

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

Vol. VIII.

JULY, 1850.

No. 7.

EVA HUNTINGDON.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE indignation excited in Eva's breast by her mother's arrogant tyranny, was surpassed in intensity by another and still deeper feeling, and that was unqualified aversion for the proposal of Sir George Leland. To ever assent to it, was, she felt, utterly impossible, and yet, to oppose the iron will of Lady Huntingdon—to set at open defiance her commands, her threats, was almost more than she had strength or courage to do. In the midst of her doubts and fears, a sudden ray of light flashed upon her, and she murmured, whilst her whole countenance brightened with joy—

"Yes, I will write to my first, my early friend, dear, kind Mr. Arlingford. He will assist,—advise me."

The project was executed as soon as conceived, and Eva, relying on a friendship that had hitherto proved almost infallible, again became calm and cheerful. As the time drew near, however, that was to bring an answer, she began to grow anxious and uneasy; and yet, as she had told Mr. Arlingford all, and explained the pressing necessity of an immediate reply, she had no reasonable grounds to fear that he would fail her. The day which she had carefully calculated, came and brought no letter. Another and another passed, and still no word from him. But one day now intervened between the period mentioned by Lady Huntingdon as that of Sir George's dreaded arrival, and Eva's anxiety had deepened into positive anguish and terror. Too faithfully did imagination represent the sad consequences of disobedience, and her

mother's imperious will—too faithfully did it picture the terrible struggle which she, unaided and alone, must go through, and yet, would not the worst consequences of Lady Huntingdon's anger be preferable to the misery that would be entailed on her by a weak compliance with her wishes! But would she be able to resist successfully that haughty, stern nature, that bowed all other spirits to its own; nay, would she be right in doing so—in resisting the sacred authority of a parent in a matter in which the honour, the welfare of the whole family, were concerned? The more Eva reflected, the more uncertain and difficult did her course appear, the more helpless and hopeless did she feel. One line from Mr. Arlingford, one simple word of counsel or advice, would have been of priceless, of inestimable value—it would have decided her—but it came not, and to her other sorrows was added the bitter certainty that the generous friendship which had almost atoned to her for even a mother's love, had, like the other few rays of sunshine that had brightened her earthly career, passed away. Rockingham, too, who, unsolicited and unsought, had vowed such eternal faith and devotion, had he also forgotten her? It must be, or he would not have allowed so long a period to elapse without making some effort to see, or at least write to her. Distracted between a thousand fears, abandoning in one moment the resolutions framed the preceding—now resolving to brave Lady Huntingdon's power, then acknowledging to herself with a bitter sigh, that resistance was useless, Eva saw the terrible day approach, with the feelings of a criminal who has

*Continued from page 250.

no hopes of respite or of mercy. At an early hour she left the couch from which grief and anxiety had effectually banished slumber, and passed out into the grounds to find relief in the fresh morning air, for the burning head-ache that oppressed her. Her torturing thoughts, however, still followed her, and after the lapse of an hour, she was returning to the house, as suffering, as despondent, as when she had left it, when the sound of horses' hoofs, advancing rapidly up the avenue, caused her to turn. The wild, visionary hope, that had flashed for a moment across her, vanished in its dawning, for the rider was Sir George Leland. Springing from his horse, he threw the bridle over his arm, and hastily advanced to meet her. The first greetings over, they proceeded together some time in silence, she pale and silent, he awkward and embarrassed, wavering whether to enter or not on the subject that most interested him, and which he at once divined from the bright but momentary blush that had dyed her cheek on his first approach, and the shrinking embarrassment pervading her whole figure and manner, was not entirely new to her. At last he decided on courageously entering on the matter, and turning from his horse, which he had been caressing and apostrophizing for some time previous, he exclaimed—

"I suppose, Miss Huntingdon, your mother has informed you of the substance of the conversation we had together respecting you, the morning of my departure?"

"Yes, she has spoken to me on the subject," rejoined Eva, the icy coldness of her look and manner contradicting the inferences her companion might else have drawn from the unsteadiness of her tones, and the crimson glow his words had called to her cheek.

"Well, I am glad of it, and of course, dear Miss Eva, you will confirm the assent that Lady Huntingdon has already given?"

"That assent, Sir George, was given without my knowledge, and is of no value whatever. Your offer was too sudden, too unexpected to have permitted of anything like a decided reply, at least a reply in the affirmative."

"Oh, of course," said Sir George, patronizingly, "I would not expect any young lady to say, yes, at once, but Lady Huntingdon's approbation and assent will do just as well. Her Ladyship, who is really a clever, sensible woman, though a little too full of her own consequence, was kind enough to talk a great deal about my generosity, &c.; you know, I have left the decision of the sum to be settled on you, entirely to herself; but, after all, my dear Miss Huntingdon, I only did what I

should have done, what would have been expected from a man of my great wealth. She said also, and with truth, that I might have married girls far higher and richer, I beg pardon, Miss Eva! than yourself, but, as I told her in reply, I did not want more wealth, but an amiable and gentle wife. To speak candidly, I never dreamed of such a thing, till I heard of your brother's marriage. That caused me to first think seriously on the subject, and after a few days' reflection, I decided I would marry. The greatest difficulty, however, was yet to come, and that was the question, who to marry. I had always entertained so invincible a prejudice against the fortune-hunting girls one meets in London society, that I never harboured, even for a moment, the thought of marrying one of them, and to demean myself by an ill-assorted match, such as your brother has been guilty of, was equally out of the question. I do not know what first suggested you to my thoughts, however it one day struck me, that you were just the wife to suit. Your youth, though, was a great objection; in fact, I had always looked on you as a mere child, unworthy the slightest notice, but I remembered, on reflection, that Lady Huntingdon had told me you were seventeen. Another year would introduce you to society, and release you entirely from your school trammels. The very idea of such a thing naturally made me a little curious to see you, and having some business to transact with your father, I thought I would come down myself, instead of sending my agent, as I had previously intended. From the moment of my arrival here, I watched your every word and movement with a rigid scrutiny you never suspected, and the result has certainly been in your favor. Timid, affectionate, gentle, you possess the most estimable qualities that a woman can have, and I do not doubt but you will make as amiable and docile a wife, as you have proved a daughter. The whole tenor of Lady Huntingdon's conduct, from my arrival at the Hall, told me as plainly as words could speak, that she would be most willing to accept me for a son-in-law, and I knew, of course, that the decision of a sensible, gentle young girl, such as you appeared to be, would coincide with that of the parents. The sequel has proved that I was not mistaken; and when, ten days ago, I asked for your hand, it was freely, unhesitatingly, accorded me."

"Yes, Sir George," rejoined Eva, who had listened with mingled contempt and astonishment to this singular tirade. "Yes, it was accorded you by my mother; but again, do I tell you, without either my knowledge or sanction."

Her companion slightly smiled, as he replied:

"Well, my dear Miss Eva, since you set so much store on your own particular sanction, of course I must wait for it ere I venture on calling you my affianced wife; I trust though, you will not be so cruel as to keep me long in suspense."

They entered the porch as he spoke, and Eva, without a word of reply, passed him with a cold inclination of her head, and hurried to her own room.

"Marry Sir George!" she vehemently exclaimed: "Never, never! neither the threats of my father, the terrible anger of mamma, nor the influence of any power on earth shall force me to it."

The words were spoken with a decision, and energy, that denoted Eva's previous doubts and waverings were entirely at an end; and when Lady Huntingdon's maid entered, some time after, with an intimation that her mistress wished to see her, though Eva's cheek became a shade paler, the determination that was throned on lip and brow never varied for a moment. Saying: "She would be with her ladyship in an instant," she rang the bell to ask Sifton the oft repeated and now despairing question:

"Was there a letter?" Alas! none, and that last faint ray of hope dispelled, Eva silently bent her steps to her mother's apartment. Lady Huntingdon was awaiting her, ready dressed, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, and after the first greeting, she exclaimed with a rapid scrutinizing glance towards her daughter:

"I suppose Eva, that the ceremony of bringing you here, to give your verbal consent to a measure that has been already tacitly settled between us, is nothing more than a mere formality, one, however, that may as well be fulfilled. Sir George Leland has arrived this morning, are you willing and prepared to receive him as your betrothed husband?"

"Mamma, I am not," was the low-toned but firm reply.

"What! do you still persist in the rebellious course you have entered on?" asked Lady Huntingdon, pushing back her chair, and measuring her daughter from head to foot with a glance that would have caused a more daring spirit to quail. There was a pause, and then Eva rejoined:

"Call it not rebellious in me to refuse the hand of a man for whom the very warmest feeling I entertain is supreme indifference."

"Have I not already told you, I will listen to no romantic nonsense of this kind?" was the stern rejoinder. "What, has a girl of your age or position to do with love or indifference? You have been sought in marriage by one whose wealth renders him a fit alliance for the daughters of our

proudest aristocracy, and yet, you, the portionless daughter of a poor noble; you, destitute alike of beauty, manner, nay, even the common accomplishments of a school girl, presume to demur, to talk about rejecting him."

"Even so, mother, and 'tis the first, the only instance in which I have ever attempted to oppose or question your will. Passively, blindly, have I submitted to your wishes in everything, but on a point on which the happiness or misery of a whole life depends, I will not be so weakly, so criminally passive."

"Then, I tell you, that you shall, Eva Huntingdon, and more than that, that you leave not this room till you have consented to all, every thing that I have required of you. Once before, I deigned to reason, to remonstrate, now, employing the sacred authority with which my title of mother invests me, I command you to obey. I might speak, were you not too inexperienced, too headstrong to attend to me, of the dignity, the splendour, the lofty position that would be yours as the wife of Sir George Leland. I might tell you, how you, who are now but a mere cypher in your own family, an entire dependent on the will and pleasure of others, would then be sovereign mistress of a princely home and retinue, free ruler of your own actions; a being courted and flattered by those who now look down on you with contempt. Girl, girl; if you are insensible to the dreams of ambition, to the desires, the counsels of those whose age and experience qualify them to guide you, display at least some consideration for your own future welfare, your earthly happiness."

"But, mamma," murmured Eva, in a stifled voice: "What would all this splendour be, but gilded misery? Neither loving nor esteeming."

"And, did I marry your father entirely for love?" interrupted her companion with a bitter smile. "Would I have become his wife, had he been poor and humble? Never! I married him, because he was titled, because he was wealthy, and mark me, child, I have never regretted it since, even for a moment. Splendour, rank, the world's smile have all been mine, and the same is now proffered to you. Do as your mother did—accept them, and be content with the same destiny that has fallen to her lot. Listen to me, Eva! I will be patient with you, for you are too young, too ignorant of the world, of life, to even divine the extent of your infatuation. Think you, in pressing your acceptance of young Leland's hand, that I am not seeking to advance your own welfare? Who is to give a thought to that welfare, who cares whether the world's sunshine or gloom will be yours, save your mother? From the

first moment of your arrival amongst us, notwithstanding my outward coldness, my seeming indifference, I have worked incessantly for one grand aim—your suitable settlement in life. Providing you first, with all the means of attaining the necessary accomplishments of your rank, I next, though still regarding you in the light of a mere child, encouraged and favored Sir George in London, knowing that he might hereafter fix his affections on yourself. For your sake, I warmly welcomed him on his return here, disguising under smiles and gaiety, my sufferings of body and mind—for your sake I bowed my pride to court, to almost seek his hand, and yet, when the goal is won, when my efforts and struggles have been crowned with success, my only reward is, to be told by the ungrateful child, for whom I have labored, that she will not profit by them. Have you forgotten my true and terrible tale of your father's embarrassments, of the ruin impending over us all, a ruin which can be averted through you alone? Have you forgotten all this, or will you still persist in your folly, still persist in sacrificing to a romantic prejudice, unpardonable even in a girl of fourteen, your own future welfare and that of your family. Speak! will you burden yourself with the crime of such unnatural, such remorseless cruelty towards your own parents?"

"Oh! mamma, mamma! Have mercy on me!" exclaimed Eva, passionately clasping her hands. "Command me in aught else, and however painful, however difficult, I will unhesitatingly obey. Life, youth, happiness, all would I willingly sacrifice, but, oh! spare me the sin, the sacrilege of vowing at the altar love and honor to one, for whom I can never entertain either feeling."

"Enough! Miss Huntingdon, enough!" rejoined her companion, in her sternest tones. "We are not rehearsing a drama, and I want practical proofs of obedience and respect, not vain and idle protestations. Let us terminate this scene at once, nothing is to be gained by protracting it further. I have already represented to you the advantages, the necessity of this alliance, as faithfully too, have I portrayed to you the terrible consequences of your refusal. I have encouraged, soothed you as a child, reasoned, remonstrated with you as a woman; now, I have but to command as a mother, and a mother that will and must be obeyed."

She rose and touched a silver bell beside her. The summons was promptly answered by Willis, and after a few whispered words from her mistress, she hurriedly left the apartment. Lady Huntingdon then turned again towards her daughter, and with a smile, whose cold calmness be-

tokened her arrogant confidence in her own power, sarcastically exclaimed:

"Well, Miss Huntingdon, have you at length made up your mind to consent to an evil that no effort of yours can avert? If not, I may as well tell you at once, that your fate, or rather your happiness, foolish girl, is irrevocably sealed, and that the promise your father and myself have made to Sir George Leland, shall be fulfilled, despite your prayers, tears, and objections."

Eva was silent a moment, and then gathering courage from the very depths of her despair, she passionately rejoined:

"Never,—never! I will tell Sir George that I dislike, I fear him, that I am forced into this marriage, which is hateful, abhorrent to every feeling of my soul."

"Silence!" interrupted Lady Huntingdon in a low, menacing whisper. As she spoke, the door opened, and the young baronet entered.

"You are welcome, Sir George," exclaimed her ladyship with a polished smile. "Of course, you have divined my purpose in sending for you."

He colored and smiled, and Lady Huntingdon taking Eva's hand in hers, continued:

"Permit me, then, to assure you, on Miss Huntingdon's part, that she fully confirms the assent Lord Huntingdon and myself have already given to your mutual union."

Lady Huntingdon felt the icy hand within her own struggle for freedom, she saw that her daughter was about to speak, and bending towards her, she whispered:

"On your life, be silent!" A word to that man and your father will be ruined, openly proclaimed to the world as a perjurer and robber."

There was something in the quick, glittering flash of Lady Huntingdon's eye, the very tones of her stern voice, as she uttered the terrible words, that froze the blood in Eva's veins. A misty veil darkened her sight, sense and perception grew strangely dim, but Lady Huntingdon's arm was promptly thrown round her waist, and her daughter's unconscious head drooped on her bosom. Eva felt not Sir George raise her hand to his lips, she heard him not pour forth his thanks and vows, whilst he, on his part, never suspected for one moment that they were breathed to an almost unconscious ear. He could not see her face, for it was entirely concealed, and her agitation, her silence, he attributed entirely to girlish reserve and timidity. Cheerfully then, he obeyed, when Lady Huntingdon motioned him with a smile to the door, and when Eva raised her head with a long convulsive sigh, from that bosom where it had lain for the first time since childhood, he was

gone. Lady Huntingdon drew an arm chair towards her, and placed her daughter in it, exclaiming at the same time:

"How foolish of you, child, to agitate yourself thus. 'Tis all over now, and what was there so terrible about it?"

"All over!" murmured Eva.

"Yes, in my presence you have to day ratified that engagement which must henceforth be as sacred to you as the marriage vow—in my presence, Sir George has uttered the thanks that might with more justice have proceeded from yourself, and you are now, before man and Heaven, his affianced wife."

Eva had neither voice nor strength to struggle further, the proud determined brow that bent over her, stern, merciless, even though a smile was on it, told that all further resistance was useless. Silently she rose, silently submitted to the kiss her mother impressed on her cold cheek as she hailed her "Lady Leland," and then left the room. Her grief was too hopeless, too overwhelming to find relief in tears, and for hours she lay on the couch on which she had thrown herself, in silent, motionless agony. Settled thoughts or purposes, she had none. She only remembered that her hand was solemnly plighted to a man she now detested, and that no means, no hope of escape remained to her. Yet, loudly as ever, did her agonized heart repeat again and again, to itself, "that she would never wed him."

The shades of twilight were beginning to darken the apartment, when Sefton noiselessly entered. She stole softly to the couch to see if her young mistress was sleeping, but the latter, to whom intrusion at the time was unwelcome, nay insufferable, fretfully enquired her mission. The girl hesitated a moment, and then, after handing her a note, precipitately left the room. Insensible alike to either curiosity or hope, Eva flung it from her, but the handwriting accidentally caught her eye, and, with a faint cry, she snatched it up and tore open the seal. It contained but a few lines, yet, long did she hang over it with changing color, repeating each word, again and again to herself, and when at length she laid it down, she was forced to bow her head on her pillow, to dispel, if possible, by forced quiet, the trembling agitation with which, her whole frame was quivering.

The following morning she remained in her own room, alleging indisposition, Lady Huntingdon, who feared a meeting between Sir George and his affianced wife, ere the latter should have become a little more reconciled to her lot, willingly accepted the plea. Whether owing to Eva's ab-

sence or not, the drawing room, towards evening, was entirely deserted, as if by common accord. Lady Huntingdon, a prey to a severe nervous headache, was alone in her dressing room, her lord was deep in the London papers in an adjoining apartment, whilst Sir George, who had betaken himself to the library out of sheer desperation, had fallen asleep over the second chapter of the volume he had selected.

But, where was Eva? No longer in her room, nor yet in parlour or hall. In one of the beautiful dells of the park, through whose glistening foliage the setting sun was then brightly shining, she sat, and at her feet knelt Chester Rockingham. Yet strange, though his dark brilliant eyes were raised to hers in mute but thrilling eloquence; though his low musical voice breathed words of soul subduing tenderness and devotion; no girlish blush dyed her pale cheek, and the tears that rained from her eyes, were not tears of timid happiness, but of bitterness and sorrow. At length she spoke, and her mournful faltering voice contrasted strangely with his own impassioned tones.

"It must not—it cannot be. Do not press me farther. Ah! Chester, if you loved me as you profess to do, you would not pain me thus."

"Love you! my own, my precious Eva! Is it not that very love that induces me to persevere, even at the risk of incurring your displeasure, in a prayer that will ensure your earthly happiness as well as mine—a prayer, that the tale of wrong and oppression you have so unwillingly related, gives me a positive right to prefer. Did I ever ask you to leave your home before, Eva, even though I knew it was a sad and cheerless one, unbrightened by affection or tenderness, though I knew its gloom and coldness were daily breaking your heart? No, I did not. 'Twas a hope, a thought, that I, a poor younger son, never dared to breathe, even to my own heart; but now that there remains no other alternative for you, save a forced and hateful marriage, now, do I freely say to you, come, Eva, my first, my only beloved; come, gladden the heart and humble home of one, who, if poor in the world's more glittering gifts, is at least rich in love and devotion to yourself. Eva, beloved and dearest, speak, tell me that you will."

But still the young girl wept, and still she sadly shook her head. The tempter however persevered, and his words but grew the tenderer, his pleading the more impassioned. Vividly he painted the desolate hopelessness of her position, depending entirely on heartless relatives, who would sacrifice her happiness sooner or later to

their own relentless ambition; with equal fidelity he described her condition as the miserable wife of a man she despised and hated, and then reversing the picture, he portrayed her, in bright and glowing colours, the free and cherished mistress of a happy home, the worshipped partner of his joys and hopes; the idolized being, whose smile would be all the world to him, as his would be to her; and Eva listened, wept, and at length she yielded.

True, her assent was given with tears and sobs, as bitter as any that an eternal parting could have called forth, but what was that to Rockingham? He had conquered, and the triumphant exultation, his utmost efforts could scarcely mask, flashed forth in the gleams of his dark eyes, even whilst he strove to modulate his tones to the strain of saddened tenderness, that was alone welcome at the moment to the almost breaking heart of his young companion. The reluctant consent which his prayers and representations had extorted from her, a consent, regretted almost as soon as given, was followed by a paroxysm of emotion, so intense that it needed all the eloquent tenderness of word and manner, which her lover possessed in so irresistible a degree, to soothe her. And even his potent arts, though they at length hushed her sobs, brought no ray of hope or joy to her pale, tear-disfigured countenance. No, conscience spoke too loudly, and its reproaches rose even above the tender whispers of her companion. But time was pressing, and at length they rose to part.

"To-morrow morning then, my darling Eva," exclaimed Rockingham, "Remember it must be early, before any of the domestics are about. In the meantime, I will arrange everything, and obtain an interview with the curate of the next village, by whom we will be married immediately on leaving here. Now, do not fail me, do not allow any girlish fears or scruples to endanger our mutual happiness. Bethink you, in the hour of your wavering, that the choice lies, my precious one! between Chester Rockingham and George Leland. Bethink you, that you have but two alternatives—a life of love and happiness, or one of misery and guilt; for will it not be guilt to wed another, whilst your heart and all its feelings and affections are entirely, wholly mine."

"Enough, enough!" murmured Eva in a stifled tone, as she tore herself from his embrace. "I will not fail you, farewell!"

The words were ominous in themselves, but still more ominous were the agonized, heart-broken accents in which they were uttered.

Eva returned by a shaded path to the house,

and was fortunate enough to succeed in gaining her own apartment unobserved. Once there, she abandoned herself freely to the mighty emotions, that seemed to threaten for a time her very reason.

"To-morrow!" she murmured, whilst a convulsive shudder ran through her frame. "To-morrow! So soon! To leave for ever my home, leave it like a criminal, in secrecy and silence, leave it with the certainty that I must never cross its threshold again. Is it not all a terrible dream? To trust my life, my happiness to one whom I have known, but for so brief a time, to one whose love may yet prove as evanescent as it has been fond. My bridal, too, unhallowed by the smile and blessing of relative or friend; and yet, if I reject him, if I spurn the love of the only heart that clings to me on this wide earth, what remains? Marriage with a man I hate, or a continued merciless strife with my mother, such as will render home a living death. Why should I hesitate, why should I listen to this dark foreboding that clings around me, shewing the future through a mist of gloom and tears, and shrouding in its shadowy folds, every golden ray of hope or happiness. Oh! if I had but some pitying gentle heart to turn to for counsel, for comfort; if Edgar Arlingford, ever my friend, my guide, were here, but alas! he has failed me, failed me in the hour of my sorest need, and there remains but the love of Chester Rockingham. My all has been placed on a single throw—alas! for me, if I have played false. If I had but time given me for reflection, for thought, time to prepare for the mighty and irrevocable step that I am about to take, I would not murmur, but that cannot be. Leland is here, my mother merciless, and Chester has truly said that I have no alternative. Can my heart hesitate or waver one moment. And yet, I will make one final appeal to my mother to-night; I will implore her, on bended knee, to revoke the unholy promise into which she has forced me, and if, as this aching heart but too plainly foreshadows, she reject it, then will I cast aside for ever all doubt or wavering.

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT night Lady Huntingdon was sitting alone in her dressing room, having just dismissed her maid, when a timid tap at her door demanded admittance. Her affirmative answer was followed by a short pause, as if the intruder wanted courage to obey, but at length the lock turned, and her daughter, pale, silent as a spirit, entered. Lady Huntingdon looked at her a moment in wondering

astonishment, but soon recovering herself, she pointed to a chair, exclaiming:

"I was about to inquire the cause of this unusual visit. Eva, but a moment's thought assures me 'tis about your future husband."

The girl murmured a faint affirmative.

"Yes, I thought so. Now that the first transports of childish folly are over, you must naturally feel a little anxious to know something more about the arrangements that have been made, the position and fortune of your betrothed. Well, I am ready to answer all your questions, and with the most perfect frankness. Speak, then, child! What is it that you would know?"

Twice Eva essayed to speak, and at length she passionately rejoined—

"Tis not to ask you idle questions about my marriage, mamma, that I come, but to implore you, by all that you hold most sacred, by your hopes of earthly and future happiness, to revoke it."

"What is the meaning of this new display of audacity?" demanded Lady Huntingdon, impetuously rising from her seat, and stamping her foot on the ground; "have you lost your senses, that you continue to resist and dare me thus?"

"Be patient with me, mother, for a moment! I have listened in silence to all the reproaches you have thought fit to heap upon me, listen to me now. I tell you that all the penalties with which you may enforce your commands, all the promises and threats which you may hold out to me, all the countenance and support my father may afford you, will be of no avail. I cannot, I will not, marry George Leland."

"And, I tell you, Eva, that you shall. As certain as you stand before me there, living and breathing, so certain shall you be his wife. I have said it, willed it, and death alone can interpose."

For one moment, a pang of mortal suffering contracted Eva's pale features, the next it had passed away, and fixing her large dark eyes with strange fearlessness on her mother's face, she slowly rejoined—

"Mother, there are other alternatives—alternatives which, in your eyes, would bring even more disgrace on the name of Huntingdon than that which my marriage would avert. Beware that you drive me not to them!"

Her companion laughed loud and scornfully:

"Really, Miss Huntingdon, you are entertaining to-day; I scarcely know which character to admire you most in; whether the pathetic, who a few hours ago you all but threw yourself at my feet, imploring me to save you from the wretch-

edness of wedding a man of rank and fortune, or your present mood, muttering threats and menaces with the mysterious air of a Sybil. But I am commencing to weary of the comedy, even laughable as it is, so you will oblige me by terminating it in any way you will. An exit will be the shortest."

Eva said no more; she felt that the heart she sued to, was of marble, and without a word, she left the room, her brow, her whole countenance, bearing the stamp of a rigid resolve, that had never rested there before. She entered the apartment where Sefton was awaiting her, combating vainly against the drowsiness which had been stealing over her for the previous hour. Her young mistress dismissed her at once to rest, and then, clasping her hands, she murmured with an energy that partook more of despair and bitterness, than hope—

"And now, Rockingham, my last, my only hope is in thee. But every moment is precious, and I have much to do, I must to work at once."

Her first act was to write a letter to Lady Huntingdon, in which she acknowledged the step she had taken, defending it on the grounds of her mother's own harshness and severity, and concluding by saying, "that however wrong or false it might be, her ladyship, who had forced her into it, was most to blame." She also wrote to Mr. Arlingford a brief but touching epistle, thanking him for all his past kindness, and imploring him not to condemn her too harshly for an error to which she had been driven, even despite her will.

The letters folded and sealed, and the preparations for her flight concluded, Eva threw herself, with a long-drawn, sigh upon her couch. The torturing thoughts from which she had obtained a momentary respite, whilst mind and body were actively engaged, crowded upon her again; and the false unnatural courage, so foreign to her real character, which had sustained her during the latter part of her interview with her mother, soon deserted her. Haunted by a sense of the fearful responsibility she was thus, unaided and unadvised, incurring—tortured by the whispers of conscience, by dim forebodings of future sorrow and retribution, her grief soon became almost agonizing. In vain she turned to the glowing pictures her lover had painted of the future—in vain she recalled his vows and words of passionate tenderness; that dark cloud, mightier even than love, still hung around and shadowed her spirit. At length the first faint streak of dawn broke through the murky sky, and Eva, who had awaited its coming with such sickening, such longing eagerness, now shrank from its light with terror.

The morning harmonized well with her own feelings, ushered in, as it was, by clouds and gloom. A dull, monotonous rain beat incessantly against the windows, and the wind sighed and sobbed round the house as if grieving over some secret sorrow of its own. Eva glanced at her time-piece, but the faint light revealed not the cyphers, and taking her taper, then almost expiring in the socket, she approached nearer. It wanted but one half hour of the appointed time, and after hastily throwing on her mantle, she approached a small dressing-case, drew forth a couple of letters carefully tied together. They were Mr. Arlingford's, and pressing them to her lips, she murmured—

"Oh! Chester may blame, reproach me as he will, but I cannot part with these!"

Ere turning away, she involuntarily paused for one last farewell look. *Her last!* How the thought vibrated on every chord of her heart, redoubling her remorse, her fear, her agony. Yielding for a moment to her vehement emotion, she flung herself on a couch, murmuring in a voice of stifled agony—

"Would, would that I had never listened to Rockingham's prayers and vows!"

Was it the voice of her better angel, was it the influence of the cherished letters next her heart, that whispered to her,—“it was not yet too late; that even in the eleventh hour, might she pause and retrace her erring steps.”

For a moment, that gentle voice triumphed—a sweet dream-like vision stole over her, in which fancy pictured Mr. Arlingford returning, dispelling her troubles, her sorrows, and she, perhaps, united to Chester Rockingham, but not in secrecy and fear.

The loud chime of the clock, telling the appointed hour, and reminding her that her lover would be awaiting her, broke in upon her dreams.

She sprang to her feet, and without daring to trust herself to another look, hurried from the room. Tremblingly, she descended the stairs—pausing at the faintest sound—starting in terror at the loud throbbing of her own heart, but she passed the ordeal in safety, and reached the conservatory where Rockingham had agreed to await her. The faint light that entered at the windows, but feebly contended with the heavy shadows that still filled the place, and strange and spectre-like, the tall plants and shrubs shewed through the gloom. Filled with a sudden unaccountable dread, Eva wildly exclaimed:

“Chester, are you here?”

Instantly, a tall dark figure merged from an obscure nook, and glided rapidly towards her. Eva, more dead than alive, sank into the arms that

were involuntarily extended to receive her. For a time, no sound broke the silence, save her own convulsive sobs, but at length she murmured:

“Chester! have patience with me, but I cannot, I dare not, go with you. My heart is breaking!”

A pause followed, and then her companion whispered in tones of deep and mournful earnestness:

“Alas! Eva, that it is thus we meet again!”

At the first accents of that voice, Eva sprang, with a startled cry, from the arms that supported her, and quivering from head to foot with uncontrollable agitation, she gasped forth:

“Mr. Arlingford!”

“Yes, Eva, 'tis I,” was the low toned reply.

The girl sank on a seat, and covered her face with her hands, in heartstruck, guilty silence.

(To be continued.)

HAVEN'T THE CHANGE.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

It was house-cleaning, and I had an old colored woman at work, scrubbing and cleaning paint.

“Polly is going,” said one of my domestics, as the twilight began to fall.

“Very well. Tell her that I shall want her to-morrow.”

“I think she would like to have her money for to-day's work,” said the girl.

I took out my purse, and found I had nothing in it less than a three dollar bill.

“How much does she have a day?”

“Six shillings.”

“I haven't the change this evening. Tell her that I'll pay her for both days to-morrow.”

The girl left the room, and I thought no more of Polly for an hour. Tea time had come and passed, when one of my domestics, who was rather communicative in her habits, said to me—

“I don't think Polly liked your not paying her this evening.”

“She must be very unreasonable then,” said I, without reflection. “I sent her word that I had no change. How did she expect that I could pay?”

“Some people are queer, you know,” remarked the girl, who had made the communication more for the pleasure of telling it than anything else.

I kept thinking over what the girl had said, until other suggestions came into my mind.

“I wish I had sent and got the bill changed,” said I, as the idea that Polly might be really in want of the money intruded itself; “it would have been very little trouble.”

This was the beginning of a new train of reflections, which did not make me very happy. To avoid a little trouble, I had sent the poor old woman away, after a hard day's work, without her money. That she stood in need of it was evident from the fact that she had asked for it.

"How very thoughtless in me," said I, as I dwelt longer and longer on the subject.

"What's the matter?" inquired my husband, seeing me look so serious.

"Nothing to be very much troubled at," I replied.

"Yet you are troubled."

"I am; and cannot help it. You will perhaps smile at me, but small causes sometimes produce much pain. Old Polly has been at work all day, scrubbing and cleaning. When night came, she asked for her wages, and I, instead of taking the trouble to get the money for her, sent her word that I hadn't the change. There was nothing less than a three-dollar bill in my purse. And I didn't reflect that a poor old woman who has to go out to daily work, must need her money as soon as it is earned. I'm very sorry."

My husband did not reply for some time. My words appeared to have made considerable impression on his mind.

"Do you know where Polly lives?" he inquired at length.

"No; but I will ask the girl." And immediately ringing the bell, I made inquiries as to where Polly lived; but no one in the house knew.

"It can't be helped now," said my husband in a tone of regret. "But I would be more thoughtful in future. The poor always have need of their money. Their daily labor rarely does more than supply their daily wants. I can never forget a circumstance that occurred when I was a boy. My mother was left a widow when I was but nine years old—and she was poor. It was by the labor of her hands that she obtained shelter and food, for herself and three little ones. Once, I remember the occurrence as if it had taken place yesterday, we were out of money and food. At breakfast time our last morsel was eaten, and we went through the long day without a mouthful of bread. We all grew very hungry by night; but our mother encouraged us to be patient a little and a little while longer, until she finished the garment she was making, when she would take that and some other work home to a lady, who would pay her for the work. Then she said we would have a nice supper. At last the work was finished, and I went with my mother to help to carry it home, for she was weak and sickly,

and even a light burden fatigued her. The lady for whom she had made the garment was in good circumstances, and had no want unmet that money could supply. When we came into her presence, she took the work, and after glancing at it carelessly, said:

"It will do very well."

"My mother lingered; perceiving which, the lady said rather rudely,

"You want your money, I suppose. How much does the work come to?"

"Two dollars," replied my mother. The lady took out her purse; and, after looking through a small parcel of bills, said:

"I haven't the change this evening. Call over any other time and you shall have it."

"And without giving my mother time more earnestly to urge her request, turned from us and left the room.

"I never shall forget the night that followed. My mother's feelings were sensitive and independent. She could not make known her want. An hour after our return home, she sat weeping with her children around her, when a neighbour came in, and learning our situation, supplied our present need."

This relation did not make me feel any the more comfortable. Anxiously I waited, on the next morning, the arrival of Polly. As soon as she came I sent for her, and handing the money she had earned the day before, said:

"I'm sorry I hadn't the change for you last night Polly. I hope you didn't want it very badly."

Polly hesitated a little, and then replied:

"Well, ma'am, I did want it very much, or I wouldn't have asked for it. My poor daughter, Hetty is sick, and I wanted to get her something nice to eat."

"I'm very sorry," said I, with sincere regret.

"How is Hetty this morning?"

"She isn't so well, ma'am. And I feel very bad about her."

"Come up to me in half an hour, Polly," said I.

The old woman went down stairs. When she appeared again, according to my desire, I had a basket for her, in which were some wine, sugar, fruit, and various little matters that I thought her daughter would relish, and told her to go at once and take them to the sick girl. Her expression of gratitude touched my feelings deeply. Never since, have I omitted, under any pretence, to pay the poor their wages as soon earned.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER XVI.

The day was far spent ere they gained the mountain top that looked down on the little romantic dell, the abode of the lady Isabella. Their fears of deception were lulled to rest as the little cottage arose before them, and with the blissful certainty that their sufferings were about to reap a rich reward, they began to descend the mountain. This was no easy task, but it was at last accomplished, and they stood on level ground once more. Some precaution was necessary, lest the attendants of Isabella should be too numerous for them to overcome, and they determined to appear in their assumed characters of minstrels, who had wandered from their accustomed way, and by asking for a shelter for the coming night, make use of any circumstance which might occur to forward their design. They therefore slowly approached the house, but a deep silence reigned around. No moving thing appeared in token that it was now the abode of man, no sound broke the ear; but all around was fearful silence. And yet the little garden bloomed in all its simple luxuriance as if the hand of industry had recently been there; and the two young men, as they slowly and cautiously approached, felt a strange dread of some device to lure them on to destruction.

As they drew near the door, they came upon the dead body of a dog whose mangled carcass pierced by many wounds, seemed to foretell that the hand of violence had there been busy, and that the trusty animal had fallen in defence of its master's home. Signs of violence became more apparent, and as they raised the latch and pushed open the humble door, fearful was the sight that presented itself. Fast bound, and utterly incapable of moving from her position, in one corner sat the mistress of the little mansion, with deep despairing anguish written on every feature of her face. In the opposite corner lay the body of her son, also bound, bloody, and apparently lifeless. A broad red stream of blood had coursed its way from beneath the body, across the clean white floor almost to the feet of the wretched mother. Malcolm looked around

on the fearful scene, while Francis drew back as if he dared not enter a spot so horrid, and as the eye of the young Scotsman rested on the apparently lifeless body of the illfated Peter, and from thence turned to his unhappy mother, he advanced to the side of the latter and cut in sunder the cords that bound her. With one wild, convulsive effort she sprang to her feet, and flew to the side of her son: she threw her arms around him, and raised him from the floor, and then still clasping him in that fond embrace, sank down overcome by her strong emotion. Francis had entered, and the two young men approached, and lifting the form of Peter from the floor, bore him to the inner apartment and laid him upon his own couch. A slight tremulous motion, and the almost imperceptible beating of the heart, convinced them that life was not yet extinct, but that he had fainted from loss of blood, and hastily binding up his wounds which proved not very serious, they held to his lips a cordial draught, prepared by his mother, and in a short time were rewarded for their care by seeing him show signs of life. As their anxiety for the wounded youth somewhat subsided, Malcolm fixed his eyes sternly on the face of the mother, and asked.

"Whose hand, Madam, has done this? And where is the lady entrusted to your care by Gustavus de Lindendorf?"

"Oh, the good lord Gustavus will be so angry with us, because his beautiful lady is borne away by those fearful men!" cried the woman, "but indeed we are not to blame; to save her from them, we strove full hard, but they bound me as you saw, and having murdered my Peter before my very face, they dragged away, more dead than alive, the beautiful lady of my lord! Oh, woe is me, it was a fearful sight, and her cries for succour were all in vain!"

"But who, I ask, were the perpetrators of this foul deed?" cried Francis, "and whither have they borne the lady? Speak woman! tell me all! I command thee!"

"Lord bless us! And how should the like of you know aught of my beautiful lady? You, but a wandering minstrel, and she, from the most distant country of all the earth!" cried the woman,

beginning to fear that she had already said that which might be displeasing to Gustavus.

"To you it matters not! but know that Gustavus de Lindendorf has this very day received an injury that may prove fatal to his life; and we come to the lady, charged with a message which may not be revealed to other ears than hers! therefore I command thee, by thy duty to thy lord, tell where she may be found and that quickly!"

"Alas! that I could tell thee!" she exclaimed, as tears began to flow from her eyes, "but I know not her fate. And then my dear, my noble young lord! Oh, woe is me that evil should befall him! Oh, Holy Virgin, if he should die!"

"Tell us where the young lady is gone, or well were it for thee if he were already dead, lest he tear thy prating tongue from out thy head, for causing this useless delay!" cried Malcolm, whose impatience to learn the fate of his sister could brook no longer endurance.

"How can I tell thee when I myself know not?" She asked in alarm, and trembling with terror.

"Can not you say where last you saw her, and in what manner she was borne away! Speak or tremble for thy perverseness!"

"Oh! bear with me, my master, and harm me not, and I will tell thee all, and truly! Oh! that I should ever live to tell the fearful tale! Myself fast bound, my Peter murdered, and my little store of wealth taken from me, Oh me! Oh me! but it was dreadful indeed!"

Provoked beyond endurance, Francis caught her arm, and grasping it fiercely exclaimed: "Now tell me, at once, the fate of the lady, else worse, far worse than this shall befall thee!"

"Oh! spare me! spare me! Oh! my master!" she screamed, in terror, and sinking to the floor; "have I not already said she was borne away by the fearful men that came upon us so fiercely; and how should I know where they took her, when I lay fast bound in the corner!"

"And who were those men who took her hence?"

"Alas! I know not! they came over the mountains from the southward, all armed with frightful weapons! My poor Peter was in the field, but he flew to the cottage when he beheld them, but they followed rapidly after him! My faithful dog flew to oppose them, but they foully slew him, and came rushing into the cottage, and with horrid oaths demanded money. I told them I was but a poor widow, and with this my poor boy, compelled to toil for our daily bread, that gold we had none, laid up in store, and begged

they would depart in peace! But instead of departing like Christian men, they laughed aloud, and bidding two remain to watch over Peter and myself, the other three began to search all about the room, and when they did not find my little store, they proceeded to the other apartments. At length they found it; but not content, and in hopes of further plunder, they ascended to the chamber, and there discovered my young lady, who was all the time trembling with terror in her own room! Laughing and shouting, and all regardless of her cries for mercy, they brought her to their fellows, swearing that their chief would reward them richly for the dainty prize, and when my brave, my noble boy sought to aid her, they foully rushed upon him, and pierced him sorely with their murderous weapons, and then left us as you found us; and taking the lady, who was more dead than alive, they went away, Heaven only knows where!"

"And when was this done?" asked Malcolm, who had listened with deep emotion to the narrative, which precluded almost every hope of the rescue of his sister.

"Last evening, not an hour before the setting of the sun," answered the woman; "and sad it was to hear the piteous moaning of my child through the long, long night, and know that he was dying and I could not aid him! Oh! it was a dreadful night, and yet the coming day brought no joy, for although I vainly hoped the young lord would visit his lady, and thus assist us, he came not. Oh! little thought I of the evil that had come on him! a curse upon the hand that brought it!"

Francis turned away his head! that curse was invoked upon him, and when he thought how fearfully his brightest hopes, his dearest expectations, had that day been crushed and blasted, he trembled lest it might prove prophetic. He walked to the outer door, and stood beneath the broad arch of heaven; the sun had sunk beneath the western hills, and the pensive twilight was gradually subsiding into sable night, a few of the larger stars already shone forth, and his cheek was fanned by the keen but grateful breath of early Spring. But were his thoughts in unison with the scene? No; within his heart rankled deep and bitter anguish, and not one ray of hope was there to cheer him! Isabella was in the power of a band of desperate men, who, while they set at defiance the arm of the law, and held in derision the authority which sought to check their sway, were not likely, even could they trace out the locality of Isabella, to yield her up, and while they were in open enmity to the

powerful house of Lindendorf, every moment they lingered in the country was extremely dangerous to themselves. What was to be done? Alas! he knew not! his soul was tossed by the dark and boisterous waves of affliction, and he felt that all his sufferings had been in vain!

Again he returned to the cottage, where, with steady hand and seemingly tranquil mind, Malcolm was assisting the woman in the care of Peter, who was now fully restored to consciousness, but with the fretful restlessness of those who know suffering for the first time, seemed resolved that those who had escaped the injuries he had received, should, at least, feel their effect in his many demands on their care. Francis longed to be alone with his friend, but Malcolm seemed to heed him not, so engrossed was he in his attendance on the unlucky Peter. But at last Francis approached him, and inquired, "If he designed to tarry for the night?"

"To be sure I do!" answered Malcolm; "you surely do not think I shall go forth among those dark and gloomy mountains in the night?"

"Oh! do not leave us alone!" cried the woman, in a terrified voice; "but yet," she added, "I will not delay your return to my lord; it is but right that he should speedily learn the fate of his lady!"

"Lord bless you, no!" cried Malcolm; "to know that she is lost to him, would kill him outright! Oh, no! our duty was to come to her with a message of great import, which having done we may go our way! but not till he is far recovered may he learn the fatal news; therefore, should any message arrive from Lindendorf to ask after the welfare of the lady, for many days you had best say she is well, lest, by the telling of the dreadful truth, you endanger the life of your lord, even if he be not already dead!"

Francis was surprised at the ready device of his friend, but yet he could not fully follow his designs, which he supposed were in some manner connected with their retreat from a country, where every moment of delay was fraught with danger to them; and when the invalid sank at last into a gentle slumber, he drew him forth from the cottage, and asked "if he purposed, at once, to return to Avignon?"

"To Avignon! No. I have no such thought! I do not mean to give Antoinette any such proof of my devotion; she would hardly make me welcome after so short an absence. No! I intend to take a range among those mountains, even if every shrub was a robber, and your company would be very grateful to me, if you are not so weary of

adventure, as to prefer the quiet of Avignon to the last faint hope of rescuing our Isabella."

"Faint, faint are now our hopes indeed!" answered Francis, in desponding tones; "but I will go with you. Yes, though it be in vain, I will still wander far from my home to rescue my Isabella from her fierce captors, and when worn out with the weight of sufferings, which one so gentle is but ill-formed to bear, from her home on high, she will look down on my efforts to serve her, and approve my constancy."

"Cease such childish folly, and still preserve unsullied the noble courage, which gained for the house of Avignon a deathless name! Now I know not why it is, but I feel assured that I shall again behold my sister—the same pure gentle girl that we bade farewell, when we went forth to meet the proud Norwegians on the field of Largs. It may be the lying whisper of my evil genius to lure me to some coming evil, but I am resolved to follow it, and to bide the consequence."

Francis returned no answer, for he was in no mood to converse even with Malcolm, his dearest friend, and together they re-entered the cottage, where a homely but substantial repast was awaiting them, prepared by the good mistress of the humble mansion, to which they did ample justice, and then retired at an early hour to rest.

With the first dawn of the coming morning, Malcolm arose, and stealing softly from the chamber that he might not disturb the slumber of his friend, he descended to the rooms below. He found Peter even better than he had anticipated, having enjoyed a comparatively comfortable night, and the mother happy in the prospect of her son's recovery. They united to express their thanks to Malcolm for the timely aid which had saved the lives of both, and as he declared that he must depart at an early hour, the bustling dame began her preparations for that meal, which but few entreaties persuaded him to remain and share.

He had repeated his injunctions, by which Gustavus was to be kept ignorant of the fate of Isabella, and added:

"You had better inform him that you were released from your bonds by a hunter who chanced this way, nor say that you were counselled to deceive him, else he may believe you willingly resigned your charge to the robbers, and feared to incur his displeasure, and thus pretended that the advice of your deliver was your motive, while he might wonder that a wandering hunter could care at all about it, and then his Lordship would discredit all the tale."

Malcolm was well aware that the limited faculties of his companion would not detect the contra-

dictory nature of his reasoning; and he did not wish Gustavus, should he recover, of which he felt but little doubt, to know that Francis and himself had visited the cottage and learned the fate of Isabella, lest he might suspect they had not left the country, and contrive some plot for their destruction. As soon as their morning meal was over, they bade farewell to the inmates of the cottage, and set forth on their apparently hopeless journey. Taking an eastern direction, they were soon toiling up the steep ascent of the mountain side. Hour after hour they slowly pursued their way; sometimes ascending lofty summits and scaling frowning precipices; sometimes treading the depths of dark ravines, or fording the mountain rivulets which at times intercepted their way. Through all their difficulties, Malcolm moved onward, as calmly as if he journeyed in the common thoroughfare of man, with naught to impede his way; sometimes lending his arm to aid his companion, whose strength was much enfeebled by the sufferings, which, for a long time past, he had been constantly called to endure. His demeanor was cheerful and composed, while Francis was gloomy and despondent.

The day passed away, and the coming night found them far from the abode of man, amid the wilds of nature. It was a solitary, and yet a lovely spot; around them on every side, arose high and gloomy mountains, whose sides were covered with lofty trees interspersed with shrubs, through whose verdant boughs, dark rocks at intervals peeped forth, as if to scan the scene around them. Through the centre of the little valley, flowed a gentle brook whose limpid waters were truly grateful to our wanderers, and on its banks stood one thick clump of verdant evergreens, whose branches interweaving, formed a canopy almost impenetrable, while the earth beneath, thick strewed with fallen leaves, presented an inviting bed to the weary traveller.

"Well!" exclaimed Malcolm, throwing himself down on the leafy couch, after taking a long draught of the refreshing water. "Truly here are comforts for which I have often sighed in vain! this brook of sweet refreshing waters, this little arbor, and this soft bed! in good faith I am enchanted with the place! I am half inclined to turn hermit, and make this sweet romantic spot my future home! here free from all care, gathering my frugal fare from the neighboring mountains, how happy would I pass my days! What say you Francis, will you share my hermitage?"

"No! although heartily weary of the minstrel's garb, I would not resign it to don the hermit's!

but do you purpose to remain to-night in this lonely place?"

"Lonely! it is lovely, nay it is delightful! how vividly does it call up the memories of my own loved land! I almost fancy myself in some Highland dell, surrounded by the sublimely grand scenery of my native mountains! yes the thoughts this place inspires, should make it, though never again beheld, forever dear to me!"

"Such thoughts will not provide us with shelter for the night, nor yet the supper which so much we need, and you Malcolm, are not the man whose wants are fed by idle fancies!"

"No, truly I am not, and therefore I have ever an eye to the solid comforts of life! Here is a bed, fit for any monarch of earth, save our own glorious Alexander; and this pouch well filled by our good hostess of yon plundered cot, may furnish us a goodly supper! so you see while you were enjoying your morning sleep, I was providing for coming wants!"

Francis who felt a strange repugnance to passing the night in the place, although he saw it was not without its comforts, replied not; and Malcolm proceeded to open his wallet, and invite his companion to share its contents. Francis who like his friend had fasted since morning, needed not a second bidding; and a substantial supper, of which both partook with good heart, added much to the good spirit of Malcolm, and partially dispelled the melancholy of Francis.

"Now this good store," remarked Malcolm, as he replaced the contents of the wallet, "must be intruded on but twice a day! let me see! if we are moderate, it will thus furnish us, breakfast and supper for tomorrow and the day following, after which, chance must provide for us! and now brother minstrel, let us tune our voices for a song!"

"No," replied Francis, "in garb alone, am I the minstrel now, nor is this place or time a fitting scene for song, surrounded by dark and dreary mountains, and enveloped in this thick darkness of night!"

"I have a mind to try however!" and the voice of Malcolm rose clear and high, amid the silence of the little vale, while every note re-echoed by the surrounding hills, gave an almost enchanting effect to the beauty of the song.

"Come!" cried Francis, "if you are resolved to abide in this horrid wild, do not give note of your intent to all the fierce wild beasts within a dozen miles, else your rest, perchance, may be disturbed! beside this looks, methinks, like a place, near which banditti might choose to fix their wild abode, or ——."

"Or perhaps," cried Malcolm, "the Fairy Queen might fix her court in a spot of such romantic beauty, and you fear I may bring upon our heads, the vengeance of the bonny elves! Ah! much would I relish a visit to the Elfin bower!" and again he recommenced the interrupted song, in a voice which bespoke his determination to complete it, while Francis threw himself down on the earth, almost wishing his boisterous companion, in Glenelvin's halls. Fatigued with the toil of the past day he fell asleep while Malcolm was still pouring forth his song, nor did he awake until the sun was peeping o'er the top of the eastern mountain. Malcolm sat leaning against a tree as if guarding the slumberer, the iron bar which Francis had still retained, firmly grasped in his hand, and although he laughed cheerfully as he congratulated his friend on his long rest, Francis felt assured that he had remained awake during the entire night, to watch against any coming danger, and the simple action endeared him still farther to his heart.

After partaking of a slight portion of their remaining food, they resumed their wanderings, and during this day, as on the preceding, they wandered through the lonely wild, and still seemed going farther from the abode of man. Malcolm seemed to enjoy the journey extremely; not so Francis! to him a toilsome walk for days in succession, through a region so drear, and the advantage of which he could not foresee, was far, very far from pleasant, but still he followed, almost without a murmur, in the steps of his more hardy friend.

The close of the second day of their wanderings, found them in a lone and dismal place, which boasted none of the comforts of their resting place of the preceding night. Francis had long felt severely the toil of the day, and as the last ray of the sun departed, he sank down upon a moss-clad stone, and declared that without rest he was unable to proceed farther. Malcolm who seemed to feel no fatigue himself, bent over him, and kindly offered to go alone in quest of some place of shelter, but Francis besought him not to leave him, and he threw himself down on the grass at his feet, and opening his little store, now almost exhausted, he pressed his friend to partake the much needed meal. "Now," he cried gaily as he finished the supper of which he himself had partaken but sparingly, that Francis might the better be supplied—"Now must the minstrel tune his voice for a song!"

"No, for heaven's sake!" cried Francis, "do not, I pray you, indulge thy noisy pastime! this darksome forest is no place for song!"

But in answer to this appeal, the voice of Malcolm rang in the air, both clear and loud, and merry was the song it breathed; and Francis whose soul was languid and oppressed, sank on the ground beside the rock on which he sat, and felt that the notes were fast lulling him to forgetfulness, but he was suddenly aroused by the voice of Malcolm, who ceasing his song exclaimed, "whither away now my good friends; say did the merry chime of the poor minstrel lure ye hither, or art like us benighted wanderers who have lost their way among the hills!"

"In good truth it was thy song that drew us hither, jolly minstrel" answered a rough voice, as Francis raised himself from the earth, and beheld standing before them five or six stern looking men, whose features were dimly visible amid the gathering gloom. A thrill of horror shot through every vein, as his eye fell on the heavy sabres hanging at the side of each, and knew they were men of lawless deeds whose hearts knew nothing of the attribute of mercy. But Malcolm, whatever his emotions might be, betrayed not the slightest symptom of alarm, and with a merry laugh, he cried. "Good masters, then be seated as best ye can, and I will chant for you a song, fit for a monarch's ear; 'tis such a pity that my companion is out of voice, but he is at present suffering from a disease which has sadly marred his vocal powers, which albeit were never fit to compare with mine; so you see the poor wretch cannot join me in my lay, as was his wont, although his notes have often done discredit to my song!"

"Well, well, let him enjoy his rest, while we list thy song, thine own powers will suffice us!"

Again Malcolm touched the chords of his harp, and poured forth his voice in song, and so well did he sustain his assumed character, that his auditors listened in breathless silence until he ceased, and then they rent the air in shouts of wild applause.

"Come my good fellow!" cried one of the band, "you shall come and live with us; our chief would regard you as his richest treasure, for he delights in music, and although some few of his merry men may sing a cheerful song, not one can touch the harpstrings."

"But I cannot leave my luckless fellow," replied Malcolm, "wherever I go must he go also, for our lot has been long the same, and we could not live apart from each other."

"Nay, nay, but he also shall share our hospitality, and thy voice must pay his reckoning, and if I judge aright, it well may do so, for its wealth

seems boundless! so follow us, and we will conduct thee to our stronghold!"

Francis had heard with mingled feelings of disgust, terror and surprise the compact so readily formed by his friend, to join the robber band as he believed them to be. But the ascendancy which Malcolm had gained over him during the last two days, was too great for resistance, especially when resistance was so utterly useless, and when the robbers bade him rise and accompany them, he did so in perfect silence, and wondering how this adventure now would terminate; while Malcolm talked familiarly with his new friends, and seemed perfectly at home in their society. Francis although much displeased at the prospect of thus joining a robber band, was grateful to Malcolm for the artifice which had shielded him from their importunity, and he determined to prolong the farce, and by pretending illness save himself, from what he felt his pride could never stoop to do, enact the minstrel for the amusement of a band of robbers. Guided by their new companions, they passed through the defiles of the mountains, and more than an hour elapsed during which time Malcolm had won much on the regard of his new friends. Suddenly they plunged into the depth of a forest which seemed impenetrable, and for some time moved onward with slow and toilsome pace, for through the thick foliage of the dense wood, not one ray of light could penetrate, while fallen branches and projecting rocks, made it almost impossible for Francis and Malcolm, who were wholly unacquainted with the ground, to pursue their way. They knew they were ascending the side of an eminence, and Francis trembled with a secret dread of what might be their fate, for he began to feel the utmost dread of his new associates.

Plunging at length into a thicket so dense that it was with the utmost difficulty they could penetrate it at all, they moved onward only by parting the branches to make a passage, and sometimes they were forced to stoop almost to the ground, to proceed at all through the thicket. Not a word, save now and then a smothered whisper, was spoken.

At length the thicket was passed and they stood in an open space of a few feet in width, while before them arose the almost perpendicular side of a mountain, many feet in height, and in the side of which appeared a small opening, hardly large enough to enable a person to enter with ease, but toward which the leader of the little party made his way, and all the others, together with our two minstrels, followed him. They entered a small cavern which was perfectly dark, and from which no opening appeared, but on dis-

placing one of the rocks which formed the side, a brilliant light streamed through the aperture, and a sort of staircase was seen, down which the party descended, and when they reached the bottom, they found themselves in a spacious apartment in which were seated some twelve or fifteen men, and three or four females around a table well supplied with food. All started up at the entrance of the party, and for a moment they stood gazing on the two strangers in silence, and then one of the band, a tall, commanding, and noble looking man, whose bearing bespoke him well fitted to be the leader, inquired in a voice whose dulcet tones resisted his every endeavor to render it stern, "why they had tarried so long, and who might be the strangers they brought with them?"

"We took a longer route than was intended when we left the cavern," answered one of the party, "as we saw no danger from which to shrink, and as we were returning, the sound of a human voice singing a merry song drew us from our path, and we discovered these two jolly minstrels who had wandered from their way, and were benighted on the mountains, and as we know your ear delights in gentle sounds, we brought them here, thinking their minstrelsy might perchance prove grateful to thee!"

"Humph! no doubt you acted well, and wisely, and with discretion which should get for ye much praise, to guide, perhaps, the feet of our foes to our retreat, for what better than a minstrel's garb could the spy assume, and well ye know, our enemies are seeking diligently for our retreat! I thought I could have better trusted ye! but it matters not! they shall never tell the tale of their success; for mark me well; they leave not these mountains living men! but ye are weary, and need refreshment and rest after your adventure;—let your new allies share with ye!"

The men in silence took their places at the board, and Malcolm and Francis were also invited to join in the repast. The eye of Francis was fixed for guidance on Malcolm, who took his place with as much ease as if he had been one of the bandit crew, and with right good will began an attack on the plentiful store. The heart of Francis was too full to allow him to eat, and he merely tasted the things set before him. "Thou dost not seem disposed to share our humble store!" cried the captain of the band, addressing him, "and thou art very pale! is it guilt, or terror, which thus affects thee?"

"I have naught to fear!" he answered, "and no guilt disturbs my mind, and—"

"My fellow minstrel has been long ill," inter-

rupted Malcolm, "and it was partly from the hope that the bland air of this region would benefit him, that I have lingered with him here when ere this I meant to have been far away! A day or two since I wandered forth with him among the hills; we lost our way, and should have had to remain without a shelter through the night, but for the kindness of your merry-men, who found and brought us hither!"

"Well you may never want a home again; for I shall not endanger the safety of myself and followers, by permitting you to depart hence, and mayhap I may prevent danger by disposing of you on the morrow, in a manner that shall secure your silence! You understand me!"

"Nay, your honor would do no real harm to two harmless beings like ourselves! besides I had hoped that I might be serviceable to thee!"

"Well, I will dispense with thy service for to-night, perhaps to morrow I may be in a livelier mood, and then will I hear thee! But tell me Pedro what hast thou learned?"

"Naught of the forces of the state which were said to be out in arms against us; but it is said, and I believe it to be true, that the powerful band of freebooters who have securely established themselves amid the fastnesses of the northern portions of Mount Jura, have crossed the Rhine, and dividing into small parties, ventured to penetrate the western part of our own realm! Some daring deeds were done by them in the vicinity of Lindendorf castle; but they are now again returned to their strong-hold!"

"Aye, and well for their safety that they have, else would I boldly lead my men against them, and drive them hence! but heard ye nothing of the young lord of Lindendorf?"

"Aye much! I visited the cottage of the dell, and found the youth severely wounded by these same varlets of whom I spoke; they had visited the cottage, wounded honest Peter, took possession of all that was worth the having, and carried away the beautiful lady of the young lord of Lindendorf, whom the good matron informed me had himself received a severe injury from an unknown hand, which it is probable will prove fatal to his life!"

Instinctively did the eye of Malcolm turn on Francis, and he was alarmed at the traces of mental anguish visible on his countenance. Pale as the shrouded victim of the tyrant Death, his eyes glaring with an unearthly light, and every feature fearfully agitated with the agonizing emotions of his heart, 'twas deeply painful for the faithful friend to look upon him, and in each ingenuous feature, trace the burning feelings

of the soul. Nor were the thoughts of Malcolm less bitter, although, by a strong effort, he preserved a calm exterior; he saw that all hope of saving his unhappy sister was now indeed over. She was a captive to the power of one fearful bandit chief; he and Francis to another, buried in the bosom of a wild and gloomy mountain, with no hope of gaining the world without, and if they should gain it, wholly ignorant of what route to take to lead them to the abodes of men; and the dreadful words of the robber chief still ringing in their ears, that "Not as living men should they leave his strong-hold," he felt that it were madness to indulge even the faintest hope; and then the emotion of Francis might betray all, should he be observed by those around him. But the ready wit of Malcolm, even in this fearful moment, failed him not, and springing to the side of Francis, he threw his arm around him and cried:

"My brother, thou art sinking beneath thy sufferings! the toil of the day has overcome thee!"

The eyes of the robber band turned on them, but attributing the paleness of Francis, as well as the emotion that shook his frame, to fatigue and illness, they at once conducted him to a little nook, where a bed, formed of boughs of trees and skins of beasts, was neatly and comfortably spread, and bade him retire to rest. Glad to escape from the presence of all, that he might indulge, in secret, the feelings of his overcharged heart, he quickly obeyed, and in a few moments was left alone. We will not remain to witness the anguish of his heart, but return to the spacious cavern, the scene of the bandit's home. Again they resumed their places, and still the discourse went on. Malcolm listened with eager ear, for the name of Gustavus de Lindendorf had awakened a vivid interest in his mind. In what relation could Gustavus possibly stand to the robber chief?—"Twas doubtless, either as friend or foe, but which he as yet could not determine.

"You said it was as yet unknown from whose hand the lord Gustavus received the injury of which you spoke!" at length remarked the robber captain, "and that he might die of the wound!"

"So said the old dame of the cottage," answered the man to whom the remark was addressed.

"Well, if that be true, we shall lose the service which he has done us oft-times, to warn us of coming danger; but then the compact being broken, the wide domains of Lindendorf will no longer be sacred ground, safe from our depredations! but for this, his beautiful lady would not have so long remained safe at that little cot, for if one half so lovely as those, our fellows who brought her from her home, have proclaimed her, she

would have been a noble prize, and long ere this would have graced our mountain palace!

The eye of the captain had turned, as he spoke, toward a corner where three men sat apart from the rest—three stern, determined-looking men—and Malcolm, as his glance fell on them, knew at once that they were natives of Britain's Isles, and he felt that he was in the presence of those who had borne his lovely sister from her home. Oh! what a tide of strong emotion came over him then, and how did he rejoice that Francis was not there, lest his emotions might have betrayed them!

"Come, you never yet gave us the history of your adventure," cried one of the men, addressing one of the Englishmen; "suppose you do so now."

Several joined in the request, and at length the man began his tale. He was one of those persons, who, when the tongue once gets an impetus, feel no desire that it should rest from its labors, and with a minuteness, which is irksome to the most attentive listener, and irritating almost to torture to those who feel little or no interest in the subject, he related every trifling incident connected with the abduction of the lady Isabella; and from the tale, Malcolm also learned that Gustavus had investigated them, when their task was completed, to join the bandit of the mountains, to whom Otho had at one time rendered some service, by giving them warning when an armed force was sent out against them. He also, in the conversation of the night, learned that Gustavus had compromised with them; that the domains of Lindendorf should be safe from their destruction, for which he undertook to give them warning of coming danger, and it was only by this means he had secured the safety of Isabella in the cottage of the mountain dell. Every word was as a dagger to the heart of the brother, and yet he suppressed every emotion, and sat as calmly as if to him the tale had no interest; and when, as the wine-cup circulated freely among the band, the chief, notwithstanding his previous determination, called on him for a song, he sang in a calm and even cheerful voice, and touched the harp-strings with a steady hand, while every voice was hushed in silence by the melody of his notes, and when he ended, another and another song was demanded, until the night was far spent ere they retired to rest. Then, indeed, did Malcolm muse in bitterness of the heart over the sad destiny of the beautiful sister, whom he knew was too surely lost to the once happy domestic circle of his now cheerless home, and morning had long dawned ere he closed his eyes in sleep.

Many days passed away—Malcolm had grown much in favour with the robber captain, and was

the favorite of the band. Ever ready to enliven their lonely home by the cheerful tones of his harp, and apparently well-pleased with their companionship, they regarded him as a priceless acquisition, while Francis, under the plea of illness, managed to pass the most of his time apart from their society, within the solitude of the quiet nook which served him for a chamber.

(To be continued)

THE ICEBERG.

BY W. H. PARKES.

We saw it in the dawning light—
A crystal mountain, dim and vast,
That rose abruptly thrice the height
Of any gallant vessel's mast;
And far away, on either hand,
It slept, a pale and shadowy land.

The surf was dashing at its base,
And all its sun-tipt summits sent
Their rilllets foaming down its face;
It seemed a floating continent,
That, broken from the arctic world
To warmer zones the tides had whirled.

The sun arose; the precipice
Blazed forth in lights of every hue,
Like shivered rainbows in the ice—
The clearest green, the brightest blue,
Pure amber, purple, ruddy gold,
And silver spires, serene and cold.

Unnumbered forms of beauty rare,
Pale moons and meteors, suns and stars.
And jewels such as sultans wear,
Seemed prisoned in with brazen bars,
Or as a thousand crystal halls
Were set for royal festivals.

We gazed until the glowing ice
So clean and high, so bright and broad,
Grew like a dream of Paradise—
The New Jerusalem of God,
That, fairer than the clouds of even
Was seen descending out of heaven.

Around the spires the wreathing mist
Seemed angel forms that flew or walked
On battlements of amethyst,
And there in sweet communion talked;
While we below were souls that wait
To enter through the glorious gate.

THE CROSS ON THE SNOW MOUNTAINS.

A SCANDINAVIAN TALE.

CHAPTER I.

A SHIP, a rude, pine-built vessel, lay tossing and heaving, and tempest-driven on a Southern sea. Brave, wild-looking Norsemen were on her deck, breasting the storm and controlling the ship with a desperate strength and almost ferocious energy, which, in those early days, stood in the place of skill. For it was in the time of Europe's stormy, unfettered youth, when civilization was just dawning in those of its climes which were nearest the sun. But the ship came from the North, the wild and savage North; her pine timbers had once rocked to the tempests in a Scandinavian forest, and afterward, Winter by Winter, had struggled with the ice-bound waters of Scandinavian seas. It was the ship of a Viking.

The vessel seemed struggling between the sea and sky. The leaden, low clouds, almost rested on her topmost masts, as if to press her down into the boiling deep; the storm-spirits howled above her—the waves answered the roar from beneath. And in the ship there was one faint, wailing cry, which made that wild chorus the birth-hymn of a human soul.

The mother, the young mother of an hour, lay unconscious of all the turmoil around her. With the angel of birth came the angel of death; already the shadow of his wings was upon her. The Viking sat at her feet, still, stern, immovable. Perhaps he now felt how it was that the fair Southern flower, stolen and forcibly planted on a cold, Northern rock, had withered so soon. He sat with his grey head resting on his rough, wrinkled hands, his cold, blue eyes, beneath their shaggy brows, looking with an iron-bound, tearless terrible grief, upon the death-white face of his young spouse.

The nurse laid the baby on a silken cushion at his feet.

"Let my lord look upon his son, his heir. This is a joyful day for the noble Jarl Hialmar. Praise be to Odin; ah, it is a blessed day!"

The Viking's eye turned to the child, and then back again to the mother, and a slight quivering agitated the stern lips.

"A blessed day, Ulva, sayest thou, and she

"A gesture and a glance, half of scorn

and half of hatred, showed how the Norsewoman felt toward the desolate Southern maid, who had become the Viking's bride. Ulva expressed, in the metaphorical poetry of her country, what she dared not say in plain language.

"There was a poor, frail, Southern flower, and under the shadow of its leaves sprang up a seedling pine. What mattered it that the flower withered, when the noble pine grew? Was it not glory enough to have sheltered the young seed, and then died? What was the weak Southern plant compared to the stately tree—the glory of the North? Let it perish. Why should my lord mourn?"

At this moment a low wail burst from the newborn babe. The sound seemed to pierce like an arrow of light through the mist of death-slumber that was fast shrouding the young mother. Her marble fingers fluttered, her eyes opened and turned with an imploring gaze toward the nurse, who had taken in her arms the moaning child.

"She asks for the babe—give it" muttered the father.

But the hard rigid features of Ulva showed no pity.

"I guard my lord's child," she said; "his young life must not be perilled by the touch of death."

The mother's eyes wandered toward her husband with a mute, agonized entreaty, that went to his heart.

"Give me the child," his strong voice thundered unmindful of the terror which convulsed every limb of that frail, perishing form. He laid the babe on her breast, already cold, and guided the feeble dying hands, until they wrapped it round in a close embrace.

"Now, Clotilde, what wouldst thou?—speak!" he said, and his voice grew strangely gentle.

Then the strength of a mother's heart conquered even death for a time. Then Jarl's wife looked in her lord's face, and spoke faintly,

"Ulva said truly—I die. It was not for me to see again my sunny land. But my lord was kind to bear me thither once more, though it is too late. I had rather sleep under the soft billows that wash against the shore of my own land, than beneath the Northern snows; they have frozen my

heart. Not even thou canst warm it, my babe, my little babe!"

The Viking listened without reply. His face was turned away, but his strong, muscular hands were clenched, until the blue veins rose up like knots. At that moment he saw before him, in fancy a young captive maiden, who knelt at his feet, and clasped his robe, praying that he would send her back to her own Southern home. Then he beheld a pale woman, the wife of a noble Jarl, with her distinctive chain on her neck, a golden-fettered slave. And both wore the same face, though hardly so white and calm, as the one that drooped over the young babe, with the mournful lament—"they have frozen my heart; they have frozen my heart!"

And Hjalmar felt that he had bestowed the Jarl's coronet and the nuptial ring with a hand little less guilty than if it had been a murderer's.

"Clotilde," whispered he, "thou and I shall never meet more, in life or after. Thou goest to the Christian heaven—I shall drink mead in the Vallhalla of my fathers. Before we part, forgive me if I did thee wrong, and say if there is any token by which I may prove that I repent."

The dying mother's eyes wandered from her child to its father, and there was in them less of fear and more of love than he had ever seen.

"Hjalmar" she murmured, "I forgive—forgive me, too. Perhaps I might have striven more to love thee; but the dove could not live in the sea-eagle's nest. It is best to die. I have only one prayer—take my babe with thee to my own land; let him stay there in his frail childhood, and betroth him there to some bride who will make his nature gentle, that he may not regard with the pride and scorn of his Northern blood, the mother to whom his birth was death."

"I promise," said the Viking, and he lifted his giant sword to swear by.

Not that; not that!" cried the young mother as with desperate energy she half rose from her bed—"I see blood upon it—my father's—my brethren's. O, God! not that."

A superstitious fear seemed to strike like ice through the Jarl's frame. He laid down the sword, and took in his giant palm the tiny hand of the babe.

"This child shall be a token between us," he said, hoarsely. "I swear by thy son and mine to do all thou askest, Clotilde die in peace."

But the blessing was wafted after an already parted soul.

Ulva started up from the corner where she had crouched, and took the child. As she did so she felt on its neck a little silver cross which the ex-

piring mother had secretly contrived to place there—the only baptism Clotilde could give her babe. Ulva snatched it away, and trampled on it.

"He is all Norse now, true son of the Viking—Great Odin; dry up in his young veins every drop of the accursed stranger's blood, and make him wholly the child of Hjalmar!"

* * * * *

Another birth scene. It was among the vine-covered plains of France, where, at the foot of a feudal castle, the limpid Garonne flowed. All was mirth, and sunshine, and song, within and without. Of Charlemagne's knights, there was none braver than Sir Loys of Aveyran. And he was rich, too; his vineyards lay far and wide, outspread to the glowing sun of Southern France—so that the minstrels who came to celebrate the approaching birth, had good reason to hail the heir of Sir Loys of Aveyran. An heir it must be, all felt certain, for the knight had already a goodly train of four daughters, and orisons innumerable had been put up to the Virgin and all the saints, that the next might be a son.

It must be a son—for the old nurse of Sir Loys a strange woman, who almost dead to this world, was said to peep dimly into the world beyond, had seen a vision of a young armed warrior, climbing snow-covered hills, leading by the hand a fair, spirit like maiden, while the twain between them bore a golden cross, the device of Sir Loys; and the mother-expectant had dreamed of a beautiful boy's face, with clustering amber hair, and beside it appeared another less fair, but more feminine—until at last both faded, and fading, seemed to blend into one. Thereupon the nurse interpreted the two visions as signifying that at the same time would be born, in some distant land, a future bride for the heir.

At last, just after sunset, a light arose in the turret window—a signal to the assembled watchers that one more being was added to the earth. The child was born.

Oh, strange and solemn birth-hour, when God breathes into flesh a new spark of his divinity, and makes unto himself another human soul! A soul, it may be, so great, so pure, so glorious, that the whole world acknowledges it to come from God; or, even now confessing, is swayed by it as by a portion of the divine essence. Oh, mysterious instant of a new creation—a creation greater than that of a material world! The shouts rose up from the valleys, the joy-fires blazed on the hills, when the light in the turret was suddenly seen to disappear. It had been dashed down by the hand of Sir Loys, in rage that Heaven had only granted him a

daughter. Poor unwelcome little wailer! whose birth brought no glad pride to the father's eye, no smile even to the mother's pale lips. The attendants hardly dared to glance at the helpless innocent, who lay uncared for and unregarded. All trembled at the stormy passions of the knight, and stealing away, left the babe alone. Then Ulrika, the old German nurse, came and stood before her foster-son, with his little daughter in her arms.

"Sir Loys," she said, "God has sent thee one more jewel to keep; give unto it the token of joyful acceptance, the father's kiss."

But Sir Loys turned away in bitter wrath.

"It is no treasure; it is a burthen—a curse! Woman, what were all thy dreams worth? Where is the noble boy which thou and the Lady of Aveyran saw? Fools that ye were! And I, to believe in such dreaming."

There came a wondrous dignity to the German woman's small, spare, age-bent form, and a wild enthusiasm kindled in her still lustrous eyes.

"Shamed be the lips of the Knight of Aveyran, when such words come from them. The dreams which Heaven sends, Heaven will fulfil. Dare not thou to cast contempt on mine age, and on this young bud, fresh from the hands of angels, which heaven can cause to open into a goodly flower. Doubt not, Sir Loys, the dream will yet come true."

The knight laughed derisively, and was about to leave the apartment; but Ulrika stood in his way. With one arm she held the little one close to her breast—the other she raised with imperious gesture, that formed a strange contrast to her shrunken, diminutive figure.—The knight, strong and stalwart as he was, might have crushed her like a worm on his pathway, and yet he seemed to quail before the indomitable and almost supernatural resolve that shone in her eyes.

"Ulrika, I have spoken—take away the child, and let me go," he said; and his tones sounded more like an entreaty than command.

But the woman still confronted him with her wild imperious eyes, beneath which his own sank in confusion. She—that frail creature, who seemed to need but a breath from death's icy lips to plunge her into the already open tomb—she ruled him as mind rules matter, as the soul commands the body. Loys of Aveyran, the bravest of Charlemagne's knights, was like a child before her.

"What wouldst thou Ulrika?" he said at last.

She pointed to the babe, and obeying her imperative gesture, the father stooped down, and signed its forehead with the sign of the cross.

At the touch of the mailed fingers, the little one lifted up its voice in a half-subdued cry.

"Ave Mary!" said the knight, in disgust; "it is a puny, wailing imp. If Heaven has, indeed, sent it, Heaven may take it back again, for there are daughters enough in the house of Aveyran. This one shall be a nun—'tis fit for nothing else."

"Shame on thee, sacrilegious man!" cried Ulrika, indignantly.

But the knight left her more swiftly than ever he had fled from a foe. The aged nurse threw herself on her knees before a rude image of the Virgin, at whose feet she laid the child.

"Oh! holy Mother," she prayed, "let not the dreams and visions of the night be unfulfilled. I believe them—I only of all this house. For my faith's sake, give to this innocent that glorious destiny which, with prophetic eye, I saw. The world casteth her out—take her, O Mother, into thy sacred arms, and make her pure, and meek, and holy, like thyself. I go the way of all the earth; but thou, O Blessed one, into thy arms, I give this maid."

When Ulrika rose up, she saw that her petition had not been offered in solitude. Another person had entered the turret chamber. It was a young man—the counterpart of herself in the small, form, yellow face, and wild, dark eyes. He wore a dress half lay, half clerical, and his whole appearance was that of one immersed in deep studies, and almost oblivious of the ordinary affairs of life.

"Mother, is that the child?" he said, abruptly.

"Well, son, and hast thou also come to cast shame on this poor unwelcome one, like the man who has just gone from hence?—I blush to say thy foster-brother and thy lord," was the stern answer of Ulrika.

The student knelt on one knee, and took gently the baby-hand that peeped out of the purple mantle prepared for the heir. He examined it long and eagerly—

"One may see the flowers form in the bud, and I might, perhaps, trace the lines even now," he said. "Ah! there it is—even as I read in the stars—a noble nature—a life destined for some great end. Yet these crosses—oh! fate strange and solemn, but not sad. And some aspects of her birth are the same as mine own. It is marvelous!"

"Ah! my son—my noble Ansgarius—wilt thou still go on with thy unearthly lore? It is not meet for one to whom holy Church has long opened her bosom; and said, come, my child—my only one—I would fain see thee less learned, and more pious. What art thou now muttering

over this babe—some of thy secrets about the stars? All—all are vanity!"

"Mother," said Ansgarius, sternly, "thou believest in thy dreams and revelations from Heaven—I in my science. Let neither judge the other harshly, for the world outside thus judges both."

And he went on with his earnest examination of the child's palm occasionally moving to the turret window to look out on the sky, now all glittering with stars, and then again consulting the tablets that he always carried in his girdle.

Ulrika watched him with a steady and mournful gaze, which softened into the light of a mother's love her dark, gleaming, almost fierce eyes. She sat, or rather crouched, at the foot of the Virgin's niche, with the babe asleep on her knees. Her lean yellow fingers ran over the beads of her rosary, and her lips moved silently.

"Mother," said Ansgarius, suddenly, "what art thou doing there?"

"Praying for thee, my son," she answered—"praying that these devices lead thee not astray and that thou mayest find at last the true wisdom."

"I want it not—I believe but what I know, and have proved. It was thy will which clad me in this priest's garment. I opposed it not, but I will seek God in my own way. I will climb to His heaven by the might of knowledge—that alone will make me like unto Him."

Ulrika turned away from her son.

"And it was to this man—this proud, self-glorifier—that I would fain have confided the pure young soul this night sent upon the earth! No—son of my bosom—my life's care—may the Merciful One be long-suffering with thee until the change in thy spirit come. And this worse than orphan babe, O Mother of consolation, I lay at thy feet, with the last orison of a life spent in prayers. For this new human soul, accept the offering of that which now comes to thee."

Ulrika's latter words were faint and indistinct, and her head leaned heavily against the feet of the image. Her son absorbed in his pursuits, neither saw nor heard. Suddenly she arose, stood upright, and cried with a loud, clear, joyful voice—

"It will come, that glory—I see it now—the golden cross she bears upon the hills of snow. There are footsteps before her—they are thine, son of my hopes—child of my long enduring faith! Ansgarius—my Ansgarius—thou art the blessed—the chosen one!"

Her voice failed suddenly, and she sank on

bended knees, at the feet of the Virgin. Ansgarius, startled and almost terrified, lifted up his head, so that the lamplight illumined her face. The son, looked on his dead mother.

CHAPTER II.

Let us pass over a few years, before we stand once more in the gray towers of Aveyran.

It was a feast, for Sir Loys was entertaining a strange guest—an old man, who came unattended and unaccompanied, save by a child and its nurse. He had claimed, rather than implored, hospitality; and though he came in such humble guise, there was a nobility in his bearing which impressed the knight with perfect faith in his truth, when the wanderer declared his rank to be equal with that of Sir Loys himself.

"Who I am and what I seek, I will reveal ere I depart," abruptly said the wanderer; and with the chivalrous courtesy of old, the host sought to know no more, but bade him welcome to Aveyran.

The old man sat at the board, stern, grave, and immovable as a statue; but his little son ran hither and thither, and played with the knight's wife and her maidens, who praised his fair silken hair, his childish beauty, and his fearless confidence. But wherever he moved, there followed him continually, the cold, piercing eyes of the nurse—a tall woman, whose dress was foreign, and who never uttered a word, save in a tongue which sounded strange and harsh in the musical ears of the Provençals.

The feast over, the guest arose, and addressed the knight of Aveyran—

"Sir Loys, for the welcome and good cheer thou hast given, receive the thanks of Hialmar Jarl, chief of all the Vikings of the North."

At this name, once the terror of half of Europe, the knight made a gesture of surprise, and a thrill of apprehension ran through the hall. Hialmar saw it, and a proud smile bent his lips.

"Children of the South, ye need not fear, though the sea eagle is in your very nest; he is old and grey—his talons are weak now," said the Jarl, adopting the metaphorical name which had been given him in former times, and which was his boast still.

"Hialmar is welcome—we fear no enemy in a guest and a stranger," answered Sir Loys. "Let the noble Jarl say on."

The Viking continued—

"I have vowed to take for my son a Southern bride. Throughout Europe, I have found no nest in which the young eagle could mate. Sir Loys

of Aveyran, thou art noble and courteous—thou hast many fair daughters—give me one; that I may betroth her unto my son."

At this sudden proposition, Sir Loys looked aghast and the Lady of Aveyran uttered a suppressed shriek; for the Vikings were universally regarded with terror, as barbarous heathens; and many were the legends of young maidens carried off by them with a short and rough wooing.

Hialmar glanced at the terror-stricken faces around, and his own grew dark with anger.

"Is there here any craven son of France who dares despise a union with the mighty line of Hialmar?" he cried threateningly. "But the ship of the Viking rides on the near seas, and the sea-eagle will make his talons strong, and his pinions broad, yet."

Sir Loys half-drew his sword, and then replaced it. He was too true a knight to show discourtesy to an aged and unarmed guest.

"Hialmar," he answered, calmly, "thy words are somewhat free, but mine shall remember thy gray hairs. Thou seest my four daughters; but I cannot give one as thy son's bride, seeing they are already betrothed in the fashion of our country; and a good knight's pledge is never broken."

"And are there no more of the line of Aveyran?" inquired Hialmar.

Sir Loys was about to reply, when, from a side-table that had been spread with meagre, lenten fare, contrasting with the plenty-laden board, there rose up a man in a monk's dress. From under the close cowl two piercing eyes confronted the lord of Aveyran. They seemed to force truth from his lips against his will.

"I have one child more," he said, "poor worthless plant, but she will be made a nun. Why dost thou gaze on me so strangely, Father Ansgarius?" added the knight uneasily. Ulrika—Heaven rest her soul?"—and he crossed himself almost fearfully—"thy mother Ulrika seems to look at me from thine eyes."

"Even so," said the monk, in a low tone.

"Then Loys of Aveyran, hear her voice from my lips. I see in the words of this strange guest the working of Heaven's will. Do thou dispute it not. Send for the child Hermolin."

The knight's loud laugh rang out as scornfully as years before in the little turret-chamber.

"What!" said he, though he took courteous care the words should not reach Hialmar's ears, "am I to be swayed hither and thither by old woman's dreams and priestly prophecies? I thought it was by thy consent, good father, that she was to become a nun, and now thou sayest she shall wed this young whelp of a Northern bear."

Ansgarius replied not to this contemptuous speech, but his commanding eyes met the knight's, and once again the bold Sir Loys grew humble; as if the dead Ulrika's soul had passed into that of her son, so as to sway her foster child still:

"It is a strange thing for a servant of holy Church to break a vow, especially which devotes a child to the Virgin. I dare not do so great a sin!" faintly argued the Lord of Aveyran.

Bui it seemed as though the cloudy false subterfuge with which the knight had veiled his meaning fell off, pierced through and through by the lightning of those truth-penetrating eyes. Sir Loys reddened to the very brow, with confusion as much as with anger.

"Isabella," he muttered, "desire one of thy maidens to bring hither our youngest child."

The silent, meek lady of Aveyran had never a word of opposition to any of her lord's behests. She only lifted up her placid eyes in astonishment at this unusual command, and then obeyed it.

Hermolin was brought trembling, weeping, too terrified even to struggle. Oh, sad and darkened image of childhood, when a gleam of unwonted kindness and love seemed to strike almost with fear the poor desolate little heart, accustomed only to a gloomy life of coldness and neglect. For the dislike, almost hatred, that fell like a shadow on her unwelcome birth, had gathered deeper and darker over the lonely child. No father's smile; no mother's caresses, were her portion. Shut out from the sunshine of love, the young plant grew up frail, wan, feeble, without beauty or brightness. No one ever heard from Hermolin's lips the glad laughter of infancy: among her sisters, she seemed like a shadow in the midst of their brightness. As she stood in the doorway, cowering under the robe of her conductor, her thin hands hiding her pale face, so unlike a child's in its sharp outline, and her large restless eyes glancing in terror on all before her, the Norsewoman's freezing gaze was the first turned toward her.

"By Odin! and it is such poor, worthless gifts as this that the Christians offer to their Gods!" she muttered in her own language.

"What art thou saying, Ulva?" sharply asked the Viking.

"Nothing, my lord," she answered, submissively "but that the young Olof has at last found himself a bride. Look there."

The noble boy, whose fearless, frank, and generous spirit even now shone out, had darted forward, and now, with his arms clasped round Hermolin's neck, was soothing her fears, and trying to encourage her with childish caresses. The little girl understood not a word of his strange

Norse tongue, but the tones were gentle and loving. She looked up at the sweet young face that bent over her, half-wondering at something which seemed new to her in the blue eyes and bright golden hair. Twining her fingers in one of Olof's abundant locks, she compared it with one of her own long dark curls, laughed a low musical laugh, and finally, re-assured, put up her little mouth to kiss him, in perfect confidence.

Olof, proud of his success, led the little maiden through the room, amid many a covert smile and jest.

But when the two children came near Sir Loys, Hermolin shrank back, and clung, weeping, to Olof's breast. There was no love in the father's heart, but there was much of pride and bitterness. The child's unconscious terror proclaimed aloud all the secrets of her cheerless life; it angered him beyond endurance. He clenched his gauntleted hands, and though he strove to make his tone calm, as became a right courteous knight, yet there was in it somewhat of wrathful sarcasm, as he addressed his guest.

"Jarl Hialmar, there stands my youngest child—though her looks would seem to belie the noble blood she owns. Heaven may take her, or thou—I care little which, so as I am no more burthened with a jewel I covet not."

The Norseman eyed with curiosity and doubt the frail, trembling child, who stood still enshielded by Olof's arms. It might be that the magic of that boyish love drew also the father's pity toward the little Hermolin; or, perchance, the sorrowful, imploring look of those deep, lustrous brown eyes, brought back the memory of others, which long ago had drooped in darkness—the darkness of a life without love. The Jarl's face wore a new softness and tenderness when he beheld Hermolin; she felt it, and trembled not when Olof led her to his father's knees.

Hialmar, still irresolute, turned to the nurse who stood behind, watching every movement of her foster-son.

"Ulva," he said, in his Norse language, "thou hast been faithful, even as a mother, to thy lord's child. What sayest thou—shall we take this poor unloved babe as a bride for the last of the race of Hialmar?"

Ulva's cold eyes regarded Hermolin; they wandered with jealous eagerness over the slight drooping form; the white thin arms, that seemed wasting away like the last snow-wreaths of Winter; the rising blush that deepened and faded momentarily on the marble cheek; and she said in her heart—

"It is well; death will come before the bridal and then, the vow fulfilled, Olof shall take a

Northern maiden to his bosom, and the footstep of the stranger shall not defile the hall of his fathers."

Then Ulva bent humbly before the Viking, saying aloud—

"My lips are not worthy to utter their desire; but has not the young Olof himself chosen? The great Odin sometimes speaks his will by the lips of babes, as well as by those of aged seers. It may be so now!"

"It shall be!" cried Hialmar. "Sir Loys, I take thy daughter to be mine, according as thou saidst. Thy Church must seek another votary; for Hermolin shall be Olof's bride."

So saying, he enclosed both the children in his embrace, at which young Olof laughed, and clapped his hands, while the little Hermolin, half afraid, half wondering, only looked in the boy's bright face, and her own was lit up with confidence and joy. So, during the whole ceremony of betrothal, the baby-bride still seemed to draw courage and gladness from the fearless smile of her boy lover, never removing her gaze from that sweet countenance, which had thus dawned upon her, the first love sunshine, her young life had ever known.

When Olof was parted from his childish spouse, she clung to him with a wild despairing energy, almost terrible in one so young. He called her by the new name they had taught him to use toward her, and which he uttered, and she heard—both now unconscious of the solemn life-bond it implied. Yet still it appeared to have a soothing influence; her tears ceased, and her delicate frame was no longer convulsed with grief. She lay in his arms, still and composed. But at that moment there bent over them a tall dark shadow; it seemed to the child's vivid imagination one of those evil spectral forms of which she had heard, and Ulva interposed her strong grasp. The last sight that Hermolin saw was not the beaming face already so fondly beloved, of her young bridegroom, but the countenance of the Norsewoman had turned round upon her, with the gloomy, threatening brow, and the white teeth glittering in a yet more fearful smile. No wonder that, years after, it haunted the child, coming between her and the sunny image which from that time ever visited her dreams, less like a reality than an angel from the unknown world.

CHAPTER III.

BENEATH the shadow of the convent walls the child Hermolin grew up. Her world was not that of her kindred; between her and them a line of separation was drawn that might not be crossed.

She lived all alone. This was the destiny of her childhood and dawning youth. It was her father's will; she knew it, and murmured not. She lifted up to Heaven those affections which she was forbidden to indulge on earth; and when she came to the Virgin's feet, her prayers and her love were less those of a devotee to a saint, than that of a child whose heart yearned toward a mother. She spent in vague reveries those sweet, tender fancies which might have brightened home; and for all brother and sister love, her heart gathered its every tendril around the remembered image, which, star-like, had risen on her early childhood. It was her first memory; beyond it all seemed a shapeless dream of pain and darkness. The image was that of Olof. They had told her that she was his betrothed—that he alone of all the world laid claim to her; and though she understood not the tie nor the fulfilment that might come one day, still she clung to it as to some strange blessedness and joy that had been once and would be again, of which the bright beautiful face with its golden-shadowed hair, was a remembrance and an augury. Once in a convent picture—rude, perhaps, yet most beautiful to her—the child fancied the limned head bore a likeness to this dream-image, and from that time it was impressed more firmly on her imagination. It mingled strangely with her vows and prayers and, above all, with her shadowy pictures of the future, over which, throughout her childhood such mystery hung.

Hermolin knew that she had been devoted to the service of Heaven. From her still convent she beheld the distant towers of Aveyran; she saw the festive train that carried away her eldest sister a bride; she heard from over the plains the dull lament which told of her unseen mother's death; she joined the vespers for the departed soul. But all these tokens of the outside world were to her, only phantasms of life. Far above them all, and looking down upon them, as a star looks down on the unquiet earth, dwelt Hermolin.

Yet she knew also that it would not be always so. The nuns regarded her as set apart, and not one of themselves. Round her neck she wore the betrothal ring, which as, day by day, her small childish hand grew to maiden roundness, she used to draw on, in a mood too earnest to be mere sport, wondering how soon the finger would fit the token, and with that, what strange change would come. And as her childhood passed by, Hermolin began to see a deeper meaning in the exhortations of one she loved dearest in the world—the monk who had been her confessor, friend and counsellor all her life—Father Ansgarius.

There had come a change over the son of Ulrika.

Who can tell how strong is a mother's prayer? The answering joy which her life could not attain to, was given to her death. A flower sprung up from the mother's dust, which brought peace, and holiness, and gladness into the bosom of the son. After her death, Ansgarius believed. He believed, not with the arid, lifeless faith of an assenting intellect, but the full, deep earnestness of a heart which takes into itself God's image, and is all-penetrated with the sunshine of His presence. The great and learned man saw that there was a higher knowledge still—that which made him even as a little child, cry, "O thou All-wise, *teach me!*—O thou All-merciful, *love me!*"

Thus a spirit, strong as a man's and gentle as a woman's, guided the early years of Hermolin—the child of prayers. And so it is; God ever answers these heartbeseechings, not always in the manner we will it—even as the moisture which rises up to heaven in soft dew sometimes falls down in rain; but it surely does fall, and where earth most needs it. Gradually as her young soul was nurtured in peace and holiness, Ansgarius unfolded the future mission, in which he believed, with all the earnestness that singles out from the rest of mankind the true apostle—the *man sent*.

Hermolin listened humbly, reverently, then joyfully. On her young mind the story of Ulrika's dream impressed itself with a vivid power, from which her whole ideas took their coloring. And deeper, stronger, more engrossing became her worship of that golden-haired angel-youth who, with her, was to bear unto the snow-covered mountains the holy cross. She had no thought of human love; in her mind, Olof was only an earth-incarnation of the saint before whose likeness she daily prayed, and who would come one day and lead her on her life's journey, to fulfil the destiny of which Ansgarius spoke. But when, as years passed, her beautiful womanhood expanded leaf by leaf, like the bud of a rose, to which every day there comes a deeper color and a lovelier form, Hermolin was conscious of a new want in her soul.

It was not enough that the beloved ideal should haunt her thoughts, and look on her in her slumbers—a glorious being to be regarded with a worship deep, wild, as only the heart of dreaming girlhood knows. Hermolin had need of a more human and answering love. In all that she saw of the world's beauty—in all the new, glad feelings which overflowed her heart—she longed for some dear eyes to look into—some dear hand to press—that her deep happiness might not waste itself unshared. Looking out from her bower in the convent garden, she sometimes saw, in the

twilight, young lovers wandering along the green hill-side, singing their Provençal lays, or sitting side by side in a happy silence, which is to the glad outburst of love what the night, with her pure, star-lit quiet, and her deep pulses—beating all the fuller for that mysterious stillness—is to the sunny, open, all-rejoicing day. And then Hermolin's bosom thrilled with an unwonted emotion; and she thought how strange and beautiful must be that double life, when each twin heart says to the other, "I am not mine own, but thine—nay, I am not thine, but thyself—a part of thee."

But all these fancies Hermolin folded up closely in her maiden bosom, though she knew not why she did so. And even when the time came that the token-ring ever clasped her delicate finger with a loving embrace, she still lived her pure and peaceful life, awaiting the perfecting of that destiny which she believed was to come.

At last, on a day when it was not his wont to visit the convent, Ansgarius appeared. He found the young maiden sitting at her embroidery beneath the picture which was her delight. Often and often the gaudy work fell from her hands, while she looked up at the beautiful and noble face that seemed to watch over her.

Ansgarius came and stood beside his young pupil. His movements were restless, and his eyes wandering; and there was an unquiet tremulousness in his voice, which spoke more of the jarring world without, than of the subdued peace which ever abided within the convent walls. Hermolin was seized with a like uneasiness.

"My father," she said—for she had long since learned to give that title to her only friend—"my father, what is it that troubles thee?"

"I might say the same to thee, dear child; for thy cheek is flushed and thine eye bright," the monk answered, evasively.

"I know not why, but my heart is not at rest," Hermolin said. "I feel a vague expectation, as if there were a voice calling me that I must answer, and arise and go."

The face of Ansgarius was lighted up with a wild enthusiasm. "It is the power of the Virgin upon the child," he murmured. "The time, the time is at hand! My daughter, wait," he said more calmly; "if the call be Heaven's, thou canst not but follow at Heaven's good pleasure."

"I do—I will," said Hermolin meekly; and she folded her hands upon her young bosom, while her confessor gave her the benediction.

"And now my child, I have somewhat to say to thee; wilt thou listen?"

"Yes, here, my father," she answered, seating

herself at his feet, while her fingers played with a coarse rosary of wooden beads, which she had worn all her life. After a long silence, it caught the eye of the monk, and he burst forth—

"Child, child, dare not make a toy of that holy relic; never look at it but with prayers. Remember whose dying fingers once closed over it—on whose cold breast it once lay—ay, along with thee!"

"I remember," said Hermolin, softly. "Forgive me, O father, forgive me—blessed soul of Ulrika;" and, kissing the crucifix, she raised her pure eyes to heaven.

"Amen!" said Ansgarius, devoutly. "And, O mother! strengthen me to tell this child of the past and the future—mine and hers."

He remained silent for a little, and then said suddenly—

"Hermolin, thou knowest what she was, and how she died. Listen, while I speak, not of her, the blessed one! but of myself, and my sin. I lived in darkness, I scorned the light, until it burst upon me with the brightness of her soul, shed from its glorious wings when it rose to God. In that night I lay down, and dreamed I walked along a road all foul, and strewed with briars and thorns. Then came a vision; it was the last of earthly mothers, Mary. She showed me a bright pathway on which moved glorious angels, like women in countenance. One face was that which had bent over my childhood, youth, and manhood, with untiring love. Oh, mother! how I sprang forward with a yearning heart to thee; but the vision stood between us, and I heard a voice saying, 'Son, thou canst never go to thy mother till thy feet are no longer defiled. Leave that thorny way, and ascend to the heavenly road.' Then I awoke, and knew what my sin had been. O mother saint, pray for me in heaven, that it may not be laid to my charge."

The monk sighed heavily, and bent down his head, already thickly strewn with the snowy footsteps of age. Then Hermolin stood up, and her face was as that of a young saint, resplendent with the inward shining of her pure, heaven-kindled soul; and she said, in a tone like one inspired,—

"God and thy mother have forgiven thee, since thou hast done the will of both toward me. If, as thou hast said, I must go forth at Heaven's bidding for a life to be spent in working that holy will, all men, and the angels that wait on men, shall behold that it is thy word I speak—it is thy spirit which dwells in me."

* For this incident in the life of Ansgarius, see the "History of Sweden," translated by Mary Howitt.

Ansgarius looked amazed, for never before had the maiden given such utterance to the thoughts which pervaded her whole life. Again he murmured, "The time is near." But even while he regarded her, another change seemed to come over the fitful spirit of Hermolin. She sank at the monk's feet, and bathed them with a shower of tears.

"Oh father, guide me," she wept. "I am not as I was; there is a change—I feel it in my heart, and I tremble."

"It is the shadow of thy coming fate, my child," said Ansgarius, solemnly; "know thy bridegroom is at hand."

Hermolin sprang up with a wild gesture of joy: "Olof!—Olof! Is Olof here?" she cried.

And then, with an instinctive impulse of maidenly shame-facedness, she drooped her head, and hid her burning cheeks under the novice's veil she wore.

Ansgarius continued. "A ship lies at the river's mouth, and from the towers of Aveyran I saw a train winding across the plain. It may be that of the son of Hialmar. Nay, why art thou trembling, child? Dost thou shrink from thy destiny!—thou, the chosen of the Virgin, whom I have reared up to this end with daily and nightly prayers," added Ansgarius, sternly.

But the ascetic monk, absorbed in the one purpose of his existence, knew not the wild flutterings of that young heart, nor how at the moment Hermolin was less the devotee, ready to work out her life's aim, than the timid maiden about to welcome, in her betrothed, the realization of a whole girlhood's dream of ideal love. Ansgarius took her by the hand, and led her to the Virgin's shrine. There, at his bidding, Hermolin, half unconscious of what she did, renewed her vows of dedication; but while she knelt, the noise of rude, yet joyful music, was heard, and up the hill wound a goodly train. First of all there rode one who, to the strong frame and almost giant proportions of manhood, added the clear, fair face of a youth. His long, sun-bright locks floated in the wind, and his eagle's plume danced above them; his eye, bold and frank, was that of one born to rule, and there was pride even in his smile. Yet, through all this change, Hermolin knew that face was the same which had been the sunshine of her childhood—the dream of her youth—and her heart leaped toward her bridegroom.

"Olof!—my Olof!" she cried, and would have flown to meet him, with the same child-like love which had poured itself forth with tears on his neck years before, in the castle of Aveyran, but Ansgarius stood before her.

"I am little versed in the world's ways," he said, "yet it seems to me that this is scarcely the guise in which a maiden should go to meet her bridegroom;" and he glanced at the coarse nun's dress which always enfolded the light form of Hermolin. The words touched a new chord in the soul of the young betrothed.

Never, until then, had Hermolin thought whether she were beautiful or no. In her calm retirement she heard no idle talk about maiden's charms. Day after day she attired herself in her simple dress, and felt no grief in folding up her long silken tresses under her close veil, or enveloping her slender figure in the coarse rope and thick girdle of cord. But now her heart beat with anxiety; she fled hastily away to her own chamber. There she found the aged nun who attended her, while many rich garments, such as high-born damsels wore, lay scattered about. The glistening of them dazzled and confused Hermolin's senses. She stood motionless, while the nun silently exchanged her simple robe for the new attire; and then, while she beheld herself in this unwaited likeness, her courage failed, her whole frame trembled, and she wept passionately.

Hermolin felt that she was not beautiful. Another might perhaps have seen, in the small, almost child-like form, an airy grace that atoned for its want of dignity, and have traced admiringly the warm Southern blood that gave richness to the clear brown skin. But Hermolin had known one only ideal of perfection; and all beauty that bore no likeness to Olof, was as nothing in her eyes.

Soon, ringing through the still convent, she heard a bold, clear voice, and the girlish weakness passed away, while a boundless devotion sprang up in the woman's heart of Hermolin. Love, which united the clinging tenderness of the human, with the deep worship of the divine, took possession of her inmost soul. When she stood before her bridegroom, she thought no more—she became absorbed in him. And when young Olof, in his somewhat rough but affectionate greeting, lifted his fairy-like bride up in his strong arms, he little knew how deep and wild was the devotion of that heart, which then cast itself down at his feet, to be cherished, cast aside, or trampled on, yet loving evermore.

CHAPTER IV.

On, gaily on, ploughing the same seas which had carried on their stormy breast the dead and the newly born, went the ship of the young Norse chieftain. And onward to the same Northern home,

from beneath whose blighting shadow the dying mother had been borne, was wafted another Southern bride. But it was not with her as with the wife of Hjalmar. Love, mighty, all-enduring love, made Hermolin go forth, strong and fearless. She stood on the rocking deck, with the dark, surging, shoreless waves before her eyes, not the green, sheep-besprinkled meads, and purple vineyards of Provence, with the rude voices and the wild countenances of the Viking's crew ever haunting her, instead of the vesper chants, and the mild-faced nuns, with their noiseless, sweeping garments. But Hermolin trembled not, doubted not, for Olof was near her, and his presence lighted up her world with joy. The freezing North wind seemed to blow across her brow with the softness of a balm-scented breeze, when she met it, standing by her husband's side, or leaning against his breast. She looked not once back to the sunny shore of Provence, but ever onward to the North, the strong and daring North, without fear, and in the fulness of hope, for it was Olof's land.

And he, the one, sole master of this golden mine of love, this true woman's heart, pure as rich, and rich as beautiful, how was it with him. He took it as a long-preserved possession, which came to him as a right, whose value he never troubled himself to estimate. The young heir of the Viking had heard, all his life, of the Southern bride who awaited his pleasure to claim her. Now and then, during the few seasons of restless idleness which intervened by chance between his hunting and his war expeditions, the soft dark eyes and twining arms of a little child had crossed his memory, but Ulva, his nurse, said such ideas were weak and womanish in a chieftain's son, and bade him drive them away with bold thoughts and active deeds, more becoming in a man.

Jarl Hjalmar lived to behold his son the bravest of the young Northern warriors, and then sank in the embrace of the Volkyria. He died in battle, one hand on his sword, and the other grasping a long lock of woman's hair. On this relic he made the son of the dead Clotilde swear, by the soul of his mother, to claim from the lord of France, either by fair words or force of arms, his plighted bride; and so Olof, longing for adventurous deeds in any cause, went forth with all the eagerness of youth on his quest. A little while he rejoiced in his prize, like a child toying with a precious jewel; a little while he softened his bold fierce nature into the semblance of gentleness and love; and then, looking in his face, whereon was set the seal of almost angelic beauty, Hermolin believed in the realization of all her dreams. The golden-haired saint of her peaceful youth, lived again in the beloved Olof.

And so it was that, in the wild fulness of this new joy, this blessed human love, Hermolin, the child vowed to the Virgin, the pious maiden of the convent, became merged in Hermolin the wife of the young northern Jarl. It was less the pupil of Ansgarius sent forth, Heaven-guided, on her holy mission, than the devoted woman who would fain cling, through life and death, unto her heart's chosen. Gradually the shadow of an earthly love was gliding between the pure spirit and heaven's light, and when it is so, ever with that soul-eclipse, darkness comes.

When the ship rode upon the seas, Olof's men wore less of bridegroom tenderness, and he grew chafed and restless at times. He lingered not at Hermolin's side, to listen while she spoke of her childish past, or talk to her of the future—of their Northern home. He never now, in lover-like playfulness, made her teach him the almost forgotten speech of his mother's land, or laughed when her sweet lips tried in vain to frame the harsh accents of the North. Many a time, Hermolin stood lonely by the vessel's side, trying to bring back to her soul those holy and pure thoughts which had once made a heaven of solitude. But still in the clouds, to which she lifted her eyes, in the waves which dashed almost against her feet, she only saw and heard Olof's face and Olof's voice. Then she would remember the parting words of Ansgarius, when he stood watching the ship, that, as he still fervently believed, bore, dove-like, the olive-branch of peace, and pure faith to that Northern land—

"My child," he said, "love thy husband—worship only God."

And, conscious of its wild idolatry, the heart of Hermolin trembled, so that it dared not even pray.

At last the vessel neared the land of the North, with its giant snow-mountains, its dark pine-forests, its wild, desolate plains. To the eyes of the young Provençale it seemed, in its winter-bound stillness, like the dead earth lying, awfully beautiful, beneath her white-folded shroud. Hermolin felt as though she stood at the entrance of the land of shadows, with its solemn gloom, its eternal silence; and yet, while she gazed, her soul was filled with a sublime rapture. She crept to the side of her young spouse, folded his hand in her bosom, and looked up timidly in his face—

"Oh, my Olof," she whispered, "this then is our home—this is thy land—how beautiful it is—how grand!"

The young Jarl looked down on his fair wife, and smiled at her evident emotion, with the careless superiority with which he might have regarded the vagaries of a wayward child.

"Yes," he answered, "it is a goodly land; these pine forests are full of bears, and the sea kings have had many a well-fought battle with the land robbers in the defiles of the mountains. It was there that the sword of Olof was first reddened," the Jarl continued, proudly, while his lips curled and his eyes grew dilated.

A little did Hermolin shrink, even from that beloved hand she was folding to her heart; but immediately she drew closer to him, and wound his arm around her neck.

"Do not say this, my Olof," she murmured, caressingly; "let us talk rather of that glad time when there shall be no more warfare, the time of which I have often told thee, my beloved, when the golden cross shines on the white snow, and thou and I——"

But Olof silenced her with a burst of half-derisive laughter. "Not I, my fair wife, not I. Thou mayst dream among thy pretty toys, thy crosses, and rosaries; such playthings are fit for women and children, but the son of Hiahnar trusts to the faith of his fathers. Do as thou wilt, little one, only let me handle the hunting-spear, and guide the ship, and drain the mead-cups. Odin loves the bold arm of a warrior better than the puling lips of a saint, and the blood of an enemy is more precious in his sight than a thousand whining prayers. But see, there are my good soldiers awaiting us. Hark! their shouts of welcome. Verily, I am glad to see again my father's land!"

And the young Viking stood on his vessel's deck, magnificent in his proud and fearless beauty, acknowledging his follower's wild acclaims, as they rang through the still Winter air. He saw not that his bride had shrunk away from his side, to where none could witness her agony. Her wild, tearless eyes, wandered from the ghostlike mountains to the cold, clear, frosty sky, but the solemn beauty of the scene was gone—all was desolation now. It seemed to her a world on which the light of heaven and its life-giving smile had never shone—a world where all was coldness, and silence, and death, and in it she stood alone—alone with the ruins of a life's dream.

Hermolin neither wept nor struggled against her misery. There was no anger in her heart, only utter despair. She looked at Olof where he stood, the very ideal of proud and glorious manhood, in all things resembling the dream image of so many years. Hermolin's soul clung to it, and to him, with wild intensity, that made her love seem almost terrible in its strength. And thus, while she thought of her life to come, Hermolin thought less of the unveiling of his heart's change than at the knowledge of the deep faith-

fulness that would make enduring sorrow the portion of her own.

"I love him," she moaned, "through all—in spite of all—I love him! Olof, my noble, my beautiful; the light of my life. O God, have mercy—have mercy on me!"

(To be continued.)

PUBLIC OPINION CONTROLLED BY AUTHORITY.

AN excellent moral is contained in the story of the painter, who, after finishing his master-piece, exposed it in a public place, soliciting the passers-by to criticise it closely, and declare its merits. The blotted canvass soon revealed a variety of opinions, each contradictory to every other, yet none expressive of the slightest approbation. The disappointed artist in disgust withdrew his picture from the vulgar gaze, and determining in future to consult no critic but himself, removed its stains, revived its colors, and restored to it its former beauty. And thus, throughout society, we find it true, that he who seeks for universal praise, is universally condemned. A strong desire to win the good opinions of our fellow-men, seems indeed to be among the most salutary sentiments which we can entertain. In the absence of nobler motives, it naturally serves to deter us from committing acts which would prejudicially affect our welfare; it suggests to us decorum since indecency is always hateful; it keeps us virtuous, since virtue is more popular than vice. But though this sentiment, when properly restrained, must be regarded as eminently conducive to the interests of humanity, it is plain, that under injudicious cultivation, it speedily degenerates so far as to destroy its natural good, and thwart the purpose for which it was originally implanted in the human breast. When suffered to prevail unchecked, it chills the warmest sympathies, and subdues the strongest affections; it binds the most exalted aspirations, and wastes the most enduring energies. Subject to its influence, man forgets the real purpose of his being, and descending to the basest machinations, prostitutes his reason to the service of his passions.

The ways in which this inordinate love of general approbation is created, are various. But its *origin* falls less within the scope of our remarks, than its *effects*; these we have pronounced to be pernicious, and we now proceed briefly to inquire how far our judgment can be sustained.

And, first of all, we find that an excessive love of the applause of others, loads us to degrade our-

selves. This principle is true in all its applications. Whenever such a feeling induces us implicitly to receive as sound, the doctrines which are recommended to us by the world, rather than to reflect and form them for ourselves, it subjugates the intellect, and renders it a passive slave to dominating dogmas. And whenever, fearing the popular indignation, we cast aside our firm convictions, and refrain from teaching what we feel is true, we voluntarily resign the noblest privilege we have—the right to elevate and improve the condition of mankind. We freely admit, that a fixed state of public opinion, so far as respects all the essential rules of human conduct, has been found to contribute largely towards maintaining general morality. We know that fear of the condemnation of men has oftentimes turned aside the dagger of the assassin, and extinguished the torch of the incendiary. But public opinion, however protective of happiness it may sometimes be, is sometimes also cruel and oppressive. Then, instead of moderating the eccentricities of individuals, and giving a healthy tone to the manners and morals of society, it violently crushes private judgment, imposes arbitrary laws upon the human mind, and fetters the development of virtue and of truth. To this, in every age, the apostles of liberty, and science, and religion, have been forced to pay humiliating tribute. This it was that racked the limbs of Galileo, that spilled the blood of Sidney and of Russel, that scattered to the winds the ashes of Latimer and Ridley. This it is which sets up standards of religious and political belief, all non-conformity to which, it hastens to proscribe as heresy or treason. Thus, arbitrary and tyrannical, it retards the progress of true philosophy, true religion and true happiness, by prohibiting free discussion. Then how plain is it, that he who sacrifices his own judgment to propitiate the intolerance of the multitude, departs from the faithful performance of those high and noble duties for which his God created him.

The frequently oppressive character of public opinion, seems chiefly to result from that disposition of the mind of man, which induces him to seek authority and guidance in the sentiments of others, rather than his own. He fears to trust himself, and so commits his conscience and his actions to the keeping of his friends. He learns to venerate without distinction the decisions of his ancestors. He loses sight of all the circumstances of time and place, which constitute the difference between their condition and his own. He forgets that human nature is progressive. He recoils with horror from the contemplation of re-

form, and clings most lovingly to every species of abuse, which can present for its defence the approbation of antiquity. Thus precedents usurp the place, and hold the rank of principles. Once fixed in their position, they remain immutable. A point decided by a testy judge, or sleepy bishop, regulates for ever the disposition of our property, or the tenets of our creed. Hence arises the lamentable fact, that to an exclusive few is now entrusted the direction of the public mind. Those whom accident has raised to this unnatural position, though possessing no exemption from the ordinary frailties of humanity, promulgate their idlest conceits as infallible doctrines, and threaten with disgrace and ruin, all who venture to deny or to distrust them. So long has this tyrannical authority been exercised, so accustomed has mankind become submissively to yield to it, that scarce a trace remains of the unalienable right of private judgment. In the language of an illustrious modern writer, "the multitude dare not think, and the thinking dare not speak." The reflection is indeed sufficiently humiliating, that, with all our progress in the useful and the pleasing arts, with all our various additions to the means of physical and intellectual enjoyment, we still display a spirit of the deadliest intolerance, if at any time a fondly-cherished theory seems liable to be exploded, or a delightful error resign its place to an obnoxious truth.

In concluding these few observations, we remark, that the evils just referred to, proceeding, as they do, from an unnaturally created perversity of public sentiment, are plainly not without their appropriate remedy. Such a remedy is found alone in the unrestricted exercise of private judgment. This exercise of private judgment, while it is by no means inconsistent with a high and just regard for the deliberately conceived opinions of the wise and good, will shield us from the prejudices of presumptuous ignorance, and the encroachments of usurped authority. Whenever, in the history of man, it has steadily attacked oppression, bigotry or error, it has met but brief and ineffectual resistance. Neither the casuistries of a corrupted priesthood, nor the edicts of sanguinary despots, have withstood its might when thoroughly aroused. Let it be aroused to-day,—let the public mind be brought to feel how long it has continued in degrading subjection to self-constituted rulers, and speedily would be dispelled the mists which dim the brightness of Christianity, and obscure the path of human duty.

W. P. C.

EXTRACTS,

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A COUNTRY CURATE.

May 24th.—How quiet is this world in which I live—this perfect country life—no vestige of artificiality near me. My study window is now open—the two elms opposite in full leaf—the breeze of a heavenly May afternoon in upon my brow—and on my right, a sea of undulating wood, fresh as Paradise when the first sun was setting in its beauty.

I have now preached here three times, and every time with earnestness and a deep feeling of my responsibility to God and to my simple flock. The church is old and large; last Sabbath the lower part was well filled; the farmers are willing to come a long distance, and when they come, they listen; and so I work hard; and when one has work, Carlyle thinks it nonsense to ask for happiness. Our destiny is WORK—and a high destiny it is; we must try and gird ourselves to it. I shall work all I can, but I do not hope to work all weakness and folly out of me, till I get so old—if old I grow—as to be too dull for work, and too insipid even for folly. Perhaps it is the nature of solitary wretches like me to be alternately children and cynics.

26th.—I am literally buried in the woods here, and sometimes find it very solitary. So was I last Summer, yet never felt it lonely—but then, I was near a city, where I went once in seven days to preach to an humble congregation. There were things, too, connected with that sojourn, which mark it as never to be forgotten; and this is the reason, doubtless, why it haunts me so often now. That pleasant room under the hill, how vivid is the remembrance of its quiet comforts;—then the walk or drive to the city—the Sabbath evening passed with dear friends—the small French bed, with its snow-white draperies, which, when I remained the night, was allotted to me—the cheerful breakfast—the morning farewell—my departure for my country nest, bearing with me the sunlight of M.'s smile. As these dear recollections crowd into my brain, it becomes dizzy, and I run into the fields to get away from thought.

27th.—Another day of perfect quiet in my country solitude, and with regard to the great world abroad, my position, I sometimes think, is very much like that of an oyster, I live on my own spot, and know, or feel only that which flows up to me; and as this spot is away from

the shore, but little reaches me. It is therefore useless for my friends to complain, as some of them have done of late, of my silence, since I have no facts to record, which are the proper materials for letters. If mine were a merry mood, I might give pleasantries instead; but having neither facts nor pleasantries,—nay, nor feelings, for my heart seems, this day or two back, withered up within me—how can I write, what even my dearest friend might not care to read.

28th.—In every sad and sullen mood, such as that of yesterday, I am saved from cynicism by the rebuke which the constant benignity of nature administers. Even, as I recorded in the last sentence, my moody melancholy; I turned my gaze from the white surface of my paper, with its black scrawlings to the fair midday sky, on which the temperate sun was pencilling a gospel of beauty. And so it is again this morning—blue, cloudless, serene. My boasted elms, too, seem quite alive, holding strange converse with the Summer wind; most eloquently they talk and sing—the larger branches rocking in heavy bass, and every leaf quivering in treble tones! Glorious harps they are of many strings! Solemn is the voice of heaven that thrills them, and fine is the harmony of this noble chorus. Who can tell me why this is so vain to us mortals, and to me most of all? I know how M. would answer my inquiry; she would say truly to me,—“Your eyes are not closed, but they are downward, and miss the glory that is over you—your heart is choked with vanities, and feels not the goodness that surrounds you—your ears are dull of hearing and deaf to the sweet sounds of nature, and you will not listen, charm they ever so wisely.”

29th.—Had a letter from L., reproving my morbidness. I am sensible that I more than merited the rebuke, and had it been sharper than it was, I could have borne it for its friendship and its eloquence. I will strive and pray, without ceasing, to recover a more healthy tone; but to one purpose at least I am true, and that is, diligence in my vocation; and this is good for me, as it is for every one. I ought to be contented here, isolated as I am from cultivated minds, for I am in the performance of high duties, laboring for great ends—the elevation and salvation of the human soul. I preach to my flock with an unction

that seems to move them, but I write not for farmers and peasants only, but for *men*, whose natures are everywhere the same.

30th.—The noon bell is ringing; our neighborhood is still as Paradise but for this bell. The people are busy in their fields, and not a lazy wanderer or beggar strolls along the road, as if to remind you that roads can only be where there are men to travel. I must answer the summons of old Margery to my primitive dinner. The roast will be brown, the potatoes smoking, the water icy cool; yet when the appetite is wanting, one would rather loiter than eat, and rather dream than drink. But there is an original dog here, with which I will hold a conversation. He has a long body, short legs, and a most comical bark. He must be a quiz among his canine friends. He is a sagacious quadruped withal, and knows his own property to a blade of grass; within this range, the staunchest of democrats—out of it a courtier. He would not let me enter the door, when I first came to reside here, without an independent “bow! wow!” but I had not been one day an inmate, when the scoundrel seemed to understand my position and his, and treated me with the politeness of a Parisian hotel-keeper. This is nonsense; but I could say so much of the serious, that I fear to trust my pen by commencing.

June 1st.—To day the weather is glorious, giving us, as I hope, the opening promise of a bright and lovely Summer. It is just such a day as that of last year on which I departed for G. The sun is shining through my windows, and many, many thoughts are crowding on my brain. As the season opens and advances, I must labor assiduously, or these thoughts will come in thicker and darker masses; my mind is bent on work, and in that is my pleasure and my safety. This morning, spent an hour in reading German; stammered through a page or two of Goethe, and, wretched as I am in even the mere alphabet of the language, I can discern the masterly artist in the exquisite simplicity of his style. Oh, that simplicity! how desirable, yet how difficult to attain.

2nd.—Sat down last evening to answer L's friendly letter, but found, as I advanced, it would be too lugubrious; so I made of it a blaze, and “while the fire burned, behold I mused.” On the whole, I might as well have written from one of Horace Walpole's, or from Mrs. Radcliffe's fancied castles, and from a haunted chamber filled with an assembly of ghosts. Thoughts crowded about me that seemed to take shape and stare at me. The vacancy was peopled. I will not say that it was altogether a welcome or a joyous population.

but they did not ask my consent to be there—they arose without my call, and they remained without my will. No sadder ghosts can arise, than those of our own thoughts; and, whether when living they were evil or good, they come back always from their graves with looks of melancholy—they are always *pale*, either with remorse or with regret. But I should not say, they come from their graves; for thought never dies; and this is a most awful, and a most solemn truth; thought is the essence of our life—it is the action of our immortal nature—and the obscurity of forgetfulness is a shade, but not a shroud. Ghosts come out of the darkness, but they come from the living, not from the dead.

6th.—To-day brought me an unexpected visitor—my old friend B., who has so long been a wanderer from clime to clime. He is just offered a most eligible position in M., but declines it. Why did he not accept it? I should be sick to the heart with such a life of vagrancy, as he leads, and long for the repose of a home. This constant going about has a tendency to harden the heart, and vulgarize the imagination, to weaken the capacity of attachment, to put impulses in the place of feelings, and to substitute intoxication of mind, alternated by disgust and lassitude, for simple affections and genial sensibility. And the more a nature has in it the necessity to give or receive kindness, the more it is in danger from this sort of life and its influences. I have no doubt that many a young lad who left his mother's arms for a commission in the army or navy, with the germ in his heart of every tender and noble quality, has returned after a few years to his paternal home, confirmed in selfishness and errors,—if errors can be,—by the mere action of an itinerant habit on his character. No, our moral nature is like a tree,—it requires a settled position in which to grow, and it withers and dies by too frequent a transplantation.

15th.—I have to-day heard of the death of my friend S., and the tidings have filled me with sorrow,—sorrow, not for him, who has but passed on to a higher and happier life, but for those who remain still in this vale of shadows, mourning his early departure from their presence,—for her especially, the stricken wife and infant child, who have in him lost their best earthly friend and protector. That child, so fondly expected, first saw the light, when its father's eyes were just closing in death. Thus it is in this short scene—death treads upon the heels of birth, and the bridal is on the threshold of the burial—the songs of the wedding are turned into lamentations and mourning, and the bridegroom is carried from his chamber to the tomb.

Poor S. was a man of great natural goodness. His manners seemed odd to those who did not know him, and were offensive to those who can tolerate no individuality. But his heart was generous and sincere, a fountain of benevolence that had no limit but his power. He abounded in wit and mirth, which enlivened a colloquial eloquence of a very high kind—an eloquence, brilliant, caustic, and original—often pungent with sarcasm—often true in expression, pregnant with meaning, and often imbued with the deepest pathos. I have lost in him a true friend—lost him for a time—for the friendship, the affection, which united us here, will re-unite us in that world of perfect sympathy and joy whither he has, but for a brief season, preceded me.

Comforting, indeed, is that belief with regard to a future life, which I cherish most sincerely—that we shall carry thither all our best affections along with us. If it were not so, this is no being worth having; and, in order that such may be the case, we must there recognize the objects of them—we must again know those whom we have fondly loved—those to whom we were closely and tenderly bound in this trying world—this world which has surely sorrows enough, and cares heavy to be borne. It were a sad idea, then, to entertain, that the immortality promised to us in another, should be only an unlimited strangeness. Yes, many reasons impress the conviction on my soul, that the affections of the earth do not perish in the grave,—that the light of the heart is not extinguished in the dust.

Love, that everlasting and universal instinct of our nature, cannot be given us to be disappointed. Christ does not speak *on* this subject, the subject speaks *in* him, or rather lives in him. Christ does not go to prove the existence of a God, or of a spiritual world, for a God and a spiritual animate almost every word he utters. And so, I think it is with the immortality of the affections. His whole nature seems to consist in love. Can love then, be mortal? Would God kindle in the human breast that spark which should reflect in this cold earth of ours the nearest image of himself, that when the breast should moulder, the spark should not flame up into holier brightness, but sink in utter darkness? No; impossible! It would be unworthy the children of a Father whose name is Love, to believe so. For me, I care nothing for naked intellect—for intellectual power, distinction, fame—separately from the glow of sympathy; and if nothing is to survive but this abstract reason of mine, then would I *willingly* perish altogether.

But no, I hope—nay, I feel assured—that I shall

again meet all those to whom I have been attached in this, to me, weary pilgrimage, in that scene where a rest is for us all who have fought and conquered in the battle of life—a rest for our grief-worn hearts, and for our bruised and bleeding spirits; therefore let us be strong and of good cheer.

20.—A letter from L. cheered me this morning; his friendship never cools, and with all the ardor of a boy, he urges me to visit him. But I cannot; D. is a place which I shall probably never revisit; there are such places in every one's pilgrimage—spots on which he has sojourned for a little, but which henceforth are to be as severed from his material presence, as if the grave enclosed him. There is something not only melancholy but incongruous, in a casual return to such places. Just to touch them, and then to vanish, is like a visit from the dead—the mere flitting of a ghost, to gaze and pass away, to renew only sadness, and to gain or give no joy. But, even in another sphere of being, our hearts may not be insensible to associations that once could stir them, so in this world our spirits may live by friendly communication with those whom we may never again behold face to face.

25th.—I have thought and felt much for those who mourn the sudden death of S., but to-day I heard of F.'s affliction, and its vastness renders theirs almost trivial in comparison. Great indeed is that sorrow which not only wounds affection with the keenest sense of loss, but prolongs a killing grief by placing the object of the loss constantly before it. Alas! what hearts beneath the din of the world, are pining or breaking in the dark silence to which that din cannot reach. How many a lowly mourner trying to call forth strength out of the atrophy of hopeless sadness, and moaning almost in the words of Tennyson:

"I'm weary, I'm weary, I wish that I were dead."

F., happily, has Christian faith and Christian courage; but how many have them not—weeping out their eyes in solitude, and beating their wounded breasts in the frenzy of anguish. Oh! it is indeed a steadfast confidence that never trembles or doubts in such a world. Good and needful was that prayer of the Apostle: "Lord, increase our faith." As for me, I almost limit my desires to health of body and soundness of mind, a death before age, and a sudden one; all, however, in submission to the Great Sovereign.

Happiness, experience has long convinced me, is a vain pursuit,—as a motive to action, selfishness—as an end of this life, an illusion. Since reading Carlyle's "Past and Present," I have cast

it out of my moral vocabulary. I am taught by that great thinker, that the best which existence can give us, we shall find in work. I assent to the lesson, and I am striving to learn it. It is late to begin, but the past is inevitable—the seconds which remain, must, therefore, be used to the best advantage.

August 4th.—How time passes onward; three months have I lived in this sequestered place—three months *in* the world, but not *of* it—the refined and cultivated portion of it I mean, for it is only rarely that I seek the society of such; I work hard in my study, and if I have an evening to spare, I spend it in the primitive homes of some among my simple flock. Occasionally, I loiter to a neighboring town, where Miss R. sings for me like a nightingale, or Miss G. plays for me like an angel.

But how my pen runs upon myself! ever the same story: and who else is to see these careless jottings, made at intervals as a relief from harder toil? But, after all, this approach to self, monotonous as it is, as we advance in life, becomes a necessary and a natural law, so far as life confines itself to one's individual being and interests. The truth is, that we do soon pace the round of our sensations, and then, if we have only these, we go plodding like a mill-horse the same weary circle again, and again, and again. The first revolution is all freshness and delight—every step is new, and every impulse is pleasant—but then comes dullness, apathy, and yet this dogged motion, after it ceases to be agreeable, grows necessary as a habit. But, properly, our life ought not to be *individual*; so surely as it is, after its *first* experience, it will be filled with disappointment and anguish. There is nothing limitless but God's universe, and God's nature; nothing deathless but excellence.

It is only in these that life has interminable activity, and immeasurable scope. While we live in ourselves we are imprisoned; we lie and pine in a narrow cell; we are as a captive, who would only vary his nights and his days by counting the links of his chain, or amuse himself by ever and ever scratching his own portrait on the walls of his dungeon. Once *out* of ourselves, there is infinity of existence—an infinity around us in immensity of grandeur, an infinity before us in an eternity of duration, an infinity above us in God, mysterious and unfathomable. But, generally, we live in littleness—our thoughts, words, deeds, goodness—ay, our very *sins* are little. We are illustrations of a spiritual *atomic* theory. The point at which we aim is so low, that we have not far to rise or far to fall; so that at one ex-

treme or the other, we have nothing in us of duty or demon.

Within a short period, a chaos of thought has been floating in my mind about life, man, God, the universe, immortality, that I strive to mould, but cannot; yet I trust a spirit of faith is moving upon the face of the waters, which will shape it into order, and cover it with light. Yet this experience has but revealed to me the wretched bubble and poverty of much that I hear and read. Most sermons, compared with the greatness of their subjects, are empty and unsatisfying. Of my own, I am utterly ashamed, and can scarcely bear to deliver them. I preach with pain, and listen with weariness. Nor is the case better as regards books—half of them are but mere speckled pages. But I am consoled by the hope, that a more intense *reality*, a profounder thoughtfulness, will yet be breathed into our literature and our theology. May the day come, and come quickly.

G.

A LEGEND OF LANGSIDE.

BY A STUDENT.

THE battle of Langside, which, as all know, was utterly ruinous to the cause of Mary Queen of Scots, was viewed by that unfortunate lady in person. Mary Stuart had stationed herself at a short distance from the scene of action, attended only by a small guard, and, when the decisive defeat which her party had sustained became so evident that even she, could refuse to doubt it no longer, she turned her horse with the intention of fleeing to some place of refuge. But this wise resolution was apparently frustrated, by the sudden appearance of five mounted knights, evidently belonging to the enemy, who issued out of the neighboring wood, and made for the Queen. In this extremity Mary was saved by the gallantry of young George Douglas. That brave person singly stayed the course of the pursuers, and offered them so stout a resistance, that the Queen was enabled to effect her retreat unmolested.

"Saint Andrew to the rescue,

"Against us goes the day;

"No place is this for gentle hearts,

"Then, lady, haste away.

"Our gallant men are flying,

"Lord Seatoun's flag is down;

"My kinsmen brave have lost their lives,

"But you have lost the crown."

Thus spoke the bold George Douglas
To Scotland's weeping queen,
As, by her side, he gazed upon
The battle's changing scene.

And, as he spoke, five horsemen
Came dashing from the wood,
Their chargers' necks were white with foam,
Their spurs were red with blood.

"Now, madam, now," the Douglas cried;
"See, see, those men-at-arms, who ride
"So fiercely there below;

"The foremost oft has crossed your path—
"Good cause, indeed, your highness hath
"Lord Lindsay's name to know.

"The next is William of Lochleven,
"Than whom you have not, under heaven,
"A more relentless foe:

"Nor is the title of the third,
"To Mary Stuart strange;

"Methinks your majesty has heard
"A name that serves as rally-word,
"Whenever factious fire's are stirred,
"Kirkaldy of the Grange.

"The other two, their arms proclaim,
"As common men, unknown to fame.

"These horsemen are already,
"Fair lady, on your track;
"Then hasty to fly, and I will try
"My best, to keep them back."

"Stay, Douglas," quoth Queen Mary,
"And lower down your lance,
"For one to five are fearful odds,
"You must not dare the chance."

"Alone I dare my lance to lay
"At rest, against their host;
"Know, lady, know, our clansmen say,
"In skirmish, raid, or battle fray,
"A Douglas, be he who he may,
"Will never leave his post."

"Alas! then," Mary Stuart cried;
"Too late, too late,
"I see your fate;
"None ever loved me, but he died."

Between Queen Mary and her foes,
Close where a gentle hillock rose,
There stretched a little plain;
Upon whose edge a pass there lay,
Where rocks, strewn thickly in the way,
Well mounted knight might hold at bay,
Or charger's course restrain.
This was, indeed, the only place,
Within the intervening space,

Where one stout arm, alone could hope,
With odds as great as five, to cope.
The Douglas has his efforts strained;
This plain is crossed, this pass is gained;
And, charging down the hillock's heather,
He and Lochleven clash together.

With waving crest, and lance at rest,
The Douglas meets his foes:
And backward beat, from off his seat,
The foremost horseman goes.

Although, in Scotland wide, but few
Could match him in the field,
Lochleven's spear was broken through,
And shattered was his shield.
That dauntless knight, that fearless man,
The bravest of his gullant clan,
Was rendered, by one lance's thrust,
A rigid mass of lifeless dust.

Lord Lindsay, riding next, dashed by;
His battle-axe was raised on high,
And as he passed, he aimed a blow,
To lay Queen Mary's champion low.
But Douglas, ever on his guard,
For the rude onset stood prepared;
His horse upon its haunches threw,
His sabre from its scabbard drew;
Then, whirling round with tightened rein,
Renewed the dreadful strife again;
And truly, as they stood, they were,
For strength or skill, a well matched pair.
Each stroke they try, each guard they know;
Their weapons flit now high now low;
Thrust follows thrust, and blow meets blow;
Yet all so swiftly, that the eye
No single movement can descry.
At length Lord Lindsay, parrying
His fierce opponent's blade,
Drew back his battle-axe too far,
And bare his helmet laid.
Then Douglas raised a dreadful yell,
On Lindsay's casque his claymore fell,
And, with its force, the trenchant steel,
Cleft the mailed knight from head to heel.

Queen Mary viewed the dreadful fray,
Her prudence bade her haste away,
Her woman's feelings bade her stay;
And feelings, though they may be wrong,
Are ever certain to be strong.
She staid—she saw Lochleven, slain—
Fall lifeless on the bloody plain;
She saw Lord Lindsay, drenched with gore,
Hurl'd to the ground to rise no more;

She saw how strong was George's hand,
How stout his arm, how keen his brand;
And seeing this, she hoped his life
Might yet pass scatheless from the strife.

Meanwhile, the three remaining foes
Advanced, together, to the close;
Taught, by experience, at length,
That unity is ever strength.
Then Douglas saw his doom was nigh,
And Douglas-like disdained to fly.
He muttered, low, a soldier's prayer,
He called upon his lady-fair;
His bloody brand on high he flung,
His every nerve he braced and strung;
Then ready stood the fight to dare,
With the cool boldness of despair.

On headlong rushed the foe, but e'er
Steel struck on steel, or shield on spear,
Kirkaldy, who the nearest rode,
Reined the rude war-horse he bestrode,
And loud to Douglas cried:
"Surrender, fool, you fight in vain,
"Tis true that two your arm has slain,
"But three good cavaliers remain
"To take their leader's side;
"And for yon giddy woman's sake,
"Her longings for a crown to slake,
"Enough this day have died;
"Alone you cannot bar the field—
"Then fight no more, but wisely yield."

Answering not a single word,
The Douglas dashed aside his sword,
His dagger keen he drew;
His visage grew as pale as death,
He grasped the hilt, he held his breath,
Then at the speaker flew.

Kirkaldy saw the dreadful spring,
And swerved aside with sudden swing;
While Douglas, swift as light, passed on,
Then turned upon the nearest one;
And held within their vice-like grasp,
His arms the foremost soldier clasp;
His hand is at the foeman's waist,
His foot is in the stirrup braced;
Uselessly may the trooper strain,
His bootless struggles are in vain;
And well the death-doomed wretch may scream,
To see that dagger's fitful gleam;
His breast lies bare, its point is keen,
No friendly steel can intervene.
Down came the dagger's deadly stroke,
Against no guardian rib it broke,
But, cutting deep, the dreaded dart
Lay smoking in the trooper's heart.

Black grew his face,—back rolled his head,—
He staggered,—moved,—and then fell dead;
But, as he fell, his lifeless corse
Dragged the bold Douglas from his horse.

When Mary saw her champion down,
Her high-fetched hopes were overthrown,
Her fond anticipations flown:

Low bent she o'er her charger's side,
And then fair Scotland's lovely queen,
Moved at the sad,—the mournful scene,

Like peasant maiden cried:
"Oh, God! to die,—so young,—so brave,
"All those I love and cherish,
"Like gallant George must find a grave,
"Like Rizzio must perish!"

That shout of woe the Douglas heard,
New life within his veins it stirred;
From the hard ground he swiftly rose,
Returned Kirkaldy's dreadful blows;
Grasped the rude chieftain by the thigh,
And, had no other aid been nigh,—
Had he but fought with single might,
Kirkaldy would have rued the fight.
But darkly closed the other round,
And George once more was hurled to ground.
Unhorsed, unarmed, against the two,
What could his single prowess do?
Queen Mary turned her face away,
She dared not look upon the fray;
And we will, also, draw the veil,
O'er the dire sequel of our tale! * * * *

Reader, if, on a future day,
O'er Langside moor you chance to stray,
Close by, where stands a hawthorn green,
A little hillock may be seen;
And there, the neighbouring shepherds tell,
That Douglas fought, and Douglas fell.

THE ROSE.—Professor Agassiz, in a lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties, not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the ribbest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, black-berry, &c.: namely, *that no fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists!* This he regarded as conclusive evidence, that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with, or subsequent to, the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness, they seem especially designed by a wise Providence to contribute.

MALE COQUETRY.

BY H. V. C.

"It is a veritable fact," said Frank Elwyn, entering his sister's room with an open letter in his hand, "that Horace Manners is really caught at last,—is actually going to be married—to be sacrificed, poor fellow. I have a letter from himself."

"Sacrificed!" replied his sister Bella with slight contempt, "why, I think the poor dupe whom he has flattered into believing that he loves her, will be the victim, for, believe me, Horace Manners can never truly love any one but his own precious self."

"How now, Bella," returned Frank, gaily, "what has set you out into such a tirade against my poor friend; you do not know him—you have not even seen him."

"Neither do I wish to see or know him," she replied; "he is precisely one of those men whom every true woman must thoroughly despise; with all his boasted philanthropy and high sense of honor, he is the veriest coxcomb in existence."

"Your judgment is not often so severe, Bella," said Frank, seriously, "and I think you do my friend injustice; he is a fine fellow, though I admit he may have some few weak points, like all the rest of the world. To tell the truth," he continued, smiling, "I had got up a pretty little romance in my own mind, in which my fair sister was to play the part of heroine; and, in short, I fancied you would make just the right sort of wife for Horace, and I should have felt proud to give you to him. But you have made such an endless tour with Aunt Mary, that the chance is lost, and now he is going to wed another."

"*Going to*, you may well say," she replied, laughing, "for he has been *going* to be married, goodness knows how many times, but he always contrives to slip out of the noose before it is drawn tight enough to hold him; and it is this which I despise—a man with a fair tongue and a false heart—a deceiver."

"On my word, Bella, you wrong him greatly," said Frank, warmly; "and the world has wronged him with its false rumours, and idle reports. Really, a man cannot speak to a young lady, but all the gossips in town directly take up the word that he is engaged; and then, forsooth, if he is not driven into matrimony in self-defence, he is

branded as a male coquette—a heartless coxcomb."

"Not so fast, brother mine," said Bella, gaily, "we allow great scope to your sex, and perhaps ourselves inconsiderately encourage your flirtations, sometimes. But the light gallantry which has no meaning, or, if you will, even the devotion of a few idle hours to some fair object of attraction, will seldom be misconstrued by any sensible woman; and even an inexperienced girl, in this enlightened age, would scarcely be silly enough to yield her heart without a more particular summons. No, no, your friend is not attractive enough to conquer by a single glance; he is not very young, nor remarkably handsome, and if he wins a heart, depend upon it, it is not done without design on his part. I have been absent two years," she added, "but the praises of Horace Manners have been wafted to me by a correspondent who shall be nameless, but who was herself, at one time, the object of his flattering attentions, and who might possibly, ere this, have been 'many fathoms deep in love,' had not her good angel whispered a word of caution in good time, just as he was on the point of transferring his homage to another and a fairer."

"Well, Bella," said Frank, laughing, "I will not remind you of the old fable of the 'fox and the grapes,' but, in spite of all the scandal attached to his name, in consequence of his devotion to the fair sex, if Horace Manners were still a disengaged man, I know of no one to whom I would extend a *brotherly* hand more cordially than himself."

"The love that wins my affections," said Bella, "must come in a less questionable shape; it must not be so strongly incrustated with pride, vanity, and egotism. But I confess, it might have been some satisfaction, had I been made the humble instrument of revenging my sex, by paying him back in his own coin. For my heart, long may it remain in my own safe keeping."

Weeks passed away, and the *celat* of Horace Manners' engagement had quite subsided. The world began to give him credit for constancy; his friends approved his choice, and his own self-esteem was flattered by the *éloge* bestowed on his sagacity and good taste. He might well be con-

sidered a fortunate and happy man. Rich, independent of the world, occupying an enviable position in society, and soon to be united to a woman whose praises were on every tongue, and to whom he had given his affections, warmly, unselfishly, as his nature would allow, and received a hundredfold in return,—what more could be desired?

But the heart of man is a problem which no advance in science or metaphysics will probably ever solve. To fathom its motives, to resolve its inconsistencies, is all a vain attempt. Even the revelations of clairvoyance throw no light on its mysteries. How often an object most earnestly desired, when at last attained, becomes worthless; and, pursued at an end, the pleasure of possession palls and wearies. There are some minds that ever look forward to enjoyment, but find no pleasure in the blessings they can grasp; others, whose desires are graduated by the scale of fashion or popularity, who are swayed by every breath of ridicule, and who shrink from the responsibility of sustaining their own decisions.

Manners, we have said, loved ardently; for a time, his whole heart and soul were absorbed in the engrossing passion. He had met with Clara Graham while on a journey of pleasure, and from the moment of introduction, every thought became devoted to her. She was neither rich nor beautiful; but she had an agreeable person, inexpressible charm of manner, and a richly cultivated mind. Manners considered these advantages essential in the woman whom he chose to grace his brilliant establishment; he despised a silly woman,—he cared not for wealth,—his own coffers were overflowing. In Clara, for the first time, he found united all that he desired; his judgment and his heart were satisfied.

Their intimacy increased day by day; they were drawn together by sympathy of tastes, and that harmony of thought and feeling, which is the spring of all true affection. Manners could talk well, though a tinge of egotism pervaded his conversation, and with the language of philanthropy on his lips, he sketched most attractively the life of elegant and quiet enjoyment, to which his hopes were directed, in the companionship of one who would aid his efforts for the improvement of humanity. Her opinions were asked with flattering deference, and her suggestions received with marked attention.

Clara listened to him with sweet confidence, which grew fast into admiring love. She fancied she had found in his mind a transcript of her own kind and loving spirit—her own pure and active benevolence. And Manners was no hypocrite;

few had higher aspirations; and to no one were glimpses of goodness and truth revealed in clearer beauty. But when he descended from the mount of vision, and re-entered the cold and barren walks of ordinary life, selfishness and worldliness rose up like giants in his path, and in the strife with them, too often his holier and better thoughts were stifled or cast aside. But when with Clara, he seemed ever to live a higher life, and each day her influence seemed to strengthen, and to draw him nearer to her. He had often loved before, as worldly men love—for interest or excitement; or as selfish men love—to feed the cravings of a morbid vanity; but at once wary and infirm of purpose, he had never committed himself by any formal promise, though more than once he had awakened the affection of a confiding heart, only to mortify and disappoint.

And even now, while he yielded to the sweet spell which Clara cast around him, and felt that he was beloved by her in return, with habitual caution he deferred from day to day that frank avowal of his feelings which his manner had given her a right to expect, but which, with a pang no truly generous mind could ever know, he feared might abridge his freedom, and bind him by a promise that no after repentance could dissolve. At length, however, he could delay no longer. Clara's friends looked coldly on him, for they began to fear he was trifling with her happiness. Then he nerved himself to speak, and he was an accepted lover. Two weeks passed away—weeks of the most perfect happiness he ever enjoyed. And she,—that warm-hearted, confiding girl,—so full of trust, so reliant on his honor, his faith, his full affection,—he, so ennobled in her eyes—so perfect a realization of that ideal, which her graceful fancy and loving heart had pictured,—could he ever disappoint her?

Manners returned to the dull routine of common life; sentiment and poetry were left with her sweet presence, and again business jostled, and sordid interests clashed, and the dreaming lover awoke from his reverie, into the midst of a practical and busy world. Had he been an imaginative man, absence would only have invested his affection with new charms, and increased its fervor; but the subtle alchemy of self-love, transmuted all emotions into egotism, and the absent became every day more shadowy and unsatisfying, and the present more engrossing. Before the congratulations of his friends had died away, they began to fall coldly on his ear; every allusion to his engagement touched a jarring chord, and he began to feel like one whose freedom is restrained, and who looks unconsciously around for some ave-

nue of escape. He combatted these feelings, but not with a determined will, for they returned to him again and again, and each time with increased power.

Every letter from Clara—and they came winged by fondest affection—revived his dormant tenderness; but scarcely were they folded and laid aside, when a feeling of dissatisfaction crept over him, and the calm of happy-love became wearisome and distasteful. The light badinage of friends, usual on such occasions, often wounded his self-love; the praises of Clara caused a jealous pang, and that superiority of mind and character which had won his proud admiration, he began to regard as an encroachment on his own lordly privilege of absolute supremacy. The struggle was long, the strife bitter, between selfishness and principle, honor and inclination, in the mind of Manners; and it ended, as all who knew him well might have foreseen,—he was again a free man.

Months passed away, and the world ceased to speak of Horace Manners and his late engagement. It was a nine days wonder; some had blamed, and others marvelled, but only to a few was known the real truth, for it lay hidden deep in his own heart; and from his nearest friends he would gladly have concealed the shame and remorse which his breach of faith, his dereliction of honor and principle, had caused him. He had left directly for Europe, to seek there, relief in change and occupation of mind; and busy gossip whispered, that when the prize was lost, he would gladly have regained it;—but it was too late.

Midsummer came; and all the city world, wearied with dust and heat, began to woo the cool breezes of the country, or the luxury of sea-bathing. Bella Elwyn joined a party of friends who were passing some weeks at a fashionable watering-place; but, as they were gifted with more common-sense than usually falls to the lot of ultra-fashionable people, they soon wearied of the display, the formality and excitement of a crowded resort, and removed to a more retired bathing-place, where they enjoyed entire freedom, with just company enough to save them from the ennui of perfect seclusion. From this place, Bella wrote thus to her brother Frank—

“You may, if you please, dear Frank, imagine me transformed into a veritable mermaid; and truly, neither ‘Sabrina fair,’ nor any other daughter of the ‘briny deep,’ ever sported in her native element with more joyous delight, than does your sister Bella. Now fancy some half dozen, or more, of us—fair damsels and comely matrons—emerging from the shelter of the little huts used for disrobing, which stand like sentinel boxes along the

beach, each one arrayed in a fanciful *blouse* and trowsers, with an oil-skin cap on her head, and then, half frightened at our own shadows in such a *déjà* costume, we bound across the sandy beach with naked

‘foot,

That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute;’
and meet the waves as they come rolling on, dashing over our heads, and breaking on the shore. How pure and fresh those waves come, free from the broad ocean; and what a luxury to feel them bathing our limbs, on a sultry day, while we toss about and sport in the clear salt water, like a shoal of dolphins! Then, in the long brilliant twilights, we have boating, and driving on the beach, which is as smooth as a marble pavement, and pic-nics on the rocks; for the mornings, we have a little good-natured gossip, music, and plenty of books, to say nothing of wasted work, purses, and watch-guards, the never-failing resources of female ingenuity. And from all the houses round, the company meet two evenings every week for a *hop*, and without any tedious ceremony. Ah, my grave brother, if you were only here, we would soon make you as merry as ‘King Cole, that merry old soul,’ &c.

“One of our harmless amusements is to watch the new arrivals. Whenever the sound of wheels is heard, or the little boat comes steaming round the point, or the whistle of the cars vibrates on the air, away we all fly to the piazza and the window, to scrutinize the new comers; and if ‘variety is the spice of life,’ we are generously supplied with it.

“We had a charming arrival some ten days since; a small party of ladies, and with them *one* young lady—*la demoiselle par excellence*; now is not your heart *thumping* to know her name, Frank? No? you have no curiosity? Well, I must tell you, then. It was Clara Graham, the *once* loved of your consistent, honorable friend, Horace Manners. Is it not odd, that I should meet her here? and we are already the warmest friends imaginable. I shall begin to have faith in the affinity of spheres, which some philosophers assert, is the theory of attraction, for I am irresistibly drawn to her. It is not strange that Manners loved her; even you Frank, with all that crust of old bachelorism growing over you, I do believe would fall in love with her, she is so *spirituelle*, so very lovely.

“She is as cheerful as a bird, one would never suppose she had ever deeply suffered, at least, one who looked only on the outward expression, which is always sweet and serene. But I have had a glimpse of her inner self, and I know that

her present calm, has been reached through a sea of agony. Her love for Manners must have been as pure, devoted and unselfish, as ever filled the heart of woman; he was almost deified in her imagination. She believed him the personification of honor and manly integrity. Slowly she came to apprehend the truth that he was fickle, selfish and unworthy. She could not resist the conviction, and it fell like the shadow of death upon her heart. But she struggled and overcame, and pride came to her assistance, for no woman who respects herself, will persist in loving an unworthy object; and so thus, through much tribulation, she has at last entered the heaven of peace and contentment.

"Ah, Frank! you must no longer try to excuse that unworthy friend of yours; let the sin rest on him as he deserves it should. Why is it that a breach of faith in your sex is so generally regarded as a venial fault,—and that men, whose censure of *our* failings is not stinted, stand over ready to throw the mantle of charity over an offending brother? Is it a sort of mutual safety contract, by which, each one secures the same benefit to himself in time of need?

"But I forgot, dear Frank, that you hate long letters, especially from a woman's pen, and besides, I hear the voices of a merry party, just sallying out to bathe, and they are calling me, so I must bid you adieu. Do not forget to bring or send some choice new music, my taste has developed wonderfully of late, and our little concerts are quite charming. I fancy you on these sultry evenings, walking out to breathe the fresh air on R's verandah. I wish you could stroll with us, on the beach, some of these glorious moon-light nights. How fast the seasons fly, and Summer will soon be gone. But I shall then be with you again, my own kind brother, and that will be some compensation for the change. Again adieu!

"Your affectionate Sister,

"BELLA."

"P.S.—Do you remember that agreeable family of Millers, that we used to meet so often at aunt Mary's? One of them, Walter, the eldest son, was then travelling abroad, and I forgot to tell you, he has returned lately, and is now stopping here, with his pretty sister Annie. They came down only for a day or two, a fortnight ago, and have remained ever since. Walter plays divinely on the flute, and is so agreeable. You would like him much, he is racy and original, not at all like other young men. Again farewell; don't forget the music.

"BELLA."

"A lady's postscript is significant," muttered

Frank, half aloud, as he folded the letter and crushed it into his pocket. "Plays divinely"—"moonlight strolls"—"not at all like other young men"—"humph,"—and the next morning Frank Elwyn was on the way to join his sister at the sea shore.

Winter has come again! truly, as Bella says, how fast the seasons fly! But with the young and happy, each season has its own enjoyment, and surely no young lady, just ushered into fashionable life, would complain that the season of balls and party-giving could be dull!

It is Bella's birth-night; and with a brow which no care has ever clouded, and a heart throbbing with almost childish delight and joyous expectation, she stands beside her kind Aunt Mary, waiting to receive the *select* crowd which her fond relative has invited to give *eclat* to the occasion. And her aunt looks round with a complaisant eye on the brilliant rooms, blazing with lights and rich with artistic embellishments, and she feels satisfied that nothing which wealth can command, and refined taste approve, is wanting to complete the splendor of the festive scene. And then she looks on her fair niece with a proud yet anxious eye, secretly wishing that she had more dazzling beauty, and half fearful that her fresh and joyous spirits may break through the rules of formal etiquette, and ruin the ambitious plans she has been forming for her. Yes, that sage aunt is determined to have her niece a belle; and truly Bella has beauty enough to win admirers; and the novelty of a new face, in the jaded world of fashion, always attracts attention. But Bella will never consent to become a *blazé* woman of fashion; she has too much true refinement—too much self-respect. The fresh impulses of her warm heart can never be curbed by conventionalities; her actions must remain spontaneous—her thoughts free—all her motions natural, which is the secret of their graceful charm. But she looked very lovely that night, in a simple white dress, which she *would* put on, in preference to a richer garb; her only ornament a wreath of pearls, her brother's birth-day gift.

"Expectation is never satisfied," thought Bella, with a sigh, wearied even with the homage she received.

"I am tired of dancing with coxcombs," she whispered to her brother, late in the evening, "pray cannot this good city furnish one sensible young man besides yourself, Frank?"

"We are what you choose to make us, Bella," he replied, "we only seek to be agreeable, and if nonsense pleases best, why should we take the trouble to be wise?"

"Ah, Frank, we listen to nonsense to avoid going to sleep; a little common sense now and then would be a real refreshment; but really we must conclude the brains of all this generation of men have run into whiskers and mustachios,—such an elaborate outside, and such a blank within! Just look round the room, and point me out one exception."

"I will," said Frank, smiling, and turning from her. A moment after, he returned, and, to her infinite surprise, introduced his old friend Horace Manners, who had only just entered. In spite of herself, Bella felt the blood mount to her cheeks, and her manner was constrained and formal. Frank felt annoyed; he believed her prejudice had died away, and, as he chanced to meet Manners unexpectedly, who had just returned from travel, with the frankness of their early friendship, urged him to join their evening party.

If Manners observed any coldness in Bella's manner, he was too much a man of the world to suffer it to make any impression on him; but he at once led the conversation with so much ease and spirit, such good sense and intelligence, that she was forced, in her own mind, to admit her brother's exception in his favor. They had never met before in a private circle, for Bella had left home very early, to complete her education at a fashionable seminary, and afterwards passed two years in travelling with her aunt, to whose care she was committed on her mother's death. He had never thought of her as a woman; even the recollection of his friend's little sister passed from his mind, and his surprise as he now looked on her in the bloom of lovely girlhood, bordered closely on a feeling of admiration.

Bella wished he would not make himself so agreeable; she was vexed that politeness would not allow her to refuse dancing with him, and so half pouting and half pleased, her varying mood just served to make her more piquante and interesting.

The winter passed on rapidly, and one gaiety succeeded another, till Bella wearied of the rapid excitement, and would have resumed her more quiet habits, had her aunt permitted it. Manners who was a proud and ambitious man, but never a votary of pleasure; now entered with an ardor, quite new to him, into fashionable amusements, and he, who had seemed so changed, so moody and reserved since his engagement to Clara, was again an animated and interested man. The world smiled and made remarks, often bitter and far from flattering; many said he hurried into

pleasure to forget the past and drown the remembrance of his own bad faith.

But soon the rumor spread that his fickle heart had turned to a new object, and that Bella Elwyn was the star of his devotion. His conduct sanctioned the rumour, for he followed her like a shadow, and at all times offered her the incense of a most refined and delicate regard.

But her manner towards him, though frank and cordial never passed the limits of indifference, and was never tinged by the slightest coquetry. She met his gaze with a clear eye, and her heart beat no quicker at his approach. Her indifference, only piqued his self love, he would fain believe it maiden coyness, and his attentions were redoubled. Had he spoken freely she would have undeceived him.

"Your heart is hard to win, sweet Bella," he one day ventured to say.

"Too hard to win, for the poor triumph of casting it aside," she calmly answered. And the rebuke, keenly felt, for a time, chilled his hopes and kept him silent.

"Really Bella," said her brother on one occasion, "your conduct perplexes me, you have surely punished Manners sufficiently for his past folly, and it is time for you to come to a better understanding. You cannot mean to trifle with his affections!"

"My conduct is quite explicit enough, and my words too," replied Bella, "if he persists in misconstruing them, the cause must be sought in his own vanity, not in me, and truly Frank you may talk of a woman's vanity, but believe me, it exists in a tenfold degree in every son of Adam."

"Then after all Bella, my poor friend is doomed to disappointment?"

"It will not kill him," said Bella laughing, "you know, that 'men have died and worms have eat them, but not for love.' Seriously though, he might have taken his answer long ago, if it pleased him to. I tell you Frank, I would sooner marry that bland coxcomb Ellis, who three months since inscribed, 'erected by her disconsolate husband,' on his late wife's tombstone, and now, like a modern Bluebeard, is looking for another young and fair to fill her place,—yes, sooner would I marry him, and wait patiently to have my own name written in the place left vacant on that stone for the next incumbent; than to be the wife of Horace Manners, surrounded as he is with all the world most covets."

"Well Bella," said Frank gravely, "a confirmed bachelor like myself cannot pretend to read a woman rightly, and yet I have a shrewd suspicion that Manners might have found more favor in your

eyes, you had chanced to meet him but a few months earlier."

"No Frank, you are mistaken; if I know my own heart, I could never have given my cordial esteem,—and my heart goes with *that*,—to a man whose selfish trifling with the affections of a lovely woman, betrays such a total absence of all honorable principle."

"Even if you had never seen Walter Miller?" asked Frank smiling, "oh my sister you have not kept your secret quite so closely as you intended. The music and the moonlight strolls on the beach last Summer were not in vain, as a letter I have received to day, intimates; nor was I quite so blind as a bachelor in such cases ought to be I suppose."

"Oh Frank, I should never have had any secrets from you, if there had been anything explicit to tell: but now all is explained, and I too have a letter which you may read if you choose," and she took one from her bosom, and placing it in his hand, hurried from the room.

A few weeks after this conversation it was rumored that Bella Elwyn was on the eve of marriage to Walter Miller. All the gossips were taken by surprise, for Manners' attachment had been too obvious to remain a secret; and few persons believed Bella could refuse such an eligible establishment. Manners' himself cherished the same opinion, and regarding his position, and his personal advantages from the altitude of egotism, he believed it impossible that any woman would reject him.

He had been absent a week or two from town, and returning with the impatience of a man, loving ardently and too uncertain of success to feel at ease, he was met with the startling intelligence that Bella was in truth very shortly to be married. Stung with jealous apprehension, though still wilfully incredulous, he resolved to go to her, and seek an explanation.

As Manners approached the house, though it was still an early hour, he observed several gay equipages, approaching the door, and the white furs were not to him a signal of success. As his step faltered, with a bitter presentiment of disappointment, the carriages drew up one by one, and a bridal party entered the house. He caught one glimpse of Bella, leaning with sweet confidence on the arm of Walter Miller, the happy bridegroom, and looking up with bashful, loving eyes to catch his whispered accents. Manners turned with rapid steps from that envied scene of happiness; but in that brief moment the full

weight of retribution fell upon his wayward heart, and months and years could not efface his disappointment.

Many years have since passed away, and Bella's path has still been strewn with flowers. With sweet, matronly grace, she moves in the charmed circle of domestic life, and finds the problem of love solved to her heart's full content.

Frank Elwyn too, grown weary of his single state, has long since written himself "Benedict the married man," a change which was wrought by the magic charm which he discerned in Clara Graham, who has at last found a heart on which she can rely with perfect confidence.

Horace Manners still lives in selfish singleness—a changed man, morbid and reserved and grown old before his time. But though some few white hairs are sprinkled on his head, we may venture to predict that he will yet fall a victim to the designs of some manœuvring mamma, skilled in the diplomacy of match-making, who in consideration of his *solid* attractions, will not scruple to sacrifice a youthful daughter at the shrine of wealth and ambition.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

In sunset's light o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood;
The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth.

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
A low mysterious tone—
A music sought, but never found
By kings and warriors gone;
He listen'd—and his heart beat high—
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
Rush'd burning through his frame,
The depths of that green solitude
Its torrents could not tame—
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,
Round those calm fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars—across his soul
There swept a sudden change,
Ev'n at the pilgrim's glorious goal,
A shadow dark and strange,
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
O'er triumph's hour—*And is this all!*

No more that this!—what seem'd it *now*
 First by that spring to stand?
 A thousand streams of lovelier flow
 Bathed his own mountain land!
 Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,
 Their wild sweet voices call'd him back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,
 His childhood's haunt of play,
 Where brightly through the beechen shade
 Their waters glanced away—
 They call'd him, with their sounding waves,
 Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought
 Of each familiar scene,
 Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
 With all that lay between;
 The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
 The whirling sands, the red simoom!
 Where was the glow of power and pride?
 The spirit born to roam?
 His weary heart within him died
 With yearnings for his home;
 All vainly struggling to repress
 That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
 Beheld his bursting tears,
 Ev'n on that spot where fate had given
 The meed of toiling years.
 Oh happiness! how far we flee
 Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

A CHAPTER FROM THE CRIMES OF CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

THE Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and predecessor of Peter III, whose marriage with the Princess of Anhalt Zerbest, afterwards Catherine the Great, was brought about by her, had three children by her secret marriage with Alexis Bazumoffski. The youngest of these was a daughter who was brought up in Russia under the name of the Princess Tarrakanoff. When Catherine trampled the rights of Poland under foot, the Polish Prince, Charles Radzveil, carried off the young Princess and took her to Italy, thinking to set her up at some future day as a pretender to the Russian throne. Informed of this, Catherine confiscated his estates; and in order to live, he was compelled to sell the diamonds and other valuables he had taken with him to Italy. These resources exhausted, Radzveil set out for Poland to seek others, leaving the young Princess, then in her sixteenth year, at Rome, under the care of a sort of governess.

On reaching his native country, he was offered the restoration of his property if he would bring back his ward to Russia. He refused; but he was so base as to promise that he would take no further trouble about her, and leave her to her fate. Catherine pardoned him, and forthwith put Alexis Orloff on the scent. He was a keen bloodhound, she well knew, and capable of any villany that might serve his ambition. Gold unlimited was placed at his disposal, and promise of high reward if he discovered the retreat of the Princess, and lured her within Catherine's reach. Orloff set out for Italy; and on arriving there, he took into his employ a Neapolitan named Ribas, a sort of spy, styling himself a naval officer, who pledged himself to find out the Princess, but stipulated for rank in the Russian navy as his reward. M. Blanc asserts that he demanded to be made admiral at once; and that Orloff, afraid, notwithstanding the extensive powers given him, to bestow so high a grade, or compelled by the suspicions of Ribas, to produce the commission itself, wrote to Catherine, who at once sent the required document. Whether this be exact or not, more than one historian mentions that Ribas subsequently commanded in the Black Sea as a Russian vice-admiral. When certain of his reward, Ribas, who then had spent two months in his researches, revealed the retreat of the unfortunate Princess. With some abridgement we will follow M. Blanc, whose narrative agrees, in all the main points, with the authentic versions of this touching and romantic history.

The Princess was at Rome. Abandoned by Radzveil, she was reduced to the greatest penury, existing only by the aid of a woman who had been her servant, and who now served other masters. Alexis Orloff visited her in her miserable abode, and spoke at first in the tone of a devoted slave addressing his sovereign; he told her she was the legitimate Empress of Russia; that the entire population of that great empire anxiously longed for her accession; that if Catherine still occupied the throne, it was only because nobody knew where she (the Princess) was hidden; and that her appearance amongst her faithful subjects would be a signal for the instant downfall of the usurper. Notwithstanding her youth, the Princess mistrusted these dazzling assurances. She was even alarmed by them, and held herself upon her guard. Then Orloff, one of the handsomest men of his time, joined the seduction of love to those of ambition; he feigned a violent passion for the young girl, and swore that his life depended on his obtaining her heart and hand. The poor isolated girl fell unresistingly into the infamous

snare spread for her inexperience: she believed and loved him. The infamous Orloff persuaded her that her marriage must be strictly private, lest Catherine should hear of it, and take precautions. In the night he brought to her house a party of mercenaries, some wearing the costumes of priests of the Greek Church, others magnificently attired to act as witnesses. The mockery of a marriage enacted, the Princess willingly accompanied Alexis Orloff, whom she believed to be her husband, to Leghorn, where entertainments of all sorts were given to her. The Russian squadron, at anchor off the port, was commanded by the English Admiral Greig. This officer, either the dupe or the accomplice of Orloff, invited the Princess to visit the vessels that were soon to be commanded in her name. She accepted, and embarked after a banquet, amidst the acclamation of an immense crowd; the cannon thundered, the sky was bright, every circumstance conspired to give it the appearance of a brilliant festival. From her flag-bedecked galley, she was hoisted in a splendid arm chair on board the admiral's vessel, where she was received with the honors due to a crowned head. Until then, Orloff had never left her side for an instant. Suddenly the scene changed. Orloff disappeared; in place of the gay and smiling officers who an instant previously had obsequiously bowed before her, the unfortunate victim saw herself surrounded by men of sinister aspect, one of whom announced to her that she was prisoner by order of the Empress Catherine, and that soon she would be brought to trial for the treason she had attempted. The Princess thought herself in a dream. With loud cries she summoned her husband to her aid. Her guardians laughed in her face, and told her she had had a lover, but no husband, and that her marriage was a farce. Her despair at these terrible revelations amounted to frenzy; she burst into sobs and reproaches, and at last swooned away. They took advantage of her insensibility to put fetters on her feet and hands, and lower her into the hold. A few hours later the squadron sailed for Russia. Notwithstanding her helplessness and entreaties, the poor girl was kept in irons until her arrival at St Petersburg, when she was taken before the Empress, who wished to see and question her.

Catherine was old; the Princess Tarrakanoff was but sixteen and of surpassing beauty; the disparity destroyed her last chance of mercy. But as there was in reality no charge against her, and as her trial might have made too much noise, Catherine, after a long and secret interview with her unfortunate prisoner, gave orders she should

be kept in the most rigorous captivity. She was confined in one of the dungeons of a prison near the Neva.

Five years elapsed. The victim of the heartless Catherine, and of the villain Orloff, awaited death as the only relief she could expect; but youth, and a good constitution struggled energetically against torture and privations. One night, reclining on the straw that served as a bed, she prayed to God to terminate her sufferings by taking her to himself, when her attention was attracted by a low rumbling noise like the roll of thunder. She listened. The noise redoubled: it became an incessant roar, which each moment augmented in power. The poor captive desired death, and yet she felt terror; she called aloud, and implored not to be left alone. A jailer came at her cries; she asked the cause of the noise she heard.

"'Tis nothing," replied the stupid slave; "the Neva overflowing."

"But cannot the water reach us here!"

"It is here already."

At that moment the flood, making its way under the door, poured into the dungeon, and, in an instant, captive and jailer were over the ankles in water.

"Let us leave this!" cried the young Princess.

"Not without orders; and I have received none."

"But we shall be drowned."

"That is pretty certain, but without special orders, I am not to let you leave this dungeon under pain of death. In case of unforeseen danger, I am to remain with you, and even to kill you, should rescue be attempted."

"The water rises. I cannot sustain myself."

The Neva, overflowing its banks, floated enormous blocks of ice, upsetting everything in its passage, and inundating the adjacent country. The water now splashed furiously against the prison doors; the sentinels had been carried away by the torrent, and the other soldiers on guard had taken refuge on the upper floors. Lifted off her feet by the icy flood which still rose higher, the unfortunate captive fell and disappeared; the jailer, who had water to his breast, hung his lamp against the wall, and tried to succour his prisoner; but, when he succeeded in raising her up, she was dead! The possibility anticipated by his employers was realized; there had been stress of circumstances, and the Princess being dead, he was now at liberty to leave the dungeon. Bearing the corpse in his arms, he succeeded in reaching the upper part of the prison.

THE ARTHUR PATRICK ALBERT MARCH.

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

*Allegro
Vivace.*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a dynamic marking of *pia.* and ends with *ffmo.* The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features dynamic markings of *pia.*, *ffmo.*, and *pia.* The lower staff continues the accompaniment, including a repeat sign in the middle.

The third system consists of two staves. The upper staff has dynamic markings of *for.*, *pia.*, and *for.* The lower staff continues the accompaniment with various rhythmic patterns.

The fourth system consists of two staves. The upper staff has dynamic markings of *pia.* and *for.* The lower staff continues the accompaniment, ending with a final cadence.

pia. *fm.*

The first system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, marked *pia.* (piano). The lower staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature, containing a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. A dynamic marking of *fm.* (fortissimo) appears in the middle of the system. A hairpin crescendo symbol is positioned above the lower staff towards the end of the system.

pia. *ffmo.*

The second system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, marked *pia.* (piano). The lower staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature, containing a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. A dynamic marking of *ffmo.* (fortissimo) appears in the middle of the system.

pia. *ffmo.*

The third system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, marked *pia.* (piano). The lower staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature, containing a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. A dynamic marking of *ffmo.* (fortissimo) appears in the middle of the system.

pia. *f*

The fourth system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, marked *pia.* (piano). The lower staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature, containing a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears in the middle of the system. A hairpin crescendo symbol is positioned above the lower staff towards the end of the system.

pia. *p* *ffmo.*

The fifth system consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, marked *pia.* (piano). The lower staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature, containing a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. Dynamic markings of *p* (piano) and *ffmo.* (fortissimo) appear in the middle of the system. A hairpin crescendo symbol is positioned above the lower staff towards the end of the system.

I AFTEN DREAM O' HAME.

BY W. C. S.

I aften dream o' hame,
Tho' far frae hame I be,
An' friends I ance could claim,
Wha aye waur kind to me.

But noo I'm here alane,
In this strange countrie;
And a' the friends are gane
Wha shar'd my youthfu' glee.

For some are in their graves,
An' ithers, just like me,
Hae crossed the ragin' waves
To a far countrie.

For wealth we wander forth,
But little do we dree,
That mair than wealth is worth
Is our ain countrie.

I bide 'mang unco folks,
Wha dinna seem to see
A tear, amid their jokes,
For my ain countrie.

An' maybe ere the licht
Has left this glancin' o'e,
I'll tak my backward flicht
To my ain countrie.

For aye the hope I keep,
It ne'er has fled frae me,
That I will fa' asleep
In my ain countrie.

BONAPARTE AND VANDERLYN.

THE painter Vanderlyn gives the following account of Napoleon's first visit to his picture of "Marius on the Ruins of Carthage," when exhibited in the Louvre:

"My picture having been deemed worthy of exposition in the Gallery of the Louvre, I loitered among the crowd of visitors, not far, however, from this earliest of my works. Many had passed without even looking at it; some had expressed approbation; but none, as yet, seemed to have seen what I had intended to express—not the mere

high bearing of a master spirit wrestling with adversity, but the impress on the warrior's brow of visions of days of happier auspices!—the cheering presentiment of a seventh consulate, in illustration of the defilement of Minturna! I already began to fear lest the thoughts I had felt burning within me, had not worked their way through my brush to the canvass. But lo! the waves of the multitude suddenly recede before the footsteps of One. It was He, the young conqueror of Italy and of Egypt! As he passed before my painting, he rivetted his eagle eye, of deep azure blue, on the Marius—remained for a minute in deep meditation—then, turning abruptly to Denon, who stood by his side, 'Where is the painter of this picture?' 'He is here, Sire: he is a pupil of David, Monsieur Vanderlyn, who has come to Paris to study his art.' 'Young man, there is the evidence of a future in your work. Denon! present a medal to Monsieur Vanderlyn. It will tell his country that his talents have been appreciated here.'

While Vanderlyn spoke, the scene he described was brought before my eyes. Methought I saw the victorious chief, as yet a stranger to the waywardness of fortune, arrested and held motionless before the living canvass, as if fixed there by some weird power—events still distant bursting on his mind in prophetic succession—Elba, the lonely isle, perhaps rose before him, indistinctly seen through misty futurity;—then a bright streak of light revealing a second reign—to last but one hundred days, the brief span of Marius's Seventh Consulate! Perhaps—for who can tell what visions of hereafter are allotted to the men of fate!—St. Helena, dark and stormy, all alone in a boundless ocean, was then first seen by the warrior!

This incident, of so deep an interest in the artist's life, remained, it seems, durably impressed on Napoleon's mind; for after his marvellous march from Cannes to Paris, on his first interview with Marshal Augereau, who had publicly said "That the Emperor should have died rather than abdicated the Empire at Fontainebleau;" this dialogue took place between Napoleon and the Duke of Castiglione:—"Say, Augereau, didst thou ever hear of Marius?" I have read his life, Sire, in Plutarch." "Well! if thou hast read it, why not have reflected, before judging my conduct at Fontainebleau as thou didst, that had Marius, in craven despair of his fortune, cut his own throat in the marshes of Minturna, he would not have returned triumphant to Rome, and closed his glorious life with the unparalleled honors of a seventh consulate!"

OUR TABLE.

THE WORKS OF THE LATE EDGAR A. POE, WITH NOTICES OF HIS LIFE AND GENIUS, BY N. P. WILLIS, J. R. LOWELL, AND R. W. GRISWOLD—2 VOLS.

This is one of the most attractive works which we have seen for a long time. A melancholy interest is attached to the memory of the highly gifted, but unfortunate man, whose character and genius these volumes reveal. The poetry of Mr. Poe, is not of that trashy and ephemeral kind, which constitutes so large a portion of the literature of the day. Of "rhymes without reason, sonnets without rhymes," we have had too many; but how rare are the manifestations of the true poetic mind—of that genius which "claims kindred with the very workings of nature herself," which alone "can give to its creatures the divine power of winning love and veneration;" to whose eye, "the veil of the spiritual world is ever rent asunder, that it may perceive the ministers of good and evil, who throng continually around it."

"When we say," wrote Mr. Lowell, some years ago, "that Mr. Poe has genius, we do not mean to say that he has produced evidence of the highest. But to say that he possesses it at all, is to say that he needs only zeal, industry, and reverence for the trust reposed in him, to achieve the proudest triumphs and the greenest laurels. If we may believe the Longinuses and Aristotles of our newspapers, we have quite too many geniuses of the loftiest order, to render a place among them at all desirable, whether for its hardness of attainment or its seclusion. The highest part of our Parnassus is, according to these gentlemen, by far the most thickly settled portion of the country, a circumstance which must make it an uncomfortable residence for individuals of a poetical temperament, if love of solitude be; as immemorial tradition asserts, a necessary part of their idiosyncrasy."

It is worthy of regret, that the private character of Mr. Poe, has been so frequently and wantonly assailed. He had many enemies. He hated the critics, and they consequently hated him. His contempt, real, or pretended, of "the paltry mankind," or more paltry commendations of compensation, has fastened on his name an obloquy, as cruel and unmerited as it is dark. This, however, only effects his writings, by throwing over them a stronger and a sadder interest than they

would otherwise possess. How fitted to excite compassion is the closing lines of

THE RAVEN:

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming, of a demon's
that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws
his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies
floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more!"

How mournful is the following:

"Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown
forever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the
Stygian river;
And, Guy de Vere, hast thou no tear!—Weep now,
or never more!
See on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy
love, Lenore!
Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral
song be sung!
An Anthem for the queenliest dead, that ever
died so young,
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that she
died so young."

We have not room at present for further extracts, but refer our readers to the book itself, which may be obtained from Mr. LAY, of Notre Dame street. To the prose productions of Mr. Poe, we have not alluded, since it is our intention to make them the subject of a more extended article, upon a future occasion. The typography of these volumes is superior, and the first contains a finely executed portrait of the poet, from an original, in the possession of Dr. Griswold.

THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY—2 VOLS.; SOLD BY R. W. LAY, NOTRE DAME STREET.

Mr. HEADLEY is a pleasing and instructive writer. We wish his works were more extensively circulated than they are, among Canadian readers. His style is certainly by no means unexceptionable;

it is sometimes, indeed, very labored and extravagant. But still, it has some peculiar and striking excellencies, which more than counterbalance its defects. In the volumes now before us, are collected the numerous smaller productions of the author, including essays, reviews and orations, on a variety of subjects. Five papers are devoted to an interesting, though rapid, historical sketch of the Waldenses, and the persecutions they have suffered. These, with the review of Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," and the oration, entitled, "The One Progressive Principle," are, in our opinion, the best pieces in the book. The oration referred to, was delivered before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, in 1846. As a survey of the past, this article is clear and candid; as an argument, it is logical; and as a whole, it is most eloquent and impressive. The principle of progress, according to Mr. Headley, is an eternal and ever active principle. Its developments are various and uncertain; but though it has been battled with in bloody conflicts, and sometimes crushed and trampled on, it still survives in all its pristine vigor.

"As I behold it," says our author, "steadily making its way over the earth, to-day assuming the character of a religious, to-morrow of a political revolution, still gaining in every change, it becomes to me the most momentous of all questions whatsoever. The fate of the world turns on it, and of all men, the scholar is most deeply interested in it. In him is supposed to be lodged the true conservative spirit. Having studied the past, while living in the present—a thoughtful, yet, practical man, with knowledge, and the power to make that knowledge felt, he, under heaven, is the only pilot for the troublous times on which the governments of the world are entering."

Mr. Headley is justly distinguished for the singular felicity of his illustrations and descriptions. The following passage indicates his power:

"Have you ever seen an eagle fettered to the earth, day after day, and week after week? How his plumage droops, and his proud bearing sinks away into an expression of fear and humility. His eye, that was wont to outgaze the sun, is lustreless and dead, and but low sounds of imitation escape him. But just let the free cry of a free eagle, seated on some far mountain crag, meet his ear, and how his roughened plumage smooths itself into beauty, his drooping neck becomes erect, and his eye gleams as of old. Pour that wild scream again on his ear, and those broad wings unfold themselves in their native strength, and with a cry as shrill and piercing as that of his fellow, he strains on his fetter, and perchance,

bursts away, soaring gloriously towards heaven. Who then shall stay his flight, or fill his heart with fear?"

This collection of Miscellanies has afforded us many an intellectual treat, and we therefore, do not hesitate to recommend it to the readers of the GARLAND. To the title of *philosopher*, Mr. Headley can lay but little claim. But as a *companion*, whose presence may beguile a tedious hour, who is fascinating while instructive, he will never be unwelcome to those who know him.

THE MESSAGE BIRD; A LITERARY AND MUSICAL JOURNAL.

WE have received the last number of this interesting semi-monthly paper. It is devoted almost exclusively to subjects of a musical character, and its contents are chiefly original. The composition, "The Lord is our God," is particularly fine. *The Message Bird* will be a welcome visitant to many.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE first number of this valuable work is before us. It is impossible to say too much concerning the advantages which its large circulation will afford to the community. It is somewhat in the style of our old friend the *Eclectic*, but its articles are apparently selected from a greater variety of sources, and are, therefore, better adapted to please all classes of the people. This Magazine has another, and no mean attraction, in these times of pecuniary distress—its extreme cheapness. It is intended to present to all those who desire it, the means of intellectual improvement. We extract the following from the publishers' address.

"The Magazine is not intended exclusively for any class of readers, or for any kind of reading. The Publishers have at their command the exhaustless resources of current Periodical Literature in all its departments. They have the aid of Editors, in whom, both they and the public have long since learned to repose full and implicit confidence. They have no doubt that, by a careful, industrious, and intelligent use of these appliances, they can present a Monthly Compendium of the periodical productions of the day, which no one, who has the slightest relish for miscellaneous reading, or the slightest desire to keep himself informed of the progress and results of the literary genius of his own age, would willingly be without."