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THE

LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine;

A MONTHLY REPOSITORY OF

TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS,

&c. &c. &c.

" A fragrant wreath, composed of native flowers,
Plucked in the wilds of Nature's rude domain."

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THE HARVEST WAGGON.
DEATH OF THE RED DEER.
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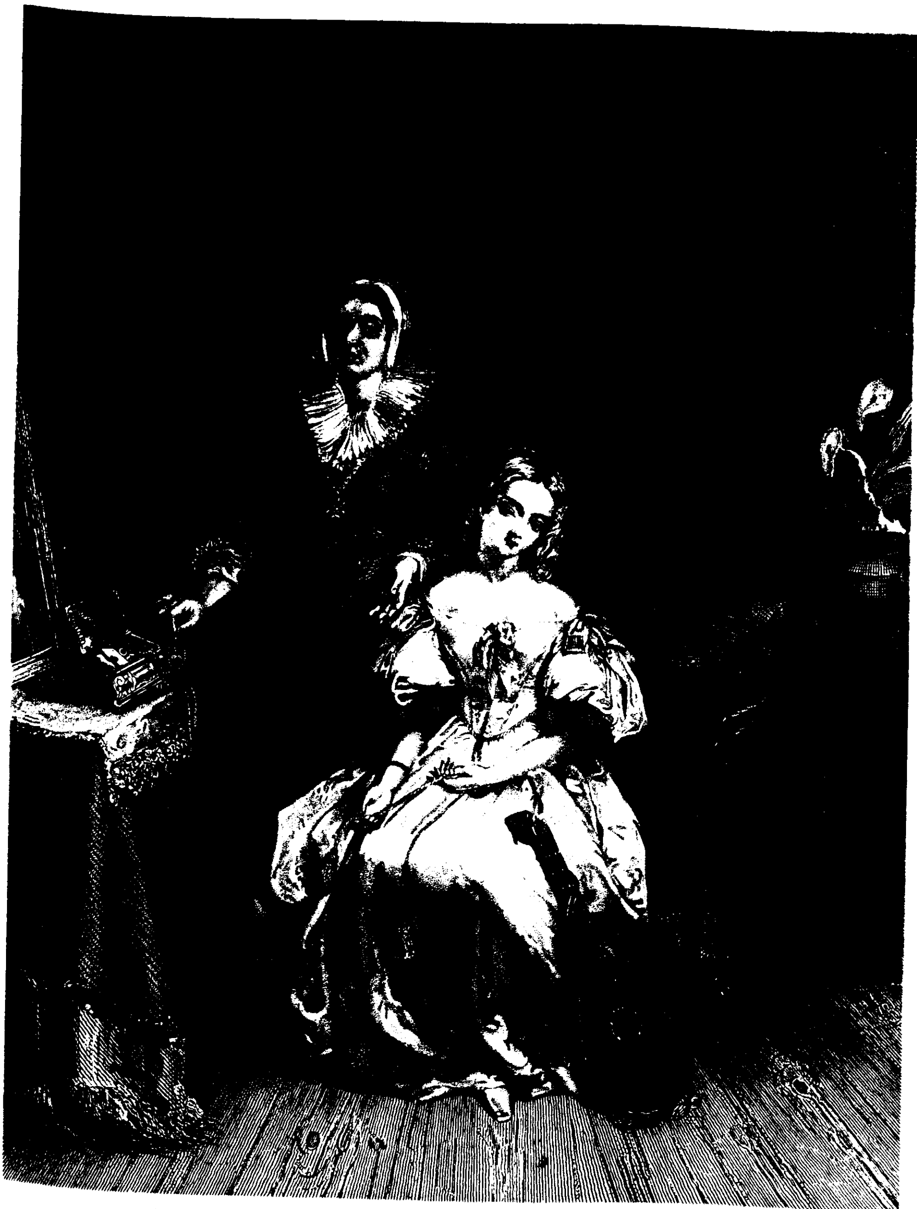
A SCENE ON THE OTTAWA.



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JANE REDGRAVE.

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER I.

I loved him—never woman loved
With half the blind, devoted zeal,
This bosom own'd—and I have proved,
The agony which all must feel,
When the false idol thus enshrined,
And worshipped in the face of Heaven,
Crumbles to dust—and leaves behind
A brain confused—a fond heart riven.

AUTHOR.

"YOU must have lost your husband very shortly after your marriage, dear aunt," said Rose Sternfield, letting her work suddenly fall from her hand, and addressing a pale, interesting, dark-eyed woman, who was seated just within the rose-bound porch of a neat farm house, busily engaged in turning her spinning wheel—one of those small, picturesque wheels, upon which the good wives of our honest English yeomen, in the days of our grandmothers, spun the fine thread of which they afterwards made the rich lace that was worth more than its weight in gold. The individual to whom the lively Rose addressed this enquiry returned no answer, but bent her head more studiously over the wheel, while her niece continued:

"I have lived with you ever since I was a very little girl, but I never saw my uncle, and never heard you mention his name. Who was he, dear aunt?"

Jane Redgrave's lips moved convulsively as on the point of speech, but the effort was unsuccessful, and, clasping her hands mournfully together, she raised her eyes, swimming in tears, to the face of her young and lovely niece, whose fair ringlets and blooming complexion were in perfect harmony with her name,—the whole village having unanimously agreed that Rose was a rose indeed. It was only a momentary glance that the elder female threw on her companion, yet it was so expressive of heartfelt, hopeless anguish, that Rose shrank from a second encounter of that wild and woe-begone look.

A long and painful pause ensued—the monotonous whirring of the wheel was suspended—the twittering of the swallows under the eaves, and the chirring of the grasshoppers in the little lawn fronting the house, before unnoticed, became a burden; and the far-off dash of the mill-stream, which wound its serpentine course through the meadows beneath, was distinctly audible. Jane Redgrave had buried her face in her apron, and though her breast heaved and every limb trembled, her grief was too deep to find a voice. She wept, but it was in silence. Rose wept because her aunt wept; for Rose was a tender-hearted creature, who had lived with Jane Redgrave ever since she was a baby—had shared the same bed, drank of the same cup, and assisted her in all her labors. She had nursed her aunt through many long and severe illnesses, had been all and everything that a child could be to a tender

mother, but she had never shared her grief. There was a mystery which hung about Jane Redgrave, and which involved her own history, which Rose had long wished with an intense curiosity to fathom, but of which she had never dared to ask. Who or what she was, or to what parentage she owed her existence, she knew not. Whenever she had ventured to hint at these things her aunt had maintained a severe silence, or given way to those wild and sudden bursts of sorrow which seemed to threaten her reason, and which plunged her for days after into a state of the deepest dejection. To the gay and light-hearted Rose, these passionate out-breaks of feeling, and the deep melancholy which succeeded them, were extremely painful, but the intense curiosity which now prompted her to ask the prohibited question could be no longer controlled. She had asked it, and was terrified at the result of her imprudence.

Jane Redgrave had once been eminently beautiful, and her carriage and manners were far above the humble station in life she occupied. But sorrow, long nursed in secret, and that anxiety which slowly and surely consumes the heart, had robbed her cheek of its bloom, dimmed the fire of her dark, eloquent eyes, and shed untimely snows among the rich brown tresses that shaded her slender throat. Passion had left its indelible traces upon her prematurely furrowed brow—lines which had been stamped with characters of fire, and too deeply marked to be washed out with tears. Those feelings were extinct: the mind from which they had emanated survived its energies; but the sting of grief, the bitter goadings of a wounded spirit, still remained, when the hopes, the fears, and the crushing anxieties that had worn down the wasted frame and withered the heart, had perished with the objects which gave them birth.

"Aunt, dearest aunt," whispered Rose, tenderly, taking her hand and pressing it to her lips; "What grief my idle question has occasioned. Forgive me for thus unintentionally wounding your feelings. Never, never will I offend in like manner again. See, it is a lovely evening; let us take a turn in the lane that leads to the common. 'Tis your favourite walk. The perfume of the sweet-briar and the song of the black-bird, trilling his lay so merrily from yonder hedge-row, will help to raise your spirits."

"There was a time, my child, when the song of birds, the scent of flowers, the voice of waters, and the gentle whispering of the summer breeze among the lime-trees, spoke joy to my heart, but it was at that happy period of my existence when I was young and innocent as you are now, Rose. But you see before you a sinful and heart-broken woman, and when the spirit of gloom is upon me, and memory hurries me back to the desolation of the past, these sounds only increase my distress."

Rose drew her seat nearer to her weeping companion, and silently resumed her former employment.

"Surely," she thought, "if ever she means to reveal her former history, now is the time."

Nor was she mistaken. The spell which had so long rested upon the lips of Jane Redgrave was broken; her tears dissolved the ice which had so long closed over the living fountain of the heart, and, turning to her niece, she said:

"You ask, my dear child, who was my husband. Alas! I cannot tell you. The name he bequeathed to me at the altar is all I know of the mysterious stranger to whom in an evil hour I yielded up the warm affections of my young and inexperienced heart—and even that name may be an assumed one—a name which it appears I cannot lawfully claim. Listen to me, Rose. I have often wished to tell you my sad history, because your own is so closely interwoven with it that they become a part and parcel of each other; but I lacked the courage—withheld by false shame, and an instinctive dread which I always feel when turning reluctantly to the awful past.

"I was the only daughter of a farmer who rented the manor farm at W——, and lived in the old-fashioned turreted house on the hill. It had once been a baronial residence, and though half in ruins, retained an august appearance, rising from among the huge old oaks and elms which surrounded it. You will remember that the country around W—— spreads out into barren heath, which, though excellent pasture for sheep, is wholly unfit for agricultural purposes. My father, whose name was Woodley, had an extensive tract of these sheep-walks at an easy rent, and he raised large flocks thereon for the London market. If not absolutely rich, we yet enjoyed all the substantial comforts of life.

"My mother, I have always heard the neighbors say, was a very pretty woman; she was the only daughter of the curate of the village, and had received a good education. My father was a handsome specimen of the middle class, and although an ignorant man, he won the affections of my mother, and after much trouble gained the reluctant consent of my grandfather, and made her his wife. My father was a well-meaning but austere man, and the union was everything but a happy one. My father loved money, and he worked hard to obtain his idol, and he expected

my mother to second all his exertions; but, gentle and indolent, a spoilt child from her cradle, she shrunk from the menial toil of the situation she had chosen; a situation so ungenial to all her former pursuits and inclinations. My father raved and my poor mother wept; the old curate was constantly called in to decide upon some domestic quarrel, and these family dissensions at length terminated in mutual alienation. My mother, after having borne my father one son, returned half broken-hearted to her former home, and never saw her stern partner again until he was summoned by my grandfather to receive her forgiveness, and close her eyes in death.

"I was but a few hours old when I lost my poor mother, and parted as she had been from my father for four months before I saw the light, I might truly be called the orphan child of a living parent.

"My grandfather expressed a wish to bring me up in the room of the child he had lost, and after whom I was called Jane. To this arrangement my father did not object. My brother Joshua was a child after his own heart, and I was too like my unfortunate mother to be an object of much interest in his eyes.

"I lived with my dear old grandfather until I had attained my twelfth year, and truly I may say that this was the only happy period of my life. The good old man and Mrs. Derby, his housekeeper, made such a pet of their dear little Jenny, that 'Beauty' and 'Darling' were my most familiar names. The old lady spent hours in brushing my auburn curls round her fingers, and the charms of my person, and the cleverness I manifested in all I did and said was her constant theme of conversation to my doating grandfather and all the gossips in the place. This mistaken kindness had a very prejudicial effect upon my young heart, fostering a vanity and love of display which in after years proved my ruin.

"Once a week I was dressed up like a doll, and Mrs. Derby took me over the hill to see my father, and to play with my brother Joshua. How I detested these visits!—I neither loved my father nor my brother; the one was so stern and cold, the other was so vulgar and rude. I had been so used to hear Mrs. Derby call my father a wretch, to her village cronies, whose unkindness had been the death of my mother, that I thought myself bound in duty to hate him.

"Ah! well do I recollect, as if it had been but yesterday, the last of these dreaded weekly visits. My father had met with an accident which had confined him to the house, and Mrs. Derby took me over to see him. He was seated in an old fashioned, high-backed, covered oak chair; the doctor had just left him, and he looked very pale. Perhaps his sickness had softened a little his iron disposition, for when I ran in with my hands full of wild flowers, and my curls all blown about my glowing cheeks, the doctor exclaimed:

"'Mr. Woodley, your daughter will be a beauty. She is even now handsomer than her mother.'

"'Oh! hang the beauty,' quoth my father. 'I hope she will make a more useful woman than poor Jane. That silly old man will ruin the child with his nonsense. Look at the way in which he has her dressed. Is that a becoming style for a farmer's daughter? Come here, Jenny, and give me a kiss, and tell me if you have been a good girl?'

"Now this was the first time he had ever asked me to kiss him, and I felt so angry at the remarks he had just made, that I remained twirling my bunch of flowers without advancing a step.

"'Your father is sick, Miss Woodley,' said the doctor; 'will you not kiss him to make him well?'

"'No.'

"'And why not, young lady?'

"'I don't love him,' was the ungracious and undutiful reply, 'and I never kiss any but those I love.'

"'Not love your father! That is both wicked and unnatural. Does the parson teach you such unchristian lessons?' said the doctor.

"'He killed my dear mother,' said I, sullenly. 'I cannot love him.'

"'Take that girl hence,' said my father, turning very pale, 'and let me see her face no more.'

"Then pressing his hand tightly upon his breast, he said:

"'She has been taught that by others. God of heaven! can it be true—was I really the cause of Jane's death?'

"'Compose yourself, Woodley,' returned the doctor; 'the child is not to be blamed, she has spoken what she considered to be the truth. If I were in your place,' he continued in a low voice, 'instead of sending her away I should exert my parental authority and take her home.'

"Oh! dreadful advice, and too soon acted upon. My father, turning sternly to Mrs. Derby, told her she might go back to her employer, but that he should keep his daughter at home to learn the fifth commandment, of which she seemed at present to know nothing.

"His manner was so decided that Mrs. Derby found to remonstrate with him was useless, and in spite of my cries and tears we were forced apart. All the rest of that dreadful day I wept unceasingly, and refused to take food or to be comforted. My father took no notice of my

grief; he even spoke kindly, almost affectionately to me, but I shut the ears of my heart and would not listen to him.

"'Jane,' he said, 'you have lived so long with Mr. Southby that you are a stranger to your own father. Girl, we must be strangers no longer—we must know each other better—I am not harsh to your brother Joshua, because he obeys me and loves me.' He added in a broken voice, 'You do the same and I will love you as I love him.'

"Oh! could I have looked into that stern heart, and known all the real tenderness there was under that blunt speech—could I have comprehended all the provocation which he had received from the indolent, selfish apathy of my poor mother, how much misery had been spared to him and me; but children are no judges of character, they judge entirely by externals; the stern, illnatured man, although he may possess a thousand redeeming qualities, will never have any attractions for them. When my father drew me to his breast I struggled in his embrace, faintly whispering:

"'I will kiss you if you will let me go back to my dear grandfather.'

"'You must love me without a bribe,' said he, 'or we can never be friends.'

"That night, instead of my own neat, white tent-bed, with its snowy sheets and downy pillows, I had to couch my dainty little person upon a straw mattress, and lie between coarse, hemp sheets, and share my hard, disgusting couch, with a dirty parish girl, who scolded and beat me for keeping her awake with my 'yowling,' as she grossly termed the passionate weeping, which seemed in its unrestrained violence as though it would literally break my heart.

"My grandfather had paid great attention to my education, and although I had only attained my twelfth year, and was very small for my age, I could read English well, and had acquired a considerable knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language; I could write a good hand, and cast accounts with great readiness, having a natural talent and love for arithmetic. My grandfather had an excellent library, and my reading, though of a desultory kind, had been extensive for my years. Having no children to play with I had early found companions in books, and knew a vast number of poems by heart. My solitary studies, and the lonely and romantic scenery among which I had been brought up, had tinged my mind with romance and melancholy, and being naturally of a sensitive and irritable turn of mind, I was quite unprepared and unfitted for a life of farm toil and domestic drudgery.

"I had always been taught to look upon myself as a young lady, and when Betty Buckley told me not to cry and give myself airs, for that I was only a plain farmer's daughter, and no better than her, I called her a base story teller, and threatened to tell my father of her.

"'What, Measter!' cried the incorrigible creature. 'Why he will tell you the same himsel'. Yesterday a beggar by way of flattery called him Squire, and says he, If you insult me in that ere way agin, I'll set old Towler on ye; so Miss, ye had better not go a tell-taling to he.'

"In the morning Betty was up with the lark. I had cried all night, and now felt exhausted and sleepy, but shaking me rudely by the arm, she cried:

"'Get up wid you, lazy bones, or I must give you cold pig to make ye stir yersel,' and suiting the action to the words, she half drowned me with a plentiful libation of cold water. This rendered me so uncomfortable that I was glad to rise to change my wet dress. On reaching the kitchen she took a well-scrubbed pail from the shelf, and handing it to me, reached down another for herself.

"'What am I to do with this pail?' said I.

"'Come along with me and milk the cows,' quoth she.

"'I will do no such thing,' and I flung the pail haughtily upon the ground.

"'Perhaps you will prefer sweeping the floor,' said she, handing me the broom. 'Your Aunt Patty's away to see her sister at N——, who always does that. Come now, be a good gall. That's a nice clean job for you.'

"I sat down and cried with vexation. Was I, the parson's grand-daughter, to sweep floors and milk cows? Oh! dreadful degradation!

"I have often, my dear Rose, laughed at this since, but it seemed terribly hard to a spoilt, self-indulged child, who had never been in the habit of waiting upon herself, much less of attending to the wants and comforts of others, to be ordered by a vulgar parish apprentice to do such menial things.

"My father was seriously ill that day, and could not leave his bed. My brother Joshua, whom I had not seen the day before, came crying out of his bed-room, and told me to come and see 'fayther,' for he was desperately sick, and he would ride old Dobbin to fetch the doctor.

"I was so disgusted with Betty Buckley, that Joshua looked positively handsome. I went up to him and kissed him of my own accord, and he took me round the neck and hugged me like a bear.

"'Don't cry, sister; if fayther gets well you and

I will have lots of fun together, and I'll teach you to ride old Dobbin and to shoot crows.'

"He ran off, and with slow steps I reluctantly entered my father's chamber. He had broken his arm the day before by a fall from his horse, and had a considerable fever, having passed a wretched restless night. When I peeped at him through the curtains, he held out his right hand.

"'Is that you, Jenny? I am glad to see you up so soon. Do you think you could manage to make me a cup of tea? I am very thirsty and in great pain.'

"'I will try, father,' I said, rather proud of the request, though grieved that I should have to call in the aid of Betty; but poor Betty after all was not without her good points. She expressed the deepest concern at *Measter's* illness, and quickly made the tea and put it upon the waiter for me to carry to my father. He seemed pleased with my willingness to obey him, and I stood looking upon him as he lay flushed with fever and perfectly helpless, with more interest than I had hitherto done. Besides, there was a still voice speaking in my heart that would not be hushed—and would to God it had ever spoken to me as loudly as it did that day—which told me I had acted wrong, and spoken to my father in a most disrespectful manner.

"If I did not exactly love him I wished to be friends with him, and he received my first advances so well that it encouraged me to persevere. I had just smoothed his pillows when the door opened, and my dear grandfather stood by the bed-side. With a scream of wild delight I flung myself into his arms, and felt his warm tears fall upon my cheek. I kissed his hands, his lips, and even his grey locks, sobbing and laughing alternately in an extacy of joy.

"My father watched us in silence. There was an expression of discontent, or rather I ought to call it jealousy, upon his strong features, too marked to be mistaken.

"'Leave the room, Jenny,' he said; 'I wish to have some conversation with your grandfather.'

"With slow steps I obeyed the mandate, pausing at the door and casting long and imploring glances from the old man to the sick one; but the features of the latter did not relax. He repeated his order in a harsh, authoritative voice, and I left them alone together. Their conference lasted for some hours; at times their voices rose to a loud and angry pitch, at other times my grandfather spoke in a tone of entreaty. I wanted sadly to know what it was all about, and felt satisfied that I was the subject of the discourse. Mr. Southby's hand was at last upon the lock, and as he unclosed the door, he said:

"'Joshua, I ask it of you as a great favor, the last request I shall ever have to make you in this world. Your harshness robbed me of *my child*, my only child! I do not mean to recriminate. I know that in many things Jane was self-willed and unreasonable, but your unkindness broke down a feeble constitution and accelerated her end. I am old and can have but few years, perhaps months, or days, to live. The presence of this sweet lamb is the only solace I have. Do not deprive me of her also; let her live with me until I go hence, and my last prayers shall be for your happiness and prosperity.'

"'What I have said I will not depart from,' returned my father. 'The same favor which you granted to me shall be yours. Her aunt shall take her over once a week to spend the day with you. It is time that she knew the duty which a child owes to its parent, and felt and acknowledged the authority which God has committed to my charge.'

"The curate did not answer: he leant upon the door and wept. This was too much for my impetuous spirit to bear. I loved the dear old man with all my heart and soul, and his tears pierced me to the quick. I sprang from my hiding place behind the door into his arms, and twining myself about his neck, I exclaimed:

"'I will have no father but you. I will live and die with you. Take me home; if you love me, take me home.'

"These fatal words marred all. My father was relenting, but my rash speech decided him. Mr. Southby, who knew him well, felt that to combat with his prejudices in his present mood, would only tend to strengthen them, and pressing me fondly to his bosom, he said:

"'God bless you, my darling child. Your father wishes you to remain with him; for my sake be to him a dutiful and affectionate child.'

"He looked into my eyes as he spoke, so kindly and earnestly, that I whispered to him as well as my tears would allow me, 'that I would try and obey him'

"He went away slowly and sorrowfully. I watched him from my father's window across the lawn. I followed him with my eyes to the edge of the common. He entered the little grove which separated the manor farm from the parsonage, and I saw him no more. No more forever! That night he died of a fit of apoplexy.

"My father was unable to attend the funeral. I implored Aunt Patty, who had returned from her visit to N——, and who was really a good, kind old maid, to take me to see my dear grandfather before they hid him from me forever. She was affected by my vehement sorrow, but told me

it was better for me not to see him, that he made a very ugly corpse, and that the sight of him would frighten me and make me dream of him at night; that it was better for me to remember him as I knew him in life.

"Perhaps she was right, but the intense longing of my yearning and bereaved heart could not be satisfied with her reasonings.

"What a terrible blank the loss of my early protector made in my young heart. It was the first bitter grief I had ever known, and it preyed so deeply upon my spirits that my health was seriously affected. It seemed to me as though I had lost my all, that nothing remained for me on earth to love, and young as I was, I would gladly have resigned the burden of life and laid me down quietly to rest beneath the shade of the old yew tree, which flung its dark branches mournfully above my mother's and grandfather's grave. My father was painfully struck with the alteration in my appearance, and he exerted himself to win me from the deep melancholy which consumed me, whilst my aunt Patty, dear good soul! did all in her power to console me. Mrs. Derby, who could have won me from my sorrow, by conversing freely with me about my grandfather, had left the place, and the parsonage had passed into the hands of another.

"My grandfather had left me all his books, and a legacy of two hundred pounds, which comprised his savings for forty years, to be invested for my benefit until I came of age, when I was to receive both the principal and interest.

"Aunt Patty had been instructed by my father to initiate me into all the mysteries of housekeeping, and though these things were not much to my taste, I soon became, under her able tuition, a tolerably good manager. I could knit and spin, and sew, weave fine linen; and milk, cook and make butter and cheese, and had even acquainted myself tolerably well with the more awful mysteries of brewing and making currant wine; besides keeping my father's accounts, which saved him a deal of trouble, for he was a poor penman and very slow in making a practical use of the little which he had acquired. He was very proud of my proficiency in these things, and when Aunt Patty, who was ambitious that I should shine in the world, entreated him to finish my education at a boarding-school, he declared that I knew as much as was required of any woman to know; that he wanted to fit me for a good wife and mother, and not for a fine lady. Finding a bar put to all further improvement, and being naturally studious, I devoted all my spare time to my books, and soon created around me an idol world of my own, in which I performed a most prominent part.

"When my father was absent at market with brother Joshua, my aunt, who had been brought up in rustic ignorance, would coax me to read aloud to her from the old romances of Richardson, and we would cry like two fools over the woes of lady Clementina, and the trials of the high-spirited Pamela. These romances filled my head with nonsense, and I longed to become the heroine of a romance of my own in real life. Time had stolen imperceptibly onwards, and I had completed my sixteenth year, and in my aunt's estimation was handsome enough to become the wife of a lord. If Pamela married Mr. B——, she could not see why Jane Woodley should despair of becoming the wife of Sir Charles Bohun, the lord of the manor. But Sir Charles was a widower of forty, and very plain withal, and not at all to my taste. Once or twice he had given me the time of day as I passed him in the park, but I had curtsied without replying to his salutation, and passed on. Jane Woodley was too handsome in her own eyes for the old lord of the manor.

"In the midst of all these wild dreams my poor aunt fell sick and died, and the whole care of my father's house devolved upon me—a heavy trust for such a young girl, which involved much anxiety and fatigue.

"This period of my life brought to England a termination of her long continental wars; but that peace so necessary for the healing of the nations, involved whole agricultural districts in ruin. The price of corn, which had been maintained for years at an exorbitant rate, sank suddenly to half, and numbers of wealthy farmers became bankrupt. My father was one of these; and his great losses so soured his temper that it was a difficult matter to live with him. He had lost what he most valued in life—that golden idol to whom he had sacrificed the best feelings and affections of his heart.

"After the sale of all his stock, he retained barely sufficient, and that advanced by friends, to take a small farm at the back of the common. Betty Buckley was dismissed, as a servant was reckoned a superfluous luxury; my brother Joshua was recalled from a mercantile house in which he had been placed, to assist my father in cultivating the new farm; and all the household drudgery devolved upon me.

"I was engaged all day with my domestic affairs, and my evenings were devoted to needlework; nor could I find a moment of leisure to devote to the perusal of my dear and now forbidden books. But in spite of all my industry and perseverance I could never satisfy the unrea-

sonable demands of my father, or appease the discontented murmuring of my brother Joshua, who, to my father, was always complaining of my indolence, and the extravagant notions I entertained of myself.

"The only happy moments I enjoyed, were on those halcyon nights when my stern father and morose brother were absent at market, when I flew to my books with renewed ardor, filling my head with romactic notions, which were increased by the homage I received from my brother Joshua's associates. However, I listened to their proposals with indifference, boldly affirming that I would marry a gentleman or remain single for life. My father frowned at my lofty fancies, and my brother listened with a scowling brow, as he had promised to do his best to bestow my hand upon a neighboring farmer, an uneducated and vulgar tiller of the soil. But Andrew Miller's farm was his own; and my father and brother agreed that he would make an excellent match for Jane. Thus have the young and artless been sacrificed for ages in over-peopled countries for the lucre of gain; and the world groans beneath the weight of accumulated misery, which is the inevitable result of such unholy alliances.

"No language could convey to you, dear Rose, my detestation of this individual. His person was disgusting, and his presence and conversation filled me with abhorrence. To add to my aversion, he was constantly the theme of fierce disputes between by brother and me.

"To give you an idea of the man, and his capabilities of inspiring love in the bosom of a modest young female, I will repeat to you, as near as I can, the first matrimonial proposal he ventured to make to me. I had just returned from the field, where I had been feeding the weanling calves, and I met him beside the gate that led to the lawn. He came forward and took the empty pail from me, and pulling the front lock of his sandy hair with the other hand, and staring in my face with a simpering leer, he said:

"'Do, Miss ——. Fine evening this—*bootiful* weather for the calves. I have been speaking to your faythor, Miss, about you. No offence, Miss—you need not color up in that angry like manner; an honest man's an honest man, and I should not ask you to be my wife if I could not afford to keep you—he! he! he!'

"'Mr. Miller, do you mean to insult me?' said I, trying to pass him; but he planted himself before me in the gate-way, flourishing the pail from one hand to the other in such a ridiculous manner that I could not do so without risking a blow.'

"'Insult you? by no manner of means. It is to consult you Miss, about our marriage. When shall it be? Mother will make the wedding-cake all in good time; shall I go to the parson to-morrow? By the way, you had better write out the marriage ticket for the parson, for to tell you the downright truth, I am no scholard.'

"'Mr. Miller, there is no occasion to give yourself any further trouble on this subject. I have no intention of marrying any one at present, still less of marrying you.'

"'More's the pity, Miss—you won't get such a good chance every day. Proud folks like you generally die old maids.'

"'Better to die an old maid than be the wife of a fool,' I was about to say, but prudence restrained me, and coldly wishing him good evening, I returned to the house. In the passage I met Joshua.

"'Have you seen Miller?' he asked, with unusual vivacity.

"'I have.'

"'What did he say to you?'

"'That which I don't consider worth repeating; but I suppose he was set on by you?'

"'And have you dared to refuse him, when he had obtained your father's consent and mine?'

"'Yes! and would do so if you had the power of enforcing your wishes, which, thank God, you have not. My father can command my services, but he cannot make me marry a fool I despise.'

"'We shall see that,' he replied, with a scornful smile. 'Harder stuff than your heart is made of has been wrought on the anvil of affliction.'

"But 'tis vain to repeat all the hard language he bestowed upon me. Suffice it to say, that he insulted and outraged my feelings beyond endurance; and I rushed from the house fully determined never to enter it again. My heart was full to bursting; the vehemence of my feelings overcame me. I staggered a few paces from the door—my strength failed me, and I sat down by the well, which was by the road-side, and proceeded to bathe my burning temples in the water which stood ready drawn in the bucket. I turned my eyes upon the home I meditated quitting forever. What had it been to me since the hour I first crossed its threshold? A house of bondage and oppression—a weary prison. It was hallowed by no tender recollections—it contained no object that was really dear to me; no one whom I loved or who loved me. My likeness to my mother only tended to keep alive in my father's heart, the disastrous causes which had produced their separation, and her early death. His natu-

rally harsh temper, soured by misfortunes, found a vent in bitter reproaches and invective, which descended with unmitigated force on me; for Joshua, instead of shielding me from his wrath, generally introduced subjects which were sure to rouse it into action.

"'I will stay here no longer.' I exclaimed, wringing my hands in despair. 'I can be a servant in other houses where I shall be treated with more kindness and respect. But whither shall I go? I know nothing of the world. What shall become of me?'

"My thoughts again returned to my father, who had been for a long time in declining health, and for the last two days had been confined to his easy chair. I felt that I did not, and could not love him as I ought to do. Yet he was still my father, and so barren was my little world of friends, that in spite of all his harshness he was in truth the only friend I had in the world. I knew, too, that he was unhappy, that I was the only person who could and would bear with his stern temper and administer to his wants. The voice of conscience whispered to my soul, 'Daughter of affliction! you must not leave him. You have high and holy duties to perform, which to forsake and disregard would be an act of treason against the majesty of nature.' I sighed deeply, and burying my face in my garments, I relieved the anguish of my desolate heart in floods of tears.

"'My good girl, are you ill?" said a rich mellow voice near me. 'Can you point me out the road to W——?'

"The color rushed to my cheeks. I hastily fastened back the long hair that had escaped from its bondage, and which the wind had scattered over my face, and rose in great confusion as I saw before me a tall, gentlemanly looking man in a shooting dress, leaning upon his gun, and regarding me with an air of curiosity and interest. I returned some incoherent answer, not knowing what I said.

"'I am sorry that I disturbed you, young lady. I took you for a peasant girl, but find that I am addressing a female of superior rank. You seem greatly agitated,' he continued, in a kinder tone. 'Have you lost any of your friends?'

"'Friends!' returned I, clasping my hands and again bursting into passionate tears. 'I have no friends—I never had but one, and he died broken-hearted at our cruel separation, and would to God I had died with him!'

"'Your lover, perhaps?'

"'Oh! no, no! I never had a lover whom I could in return love. It was my grandfather, the late curate of the village.'

"'Indeed!—and what then is the cause, if I may venture to ask, of this excessive grief?'

"'Oh! Sir, I am very uphappy, and my misery is occasioned by those who ought to be my natural protectors. I am constantly exposed to the harsh reproofs of a stern father, and the cruel, tyrannical oppression of an unkind brother, and between them they are breaking my heart. Yes!' I cried with increasing vehemence, 'even at this moment I was contemplating self-destruction.'

"'Good Heavens!' exclaimed the stranger, 'do nothing rash—God will raise you up friends; so young and beautiful, is it possible that you can want friends and protectors? Even I, a stranger, feel the deepest interest for you stirring within my heart. Tell me something of your sad history—perhaps I may be able to assist you, or at least point out to you a more rational course than the awful one by which you were just now tempted.'

"'I dare not talk to you so near the house; if my brother was to see us conversing together there would be no end to his ill usage.'

"'Let us step into this little copse,' said he, 'we can there talk at our ease.'

"Ah! my dear Rose, this was the first rash step in my downward road—what was this stranger to me that I should attempt to awaken his interest in my untoward destiny? My conduct was rash and weak, and imprudent in the highest degree. But I was young and inexperienced, a babe in the knowledge of the world; of the usages of society I knew nothing, except through the medium of romance, which gave a sanction to the most imprudent words and actions.

"The stranger, too, was young and handsome, and since the death of my poor grandfather, was the only human being that had expressed the least sympathy with me. But I will not attempt to excuse my folly. We walked for hours in that lonely grove, nor parted until I had told him my whole history, and unburdened my heart of all its long pent-up sorrows; nor did I fear that my father or brother would suspect the cause of my absence. After the work of the day was over, it was my custom to walk and read until dark, (when our humble household retired to rest,) in this very grove; and I knew my brother had parted with me in such anger, that he would not be very likely to leave his cann of ale, and the charming society of Andrew Miller, to seek for me. Yet I was mistaken; I heard his deep, harsh voice, calling loudly upon me from the lawn, which warned me and my new friend that we must part.

"'Farewell, dear girl,' he said; 'trust in me and I will devise some plan to free you from this irksome bondage; but before you go, promise to meet me at the same hour to-morrow, at the well?'

"Before I could answer Joshua leaped over the fence which divided the grove from the common, and my friend as instantaneously disappeared.

"'What are you doing here, Miss Minx!' cried he angrily; 'father is ill, and I have been calling you for this hour. Back to the house instantly, or I will soon put an end to these evening rambles.'

"My conversation with the stranger had given me more courage, and I only answered him with a disdainful smile. I was no longer alone in the world; a young and handsome man, evidently my superior in rank and education, had owned a deep interest in my destiny, and a new feeling had arisen in my heart, which, although vague and undefined, was the parent of emotions which I had never before experienced, and which awoke me to a new state of being. You must remember, too, that I was young and vain, and fond of admiration, had there been any person among my acquaintance whose approbation could have afforded me the least gratification; and the winning manner in which the stranger had spoken to me insensibly found its way into my heart; his figure and carriage were uncommonly fine, but there lurked an expression of pride and licentiousness about his high, aristocratic features, which at a first glance, gave birth to painful speculations in the mind; but I was not at that period capable of judging of these matters, and if I felt a little startled at the free looks he cast upon me, his insinuating voice and bland smile, re-assurred my confidence, and banished all suspicion.

"When I returned to the parlor I found my father seated in his high-armed chair by the side of the oak table, his elbows resting upon the table, and his head buried in his hands. At the sound of my approaching footsteps he raised his head; I was struck by the unusual paleness of his face, and a certain hollow, pinched look about the nostrils and temples which I had never noticed before, and my conscience not only smote me for the flight I had premeditated, but for the frank manner in which I had exposed faults which ought to be sacred in the breast of a child to a stranger. I trembled as I drew near him; he held out his thin hands to me, and my eyes again overflowed with tears.

"'Where have you been, Jane, and why are your eyes red with weeping?'

"'Can you ask that question, father, after what passed between my brother and me this evening?'

"'Joshua was in the wrong, Jane—you must forget and forgive these petty injuries.'

"'But I cannot forget them,' I exclaimed vehemently; 'he has outraged my feelings beyond all forgiveness, and filled my bosom with despair—I will no longer submit to his cruel tyranny.'

"'Your mother made use of the same expressions the day she deserted me, Jane,' said my father mournfully, 'and yet with all my seeming harshness I loved her, but I was too proud to tell her so or to alter my manner towards her. People cannot always control their tempers, and if others become their victims, God knows that their own sufferings are not the less acute. Since I parted with your mother in anger, Jane, I have never known a happy hour, and if I have not shewn to you that affection which you naturally enough expected from me, it was because ——,' and here his voice faltered, and his head sank between his hands—'your likeness to your poor mother always kept alive the bitter, remorseful feeling which was destroying my peace. These fearful quarrels with the brother who must soon be your only protector,—for, mark me, Jane! I feel that I have not long to live,—are very distressing to me. If you value my good opinion, (ah! why did he not say my love, and I could have conceded everything to him,) you will solemnly promise to make up these petty differences and live together in peace.'

"Though deeply affected by my father's pathetic appeal, I resisted it with stubborn pride equal to his own.

"'I cannot live with him,' I cried passionately; 'we have not one feeling in common with each other; this you know is the case, and it is better for us to be apart.'

"'What do you intend to do, Jane?'

"'Leave you,' I cried, 'and seek for kinder fortunes in the world.'

"He started and surveyed me with a searching glance.

"'Poor child! you must not do anything so rash; the world, Jane, has no friends for the friendless. Go not from me, Jane—I have not long to live—I have often been unkind to you—but I will be so no more—kiss me, and say that you will forget the past.'

"He held up his arms to me and I could resist his appeal no longer; I fell upon his neck and we wept long and silently in each other's embrace.

"'Jane,' he whispered, 'dear injured girl! could you ever love me as you loved your grandfather?'

"'Yes! oh, yes! if you would always be as kind to me as you are now. I never felt that I had a father before.'

"He groaned heavily.

"'Thank God! Jane, we shall part friends.'

"'Do not talk of parting,' I cried, 'my whole life shall be devoted to make you comfortable,—I would say happy, but that I do not believe that happiness ever did or ever can exist in this world, for hitherto I have only known sorrow, which could never even be termed the joy of grief.'

"'Better days are in store for you, Jane.'

"'I hope so; but, dear father, promise me that Joshua shall torment me no more about that odious Andrew Miller?'

"'Let us talk calmly about him, Jane,' returned my father. 'The lad is not a bad lad, and he owns an excellent property; he loves you sincerely, and can make you the mistress of a very comfortable home. His offer is not to be despised; I should feel a great burden removed from my mind, could I behold you so well settled in life before I die.'

"'This is all very reasonable, father, but I cannot love him. What happiness or comfort can be expected in any home where love is not?'

"'Alas! Jane, my marriage was one of pure, disinterested love, and see how it terminated!'

"'But whose fault was that?' said I, most unwittingly.

"My poor father recoiled from me as if he had been stung by a serpent; his features became convulsed, he fell back in his chair, and big drops of perspiration broke out upon his brow.

"'Water! water!' he feebly gasped. 'Oh! Jane, I did not deserve that blow.'

"I was filled with remorse, agony and shame, and kneeling at his feet I implored forgiveness, and covered his hands with kisses. In a few minutes he recovered his usual composure, and told me that he was fatigued and would go to bed. I assisted him to his couch, and at his earnest request read to him portions of the Scriptures until he fell into a tranquil sleep.

"For hours that night I walked my chamber, reviewing the painful events of the past day. My brother's anger, the disgusting advances of Andrew Miller, my meeting and conversation with the stranger, and then the sad scene between me and my father chased one another in troubled waves of thought through my mind till my whole being resembled a storm-tossed sea, agitated by conflicting winds. Sometimes I wished to die. Then the stranger with his soft persuasive voice, seemed to whisper to me, to live on for his sake. Then again, I was tempted to leave my home and go forth into the unknown world beyond—then arose before me my father's pale suffering face, and look of pleading and remorseful agony. No! come what would come, I could not desert him in his present feeble state—and when towards morning, exhausted nature at last yielded to repose, it was only to dream over the events of the day, rendered ten times more harrassing, mingled with ideal terrors, and forcing me into the perpetration of acts of indescribable horror.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST REQUEST.

FROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

Oh! never sigh when I am gane—nor weep to hear my name,
But fauld my hands upon my breast, an' bear me to my hame,
An' yonder, by the wide, wide sea—down lay me cauld an' low,
That saftly ow'r my gowden hair the bonny waves may flow.

I wad'na like to lay my head aneath the kirkyard wa',
Sae sadly there, frae darksome yews, the lang drear shadows fa'—
I wad'na sleep in storied tomb, nor 'neath the chancel floor,
Nor rest beneath the grass-green sod I aft hae wandered o'er.

But mony a day I've langed to lie alane 'aneath the sea,
For weel I loe the booming tide—sae bounding an' sae free;
There ever ow'r my head shall sweep the storm-bird's merry wing,
An' voices o' the rushing winds my ceaseless dirge shall sing.

I ask nae fading flowers o' earth to deck my clay cauld breast,
A weary warld I leave behind an' gang unto my rest,
A weary warld wherein my heart grew auld before its time,
An' life's sweet flowers frae aff my breast fell withered in their prime.

An' strike nae mournfu' harp for me—when life hath frae me fled,
A voice sae sweet aboon my rest wad wake me frae the dead,
An' I wad sleep a soun,' soun' sleep, an' never dree the pain,
To hear anither wake the harp I ne'er may strike again.

Then never weep when I am gane—nor sigh to hear my name,
But fauld my hands upon my breast an' bear me to my hame,
An' yonder by the wide, wide sea—oh! lay me cauld an' low,
That saftly ow'r my gowden hair the bonnie waves may flow.

GLEANINGS AFTER SAAVEDRA.

MARITORNES.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

PART FIRST.

Down roared the mountain tempest through Morena's gorges vast,
The cork-trees with a mandrake cry, cowered shuddering to the blast;
From peak to peak the thunder sprang, as by the levin smote,
And the torrents, from their courses swept, in lashing showers fought,
The she-wolf bristling with affright shrunk in her hideous lair,
And the grey kites yielded to the storm in powerless despair.

Woe for the pilgrim way-farer belated on the steep,
From hut or hospice far astray—from cave or castle keep,
The blast descendeth on his dream of home and household cheer,
And the horrors of the furious night grow maddening on his ear;
Woe for his vine-trailed home, and the hearts whose hope is dark,
While on the brown Sierra's wastes he lieth cold and stark.

Ho! fleetly speeds the mule-train o'er barranca, through ravine;
Ho! madly dash the Hermandad through thorn and thicket green,
Morena sends the spectre Moor to ride the midnight chase,
And scourge and spur are needed now to gain the halting place;
A mountain venta, like a hive, lies nestled by the wood;—
Oh! blessed be the honest hands that made its shelter good.

"Rage on, ye baffled fiends! the rood is nailed upon the door,
Howl round us as ye list—the holy threshold pass not o'er;
Raise high the jocund wood-fire—let the fear-chilled spirit loose,
And wine and wassail cheer to night the weary Andaluz;
Health to Saiut Nicholas! the sire of travellers and thieves,
And well-paid benisons protect the roof-tree and the eaves."

"Where be our garden cicala—our merry morning star,
Whose carols rouse us forth at dawn—whose lips our matins are;
Up—Tirana—from thy rushes—let the sweet theorbo pour,
The lays of Ronces-valles and the sainted Campeador;
The looms of Seville hath not wov'n such bands of silken sheen,
As those with which we'll wreathe to-night thy magic mandolin."

Up sprang the Maritornes—like a heron from the fen,—
And stood, the fair lone creature, 'mid the dark and bearded men,
Her brow and bosom wore indeed the hue of sultry skies,
But who shall tell how soft they paled around her bright black eyes,
And 'neath the shadow of those locks that like a night-cloud lay;
Darkly it seemed above the moon when a storm had passed away.

And then her bound—young Dryad—she had watched the antelope
Glancing in fearless freedom o'er the dewy mountain slope,
Till every leap its impulse brought with mimic antics fraught,
And she frolicked like its own wild self, doubting and dreading nought;
Thus leapt she to their midst—not with a fear dilated eye—
But with the merry mischief that evades the mother's cry.

"Eviva, Concepita—now the youngest of us all
Shall fondly tend thee on his knee throughout thy madrigal,
And we shall give the driving blast a tale to tell at sea,
How the mountaineer through storm and shine upholds his revelry;
We shall not miss the nightingale whom idle thunders scare,
When melody melts on thy lips in numbers wild and rare.

CONCEPITA'S SONG.

Triana! Triana! there are roses in thy bowers,
And the love-bird singeth nightly in thy balmy orange flowers,
And sleeps beside thy gentle marge the blue majestic stream,
As it woos the brightest glances in the bounds of Spain that gleam,
Yet not with thee—Triana—would the dark Caloré stay,
Their hearts are on the sand-winds—'mid the wastes of far Kathai.

Triana! Triana! these are maidens on thy strand,
Charming the drowsy eve away with lute and saraband,
Flashing like summer lightning through the wild and mazy dance,
And bending many a lordly heart with many a magic glance;
But the brown Gitana's romalis danced must be far away,
'Neath the date trees by the desart well—on the wastes of dear Kathai.

Triana! Triana! what boots it to the heart,
That the stranger's home is lovely where it finds no kindred part—
What boots it to the weary bird that groves and fields are fair,
If trenched beneath their fragrant guise he marks the fowler's snare;
The tribes of the Caloré came like locust clouds ye say;
Oh! may such instinct guide them back to the wastes of far Kathai.

PART SECOND.

Is it the lark that sings so loud through the fall'n storm's drifting lees?
Is it the doe that stirs the thyme whose odours load the breeze?
Oh! bounteously the morning cometh with such sounds and airs;
The blue dove with the olive leaves—the messenger of prayers:
But the lark may thread the weeping clouds with high and airy hymn,
The deer may spurn her balmy lair—the sound is not of them.

Look around thee—Concepita—be thy glance on every side,
Pierce every copse and crevice, girl—where treachery may hide,
For though to thy sweet roundelays he setteth flattering store;
Not stauncher is the sleuth-hound than the guileful caçadore;
So watch where e'en a fox may couch 'neath stunted bush or brake,
Thou hast its sunny hues—have all—the cunning of the snake!

She hath gained the pathless ridges where the morning vapours glow,
No moving speck may now deceive amid th' unshadowed snow,
But warily and fearfully she scans the desart pale,
And bends to catch the slightest sound that trembles on the gale;
Then pressing down her heaving heart that leaps with terror still,
She stirs the glacier echoes with a quail-call high and shrill.

Ye may know him for a fugitive—that tenant of the peak,
By the red and fever-lighted eye and famine-hollowed cheek;
Ye may know him for an outlaw by the haggard listless air,
That tells how feebly courage now is grappling with despair;
As, like a ghost recalled by some unholy spell, he bounds
Down through the mountain mists to where the trysting signal sounds.

"Ho! dark-eyed Sybil, seek'st again the phantom Moor's domain,
Wild was the revel yesternight on our haunted hills of Spain;
The pines shrieked out like eldrich things—and toppling summits reeled,
And thunder, like ten thousand Abencerrage steeds afield,
Rolled peal on peal, as wave on wave, above my grisly bed,
Nor answered, merciful my prayer, that one might strike me dead."

"Pale not—Hidalgo—like the fleeting horrors of the blast
Shall doubt, and danger's heaviest hours be numbered with the past,
The clouds that lowered upon thy fate, sad, smileless, dark and cold,
Shall gleam anew when morning mounts like diadems of gold;
Death is, at best, the refuge of the craven and the slave;
Then breast the billow stoutly—Concepita loves the brave!"

"Now, our Sire of Compostella prove thy fair prediction true,
A sword as faithful to the cross as old Pelagio drew,
Shall bear the blazon of thy name—a watchword through the land,
A theme of prayer and blessing while Castilian hills shall stand,
For by the virgin Bride of God!—to whom all grace be paid,
'Tis death alone shall bar the way of that devoted blade.

"Riego for the rights of Spain! hath been mine earliest vow,
Let swart Morena's lonely steeps bear holier record now,
Where houseless to the bitter storm—all weaponless and bare,—
I've grappled with the gaunt wolf for his foul and bloody fare;
For here on Freedom's altar, 'mid the whirlwind and the strife,
To that oath through good or evil did I consecrate my life.

"Come down but with the boar-spear—Monteneros of Biscay,
A false king's hireling chivalry affords a fitter prey,
Up stalwart Gaditani, from your eyries by the sea,
You breathe the reinless ocean winds—like them, be free—be free!
Down like your streams—Asturians—dash fiercely to the plain—
St. Jago—to the rescue—strike a dauntless blow for Spain!"

Hush! frenzied dreamer!—mark'st thou not yon dark and flitting throng,
That like the foul and subtile rat comes warily along;
Now the grey cliff shadows them—and now—the carbine glances back
By the bright star Aldeboran!—but the wolves are on thy track,
I left them with the wine skin—*left them*—dull and paltering slave,
Had I drugged it as I purposed I had left them for the grave."

"Fly—Riego—trust the avalanche to bear thee madly down,
Death is but Death—and thine would be those nameless slaves' renown,
I'd rather see the vulture sit in gory carnival
On thy heroic heart, than see thee thus ignobly fall—
I'd rather see thy manly head crushed out of human form,
Than like a stately tree o'erthrown by the dull devouring worm.

"Hold—thy Zamarra—golden thought—thus guised like thee I fly,
A simpler lure hath served ere now to baulk a mongrel cry,
Thy path be through the woody clefts—dropping from bough to bough,
Thy saints—since though beseekest aid—have mercy on thee now!
Think not of me—I shall but joy to feel that thou art free;
Fate speed thee—oh! Riego—could I pray 'twould be for thee!"

PART THIRD.

Morn shimmers down the vine-clad hills from Ronda's snowy gleam,
Where Seville, like a mitred saint, sits by her holy stream;
The high Giralda's golden crest burns like a rising star,
And grimly yielding to the light glares out the Alcazar.
Palace of horror! well may light be torture unto thee,
And ruin with a weary sigh, deplore thou still should'st be.

High—high above the stateliest roofs, proud spires and minarets,
First smiling with the rising sun—last blushing when he sets,
Whose great bells thrill, like earthquakes, Guadalquiver's golden sand
Soars the seraph-crowned Giralda—pride and marvel of the land!
How glares the wonder-stricken eye from its dizzy height beneath—
How shrinks the pale and feeble heart with fear-departing breath?

Yet one—a young and fragile maid—hath climbed the airy height,
No cloud of fear within her eyes, so dark and wildly bright,
Calm o'er the parapet she leans through fleeting mists to peer,
And lists the city's din come loud and louder on her ear.
Yet oft her tiny hands enclenched, wave menacing in air,
And hissing from her blood-stained lips come sounds that are not prayer.

"Morn dawns! and yet he cometh not—is there a weird in Fate,
To save him on the very brink, from such unyielding hate?
Though its meshes were strong chains—to see them wither at my feet,
I'd live till the long midnight, but to write revenge complete,
Ring out thy 'larum wildly—oh! thou loud and fearful bell!
Be heard in Eblis' darkest deep—thou peal'st a traitor's knell!"

A step upon the toilsome reach—how spectre-like it sounds,
As vengeance dogged her victim up through all his weary rounds,
Faltering and slow the foot-fall—ever grasping by the wall,
Yet found and fettered by a spell, and yielded to its call,
A dark and grisly Zingaro mounts panting through the gloom,
Shuddering beneath the swaying bell as if it told his doom.

"Thrice hail! Orzinga—why, what sloth enthrals thy laggard feet,
When loudly to the morn the lark singeth his ziraleet?
They crowd around the carcel grates—they muster in the square,—
For Riego's last siesta they have reared the iron chair,
You may hear the miserere swell in many a fitful sound."
"I come—accursed gong!—it shakes the pillar to its found."

"Heed not the bell—thou fear'st not thunder?—let the gold—the gold
For which the Busnee's life was, like thy promise, bought and sold,
Feed high thy triumph—light to that are pallid christian souls,
When thou may'st reckon in thy palm the golden-eyed pistoles!
While such chimes are at thy girdle—ne'er donzella of them all,
Shall vaunt a costlier gear than I, at fast or festival!

"Thou knew'st I loved thee—Chabo—dost thou mind the deep midnight,
When 'neath the running stream our hands were clenched in solemn plight,
I gave thee then a youthful heart—bold, fervid and sincere,
It had a price, too—that true heart—yet why recal it here?
You vowed to save where you betrayed—to succor where you sold,
A woman's trust weighed lightly with the Busnee's blood-stained gold."

"Speak not—'tis past—why should we spurn a guerdon wisely sought?
Why should Iscariot be stamped upon our richer, safer lot?
Yet guard thy treasure warily—Orzinga—for they say
The coin that's steeped in human blood slips easily away!
And hark! the murmur from beneath—the tumbril's on its road;
Up and behold the garrot speed thy victim's soul to God.

"You were not wont to tremble thus—here spring upon the ledge,
How like a panting bat, dismayed, you clasp the rampart's edge!
While I am like a thing with wings, aspiring unto flight,
Full—full of triumph—burning with a strange and mad delight!
Lo! where the grim train winds along—like a black and loathsome snake,
Come and behold the pageant which thy wit contrived to make.

"Mark where he creeps with downcast looks, the rat-like alguazil;
The meek dispenser of the lash—consoler at the wheel;
Where the ghast verdugo dogs the cart—a reptile scenting prey,
And the shrouded wake of canting monks singing a soul away;
Oh! would this dizzy monument at gypsy's 'hest might fall,
That sweeping on destruction, I might crush them as they crawl.

"Thou see'st them?—lo! a sunbeam falls upon his noble brow,
The viewless messengers of heaven are hovering o'er him now!
Riego—oh! Riego!—let me live in thy last prayer,
Thou that dost nerve my latest act of vengeance and despair;
One sigh—Riego—for the wretch whose love so wild and vain
Hath left but ruin in her heart and madness in her brain.

"Nearer—aye! nearer—craven fool—undo thy trembling hands,
Upon Al-Sirat's radiant arch, behold—thy victim stands!
He calleth *thee!* hark' all around—hills, houses, stream and wood,
Have burst the anguished silence—loudly yelling 'Blood for blood!'
'Blood!' and the stones forego thy grasp—'Blood!' thunders forth the bell,
'Tis on thy soul as on thy gold—Down—bury them in hell!"

IDA BERESFORD; OR, THE CHILD OF FASHION.

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER I.

"My dear Mary," said Dr. Vernon, as he one morning entered the breakfast-room where his wife was seated, "I have sad news for you to-day. This," and he glanced at the open letter in his hand, "contains but very ill tidings from London."

"From London! ill tidings of whom?" she exclaimed, turning deadly pale. "Speak! has aught befallen my darling Claude?"

"No; calm your fears," he soothingly rejoined. "How imprudent of me to have thus alarmed you; I spoke not of our boy; he is well."

"Thank Heaven!" she ejaculated with a sigh of relief. "But who do you mean then; I have no friends in London except my cousin Beresford."

"'Tis of him I speak," returned her husband. "Do not be shocked, Mary, but I grieve to say he is no more."

"Poor John!" softly sighed Mrs. Vernon, who, had the intelligence been communicated a few minutes previous, would have been unutterably distressed, but who now found all her griefs insignificant in comparison with the agonizing fears from which she had just been relieved, concerning the safety of her son. "Poor John! he and I, have been totally estranged for many years past. Cold and estranged as if we had not been brought up together, lived under the same roof, and shared each other's childish pains and pleasures. But the world makes sad changes in the warmest, fondest hearts. Still it is not surprising, separated as we have been—his different position in the world ——"

"His position in the world, my dear wife, I regret to say, was at his death, much inferior to your own."

"How mean you?" she asked, regarding her husband with fixed astonishment. "Why, Beresford was immensely rich. His wealth was boundless."

"Yes, some time since; but extravagance, ill-directed generosity, and misfortunes have entirely dissipated it. Beresford died, not only poor, but insolvent"

"Is it possible? And what is to become of his unfortunate child?"

"Yes!" what is to become of her?" replied Dr. Vernon. "Can your heart, dear Mary, suggest no way of aiding the helpless orphan?"

"I see but one," she rejoined, whilst the colour deepened on her still fair cheek; "but I fear, my dear husband, it would be too great a tax on your generosity. It is true the daughter of John Beresford has many claims upon me. His parents protected, cherished me, when, left as she is now, I had none to look up to; whilst he himself ever shewed me the kindness and affection of the most devoted of brothers; but yet I dare not propose it."

"Then I shall. The daughter of John Beresford shall find a home with us. You shall be to her as a mother, whilst I shall endeavor, as far as lies in my power, to replace the father she has just lost."

His wife's eyes filled with grateful, happy tears, whilst he rose and left the room, saying he would write immediately to London for their young relative. The latter being a personal connection of Mrs. Vernon's, and being totally unacquainted with her husband, her delicacy had rendered her timid about pressing an act of benevolence on him, which was purely optional, and to whose fulfilment he was bound by no duty whatever; but he had easily divined her thoughts, and whilst he removed all her scruples, he loved and admired her the more for them. On his closing the door, Mrs. Vernon leaned her head on her hand, and cast down her eyes, in deep, anxious thought. Fears for the future assailed her. Fears for the happiness of the young girl, who, surrounded from her cradle by all the luxuries of the rich, brought up in the artificial atmosphere of fashionable life, was so suddenly to be transferred to their simple abode and unpretending circle. Conjectures as to whether the false impressions which had already been made on her mind were effaceable: whether she would bow with resignation to the sad reverses that had befallen her, and respect the authority of those who were now to be her guardians and parents, troubled Mrs. Vernon deeply, and with a long drawn sigh, she murmured a fear that she was totally unfit for the new charge that was soon to be laid upon her.

"What is the matter, my own dear mamma?

you look sad." said a silvery voice near her; and ere she could raise her head, a soft, white arm encircled her neck, and pressed her in a fond embrace.

"Sad! do I, my child," said Mrs. Vernon, as she returned the caresses of her daughter; "I am not so; yet I have something important to say to you. Sit down, my dear Lucy, and listen. You have often said you were lonesome since your brother went to College, and wished for a companion, as all your favorite amusements had lost their attractions, now that you had none to share them. Well, that cause of complaint will soon be removed, for ere another week elapse, you shall have a companion of your own age."

"Is it—can it be true, mamma?" joyfully exclaimed the young listener, her fair face lighting up with animation. "Oh! how delightful! My own age! You know I am just fifteen next month. We will keep our birthdays together, will we not?"

"Nay, dear Lucy," interrupted her mother, with a smile, "I am not prepared to give her age with such exactness. I only infer, from what I remember, that she is about that."

"But surely you know, mamma, if she is handsome, clever, aimable! Have you never seen her?"

"Never; that is to say, never since she was an infant, and then, of course, she was too young to form the slightest conjecture as to what her future character might be; but only have patience. You shall soon be able to judge for yourself; and now, my Lucy, to work. Your morning tasks await you."

Her daughter obeyed, exclaiming:

"I shall learn them quickly, dear mamma, that I may talk with you about my dear friend."

"Your sister, rather, my child, for such she must be to you for the future."

Another moment she was poring intently over the volume she held, as if the bright skies and summer winds were not wooing her abroad, to admire and enjoy them. Tenderly did her mother gaze on the fair creature at her feet; and she must be pardoned if a throb of pride mingled with her maternal affection. Beautiful she was indeed! The skin of that exquisite, transparent fairness, through which every soft blue vein is clearly perceptible, and whose beauty was yet more heightened by the delicate pink, like that of the ocean shell, that faintly flushed her cheek. The features were of faultless regularity, whilst the rich tresses of golden hair fell over a brow that was pure, fair as the unsullied snow. The eyes too, were of that deep, beautiful azure, so rarely seen save with complexions like hers, and which impart an almost breathing holiness to the face. It might truly be said of Lucy Vernon, that her countenance was an unerring index of her mind. Sensitive, refined in every thought and feeling, controlled by a look, a word, she was as perfect in mind as she was in person. Long, long did Mrs. Vernon gaze upon her, as if her maternal fondness might never have been satiated, when her husband entered the room, and approaching his daughter, gently laid his hand upon her head, saying in a kindly tone:

"Go, my little Lucy, and take a run in the fields. The morning is beautiful, and you shall have no more tasks to learn till your new friend's arrival."

"My sister you mean, papa," she said, as she looked up with a bright smile.

"Yes, dearest; happy am I to see that you have already learned her true title;" and he drew her towards him and fondly kissed her. "You shall have free holydays till then, that you may have all prepared, everything in order for so important an event."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks! but I must hurry instantly to my garden to see if my flowers are near blossoming, that I may have some choice ones to present to her."

"What a beautiful being she is, Mary," said Dr. Vernon, as his eye followed her slight, fairy-like figure, as she glided through the trees. "How blessed have we been in our children! Our noble, generous Claude, our gentle and loveable Lucy. Yet I fear much the latter's character is too yielding, her sensitiveness too shrinking for her own happiness."

"That will pass away," returned his wife. "Years, and intercourse with the world, with persons of her own sex and age, will soon remove that overstrained delicacy, and excessive timidity, which is certainly a winning fault at her age."

"It can scarcely be considered a fault, but still 'tis as well that she should be speedily cured of it, and I think that this young companion she will soon have, may contribute no little to it. Will she not prove an addition, Mary, to our home circle? In looking on the fair young faces surrounding our hearth we will grow young again, and in their innocent gaiety and affection, we shall find the happiness that shall gild our declining days. Yes! I anticipate much from this young stranger's arrival. Though in my first resolution of adopting her, I had no other thought save that of relieving her distress, I now see the advantage which will result from it. Our darling Lucy is too much alone, and I know that the society of her new friend will have a salutary influence on her character."

"God grant it may be so!" returned the mother,

with an anxious sigh; "but has it never occurred to you, my dear William, that it may prove the very reverse? How know we that this young stranger, fresh from the pleasures, the vanities of the capital, may not inspire our Lucy with a distaste for the simple amusements, the tranquil, calm life she has heretofore enjoyed, and infuse into her young heart a passionate desire for participating in those scenes of idle gaiety and glittering folly, which I hope she may never know."

Dr. Vernon's brow grew dark, and for some time he was silent. But at length he suddenly exclaimed:

"Shame on the ungenerous thought! Mary, you did wrong to suggest it. Certainly if anything could steel my heart to the sorrows of the orphan, 'tis the fear you have just mentioned. But it will not, it must not be thus. She is yet too young for her mind to have received any lasting impression, and if some dark spots, some failings, taint its pure surface, we must endeavour by watchful care and tenderness to remove them. Think, Mary, what would become of her if we abandoned her. Place our Lucy in her situation;" his voice involuntarily trembled as he spoke. "Oh, yes! whatever errors she may have, be they even innumerable, be they ever so grave, she shall yet find a home beneath our roof. But we may be unnecessarily distressing ourselves with vain conjectures. In all probability this poor child, so very young, has never participated in those pleasures which you so justly condemn. Perhaps she knows as little of the world as our own Lucy."

Mrs Vernon shook her head.

"Banish that hope, William; I know my poor cousin John too well, and ere this his child has been introduced, at least partly, to the world. 'Twould have been a moral impossibility for him to have allowed an only, and of course idolized daughter, to remain any time in obscurity."

"Well! be that as it may, she comes next week, and be yours the task, my dear wife, to counteract by your gentle advice, everything which might tend to pervert our Lucy's mind. Be yours the care to watch over this young stranger, to counsel, direct and guard her, in fine, to remedy, if possible, every evil which may have resulted from an education, ill-advised, as hers has doubtless hitherto been, as every education must be which is not superintended by a mother's fond care. You see, my poor Mary, the heaviest part of this task, as of most others, devolves upon you, but I know you will not repine; and now farewell. I have several patients yet to call on;" and whistling a lively air he left the room.

CHAPTER II.

The appointed week flew rapidly past, but still it seemed long and tedious to Lucy, who longed with childish eagerness for the arrival of the happy moment which should introduce to her her new friend. Endless conjectures occupied her mind, as to the appearance, character and tastes of her future companion; but the result was always the same, that she would love her very much, and derive the greatest happiness from her society. Mrs. Vernon, too, looked forward with a certain degree of anxiety to the moment when she would be enabled to form her opinion of the young stranger, who would, in all probability, exert no small influence over the gentle mind of her daughter.

The long looked for evening at last arrived. The family as usual assembled in the sitting room. Mrs. Vernon took her sewing, her husband read aloud, whilst Lucy, unable to fix her mind to any thing, took up a book to cast it aside, and turned away with distate from her birds, her embroidery,—all in fact that had interested her most heretofore. The appointed hour came, passed on, and no Miss Beresford arrived. Dr. Vernon, after pausing to remark that he did not think she would come that night, calmly resumed his reading; whilst his daughter, bitterly disappointed, turned away to hide the tears that rose to her eyes. After another hour he laid aside his book, saying it was very late, when Lucy, who had been listlessly lying on the sofa, started up with a joyful smile.

"She is coming! I hear the wheels!"

Her quick ear had not deceived her; the next moment a carriage was heard entering the avenue. Dr. Vernon took his hat, and left the room, whilst with changing colour and beating heart, Lucy took her place beside her mother. After a few minutes' anxious expectation, Dr. Vernon re-entered, leading in a tall, elegant looking girl, dressed in the deepest mourning. Mrs. Vernon warmly embraced the stranger, who, it must be confessed, received her salutation with anything but cordiality, and after coldly touching Lucy's cheek, threw herself with an air of weariness on the nearest chair. After a short pause, Mrs. Vernon exclaimed in a gentle tone—

"You must feel fatigued after your journey, my dear young friend. But pardon me, may I ask your name?"

"Ida—Ida Beresford."

"'Tis a pretty name, but by which would you be called?—by the title of Miss Beresford, which of right belongs to you, or by the more friendly name of Ida?"

"Oh! it is indifferent to me," was the cold reply; "but I rather perfer Ida."

"Well, Ida it shall be then."

For some time further Mrs. Vernon continued to converse of her journey, and other indifferent topics, in order to dispel any reserve or embarrassment her young relative might feel. To her kind enquiries and gentle remarks, she received but cold, concise replies from the latter, who, leaning back in a graceful, but careless attitude, surveyed the group with a listless indifference, in which no vestige of timidity or shyness could be detected. To Lucy she paid not the slightest heed whatsoever, but she, fortunately, was too intently occupied in examining her personal appearance, to observe her neglect. She felt as if she could never weary of looking on the regular, aristocratic features, the brilliant dark eyes, the rich waves of the jetty hair, that reposed on a cheek, which though colourless as marble, might have vied with even her own for dazzling whiteness. Nothing was wanting to Miss Beresford's personal endowments. A figure of surpassing symmetry and elegance; a hand and foot whose delicate proportions might have called forth the admiration of the most fastidious, and a voice, which though far from possessing the silvery sweetness of Lucy's, was clear and beautifully modulated. At length, Mrs. Vernon justly deeming repose was what the young stranger most needed, asked if she wished to see her room, adding:

"If you perfer occupying the same apartment as my daughter, it is at your disposal; if not, there is another prepared for your reception."

Ida glanced her dark eye on Lucy, and apparently won by her gentle appearance, replied,

"That if agreeable to Miss Vernon, she preferred sharing her chamber."

After passively receiving Mrs. Vernon's kind embrace, and gracefully, but coldly bidding her husband "Good Night," she followed Lucy, who led the way.

On entering the simple but exquisitely neat apartment, she flung herself on the nearest seat, and with a curl on her proud lip, glanced round the chamber. Nothing escaped that quick glance. The simple bed with its snowy drapery, the plain, unpretending furniture, the small book case, filled with plainly bound volumes, all struck upon her as so different to the gorgeous home she had just left. Not even the bright flowers with which Lucy had adorned the rooms, and whose sweet fragrance embalmed the air, could in her eyes add one gleam of brightness to the scene. Her survey concluded, she leaned her head upon her hands, and half closed her eyes, as if to intimate she had no wish for further conversation. Lucy quietly commenced preparing herself for rest, her companion apparently heedless of what she was doing, when she suddenly raised her head, and impatiently exclaimed:

"When is your maid coming? She certainly takes her time."

"What maid?" returned Lucy, bewildered.

"Why the girl to assist us to undress. You don't imagine I can prepare alone."

"I never require any assistance," was the gentle reply; "the domestics have long since retired to rest; but if I can be of the slightest help to you, I shall be very happy."

"Thank you, thank you, as I see it is a matter of course, I may as well commence to school myself in time," and with a very clouded countenance she drew out the comb that confined her rich hair. Unused, however, to the task, it became entangled, and after two or three ineffectual efforts, she let her hands fall with an expression of hopeless despair, which under any other circumstances would have provoked the mirth of even Lucy. Now, however, the latter quickly approached her, and gently saying,

"Permit me!" restored the rebellious locks to their proper order. For this service Ida abruptly thanked her, and Lucy retired beside her couch, and quietly knelt down to perform her evening devotions. In the meantime, her companion having succeeded after incredible difficulty in completing her toilette, advanced to the table, and glanced over the couple of volumes upon it. A richly bound annual, Dr. Vernon's last gift to his daughter, attracted her notice. For a moment, the splendid covering, the costly plates, seemed to transport her to former scenes. She glanced at the frontispiece; the name of London met her eye. What a host of recollections did that simple word recall! The scenes of glittering pleasure which had but just opened to her view ere they vanished never to return; the luxuries of that splendid home she had left forever; the remembrance of that father who had made of her his earthly idol, and whom, despite her intense selfishness, she had so passionately loved, all rushed on her recollection, and casting the book from her, she wept with a bitterness, a sense of desolate hopelessness, unnatural in one who was yet but in the sunny age of girlhood. Ere she knew of her approach, Lucy had thrown her arm around her waist, and looking into her face exclaimed in a tone whose persuasiveness was almost irresistible:

"Dear Miss Beresford! Why are you so unhappy? Are you not with friends who love you tenderly, deeply?"

The warm affection that beamed in her sweet countenance touched even the cold heart of the being she addressed. Yielding to her grief, her passionate yearning for sympathy, she forgot for the moment her usual proud reserve, and leaning her head on the shoulder of her companion, she gave free course to her tears. Tenderly did Lucy whisper words of consolation, but though they softened, they could not remove the bitter sorrow of Ida, and long after her companion was wrapped in slumber, peaceful as it was profound, she lay awake, revolving with unspeakable bitterness, the sad reverses that had befallen her within so short a space of time. Sudden and sad indeed were those reverses. A few short weeks since had beheld her the supreme mistress of a splendid home, for the father who had almost worshipped her, had early taught his household the lesson of implicit obedience to her every caprice, and truly boundless were her whims. With no fond mother to watch over her, to instil the love of virtue and religion in her young heart,—for she on whom that care devolved had died ere Ida was old enough to feel her loss—she had grown up proud, passionate, and overbearing, a stranger alike to self-control or forbearance. However, by the aid of masters, and a finished governess, she was almost a proficient in the elegant accomplishments befitting her rank; and but a few short months would have witnessed her introduction to that world which was the object of her every thought and wish. Handsome, gifted, endowed with wealth and station, she knew well the admiration and homage that would be hers; and with ill-dissembled impatience, she looked forward to the time when she should appear on the scene of her triumph. What a sad termination to a dream of folly was hers! She awoke, to find herself an orphan, dependent for an asylum on the bounty of strangers,—for strangers she would have considered them in the days of prosperity, and as such she looked on them now. Deserted, forsaken by those who even already had bowed before the shrine of the youthful heiress, secluded forever from that brilliant circle whose fashionable insipidity and elegance were so congenial to her tastes, and condemned to what she considered the hateful monotony of a country village, her only companions a tiresome though well meaning couple, and a silly, unformed child. Such thoughts added no inconsiderable bitterness to her grief, and the last impression of her waking thoughts was, that she was the most wretched, the most miserable of the children of sorrow.

CHAPTER III.

When Ida awoke the following morning, the cheerful rays of the sun, already high in the heavens, streamed in on the white drapery of her couch, while the fresh, pure air, freighted with the odours of a thousand sweet flowers, stole in through the open casement. Hastily drawing aside the curtain, the first object that greeted her was Lucy, who, completely dressed, was seated at the table, evidently awaiting the moment of her awaking.

"How are you, dear Miss Beresford?" she immediately exclaimed, advancing with a light step. "Have you slept well?"

"Not too well, but what o'clock is it?"

"Oh! late; we have breakfasted long since, but I could not think of disturbing you, though it is somewhat past ten."

"Ten! Do you call that so late?" was the astonished reply, "Why, this is my usual hour of rising. Do tell me at what o'clock you get up?"

"At seven; we breakfast at eight."

Miss Beresford fell back on her pillow, in mingled wonderment and disgust. Here was another insight into the customs of the family with whom she was doomed to associate. The silence was broken by Lucy, who asked if she preferred breakfasting in bed, as she must necessarily feel fatigued after her journey.

"No! I shall rise," was the reply; and with a look of unmistakable ill-temper, she proceeded to dress herself.

"Do, I entreat of you," she exclaimed, shivering, "shut that window; I am trembling with cold."

Lucy hastened to comply, inwardly wondering at the extreme delicacy of her companion, who found the pure sunny breeze of a summer morning too much for her endurance. Another long silence followed. Miss Beresford was in no mood for conversation, whilst Lucy's former attempts had been so coldly received, that she felt discouraged from making any further. Suddenly her cherished pet, her bright-eyed canary, sent forth a strain of thrilling melody. Again and again he renewed his song, when Ida, whom his young mistress had supposed enchanted like herself, with his sweet notes, exclaimed in a tone of the most ungovernable impatience,

"For Mercy's sake! remove that hateful bird. His screaming is insupportable."

Perfectly aghast, her companion looked at her for a moment, and then, without a syllable, took the cage of her favorite, and hung it up in the adjoining apartment. Despite her utmost efforts,

she could not regain her former joyous expression. Ida perceiving it, and somewhat ashamed of her ill-humour, remarked:

"You must forgive my impatience, but I have an insupportable headache this morning, and a trifle annoys me."

Lucy's open brow instantly regained its serenity, and they cheerfully descended to the breakfast room.

"Where is Mrs. Vernon?" interrogated Ida, as they entered the apartment, which was vacant.

"She has gone to pay a visit to a poor sick woman, one of my father's patients."

Miss Beresford shrugged her shoulders, but said nothing, and seated herself at table. Fastidious as she was, even her extreme fastidiousness could find nothing to reproach. The snowy damask cover, the plain but delicate porcelain,—and yet how different was this simple equipage to the elegantly spread table of her former home. After a few minutes she rose, saying she had no appetite. The compassionate Lucy immediately set this down as the effect of her headache, and entreated her to lie on the sofa, as it might afford her relief. Miss Ida resolved to take advantage of the plea thus offered her, and determined on having a headache the whole day, in order to shield herself from all unnecessary conversation or further annoyance. Lucy, who had gone in quest of a book, met her mother in the passage, and instantly informed her of poor Ida's indisposition. Not a word did she utter concerning the amiable symptoms of character displayed by that young lady during the morning. No! the plea of illness was an all-sufficient apology, and even were it otherwise, so far from revealing, she would rather have striven to conceal her faults, for, strange as it may appear, Lucy already almost loved the cold, impassible being, whose firm, independent character, presented so striking a contrast to her own childish timidity. There was something too in the lonely, desolate position of Ida Beresford, that called forth all the warmest sympathy of her young, sensitive heart, and she felt that already she could make any sacrifice for this friend of a few hours. The vivid recital of her daughter, roused Mrs. Vernon's compassion, and with a voice of the kindest concern, she enquired of Ida "how she felt."

The latter replied she was a little better, and that a few hours quiet would effectually restore her. Mrs. Vernon immediately bathed her temples with *Eau de Cologne;* Lucy brought pillows for her head, and for the remainder of the day she lay listlessly back on the sofa, her eyes half closed, listening but not participating in the conversation, which in thoughtful regard of her headache, was carried on in a more subdued tone than usual. Her feigned illness was implicitly believed, for fatigue and mental pain had imparted an additional pallour to a cheek whose hue was never bright, and as to food, she found it impossible to taste anything during the day. Towards evening Dr. Vernon returned, and after a few kind words to Ida, he threw himself back in his large arm chair, whilst Lucy seated herself beside him. After some time he hinted that he thought it would be shortly necessary for him to visit London. Perceiving his daughter's bright face immediately overcast, he soothingly exclaimed:

"You must not be lonesome, my little Lucy; I shall not be absent more than a fortnight, and I promise to bring you back a handsome present. Come, what shall it be? A new album, a pretty ring?"

"No! no! papa. You know I do not care for those gifts; but will you promise to bring me a little silver collar for Fan? If you only knew how long I have wished for one, and I determined never to ask you for any other present till I had obtained that."

"Fie! fie! my daughter," returned her father, smiling. "Can you think of nothing more suitable for a young lady? I really will become ashamed of you if you do not grow more wise. Think, Lucy, you should be growing very sensible. You are nearly fifteen."

"Nearly fifteen!" repeated Ida, in a tone of uncontrollable surprise. "You do not mean to say that you are but a few months younger than I am? Why I appear fully five or six years your senior."

"'Tis fortunate for her," said Mrs. Vernon with a smile, "that she looks so very young yet. I should advise her to continue to do so till she acquires a little more sense."

Lucy did not even smile at this sally. She was so surprised to find that the tall, commanding looking Ida Beresford, whom she had looked up to as a being as much her superior in age as in everything else, was but two or three months older than herself.

"How inferior am I to her!" thought Lucy, "in everything. How sensible she is, not flying about as I am all day," and visions of daily races with her dogs, long conversations with her birds, hours spent among her flowers, rose on her memory. So occupied was she in her self-condemnation, that she was unaware that the dark eyes of Ida were scrutinizingly fixed upon her. After a long examination, she turned them away, whilst a half suppressed sneer curled her lip. Till the hour of repose arrived, she spoke no more, and

she retired to rest in the same affable humour in which she had risen.

The following day when she awoke, the room was empty. Dressing herself, as well as she could, she descended the stairs, and entered the small sitting room. Lucy was sewing, and cheerfully conversing with her mother, whose delicate fingers were employed on some coarse but comfortable article of apparel, which Ida well knew was for some object of charity. They kindly welcomed her, and Lucy sprang up, saying,

"Dear Miss Beresford! I have been waiting with such impatience for you, to accompany me on a visit to a poor woman to whom mamma is sending some clothing. I intended going early, but then I reflected how much pl asure it would afford you, and postponed it till you should be ready."

"I assure you, you were very much mistaken then," she peevishly replied. "I hate morning rambles, and still worse, visits to every wretched hovel, whose inmates may be dying of fever or starvation."

Mrs. Vernon's eyebrows slightly contracted, but she merely said to her daughter, in a grave tone,

"Go, my dear Lucy, yourself. You who are blessed enough to find true pleasures in benevolence, may enjoy them. Miss Beresford has not yet, it appears, been sufficiently fortunate to discover them, but probably it is not from the want of disposition, but rather the opportunity."

"Lucy departed on her charitable errand, whilst Ida, at Mrs. Vernon's desire, sought the breakfast room. The repast, of which she but slightly partook, over, she returned to Mrs. Vernon's apartment, and resumed her former seat. The latter feeling it was her duty to endeavor to correct the spirit of indolence which had evidently acquired already a very powerful influence over the mind of her young relative, took up some unfinished needle-work, and presented it to her, saying,

"You must feel miserable, my dear Ida, without anything to do. Here is some sewing."

"I do not sew, madam," she rejoined, receiving the work, but immediately laying it down.

"Then had you not better learn, my dear young friend? it is an essential requisite in the education of every young lady, and I can assure you, you will not find it as difficult as you may imagine."

"It is to be hoped so. Might I trouble you to arrange this hem?"

The hem was arranged, and Ida made a very long stitch, then a very short one, and ended by pricking her finger very severely.

"Perhaps you had better defer your lesson till to-morrow," said Mrs. Vernon, who though her tones were gentle, felt anything but satisfied with her companion's manner. Still the thought that she was motherless, fatherless, totally dependant on her own and her husband's bounty, checked every unkind reflection, and prompted words of gentleness, when those of reproof would have been more beneficial. Ida, freed for the present from a task to which she looked forward with shuddering abhorrence, brought down her drawing materials, and was soon intently engaged with them. Shortly after Lucy returned, full of gaiety, and immediately commenced giving her mother an animated description of her visit, and the happiness her gifts had conferred. Suddenly her eye fell on Ida, who, bending over her paper, seemed utterly heedless of her narration. What was there in that cold, immovab e countenance, that caused Lucy to cut her relation somewhat shorter than she intended, and to quietly seat herself at her work? No smile, no sneer, gave token that what she had been saying had even fallen on Ida's ear, and yet, Lucy felt that not a word had escaped her—that it but afforded her matter for ridicule. A few hours after Dr. Vernon entered the room.

"Why, what is the matter here to-day?" he gaily exclaimed. "You are all unusually silent, and you, my little Lucy, you look the gravest of all. Come, tell me what has happened? Has Fan caught cold, or has your feathered songster grown rebellious and refused to sing?"

Lucy's answering smile was very faint, but her father pleasantly continued,

"Cheer up! I have news that will restore your gay spirits with double strength. Mary," and he turned to his wife, "I start for London to-day."

"Is this the pleasant news?" she returned, in anything but a pleasant tone.

"Oh! not exactly; it is the preliminary. I go alone, but shall not return alone. Lucy, you may expect your brother back with me. His midsummer vacations commence this week"

"Dear papa! are you in earnest? What happiness!" she rejoined, clasping her hands, whilst her colour went and came, and her eyes sparkled with ten-fold lustre. Oh! how I long to see dear, dear Claude. It seems a century since I last saw him. How changed he must be."

"He doubtless is changed, and I hope for the better."

"Oh! there is no fear of that," was her warm reply; this time, unchecked by Ida's presence, she gave free course to her joy, in a flood of conjectures, plans, wishes, in all of which dear Claude

acted a prominent part. Ida grew thoroughly weary of the discussion, gathered her drawing materials, saying she would put them away.

"I'll help you," said Lucy, who saw immediately, whatever was the cause, her brow was somewhat overcast, and having assisted her to collect them, they left the room together.

Dr. Vernon looked at his wife, who sighed and shook her head.

"What think you of her, Mary?"

"It is as I feared," was the desponding reply. "I feel that I am utterly incapable of fulfilling the charge. Were she any other disposition than what she is, I might have some hope, but I can never expect to equal, much less control, the proud, cold character she possesses. You know, William, I am feeble by nature, and had Lucy not inherited my excessive gentleness,—weakness, I should say,—I could never have controlled her; but a look, a word, was all I could give. As for Claude, I have had but very little share in his education. How, then, am I to manage a haughty, determined spirit, like that of Ida Beresford?"

Dr. Vernon inwardly thought it could be very easily accomplished if the proper means were employed; but she was his wife's relation, not his, and it was a delicate point. He therefore merely said, that perhaps gentleness might prove effectual where harsher measures would be useless, and that at some further period reproof might be tried. The entrance of Lucy put a stop to the conversation.

"Where have you left Ida?" asked her father.

"She is changing her dress for dinner."

"She is very particular," he smilingly rejoined; "we have no company."

"Ida is aware of that, but at home she was always accustomed to dress, and 'tis a practice she cannot abandon now."

"Well! had you not better assist her, dear Lucy?"

"Oh, yes! she wants some sewing silk, and I have come down for it."

As she closed the door Dr. Vernon and his wife again exchanged looks, and the former sorrowfully exclaimed:

"Poor child! she is yet far from reconciled to her sad reverses; but we must not despair; she is yet very young, and this may all pass away."

"I hope so," was his wife's rejoinder.

The intelligence of the approaching arrival of a brother, whom she loved with all the ardour of her warm heart, had raised Lucy's spirits to the highest pitch. Night and day he was present to her thoughts, and any other subject of conversation was insipid and uninteresting to her. The day preceding his arrival she was seated in her own room with Ida, who, yielding to one of her indolent attacks, had flung herself on the bed, and was listlessly watching the fair fingers of Lucy, which were busily employed in netting a purse.

"Who are you making that for?" she at length asked.

"For dear Claude, he will be here to-morrow. Oh! I feel so happy, and so would you if you but knew ——."

"Oh! enough! enough! spare me the fresh recital of a tale so often told. I am heartily sick of hearing of nothing but the excellencies, the accomplishments, of this incomparable brother of yours, who will very likely on a closer examination, turn out no better than the rest of us poor mortals."

This unkind remark hurt Lucy in the tenderest point, and called forth all the opposition that lay in her gentle nature. It was therefore in a somewhat cold tone she replied:

"He may indeed fall short of what has been said of him, on a more intimate acquaintance; but still, examine him closely as you will, he will ever be found free from one taint of selfishness, and that alone, you will allow, Miss Beresford, covers a multitude of sins."

Probably Ida took this palpable hint to herself, for her dark eye flashed, and for a moment she measured Lucy from head to foot with a glance of mingled surprise and haughty anger. But a moment after, apparently thinking her beneath her indignation, she smoothed her brow, and exclaimed in mocking tones:

"Cleverly said, my pretty logician. I knew not that you possessed the gift of reasoning in so great a degree of perfection. It is to be hoped your worthy brother ——."

What more she intended saying remained unknown, for Mrs. Vernon's voice was heard calling for Lucy. Unwilling to hear what further her companion had to say, Lucy sprang from the room, and Ida was left to enjoy the pleasures of solitude. She waited, momentarily expecting Lucy's return, but hour after hour passed on, and she came not. To speak truly, much as she affected to look down on her, she missed her gentle companion greatly, and justly conjecturing that their recent difference was the cause of her absence, she resolved to avoid any further disputes. Wearied of her own society, she at length sought the sitting-room, having previously armed herself with some trifling piece of sewing, to satisfy Mrs. Vernon. She found the latter reading a letter aloud to her daughter, but on her entrance she immediately laid it down, and turning to her, exclaimed:

"Will you not rejoice with us, my dear Ida, to hear that Dr. Vernon and Claude will be home sooner than we even hoped? This very day, nay, this very hour, we expect them."

"Indeed!" returned Ida, with some appearance of satisfaction. "Are not these joyful tidings for you, Lucy?" she added, wishing to propitiate her.

It was the first time she had ever so addressed her, and the friendly, answering smile, told that all was forgotten. Ida then seated herself at her sewing, which was certainly a remarkable phenomenon in needle-work, for though she had been engaged on it several days, as yet no tokens of progress were visible. Mrs. Vernon continued some verbal instructions she had commenced giving them in house-keeping, which, as may be supposed, proved anything but entertaining to one of her auditors. But they were soon interrupted by the opening of the door, and without further announcement, Dr. Vernon walked in. His wife joyfully greeted him, but immediately exclaimed, glancing anxiously towards the entrance of the room:

"Where is Claude?"

"Here, dear mother!" and in a moment she was in the arms of her son.

Lucy came next, and in their long, affectionate embrace, might have been read the warm, sincere affection that united them. Dr. Vernon's eye, in the zenith of his joy, happened to fall on Ida, who had held herself aloof during the preceding scene. He immediately led Claude up to her, saying:

"My dear son, I shall now introduce you to your new sister. Cherish, love her, as you have done your other."

Claude extended his hand with warm cordiality, but Miss Ida Beresford, mindful of her own dignity, barely proffered her finger, and then coldly drew back. He looked at her with surprise, and carelessly turned away. Usurping Lucy's stool, he seated himself at his mother's feet, with his arm round his sister's slight waist. Whilst he replied to their countless enquiries, which he did with many a merry laugh, and witty jest, Ida had leisure and opportunity to examine him unperceived. Never was short-sighted mortal more surprised than was that young lady. She had expected to see a pale, awkward looking boy, possessing Lucy's quiet shyness, without her feminine beauty, but instead, she saw a tall, elegantly formed youth, whose brilliant dark eye, and clear, ringing voice, announced a high intellect, united to a rich fund of gaiety and animation. Striking indeed was the contrast the brother and sister presented, the fair delicacy of her complexion, enhancing by comparison the dark hue of his, which was of a rich clear olive. The clustering raven curls, the regular, but boldly defined features, the frank, fearless expression of the countenance, all was the reverse of the perfectly feminine Lucy, and perhaps it was this very dissimilarity which united them so closely together. Whilst she looked up with a sort of reverence, to the tall, undaunted boy, who fearlessly braved dangers, the very mention of which caused her cheek to turn pale, he regarded with almost idolatry, the fair and delicate being who ever clung to him with such confiding affection. Her senior by four years, he advised, coaxed, caressed, in fact looked on her as a mere child. For some time they continued to converse with the same sparkling animation, when Lucy, ever thoughtful, suddenly exclaimed,

"Where is Ida? We must not neglect her thus."

"A thousand pardons, my dear child, I hope you will forgive our inattention," said Mrs. Vernon, turning towards her. "Come and join our circle. Claude, a chair."

He immediately sprang forward, and proffered her a seat, which she accepted with a cold and almost imperceptible bow. But her self-love had been too deeply wounded by their apparent neglect, to permit of her participating in the conversation, and she continued to preserve the most frigid silence. At an early hour she begged permission to retire, and Lucy, at her mother's instance, who saw she was exhausted by excitement, accompanied her.

"Well, my dear Claude, what do you think of Miss Beresford?" asked his mother, when they were left alone. "How do you like your new sister?"

"Like her! I shall never like her as a friend, much less as a sister."

"Nay, you are too hasty in your judgment. How can you form so decisive an opinion after an interview of a few hours?"

"A few minutes would have sufficed. A character like hers is read at a glance. Cold, haughty, egotistical! Oh! how widely different to our darling Lucy. By-the-by, mother, how much Lucy is improved! She is really beautiful."

"Do you think her as handsome as Miss Beresford?" asked the mother, with a little natural anxiety.

"I scarcely looked at her, yet she struck me at first, as very elegant looking, but oh! there is no comparison between her and my sister. Who would dream of preferring a proud, disagreeable

being like Ida Beresford, no matter how beautiful she might be, to our winning, gentle Lucy?"

"True," returned Mrs. Vernon; "and now, Claude, come tell me something about yourself How have you been? How are you progressing in your studies? But where is your father?" she continued, looking round; "he is unusually still." The worthy Doctor, fatigued with his journey, was peacefully slumbering in his easy chair. "We must not disturb him; he is tired; so proceed Claude, but let us speak low."

The night was far advanced when they separated, and it was with a feeling of inexpressible happiness the gentle mother laid her head on her pillow, for she found her cherished son had indeed fully, nobly, fulfilled her every hope.

(To be continued.)

THE BRIDE OF A YEAR.

BY R. E. M.

She stands before her mirror,
With a bright and joyous air;
And carefully she smootheth out,
Her waves of golden hair;

But the tell-tale colour on her cheek,
So varying, yet so bright,
The downcast eye, the sigh, all tell,
Deep thoughts are hers to-night.

Then say, what is the fairy spell,
Around her beauty thrown,
Lending a new but fairer charm,
To every look and tone?

It is the hidden consciousness,
The blissful, joyous, thought,
That she at length, hath wholly won,
The heart she long hath sought.

To-morrow is her bridal day,
That day of hopes and fears,
Of partings from beloved friends,
Of sunshine, and of tears.

To-morrow she will say the words,
Those words, whose import deep,
Will cast her future lot in life—
Well might she turn and weep.

But no! her dark eye shineth on,
Undimmed by thought or tears,
She's loved.—and for her future fate,
She hath no anxious fears.

Once! only once, a passing cloud,
Rests on her girlish brow;
And her large eye glanceth mournfully;
She s thinking of her vow.

But quick as light and fleecy clouds,
Flit o'er a summer sky,
The shadow passeth from her brow,
The sadness from her eye.

In silvery tones, she murmurs forth,
"My heart is free and glad,
Youth, beauty, wealth, are all mine own,
Then, why should I be sad?

To graver hearts leave graver thoughts,
And all foreboding fears;
Why should I harbour mournful dreams?—
I am too young for tears!"

* * * * * * *

One only year, hath passed away,
Since round her fair, white brow,
The orange wreath was twined, and yet,
How altered is she now!

The merry glance, and sparkling smile,
They both, alas! have fled;
And the tearful eye, and pale lip tell,
Of a heart to sorrow wed.

But she hath not long to suffer now,
For the hectic bloom, and moan
So frequent, tell consumption fell
Hath marked her as its own,

Whilst she gazeth on the lovely earth,
So soon to pass away,
Her thoughts revert to that pleasant time,
When her hopes and heart were gay;

And bowing her head in her thin white hands,
She breathes with an aching sigh,
"I thought myself too young to weep,—
Am I not too young to die?

"But, Father in heaven! teach me now,
To bow to thy decree,
And turn my thoughts from this fleeting earth,
To fix them all on thee.

"My cup has been a bitter one,
And yet I earned it all,
For the world, and not thyself, my God,
Held my weak heart in thrall,

"My brighest hopes, and fondest thoughts,
To this vain life were given,
And 'mid its pleasures I forgot,
Alas! both Thee and Heaven;

"But Thou wert pleased to look upon,
My weak and wand'ring heart,
And at length to lead me to thyself,
By sorrow's cruel dart.

"And Thou hast heard the burning sighs,
The prayers to Thee addressed,
A few more hours of grief and pain,
And I shall be at rest."

Her prayers were heard, and ere the leaves
Of autumn strewed the sod,
Her spirit, tried by earthly grief,
Was happy with its God.

PRESENTIMENT.

BY M. A. S.

"ELEANOR! my sweet Eleanor! what *can* be the cause of this dejection—nay, sadness, so visible on every feature of your face? Speak, love—do you already repent the irrevocable step you have just taken?" Thus spoke Arthur Newburk to his fair and gentle bride, as the carriage, which was to bear them to their distant home, rolled over the pavements of Eccles Street, on its way from the church where they had just been united. "Say, Eleanor! are you not happy?"

"Nay, Arthur!" replied the lady, "you cannot surely deem me so fickle as to suppose that my love can change so lightly? How could I be otherwise than happy, since I am sure that you love me, and that the orphan Eleanor will have henceforward a faithful and loving guide through the chequered and tangled paths of life. Oh! yes!—I am happy—ay! more than happy!" and the fair speaker pressed still closer to her heart the hand of him whom she had chosen from many wealthier and nobler suitors.

"Then why do I behold you so pensive, my sweet wife? Surely you can have no secret sorrow which you would fain conceal from me? Oh! Eleanor! can you doubt that I will sympathize truly, most truly, in all your joys and sorrows?"

"Sorrow, I have none, Arthur; on the contrary, my heart is overflowing with joy, and with gratitude to Him who giveth all good things; and yet, strange to say, I feel a sort of sickening apprehension that my happiness will not last, and this heart so full of love and joy, is borne down as with a heavy load."

"Dearest!" replied her husband, in a voice of soothing tenderness; "you must endeavor to shake off these idle terrors—why should you feel so depressed? Look abroad on the smiling landscape,"—they had now quitted the precincts of the city, and were passing along the great northern road where the view embraces a portion of the Phœnix Park,—"and acknowledge that all radiant as is the scene, your own prospects are even as bright. Let us then endeavor to enjoy the many blessings now within our reach, and at the same time prove our gratitude to Him who gave them, by placing our fate in His hands—let us not darken the brilliancy of the scene before us by anticipating sorrows which may never come. Cheer up, then, sweetest Eleanor, and look again upon your husband with those smiling eyes which captivated him as a lover."

Eleanor, in order to dismiss the subject, now inquired at what time they should be likely to arrive at the end of their journey.

"I hope to reach Ballyhaise by seven or eight o'clock this evening, love, and there we shall be welcomed to our own home by my sister, who has, you know, been my housekeeper since the death of my mother, now some five years ago. Mary is considerably older than I am, and as a natural consequence of her seniority, I have long looked upon her as a second mother, while she on her part regards me, I believe, with a maternal rather than a sisterly love. Poor Mary! she has her own peculiarities (as most old maids have), but she will, nevertheless, be ready to give you a kind and a cordial welcome."

Eleanor tried to look forward with pleasure to the promised welcome, and the happiness awaiting her in her new home; but here again did that perverse foreboding obtrude its hateful presence, counteracting all the efforts of her husband to reassure her, and nipping with the blighting effect of the winter's hoar frost, all the bright hopes of her heart as they sprang into existence.

Thus passed the long hours of the summer day—for the month was June, gay, smiling June—until about half-past six o'clock in the evening they reached the entrance of the Newburk demesne. The gate-house was kept by an ancient dame, who looked the very picture of neatness and contentment as she stepped forward with a low courtesy, to welcome her young master and his bride. Having thrown open the gates, good Mrs. Hannah stood while the carriage passed through, in order to close them again, when the cheerful voice of Arthur called out,

"How d'ye do, Hannah? How has the world used you since I left home? Is all well up at the house?"

"With regard to myself, Mr. Arthur," returned the good dame, "I am in as good health as ever, many thanks to your honor for asking; and as for Miss Mary, and every one at the castle, why, they are all just as when you left them. I was talkin' to Miss Mary this mornin', an' I think

she'll be surprised to see you, for she said she did'nt expect you very soon."

"Well, Hannah, I am glad that such is the case, as we can now give my sister the pleasure of a surprise." And the carriage then rolled on towards the house, while Hannah, as she closed the gates, repeated to herself,

"Pleasure! oh! but its the great pleasure entirely to Miss Mary! Troth! if you knew but all, Mr. Arthur! she'd as soon see the divil, (Lord pardon me for sayin' so!) as the new mistress. An' God bless her purty face! she looks so mild an' sweet-tempered that myself could sit down an' cry for the poor young crature. Troth! I could, this blessed day."

And so saying, the worthy woman entered her cottage and resumed her employment of spinning, where we shall for the present leave her, to follow our travellers up the avenue. As they approached the house, Eleanor could not avoid remarking, even at a glance, that the building itself, together with all its appendages, bore the impress of sedulous care and attention—everything around gave token that the presiding genius of tho scene was a lover of order and neatness. She turned to Arthur for the purpose of expressing her admiration, when he, anticipating her remarks, said with a smile:

"You are struck with the air of neatness which reigns around our home, are you not, dearest Eleanor?—I entreat you, however, to attribute no merit to me in the case, for it is entirely the work of my sister. Never on earth was there a being so fastidious in these matters as is my dear good sister. I do really believe that the sight of a broken hinge on one of the gates, nay, a pebble on one of her sanded walks, of larger size than she deemed fitting, would be sufficient to sour her temper for a whole day. Look now," he went on gaily, with the evident design of raising the drooping spirits of his bride, "only look at the decorous propriety with which those young trees are planted; observe the prim, quaker-like air of those poor shrubs, which, like young misses at a fashionable boarding-school, are actually drilled into formality, to the utter destruction (in both cases) of that *natural* beauty which is, in my opinion, alone deserving of the name. But, *n'importe*! I have ever left the ruling of the house and grounds to my sister, who seems to enjoy their exclusive management so much that I could not dare to think of interfering."

Here a momentary cloud overshadowed the open brow of the speaker, and he looked anxiously into Eleanor's face, as the startling thought then came into his mind that *she* might not so easily acquiesce in his sister's continued supremacy. The cloud passed away, however, as quickly as it came, when he met the bright smile with which Eleanor heard his words. Eleanor now turned her attention on the house itself, and saw that, though styled Ballyhaise Castle, yet had it no pretensions to the name, being neither more nor less than a handsome modern edifice, without the slightest appearance of having ever been castellated. Yet this is not the only building in Ireland so miscalled, to whatever cause the error may be traced. We find, in the same county in which the building in question is situated, another *castle* of the same kind—the residence of the Cootes of Belmont Forest. In the county of Monaghan there are also Leslie Castle and Crieve Castle; neither of which goes beyond the rank of a neat mansion-house. In short, I suppose every county in Ireland can furnish many similar misnomers. This very remark had frequently been made in Eleanor's presence, and she smiled on discovering that her new home was in reality one of these so-called castles.

The carriage at length reached the end of the long, formal avenue, but no friendly face appeared to welcome the travellers, the hall door being, indeed, carefully closed; and it was only after repeated knocking that it was at last opened. The servant who appeared having hastily called out:

"Oh! here's the master!" Miss Mary herself came to the door, where she calmly awaited the approach of her brother and his bride. Arthur sprang at once from the carriage, and in his haste actually lifted Eleanor from her seat, nor stopped till he had placed her standing by his sister's side.

"God bless you, Mary! how glad I am to see you once more!" and he accompanied his words with a warm embrace, which (to do the lady justice) she as warmly returned; then turning to his wife, he drew them closely together—"Mary—my wife! my Eleanor! Be a sister to her, dear Mary, even such as you have been to me—I can wish for no more. And, Mary, we must be *all* to her, for she has no relations, being the last of all her family."

The warm-hearted girl threw her arms around her stately sister-in-law, expecting to be met half way, at least, but she was grievously mistaken—the latter quickly disengaged herself, and, stepping back a little, she said, in a tone that contradicted the purport of her words:

"I beg to offer my congratulations, and to welcome Mrs. Newburk to her husband's house; pray walk in," she added, turning to lead the way to the drawing room. Arthur took the hand of his gentle bride in silence, while the latter mentally exclaimed, "Alas! how true is it that

very often 'coming events cast their shadows before!'"

Miss Mary turned short round.

"You will, I suppose, prefer retiring now, in order to dress for tea?"

Being answered in the affirmative, she conducted Eleanor to her apartment, at the door of which, she left her, saying:

"Precisely at eight you will hear the bell for tea, and I hope you will be ready to come down immediately, as I dislike, of all things, to be obliged to wait."

Eleanor promised to be punctual, assuring Miss Newburk with a smile, that she herself was a decided advocate of punctuality. No sooner had the door closed on her new relative, than the smile vanished from her face, and a passionate burst of tears relieved her over-charged heart.

"Oh! what a reception!" she exclaimed, almost aloud; "and is it possible that I am doomed to the companionship of such a being? Oh, Arthur! Arthur! can it be that she is your sister—that cold, heartless woman! 'I beg to offer my congratulations!'—oh! surely I would rather have heard her say, 'I regret exceedingly that you are come, and beg to assure you that my brother's choice does not meet my approbation!' And then again, 'she dislikes of all things to be kept waiting,'—and this on the moment of my arrival—truly, hers was a warm and cheering welcome for a young bride. Alas! had my hopes of happiness been ever so sanguine, the chilling coldness of that woman would have blighted them all! But I must hasten," she exclaimed, starting suddenly from her seat, "for Miss Mary, (as they call her,) 'dislikes, of all things, to be kept waiting.'"

And drying up her tears, she made a hasty toilet, and was just about to descend to the drawing-room, when her husband came to seek her. He was commencing a gay tirade against all formality, when all of a sudden, he stopped short:

"How is this, Eleanor! you have been weeping—the traces of tears are still visible on your cheeks. Why will you persevere in making me unhappy, by giving way to these fantastic apprehensions? Know you not, dearest, that your Arthur's feelings are so interwoven with yours, that while you are sad, it is impossible for him to be happy?"

And he embraced her fondly as he spoke.

"Nay, dearest Arthur!" she replied, rejoiced to find that he, accustomed as he was to his sister's peculiar deportment, found in her reception nothing to give pain; "you know how entirely that dark presentiment engrosses my mind—then forgive me, love, and I shall try to overcome it. Let us now go down to tea," she added, anxious to evade further inquiry.

They accordingly proceeded to the drawing-room, where they fortunatety arrived a few minutes before Miss Newburk.

Eleanor, determined that no effort of hers should be wanting in order to overcome her sister-in-law's coolness, gaily exclaimed:

"So you see, Miss Newburk! (she dared not say *Mary*, as her heart dictated,) that I *am* punctual, and I must really bring you to an account, for it is you who are late on this occasion—look there!" and she laughingly pointed to the time-piece, where it stood on a low marble mantel-piece.

"I see!" returned the other, with her usual coolness, "I see that it is three minutes past eight—I therefore owe you an apology."

This was spoken in all seriousness, (for it would seem that Miss Newburk never deigned to jest,) and Eleanor, who really began to feel somewhat amused by the study of a character so entirely new to her, replied in the same tone she had before used:

"Oh! I shall readily forgive this your first fault, on condition that you promise to sin no more in a similar manner."

A slight bow was the only answer, and the party took their places at the table in silence, for Eleanor could not avoid feeling disconcerted, and made no further attempt to carry on the conversation. The meal would have passed in almost unbroken silence had it not been for Arthur, who (whether his gaiety was real or assumed,) talked almost incessantly, notwithstanding that he found considerable difficulty in obtaining even monosyllabic replies from his two auditors.

"Why, Eleanor!" he said at length, wearied with his fruitless endeavours to draw out the others, "why, Eleanor! where are all those high spirits for which you were so remarkable?—One would really think you had changed natures since yesterday, for such a metamorphosis I never saw as has taken place in your manners and deportment. As for Mary, I am not surprised by her silence, for it is not at all unusual with her. Indeed we have frequently sat whole evenings together without exchanging a dozen words. But you, Eleanor! I am amazed to see you so silent. I might just as well, I believe, attempt to open a conversation with some of the respectable and respected occupants of the picture gallery."

"Nor have I the extenuating plea to offer, which in ordinary cases would be entirely satisfactory," returned Eleanor, mournfully; "namely, that of regret for those I have left. No tender relative remains to mourn the departure of Eleanor

Mack. Mine is not the sorrow of the young bride, who, in trusting herself and her future happiness to the guardianship of a husband, has torn herself from the arms of a weeping mother, or a father who tried to conceal the grief that filled his heart. No! no! nor parent, sister or brother—not one of her name or kindred—has Eleanor left behind."

"So much the better!" interposed Miss Newburk, abruptly breaking silence; "now that the pain of losing them is past, you should be truly thankful that you are so situated. For my part, I am entirely of Miss Porter's opinion, that 'many friends are but a quiver full of poisoned arrows,' and can only give increased misery to their possessor."

Eleanor regarded the speaker with a look of unfeigned surprise.

"Would that I could become a convert to your opinion, for assuredly I should enjoy the present and its blessings more—far more—if I could only cease to mourn the past, and the loved ones I have lost."

Shortly after Miss Newburk advised Eleanor to retire, observing that she must require rest after her journey. Eleanor was much pleased with this the first instance in which her sister-in-law had seemed to study her comfort.

"I thank you, dear sister!" she replied, in a tone expressive of her feeling. "I thank you very much, but I really am not sensible of any great fatigue; perhaps I may find the effects of my long journey to-morrow more than I now do."

Miss Newburk started on being addressed as *dear sister*—the epithet seemed, indeed, very far from pleasing.

"Oh! as to your thanking me, Mrs. Newburk!" and she laid a marked emphasis on the name, to shew that she wished for no familiarity, "that is not at all necessary—I merely wished to remind you that we keep very early hours in this part of the world. Arthur seems to have forgotten that we here are quiet country folk, and shows as little disposition to move as though he were still in one of your racketing town assemblies. I have no idea of people sitting up so late—the day is quite long enough, I am sure, without intruding on the night, so I for one must beg leave to retire, and remember, Mrs. Newburk, we breakfast at nine. Good night!" so saying, she sailed from the room, leaving Eleanor more than ever at a loss what to think of her disposition.

Breakfast was scarcely over next morning when Miss Newburk presented to Eleanor the keys of the house, remarking that her reign was now at an end.

"No! no!" returned Eleanor, quickly, "say not so, dear Miss Newburk!—think not that I desire to infringe on rights which have so long been yours. Surely you do not imagine that I could presume to assume the command in a house which you have so long and so prudently ruled. Oh, no! be assured that in continuing to manage the affairs of the household you will confer on me a very high favor."

Notwithstanding her habitual coldness, Miss Newburk testified considerable emotion—it was evident that she had not expected this answer, and her pleasure appeared to equal her surprise.

"This is kind—very kind," she said, as she embraced Eleanor for the first time, to the very great satisfaction of the latter.

Arthur was present at this scene, which seemed, indeed, to remove from his heart a heavy load of apprehension. For some days all went well, Miss Newburk being still under the influence of her gratitude to Eleanor; but this soon passed away, and she gradually resumed her former chilling reserve. This was, it must be confessed, a very serious drawback on Eleanor's happiness, yet still she became in some measure accustomed to this strange conduct, and even began to feel contented, if not happy. The truth was that her ardent love for her husband induced her to overlook many instances of unkindness, coming as they did from one who loved that husband with a mother's love; and when she witnessed the tender attention lavished on Arthur by his sister, she said within herself:

"What a loving heart she has after all!—well! I cannot repine that I am shut out from its affection, since she seems to have given it unreservedly to my Arthur—my dearer self."

As for Arthur, though at times he could not avoid seeing that his sister looked rather coldly upon Eleanor, yet as no glaring instance of unkindness ever appeared in his presence, and as he never received from his wife the slightest hint that she had cause for complaint, why the natural consequence was, that he permitted the coolness which he could not but observe, to pass unnoticed, believing it the wiser course to pursue. In fact, as the reader must have already perceived, Arthur Newburk was none of the most quick-sighted—himself generous and confiding to a fault, he was slow to perceive the faults of others, and his sister's least of all. And this was but natural, for that sister was to him, and had long been, all that the fondest mother could be. Even in his mother's life-time, it had somehow happened that Mary was his confidante, his advocate—in short, his best and kindest friend, while he in return loved her with the tenderest affection. Never having experienced anything like coldness

from her himself, he could scarcely be persuaded, even by the evidence of his senses, that she could treat his wife unkindly, and consequently never sought to examine the matter more closely.

It was now the last days of summer—nature wore her richest robe, shining gaily out in the gaudy colouring of fruit and flower. The trees began already to put on "the sear and yellow leaf," yet not so as to remind us of the common lot of earthly things—the change was as yet merely enough to give variety to the bright green foliage. All was redolent of beauty, and Eleanor, who had passed the spring-time of her life in the smoky atmosphere of a city, seemed now to have emerged upon a new existence—the world was all sunshine, and the air all balm, and as she strolled through the grounds, leaning on the arm of her husband, she internally asked herself, "Is not this Elysian happiness? could I wish for more delicious pleasure? why then, insatiate heart! why are you still sad?—what have I to desire?"

"That this happiness may continue!"

Was the ominous reply of the deep, low voice within. As this presentiment flitted across her mind, she would involuntarily press closer to her heart the arm on which she leaned, while her husband, if he noticed the movement, merely turned upon her his wonted look of fondness, and his bright smile almost always dispelled the dark spirit which had been overshadowing her mind.

As Arthur was, like most country gentlemen, of his day, a passionate lover of field-sports, so it often happened that he was whole days absent, and at such times, Eleanor, nothing loth to escape from the chilling presence of her sister-in-law, was in the habit of rambling alone through the glades and alleys of the demesne. Occasionally, she entered the cottages of the labourers, and amused herself by drawing them into conversation, as their simple, yet often shrewd remarks on men and things, more strongly riveted her attention, than could the most refined and eloquent discourse. Of the peasantry of her native country, she had hitherto seen or known but little, and the study of their richly-varied character afforded her much real enjoyment. She had frequently visited the cottage of the gate-keeper, Mrs. Hannah, with whom she had become quite a favorite, and many an hour, that would have otherwise dragged heavily on, passed pleasantly away in listening to good Mrs. Hannah's old world stories. It was no unusual thing to see the lady seated at work by the old woman, while the latter sang, in a sweet but weak voice, some sad old ditty, to which the monotonous music of her spinning-wheel served as a suitable accompaniment. Often, as Eleanor listened, her interest became so strongly excited that, forgetting her work, it fell from her fingers, and she would sit motionless, with her soft eyes fixed on the calm, unmoved features of the singer. The consequence was, as I have said, that Mrs. Hannah became warmly attached to "the sweet young mistress," as she was wont to call her, and began to look out with restless anxiety for her now frequent visits. Thus did Eleanor spend many a happy afternoon—lulled into forgetfulness of the present, by Hannah's wild legends, till suddenly recalled to recollection by the appearance of Arthur, who, on missing her from the castle, was sure to seek her at the gate-lodge. Sometimes it happened that if he arrived when Hannah was in the midst of a story, he would sit down to await its conclusion, and in the course of time became as fond of these old songs or stories as Eleanor herself, so that when he was at home, he frequently accompanied her in her visits to Hannah's cottage.

It was on one of these occasions that the garrulous old woman suddenly addressed Arthur as follows:

"Ah, then, Mr. Arthur! do you ever see or hear anything now of that Mr. Hamilton, that quarrelled with your father long ago?"

"No, I have not met him either in public or in private for the last four years, nor do I ever wish to see him again—he that could insult a man of my father's age, when his grey locks alone should have been his protection, is a dangerous member of society. Will you believe me, Hannah, that time, which usually effaces all impressions, seems rather to strengthen my aversion to that man, so that I really believe I could not now look upon him calmly, or even with any degree of composure." As Arthur spoke thus, his face was alternately flushed and pale; he suddenly rose from his seat, and then recollecting himself, he turned to Eleanor, who sat in silent amazement, and apologized for his emotion, adding, that the subject was one which completely unmanned him, as it recalled at once the memory of a father whom he had idolized, and of one who had treated that father with base ingratitude, and had even dared to insult him in the midst of a crowded assembly. His father, he said, had sent a hostile message to his assailant, but had died suddenly before the meeting could take place.

"But, Mr. Arthur, dear, won't you tell the young mistress the reason of his spite against your father? Tell her all about his poor heart-broken wife."

"No, no, Hannah," returned Arthur, with a

sad smile; "I intrude not upon your well-founded right to tell all the tales and legends to be told in this neighbourhood. Do relate the story to Mrs. Newburk, as she would undoubtedly lose much of its pith and marrow in hearing it from me—I being, unfortunately, one of the very worst of story-tellers."

"Oh! do pray let me hear the tale, Hannah!" chimed in Eleanor, upon which Hannah without further entreaty complied:

"You must know, then, ma'am," she commenced, "that this Mr. Hamilton's* father and mother died, when he was only a boy, and left him two fine estates, one in this county, an' the other in the county Monaghan, where they had a fine castle, too. Well! there was no less than three guardians appointed to take care of the young heir an' his property, and mighty well they did take care of both, for the young gentleman was schooled and edicated until he was one of the best larned men to be found, they said at the time; an' for his estates, why the income was put in the bank every year—so that when he came of age, he had a whole mint of money, besides all the property. Well, my dears! it happened that when he was jist nineteen years of age, he fell in love with a young lady up in the county Meath or thereabouts, an' to be sure nothing would sarve him but he must marry her at once, for it seems that herself an' all her friends, were well content, an' no wonder they would, for not to spake of his immense riches, it was'nt every day one would see the likes of him—to give the devil his due, he was as fine an' as handsome a young gentleman as one would wish to cast an eye upon. Howandiver, the guardians weren't at all for the match, bekase he was'nt at age, an' another thing, bekase the young lady had no fortune. Well! he would'nt be put off so, an' he tould them pat an' plain, that if they didn't consent to his marriage, he'd put an end to himself, an' when they heard that it scared them so much that they were right glad to agree. Upon that, off goes Mr. Hamilton an' gets married, an' they say it was one o' the grandest weddin's that ever was seen in that part o' the counthry. Well! he brought home his young wife, to be sure, to the castle, an' for some time all went on as well as heart could wish. The bride was a purty creature, sure enough, for many's the time she was here at parties an' balls. Heigho! them were the times—the colonel an' the ould madam were both young an' hearty, then, an' so fond of company, that the castle was always full. Good lack! it can't be that them days are gone never to come back! I was young then, too, an' for all you see me so ould an' wrinkled now, there was many a brisk young chap that came down with the great gentlemen from Dublin—that used to call me "purty Hannah," and make me a power of fine speeches, for I was then waitin' on your mother, Mr. Arthur. La me! can it be—can it be so long ago?"

"Well, but—Mrs. Hamilton, Hannah?" interposed Arthur, desiring to curtail the reminiscences of "talking age."

"Och! that's thrue, your honour! I was forgettin' her entirely. Well! where was I? Oh! I know—I was jist where she had come home to Fairfield Castle. As I was sayin,' there was no end to the happiness of the young couple. You know, Mr. Arthur, that Mr. Hamilton is very tall; well, his lady was jist as short on the other hand, for she was so little that he could lift her an' carry her about in his arms, for all the world as you'd carry a child. Still, she was so mild an' so innocent that every one liked the little, weeny body, an' her husband fairly doted alive on her. But afther some time, it seems he began to get tired of living at home, an' he thought he'd go to London for a while. Troth! he did'nt know how to spend the half of his money, for he was at age then, you see, an' so he thought his best plan was to go an' live among the lords and ladies, an' all the grand quality in London. Well! he left Mrs. Hamilton behind, an' said that he'd write often to her, an' that he wouldn't stay long away from her, but as her health was'nt good, he thought she had best stay at home. So he went off with himself, an' took the most of the sarvints along with him. He was only to be away three or four weeks,—but, ochone! they turned out to be the long weeks!'

"It would seem, then, Hannah! that his love for his wife had cooled considerably," remarked Eleanor, "as otherwise he would not voluntarily have left her for so long a time. How did it happen that he became so suddenly weary of her society, that he must place the channel between them, in order to get rid of her?"

"I'll just tell you, ma'am, what people thought at the time. You know they were then two years married, and still there was no sign of havin' any family, an' as Mr. Hamilton, like other great gentlemen, wanted badly to have an heir for his estates, it seems he was so disappointed that he entirely turned against his lady, an' could scarcely bear to look at her, an' so that was said to be the raison of his goin' away from her. Well, ma'am! whether the poor thing suspected that all was'nt right I can't say, but I know that afther her hus-

* This gentleman's name (for the story is a true one, at least in its chief incidents,) was not Hamilton, but I shall call him so, for the nonce.

band was gone she became dull and sorrowful-lookin'. She used to sit for hours long at one of the windows of the castle, lookin' out at the moonlight or sunset, or whatever time it might be, an' then of an odd time she'd go out into the woods (for its a fine ould ancient place,) an' wandher about for half the day through the places where she used to walk with him that was gone. Every day she grew paler and thinner—the servants remarked that her eyes grew dull and heavy, and sunk in her head, an' if she was little before, she was now far less than ever. She never saw any company, an' lived like a body that was half dead—mopin' about from place to place like a ghost. She never got but one letther from her husband from the time he went away, an' that one seemed to give her no great comfort either, for there was no great love in it, I suppose. At last the poor young lady could stand it no longer, an' so she jist made up her mind to pack off to London an' see what was goin' on, for she wanted to know the worst at once. Well, she went, of course, to Mr. Hamilton's house, an' in throth you'd pity her, the sarvints said afterwards, if she was your greatest enemy, to see the could reception he gave her. She staid there, to be sure, but she hadn't much of her husband's company, so that she might as well have been in Ireland yet. She had a nice little pony carriage that Mr. Hamilton had bought her soon afther their marriage, an' she used to ride out in it every day in a place they called the Park. Well, one day when she was takin' her airin', who should she see drivin' past but her own husband in the grand coach, an' my dears, hadn't he a beautiful, fine, dashin'-lookin' lady sittin' beside him, an' him talkin' to her for all the world as he used to do long ago to herself. He jist caught a glimpse of his wife as he passed, an' he seen her fallin' back in the phaeton as pale as ashes, but he daren't say a word about her to the lady, an' so he drove on an' never minded her. For her part, poor thing! nobody knew what or how she felt, but she ordered the man to drive straight home, an' immediately set her maid to work to pack up her things and set off for Ireland before Mr. Hamilton returned. Well, when he came home an' missed her he asked where she was, an' when he heard she was away to Ireland, you may swear he was heart-glad, both becase he was well pleased to get quit of her, an that he would have been ashamed to look her in the face afther what had passed. The tables were soon turned with him afther all, for the next news he heard was that she was dead, an' so he left the lady (she was his kept mistress, you see,) without as much as biddin' her good-bye, an' posted home to Ireland, but before he got there his poor wife was buried, for her brother an' some others of her friends had come there an' taken her away home, an buried her with her own people. Upon hearin' that, Mr. Hamilton was like one deranged, bekase you see he could'nt help accusin' himself of his poor wife's death—and then he began to think how good she was, an' how she had loved him; so that puttin' everything together he nearly lost his senses; they say that he shut himself up in his room for three days, an' durin' all that time he never tasted bit or sup, or would see no one. What made him more sorry, too, it seems he found in one of his wife's drawers a roll of papers tied up with a red string, an' there was on it in her own handwritin', 'Letters of Thomas Charles S. Hamilton to Ann Hamilton,' an' under that there was, 'Commit these to the flames when I am no more.' An' sure enough when he opened it he found every letther that ever he wrote to her, either before or afther their marriage. If he was grieved before you may be sure that made him ten times worse, an' so no one dared go near him till he got out of that fit; but it didn't last long, for in a short time he was off to London again, and when he came back about three months afther he had the darlin' with him, an though she never could get him to marry her, still she lived on an' on at the castle until now they have a large family of sons and daughters. But I forgot to tell you, ma'am, that he had every stitch of Mrs. Hamilton's clothes burned, an' though Mrs. Wilson (as his mistress was called,) often tried to coax him out of some of her jewelry, she could never get him to consent—he kept it always carefully locked up in a secret drawer of his desk. He could never bear (bad as he was,) to see Mrs. Wilson handle anything that belonged to her. One day it seems he had been out walkin', an' when he came in what should he find my lady doin'? Why, there she was, standin' in the hall, an' hadn't she poor Mrs. Hamilton's picture on a table an' a sarvint cleanin' the dust off, an' polishin' up the frame. Mr. Hamilton flew into a terrible passion:

"'How dare you,' he says, 'lay a hand on that picture—your touch was enough to sully it! Was not the sight of that fair, youthful face, so full of purity and child-like innocence—was it not, I say, sufficient to deter you from touching the picture of one whom you aided in destroying. Thus I preserve you, oh! image of my murdered love! from future contamination,' an with that he dashed the picture on the ground an' trampled it into atoms. So there's how Mr. Hamilton trated his poor little wife."

"I thank you most sincerely, Hannah;" replied

Eleanor, as she rose and tied on her bonnet. She longed to ask how Colonel Newburk had become concerned in the matter, but fearing to revive Arthur's painful emotion, she resolved to put off the inquiry till her next visit. Arthur, however, anticipating her curiosity, and easily divining the motive of her silence, at once took up the thread of discourse, and in few words informed her that his father, as a friend, had written to Mr. Hamilton when his wife returned from London, a letter of keen reproach. For this Mr Hamilton had never forgiven his former friend, and when they met again, though years had passed in the interim, the meeting was such as he had already described.

They now took leave of Hannah, and set out for their return to the Castle. The young moon was just rising from behind a hill, and her soft light began to assume the mastery over the fading light of day. The shadows of the tall elms were thrown across the avenue; and, as they alternately passed through these gigantic shadows and the bright moon-beams where they fell unbroken to the ground, Eleanor could not help thinking that such is life—now bright and cloudless—anon dark and gloomy. She continued so long silent that Arthur, roused from his own meditations, gaily exclaimed: "What, Eleanor! is your raven-like spirit again croaking of evil tidings? Surely no Highland seer was ever more haunted by dark forebodings; say, my pretty one, of what nature are your visions?"

"Arthur, dearest," rejoined Eleanor, beseechingly, "do not, I entreat you, speak in so light a tone of what is to me an unfailing source of sadness. Visions I have none; for this heart-wearing presentiment never assumes any definite form—it speaks of impending misfortune, but fails to point out its nature or extent. Is it not strange that I felt, this evening, during the time of Hannah's recital, a sort of chill creeping all through my frame. Oh! Arthur, why, why am I thus tormented?"

"Dearest Eleanor, be not so cast down;—believe me, this unhappy *presentiment*, as you are pleased to term it, is owing to your retired and secluded habits. Your mind is, I fear, gradually falling into a state of morbid disease, which can only be eradicated by change of scene, and going more into the society of the young and gay. If you have no objection to the plan, I propose spending next winter in Italy, as I have long been desirous to explore its classic ruins, and now your drooping spirits furnish a still stronger incentive. What say you, sweet one?"

"That I cannot but feel grateful for the kindness of your motive—but I really have no wish to travel."

"What! cannot even the prospect of sojourning beneath the bright skies of sunny Italy, or that of looking upon the majestic remains of her former greatness, excite even one aspiration? Then, Eleanor! I much fear that your case is hopeless."

This was said half-seriously, and Eleanor smiled as she replied:

"Nay, nay, Arthur! that is not exactly fair—you seem to take it for granted that my mind is constituted like your own, and hence infer that as I display no extraordinary migratory propensity, all the powers of my mind are in a shattered condition. If so, you draw your inference from wrong premises, for let me tell you, in the first place, that even when my spirits were at their highest pitch, and unclouded by the shadow of a single care, I had not the slightest hankering after seeing other countries, and I would rather, at any time, sit quietly at home, and turn over a volume of landscape engravings—or gaze upon a fine painting of a similar subject, than journey through the scenes they represented. You will, I know, call me an exceedingly matter-of-fact person, but I am willing to undergo the penalty."

To this Arthur had no time to reply, for just at that moment, they were met by his sister who, surprised at their long absence, had set out in quest of them. Having received from Miss Newburk a sound rating touching the impropriety of such long walks in the cool of the evening, they all three entered the house, where tea had been, to Miss Newburk's great annoyance, a considerable time waiting. Eleanor was by no means sorry that the interruption had taken place, as her reluctance to travel was more affected than real, the truth being that the gloom of despondency was (though she knew not why or wherefore,) gradually darkening her soul, and she dared not confess to Arthur that the sunshine of her life was already clouded, and that even while with him—the husband of her choice—the object of her fondest love—no ray of its brightness returned to cheer her. Oh, no! she could not make such a confession—her sadness was so unfounded, so utterly without any tangible cause, that even to herself she dared scarcely acknowledge its existence.

Next day, as Eleanor was seated at work in the usual sitting-room of the family, Miss Newburk suddenly entered. She took a chair in silence, and sat for some time with her eyes fixed on a piece of rich blue velvet, which Eleanor was embroidering in gold.

"May I ask for what purpose you design that velvet?" she at length asked.

"It is intended to form a travelling cap for Arthur," returned Eleanor, calmly. "Do you not think the pattern pretty, dear Miss Newburk?—and besides it will be exceedingly comfortable, as I propose adding a soft, warm lining."

"Then if that is your object, save yourself the trouble, for let me tell you, Mrs. Arthur Newburk, that my hands worked one for your husband only a few weeks previous to your arrival—so as one is quite sufficient, you will see the propriety of applying your work to some more useful purpose."

It was by a strong effort that Eleanor succeeded in repressing her tears; she did so, however, and inquired with as much composure as she could command—

"Then, if that be the case, what would you advise me to make of this?" and she spread out upon the table, the beautiful piece of work.

"I really cannot pretend to say, Mrs. Newburk! of that, you are the best judge. I only tell you that there is no necessity of your spending your *precious* time," (with a strong emphasis on the adjective,) in making what is not at all required."

And so saying, she arose and quitted the room, leaving Eleanor almost stupified with amazement.

"Alas!" she exclaimed bitterly, as her tears fell fast and thick upon the work which she had but a few minutes before regarded with so much satisfaction, "Alas! she grudges me even the pleasure of working for my husband—and she would not that he should wear even the smallest article of my fabrication—and yet, I leave nothing undone that might conciliate her good-will, then wherefore this strange—this most unaccountable antipathy? Would that I were at rest in the quiet grave, for in vain do I look for repose on earth!"

Hearing Arthur's approaching footstep, she hastily dried her tears, and gathering up the now-unvalued work, she sought the solitude of her own apartment, in order to hide from her husband what she could not conceal.

In the afternoon, Arthur proposed a walk, and Miss Newburk, as usual, declining to be of the party, their steps mechanically turned to the gate-lodge. As they entered, Hannah (probably in the expectation of their visit) had just completed setting her little mansion in order; everything looked neat and tidy, and a bright turf fire burned on the well-swept hearth, which last was not the most unimportant attraction, for, as it was now the middle of September, the evenings were generally so cool as to render a cheerful blaze very acceptable. Hannah's old cat, Tibby, occupied her usual station, on the hearth-stone, and Hannah herself was seated in the chimney-corner, busily engaged in knitting a stocking. She arose as Arthur and Eleanor entered, and having dropped her usual low curtsey, drew two chairs to the front of the fire, and invited her honored guests to sit down.

"I was jist thinkin' before you came in, Mr. Arthur, of that fine young gentleman that used to be so often down here from Dublin—you and him were great friends entirely, sir. Would your honor plase to tell me do you ever hear anything of him now?"

"If you mean Mr. Campbell, my college friend, Hannah, I am sorry to tell you that he fell at the battle of Talavera. You know, I suppose, that he had entered the army?"

"Oh! yes, sure, I knew that, your honour; but it's myself that's heart sorry to hear of his death, for he was one o' the finest young gentlemen I ever seen. He used to have a kind word for every one; an' many a good crown an' half-crown he gave to me. Och, then, Mr. Arthur! will you ever forget the night that you were all down at the boatin'-party?"

"Yes, yes! I remember it," replied Arthur; and then, as if anxious to avoid the subject, he added—"my father was exceedingly partial to Mr. Campbell."

"Troth, then, he was, Sir. But," continued Hannah, returning to her former subject, "sure wasn't there great work entirely that night They say that when that sweet Miss Morton fell into the water, Mr. Campbell was like a madman, an' that it was for which of you two would throw yourselves in afther her; an' I mind very well that when she was carried to the castle in a faint, he could hardly look at you bekase you had the luck to save her."

Eleanor looked at Arthur, and was surprised to see that he appeared very much agitated. She was tempted to ask him why he had never told her of an incident so interesting, but the sight of his varying countenance gave her to understand that the subject was a painful one; she, therefore, remained a silent observer. "Sure an' sartin'," went on good Mrs. Hannah, whose eyes being bent at that moment on her knitting, she saw not the mischief she had done, "sure an' sartin' I thought the Colonel an' Miss Mary would have gone distracted when every body here thought the young lady was dead. My goodness! how we all loved her—she was a born angel, if ever there was one in this world; an' I think Miss Mary thought as much about her as if she was her own sister. Ah! thin, did you ever find out the raison that she went away from the castle so suddenly that time?"

Arthur affected not to have heard the question,

and starting from his seat in evident confusion, reminded Eleanor that it was near seven o'clock; "and you know, my dear, we kept Mary waiting a full half hour yesterday evening—so we must not, at least so soon, repeat the offence." Eleanor in silence prepared to depart, and they had already reached the door, she taking the lead, when she heard Hannah say, in a low voice: "Why, thin, Mr. Arthur dear! isn't it the greatest wonder in the world that Miss Mary takes on so well with the young madam, God bless her!—sure an' sartin I thought she'd scarce let her into the house, at all, at all. But sure it's yourself that's to blame, your honour, and not her, poor young creature; an' I suppose Miss Mary knows that very well."

"Good night, Hannah," said Arthur, aloud, still pretending not to hear her remarks, and he hastened to offer his arm to Eleanor, lest Hannah should continue her unwelcome allusions to events so long past, and which he, at least, seemed desirous to cover with the veil of oblivion.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGEL OF HOME.

BY NEMO.

"I never spend my time more happily than when quietly at home." *Anon.*

Lovely is home, and loved are its portals,
Where heartfelt affection and cheerfulness reign;
Serene are its joys,—the purest which mortals
Can taste in this mixed world of pleasure and pain.

O! talk not of Courts where fashion holds sway,
Where the frivolous throng still are panting to roam;
The glare of that goddess soon sinks to decay
Before the mild light of the Angel of Home.

Unspoken affection still rests in that smile,
Unmeasured the kindness which beams from that eye,
From the tones of that voice flows a charm to beguile
The weariest moments, and gild them with joy.

In the light of that presence bliss and beauty appear,
As the rose sheds at once both fragrance and bloom;
And the place that is dearest is rendered more dear
By the gladdening glance of the Angel of Home.

Soft, soft, be the breeze that plays round thy form,
And mild be the sunbeam that falls on thy head;
Bright, bright, be thy skies amid the world's storm,
As it gathers in gloom round the way which you tread.

And a higher wish still:—may the sweet smile of heaven
Which, from the Father's own presence doth come,
Still shine on thy path—glad the soul it has given—
Thou modest and beautiful Angel of Home.

THE RETURN OF THE NINETY-SECOND HIGHLANDERS

BY X. Z.

COMMUNICATED BY A. L. PICKEN.

Ye've been wandering far and long,
Warrior men!—warrior men!
The tropic isles among
Warrior men!
And though ye hail once more
With shouts your native shore,
Oh! we may not but deplore,
Warrior men!

Where have ye left the brave,
Warrior men!—warrior men!
Who went with ye o'er the wave,
Warrior men?
Do they pine in captive thrall?
Or did Albyn's battle call
Rise proudly o'er their fall,
Warrior men?

Ah, no! they sank not down,
Warrior men!—warrior men!
On a field of dread renown,
Warrior men!
Where the yellow plague doth reign,
Where the soldier dies in vain,
Ye have left the vanished train,
Warrior men!

Their graves were scooped afar,
Warrior men!—warrior men!
Beneath the Lion star,
Warrior men!
And our tears are flowing free
For the mountain chivalry
Ye have buried o'er the sea,
Warrior men!

But ye're welcome, though ye come,
Warrior men!—warrior men!
With furled flag and muffled drum,
Warrior men!
We remember other years,
When your dead found prouder biers,
And we dash away our tears,
Warrior men!

THE HASTY WORD.

We are too swift to judge the hasty word,
Called forth, may be, by jarring some fine chord
We have too roughly handled Swifter we speak
Our scornful bitter thoughts, the bloodless cheek
May fail to tell how keen the shaft hath been;
No quivering of the tutored lip is seen
To tell how sure the vengeance, but the heart?—
Could we but raise its veil, then should we start
As if a charnel-vault revealed its store
Of lifeless forms, in trappings that they wore
Ere death's cold care had claimed them. We should hear
Wailings of smothered anguish, though no tear
May tell it to the world, sounding amid
The forms of mournful memories that lie hid
In Time's dark treasure-house.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE FRONDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ELIE BERTHET.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

CHAPTER I.

THE NORMAN CADET.

About the commencement of the seventeenth century, Baron Gervaise Philibert de Croissi, who was then in the flower of his age, espoused a noble damsel, whose dowry he found very useful in paying the debts he had contracted during the war, and in repairing his castle, then fast tumbling into ruins. Of this marriage was born Albert de Croissi, and this happy event filled with joy and pride the brave Baron, who had been in great anxiety lest his name should die with himself. But the birth of this son, if the current rumour of the neighbourhood were to be believed, was almost the sole satisfaction which he found in this union; the story ran that the bold soldier of Henry IV. had been unable to subdue the imperious character of his lady, and that he had much to suffer from her haughty humour. However that may have been, the Baroness did not long survive the birth of her son, and the most prying of the neighbours was unable to say, positively, whether or not her death was a source of deep regret to her good husband.

During the next twenty years, the Baron led the quiet life of a country gentleman in his solitary castle, leaving the education of his son to the care of an old Abbé, a man of great learning, but who had more than once incurred the suspicion of being inclined to Protestantism. We wish we could add that the heir of the house of Croissi had profited by the instructions of this zealous preceptor, but unfortunately it was not so. Albert resembled his father in his distaste for everything like study, but he wanted that frankness and good faith which also characterised the old soldier; he inherited from his mother a proud and irritable disposition, which was accompanied by a low selfish cunning.

When Albert de Croissi had reached his eighteenth year, a great change became observable in his conduct. He seemed to recognise the necessity of dissimulating those evil characteristics which caused, in all with whom he came into contact, a sentiment of undisguised aversion. He became, all at once, grave, sober, respectful; and concealed, under the appearance of the most thorough submission to the desires of his father, the pride and ambition which predominated in his character. The Baron was enchanted with this change, and looked upon his son as a finished model, whom the young men of the province might be proud to copy. However, the day came when this admiration was rudely extinguished. Scarcely had Albert attained his majority, when he exacted from the Baron a rigorous account of his maternal inheritance, and quitted the Chateau de Croissi, for Paris, where the credit enjoyed at Court by some relations of his mother promised him speedy advancement.

The Baron thus found himself once more alone in his gloomy castle, and had abundance of leisure to reflect on the ingratitude of the son who had so disappointed his dearest hopes. He was then about sixty years of age, a period at which the irksomeness of solitude is most severely felt. He heard very rarely of or from Albert, and never saw him; this indifference, on the part of his heir, roused the resentment of the Baron, and he committed the crime (so at least his son deemed it) of marrying a second time. He espoused a charming young woman, good and virtuous, but poor and of doubtful descent, inasmuch as she was the daughter of an old solicitor, who had bought from the Parliament of Rouen one of those offices then considered so degrading to a person of anything like noble origin.

The haughty Albert loudly protested against this mis-alliance of his father, and refused, in any way, to acknowledge it. But the Baron was one of those weak-minded men, who, incapable of resisting an opponent close at hand, are obstinate and inflexible at a distance. The marriage took place, although Albert did not honour the

ceremony with his presence, and although the *noblesse* of the vicinity looked on with unconcealed disdain. Two years afterwards was born Fabian de Croissi, an event which renewed the gossiping in the neighbouring manors and castles, on the subject of the Baron and his "ill-assorted match."

The old gentleman thus found himself surrounded by a new family; and the anxious care of his young wife—the presence of the graceful child, sent to cheer his declining years—might have made him forget the ungrateful son who renounced him. However, by one of those eccentricities which are constantly to be detected in the human heart, what ought to have effaced from his memory the recollection of Albert, was precisely what fixed it the deeper there. In spite of all his efforts, he could not but look upon his wife as a stranger, whom, in a moment of caprice, he had elevated to a level with himself, and whose humble virtues contrasted strikingly with the aristocratic defects of the first Baroness de Croissi. As to the infant, he appeared to him a sort of intruder, who could not sustain the lustre of his family; and his ideas naturally reverted to the true off-shoot of the old trunk, and who alone, to his mind, could properly continue his genealogical tree. These thoughts weighed upon the mind of the old Baron; he became gloomy and melancholy, and his grief—perhaps his regrets—at length conducted him to the tomb.

On his death-bed he implored so earnestly the presence of his eldest son, that the young courtier was induced by his relatives to leave Paris, where he was pursuing his ambitious designs, and repair to the manor of Croissi, there to receive his father's last benediction. His arrival there soothed the last moments of the Baron, who could not die in peace without this reconciliation so long waited for; besides, Albert did not shew himself so hostile as the old man had feared, against his mother-in-law and younger brother, till then unknown. The veteran warmly recommended them both to his care, and died, confiding in the promise which Albert made to watch over their comfort and happiness.

The Baroness de Croissi and Fabian—then at the age of fourteen—thus found themselves totally dependant on a proud and arrogant man, who considered their very existence as a stain upon the honour of his house; and, after the death of the old man, they made preparations for escape from the inevitable tyranny of the new lord of Croissi. But both were deceived as to the intentions of the mysterious Albert. To their great astonishment he graciously announced his desire that nothing should be changed in the manor, and that his mother-in-law and her son should continue to maintain the same state as previously; that, for his own part, he was about to return to Paris, leaving them the full administration of his affairs in the province, only exacting an annual account of their intromissions on his behalf.

"I am convinced," added he gallantly, "that my estates cannot but prosper under the management of a lady, whom my father has esteemed worthy of being his wife."

This generosity, which the Baroness and her son were so far from expecting, excited their gratitude in the highest degree; both had been accustomed by the old noble never to speak of Albert but with the greatest deference, and his conduct on this occasion was well calculated to increase the respect thus inculcated.

The Baroness, as we have said, was poor, and if she quitted the castle, had no resource but to enter a convent. Fabian again, as younger son, had no claim whatever on the effects of his late father, and the law which entirely despoiled the younger, for the benefit of the elder sons, was more strict and severe in Normandy than in any other province;—whence those poor gentlemen without a farthing received the name of ***Norman Cadets***. The mother and son were therefore obliged to accept the proposal of the Baron Albert de Croissi, even had not their respect for the head of the family made his will to them a law.

To say the truth, this conduct on the part of Albert had other reasons, besides the sentiments of benevolence which he might have experienced for the widow and son of his predecessor. On examining his paternal domains, which he had left fast going to ruin, he had found everything in a state of prosperity which was equally unexpected and satisfactory. His father had not concealed from him, that to the wise and prudent management of his second wife was due the flourishiug condition of his estates, as well as the considerable increase of revenue which was the result; and Albert, who did not intend to reside out of Paris, was not sorry to have his property in the country managed by a person, honest and skilful, and whose labours were gratuitous. His generosity is thus very naturally accounted for, and the more so, as he would not have dared to brave the opinion of the neighbouring gentry, by driving from his paternal roof his step-mother and brother.

Madame de Croissi and Fabian, therefore, remained in Normandy, and the Baron returned to Paris to involve himself in those intrigues by the aid of which he hoped to attain to fortune. The quiet Castle of Croissi, disturbed for a brief space by the death of the old lord, and the presence of Albert, resumed its ordinary

aspect; the Baroness continued to manage the estates of the step-son with the same prudence as before, and Fabian, young as he was, aided her in the task with all his power. The second son of the late Baron was early impressed with a veneration for his elder brother, whom he was accustomed to regard as the arbiter of his destinies; and when his mother died—about two years after the decease of her husband—he at once accepted, in his turn, the charge of the domains of Croissi, without, for a moment, dreaming that he was thus but the steward and head servant of his brother.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

Left thus solitary and unfriended, Fabian led, in his paternal castle, a gloomy and monotonous existence. Happily for himself, he had no ambition; he experienced no desire to follow the example of those country gentlemen who left their native province in search of adventures, and who were continually risking their lives—they had nothing else to risk—in the quarrels of political party. He pursued his humble occupations, never for a moment dreaming that he could ever raise himself above the humble position he had accepted. An event soon happened which, interrupting this love of solitude, ended, at last, in confirming it for the time deeper than ever, and in giving him a real aversion for the world.

At some distance from Croissi was an old castle, ruined during the wars of the League, and which had long remained uninhabited. It belonged to a noble family which had quitted Normandy some time since, and whose members had been scattered in various directions, so that its name had been almost effaced in the memory of the people of the province to which they belonged. However, in 1648, a few years before the time of which we are about to speak, this name had been once more heard in the country; a wing of the old mansion was repaired, and, as soon as it was habitable, an elderly lady and a young girl of about fifteen years, took up their abode there. The old lady had once upon a time flourished at court, but must have fallen much from her former splendour, before she could have resolved to seclude herself in this gloomy castle. Her young companion was her niece, the only remaining shoot of the ancient family of Montglat.

Fabian at first paid little attention to his new neighbours, and some months passed before he visited the two ladies, who, on their part, lived a very retired life. One day, however, chance or the caprice of his horse, having led him towards Montglat, he resolved to push on to the castle, and, from a natural feeling of courtesy, to offer his services to the two solitary ladies. Fabian was much struck with the amiability, the wit, and the knowledge of the world shown by the elder lady; nor was he less impressed by the grace, beauty and sweetness of the young Countess. From whatever cause, Fabian found an inexpressible charm in the society of his neighbours, and he often repeated his visit. Almost from the first, the aunt had confided to him all their little projects. They were poor, and the estate of Montglat, dilapidated as it stood, was all their fortune; they wished to place it in better condition, and for that purpose knew no one better fitted to advise them than their young visitor. For his part, the young agriculturist knew not how to refuse the request of two ladies, so interesting from their appearance and character, and still more so from the misfortunes under which they suffered. He repeated his visits daily, took absolute charge of the management of their estate, and in a very short time was to be found much more frequently at Montglat than at Croissi.

Fabian found in the society of these two accomplished ladies, an elegance of manners, a delicacy of ideas, which he had not hitherto encountered, and he long thought that the attraction which constantly led him to Montglat arose only from the charm which he found in their conversation. By slow and imperceptible degrees Fabian de Croissi and Elizabeth de Montglat discovered that they loved each other with their whole hearts—with a love, gentle, modest and innocent.

One evening Elizabeth de Montglat sat in her apartment, wrapt in the contemplation of a small portrait which lay before her on her toilet table. The casket, from which she had taken it, contained such articles of jewellery as their altered fortunes had left in her possession, but their lustre drew no glance from eyes that might have rivalled their brilliancy. Her lute lay on her lap, and her taper fingers wandered occasionally over its strings, but even the discords thus produced fell unheeded on her ear. And yet, sooth to say, the picture on which she was so absorbed, was no high work of art, being but the work of her own pencil at stolen moments, placed in an old disused frame; but the features were those of Fabian de Croissi, and rude as might be thought the design, to the eye of love there was sufficient resemblance to account for the abstraction of the maiden. Even the opening of her chamber door was unheard;

the lute slid from her knee, and catching up the portrait, she pressed it to her lips.

But footsteps now sounded close beside her, and looking up, she caught the eye of her aunt fixed upon her. To drop the miniature into the casket and hastily close the lid was the impulse of a moment, but ere she had well done so, her aunt was by her side.

"Nay, nay, Elizabeth!" she said, placing her hand on the casket, "what means this confusion? What dainty jewel have you so hastily hid from my prying eyes?"

The kind tone in which these words were uttered, struck poor Elizabeth with remorse for her attempt to conceal anything from her loving relative, and she offered no resistance, while the latter proceeded to open the casket and draw forth the unfortunate portait.

"What is this?" she exclaimed; "has young De Croissi so far presumed upon our altered fortunes as to send you this bauble?"

"No, no, dear aunt!" hurriedly replied Elizabeth. "Fabian knows nothing of this—it is my own poor work."

She paused, evercome by her emotion; but as her aunt returned no answer, she ventured to look up, and saw, by the kind indulgent smile which lighted up her features, that her previous severity had been but feigned.

"Dear, dear aunt!" she cried, as she rose and threw herself into the arms that were opened to receive her, "I so feared this moment."

"And have found it nothing very terrible when it has come, my child! Is it not so?" returned her aunt. "I had thought to keep thee longer in suspense, dear Elizabeth, as a fitting punishment for distrust of my love, but thou wert in such pretty confusion at the naming of Fabian, that I could not choose but smile. Why! did'st think my memory had so failed me that I could not recognize the frame that so long encircled the bluff features of my good old grandfather, merely because thy skill had put a younger face within it? Did'st deem me so unmindful of the charge given me by my poor brother, as to give thee such opportunity to fall in love with a handsome young gallant, if I had not thought him worthy of thy hand, and fitted to secure thy happiness? Tush, tush, girl! Had'st thou looked less at Fabian, and more to your aunt, you would have seen that I marked all your pretty billing and cooing, more strictly perhaps than yourselves."

Elizabeth de Montglat poured out all her hopes—fears she now had none—in the ear of her kind relative; and when Fabian de Croissi paid his usual visit next day, he was as warmly received by the elder, as by the younger lady. More so, indeed, for Elizabeth, aware that her aunt was looking on with a full knowledge of their mutual feelings, replied more timidly and shrinkingly than was her wont to the fervent greetings of her lover.

The young couple saw nothing now before them but a life of quiet happiness, when all their sweet visions were suddenly shattered as by a thunder stroke.

The Marchioness de Lorimier, the aunt of Mademoiselle de Montglat, although now in profound retirement, had kept up a correspondence with several ladies of great influence at court, with whom she had formerly been on terms of intimate friendship. Anxious for the future fortunes of her beloved niece, she had striven to interest some of her friends in the young orphan, but at the time of which we have just spoken, all these efforts had been unavailing. It was perhaps this ill success that had induced the Marchioness to welcome so warmly the advances of Fabian, as she thus secured a protector for her niece, in the event of her own death. A few days after the interview we have narrated, she received a letter from the Duchess de Chevreuse, to whom she had been most urgent in her applications, announcing that she had obtained for Elizabeth de Montglat the place of maid of honour to the Queen.

Madame de Lorimier found it difficult to decide what she should do under these circumstances. Ought she—from the hope of marrying her niece to a younger son who had nothing, and who depended for the very means of existence on a proud and avaricious brother—renounce the brilliant advantages now offered to Elizabeth? The result of her cogitations was that Mademoiselle de Montglat and her aunt set out for Paris, and we leave our readers to imagine what promises and vows were interchanged between the two lovers previous to their separation.

After the arrival of the two ladies at court, Fabian often heard from them, and a postcript occasionally added by Elizabeth to the letters of her aunt, sustained the high hopes of the young countryman. But these letters, owing to the increasing ill-health of the Marchioness de Lorimier, soon became few and irregular, and when that lady died, about a year after their departure from Montglat, they ceased altogether; whether that the young lady was unwilling to continue a correspondence no longer sanctioned by the approval of a relative, or that the brilliant circles in which she moved had obliterated the memory of poor Fabian. To this latter conviction he found himself driven, when his letters, full of

complaint and reproach, remained unanswered. At first he was overpowered with grief, and blamed the ungrateful girl, who seemed to have lost all recollection of her sacred promises; his sorrow afterwards assumed a calmer complexion, and became a deep and concentrated sentiment, which was only betrayed by his settled melancholy.

CHAPTER III.

THE BARON DE CROISSI.

Two years thus passed. Fabian, checked in his dearest affections, had resumed his taste for solitude, and fallen into a sort of inertness which rendered him more than ever insensible to the calls of ambition. He desired no more than to live and die, obscure and unknown, in the place of his birth, since she, for whom alone he might have desired wealth and greatness, had proved unfaithful to him. He was still plunged in this gloomy apathy, when one day Baron Albert de Croissi suddenly made his appearance at the castle.

This arrival, at a time when Fabian knew, from his letters, that he was deeply involved in court intrigues, surprised him very much; but his astonishment was redoubled when he noticed the change in the manner of the haughty Baron. On the rare occasions when he had seen his elder brother, he had found him distant and ungracious, even in conferring benefits, but now he appeared easy, affable, and even affectionate; formerly he had shown himself only as his lord and master, now he seemed but his equal and his friend.

On the evening of his arrival they had a long conversation together.

"My brother," said the Baron, giving this name to Fabian for the first time, "we live at a time when it cannot be allowed to a brave young gentleman like yourself, to remain on his paternal property, killing hares and planting cabbages. You must lead a life more worthy of your ancestry; I promised to the late Baron de Croissi, our honoured father, that I would charge myself with your future fortunes, and the moment is at last come when I can fulfil my promise. I have come to conduct you to Paris, where, if you only follow my counsels, you cannot fail to find credit and fortune at the court."

These overtures were not received by Fabian so warmly as the Baron had expected.

"I thank you, sir," said the young man sadly; "but I am not formed for that brilliant world of which you have spoken, and have no desire to enter it; I fear much that it will not prove such as, after having seen it, I can love and enjoy."

The Baron de Croissi was too *positive*, as the phrase would go now-a-days, to comprehend the refusal by this young and moneyless countryman of his seductive offers, and he perhaps attributed it to his thorough ignorance of the world. But it was in vain that he employed all the resources of his quick mind and ready wit to overcome the resolution of his brother: he had recourse alternately to command and entreaty, but in vain; Fabian, with respectful firmness, resisted all his efforts. A sudden thought seemed at last to strike the Baron, and producing a small portfolio, he drew from it a letter.

"I see, Fabian," he resumed, with a smile, "that I do not possess that influence over you which I had supposed; it now remains for me to try if another personage of your acquaintance can use more eloquence than myself. Read this."

At the same time, he presented the letter to Fabian, who, recognising the writing of Mademoiselle de Montglat, could not repress a cry of surprise.

"Read it!" repeated the Baron.

Fabian opened the paper with a trembling hand; it only contained these words:—

"Trust to your brother and come to Paris.
"Elizabeth."

"She loves me still—still thinks of me!" cried the young man, falling upon a seat, almost suffocated by emotion; "I obey, sir! I obey Mademoiselle de Montglat."

On the morrow, they commenced their voyage, and soon approached the gates of Paris.

The day had been very warm, and the travellers had supported its heat since the morning. Even at this hour, although the sun was rapidly descending towards the horizon, they were still incommoded by its burning rays, as well as by the fine white dust which rose in clouds under their horses' feet. Seeing that all their efforts were useless towards quickening the speed of their journey, they ceased to spur on their horses, and the Baron drew up beside Fabian, who had, out of respect, kept rather in the rear.

"Come, brother!" said he, striking carelessly with his whip the powdered branch of an elm which spread over the road; "since these worthless hackneys of ours can only advance at a snail's pace, making us look like a couple of old councillors jogging on to the parliament on their hereditary mules, might we not put to some profit the time before us, and discuss for a little your affairs and my own?"

"Undoubtedly," replied his brother dejectedly;

"and, to begin, I must own that the nearer we approach Paris the more I feel my heart oppressed—I know not why. Our good people at Croissi would say that it is a foreboding, and that some great misfortune doubtless awaits us at the close of our journey. Indeed, sir," continued he, with a melancholy smile, "I blush to own a weakness like this, but I am unable to surmount it."

Albert regarded him fixedly.

"And what could you have to fear with me?" asked he, somewhat haughtily. "Am I not here to aid you with my experience and protect you from peril? Besides, I should think," he continued in a mocking tone, but yet one at which Fabian could not take offence, "you are about to resume your acquaintance at Paris with one whose image ought to give a happier turn to your thoughts. Come, come, Fabian! though I have lived at a distance from you, I am not the less acquainted with the pretty little romance which you commenced at Croissi with the fair shepherdess of Montglat. You are not perhaps aware, brother, that I had not abandoned you altogether to yourself at my manor, and that there were around you people who kept me privately informed of all your actions. I thus watched from afar over a brother who had been recommended to my care by the late Baron de Croissi on his death-bed; and be assured that in the reports which I received, this love-fit of yours was not omitted."

"I do not know, sir," answered Fabian with a blush, "who could have told you ——."

"Seek not to deny the fact," interrupted the Baron, in a kind and courteous tone; "the suddenness with which you decided to accompany me, after reading that scrap of paper, would have been sufficient proof, even had I not been assured of it from the lips of Mademoiselle de Montglat herself."

"What!" exclaimed Fabian joyfully; "she has spoken to you of those happy days that passed, alas! too quickly! Ah! my brother! speak to me of her, I beseech you. You know her? you see her often? Oh! for pity's sake, tell me what you know of my dear Elizabeth! Why has she so long permitted me to imagine that she had forgotten my very name?"

"I can add nothing to the details I have already given you. I see the young Countess very rarely; her office retains her almost constantly near the person of the Queen, and it was only from peculiar circumstances that I had recently an occasion of conversing with her. My name of Croissi quickly gained her confidence, and I had not much difficulty in inducing her to enter into my views, with respect to the important enterprise about to be entrusted to you."

"An important enterprise! To me?" enquired the young man, with astonishment. "You have already given me to understand, Baron, that you intended employing me at Paris on a matter of some moment; but in what can I—a simple and ignorant countryman—be of any service to you?"

"It is not yet time, Fabian, to reveal to you the enterprise in which you are called to take part; suffice it to know, for the present, that if, in spite of the dangers you may encounter, you conduct yourself worthily, a speedy and brilliant fortune will be yours."

CHAPTER IV.

COURT INTRIGUES.

For some time the brothers proceeded in silence; Fabian lost in reflection, while Albert stealthily examined his features, as if to note the impression made by his previous words.

"Excuse me, Baron!" at length resumed the former, hesitatingly; "but I have often heard our late father say, that it was impossible to make a speedy and brilliant fortune at court, by honorable means ——."

The Baron drew himself up proudly.

"What mean you, sir?" he demanded, in a tone of irritation. "Do you think that any enterprise upon which I have entered can be dishonorable? Do you forget so soon the consideration and submission you owe me? *Ventrebleu!* I know not what ridiculous fancies—to give them no harsher name—have wrought upon your mind, so as to cause suspicion of my intentions towards you. If it is so, Monsieur de Croissi, there is still time to retrace your steps, and to bury yourself in idleness and obscurity at my paternal castle. I will not trouble you farther, sir! and shall take care that Mademoiselle de Montglat be informed how much dependence she can place on her chosen cavalier."

At these words the Baron drew rein abruptly, as if, in his wounded dignity, he seriously expected a separation from his brother. But Fabian, far from taking this step, drew up alongside of him, and said, with eager warmth:

"Pray excuse me, Albert! if I have offended you by any inconsiderate expression. I am not accustomed to give my thoughts that delicacy of utterance in use at court, and I speak, it may be, with the rudeness of a rustic. Do not put so unfortunate an interpretation on words which I could never mean to apply to you. Distrust *you*, my brother! why should I do so? Have you not

ever been to me a friend, a protector, a second father? Let us drop this subject, Baron! To prove how unfounded are your suspicions, I declare that I am ready to obey you in everything, whereby I can assist you in bringing to a successful termination the enterprise of which you have spoken; since Elizabeth—the Countess de Montglat, I mean—and yourself, have assigned me a part in it, it cannot be other than glorious and honorable. And as for leaving you, my brother! I will never quit you, till you yourself repulse me."

The countenance of the Baron had gradually assumed a calmer expression.

"That will never happen, my dear Fabian!" he exclaimed cordially; "henceforth we shall be ever united in heart and will. Be it as you propose, and let us bury in oblivion this foolish quarrel, as painful to myself as to you."

They resumed their journey, and proceeded for some time side by side, occupied with the reflections to which this little altercation gave rise in their minds. In spite of the reconciliation with which it had closed, Fabian was more dejected than before, and Albert more disturbed.

"Brother!" resumed the former, after a long interval of silence; "I have no desire to revoke in anything the promise of submission which I have given you; yet permit me one question—only one. This enterprise, in which my share is already assigned—is it to advance the interests of any political party, such, for example, as that of the Prince of Condé, whose colours you wear, and one of whose suite I have understood you to be?"

The Baron examined his brother keenly, to ascertain what degree of importance he attached to this question.

"Would you have so great a repugnance, Fabian!" he said tranquilly, "to serve the greatest warrior of our age—a prince whose exploits shall ever be noted in history?"

"No one, Baron, admires more than I do, the military qualities of the great Condé; but I fear much, if the rumours which have reached our quiet province are not false, that the glory of so many brilliant actions is tarnished by that unbridled love of faction, which the Prince now displays."

The Baron could not restrain a gesture of satisfaction.

"Is that your opinion of the Prince of Condé?" he returned, with a smile. "Well, Fabian! take courage! it is not for the profit of a faction, even that of the first prince of the blood, that your services will be employed; to assure you of this, I may tell you, that, though I still wear his colours to preserve appearances, I have myself quitted his party."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Fabian with pain and surprise.

"Enough of this!" interrupted the Baron, with some return of his former haughtiness. "You shall know the whole truth after we reach Paris. In the mean time, you must make me one other promise, Fabian! It is, that whatever you hear me say, or see me do, you will not allow either my words or actions to surprise you; what may appear to you mysterious at the time, will be sufficiently explained afterwards, and I trust that my motives will then appear to you in no wise blameable. Give me then your word as a gentleman that you will abstain from all reflections adverse to me, and that you will yield implicitly to my instructions, until the moment when I shall myself explain to you the reasons of my conduct."

Fabian hesitated, but his deference towards his brother was such, and so little distrust had been awakened in his mind as to the projects of the Baron, that he decided to adopt the blind submission exacted of him.

"I promise, on the faith of a gentleman, that I will never annoy you with useless questions," he answered frankly.

"'Tis well, my brother!" resumed Albert; "this ready compliance does honour to us both; but bear in mind that your confidence in me may be subjected to very severe trials. Happily, if you resist them, I can promise you the recompense which is doubtless in your eyes the most enviable and precious in the world—the hand of the young Countess de Montglat."

The young De Croissi started at these words, and in the transport of his joy, was on the point of throwing himself from his horse at the feet of the Baron.

"Can this be possible?" he cried. "Oh! my brother! to claim a reward like this, I would face a thousand dangers, whatever the hazard! But do you really think Elizabeth would consent?"

"I am certain of it," replied Albert quickly; "and she herself will soon give you assurance of it. Be but devoted and faithful in what is expected of you, and, ere a month elapse, the Queen Regent will sign your contract of marriage with her maid of honour."

"My brother! my brother!" cried Fabian rapturously; "I will obey you to the death!"

Albert regarded him with a smile of triumph.

"This is the spirit I desired to see in you," he said; "and you seem well disposed for the proposition which will soon be made to you. We understand one another, Fabian! and be assured that your hopes shall not be deceived."

At this moment, a turning of the road showed them the outlines of Paris in the distance. Although that capital did not then occupy the vast extent over which it now stretches, Fabian could not restrain an exclamation of surprise at the sight of the confused mass of spires, towers and palaces which loomed fantastically through the light mist that covered the city. The Baron, for a moment, enjoyed his natural surprise; then, seizing his arm with one hand, he stretched the other towards Paris.

"Do you see that vast city, brother?" he said, in a low, distinct tone. "In a few days, perhaps, you will occupy all the thoughts of its numerous inhabitants, and, by your means, it may again come under the lawful rule which it now disowns;—a mighty future is before you!"

Fabian regarded him in mute astonishment; but the Baron, as if fearing that he had said too much, released his brother's arm and spurred on his horse. The young De Croissi followed his example, and both soon disappeared amid the cloud of dust which rose under the feet of their steeds.

(To be continued.)

OUR GIRLS.

Our girls they are pretty,
And gentle, and witty,
As any the world ever knew;
Talk not about Spanish,
Circassian or Danish,
Nor Greeks 'neath their summer skies blue;
But give me our lassies,
As fresh as the grass is
When sprinkled with roses and dew!

Each lip is like blossom,
Each fair swelling bosom
As white as the high drifted snow;
With eyes softly flashing,
Like spring-bubbles dashing
O'er hill-rocks to valleys below:
All smiling with beauty,
All doing their duty,
Where shall we for lovelier go?

O! ours are the fairest,
The sweetest, and rarest,
The purest and fondest I see;
Their hearts are the truest,
Their eyes are the bluest,
Their spirits so noble and free;
O give me no other,
True love, sister, mother,
Our own are the chosen for me!

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM SHEE—COMEDIAN.

Buried in the Ground allotted to "Strangers."—Glasgow.

BY L.

COMMUNICATED BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

He is far from the home of his life's early day,
In the grave of the stranger he's sleeping,
From his few friends of heart, like a dream past away,
Nor recks how those fond hearts are weeping.

Where now are the hopes of his youth's sunny hours,
When the beam of wild pleasure was o'er him;
When the hand of affection, his life strewed with flowers,
And the world lay smiling, before him?

Where now are the cares, that with manhood arose,
And with sorrow each prospect o'erclouded?
Where the soul-rending thought that from memoryflows,
When our first cherishsd hopes lie enshrouded?

Where are poverty's ills?—where the false worthless crowd,
Whose smiles with prosperity faded?
Where the heart-galling taunts of the soulless and proud,
That his life—his *profession* degraded?

Not a joy—not a gloom—not a passion that rushed
O'er that breast, with emotion high swelling;
But now have subsided—all silent and hushed,
In the peace of his dark lonely dwelling!

In the grave of the stranger, we saw him at rest,
And make holy his place of reposing;
For "Farewell to poor Will!" was the burst of each breast,
As the earth o'er his coffin was closing.

And "Farewell to poor Will!" shall oft with a sigh,
As in life-time, recall him around us;
And "Farewell to poor Will!" shall awaken each tie,
That so fondly in friendship once bound us.

E'en in moments of bliss, as the last days shall pass,
On the stream of wild fancy sad flowing;
"Farewell to poor Will!" shall then hallow each glass,
That is there to his memory glowing.

Oh! may such be my lot—at my last passing bell,
Let a few faithful bosoms regret me!
Let them breathe o'er my grave, but a parting farewell,
And the world all besides may forget me!

TO HOPE.

Ah! woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow:
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say,
"Be calm, thine ills will end to-morrow."

The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm disease or grief relieving;
And am I ever doom'd to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving?

Yet, false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusions will I cherish:
I cannot, dare not, with thee part,
Since *I*, alas! with *thee* must perish.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

BY THE STRANGER.

"While History's muse the memorial was keeping,
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves."

MOORE.

We ought to observe, in History, besides events and chronology:

I. The causes of the rise and fall of Empires;
II. The genius and character of Nations, and of the great men who governed them;
III. The origin and progress of Arts and Sciences,—and
IV. The connexion between Sacred and Profane

HISTORY.

Profane History, were it but the mere memorial of ancient transactions, would not be very deserving of serious attention. But its importance consists in the knowledge which it conveys of the means by which Empires were founded; the steps by which they rose to the exalted pitch of grandeur we so much admire; what constituted their true glory and felicity; and the causes of their decline and fall.

By it we acquaint ourselves with the manners of different nations, their genius, laws and customs, and with the talents, virtues and vices, also, of those men by whom they were governed, and whose good or bad qualities contributed to the grandeur or decay of the states over which they presided.

And by exhibiting to us thus the great objects of history, it instructs us, by example rather than precept, in the arts of empire and war, the principles of government, the rules of policy, the maxims of civil society, and the conduct of life, that suit all ages and conditions.

It moreover affords to those who have a taste for polite learning—that is, the manner in which arts and sciences were invented, cultivated and improved—an insight into their origin and progress. Now, the more nearly we approach those countries once inhabited by the sons of Noah, the more perfect do we find them; the more remote nations having so neglected or forgotten them, that, as often as, in later times, men attempted to revive them, they were obliged to go back to the source from whence they originally flowed.

And it is by observing the connexion between Sacred and Profane History, that we perceive, in the chimeras of a superstitious worship, and the general irregularities into which human nature had fallen, when abandoned to itself, the greatness, the power, the justice, and the admirable wisdom with which the Almighty governs the Universe. For therein do we perceive consistency, harmony and grandeur eternally, while the nations have arisen, flourished and decayed, according as the Almighty mind has been, by their virtues or their vices, influenced from all time in the establishment of their destiny.

The Romans were permitted to rise above all other nations, because of their pious acknowledgment of, and reliance on a controlling deity, while Babylon perished by a sudden visitation, because she attributed her glory to idols of her own creation; for further than is reconcileable with the system of the universe—with God's Kingdom among men—the Almighty permits not human pride or ambition to reach, nor human punishment to be inflicted.

When he permitted his own Isreal to be chastized, but not annihilated, and the haughty Assyrian presumed upon her destruction; then did

"The angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathe on the face of the foe as he passed."

And then did there lie there, withered and strewn upon the sacred soil of Israel, one hundred and eighty-five thousand of his host, while he himself is being led back to his kingdom amid the scorn of the nations, through which, but a little before, he had passed, in all the pride and exultance of deified idiotism.

In the establishment of other nations of the earth, man has ever been the mere instrument, whatever the motives by which he may have conceived himself thereto actuated. The Scriptures assure us (Gen. xi. 8, 9,) that amidst the descendants of Noah, did God preside invisibly in all their councils—that their every transaction was by His appointment—that He alone guided and settled mankind; and they, also reveal to us the influences by which the great men of old were actuated in all their illustrious achieve-

ments, while they, themselves, were vainly seeking conquests or immortality. And as in the establishment, so in the destruction of nations, has man ever been but the mere instrument.

When that favoured infidel of Babylon, more righteous in his kind than his presumptuous predecessor above alluded to, was deputed to chastise Jerusalem for her impiety, and to punish Tyre for her ambition, and her inhuman joy over the destruction of the Holy City, and that he found himself before the Tyrian Capital; he exclaimed, "*Idcirco ecce ego adducam ad Tyrium Nebuchodonosor*," so entirely was he in the hands of that God of whom he knew not; and as an illustration of the prevalence of His Almighty sovereignty, even among the nations which were ignorant of His name, we have this same Nebuchodonosor, while exulting in his pride over the greatness of his fame, and attributing to his own genius all the glory of his actions, seized upon by a bestial instinct, and driven to consort with the beasts upon the banks of the Euphrates. But if such were the instruments of His anger, how differently constituted were those of His mercy. The tears of Israel, as she wept in bondage, reconciled her to her God—and a youthful hero, indued with every grace, comes down from the hills of Medea, destroys her impious persecutor, restores Jerusalem to her children, and from the throne of Nimrod, sways his glorious sceptre over mankind, by his virtues rather than by His arms.

And now with respect to the general irregularities into which human nature, when abandoned to itself, is sure to fall, we may observe how deeply mankind had sunk into brutality and barbarism, notwithstanding the prevalence of Philosophy—the grandeur of Empires—the order of civil society—the harmony of its members—and the wisdom of its legislators; ere the Messiah had descended from the Father, to lift the mind of man to its present proud estate, and with His life-blood to purchase its spiritual regeneration. The philosophy, however, which human wisdom had devised, for the regulation of the human mind, was not permitted to remain absolutely devoid of utility, although entirely inadequate of itself to the government of human passions, and to the sublime direction of human thought, for it inculcated the existence of a God—the necessity of a providence to the government of the world—the immortality of the soul—the ultimate end of man—the rewards and punishments of a future state—the nature of those duties which constitute the bond of society—the character of the virtues that are the basis of morality, as prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude; and thus prepared, by the beauty and grandeur of its disputations, the susceptibilities of man's understanding for the divine doctrines of Christianity.

And, as in Philosophy, so has it been with Empires; while in the former, the noblest labours of the Pagan mind were made subservient to the Gospel, that Empire which recognized a controlling, directing diety, and which cultivated the moral virtues best, was that one which gave her illustrious eagles to the air; in the north, on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube; in the East, on those of the Tigris and the Euphrates; in the south, mid the deserts of Africa; and in the west, on the Cheviot heights of Britain; when that pilgrim star came downward from the East to twinkle in adoration over a lowly shed of Bethlehem, upon the birth of the young Messiah.

In all which there is a lesson for those who would waste their days in the acquisition of those things which dazzle mankind; for herein is seen of what avail is valour, fortitude, skill in government, profound policy, merit in magistracy, capacity for abstruse sciences, beauty of genius, delicacy of taste, and perfection in all arts, in the regulation of the world's great events.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Yes, radiant spirit thou hast pass'd
Unto thy latest home,
And o'er our widow'd hearts is cast
A deep and with'ring gloom!
For when on earth thou wert so bright
As angel form might be:
And mem'ry shall be quenched in night,
If we think not of thee.

For, oh! thy beauty o'er us came
Like a fair sunset beam,
And the sweet music of thy name
Was pure as aught might deem.
With silent lips we gaz'd on thee,
And awe-suspended breath—
But thine entrancing witchery
Abideth not in death.

And all that we supposed most fair
Is but a mockery now:
No beam illumes the silken hair
That traced thy smiling brow.
The cheerless dust upon thee lies,
Death's seal is on thee set,
But the bright spirit of thine eyes
Shines o'er our mem'ry yet!

INTRODUCTION A LA CAPRICE ET AIR.

"The First Foot."

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND, BY MR. W. H. WARREN.

Moderato.

ffmo

Pia.

Veloce.

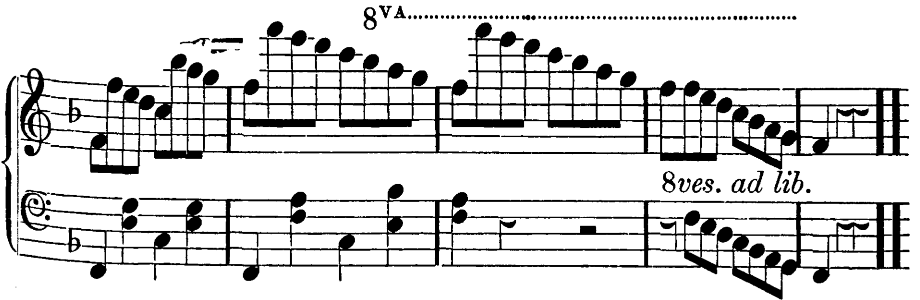
Air a la Scozzese: The First Foot.

Presto.

8va ... *Loco.*

8va ...

Rept. Air, ad lib.



NOW O'ER MY HEART.

BY THE STRANGER.

AIR:—"*The Harp of Tara.*"

Now o'er my heart in sadness falls
Young Love's own tender dread;
In dreams alone, my soul recalls
The bliss, the joy now fled;
So pales this heart where Love still strays,
In heavenly radiance o'er,
Sometimes e'er sorrow dims his rays
In conscious life once more.

No more to passion's fairy flight
My lonely heart now swells,
As Love's own music, wild and bright,
Breathes o'er me sweetest spells;
Yet ere unwelcome morning breaks
The spell wherein she lives,
In dreams this wounded heart still takes
The kiss which fancy gives.

HAD I A HEART.

BY THE STRANGER.

AIR:—"*The Harp of Tara.*"

Had I a heart to beauty form'd,
That heart should beat for thee;
Those bright young lines which Nature charm'd
By Love, traced fond and free,
So proudly blend in one sweet blaze,
As thought plays brightly o'er,
That they who catch but once their rays
Forget that light no more.

But 'tis the witchery of the heart,
That mine thrills to, adores,
That glory which the soul imparts,
That tenderness it pours,—
The same which now thy blush betrays,
As thus entranc'd I sue,
In humble, most unworthy lays,
A votary poor, but true.

OUR TABLE.

STORY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO—BY THE REV. G. R. GLEIG, M. A.

THIS is the title of the two last Nos. of Murray's Home and Colonial Library—the last at least that have reached this country.

Deeply alive as we are to the intellectual improvement of our fellow Colonists, we could not look upon the issuing of the first number of this great work without indifference—on the contrary, we joyfully hailed it as the first attempt made in the Mother Country for promoting so praiseworthy and so desirable an object, and we prophesied for it, at the time, all that success which its enterprising proprietors proposed or anticipated.

If the undertaking has far exceeded such expectations, and that it has done so we are well persuaded, it has been owing entirely to the highly meritorious character of the works it comprises, and "last but not least," is the very interesting story before us.

It is certainly a "thrice told tale," but we hesitate not to say it was never told so well and so graphically before.

We ourselves owe to our author the clearing up of a certain doubt we had been led from conflicting statements to entertain, as to the precise part in the great drama, performed by the Prussians.

It is clearly evident that they had more to do in the fight than is assigned to them by the English, although less than is attributed to them by the French authorities.

The facts of the case, which our author gives upon unquestionable authority, are as follows:

Troops were seen by Napoleon on his right about one o'clock. These proved to be not the advanced guard, as was supposed, but the head of Bulow's main body, which had just begun its difficult and tedious march through the defiles of St. Lambert, "which, in spite of the best exertions of man and beast," to use the author's own language, "was not completed till *an hour before dark.*"

Our author here, probably from his leaning a little to the English versson of the story, has fallen into a flagrant error, according to his own shewing.

At five o'clock, he says, in describing the gradual arrival of the Prussians on the battle field, they had on the ground three brigades of infantry, two regiments of cavalry and a few guns; at six they had brought thirty battalions, twenty-seven squadrons and sixty-four guns into action.

This was evidently the whole of Bulow's formidable division, which succeeded, after a hard fight, in compelling General Lobau, at the head of Napoleon's sixth corps, consisting of sixteen battalions and eighteen squadrons, with forty-two guns, to give ground.

While this action was being fought, other Prussian troops were advancing on Wellington's left, which tended materially to strengthen it; and their artillery here are stated to have been of essential service.

These latter circumstances, it may be inferred, took place a litle later than six o'clock, the latest hour given for the Prussians getting fully into action.

At five o'clock, then, the Prussians were partly engaged in this great battle; at six, Bulow's main body was on the field in active and successful conflict with the enemy.

At "dark," say half-past eight, in that latitude, on the longest day in summer, the fight was over, so that the Prussians, instead of getting into action an hour before "dark," as the author says, must have been partially engaged, three-and-a-half, and fully, as far as Bulow's division was concerned, two-and-a-half hours before "dark," so that they must have contributed more towards the achievement of that great victory, than we have generally been in the habit of giving them credit for.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE.

THIS is really a "great" work—so great indeed that we must reserve for it a place in our notice of New Works in a future number. This is the more especially desirable as it is published in parts, and we shall then have the opportunity of reviewing a greater number of them.

THE last two numbers of DOMBEY & SON, it may suffice to say, fully and amply sustain the high character the reputation of the author has acquired.

He has *not* written himself "out," as some wiseacres pretend. This, we shall prove in due time, when this, the most elaborate and the most interesting of his works, shall have been completed.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW—A WHIG JOURNAL.

THIS is one of the cheapest monthly Miscellanies we have ever met with; sixty pages of closely printed matter, in double columns, published monthly, for $5 a year. We are extremely sorry we cannot speak as favourably of its contents.