons would be an amusement, if she would only stay in the room while he learnt them."

The various avocations of the Earl, employed him for some hours during the early part of each day, and Amy was thus considered as one of the family, and allowed to feel herself indeed at home, as she was no restraint on the movements of others. On leaving Mr. Martyn, she adjourned to her delightful boudoir, where she employed herself in some embroidery, assisted by the faithful Ursula, whose tongue was never tired praising and admiring all she had seen and heard in the castle. Lord Arthur soon followed his new favourite to her retreat.

"May I come in, Amy?" he asked, as he gently opened the door.

"Surely yes, dear boy, and you shall help to wind my silks."

But Arthur soon got tired of this—"I want to shew you the grounds," he said, "and a great

many things—leave your work with Ursula and come with me.”

“Do, my dear child,” urged the good Ursula, “it will amuse you, and you shall see how much I will do by your return.”

Amy willingly consented, and was soon equipped for a walk. Arthur led her into the well stored gardens, and shady groves, and down to the lake, to look at the gay boat with its fine trappings. But, the highest treat, in his estimation, was a visit to his pony in the park, which he promised she should ride, and she was still raised higher in his regard, by the praises she bestowed on the sleek animal. who, the moment his young lord was perceived, trotted up to receive his caresses.

“And now I think I have shown you nearly all that is worth seeing within a walk, except Lion, and he is with Harold I suppose. I shall ask him to let us row in the boat this evening, it is too warm at present.”

“You have a flower garden have you not?” asked Amy, “in all the ornaments of the apartments yesterday, I missed these my favourites—would it not be a pleasant amusement to fill some of the vases?”

Eagerly did Arthur agree to her proposal, and soon, with the aid of one of the gardeners, they filled a basket with a choice collection, and carried them in triumph to the drawing room. Amy sat on a low stool, busily engaged in sorting them, while her young companion brought her all she wanted, kneeling before her to assist. Had a painter been present, he might have taken a beautiful sketch for a picture. Arthur, with his short curling hair, his bright dark eye, and his rosy cheek, watching Amy intently, his boy's cap thrown carelessly at his side, while she, with a countenance now all animation, arranged her flowers in vases of the richest porcelain—her long ringlets falling over the child, as she stooped, which he would playfully catch in his hands, laughing as he threw them into disorder. They were thus occupied, when Amy suddenly looking up, beheld the Earl standing near them earnestly gazing upon her. Her face instantly became crimsoned, while Arthur, on perceiving his brother, ran to him, saying :

“You are very troublesome, sir, for interrupting us; we wanted to have surprised you when we had finished.”

“You are a most engrossing young gentleman,” replied Lord Blondeville, smiling, “why may I not share your pleasures?”

“Oh, you do not understand how,” returned Arthur, endeavouring to keep him back, “Amy would rather I assisted her, would you not?”

“I have nearly completed my task,” she replied, in some confusion, as she rose.

“At least let me help to carry back this vase,”

said the Earl, taking it from her hands, “where would you wish it placed, Lady Amanda?”

“On that pedestal, if you please,” (directing him,) “but perhaps we have done wrong in gathering flowers for your rooms, you may not like them.”

“Do not think me so insensible,” replied the Earl, “when my sisters are here, the task devolves upon them, but when alone, I confess I do not remember such things—yet I delight in seeing them, since they assure me those are near, in whose society I can feel pleasure. My mother and my sisters only left me a fortnight ago, and you are come to fill up a blank which their departure made.”

“How I wish they were still here,” said Amy.

“I trust I may have the gratification of introducing you, ere long,” replied Lord Blondeville; “Mr. Martyn wishes me to invite at least one of my sisters to return, and stay while you favour us with your company.”

“How kind, how very considerate,” returned Amy, delightedly, “and do you think she will?”

“I hope so, but I almost fear Matilda will not leave my mother, and Emily is rather an invalid, it was a great favour their permitting this youngster to remain,” continued the Earl, stroking Arthur's curly head, who was fondly leaning against him, “but Mr. Martyn's valuable instructions were the great temptation.”

“Then Arthur is not always with you—oh, do not let him leave you while I am here.”

“You make me jealous of Arthur,” returned the Earl, smiling benignantly, “he has supplanted me, who am an older friend by some hours, that is scarcely fair, but he is an insinuating young dog, and wins all hearts—the devotion of my mother for him is almost painful.”

“Surely it must be the same for you?”

Amy said this in perfect innocence, with a countenance of surprised enquiry; but her eyes instantly fell beneath the expression of gratified admiration which she met in the Earl's. He answered not, as she turned away to finish the arrangement of her flowers—these were soon completed, assisted as she was by two such willing companions.

As they were leaving the room, Amy, with the intention of returning to her own, the Earl asked her if she would like to see the picture gallery. This was another treat which she could not but accept. Mrs. Bennet, the housekeeper, was then summoned—“for we should offend past forgiveness, were we to enter its precincts without her august presence,” said Lord Blondeville.

The good old lady came bustling, smiling and curtsying, with her bunch of keys by her side, and was fondly greeted by Arthur, who familiarly clasped her round the ample waist.

“Fie now Lord Arthur,” said she, evidently

pleased, "behave yourself before Lady Amanda. This way, my lady, if you please."

Amy was then conducted down a long corridor, at the end of which appeared folding doors of massive carved oak—to these Mrs. Bennet applied her keys, and on their being thrown open, a large handsome room, whose walls were completely lined with fine paintings, met her view.

"Now I beg you to attend to the descriptions and movements of our worthy conductress," whispered the Earl to Amy, who leaned on his arm, "they will be the same I remember to have heard, when I was younger than Arthur."

Mrs. Bennet walked up to the portraits of the late Earl and his Countess, before which she made two low curtsies—then turning to Amy, she said :

"This is my dear late lord, one of the noblest, one of the best of men, and his amiable countess ; those pictures were taken before the birth of my lord there, and very like they were—I remember when they were finished, the dear Earl saying to me, 'Bennet, do you think they have made me handsome enough?' and my replying, 'the painter may, indeed, trace your Lordship's features, but none save the divine hand could express the soul which beams in benevolence from them.' He was pleased with my answer and patting me on the shoulder said : 'very good, very good, my worthy friend, and quite poetical.'"

And there is my Lady, the present Countess, as beautiful this day as she was when that was painted."

Amy looked with interest on both portraits, the Earl's represented a fine rather than a handsome man, in the prime of life, attired in a court dress—but her attention was most given to the Countess in whose commanding, dignified countenance, cast in the Siddons mould, or in that of the Roman matron (to us the perfection of woman) she discovered the strongest resemblance of the present Earl, her son ; there were the same chiselled features, the same dark intelligent eye, and rather pale complexion, the noble forehead, and the open brow—she could not forbear turning to Lord Blondville to compare the two, he perceived it, and smiled, while the loquacious Mrs. Bennet continued : "I see your Ladyship discovers the likeness ; the Earl has always been reckoned the image of the Countess. Ah, well do I remember when he was but a babe, and the rejoicing on the day of his christening—you would not suppose to see him now, that as a child he could be very wilful, and full of mischief, many a trick has he played on me, bless his young heart, frightening me with squibs, or starting out upon me from some dark corner—and making hideous noises."

"He is just the same now," cried Arthur, "and quite as full of mischief, only he pretends to be so well behaved before Amy."

"You see what a character I have got," said the

Earl laughing, "but let us proceed—who have we next Mrs. Bennet?"

"Your Lordship's sisters, Lady Matilda and Lady Emily Clarendon," she replied, "painted to the life."

They were not handsome, as Amy expected, and were evidently some years older than their brother, but they were represented as elegant looking young women, and in Lady Emily's she traced a very sweet amiable expression. She turned from these to the Earl's portrait, taken as a boy endeavouring to rein in a fiery charger.

"There he is himself," said Mrs. Bennet, "and a hard matter it was to get him to be still for the painter whose patience was wonderful—many a preserved tart did it cost me to tempt him into the room ; he liked it well enough, when his favourite Sultan was brought out to be taken with him."

Long and delightedly did Amy gaze upon this beautiful speaking picture, until her attention was called away to Arthur's, which had been finished only two years back,—he appeared sitting on a bank, with a large Newfoundland dog by his side, who was looking all eagerness in his young master's face.

"Is not that a lovely piece?" asked Mrs. Bennet, "oh, how I have seen my dear lady sitting for hours before it, and kissing the lifeless canvass—she doats upon that dear boy, as I have often told her, too fondly. And yet who could help it, sent to her as he was in such an hour to console her like a little angel. Lord Arthur is a posthumous child," she added in a low tone to her deeply interested auditress, who gazed in silence, while tears filled her eyes, until Arthur's gay laugh turned her thoughts on himself.

"Come here, Amy, and look at this," he said, drawing her away to an old Dutch painting, representing a humorous scene, and which had caught his fancy, "did you ever see such faces?" but good Mrs. Bennet had not half finished,—there were all the ancestors of the present family to be seen,—grim old warriors in armour, and dames in rich brocade,—she paused before one particularly grave matron, and curtsied to the ground.

"That is my Lord's venerable grandmother," said she, "the dowager Countess of Blondville. Heaven rest her soul,—I was but a siip of a girl when I first went to live with her ladyship. She was rather severe and peculiar in her ways, to be sure ; yet, I have no doubt I owe much to her vigilant care and watchfulness."

"Ah, Mrs. Bennet, you were a gay young lady in those days, I have no doubt," returned the Earl smiling archly.

"Nay, now my Lord, you are too bad," replied the worthy housekeeper, endeavouring to prim her mouth, and look demure, although there was a slight twinkling in her eyes, which beheld its expression. "But it was my lady's custom to look much

after the younger part of the household, and I do not know why, but me in particular. 'Bennet,' she would say, 'you are very fond of walking to the mill, now as the miller has a son not many years older than yourself, it does not look seemly.' 'La, bless your ladyship, it is the miller's daughter, I go to see,' I would reply, 'she has a great kindness for me, and is a very well conducted young woman.'"

"No doubt, no doubt, Mrs. Bennet, it was the miller's daughter, but was there not something about a present of blue ribbons, and being seen sitting on a style, and a terrible scolding?"

"Ah, your Lordship remembers the story I see," said Mrs. Bennet, endeavouring to restrain a laugh, much to the amusement of Amy, "but, indeed, I was not to blame."

"Well, well, those days are past and gone, though the mill is still where it was."

"And the miller's son?" asked the Earl.

"Is married," sighed Mrs. Bennet. "I often think I was hard-hearted, but it little matters now; he has got a fine family about him, and the flour he brings to the castle makes the most beautiful pastry. Will you walk this way, my lady?"

After viewing some historical paintings, Amy was surprised to find that more than an hour had been expended.

"Perhaps you would like to see the rest another day," said the Earl, fearful of fatiguing her, "when Mrs. Bennet will tell us some more of her family stories."

Amy smiled as they left the gallery, and expressed her thanks so sweetly to the old lady for the kind trouble she had taken, that she was quite charmed, and was heard afterwards to say: "I do not like her foreign name, but there is something in herself so lovely that I cannot help wishing I may live to see her picture placed amongst the family portraits. How handsome they looked together,"

*(To be continued in our next.)*

### A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

WHEN suffering under the pressure of our own distresses, whether they be of regular continuance, or have come upon us of a sudden, we are apt to imagine that no individual in the surrounding world is so unfortunate as we, or, perhaps, that we stand altogether by ourselves in calamity, or, at the most belong to a small body of unfortunates, forming an exception from all the rest of mankind. We look to a neighbour, and, seeing that he is not afflicted by any open or palpable grievance, and makes no complaint of any which are hidden from our eyes, we conclude that he is a man entirely fortunate and thoroughly happy, while we are never free from trouble of one kind or another, and, in fact, appear as the very step-children of Providence. For every particular evil which besets

us, we find a contrast in the exactly opposite circumstances of some other person, and, by the pains of envy, perhaps, add materially to the real extent of our distresses. Are we condemned to a severe toil for our daily bread, then we look to him who gains it by some means which appear to us less laborious. Have we little of worldly wealth, then do we compare ourselves with the affluent man, who not only commands all those necessaries of which we can barely obtain a sufficiency, but many luxuries besides, which we only know by name. Are we unblessed with the possession of children, we pine to see the superabundance which characterises another family, where they are far less earnestly desired. Are we bereft of a succession of tenderly beloved friends or relatives, we wonder at the felicity of certain persons under our observation, who never know what it is to wear mourning. In short, no evil falls to our lot but we are apt to think ourselves its almost sole victims, and, we either overlook a great deal of the corresponding vexations of our fellow-creatures, or think, in our anguish that they are far less than ours.

We remember a story in the course of our reading, which illustrates this fallacy in a very affecting manner. A widow of Naples, named, if we recollect rightly, the Countess Corsini, had but one son remaining to give her an interest in the world; and he was a youth so remarkable for the elegance of his person, and every graceful and amiable quality, that even if he had not stood in that situation of unusual tenderness towards his mother, she might well have been excused for holding him with an extravagant degree of attachment. When this young gentleman grew up, he was sent to pursue his studies at the University of Bologna, where he so well improved his time, that he soon became one of the most distinguished scholars, at the same time that he gained the affection of all who knew him, on account of his singularly noble character and pleasing manners. Every vacation, he returned to spend a few months with his mother, who never failed to mark with delight the progress he had made, if not in his literary studies, at least in the cultivation of every personal accomplishment. Her attachment was thus prevented from experiencing any abatement, and she was encouraged to place always more and more reliance upon that hope of his future greatness which had induced her at first to send him to so distant a university, and had hitherto supported her under his absence. Who can describe that solicitude with which a mother—and "she a widow"—(to use the language of Scripture)—regards a last-surviving son! His every motion—his every wish—she watches with attentive kindness. He cannot be absent a few minutes longer than his wont, but she becomes uneasy, and, whatever be the company in which she sits at the moment permits her whole soul to become abstracted in a reverie, from which nothing can rouse her but his return. If he comes on horseback, she

hears the foot-fall of the animal, while it is as yet far beyond the ken of ordinary ears : if he be walking, she knows the sound of his foot upon the threshold, though confounded, to all other listeners, amidst the throng of his companions. Let him come into her room on ordinary occasions never so softly, she distinguishes him by his very breathing—his lightest respiration—and knows it is her son. Her entire being is bound up in his, and the sole gorgon thought at which she dare not look, is the idea of his following the goodly and pleasant company with whom she has already parted for the grave. Such exactly were the feelings of the Neapolitan mother respecting her noble and beloved—her *only son*.

It chanced, however, that, just when he was about to return to Naples, perfected in all the instruction which could be bestowed upon him, he was seized suddenly by a dangerous sickness, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians in Bologna, brought him in three days to the brink of the grave. Being assured that he could not survive, his only care, so far as concerned the living world, was for his mother, who, he feared, would suffer very severely from her loss, if not altogether sink under it. It was his most anxious wish that some means should be used to prevent her being overpowered by grief; and an expedient for that purpose at length suggested itself to him. He wrote a letter to his mother, informing her of his illness, but not of its threatening character, and requesting that she would send him a shirt made by the happiest lady in all Naples, or she who appeared most free of the cares and sorrows of this world, for he had taken a fancy for such an article, and had a notion that by wearing it he would be speedily cured. The Countess thought her son's request rather odd; but being loath to refuse any thing that would give him even a visionary satisfaction, she instantly set about her inquiry after the happiest lady in Naples, with the view of requesting her kind offices after the manner described. Her inquiry was tedious and difficult; every body she could think of, or who was pointed out to her was found, on searching nearer, to have her own share of troubles. For some time, she almost despaired; but having nevertheless persevered, she at length was introduced to one—a middle-aged married lady—who not only appeared to have all the imaginable materials of worldly bliss, but bore every external mark of being cheerful and contented in her situation. To this fortunate dame, the Countess preferred her request, making the circumstances of the case her only excuse for so strange an application. "My dear Countess," said the lady, "spare all apology, for, if I had really been qualified for the task, I would most gladly have undertaken it. But if you will just follow me to another room, I will prove to you that I am the most miserable woman in Naples." So saying, she led the mother to a remote chamber, where there was nothing but a curtain which hung from the ceil-

ing to the floor. This being drawn aside, she disclosed, to the horror of her visitor, a skeleton hanging from a beam! "Oh, dreadful!" exclaimed the Countess; "what means this?" The lady looked mournfully at her, and, after a minute's silence, gave the following explanation. "This," she said, "was a youth who loved me before my marriage, and whom I was obliged to part with, when my relation obliged me to marry my present husband. We afterwards renewed our acquaintance, though with no evil intent, and my husband was so much infuriated at finding him one day in my presence, as to draw his sword and run him through the heart.—Not satisfied with this, he caused him to be hung up here, and every night and morning since then, has compelled me to come and survey his remains.—To the world I may bear a cheerful aspect, and seem to be possessed of all the comforts of life; but you may judge if I can be really entitled to the reputation which you have attributed to me, or be qualified to execute your son's commission."

The Countess Corsini readily acknowledged that her situation was most miserable, and retired to her own house, in despair of obtaining what she was in quest of, seeing that, if an apparently happy woman had such a secret sorrow as this, what were those likely to have, who bore no such appearance. "Alas," she said to herself, "no one is exempt from the disasters and sorrows of life—*there is a skeleton in every house!*"

When she reached home, she found a letter conveying intelligence of her son's death, which in other circumstances would have overturned her reason, or broken her heart, but, prepared as she was by the foresight of her son, produced only a rational degree of grief. When the first acute sensations were past, she said resignedly to herself, that, great as the calamity was, it was probably no greater than what her fellow-creatures were enduring every day, and she would therefore submit with tranquillity.

The application of this tale, tinged as it is with the peculiar hue of continental manners and ideas, must be easy to every one of our readers. They must see how great a fallacy it is to suppose that others are more generally than ourselves, spared any of the common mishaps of life, or that we, in particular, are under the doom of a severe fate. They may be assured, that, beneath many of the most gorgeous shows of this world, there lurk terrible sores, which are not the less painful that they are unseen. The very happiest-looking men and women, the most prosperous mercantile concerns have all their secret cankers and drawbacks. The pride of the noble—the luxury of the opulent—even the dignity and worship of the crown—all have a *something* to render them, if it were known, less enviable than they appear. We never, for our part, enter upon any glittering and magnificent scene, or hear of any person who is reputed to be singularly prosperous or happy, but we

immediately think of the probability which exists, that our own humble home and condition, disposed as we sometimes may be to repine about them, comprise just as much of what is to be desired by a rational man as the other. Even in those great capitals, where affluence and luxury are so wonderfully concentrated, and all the higher orders appear so singularly well lodged and fed and attended to, we cannot help looking to the other side, and imagining for every one his own particular misery. The houses appear like palaces; but the idlest spectator may be assured of it, as one of the incontrovertible decrees of Providence, *that there is a skeleton in every one of them*—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

### THE INDIAN'S EVENING SONG.

God of majesty and might,  
 God of darkness and of night :  
 God of gloom and God of glory,  
 God of wild woods, high and hoary,—  
 Hearken ! let the red man's tale  
 Reach **THEE** through the night's dark vale !

God of yonder rising shield,  
 Glittering far o'er flood and field—  
 Lamp of desert, wood, and brake,  
 Mirror of the stream and lake,  
 Guiding with its silver ray  
 The Red man's dark and weary way :  
 God of yonder sparkling sky,  
 God beyond the ken of eye ;  
 God of calmness and of storms,  
 God of men as well as worms ;  
 God of silence and of noise—  
 God ! in whom all things rejoice :  
 God of the whirling meteor's maze,  
 God of the forest's awful blaze—  
 Hearken, 'midst this silent grove,  
 To the tribes who hunt and rove !

Then hasten from each wood and wild !  
 Hasten parent—hasten child ;  
 Hasten chieftain from thy rule—  
 Hasten prophet from thy school—  
 Hasten horseman from the race—  
 Hasten huntsman from the chase—  
 Hasten rowman from the lake,  
 Hasten bowman from the brake—  
 Hasten warrior from the fight,  
 Hasten ! rest thy limbs of night ;  
 Spill no more thy brother's blood,  
 'Tis the Cannibal's foul food !  
 Rest thy spear, unbend thy bow,  
 Hasten here, and pay thy vow :  
 Hasten ! hasten ! every one—  
 Mother, daughter, sire and son ;

The chorus raise—the rites prepare—  
 Hearken ! Bless us, God of prayer !  
 God of the Indian's birth and death—  
 God, who gave him life and breath,  
 Save him from the foeman's scowl,  
 And the victor's ruthless howl :  
 Guard his tent, and shield his wife,  
 Long protect his infant's life !

Spirit of the gloomy woods,  
 Spirit of the wayward floods,  
 Shield us in the midnight hour,  
 Guard us when thy tempests lower ;  
 Father of our ancient race,  
 Lend us rest and give us peace,  
 Till the dawn begin to burn,  
 And the morning star return  
 Let the spirits of our sires  
 Watch around our wigwam fires.  
 'Till the golden beam of day  
 Bid them wend their airy way  
 To the regions of the brave,  
 Far beyond the broad, green wave !

God who slumbers not nor sleeps—  
 God the innocent who keeps,  
 Let thy dark cloud be our cover—  
 O'er us let thy spirit hover !

God of endless time and space  
 Long befriend the Red man's race :  
 Guard him from the white man's chains—  
 The white man's tortures, wiles, and pains !  
 God of night and God of day,  
 Thus we praise, and thus we pray !

D. C.

(ORIGINAL.)

### WEDDED LIFE.

“ 'Tis sweet to think there is an eye will watch our coming, and look brighter when we come.”

THE lengthening shadows speak of the falling eve, and the gentle breeze is laden with choicest perfume. Flowers of many and lovely hues are blossoming around, and the creeping plants embrace the aged stems, hiding their decay with the robes of youth. Smiling Nature looks forth in every bud, and her beauty gladdens the heart and eye of the gazer.

In the midst is a summer bower, and from its flower-woven lattice a face of gentlest loveliness watches the playful gambolings of one yet in the very rosiest hour of childish beauty. Look ye upon that mother's eye—bears it not the impress of the heart's true happiness. Mark how truly it follows

the steps of her careless boy, and listen to her gentle chiding when his careless foot approaches too nearly some fragile stem; and see, he playfully menaces the floweret, and then in his childish simplicity, seeks to soothe it with words of love, as if he deemed that like himself it felt when the voice spoke in an unkind tone. But ah! his tiny heel is pressed upon the frail plant—heart's-ease—and its blossoms are buried in the earth; and the mother's eye is filled with tears—perhaps some thought that a rude world might so trample upon her boy, was busy at her heart; but the pang is transient, and the loud laugh of her boy, as he sportively chases the butterfly that is seeking for a resting place among the rose leaves, is followed by her sympathetic smile. And now, he springs towards her, and burying his face in her lap, she bends over him in the ecstasy of a mother's love.

Holiest of human feelings—dearest of earthly ties! Man may boast of fame, and wealth, of honour and of power—can his heart feel the swelling happiness, that like a foretaste of Heaven, plays round the young matron's heart, when her lips are pressed upon the brow of her first-born, her darling one?

But who is he, with stealthy pace, gliding towards the bower—the smile half repressed, playing upon his lip. He stands beside the lattice, and his cheek colours with his heart's delight. A while he stands, as if he feared that a louder breath would disturb the harmony that reigns within; until the mother, raising her radiant face, catches the earnest gaze of her husband's eye, (for it is he,) and the blush of pleasure mantles even to her brow. Envied her feelings might be, when lifting her boy from the earth, she places him, with a fond kiss, in his father's arms.

Happy are they, who, blest in the endearments of domestic love, can live far apart from the care and care which ever accompany those whose way is among the elbowing and busy crowd. Let them not, in the plenitude of their earthly joy, forget the divine source from which emanate all of temporal as of eternal bliss; but in the humility of hearts which feel the depth of their dependence, let them, lowly bending before the throne of the One Omnipotent, pray that they may be so guided, that when their home is changed to another world, they may be found worthy to sit at the footstool of Him, who has rendered their probationary pilgrimage only a sojourn in a vale of flowers.

#### AMBITION WORSE THAN SLAVERY.

The slave has only one master; the ambitious has of them as many as there are persons useful to his fortune.—*La Bruyere.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## SKETCHES OF PARIS.

MARDI GRAS.

The Carnival at Paris has retained but a shadow of the splendid and gorgeous wildness that marked its revels in the good old times, when ecclesiastical and secular tyranny combined, bowed down the souls of men until reduced to infantine weakness they were, "pleased with a feather and tickled with a straw;" and now that the trammels have been burst asunder and replaced by the energy of thought, and natural dignity of demeanour following its exercise, which a sincere but unhappily as yet fruitless desire for liberty, has generated in a large proportion of the people, higher things engage the imagination, and the mummeries of this singular festival are left to be performed by the uneducated, the frivolous, and the young, who seize with avidity any pretext for indulging in their favourite amusements. Shorn as the Carnival is of its ancient glory, enough remains to give an idea of what it once was, and at the risk of fatiguing the good-natured reader, it is my intention to detail such parts of the exhibition as happened to fall within my observation.

At an early hour on the morning of *Mardi-Gras*, the last day of the Carnival, nearly all the shops were closed; the ringing of bells, and the occasional shouts of laughter from those who were on their way to the great scene of the Carnival, the *Boulevards*, together with the rattling by of carriages, all shewed that the *fun* had commenced. Accordingly I wended my way from the silent and retired quarter of the city, now inhabited only by the ancient aristocracy and students, and was quickly lost in the crowds who were hurrying towards the grand rendezvous; as this was approached, they became denser and a few masks dressed, in a variety of costumes, began to make their appearance, and every face was lit up with expectation of enjoyment.

Arrived at the *Boulevards*, I found the side paths occupied by a living stream, thickly interspersed with masks, who bandied about their witticisms with a freedom and ease which I believe no other people save the French can accomplish; the *repartees* were equally clever and pointed. The middle of the road was taken up by two lines of carriages, which were slowly following each other; the space between was left open for the masks, conspicuous among whom appeared Lord S. in a large open carriage filled with ladies, two bears on horseback playing the bugle, preceded the vehicle, and a large cortège of gentlemen also on horseback. Brought up the rear. Paper balls filled with flour were flung among the pedestrians, to the great delight of those who were not involved in the snowy atmosphere; the balconies and windows were gay with the beauty and fashion of Paris.



An old gentleman who was standing on one of the balconies, attracted the notice of a party in a carriage, who drew the attention of the crowd towards him by pointing their fingers and shouting in a most ludicrous manner. He immediately retired, but as quickly reappeared, armed with a large basket of oranges, which he distributed among his friends; they now commenced a regular bombardment at the original assailants, one of whom, a lady, received a blow on the crown of her bonnet which completely put it out of shape. This unexpected salute was returned by a volley of hard boiled eggs, and three panes of glass were smashed; having taken their revenge they went on their way rejoicing. Several other scenes of this description took place, and at three o'clock the Carnival was at its height—the beating of drums and sounds of martial music announced the approach of the *bœuf gras*. Two enormous oxen, bending under an unconscionable load of fat, and crowned with garlands and streamers, came waddling along like overgrown aldermen. The poor animals had been pedestrianising nearly the whole day, and could now hardly put one leg before the other; a large number of butchers, fantastically dressed, and mounted on handsome steeds, formed a gallant escort, and as they moved past, the admiring crowd rent the air with repeated and continued cheerings.

• Towards five o'clock, the dinner hour, be it remembered, hardly a soul was to be seen on the ground that but so short a time before was rife with the noisy fooleries and extravagant proceedings of thousands. A cessation from the gaieties continued until midnight, when public balls were opened at the theatres and other places of public amusement. In company with several of my friends, I repaired to the *Variétés*, a second rate but very popular theatre on the Boulevards—a temporary flooring had been erected over the pit, on a level with the stage, which at the time of our arrival was crammed to excess; the boxes were occupied by respectable families who did not participate in the amusement, but were content to be simple spectators. Notwithstanding our *déguises*, it was not long before we became the objects of general persecution, and cries of *Jean Bull, rosif, dey speck English, dey eat pommes de terre, God dem*, and similar phrases indicative of national dislike, were showered down upon our devoted heads.

One of our party was much annoyed by an old hag who threw herself in his arms, and then insisted on his making an apology for the liberty he had taken—it was in vain that he attempted to escape, she followed close at his heels, screaming, yelling, and stamping the ground in a paroxysm of fury, at length losing all patience, he doubled his fist and saluted her with a volley of sturdy English oaths, whereupon the pretended woman got behind another mask, and in a trembling voice begged for protec-

tion. A harlequin having planted himself before me delivered himself with ineffable gravity of a long speech of gibberish, and concluded with saying “Jean Bull, dat is very good English!”

The music now struck up, and our facetious tormentors left us to join in the dance. When a Frenchman dances, it is with his whole soul, that ethereal creation seems to quit his head, and descend for the time into his legs, which, conscious of the honour, move with energy of a frog's limbs under the influence of galvanism—perhaps that might be one among other reasons, why in the neighbouring country he has received the elegant soubriquet of *Johnny Crapeau*. They arranged themselves into not less than thirty or forty different quadrille sets, and, as may be imagined, the space occupied by each was exceedingly limited. The effect of the whole, as seen from the lofty site of the gallery, was in the highest degree singular; it looked not unlike an animated chessboard.

At five o'clock the next morning, the balls every where broke up, and the masks repaired to the *Barrière de Bellevue*, where they collected, I was told, to the number of 30,000 previous to making a solemn procession through the Boulevards, which they did in broad daylight. This is the winding up of the Carnival. The procession exceeded a mile in length; a regiment of infantry stood under arms during the assembling of the crowd, and the municipal cavalry escorted them when they marched on, to prevent disturbances from taking place.

#### INFANT THEATRE.

The little denizens of Paris, for whose gratification a Lilliputian theatre has been established, are early initiated in the mysteries of the drama, and a taste for this amusement is acquired which, in later years, not merely subserve to the passing pleasure of the hour, but entwines itself with the every day actions of their lives. A large room in the Palais Royal has been appropriated to this purpose, and displays to the eye of the visitor the complete internal arrangement of a theatre, in which the diminutive proportions are so well preserved, that it seems rather the work of magic than a reality.

The audience consisted of very young ladies and gentlemen, who were seated in rows on low benches rising in tiers like an amphitheatre; they were, unfortunately “for the effect,” attended by their Normandy nurses, who, with their high caps of starched linen, appeared like giantesses among their little charges. During the interval that preceded the drawing up of the curtain, their behaviour corresponded entirely with that of grown up people under similar circumstances; they gave themselves up to lively conversation and the room resounded with their gay laughter and noisy prattle, but the moment the orchestra began the overture, all was silence and decorum. The musicians, with the

exception of the leader, were all young boys, but they played with a great deal of spirit, and the grand crash was quite "a tempest in a teapot."

The first part of the entertainment commenced with a melodrama, of which the adventures of two children lost in a wood formed the subject, and this was succeeded by several *light* pieces. Considering that the age of the younger performers averaged only nine or ten years, nothing could exceed the excellence of their performance. They appeared to have a perfect idea of the feelings incident to persons at their period of life, and at the same time were perfectly free from the awkwardness which so pre-eminently characterises the "gawky age." The elder personages were represented by young people of a more advanced age; these were not so well qualified for their parts as the children, for they were not at their ease—the girls occasionally giggled and blushed, and the boys looked like disabled windmills. The spectators however overlooked these faults and enjoyed the plays and any allusions in them to ordinary events with the greatest zest.

They occasionally testified their delight by stamping their tiny feet on the floor, which they did at the instigation of their nurses—this is the mode of applause practised in the French theatres, clapping of the hands is rarely if ever resorted to. During the melodrama they appeared to identify themselves with the scenes passing before them, and when the ogre with his big mouth made his appearance, the nurses had the greatest difficulty in preventing them from giving way to the terror he caused; they hid their heads in their bosoms, and several began to scream and cry out most lustily; the uproar which was increasing would have become general, had his ogreship remained much longer on the stage; a very different state of feeling, however, was produced by the after-pieces, and all traces of fear were lost in the merriment and laughter caused by the utterance of the jokes and humorous speeches put into the mouths of the characters engaged in them.

This theatre was first set on foot and is owned by a person of the name of Le Comte. Some of the best comedians of the French stage began their career when infants, under his auspices. Mr. Le Comte is very popular with the little Parisians, and he has also gained the good-will and gratitude of their mothers and nurses, for the bare mention of his name is found to do more towards restoring order in the nursery than would the distribution of a cartload of sugar-plums.

E.

## ANGLING ANECDOTE.

In 1822, two young gentlemen of Dumfries, while enjoying the amusement of fishing at Dalswinton Loch, having expended their stock of worms, &c., had

recourse to the well-known expedient of picking out the eyes of the dead perches, and attaching them to their hooks—a bait which the perch is known to rise at quite as readily as any other. One of the perches caught in this manner struggled so much when taken out of the water, that the unseen, though not unfelt hook had no sooner been loosened from its mouth than it came in contact with one of its eyes, and actually tore it out. The pain occasioned by this accident only made the fish struggle the harder, until at last it fairly slipped through the holder's fingers, and again escaped to its native element. The disappointed fisher, still retaining the eye of the aquatic fugitive, adjusted it on the hook, and again committed his line and cork to the waters. After a very short interval, the latter substance began to bob, when, pulling up the line, he was astonished to find the identical perch that had eluded his grasp a few minutes before, and which literally perished by *swallowing its own eye!*

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Two persons meeting, one observed to the other, "So, our old friend, the counsellor, is dead; and I am surprised to hear that he has left very few effects," "Not at all to be wondered at," replied the other, "as I understand he had very few causes." —*Literary Gazette.*

Dean——, when residing on a living in the country, had occasion one day to unite a rustic couple in the holy bands of matrimony. The ceremony being over, the husband began "to sink in resolution," and falling as some husbands might do, into a fit of repentance, he said, "Your reverence has tied the knot tightly, I fancy; but under favour, may I ask your reverence, if so be you could untie it again?" "Why no," replied the dean, "we never do that on this part of the consecrated ground." "Where then?" cried the man eagerly. "On that," replied the Dean, pointing to the burial ground.

On Mr. H. Erskine receiving his appointment to succeed Mr. Dundas, as justiciary in Scotland, he exclaimed that he must go and order his silk robe, "Never mind," said Mr. Dundas, "for the short time you will want it, you had better borrow mine." "No!" replied Erskine, "how short a time soever I may need it, Heaven forbid that I commence my career by adopting the abandoned habits of my predecessor."

A person who cannot relish absurdity and wit, and must, moreover, have a satisfactory reason for whatever is said or done, is a philosophical block-head.

## TURKISH MARCH.

PRESENTED BY MR. W. H. WARREN, OF THIS CITY.

Musical score for "Turkish March" in 2/4 time. The score is presented in three systems, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

System 1:
 

- Treble staff: *pia* (piano), *cres* (crescendo).
- Bass staff: *Sempre Staccato.*

System 2:
 

- Treble staff: *pia*, *rinf* (rinfornito), *ten* (tenuto).
- Bass staff: *fr* (forzando), *fr*, *ten*.

System 3:
 

- Treble staff: *ten*.
- Bass staff: *fr*, *fr*, *ten*.

The musical score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a treble clef staff with notes and rests, and a bass clef staff with notes and rests. Dynamics include *fr* (forte) and *ten* (tenu). The second system continues the piece with a *cres* (crescendo) marking. The third system is marked *Sempre Staccato.* and features a *tr* (trill) in the treble staff and *fr* (forte) in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The number '8' appears below the bass staff in the final system.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THOUGHTS SUGGESTED AT THE SACRAMENT.

Awake my Heaven-bound soul—arise, rejoice,  
 For rapt immortals from the realms above,  
 Are hovering round me—and the still small voice  
 Now bids me welcome to the Feast of Love.

The man of God, before the Throne of Grace,  
 Now offers up the soul sent sacrifice,  
 A smile of rapture on each feature plays,  
 While all his soul is centred in the skies.

Sweet—sweet is music to the exile's soul,  
 That sends remembrance home to happier days,  
 His bosom heaves with thoughts that scorn control,  
 And Hope rekindles her expiring rays.

But sweeter far to his immortal mind,  
 Whom conscious guilt had bound in dark despair

When first in trembling accents unconfin'd,  
 He breathes to Heaven a confidential prayer.

The threatening clouds disperse, and backwards roll,  
 While faith and love irradiate the gloom,  
 The sun of righteousness revives the soul,  
 Whose promis'd rainbow gilds his cancel'd doom.

'Tis sweet to rove at evening's silent hour  
 Alone—to muse on Nature's charms unfurl'd,  
 And converse hold with the Eternal power,  
 Who rules and guides the universal world.

But to the ransom'd soul, 'tis doubly sweet  
 To feel the joys Immanuel's love has given,  
 With those who round the sacred altar meet,  
 Tasting on earth the unbounded bliss of Heaven

G. R.

## THE SAILOR'S SONG.

"When one has seen the ocean, cascades are but little things."—DR. JOHNSON.

I've seen those broad and rapid streams—  
Those wide, expanded lakes,  
Which CANADA so proudly claims,  
Amidst her woods and brakes.

I've heard thy wild and solemn sound—  
I've seen thy headlong march,  
NIAGARA ! in pride rebound  
To Heaven's eternal arch.

But, give to me great Ocean's roar—  
Its billows' cloud-capt crests—  
Its rocky, craggy, shelving shore,  
And kingly eagles' nests.

O give to me its ships that roam,  
And climb the mountain-wave  
From pole to pole, and yet a home  
Are ever for the brave.

And give to me the battle strife,  
And thunder on the main :  
The sailor's bold and daring life,  
On ocean's waves to reign.

Its weals, its woes, its wrecks, and storms—  
Its ever-changing scenes :  
And then—O then !—those graceful forms  
That soften all its pains :

D. C.

## SCOTTISH ANECDOTES,

There formerly lived at Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, a natural fool called Will Brown, of whom many droll anecdotes are related. Whether Will possessed a vein of real wit, or only said good things by chance, is uncertain ; but assuredly some of his sarcasms, if pronounced by a sane man, would have been esteemed in the highest degree pointed.

Will, for instance, was one day present at the edge of a frozen lake near his native town, where some gentlemen, fond of the sport of curling, had assembled, but were in some doubt as to the validity of the ice. Thinking Will an excellent cat's-paw, they asked if he would be the first to go on, and they would immediately follow. "O no," said the natural, "I hae mair manners than to gang afore gentlemen."

On another occasion, some gentlemen of the neighbourhood of Muirkirk were deliberating with a corps of engineers as to the proper place for sinking a coal-pit. In the midst of their anxious deliberations, Will thrust in his advice—"Gentlemen," said he, "what d'ye say to Airmoss ? [a deep morass not far off] ; if ye dinna get coal there, ye're sure o' peat."

It is recorded of Will, that calling once at a farm-house in a moorland part of the country, the good wife feed him with a piece of bread and butter, to conduct to the next town a blind man, who had, in a similar manner, been led to her house that forenoon. Will went away with the mendicant and the piece ; and as long as any part of the latter remained uneaten, the former had no reason to complain. When the piece was done, however, all sense of the duty which he had undertaken was done too ; and he said to his travelling companion, "Blind man, d'ye see yon peat-stack ? haud straight for it, and ye'll find a house." And so the blind man, like Lord Ullin, "was left lamenting ;" Will immediately striking off towards his own home.

In the last age there flourished in Ayrshire two gentlemen of the name of Logan, both of whom were remarkable for *bon mots* and eccentric sayings. The elder of the two, Logan of Logan, near Cumnock, was a rude, ready-witted, and rather home-spun character ; but the other, Major William Logan, the son of a gentleman near Dalmellington, was a man of polish and address, possessing, for one accomplishment, an amazing gift of violin-playing, and fitted to mingle—as he did—in the first circles of society.

The common people at Cumnock, like the other people of Scotland, were very averse to the establishment of the militia, which took place for the first time in 1798 ; and on the day when they were called together to meet the deputy-lieutenants, in order to proceed to the business of balloting, a great riot took place, during which the above officers were severely pelted. Logan of Logan was himself one of the lieutenants ; but, on his entering the town rather late, and finding himself involved in a crowd which was eagerly engaged in lapidating his brethren, he saw it best to put his commission into his pocket and side with the dominant part. "What's the matter ?" he cried ; "what ails ye at them ?"—"O," cried the crowd, "they're going to press us to be sodgers against our will." "Are they really ?" cried the politic laird ; "filthy fallows ! stane them weel, lads—stane them weel !" and, bawling this with all his might, he made his escape from the throng.

One of the two Logans—it is uncertain which—once called for a dram at a tavern, and the landlady, in handing it to him, inquired politely if he would have water along with it ? "I would rather you took the water out of it," said the old gentleman, drily—the house being noted for a practice of reducing spirits.

Major Logan retained the ruling passion to the last, even amidst the agonies of a very painful disorder. A clergyman, visiting him in his latter days, remarked that it would require fortitude to bear up under such distresses. "Ay, it would take *fish*," said the expiring wit.

## OUR TABLE.

THE Science of Government is one which has occupied the attention of the best and greatest, from the earliest time at which the world was sufficiently peopled to render settled rules necessary for the guidance of mankind. Forms of government have been more varied than the nations which gave them birth, and these again have been improved and modified, as time and their practical working showed a superabundance of, or paucity in, any of their component parts; nevertheless, the experience of fifty centuries has been insufficient, as fifty centuries more will doubtless be, to render any scheme perfect, or to produce one which can give satisfaction to the whole people subject to its rule.

It is not improbable that this continent may at no very distant day, be the theatre of a struggle between the systems which now stand most prominently before the world—monarchy and democracy—indeed the strife has, though in a trifling and irregular manner, already commenced. It may not, therefore be deemed out of place, to offer a few—a very few—remarks, upon the leading points, as well as the practicability of each; although we do not assume to ourselves the power of being able to throw much new light upon a subject which has been already so industriously and ably handled.

The true end of all Government is or ought to be the welfare of the governed, and the chief magistrate, by whatever name he may be designated, can only be properly such by a total forgetfulness of self, wherever it can by possibility interfere with the weal of the state. He should be ready to execute the law, whoever the culprits standing arraigned before it, like that heathen law-giver, who, having issued a decree, that no armed man should enter the council room and live, was himself the first to cross its threshold with his armour on; when some one present calling out that he had transgressed his own edict, he drew his sword from its scabbard, and plunged it into his heart, with his last breath telling the people to hold the laws sacred which he thus sealed with his blood.

Republics, or as they are now termed, "Governments of and for the people," may, perhaps, in theory, be the best fitted for the happiness of the mass, (if the mass be limited and defined;) but these theories are so much based upon an ideal perfection to which mankind cannot possibly attain, that they are found altogether unmanageable in practice. As a matter of course, laws formed wholly by the popular voice, in which no other influence has a part, consult too much the extravagant ideas of freedom which the untutored mind is apt to form, when it has been taught to consider this liberty as the chief good of life. We are far, very far, from wishing to depreciate the value of the freedom, which from youth up has been our proudest

boast, but we consider that liberty is only such, when it is limited in its power to do evil—unlimited only when it would truly benefit humanity.

Were mankind perfect, they would require no government, for each would then follow the golden rule, and where there were no transgressors, there would require no restraining power, but as this cannot, without madness, be predicated of human nature, precautions must be taken against the evil ingredients of which mankind are composed; and when men are left unfettered to legislate for themselves, without one even to offer a suggestion, who is not of, or dependent upon the crowd, it is certainly sufficiently singular if means are taken for the suppression of all the immorality of which humanity is susceptible.

It is, however, still more difficult to find men, so utterly the slaves of popular favour, virtuously to execute such laws as are made, than to form statutes, which, if duly obeyed, would well answer all the ends of human government, and did the public choice fall upon a few, endowed with a moiety of the stern though wild virtue of the island-king whose case we have above cited, the danger of degeneracy would materially decrease.

The neighbouring States will in future be a standing commentary upon the inefficiency of good laws, when circumstances render them adverse to the prejudices, or fancied interests of those who made them. They present a sad example of the extreme difficulty of finding those who are sufficiently heroic in the execution of public duty, when even only a portion of the people offer opposition to their own behests, although national and individual honour alike cry aloud for the vindication of the sovereignty of the laws. It would seem as if, like the Indians, who preceded them in the vast region they inhabit, the people of these states deemed that liberty consisted in a total absence of control. It is mournful to look upon such a picture, but it is too evident, that anarchy has usurped the place of government, that the bench of judgment has itself been desecrated and despised, and each, looking upon himself as the redresser of his own wrongs, scruples not to meet his neighbour in deadly strife, until at last Justice has yielded up her sword to hatred and revenge.

Thus it has been, and, is to be feared, it will long be, unless some startling incident arouse the soul of the commonwealth to its danger, and the true people shaking off their inane lethargy, shall, by a gigantic though bloodless struggle, more regenerating in its effects than that which called their Republic into being, save their country for a few generations from its gathering doom.

Let it not be supposed that we can exult in such pictures as present themselves to our mind's eye, when we write thus. Very different indeed are the feelings with which we contemplate the eventual and signal failure of a scheme of government founded

under such auspicious circumstances, among the descendants of the most civilized nation of the modern and Christian world—the founder himself being one of those rare beings, who to all the virtue of the ancient moralists, added the dignity of soul which belongs to the follower of the Christian Saviour, and whose aspirations were ever those of the generous, noble, and high-souled patriot.

Historical reading is only useful in as far as it exhibits the influence of the character of a people, as well as of their system of government, upon the rise or fall of the state. Apart from this, although the reader may derive pleasure from the perusal of books of this character, as from a well-told tale, and the pedant may learn from it to delight in a mechanical remembrance of the dates of any particular events—they might read all the immense myriad of tomes which have been collected upon the subject, and yet the world would derive neither wisdom nor benefit from their studies.

Monarchies, whether hereditary or elective—limited or despotic—are the most ancient of governments; and a philosophical study of history will shew, that under them in all ages, empires have universally arrived at their highest degree of grandeur—if we except a very few instances, as in the case of the Athenians; but even they were generally under the influence of some master spirit, to whom they were as devotedly attached, as if a hereditary sovereign had been their legitimate ruler.

In a well poised monarchy, in which the people have a full share in the formation of the laws by which they are governed, without being themselves the sole arbiters, there is by far a greater probability that all the interests of the state will be more fully represented; and it amounts to an absolute truism, that the laws, such as they are, will be more efficiently administered, seeing that their executors are, to a certain extent at least, independent of any external influence.

It is not pretended, however, that any monarchy, hitherto erected, can be deemed of perfect structure. Britain herself, by the convulsions which have shaken the Empire to its base, since the days of King John, has proved that, magnificent as her Constitution is, and far excelling any preceding or cotemporary with it, we must not deem it thoroughly unblemished. Nevertheless, we need not conceal our conviction that no human institution ever exhibited so much of the grandeur of philosophical statesmanship, as the Magna Charta of England, modified towards the close of the seventeenth century, nor can we conceive it possible that, with the limited capacity of earth's wisest legislators, any scheme of Government can ever approximate more closely to the standard of perfectibility.

Unlike the transient and ephemeral states, which, born of some popular outburst, illumine the world for a brief time with their false glare, and then sink

into hopeless wreck and ruin, drawing into the vortex, neighbouring and trusting powers, a constitutional monarchy, with a government based upon the eternal rock of truth, becomes stronger as rolling time twines old feelings and associations more closely around the hearts of the people who uphold it. This is a source of usefulness and strength, known only in those states where honour is hereditary, without its path being closed, or even difficult, to those whose ambition leads them to aspire. Neither is it necessary to build upon ideas of human perfection, although the enlightenment of the people renders their support more firm; for among all hearts, alike the learned as the unlearned, the holy feeling mingles, until imperishably rooted there, no blast can shake, no whirlwind tear it from its home!

It is not necessary that we should enter upon a lengthened dissertation on the principles of monarchical government,—we dwell among a people who individually and collectively *feel* the force of an argument beyond all our pen can picture. Among those whose hearts bear each a record of the imperishable character of the ties which link together our sovereign and her people—ties stronger than interest—enduring as life itself. Loyalty, as a sentiment, is one than which none can be loftier or more noble. At its bidding how many thousands have rushed to their country's standard, each ready to interpose his breast between his fellow and the assassin's steel.

There is something ennobling in the idea, when the day of battle comes, that our war-cry has been sounded by kingly and conquering hosts,—that our sires,—aye and their fathers' sires—have followed the ancestors of our kings against uncounted foes—that with them they have borne our time-honoured banner over fields of blood, and slept too beneath its folds, rejoicing in death, that their Country, God and King accepted the sacrifice of their lives,—with feelings akin to his, who, wounded in the battle, struggled for life, until shaded by the gorgeous standard of the clime he loved, and then yielded up his soul, gazing upon its crimson folds, and praying that it might never wave less proudly over its brave and noble guardians.

Loyalty and patriotism are so much the same feeling, that disunited they both would perish, and the heart that loved to cherish them, robbed of its proudest thought, would itself become a lifeless thing in the bosom that encased it.

Let us not however, less enthusiastically second the efforts of those placed in authority over us, to advance the prosperity of our country, when the smile beams in the azure eye of Peace. Our most earnest wish is, that to this end, we may see all the different shades of feeling which characterise a people so unanimous in the great and fundamental principle, laid aside, and a united effort made for the general benefit. It wants but this to elevate our

common country far in the scale, and to render it respected by others, and happy in itself.

We have deemed it necessary to enter upon these brief remarks, for, called upon from many respectable quarters for some statement of our political sentiments, we feared that our silence might be misconstrued into an unwillingness on our part to lay before the public a statement of our own views upon the subjects which in this colony have so long agitated the public mind.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE—BY M. DE CHARLEVOIX.

THERE is, perhaps, no subject which has afforded a wider field for discussion, with more unsatisfactory results, than the original settlement of the American continent. Theories innumerable have in turn had their advocates, and the opinions advanced by each seem only to have been like men of straw, to be demolished by his successor, whose hypotheses in turn fall before the more acute perception of some newer antiquarian.

It is almost a matter of regret that so much laborious research should have been expended to so little purpose, for, admitting that the question had been definitively settled, we confess that we do not see what corresponding benefit the world would derive from it. It assuredly must be of very immaterial consequence whether the "original" of the American Indians may be Europe, Asia or Africa, or any particular country of the three; whether they may have sprung from the barbarous hordes of Arabia or the sea-roving traders of Tyre and Carthage. Small indeed must be its import to the Christian world whether, with the Persian fire-worshippers, their fathers may have knelt to the burning sun, or offered their homage to the ridiculous idols of India or Egypt; whether they may have bent to the more poetical, but no less false gods of Greece and Rome, or learned from the druidical superstitions of ancient Gaul, to offer up sacrifices of blood to their tutelary "demons," for such only could it have been designed to propitiate with offerings so horrible. Traces of these—aye, and more than these—of the religion, customs, and tongues of almost every country of the world, may, indeed, be found in some region or other of the vast and immeasurable extent of the western world, and the industry which shall trace them to their foundation, will far exceed in its untiring perseverance any thing of which we can believe humanity capable.

It seems to us, however, that besides the hopelessness as well as inutility of the research, it implies something more than a want of faith in the wisdom and foresight of the great founder of the universe, to suppose that he should have formed so vast a continent, almost, if not entirely equal to one half the habitable globe, without having a settled purpose of peopling it, or that he should have left it to chance to decide with what race it should be inhabited.

These remarks have been suggested to us from a re-perusal of a discourse with which M. de Charlevoix prefaces his "Journal of a Voyage," made in the beginning of the last century through the then French Canadian colonies. This book is not by any means sufficiently known in these Provinces, for though the whole continent has changed its rulers since the Journal was penned, the genius and character of their people, remain virtually the same, or with only such modifications as time has forced upon them. The Voyage was undertaken by command of the French King, and the Journal is written in a series of most interesting letters. It ought to be in the hands of every Canadian student. conveying, as it does, remarks descriptive of the geography and natural history of the country, as well as graphic and simple sketches of its original inhabitants. The portraiture of Indian character is, as far as our reading has afforded the means of judging, true to life and nature, and the reflections with which the whole is interspersed might not be unprofitably read by those whose duty it is to govern the destinies of this vast dependency of the British Empire.

We take the liberty of inserting here a short extract on the subject of a project which upwards of a century ago, the French Government had in view, to approximate these colonies more nearly to their nominal and ostensible character, as dependencies of the parent country, leaving the application of the quotation to the judgment of the reader.

"For that purpose, it was designed to make some settlements in proper places, where it would be easy to assemble the Indians, at least for certain seasons of the year. By this means, this vast country would be insensibly filled with inhabitants, and perhaps, this is the only method by which that project which the court has so long had at heart of *Frenchifying* the Indians, that is the term they make use of, could be brought about. I believe, I may at least affirm, that if this method had been followed, Canada would have been at present much better peopled than it is; that the Indians drawn and kept together by the comforts and conveniencies of life, which they would have found in our settlements, would not have been so miserable, nor so much addicted to a wandering life, and consequently their numbers would have increased, whereas they have diminished at a surprising rate, and would have attached themselves to us in such a manner that we might now have disposed of them as of the subjects of the crown."

Now, without any design of comparing the Canadians of French origin to their Indian predecessors, it seems to us altogether natural, that similar causes would now produce similar effects, and that the formation of English settlements among the French population, by introducing an improved system of business in general, and agriculture in particular, would materially assist in the *Anglicisation* of the colony.

The following extract, as exhibiting the different characters of the French and English colonists, as well as affording a clue to their apparently disproportion-



tionate advancement, is the more valuable, from the circumstance of its being the result of dispassionate enquiry on the part of a faithful and loyal subject of France, as well as an anxious well-wisher of the Canadian colonies.

“To judge of the two colonies by the way of life, behaviour, and speech of the inhabitants, nobody would hesitate to say that ours were the most flourishing. In New-England and the other provinces of the continent of America, subject to the British empire, there prevails an opulence which they are utterly at a loss how to use; and in New France a poverty hid by an air of being in easy circumstances, which seems not at all studied. Trade, and the cultivation of their plantations, strengthen the first, whereas the second is supported by the industry of its inhabitants, and the taste of the nation diffuses over it something infinitely pleasing. The English planter amasses wealth, and never makes any superfluous expence; the French inhabitant again enjoys what he has acquired, and often makes a parade of what he is not possessed of. That labours for his posterity; this again leaves his offspring involved in the same necessities he was in himself at his first setting out, and to extricate themselves as they can.”

It would be an easy task to multiply extracts, alike interesting and useful, upon almost any subject connected with these provinces; and more particularly relating to the fisheries on the coasts of the Lower Provinces, and in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, which M. De Charlevoix looks upon as more valuable than the mines of Golconda or Peru. The whole subject would, however, occupy too much space for our present number, and short extracts would not answer any good purpose. We therefore refer the reader to this interesting book, an edition of which, with notes explanatory of the changes which have since taken place, we should think, might be published for the benefit of the Canadian youth, with a fair chance of remuneration to any one who could be found patriotic enough to undertake the work.

#### WACOUSTA,—OR THE PROPHECY.

THERE appeared, some months ago, in a number of the provincial journals proposals for a republication of the novel of *Wacousta*. We scarcely doubted at the time that a sufficient number of purchasers would offer to render the undertaking safe, the more especially, as the work, independently of its thrilling interest, possesses the rare charm of being the production of a gentleman owning his nativity in this country. We have felt some surprise at seeing the advertisement gradually disappear without hearing that the work was in progress, a circumstance, we would fain believe, to be only owing to the state of danger and excitement into which the provinces have been thrown by the events of the last three months.

It is altogether unnecessary that we should enter upon the subject of the various excellencies of the work in question: it has already received many tributes of admiration from those whose applause ren-

ders our humble offering altogether superfluous; nevertheless we cannot thus revert to it without mentioning the very high esteem in which we hold it, deeming it fully worthy of its rank among the best novels of the day. It is true that we look upon the interest of the tale as too painfully intense, the reader being irresistibly borne on with the author, without a moment's breathing time in which the mind is relieved from its anxiety respecting the fate of the characters of the drama. This, however, will be considered by many, as only adding to the value of the book, affording, as it does, a never failing source of pleasurable excitement, when the reader would be relieved from graver studies which, being too assiduously followed, disease the mind as much as the want of exercise debilitates the body. The spoiled children of fortune, whose only business is pleasure, may command in it an inexhaustible fountain of enjoyment, and the general reader will find from its perusal, that no author has ever more efficiently attained one of the principal objects of a novel writer—the delightful employment of an idle hour—than the author of “*Wacousta*, or the Prophecy.”

We confidently hope, that as peace renders the public mind more easy, the plan of republishing *Wacousta* may be revived, and that ere the summer is far advanced, it will be found in every boudoir from the Atlantic to Lake Erie.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“*The Confided*,” from the pen of our respected correspondent, E. M. M. will be found, according to promise, occupying a prominent position in our preceding pages.

To the author of “*Josephina of Austria*,” we are much indebted. The “*Canadian Legend*,” from the same pen, will grace the leaves of the March number of the *Garland*.

“*DICK SPOT*” was received too late for our present number. We have not yet had time to give to it the consideration it merits.

“E.” will observe that we have availed ourselves of his amusing and well written “*Sketches of Paris*.”

“G. R.’s” favours are accumulating. We could only find space for the “*Thoughts suggested at the Sacrament*.”

“*LYDIA*,” “*MOSES*,” and “*ARGUS*,” are declined.

In accordance with our design of gathering the gems of Canadian literature, and enshrining them in the pages of the *Garland*, we have copied into our present number “*The Indian’s Evening Song*.” In our January number we gave “*The Indian’s Morning Song*,” of the same series, to the public. Both are beautiful compositions, but the *Evening Song* is our favourite of the two.