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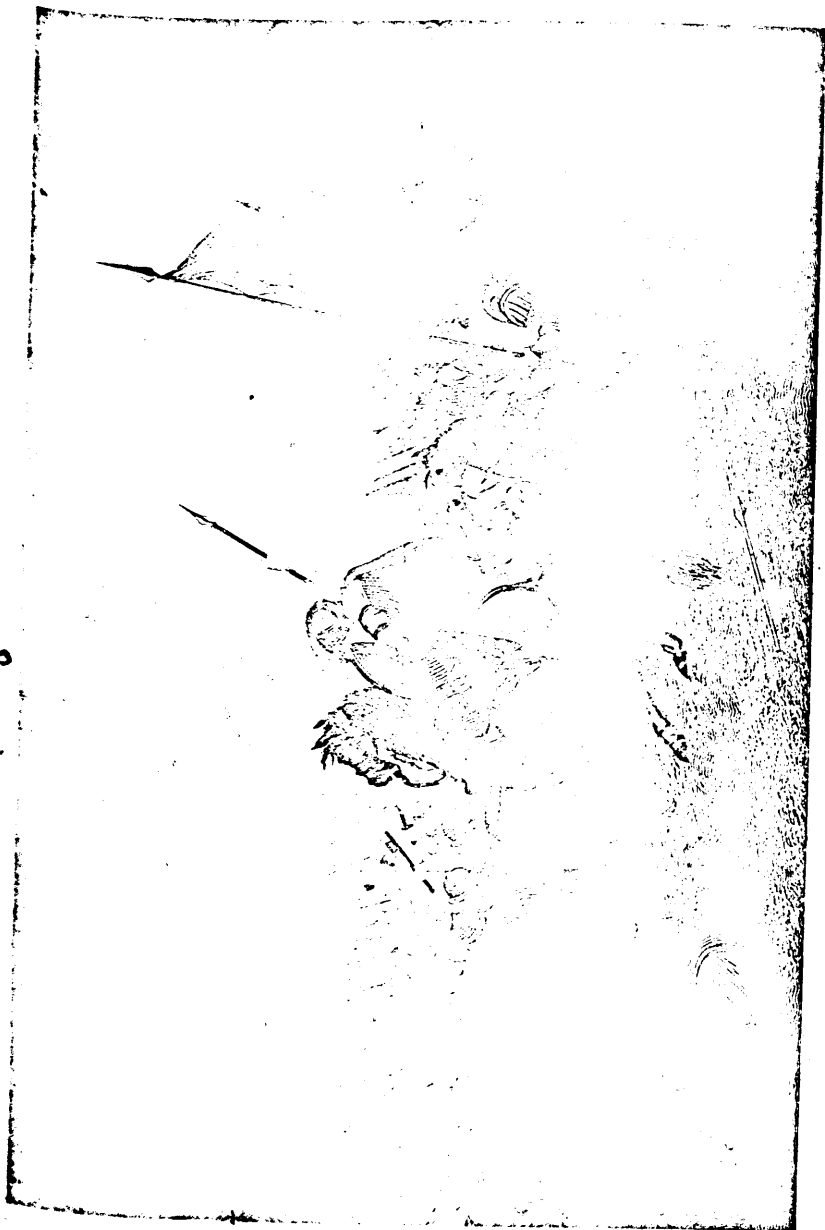
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FLORENCE; OR, WIT AND WISDOM.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WE now return to our heroine. "Where are you going?" inquired Miss Murray of her niece, as the latter stood one morning before the mirror, adjusting her pretty pink bonnet.

"To call on lady Howard. As you have been complaining of head-ache I suppose 'tis useless to ask you to accompany me. I promise, however, not to remain long," and with a gay farewell she entered the carriage. Lady Howard, who was now transformed from the giddy, childish Cecilia Stanton into the elegant and dignified woman, received her with affectionate cordiality, and after kindly enquiring for Miss Murray, exclaimed:

"Oh! Miss Fitz-Hardinge, I have some news for you. Who do you think has arrived from foreign climes, so bronzed and martial looking that I could scarcely recognize him? You look puzzled; 'tis my cousin, Alfred Delamere."

"What! the Major Delamere you used to vaunt so much at school long ago?"

"The same," and young lady Howard merrily laughed. "He has been promoted to the rank of Colonel some time since. You remember how we used to sit for hours together talking about him. I, recounting his exploits, which I had learned from uncle Delamere, and you listening 'till we were both half in love with him."

"How absurd!" returned Florence, with a smile, whose mirth was somewhat tinged with melancholy. "We were but mere children then, and he a man already entered on the struggle of life; and yet those days were happy—happier than any we have known since. The arts and caresses, too, we employed to coax the journals

from our English governess, and then, in some corner of the play-ground, peruse with such trembling hearts the lists of killed and wounded, lest we should discover our hero's name among them. What portraits I used to draw of your cousin, in my own imagination; portraits, perhaps, as unlike the original as possible; for he, as yet, I have never seen—but all bright and faultless. Oh! I am really very anxious to see this gallant Delamere, and if his actual presence makes as deep an impression on me now, as his ideal one did on the school girl, I will have good cause to tremble for my boasted heart-freedom."

"Hush! Florence," rapidly ejaculated her companion, a vivid blush suffusing her cheek. Half divining the truth, Florence sprang round, and saw behind her a tall, middle-aged man, of foreign but elegant appearance, who had entered the room unobserved, whilst she was speaking. Lady Howard, who was almost convulsed with laughter, with great difficulty contrived to falter:

"Colonel Delamere, Miss Fitz-Hardinge," and the latter, overwhelmed with shame and vexation, bestowed on the new comer a bow, whose haughtiness must have somewhat counterbalanced the flattering effect of her preceding speech. After an inclination, low but almost equally cold, he approached lady Howard, and handing her a note, exclaimed in tones whose impressive and singularly musical accents sank deep into the heart of one of his listeners.

"Pardon my intrusion, Cecilia, but Mrs. Ellerslie made me promise to deliver it at once."

Lady Howard took it, and exclaiming: "Your pardon, dear Miss Fitz-Hardinge!" broke the seal. On her addressing the latter, Colonel Delamere's glance involuntarily turned in the

same direction, but it was instantly averted. "I see she requests an immediate reply. Will you amuse yourself with my new album, dear Florence, whilst I am writing it. I will not detain you five minutes; and you, Alfred, like a good creature, hand me an envelope and seal out of my secretary."

Colonel Delamere obeyed, and as he drew the desk towards him, Florence took advantage of the favorable moment to examine him more closely than she had yet dared to do. The first thing which struck her was the singular beauty of his head, which was exquisitely shaped, though its perfection was in some degree concealed by the thick clouds of his dark glossy hair. His forehead, too, lofty and commanding, bore the stamp of intellect and noble feeling, and as he smilingly presented the envelope to lady Howard, Florence felt that the real Colonel Delamere, though vastly different in style and feature, was in no respect inferior to the one her childhood had dreamed of.

"If you wish, I can leave it for you, Cecilia," he exclaimed, as his cousin sealed the note. "I will be passing there."

"What! going so soon? This is really ungallant on your part. Miss Fitz-Hardinge, will you not exert your usually irresistible influence and induce him to remain?"

With a mixture of embarrassment and coldness, very different from her customary elegant self-possession, Florence briefly replied, that "when lady Howard had failed, she had no hopes of success." Again Colonel Delamere's fine dark eyes turned upon her, and she felt his glance was more scrutinizing than complimentary. With some measured careless speech about "duty compelling him to forego what would otherwise be a great happiness," he bowed low to the two ladies and withdrew.

"What think you of him, Florence?" was lady Howard's immediate question.

"I can think of nothing but the hateful *contre-temps* that has marked our first meeting. You may laugh, Cecilia; of course, 'tis very entertaining for you, but 'tis not quite so agreeable for me. The eastern grandeur of the man, too, his magnificent coldness, is still more provoking, and I, blushing, stammering, like a school girl."

"Yes, indeed, you both appeared under false colours to-day, for Delamere, though never very lively, is in general cheerful and friendly enough, whilst you have ever boasted a composure which all the eyes of Almacks and the crowds of gazers in the Park could never ruffle. Well, it cannot be helped. The next time you must be truer to yourself; but I have a little anecdote to tell you,

apropos of our present subject. You know my cousin only arrived in town about two days ago, and he is stopping with us. Yesterday we had a few gentlemen friends at dinner, and the conversation, after touching on different topics, turned on the ornaments of creation, that is, ourselves. Some one jestingly proposed that they should choose a *billé* for Delamere, as he is to remain for some months here. Several ladies were instantly named, but a fault was found to each by some member or other of the party, when my better half at length proposed Miss Fitz-Hardinge. Quite a contest ensued—some depreciating you in the most untruthful, the most ungenerous manner, whilst others, and amongst them lord Howard, contended warmly that your beauty and your wit were more than sufficient to outweigh any failing you might possess."

"And what did Delamere say?" asked Florence, with an eagerness of which she was herself unconscious.

"Oh! like a prudent politician he remained neutral, and after briefly replying that he would not judge too hastily in so important a matter, turned the conversation."

In a short time Florence beginning to find her companion rather insipid, for Colonel Delamere was no longer her theme, bade her farewell, having first received the pleasant notice, that lady Howard would be happy to see herself and Miss Murray, the next evening, as she intended having a few young friends. First and gayest among the guests was Florence, and her smile grew strangely bright when Colonel Delamere entered. If it were in expectation, however, of answering devotion on his part, she must have been sadly disappointed, for his attentions were equally impartial to all; and a bow and a few courteous words were all that fell to her share during the earlier part of the evening. To a beauty, spoiled and petted as Florence was, such insensibility was deeply mortifying, and as she stood alone at one of the deep windows overlooking the gardens, then shining dimly in the pale starlight, she half resolved to seek Miss Murray, and ask her to return home at once. Soon, however, other thoughts succeeded. Colonel Delamere and his fastidiousness, his cold dignity of manner; then her first meeting with him again recurred to her, and as she thought of its awkward singularity, a smile played over her features. A shadow suddenly darkened the ground beside her, and Colonel Delamere's well known voice exclaimed:

"Yours are pleasant thoughts, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, that is, if we may judge from the pleasant smiles that mark their passage."

Startled by the unexpected appearance of the object of her reflections, half terrified lest he had read in her changing countenance, that he himself was the object of them, Florence stammered forth some indistinct reply, whilst the hue of her cheek deepened to scarlet. A momentary silence followed, whilst she inwardly anathematized the perverse fate by which she ever appeared to him in so unfavorable and awkward a light. Seeming not to notice her embarrassment, the Colonel attentively drew an ottoman towards her, for she was standing, and exclaimed:

"If I might solicit any favour on so short an acquaintance, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, I would ask you to enlighten me concerning the names of some of our guests. A stranger in London, all those faces, with two or three exceptions, are unfamiliar to me."

Here was a wide field for Florence to display her polished wit, her brilliant powers of satire, but despite her efforts, she could not throw off the singular feeling of restraint that her companion's presence imposed upon her. In a calm, and what she considered most sickeningly tame manner, did she give the required information; passing but a few simple remarks on one or two individuals of the party—remarks whose inoffensive nature Lord St. Albans himself could not have quarrelled with. Suddenly Colonel Delamere asked with a look of interest:

"Who is that very graceful looking woman, speaking to lady Howard?"

"That is one of our stars. The youthful widow of Sir Delmour Melton. The artist who took her portrait said, that he had never in the course of his life, met with a more faultless face. Is she not very lovely?"

"She is indeed; but is beauty her only attraction?" he asked, with a slight smile, as he noted the rapid animation with which the lady was conversing.

"By no means. Lady Melton's powers of wit equal even her personal charms. You cannot imagine how delightful her conversation is, so sparkling, so witty; and then, her talent for mimicry is matchless." The former expression of Colonel Delamere's face instantly changed to one of cold contempt.

"Thank you, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, you have warned me in time. I do not think Lady Melton and I will be ever more intimately acquainted."

"But why?" she asked.

"Simply because, if there is a character I sovereignly detest, it is that of a sarcastic wit. One of that unfeeling class from whose jests, home, family religion, nothing is sacred; one who watches the weaknesses and sorrows of poor

human nature, not to advise or to comfort, but to confer additional misery by adding to other pang the galling one of mockery. Such a character, reprehensible in any sex, is surely doubly so in woman, in her from whom we expect nothing but gentleness and delicate compassion. Do you not entirely agree with me, Miss Fitz-Hardinge?" and he fixed his earnest, meaning glance, on Florence's burning face.

"I think you view the matter in rather a serious light!" she at length returned, endeavouring to disguise her confusion. "When carried to such an excess as you have described, of course 'tis wrong, nay sinful; but when merely directed against trifles, it may prove a source of mirthful, as well as innocent amusement."

"Yes, to all save the unfortunate individual who happens to be the victim of the wit! Oh! I am certain that, in your heart, you not only disapprove, but detest, such a quality."

Florence looked up, and saw in her companion's eyes, the same strange, inexplicable expression, which had once before puzzled her; but, without waiting to conjecture its meaning, she boldly returned:

"I was never more in earnest in my life, Colonel Delamere, and with good reason, for 'tis my own character I am defending."

"Impossible!" he rejoined, with an accent of incredulous surprise, which a lurking smile in the corner of his mouth somewhat contradicted. "Impossible! They told me so, but I would not for one moment believe them!"

"And so you came to learn from your own proper experience. Well, do you intend now to shun me as religiously as you have resolved to do poor Lady Melton?"

"Excuse my soldier frankness, but I fear, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, if the same cause existed, I would. My own observation, however, and the sentiments of Lady Howard, convince me it is otherwise."

His countenance had again become grave, and the light repartee that had risen to Florence's lips died away, for her heart told her it would be ill received. Somewhat to her relief, lady Howard came up just then.

"What are you doing here," she gaily asked, "gazing so sentimentally at the star-light? Come, Colonel Delamere, can you not prevail on Miss Fitz-Hardinge to grant you her hand for a dance? that is, if you have not quarrelled already, for I am rather apprehensive that your mutual views on some topics are too widely opposed to permit of harmony long reigning between you."

"We can scarcely decide on that point so soon, fair cousin," he smilingly rejoined, as Florence

accepted his proffered arm. "The conclusions based on a two days acquaintance, must necessarily be very imperfect."

"But, how know you that the acquaintance is of so short a standing? Have you never heard of persons knowing each other by name and character, years before they have ever met?—If you do not believe me, Miss Fitz-Harding can convince you if she wishes;" and with a mischievous smile, lady Howard turned away. Florence coloured to her temples at the palpable allusion, whilst her companion, who understood it as well as herself, in pity to her confusion, succeeded in repressing his smiles, though with an obvious effort. For many a night she had not enjoyed a dance as well, and when the guests at length dispersed, and she was assisted into the carriage by Colonel Delamere, she wondered how any part of the night could have seemed dull or wearisome."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MANY evenings had not elapsed ere Florence was again seated in lady Howard's saloon; but this time she was the only guest. The hours passed pleasantly enough, for she knew Colonel Delamere would probably make his appearance in the evening, and besides, her companion made him her sole topic—a topic which already interested her far more than it had done even during the days of her girlhood.

"Do you know, my dear, I would like marvelously well, to make up a match between you and Colonel Delamere," exclaimed her hostess, after a moment's silence. "I have never yet tried my talents at match-making, and I think I shall make the essay on you two."

"It would be a rather difficult matter," rejoined Florence, endeavouring to cover her confusion with a laugh, "when the individuals to be experimented on are so comfortably, so completely indifferent to each other, as we are."

"I know not that; your blushes seem to tell a very different tale; and as to Delamere himself, were it not for your unfortunate reputation as a wit, I doubt not but that he would soon succumb to your charms. He admires your general appearance, thinks you agreeable—and, between ourselves, has taken a deep interest in you from the very first moment of your meeting, owing to that very ingenuous confession of yours, which he overheard. You know, in every sense of the word, he is a good *parti*. Handsome, in the prime of life, and possessor of a name not only illustrious through a noble ancestry, but equally distinguished through his own valour.

True, he is not very rich, but he has a comfortable income, and that joined to your own fortune, and Miss Murray's, of which you will be ultimately heiress, will render you really wealthy. Say am I not prudent—could the most experienced of *chaperons* display more forethought or sagacity?"

"All this is folly," rejoined Florence, no way displeased, however, by the light trifling of her companion. "Colonel Delamere would never think of me, and I, on my part, may have very different prospects in view."

"Is that strict truth, Florence?" interrupted lady Howard, in a more serious tone. "Be frank with me, and rest assured it will not injure you. If Delamere offered you his hand, would you reject it?"

Florence hesitated, and then rejoined with a deepening colour:

"'Tis hard to say how I might act in so improbable, so unlikely a case. However, I cannot swear that if he did propose, I would say no."

"Enough, my dear! enough. I think if you can only contrive to bridle your wit a little, I may have you for a cousin-in-law, ere long. You are not as far from the goal as you think. Delamere was speaking of you last night, and he said he had been most agreeably disappointed in you. You had been painted to him in the most unamiable colours, and yet, as he said, though he had been several times in your society, he had never yet heard one unkind word fall from your lips—on the contrary, he had found you as unassuming, almost as timid, as a girl at her first ball!"

"As awkward and tiresome, he should have said, dear Cecilia; but wait, I will come out in full force one of these days."

"You had better stay in, Florence, if you wish to win Delamere's heart. Take warning from lady Melton's fate—but I must shew you the magnificent bracelet he gave me this morning. He is really a generous creature."

In the course of the evening, lord Howard and Colonel Delamere entered together. The latter betrayed no great symptoms of pleasure on seeing Florence, but lady Howard immediately engaging her husband in an animated dialogue, he entered into conversation with the guest. Florence, still unable to recover with him the graceful indifference which marked her intercourse with all others, was, in her own opinion, making but a very poor figure, when the Colonel, perhaps at a loss for conversation, took from the table near him, a small miniature of lady Howard, which had been executed during her girlhood.

"How faithful," he exclaimed, as he surveyed it; "the same laughing lips and eyes, the same

mischievous smile. Just the wild merry Cecilia Stanton, who amused me so much, long ago, and rendered her home during her short vacations, a scene of noise and mirth. I, soldier as I was, and man of the world, though it must be confessed, a very young one, found the greatest amusement in listening to her lively talk, and entering into her childish schemes. What tales of boarding school exploits, of rules broken, and mistresses set at defiance, did she not recount to me—what traits of the friendship, merriment and genius of a certain lively Florence Fitz-Harding, who ever bore a prominent part in all her relations. Am I mistaken in thinking I am now speaking to the heroine of all these wondrous tales?"

"Your supposition is correct—I was the early friend and ally of your cousin, but I must say that, for her sake as well as mine, I regret that you still remember the silly adventures and acts on which we then prided ourselves so highly."

"Surely you are mistaken, Miss Fitz-Harding. It seems to me, it should only add a feeling of double interest to our present friendship. We cannot help feeling that we are not entire strangers to each other."

Some vivid reminiscence suddenly brought a crimson glow to Florence's cheek, whilst her companion, seemingly not noticing it, continued—

"Yes, indeed! you were quite familiar to me before I went to India. Would it be presumption on my part to hope that Cecilia had performed, at least in some slight degree, a similar kind office with regard to myself?"

Here Florence detected a half suppressed smile flash across his features, which did not tend to lessen her embarrassment, and, with a wretchedly sustained attempt at carelessness, she rejoined:

"Miss Stanton, with whom you were a great favorite, very frequently spoke of you; and I who took an interest of course in every thing which interested her, became quite solicitous about your fortunes and safety."

The blushing embarrassment with which the elegant easy Miss Fitz-Harding delivered this speech, excited no unworthy feelings of triumph in her listener's breast, and though inwardly amused as well as gratified, he permitted no smile or glance to betray his feelings. Sensible or indifferent, however, as he might have been, it was impossible for him to resist the pleasing influence of the conviction, that he had been an object of interest and admiration to the beautiful and gifted woman beside him during the earlier and perhaps better years of her life, and though there lurked not one particle of vanity in his character, an innate conviction told him that very little effort on his part would ripen the

girl's fancy into the woman's love. But the latter was a consummation Colonel Delamere in no way wished for, and having no intention of seeking Florence for his wife, he was too honourable to endeavour to win her affections. Before he had ever seen her, she had been represented to him as a being as heartless as she was beautiful, as selfish as she was fascinating. Listening and believing, his resolve to shun her was taken, and notwithstanding the peculiarity of the circumstances accompanying their first interview, the cold politeness he had previously traced out for himself was then steadfastly maintained. In his subsequent communications with Florence, he saw nothing of the arrogant consciousness of her fascinations, of the mocking cruel spirit that had been imputed to her, and unconscious that this was the result solely of the feelings of timidity and embarrassment with which his own presence alone inspired her, he began to think that she had been calumniated by enemies raised up against her by her own beauty and superior attractions. Whilst the whole world was wondering what change had come over her, what event had clouded her usually light and reckless spirit, Colonel Delamere was beginning to find almost unconsciously to himself a sincere pleasure in her society. The simple suspicion of this fact, though unsupported by any open marks of devotion on his part, was happiness to Florence. She made no efforts to disguise her sentiments, and it was already whispered, in the circles in which she moved, that the fastidious and courted Miss Fitz-Harding had given her heart to Colonel Delamere, even before he had sought the gift. These rumours troubled her little, for her feelings had long previously lost the delicate sensitiveness of girlhood. There had been a time when such a whisper would have overwhelmed her with shame and indignation, but her intercourse with the world had rubbed off the troublesome delicacy, and now, provided she won Delamere, she cared little what others thought or said. What effect this open unreserved preference had at first produced on the Colonel, it would have been impossible to divine. Long after it was apparent to all others, he, himself, appeared, or affected to appear, to be unconscious of it, and to the jests of his companions, who were one and all jealous of the *éclat* which his good fortune had obtained him, he replied only by a cold reserve, ever speaking of Florence in terms of distant though profound respect. To herself he paid no particular attention, beyond the polite courtesy their intimate friendship warranted; but if in this respect he was ungrateful, he at least gave her no cause for jealousy by evincing more devoted feelings for any rival.

This was not as easy a task as might have been supposed, for, from the first moment it was rumoured he had found favour in the eyes of Miss Fitz-Hardinge, every marriageable lady, from the timid *débutante* just come out, to the ball-room belle of ten years standing, set close siege to him. This was not so much the result of Colonel Delamere's individual attractions as of an intense wish to rival, and if possible humiliate Florence, whose unsparing tongue had created enemies for herself on all sides. Colonel Delamere, therefore, as we have already hinted, found the strict neutrality he had resolved on at times difficult to maintain, and one night during a friendly *veillée* at lady Howard's, he was obliged to depart from it. The young hostess, who had started some childish game of forfeits, perhaps mischievously determined to embarrass him, had given him as his penalty the duty of presenting some gift worthy her acceptance to the lady of his choice. The command was a difficult one, but there was no way of evading it, and Delamere, on whom every eye was turned, instantly rose, carelessly selecting a beautiful Moss Rose from the flower vase on the marble stand, he turned to Florence, who was near him, and with a polite, though indifferent bow, presented it. Little cause as there was for her to rejoice—for it seemed the mere effect of chance—her heart beat quick with pleasure, and the bright glow, rivalling that of the flower itself that suddenly dyed her cheek, proved how acceptable was the offering. Some time after, as Florence sat alone on a couch, still occupied with the agreeable thoughts evoked by the recent event, the handsome widow, lady Melton, approached.

"What a pretty rose, Miss Fitz-Hardinge," she languidly drawled, affecting unconsciousness of the manner in which the latter had obtained it. "Pray, give it to me?"

"Not for worlds," playfully rejoined Florence, caressing the flower as she spoke.

"You seem to prize it highly. May I ask why? Is it a talisman against disappointment or mortification?"

"No, but an earnest of future victory and triumph," said Florence, with a most impertinent smile. "Carefully as I know you would treasure it, dear lady Melton, pardon my selfishness in again reiterating that not for worlds would I part with it."

"I am certain Colonel Delamere must feel flattered by the value you set on his offering," returned the lady, glancing superciliously from Florence to the Colonel, who was standing at a few paces from them, apparently engaged in deep conversation with lady Howard. "'Tis to be

hoped he will reward your devotion with something more than a rose. "Till then, I would suggest to Miss Fitz-Hardinge, that it would be more eligible for a young lady to parade her preference for single gentlemen less openly; but I fear I am exposing myself to the charge of officiousness."

"Not at all, dear lady Melton," was the smiling reply. "What you say is but too true. We, poor girls, are entirely debarred from the rights and privileges which you widows enjoy."

The lady feeling her temper yielding, turned majestically away, whilst her vacant place was immediately filled up Colonel Delamere.

"You are too severe on poor lady Melton," he exclaimed.

"Surely you did not overhear us?" quickly asked Florence, reddening to her brow.

A peculiar expression lit up her companion's dark eyes, as he replied after a moment's hesitation:

"If you insist upon the truth, I did; but lady Howard is as much to blame as myself."

"Oh! it matters little," she returned with a look of vexation, she could not disguise. "We were talking mere nonsense. Lady Melton is so elegant, so precise, I wished to surprise her, as I used to say in childhood, from the same motive I would like to have an alligator for a pet."

"Surely, Miss Fitz-Hardinge you do not think I could be so unpardonably presumptuous as to read your words in any other sense. Not for worlds would I think of doing so."

The slight emphasis laid on the expression she had herself a moment before employed, grated unpleasantly on Florence's ear, but Colonel Delamere's manner was so respectful, and spoke so plainly of warmer and more devoted feelings than he had ever yet exhibited, that her first sentiments of annoyance soon changed to one of intense happiness. Florence was not long left, however, to enjoy her position, for shortly after, to her unbounded vexation, lady Melton and two or three others, approached:

"I entreat your pardon, good friends, for interrupting so agreeable a dialogue," exclaimed the fair widow, sinking on an ottoman; "but I have a piece of very interesting, very surprising intelligence for Miss Fitz-Hardinge. I have it from the Duke of Hastings, who entered the rooms a few moments since. The Earl of St. Albans is married!"

"The Earl of St. Albans married!" echoed Florence, turning deadly pale. A general murmur of astonishment followed this announcement, and Colonel Delamere, bending over Florence, eagerly asked:

"Who is the Earl of St. Albans?"

"Only an old friend of Miss Fitz-Hardinge's, nothing more I can assure you," said lady Melton, with a smile full of meaning. Still Florence spoke not; her pallour had given place to the deepest crimson, and the Colonel, who had been watching her with a look of mingled astonishment and annoyance, overheard a gentleman behind him whisper to the lady on his arm:

"Colonel Delamere's rose was accepted too soon; Lord St. Albans is not yet forgotten."

"Yes," simpered the lady, "another striking illustration of the truth of the old proverb:

"'Tis good to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

Delamere turned a quick stern glance on the speakers, and with an air of innocent unconsciousness they moved off.

"Well, Miss Fitz-Hardinge," persisted lady Melton; "pray tell us shall we congratulate or condescend with you on the present occasion?"

Strange! Florence, who was so quick at *repartée*, so ready at sarcasm, had no retort for her opponent. A crowd of old feelings and memories which she had fancied extinct for ever, had suddenly rushed upon her, and joined to them was the agonizing certainty that Delamere, in learning a passage in her life, which she had heretofore so carefully concealed from him, was lost to her forever. His dark earnest glance, which already dwelt cold distrust, was steadfastly bent on her, and it seemed to paralyze her energies, her very thoughts.

"How imprudent of you, lady Melton, to have communicated your painful intelligence to Miss Fitz-Hardinge without some previous preparation," whispered one of the group.

"Yes, poor thing!" interrupted another in the same low but audible tone. "Though more than four years have elapsed since then, we all know as Moore so sweetly sings.

"The heart that once truly loves never forgets."

"I think Lord St. Albans got wedded abroad, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, fearing that if he did so in England you might forbid the bans," jestingly exclaimed a lady whose young but rather ungraceful daughter had often been the theme of Florence's unsparing ridicule.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Ellerslie, 'tis not that," rejoined the first speaker. "His lordship felt that to return to England without a countess would be exposing himself to a return to old ties and old loves, and those perhaps he had no wish to renew."

Most of the auditors smiled, some even laughed, but still Florence was silent. Once only she had raised her eyes, and they had met those of Dela-

mere who stood a few paces from her, a look of stern displeasure on his high brow. His presence, like the strange oppression of a nightmare, seemed to weigh her down, depriving her of the power of speech, and incapable of retort or reply, she sat silent and motionless, her burning cheek alone betokening she felt the shafts of mockery every one of which struck quivering in her heart. Suddenly, a strange remembrance flashed upon her of all she had once inflicted on Nina Aleyn, of the many times her own heartlessness had submitted her to the same bitter ordeal that she herself was now undergoing. This then was her punishment. Nina was miles away—years had elapsed since they parted—and yet the tardy reckoning had come at last. The thought that this was a superior appointment, the just will of a retributive power, seemed to banish any latent idea of retaliation; and the fire of wit became quicker and more unsparing as the circle found their victim unwilling or unable to defend herself. Florence's situation was every moment becoming more insupportable; her very breath was drawn with difficulty, when relief was suddenly, unhopedly, afforded her by the approach of lady Howard.

"What is the subject under discussion?" asked the new-comer, "the last fashion or the last ball?"

"Neither, but the last wedding," rejoined lady Melton. "I have just been informing Miss Fitz-Hardinge that her old friend, the Earl of St. Albans, is married!"

"Married!" repeated lady Howard with an accent of astonishment. "Is it possible?"

"Your ladyship will be still more astonished when you hear to whom. She who is now the Right Honourable the Countess of St. Albans, was a poor Swiss girl, a few months ago, without name, fortune, or connexions. Nina Aleyn, I think, they called her."

The sensation created by this announcement among the party, who, in the excitement of their attack on Florence, had entirely forgotten to ask the name of the bride, was really wonderful.

"Aleyn, Aleyn," echoed several voices. "What! that little oddity whom Miss Murray used to *chaperone* about, some years ago. Pshaw! Lady Melton, the thing is impossible."

"Nay 'tis positive fact," warmly rejoined her ladyship. "His Grace of Hastings, who received a letter from the earl, himself, this morning, imparted it to me. More than that, 'tis said lord St. Albans left England expressly to follow her."

A pause of wonder and incredulity followed. More than one fair brow angrily darkened, more than one lip contemptuously curled, whilst such exclamation, as, "What a *mésalliance*—St. Albans

should be ashamed of himself—How utterly he has thrown himself away!" echoed from lip to lip. An old lady present, who had a strange way of saying the most disagreeable things with the best possible intentions, exclaimed with a sad shake of her head:

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! to think he has married that little pauper when he might have chosen a wife among the highest here. To think that she, with her little plain face, has secured him, when the best and prettiest among you, my dears, wasted your smiles on him in vain for years."

A general bridding up followed this plain speech; and if looks could have acted materially, as well as figuratively, instead of daggers, the old lady's fragile existence would have been brought to a summary close. One of the ladies whom she has so singularly apostrophized, an elegant, handsome girl, the daughter of a duke, who had been laid out from infancy as the future Countess of St. Albans, a project which the earl's early attachment for Florence had completely annulled, replied, with a supercilious laugh:

"No, no, we left that to Miss Fitz-Hardinge, though, in the end, she gained no more than those who contended not for the prize."

"If Miss Fitz-Hardinge had sought to win she would have won," coldly rejoined lady Howard; "but, come ladies, I have had several applications on the part of the gentlemen for another dance. Let us not try their patience too far."

The group quickly dispersed, Colonel Delamere among the rest; and Florence was left alone.

"Come, dear Florence," kindly whispered lady Howard, who had retraced her steps on seeing that the latter still remained motionless.

"A present lover is surely worth a dozen of former ones. True, St. Albans is married; but there are as good as he in the world. Aye! and in London, too. Do not then take it so much to heart."

Her companion did not strive to undeceive her, did not whisper that a newer and deeper grief than the loss of one no longer beloved, bowed her down; and to avoid farther questioning, she rose and accompanied lady Howard to the next saloon. There, separating from her, under a pretext of wishing to see Miss Murray, she approached a stand of flowers in an isolated part of the room, and threw herself on a small couch behind it. The rapid working of her features, the angry red tints that momentarily passed across her countenance, told she was reviewing in thought the bitter humiliations that had lately been her portion. But a darker and deeper pang than the remembrance of her mortified self-love, was the remembrance of the cold estranged expression of

Colonel Delamere's countenance, as he had listened to the stinging mockeries that opened to his thoughts so wide, so fearful a field of contempt and suspicion. The time had at length come, when he would know her as she was, as the forsaken, rejected love of another, know her to despise and cast her off for ever. The reflection that she had not brought this latter sorrow on herself, by any late act of misconduct on her part, was no solace to her grief. It seemed to her unnatural, nay, unjust, that the former follies she had already so bitterly expiated, should again be the means of heaping additional misery on her head. Irritated, goaded beyond what she had ever been, she impatiently tore the rose Delamere had given her, to shreds, bitterly exclaiming:

"He would think me unworthy of wearing it now—why then should I cherish it? Ah! how quickly he fell off, when the breath of reproach rested on her in whose ear but a moment before he had been whispering words of praise and devotion. And yet, am I not unjust to blame him? Would, would, that I could see him, but for one moment, one second!" The wish seemed unavailing, and Florence despairing, sick at heart, could have bowed her head upon her hands and wept. Suddenly the pulsations of her heart seemed to stop, for Colonel Delamere hastily entered the apartment. He glanced enquiringly around, as if in search of some one, and finally perceiving her, instantly approached.

"I am charged by Miss Murray to inquire if you wish to return home, Miss Fitz-Hardinge?" he exclaimed. "She has been told that you do not feel very well."

"I would rather remain for some time yet; I am better now," faltered Florence, without looking up.

"As you will," he replied; and to her mingled astonishment and delight, he seated himself near her, instead of turning away as she had expected.

"Do not deem me officious or impertinent," he gravely exclaimed; "if I ask you a question, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, the answer to which I would hear from your own lips alone. Who is the Earl of St. Albans?"

"An old and intimate friend of mine, as lady Melton has already informed you."

"Is that really all?" and her companion looked evidently relieved. "I had feared, that is, I had imagined, he was something more; I suppose he was a relative of yours."

"No, nothing more than my affianced husband?" returned Florence, with a smile full of bitter meaning. "The tie sounds important, but it must have been trivial—at least to him; since he hesitated not to dissolve the engagement, even after my bridal wreath was ready."

"What! you were actually engaged, and he dissolved the engagement," echoed Delamere, involuntarily drawing back. "There must have been bitter provocation on one side or the other."

Florence noted the startling impression her words had made, the sudden change in his manner; but what mattered it? He might as well hear the tale from her lips as from others who would give it with all the unfavourable additions that malice could invent. Again he repeated, with bitter significance:

"There must have been bitter provocation on one side or another."

"The provocation Colonel Delamere, is summed up in one sentence. The Earl of St. Albans, like you, sovereignly detested a sarcastic wit, and Florence Fitz-Harding was that character.

Knowing my failing, and knowing his own rigid opinions with regard to it, he should never have thought of me for a wife. Some uneasiness would thus have been spared himself, and I would have escaped the mortification of seeing the hand, once so eagerly sought without any wish of mine, contemptuously resigned."

"Was it a first offence?"

"No, nor the twentieth; for to render justice to the earl, he bore with my follies long and patiently; still I cannot help thinking he might have spared so bitter a lesson to the woman he professed to love."

"Pardon me, Florence, I mean Miss Fitz-Harding; he acted just as I would have done. A first fault may be forgiven, a second also, when accompanied with palliating circumstances, but that would be the limit of my patience."

"I question, Colonel Delamere, if it would even extend so far. Merciless in your own rigid virtue, you could neither err nor forgive those who erred."

A singular expression, it seemed half a smile, flashed across his features, but it instantly vanished, and he replied:

"Perhaps you judge me rightly; yet methinks where I loved much, I could forgive much."

That sentence, so eloquent, so full of hope and gentleness, powerfully touched Florence's inmost heart, afflicted, humiliated as it was. Her lips convulsively quivered, and after one desperate effort to suppress the emotions with which she had been struggling for the last half hour, she burst into tears. Delamere sprang to his feet, and bending over her, so as to shield her from observation, exclaimed in a tone of deep solicitude:

"Pardon me, Miss Fitz-Harding! I fear I have annoyed, persecuted you with my ill-chosen conversation."

"It is not that, but I feel wretched, and I must go home—home at once," she sobbed.

"Nay, not now," he firmly but gently rejoined. "Your too evident agitation would but expose you to painful, perhaps impertinent, remarks. When you are calmer I shall seek Miss Murray at once." A pause followed, and whilst Florence strove to hush the sobs that almost suffocated her, Delamere's eyes were bent on her face with a look of mingled compassion and scrutiny. In a few moments her agitation having somewhat subsided, he left to seek Miss Murray, but he was stopped at the door of the saloon by a group of gentlemen who were gaily conversing together.

"So Delamere you have bowed to lovely woman at last, for, of course, you presented your heart to Miss Fitz-Harding along with the rose," was his first salutation. "Yes, Colonel, you arrived just in time to console her for the death blow all her former hopes received in the marriage of Lord St. Albans. 'Tis to be hoped you will not leave her to wear the willow, a week before the wedding, as your predecessor did."

"If 'tis of Miss Fitz-Harding you are speaking, gentlemen, excuse me for saying your words are rather unintelligible. As to your allusions to her private history, they are entirely thrown away on me, for I am but very slightly versed in it."

"Oh! a few lessons from herself would finish you, Delamere, and I doubt not that in her present state of depression, such a pupil would be doubly welcome. As the rudiments of the science she is to impart, let her first tell you that she was betrothed some years ago to the earl of Albans, and that the noble lord, after the wedding feast was prepared, the family diamonds reset, informed her, in a letter as cutting, as contemptuous, I have heard said, as could be penned, that he declined the honour of her alliance, and that she might seek another husband, as he would do another bride. I must confess, were Miss Fitz-Harding's tongue as irreproachable as her beautiful face, that short episode in her life would be enough for me. But where are you bound for in so violent a hurry?"

"To the next room to try my fortune in fortune-hunting."

Beware, then, Colonel, of the lady of the rose. I value you too highly to wish to see you entangled in that quarter.

Delamere smiled, but the smile fled as soon as he turned from the group. "Yes," he muttered; "her story is in every one's mouth. Manvers was not far wrong in what he said; and yet, poor girl! 'tis a sad pity!"

He soon found Miss Murray, and they returned

together to Florence, who had been endeavouring during the passing interval, to obliterate the traces of her previous emotion. Her pale cheek and heavy eyes, however, did not escape Miss Murray, who exclaimed:

"My poor Florence, you look very ill. Why did you not send for me before? Let us hasten home immediately." Without a word of reply, or even a glance at Colonel Delamere, the latter followed her aunt to the dressing room. In silence she suffered her shawls to be adjusted around her, and then with unusual fretfulness expressed her impatience to be gone. But why did she slacken her pace so suddenly on the staircase—why did she linger so long in the hall, and cast so wistful a glance around? If 'twere in search of Delamere, he was not there.

"He despises the forsaken love of St. Albans too much to seek her now," was her bitter reflection. "Well, I do not wonder at it." Almost unable to recognize even by a bow the services of the young nobleman who advanced to assist them to their carriage, Florence, the instant the door was closed, threw herself back amid the cushions, in a fit of passionate emotion. Miss Murray, surprised and alarmed, entreated again and again to know the cause, and too wretched to think of concealment, her companion at length exclaimed: "'Tis because I have lost Delamere as I lost St. Albans—because this wretched heart has again lavished its love on one who scorns the gift."

"My poor child! are you never to know peace?" sighed Miss Murray. "Alas! had you not suffered enough already to teach you the folly of forming to yourself an idol of clay?"

"It may be, and yet I see no great imprudence in the fact of my placing my affections on Alfred Delamere," rejoined Florence bitterly.

"She, whom the earl of St. Albans once thought fit for his wife, may surely, in a worldly point of view, aspire, without laying herself open to the charge of presumption, to Colonel Delamere. His connexions, his fortune, his personal endowments are surely not so vastly superior to my own, but yet, ah! what a gulf lies between us. He, so rich in intellect and goodness, so high principled, so upright—I, his reverse in all! And yet, I feel if any human being could ever change my weak nature, correct the faults that have grown and strengthened with each added year, 'tis Delamere alone. To gain his love, no effort, no sacrifice would be too great. And to think it might have been mine! Oh! Nina! how fearfully you have been avenged!" Miss Murray strove in vain to soothe her, and her words of solace fell unheeded and unmarked on Florence's

ear. Alone in her room the latter became somewhat calmer, but the long heavy night was devoted to reflections as sad and bitter as those of the preceding eve. With morning's light came a few hours troubled slumber, and then she rose, and with a weary heart attired herself. Her toilet completed—she was about leaving the room when Miss Murray entered. Had her niece not been so sadly pre-occupied, she would have noticed an expression of unusual happiness in her face; but absorbed by her own sorrows, she listlessly raised her eyes, to drop them again with a few words of spiritless greeting.

"Florence, I have good news for you this morning," Miss Murray said, seating herself beside her. "Do you recognize the hand-writing of this letter, the coronet on the seal? 'Tis from the countess of St. Albans, my once poor neglected Nina; and oh! how loving, how grateful it is. Under Sydney's gentle teaching she has learned to express in words, the noble, ardent feelings that ever dwelt in her heart. They are now at Naples, and she says it may truly be styled the Paradise of the earth; but any land or clime would appear almost a paradise to her, with Sydney at her side. What language for the once cold, passionless Nina! Nor has she forgotten you, either. Most kindly does she speak of you, anxiously questioning me about your health and spirits, though God knows she suffered enough from you to render her indifferent to both. Surely, the reflection that she is at length happy, should be almost enough to console you in your own afflictions, heavy as they may be, for you had incurred an awful degree of responsibility through the misery your own recklessness brought on that poor child. But you are still silent. Do you not rejoice with me?"

"Yes, dear aunt, from my heart, but do not blame me if the demonstrations of my joy are not as fervent as they should be. Grief, alas! renders us selfish, and though I rejoice in hearing that Nina has won the love of one so well calculated to render her happy, can I help weeping, remembering that Delamere is lost to me forever! When my present sorrow is in some degree softened, and I can look on the present, the past, with calmness, I will write to dear Nina herself, tell her how warmly I sympathize in her happiness, and bid her remember me kindly, sincerely, to lord St. Albans for much as I may have suffered through him, I am not base enough to cherish any feelings of anger or ill-will."

"Embrace me, Florence, for those words, they prove to me you are not unworthy of the happiness in store for yourself. Ah! my child! think

you I could have sought your room with so cheerful a countenance this morning, had I not had some solace to impart to your own suffering heart, some intelligence that would change your tears into gladness? It seems yet like a dream, even to myself, but Colonel Delamere has been with me this morning, and asked my sanction to his suit."

"Aunt Mary, say those words again," ejaculated Florence, grasping Miss Murray's hands and pressing them to her lips. "Oh! you are not mocking me, you could not have the heart to do it, but I may have misunderstood you. Repeat, repeat to me that Alfred Delamere has sought, has asked for my hand."

"Even so, Florence, though he knows that you have many faults, knows that you have wrought much misery to others as well as yourself, for he asked me to tell him the history of your connection with lord St. Albans, and I could not refuse. God forgive me, if I erred in softening it, in suppressing many shades that would have sadly darkened the picture. It is, it must be wrong, but my heart yearns like your own for this union, for I feel if happiness yet exists for you, it will be found in it. Lord St. Albans was too gentle, too yielding, for one of your wilful character. With Colonel Delamere 'tis different. You fear as well as love him, and I can close my eyes in peace if I leave you in his protection."

"My head is giddy with excess of happiness," murmured Florence, as she rested her forehead a moment on the couch. "Delamere loves me! Impossible, 'tis too much bliss!"

"Remember, my child, it is in your power to secure that bliss irrevocably, or to forfeit it; but I will not counsel farther. My words with you have never had much weight. I will leave you to Colonel Delamere; he knows your failing, and is resolved that you shall amend it; but go, dear, and smooth back your hair before descending to the drawing-room. He is waiting for you there."

Florence flew to her dressing-room, and, her hasty arrangements completed, descended the stairs, though with a slower pace, for she commenced to almost dread the approaching interview. After a moment's hesitation at the door, nervous by the fear that her suitor might grow weary of waiting, she resolutely entered. Quick as lightning, Delamere sprang forward to meet her, with a warmth, an eagerness which Florence scarcely thought he could either feel or exhibit, and pressing her hand, he led her to a seat.

"Has Miss Murray informed you of the object of my morning's mission?" he gently asked. Too embarrassed to speak, she merely bowed her head.

"Your aunt is favorable, and you, Florence, what do you say!"

"That I am indeed, happy and grateful for so generous a proof of your confidence and affection," faltered Florence, as she averted her crimsoning face from his earnest gaze. Delamere raised her hand to his lips.

"Nay, Florence! 'tis I who should feel happy and grateful, but we will leave all this aside. We know that we are dear to each other, and that suffices. There are other matters, though, that we must speak of, and frankly discuss, so that no cloud may ever hereafter come between us. We have both lived long enough in the world to know, that it is not eternal sunshine. Let us be prepared then for the reality, as well as the romance of life; and remove at this decisive moment of our fate, by frankness and plain dealing, every doubt and misunderstanding, which may prove an obstacle to our future happiness. If you have any uncertainties or anxieties on any point, speak them now, and I will endeavour to solve them."

"Yes, Colonel Delamere," rejoined Florence, without raising her eyes from the ground; "I have one engrossing, painful fear, nor can I know happiness till it is removed. Can you still respect me, after having heard the tale of my betrothment to another, and my subsequent rejection? Whilst listening to it, did you not despise me?"

"No, Florence, despise is too harsh a term; but blame you, I certainly did, and on hearing your story, with every palliating or softening circumstance that could be added to it, I still repeated what I had before said to yourself: In the Earl of St. Albans' place, my course of conduct would have been precisely the same as his."

"Then, how is it, that you tell me you love me? If you would have been so pitiless then, how are you so merciful now?"

"Because, Florence, from the moment of our first meeting, whether at home or abroad, in society or alone, you have always been irreproachable in my eyes. Why, then, should I allow a fault of your girlish days, the error more of giddiness than malice, to mar our happiness. I say ours, for deem me not arrogant if I whisper that long ere this, I have learned the sweet truth, that I am dear to you. Before I had ever seen you, Florence; you were painted to me in colours the most unamiable. True, your beauty, your grace, were done full justice to; but oh! your character, how unjustly, how ungenerously drawn. I heard you stigmatized as heartless, worldly, selfish, and worse than all that, perverting the gifts with which you were endowed, so sadly

as to render you a scourge and curse to all those who came within your circle. Can you wonder then, that I was cold and distant at first—that I found strength to resist the singular spell cast over me, by the strangely gratifying confession I heard from your own lips, a moment previous to our introduction? The very first hour my heart whispered that you had been calumniated. Every succeeding interview strengthened that conviction, and narrowly as I watched you, never did I hear one sentence fall from your lips, which I would have wished recalled. The delightful conviction, too, that I was not quite an object of indifference to you, soon began to steal over me, and resolutely as I rejected it, it became daily stronger. Yet, still, I was chill, reserved as before, for I felt how dangerous, how irresistible your influence was, and I wished my reason to fully approve the choice my heart had made. You sustained the ordeal well; and in the bitter trial you underwent last night, when you, who I know to be gifted with such brilliant powers of retort, sustained, with a forbearance I myself could not have displayed, the unworthy persecution of those you could have silenced with a word, I felt henceforth it was no longer necessary to check my growing preference. But that conversation filled me with strange and startling doubts. Hints, allusions were made, which almost maddened me, but refusing to listen to those who had already belied you, I sought you out, and your candid honest confession, though it surprised, nay, I will be perfectly frank, at first almost shocked me, rendered you, in the end, dearer to my heart. What was the world, its sneers or opinions to me, when I loved you, when you returned my affection. And now, my dearest Florence, now, that the past is all explained, a word for the future. I know your predominant failing—listen to mine: 'Tis comprised in the sentence, I can never forgive nor forget an injury—a vow broken—a promise unfulfilled, stamps itself in indelible characters on my memory. There, it ever remains, usurping the place of the admiration or love I may have once felt for the offender. I never hate; but I never forget. Dare you, then, trust yourself to me? Miss Murray, you yourself, have told me, that you have one fault, one which I sovereignly detest; can you rely on your own strength to amend it? If you can, if your heart tells you that you will be able to make the effort for one who would sacrifice his life for your happiness, let us then seal our betrothement; but, if 'tis otherwise, Florence, 'tis better, yes, better for us to part." His manner was grave, almost to sternness, and the anxious cloud that suddenly

darkened his expressive countenance, filled Florence with dismay.

"Oh! say not that, Colonel Delamere. Judge me not till you have tried me."

"No, my gentle Florence," he rejoined, his tone changing to one of singular tenderness. "Were I to do so, it could be only favourably, for your sweetness would disarm the harshest judge; but I have made you sad and anxious looking. Let us take a turn in the gardens, the bright sunshine will restore your smiles."

And, now, Florence was again a plighted wife. The reader will perhaps wonder did she trifle as recklessly with her happiness, as she had once done in similar circumstances. Unquestionably no. She knew the character of Colonel Delamere, so different from the forgiving gentleness of her first lover, too well for that. Had Lord St. Albans shewed some degree of his firmness at first, Florence might have been his wife; but, certain of ever winning forgiveness for every fault, by a few tears and words of entreaty, she indulged in a latitude which, at length, exceeded the bounds of even his patience. With Alfred Delamere it was another thing. She had not seen, spoken to him twice, ere she felt that he was one 'twould be dangerous to trifle with, and that to offend would be to lose him. Strict and unceasing, therefore, was the watch she kept over herself, and however tempting the opportunity, however bitter the provocation, a thought of the importance of the stake for which she played, the value of the prize that would crown her efforts, was sufficient to enable her to overcome the temptation. One half the world sneered, the other half wondered; but, at length, it was discovered that Colonel Delamere was the powerful magician who had charmed to silence the restless demon of Florence's wit. Then came her ordeal in earnest. Provoking innuendoes, contemptuous smiles, malicious hints, but Florence, strong in her love, braved and bore them all like a heroine, and though more than three months had now elapsed since her betrothement to Colonel Delamere, no cause of discord had ever yet arisen between them. One afternoon the Colonel was tranquilly sitting in Miss Murray's drawing room, when Florence, who had just recovered from a severe fit of sickness, brought on by imprudent exposure to the damp night air, entered and placed herself on an ottoman near him. Her hands were full of jasmine blossoms which she was twining into a pretty fantastic wreath, and, when it was completed, she held it up, exclaiming:

"Do you not think it handsome? I will wear it to-night."

"To-night! Why, where are you going?"

"To Mrs. Ellerslie's party."

"You surely are not serious, Florence; if you are, I must interfere. You are scarcely convalescent yet, and to think of going out would be to expose yourself to a certain relapse."

"Nonsense, dear Alfred, I never felt better; and really I am dying to go out. Only fancy, three mortal weeks confined to the house, during which time I have not seen the face of a human being!"

"Except Miss Murray and myself," interrupted her companion in a dry tone.

"Oh! of course," rejoined Florence, colouring and laughing; "but, that is different; you and aunt Mary are almost necessary to my existence. I could not live without you; but we are all fond of a little pleasure, and I will tell you why I wish so much to go to-night. In the first place a splendid new dress, I purchased some time before my illness, has just come home, and I wish to display it; secondly, an old friend of mine, whom I am most desirous to meet, will be there."

"May I ask the name?"

"Mrs. Edward Wharton, an early friend of mine. She called on me this morning; so she is my first visitor, and a welcome one she was. Really her visit did me a world of good, she made me laugh so heartily. You must know that, as a young lady, her means were very limited, and her tastes quite the reverse; so, about a year ago, she married an old banker double her age, and enormously rich, having waited in vain for a husband who should be wealthy as well as more congenial to her tastes. The old gentleman, however, actually attempted to keep her shabbier than ever, and, on her asking for some pocket-money the second week of the bridal moon, he favored her instead with a lecture of three hours' length on the awful sinfulness of extravagance. After suffering some months in shabby misery, Mrs. Wharton found a remedy; but remember, Alfred, this is between ourselves. She privately sold her diamonds which were very beautiful, the only gift worth accepting he had ever offered her, and which he had obtained in payment of a debt from some noble family. He once or twice asked to keep the casket in which the paste substitutes unsuspectingly slumbered in one of his safety chests, but she raised such a hurricane on the bare mention of it, that, contented with his absolute dominion on every other point, he has yielded the sovereignty in this."

"Who was this Mrs. Wharton?" asked Colonel Delamere in a most dissatisfied tone.

"She was a Miss Westover, one of the prettiest and shrewiest girls in our circles some years ago."

"Well, whoever she may be, I do not think she is a fit companion, Florence, for you. Not that I would attempt to control you in the selection of your friends, but a wife so unscrupulous in her actions as well as words, is surely unworthy the friendship of any woman of high principles or refinement."

"Oh! dear Alfred, you are too severe. Wait till you see her to-night, listen to her merry laugh, watch her sparkling face, you will then wonder how you could have misjudged her so greatly. I almost feel tempted to punish your harshness by refusing to introduce you to her."

"You would scarcely have the opportunity of doing so, even if you proved merciful, for I do not intend to go to Mrs. Ellerslie's to-night."

"You are surely jesting, Colonel Delamere; I heard you tell aunt Mary, yesterday, you were going. What has prompted this sudden change?"

"Yourself; my going there might authorize, or, at least, excuse your doing so, which, in your present weak state, would be highly imprudent. So I shall stay away."

"Really, Alfred, this is too bad;" and Florence's brow was overshadowed by a look of discontent which she rarely permitted it to wear in the presence of her lover. "Tell me, do you positively forbid my going, for, of course, if you do, I must stay at home."

"No, Florence, to forbid or to command is a privilege I do not presume to arrogate to myself. As yet I have no claim to ask anything of you, except through entreaty or solicitation."

"Then you will not be very angry if I should go."

"Please yourself, Florence! you are your own mistress; but I must leave you, for I have an appointment with lord Howard;" and with a somewhat cold bow, he left the room.

"Was ever such a provoking creature heard of?" she muttered, her eyes filling with angry tears. "Because he does not happen to be in the humour to go himself, he must deprive me of that pleasure."

Florence's own heart chid her for the words the instant they had passed her lips, for Delamere's anxious solicitude during her illness, his unwearied attentions, sufficiently refuted them; but she was angry and disappointed, and consequently in no mood to be just.

"Pleasant evening I shall have indeed! sitting here alone, sipping weak tea, whilst every one else is figuring away at Mrs. Ellerslie. But what does Fanchette want with me? What a bore that girl is!"

"Pardon me, *Mademoiselle*, but Mrs. James

wishes to know if your new dress requires any alteration?"

"I have not tried it on yet. Colonel Delamere was here at the time it came; but it does not matter, I am not going."

"What! not going," and Fanchette's eyes opened to twice their usual size. "Not going, after Mrs. James sat up all night at your dress, to have it finished in time."

"'Tis no use, Fanchette, I do not feel well enough to go."

"Well, if *Mademoiselle* will just try it on, and see how it looks."

The latter proposition was agreeable enough; besides, perfectly lawful, so she signified her assent to the maid, who, dying with curiosity to see the new robe on her mistress, quickly went in quest of it. The dress adjusted, and Florence's hair temporarily arranged off her temples, the jasmine wreath she had been braiding, placed amid its waves, Fanchette pronounced her appearance ravishing, heavenly, and entreated her to survey herself in the mirror. Florence did so, and the conviction that her tirewoman's admiration was not ill-judged, forced itself upon her. "Yes! I do look well, she inwardly exclaimed. How completely I would outshine them all. Oh! 'tis too bad; I could cry with vexation."

Feeling that her countenance was betraying pretty plainly something of what was passing in her mind, she told Fanchette she might go, and that she would ring when she wanted her. Again alone, Florence's indignation redoubled. "Pretty work!" she indignantly exclaimed; "he is not slow in asserting his stay-at-home rights, and the unbearably provoking way too, in which he disclaims employing all authority. Such cant would provoke a saint. What a dress! I cannot help admiring myself in it, so becoming, so exquisitely graceful. Yes! go I will, that is the end of it—but how shall I face my gallant Colonel after? But, stay, I have it—what a bright thought" Opening her writing desk, she drew from it a delicate sheet of perfumed paper, and penned the following lines:

MY DEAR ALFRED,—My new dress becomes me so admirably, it would almost break my heart—in fact, bring on a relapse were I obliged to remain at home. Let my three weeks of suffering of *ennui* plead for me, and when next we meet, do not scold too severely your own affectionate

FLORENCE.

"There," she added, sealing it with a pretty device he himself had given her, a drooping flower with the words "Treat me gently." "Heaven grant it may dispell his dissatisfaction,

for oh! a night's pleasure would be dearly purchased at the expense of a frown from him. Strange, how much I fear, yet how deeply I love him; but he is too generous to be angry for such a trifle, and I will be additionally well behaved for the next three weeks to make amends for to-night's disobedience." Pressing the seal to her lips, for the giver's sake, she then restored it to its nook, and rang for Fanchette to make preparations for her toilette. The note she prudently resolved to keep back 'till she left for Mrs. Ellerslie's, lest the idea might seize Colonel Delamere to come down and put his veto in person on her going. Her next step was to seek Miss Murray, but the fates seemed to have resolved that she should not grace Mrs. Ellerslie's rooms that night, for her aunt had lain down, suffering from a severe head-ache, which precluded all hopes of her accompanying her. Florence's disappointment was so passionately, so bitterly expressed, that Miss Murray was really touched by it, and seeing her in so favorable a mood, she at length drew a reluctant consent, by dint of prayers and caresses from her, to write a line to lady Howard, requesting her to call and *chaperone* Florence for the night. The difficulty with which she had gained her point, the very risk she incurred of offending Delamere, rendered the anticipated *fête* doubly delightful, and when lady Howard's carriage stopped at the door and she entered it, her countenance radiant with smiles, her ladyship congratulated her earnestly and warmly on her good looks and good spirits.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LINES.

A COMPLAINT TO THE BELLE OF MONTREAL.

BY ALEX. EMPEY.

"Flatt'ry's minstrel lute was once so dear,
Each maiden throng'd its notes to hear."—*Mrs. Wilson.*

Formed in beauty's classic mould,
Artless—there we may behold
Nature's graces as they rise,
Ne'er concealed from modest eyes;
Yielding e'er, those charms which greet
Contentment's smiles, so heavenly sweet;—
O'erhung with ever blooming flowers,
Nurtur'd in the soul's own bow'rs—
Virtue there, all circling grows,
E'en amid life's coldest snows—
Reason, too, and wisdom claim,
Sovereign places round thy name.

Montreal, Sept. 1849.

MY LOVES.

BY MOONSHINE.

I am now an old bachelor, safely anchored in the haven of security—free from danger from the wiles of woman. I do not say that there are not some of the sex who would rejoice to receive my tender attentions, for though fifty-eight, I am still young, and by no means ugly, as my god-daughter assured me on her last birth-day. She is only fourteen, but with womanliness beyond her years, has begun to compliment the men. But those who would receive me with open arms, I am too fastidious to rush to. Perhaps nobody has had in the course of their life-time more, what are called love affairs than I—except perhaps some ante-diluvian who, having a thousand years to live, would have ample time to be the devoted admirer of a thousand Dulcineas at least. I wish I had been an ante-diluvian.

I am of a very loving nature; I can't remember, to be sure, but I feel confident that the first little girl that undertook the charge of my infant form, must have inspired me with an ardent passion. Who can tell what vows I breathed forth, when an infant in arms—what sweet glances I darted. I am afraid posterity must lose the knowledge of them, as history fails to record the facts. My first passion, which I recollect, was for a little black-eyed girl, who went to the same school, when I had arrived at the mature age of six years. Ah! what raptures filled my heart at these walks from school, what delight I took in pushing open the large gate of her father's house to let her in, as great, I am sure, as I have since taken in the *petit soins* for larger ladies. I don't know whether my passion was returned by the sweet object of my affections, she was only five; she is married now, and has a large family. Blessings be on her little ones for her sake.

I was sent to a dancing school when I was between seven and eight years old, and then my susceptible heart was deeply touched. But this was a different affection from the last; then I had the gratification of speaking and knowing my innamorata; now I loved in secret. Yes, deeply buried within the recesses of my heart, was my love for Mary M., a really fine looking girl of twelve, and very fully grown for her age. What a pleasure to meet in the grand chain, and touch her hand lightly and modestly—no squeezing—

not old enough for that. What a moment it was when the master gave me in charge to her to get me through some way or other on the great show day, when all the papas and mammas assembled to see the performance of the infant prodigies. My pride was hurt at the way of introduction; but the delight of pressing her waist in the gallopade was infinite. I don't believe I ever enjoyed anything more, though the source of the pleasure was not very clear to me. I cherished that passion through two quarters; I was too frightened by my own failings to speak a word to her on anything, and then I never saw her more.

But I would weary the kind and gentle reader by detailing my love to all the pretty Marys and Margarets of my acquaintance, from sweet little Mary B—, who looked at me with such downcast eyes, to Jane T—, who kicked my heels when we went out walking, to acknowledge her sense of my passion. Her mode of showing her affection was forcible enough, though I don't think it was very strong of itself; one little episode, and I will leave my boyish loves. I used to meet a beautiful girl of fifteen in a certain park which the children of the neighbourhood frequented. Poor Henrietta, she was very beautiful, with soul and intellect in her face; she died at sixteen, in the bloom of her youth and beauty. I saw her in her coffin, and the remembrance of that face will never fade from before my eyes; there is something pleasing as well as sad in my thoughts of her. She died triumphing in grace as I was told, addressing her weeping friends around her bedside, in the sweetest accents, enjoining them not to mourn her death, for to her to die was gain.

But young people soon forget these things, unfortunately; and so did I at the time. There is a period, when boys, or hobble-de-hoys, though they think a great deal, do not learn much of love practically. The power of loving deeply is just coming on them, and they have a certain kind of bashfulness, at least I had, in the company of the dear creatures, which they had not in their still younger days. Very ridiculous is the animal man at this stage, preposterous, awkward, shy, legs and arms out of joint, head down, face perpetually smiling; no wonder that young

women hold the male character in contempt at this stage. I don't think the feminines go through the same ordeal. I never met a woman yet, except in very particular circumstances, who did not know how to make herself agreeable if she chose; which man, in his state of hobble-de-hoy-ism, certainly cannot do. But this state always is succeeded by the greater brilliancy after it is past. It is because his feelings of love are strong that he is unable to control himself in their display, and when he has acquired sufficient self-command, the most bashful hobble-de-hoy becomes the most ardent, tender, and attentive lover. The woman ought not therefore to despise the bashful youth unaccustomed to their society, though I do not wonder at their doing so; it is on account of the depth of his feelings, which they will admire in later life, when he has acquired the power of expressing them. But I am getting pedantic, and must resume my narrative.

I was just eighteen when I first fell fairly in love; and oh! young men, let my fate be a warning how you choose the church in which you are to sit, and above all, the pew, from which every Sunday you are to look about you on every side. Never go to a church in which there is only one pretty girl; never choose a pew from which you can only see one. If you do, you are a gone man; nothing can save you. Never mind the doctrine, or the style of the preacher, or the singing, or the playing of the organ, or the merits of the reader; these are questions of minor moment; choose a church where there are plenty of pretty girls, and a pew where you can see them. I went to church twice every Sunday, in order to satisfy my conscience for walking the remainder of the day, (I was confined to the desk all the week.) Maria sat in the front gallery—I, below on the opposite aisle to her—she was the only reasonably pretty girl within view, (she wasn't beautiful,) indeed I believe she was the only one in church; it was a very plain church I went to, and I sat and sat during that venerable man's lectures and sermons, and prayers, and psalms, and looked and looked, until I imagined Maria an angel, and I was over head and ears in love with her. It couldn't be otherwise. Reader, I belonged to one of those churches where long sermons and long prayers are thought necessary to salvation—where the people do not feel comfortable unless they have been made thoroughly miserable by a homily two hours long. They are good people, notwithstanding, and I have a high respect for their talents and sense, (the sense of hearing, I always thought very strong in them, though I can't say I think it common sense,) but I must not again mix feet plunge into the bath of loving

feelings and warm desires to their long suffering patience. When I wearied of the long homily of the reverend gentleman, what other resource had I but to turn my eyes on the charming face, though it wasn't pretty, of Maria?—to gaze fixedly on her sparkling eyes—to meet the soft glance from them—and then to go back into my mind and conjure up, (I was always a good one at *chateaux en Espagne*;) sweet visions of future bliss, when I should have a little house—Ahem! Going too far. If there had been, as I hinted before, more than one passably pretty young woman to look at, my attention would have been distracted, and I would have escaped the engulfment; but no, there I was left to gaze and gaze on, Sunday after Sunday, diet after diet, with no choice of objects to look at and think about, except the minister, the common and ordinary people about me, or—Maria. I have a theory, that if I was to have only one woman to look at, were she as ugly as my grandmother's pup dog, which has bleared eyes and a villainous cast of countenance; did she squint; were her nose aquiline or Jewish, or retroussé, mouth like a gash from ear to ear, cheeks like a lobster or like death, ears like an ass, hair like tow; had she shoulders up to her ears, like a doll's head in a dish of jelly, or were she long necked as a crane; had she arms like a washerwoman, or like a skeleton, waist like a wasp, or as thick as my grandmother, who measured nine feet round her when she died, rest her soul!—had she feet like an elephant's or a Chinese; had she the temper of a Mrs. Caudle, or of a lamb, the latter of which by-the-bye is by far the worst to endure, I should think; if she were black as the back of the chimney; were I only to look at that woman a sufficient length of time, that woman I should love, and no power on earth could prevent me. Habit is second nature. I believe, if we were accustomed to see the old gentleman, popularly supposed to be clothed in the garb of mourning, we would soon become quite attached to him; many of us are attached to him without seeing him, by the bye. I hope, the attachment in my case, may not be like that of the Sheriff, which entitles him to carry off the object of it; but like some of my other attachments, not by any means permanent; but this is a digression. Maria, I thought, returned my love; she certainly returned my glances with interest. If I suddenly turned round from the minister to get a peep at her face, I would catch her in the act of looking at me, and oh! the pleasure it gave me, poor innocent. I knew her and her family, that is to say, I was not intimate, but had a bowing acquaintance. I wished much to see her elsewhere than at church, where I

could only speak to her by looks, and wonderful was the ingenuity, and endless the hours, I spent in seeking opportunities of seeing and talking to her on the street—for I did not dare to call—that was yet a step beyond me. How many times, on my way home from business, I have passed the house, though long out of my way, earnestly gazing at the window where she often sat, or if it was late, at her bed-room window, as I divined it to be, by some means I cannot tell how, but I afterwards found I was correct. How overjoyed I was when I only got a glimpse of her form; how my heart fluttered, when on my prowlings about the neighbourhood, I came upon her unexpectedly; how at first I was frightened to speak to her, and often escaped the interview which I had schemed to obtain, by running frantically up another street as if I was upon business of life and death, and couldn't stay on any account. How I did love to be sure. I don't think, in all my after affairs, I ever loved with half the intensity I did then. There is something in first love after all, though it does appear odd, that such a perfectly unreasoning feeling in the half developed mind should be so much stronger and more lasting than the calm and well matured emotions of later life. How I used to rush frantically from the pew to the church-door to meet her as she came out, and bow, and receive her smile; how I used, sometimes, when her father wasn't there, to accompany her home. Many a time I cursed him in my heart for attending church so regularly. One night I saw her talking at the corner of the street to a young man whom I thought I recognised. It was singular for a young lady to be talking in the street and standing still, but it was near her own door, and I made excuses, and stifled my jealousy, and thought nothing about it. Well, Maria encouraged me, I am sure, and at last I called at the house. How well do I remember that call—how I kicked my heels about on the door step uneasily—how I pulled up my shirt-collar and adjusted my tie, as all lovers do between the time of ringing the bell and the door being opened. By the bye, young ladies act correspondingly too. Every one must have noticed the uneasy pulling forward of the bonnet and shake to the dress, as they near somebody on the street whose opinion they care for, even of a good looking stranger. How my heart beat as I walked in with the enquiry if Miss M. was at home; it beats now rather at the very remembrance, for these reminiscences are exciting even to an old fellow like me. How gingerly I sat down on the sofa, and how I pretended to be deeply engaged in a book when Maria walked into

the room. How I stammered and blushed, and had a choking in my throat for the first few minutes, and when Maria's good nature set me more at ease, how wildly I talked, with so little coherence—feeling, when I wished to do my best that I was doing my worst, as is usually the case. With what a start and a hurry I took my leave, having previously got leave to bring some books to read, as an excuse for a visit.

I paid a good many on similar excuses, and Maria certainly encouraged me. She was, I believe, though a very young girl, only eighteen, the most fascinating person I ever met, with so few charms of person. There was nothing absolutely ugly about her, but none of her features were very good, (she had good shoulders, by the bye,) and her complexion was bad, but her manner and style were perfect, gay without being boisterous, sensible without being pedantic; but I cannot describe the—I do not know what—charm of her manner. Perhaps it was because I loved her that I thought so then, but I don't think it was. At last I declared myself in a perfect agony of love and excitement. I stammered out the declaration in the most miserable style, I know, though what I said I cannot now recollect. I didn't go down on my knees, however; even then I'd have scorned it. She refused me point blank, in the regular style: "Very happy to have me as an acquaintance, but no more." The fact was, she was a little coquette, who made love purely for the fun of the thing. She was actually engaged at the very time to the young gentleman I saw her with, though I didn't know it 'till afterwards. How I rushed into the street I cannot tell. I only remember that Maria appeared to be sorry for me, and spoke in a very kindly tone. I thought of leaving home, going to the ends of the earth, far, far away, where nobody could get at me, and for the first time in my life, and last, I think, except when I was ill, I couldn't eat my dinner, and lay awake half the night thinking about it. I am inclined to think that I was very much hurt at the disgrace of being refused. Perhaps as much as at having lost Maria, and I was afraid she would tell, but to her honour be it said, nobody ever hinted to me that such a thing had taken place, and I know there were always plenty of kind people to repeat such matters if she had told of it.

I saw her some two or three years afterwards, with great equanimity, married to her lover, a young man of good abilities. He is now a legislator, and a man of means, and she is a well preserved old lady, with false teeth and hair; she is always glad to see me when I call, and I don't know but a certain little Maria, the youngest, may come into a little property—when—but

I hope there will be plenty of time to arrange matters before that event takes place. Before she was married, her present memory had been driven from me by other loves and new duties, and I saw her given away as coolly as I now take my soup; my old recollections revived only after many years absence. But some how or other I never liked her husband much.

THE ANGEL WATCH; OR, THE SISTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A daughter watched at midnight
Her dying mother's bed;
For five long nights she had not slept,
And many tears were shed.
A vision like an angel came,
Which none but her might see;
"Sleep, duteous child," the angel said,
"And I will watch for thee."

Sweet slumber, like a blessing fell,
Upon the daughter's face;
The angel smiled, and touched her not,
But gently took her place:
And oh! so full of human love
Those pitying eyes did shine,
The angel-guest half mortal seemed,—
The slumberer, half divine.

Like rays of light, the sleeper's locks
In warm loose curls were thrown;
Like rays of light, the angel's hair
Seemed like the sleeper's own.
A rose-like shadow on the cheek,
Dissolving into pearl,—
A something in that angel's face
Seemed sister to the girl.

The mortal and immortal, each
Reflecting each, were seen;—
The earthly and the spiritual,
With death's pale face between,
Oh, human love, what strength like thine?
From thee those prayers arise,
Which, entering into Paradise,
Draw angels from the skies.

The dawn looked through the casement cold,
A wintry dawn of gloom,
And sadder showed the curtained bed,—
The still and sickly room.
"My daughter?—art thou there, my child?
Oh, haste thee, love, come nigh;
That I may see once more thy face,
And bless thee, ere I die!

"If ever I were harsh to thee,
Forgive me now," she cried:
"God knows my heart, I loved thee most
When most I seemed to chide.

Now bend and kiss thy mother's lips,
And for her spirit pray:"
The angel kissed her, and her soul
Passed blissfully away.

A sudden start!—what dream, what sound
The slumbering girl alarms?
She wakes—she sees her mother dead,
Within the angel's arms.
She wakes—she springs with wild embrace,
But nothing there appears,
Except her mother's sweet, dead face
Her own convulsive tears.

THE FALSE ONE.

BY A. EMPEY.

Who could have look'd upon that form so fair,
Moving so lightly with an angel's grace,
And dream that aught but innocence was there
Securely anchor'd in the soul's embrace?

Who could have basked amid the sunshine light,
Which from those eyes so lavishly was thrown,
And know of aught but day's meridian tide—
Continual—to nightly gloom unknown?

Who could have seen that sweet enticing smile,
Which on those ruby lips was wont to play,
And read not sacred love—unknown to gulle—
A heavenly lamp to light our earthly way?

Who could have heard those sweet harmonious notes
Which held the admiration like a spell,
And say it was a siren's voice that floats
Upon the ear—so magical they fell?

Yet there was one—a young and honest heart,
Who made a vow of truest sympathy,
He felt the glow which Beauty's charms impart,
And worshipped there, in lowliest purity.

His suppliant tones did find an echo there,
Which rung in raptures round his youthful breast;
She sigh'd, and breath'd—what *seemed* a sacred pray'r,
And deign'd to look above, for Heaven's behest.

O that some spirit the pow'r would give,
To mark the windings of the female heart,
Then would devoted love indulgent live,
On Nature's sweets, all undefiled by art.

But since a serpent's guile did reach the ear
Of Beauty's archetype—immortal Eve,
We aye can trace throughout our World's career
That Woman can, and Woman will deceive,—

Like op'ning rosebuds in an April morn,
Whose blushing beauties meet the raptur'd view,
Oft to reveal the deadly lurking thorn
So awful set in drops of pearly dew.

Montreal, November, 1849.

LEGENDS OF LOUGH OUEL.

ONE of the most central counties of Ireland is Westmeath. Mullingar, as every one knows, is the shire town of the county; and about two miles to the north-west of Mullingar lies the beautiful Lough Ouel—famous for its pellucid and stormy waters. Its waters, indeed, are ever pure and clear, but never still;—even in the sultry calm of the summer evening, when the leaves of the aspen hang motionless and withering on the bough, and the other lakes and pools rest with their glassy surfaces calmly reflecting the stirless and cloudless heavens,—Lough Ouel is covered with surging waves; and rude and hoarse she rolls her sparkling billows in foam and spray along her pebbly strand. Some account very philosophically for this curious phenomenon, by alleging that it is the highest water in Ireland, because it has two streams—anciently called the Gold and Silver hand—flowing from it in different directions, nearly east and west, and that it supplies the Royal Canal with water; while others, older and wiser of course, and better acquainted with the mysteries of Lough Ouel, assert that it arises from a very different cause, and which we are about to lay before our readers. One thing, however, both agree in, that there is not better fishing in Green Erin than Lough Ouel affords.

The old tradition is, that where this lake now flows formerly stood a town called Mullingar, situated on the banks of the west flowing stream, or "Silver Hand," and surrounded by a beautiful and fruitful country. Even at this day the aged fisherman, as he tells you the story of the enchanted lake, when the sun is bright above, as he rows you along, will point out the site of the town and the channel of the stream, and draw your eyes to—

"The round towers of other days,
In the waves beneath him shining;"

and desiring you to note the island with its ruined church and little grave-yard—sagely tell you, "There, sir, there's the only spot that escaped the destruction; there's all of the ould town of Mullingar that the waters couldn't cover;" and should you inquire the reason why that spot was so peculiarly favoured, he would reply, with a smile of pity at your ignorance;—"the reason is it—why, don't your sense tell you, sir, that all the powers of fairies, or magic, or enchantments, couldn't touch the blessed consecrated ground of

the church?" The little churchyard is still used as a sepulchre by many of the ancient families of the neighbourhood—but we are anticipating our legend.

Before the lake filled the valley, and when the former town of Mullingar raised its proud towers from the deep woods that encompassed it, there resided within its walls a witch or fairy, of extraordinary power and consequence. She occupied a lonely tower on the banks of the beautiful Silver Hand, and as her command over the spirits of earth and air, and those that dwell beneath the earth, was imagined to be very great, she was regarded with both hate and fear by her ungracious neighbours. Nona was not a wrinkled, shrivelled old hag, but young and bright-eyed, and of the fair race of the Tuatha da Danana, so dreaded by their Milesian conquerors for their magic power, and the malice with which it was supposed to be always directed. Any sudden change in the wind, a freshening of the mill stream, or a longer drought than usual, could not occur in the course of the seasons but Nona was charged as the author; besides, several individual cases were related, where her power and the effect of her wicked conjurations were manifest. Muttered curses, frowning brows, and smothered threats pursued her footsteps, until, at last, as she was passing through the streets, one day, when their hatred overcoming their fear, they abused and maltreated her in a cruel manner. She applied to the chief at the castle for redress, but her complaint was answered by derision, and she was driven from the gates with mockery and insult. Smarting under this double wrong, she vowed an immediate and terrible revenge.

Nona had a sister, who resided in and ruled a lake in the county Roscommon. To her she sped, and told the tale of her injuries and degradation, and requested that she should be accommodated with the use of the lake *until Monday*, that she might wreak her vengeance on the devoted town. The good-natured sister of the lake, participating in her resentment, immediately packed up her flowing waters, and consigned them to the care of her Leinster relative, who conveyed them on the wings of a favouring breeze into the county Westmeath; and at the dark midnight, when all were wrapt in sleep, she let loose her overwhelm-

ing deluge upon the heads of the dreaming inhabitants of Mullingar.

When the sun of the following morning arose, instead of smiling as usual upon a fertile country of hill and dale, wood and valley, an extensive and populous town, with its towering castle and "busy mill," his glorious glance was thrown back from a magnificent and wide spread sheet of blue rolling waters—nothing arising to break the extent of their solitude but the grey walls of the church, and the mossy stones that pointed out the last resting places of mortality;—all, all, had perished!

The *Monday* of restitution came;—the good-natured sister of Connaught, not finding her beloved and lovely lake coming to resume its abandoned territory, repaired to Westmeath, to demand the restoration of her property; but she was received with coldness and even defiance. Nona had possession, and she found so many charms—so many new pleasures and beauties, and the power of committing such extensive evil, in her new possessions—that she could not think of resigning them, and determined, at any risk, to retain her borrowed kingdom.

"Did you not say," asked the deposed Queen of the Waters, "that you would restore to me my beautiful lake on Monday?"

"You speak the truth," replied the usurper.

"I said on Monday."

"This day is Monday," said the other.

"Not the Monday that I meant, though," replied the usurper.

"What Monday did you mean, Nona?" asked the dethroned.

"*The Monday after the day of judgment*," replied Nona.

Nona held possession of her ill-gotten dominion; but the Lady of Connaught, before she departed, left her ban upon the waters. She spat on them. "May they for ever be turbulent and unruly!" said she; "and may you never enjoy in peace what has been acquired by fraud and treachery!"

It is even so! the lake remains troubled and stormy; the reign of the usurper is restless, and to this day she continues to feel the curse of the unquiet.

As a corroborative testimony of the truth of the above legend, a barren, desolate spot is still shown in the county Roscommon, as the site of the original Lough Ouel.

In connection with this singular and beautiful lake, we have another legend, of a wild, dark, and mysterious character, but of a more modern date; we call it—

THE LEGEND OF THE HAND.

On the western side of the billowy Lough Ouel are placed the magnificent mansion and extensive demesnes of a nobleman, to whom we shall give the title of Lord de Beaumont; and about two miles from its north-western shore are situated the extensive possessions and stately castle of Sir Richard Lovell. Close neighbourhood and long friendly intercourse, rendered more endearing by mutual good offices, had linked the families together for centuries, and at the period at which our legend commences, a marriage between the heiress of Lovell and the eldest son of Lord de Beaumont was within a few months of being solemnized.

Emmeline and Henry played in childhood together, on the margin of the lake, or through the romantic scenery round Lovell Castle, and each in turn would tell fearful tales of the fairies, ghosts, and goblins. During Henry's visits at the castle, Emmeline would show him the yet closed-up room where the mad lady confined herself for so many years, without even allowing any of the domestics to see her face, and where she died alone and unattended; and then she would tell how her spirit, in the whimsical array in which she used to envelope her mortal coil, issued at lone midnight from silent chamber, to walk along the echoing corridors in the pale moonbeams. She would then show him the rusty armour and large two-handed sword of her ancestor, Sir Richard, the first possessor of the castle, who was murdered by his own serfs; and pointing out his portrait, describe how it nightly descended from its time-tarnished frame, and with its huge sword brandished, keep watch and ward round the towers. He, on the other hand, would lead her by the woody and sounding shores of his native lake, and affright her fancy with numberless wild and fearful legends of the spirits and monsters that dwell beneath its waves; not omitting the ancient tradition of a young noble of *his* house, who was on the point of being married to an heiress of *her* house, until straying by the lake one evening, he surprised a child of the waters, and instantly fell in love with her supernatural charms;—how, neglecting his earthly affianced bride, he married the daughter of another element, which occasioned many and bitter feuds between the hitherto friendly houses; and how they lived in happiness for many years, and had a number of beautiful children. Her time for living on earth having expired, she was obliged to return to her crystal home, when the false lord again sought to renew his alliance with the house of Lovell, and another matrimonial contract was debated,—when, as he was one

night returning from a visit at Lovell Castle, he was startled by a voice of weeping on the shore, and found his former wife, surrounded by her children, sitting on a lonely rock, that towered high above the dark waves that dashed against its base. At sight of him she screamed, and plunging with her progeny into the waters, they were never more seen. The lord was married to the daughter of the house of Lovell, and, in a few brief months after, both were drowned while crossing the lake in a most singular and mysterious manner. Since that time until the present no matrimonial thoughts were ever entertained by the families, of Lovell and De Beaumont. He would then show her the rock from which the mermaid dived with her children, and the strange ornaments preserved at B— House, with which she used to decorate her hair and person.

The day when Henry would attain his majority was now drawing nigh—that day to which he had long looked forward for the crowning of all his earthly joys—the day appointed for his nuptials with Emmeline. In anticipation of the joyful moment, a splendid ball was given at B— House; and that due honour might be done the youthful bride and bridegroom, all the rank and fashion of the country were invited. The night waned away in the happiness of young hearts; and at the hour of parting, Henry insisted on rowing his Emmeline across the lake, ordering his boatman with his own skiff to follow. Sweetly the song of Emmeline floated from wave to wave along the waters, in the silence of the still calm night; and rapturously did Henry gaze on her lovely features, sublimed in the pale moonbeams, and leisurely did he bend to the oar, as lingering, he might hear and look the longer on her he adored.

It was to Henry a night of paradise—it was his last on earth! He handed her he loved into the carriage, with her father and friends—he lingered on the shore, until the rattle of the wheels died away in the distance.

"May Heaven's brightest blessing descend on her!" he ejaculated. "I fear I don't deserve her—I feel I am not worthy so much beauty and excellence." He sighed heavily, and raised his hand to his brow, as if to hide or dash away an involuntarily tear.

"Come, Corcoran," said he to the boatman who was waiting for him in the tossing skiff, and he spoke with something of an effort,—*"Come, now for a strong pull home."*

Corcoran was an old and faithful follower of the house; his head was white, but his limbs were still active and vigorous. He dexterously

heaved the boat upon the strand, until her keel and side harshly grated upon the pebbles, to where a small rock formed an intermediate dry spot between the shore and the gunwale. Henry stepped on board; and Corcoran, with a well managed push of the oar, drove the bark back again into swimming water. He turned her head towards home, and seizing both oars, he bent him to his task.

"Nay, Corcoran, I'll take a spell," said Henry; "you forgot that I once tried your arm to its utmost, when but a boy," and taking the oar from the hand of his follower, with one powerful sweep he almost whirled the little vessel round and round. The boatman again turned her head in the right direction, and with strong and nervous arms they made her merrily bound over the curling waves. On she sped like the long-winged gull, until she nearly reached the centre of the lake, when suddenly a dark cloud fell on them, and the waves ceased to play in spray-topped surges, but swelled and rolled like black, hideous monsters. Henry and the boatman looked on each other in astonishment—they gazed around—they found themselves wrapped in impenetrable gloom, which spread to a certain distance all round the boat; beyond that, the waves on the lake danced merrily in the light of the moon; but within the shadow of the glory of the heavens seemed quenched, and the waters grew inky, and heaved their bark over from side to side, with a power which they in vain endeavoured to counteract.

"This is beyond being strange, Corcoran," said Henry; "come, try and get out of this—here now, give way," and both oars dipped at the same moment; and both, powerful men, bending to the stroke, pulled with an almost resistless force; still the boat stirred not forward, but rolled and groaned under the pressure of the power laid on her ribs. "Her head is stuck in some mud bank," said he again, starting up, and plunging his oar deep on both sides of the bow; but it went as freely, without resistance, as if it passed through the air. He gazed astonished into the white and terror-stricken countenance of Corcoran.

"Ah! sir, I fear there's something stronger and worse than mud to stop us.—Heaven preserve us!" replied the terrified boatman.

"It is horrible!" cried Henry, as the cloud about them fell thicker and darker. "It is most horrible!" he added, as he looked into the dark waves, now tossing and heaving in turbulent and rapid commotion, while the boat seemed fixed and stirless as a mass of rock. As they stared, an immense rough, naked hand and arm slowly

arose, and fastened with a determined grasp upon the top ledge of the bark, and bowed her with an irresistible power, till the water was flowing over her side. Henry struck a few wild and rapid strokes into the black waves, as if intending to strike the being, whatever it might be, to whom the hand belonged. The boat was shaken as a boy shakes a rattle—she was tossed up almost out of the waters, and then as suddenly jerked down again. Henry was precipitated headlong into the lake. He struggled a moment, as if with something beneath him;—he fastened on the boat with a despairing gripe, and Corcoran seized him by the coat—but he was torn away from his hands. He screamed, and turned his staring eyes and stretched his arms to the old man—then sunk for ever! The wild scream was heard on the shore!

The boat rolled free—the old man gazed a moment on the spot where the bursting air-bubbles told where his master disappeared, then seizing his oars he pulled towards land with might and main. Again the shallop shot into the moonlight, and flew along towards the shore; and again the light waves danced, and broke before her cleaving prow. The heart of Corcoran was once more cheered by the visitations of hope, and his strength which had sunk before the horrors he had just witnessed, became renewed; his strokes grew doubly long and vigorous, and he rapidly neared a point of jutting land. On, on, he went; it was but a quarter of a mile distant, when suddenly his progress was arrested, and the black cloud descended on him like a pall. He struggled, he pulled, he tugged—but in vain. He drew up his hands to his breast with all his force, till his sinews were nigh cracking. He dashed his oars again into the water, and again he strained with all his power—still he could not urge his little vessel one inch in advance. He started up in despair, and gazed into the waters—the black flood was boiling round him. "Oh! the Lord of Heaven have mercy on me!" he exclaimed, as the huge hairy hand arose, and fixed its fatal grasp upon the boat. It was bearing it down as before, when Corcoran struck it with the oar—the grasp was relaxed—the skiff regained its equilibrium—but the hand arose still higher, until its elbow appeared over the water; and the desperate hold was resumed, even on the inner ledge that runs round the boat. While this change was taking place, it flashed across the boatman's bewildered mind, that the vessel had undergone that day some trifling repairs, and that his adze still lay at the bottom. He threw aside his oar, and grasped the adze. The enormous hand was bending down the bark, as if with the intention of turning her keel

upwards. Corcoran wielded his weapon on high, as the boat seemed sliding from beneath him. The fierce blow descended with unerring aim, and severed the hand from the arm just at the wrist, with such a desperate force that the adze remained fixed and quivering in the wood. The hand dropped inside at his feet, and the arm spouting blood into his face disappeared down in the waters. A hoarse, gurgling cry arose, and the boat swung into its true position. The astonished boatman again seized his oars, and again the skiff darted towards the land. She reached the shore in safety, and the moment her keel touched the beach he leapt ashore, and ran like a wild man towards B—House, to communicate the dreadful tragedy. His strange tale could scarcely gain credence, but for the evidence of the monstrous hand, which remained in the boat. This was confirmation strange and incontrovertible; and when the first burst of sorrow and surprise subsided—

"Well!" said the old earl, "the spell has again worked its fatal end—the prophecy has again been fulfilled: the houses of De Beaumont and Lovell can never match in marriage—the curse of the mermaid has fallen heavy on the innocent, and the guiltless have suffered for the guilty!"

Emmeline and old De Beaumont in a few years descended to the narrow house. The remnants of the monstrous hand hang to this day in B—Hall—a gigantic skeleton—a melancholy memorial. Nothing could ever afterwards induce old Corcoran—no temptation, however strong, could ever force him to put his foot into a boat again.

"No, no," the old man would say, with a sapient shake of his head—"No, no; I know too much about the threacherous Lough Ouel ever to think of ventherin' again upon its false waves. No, no; if I was once caught over a foot depth of its wathers, I know that the good people would find some method of takin' their revenge; they are people that never forget a good turn, and never forgive a bad one."

GEOFFRY THE DIVER.

ON the first Sunday in the month of August there is a "pattern" held on the green banks of Lough Ouel. To this scene of festivity crowd the young and old of both sexes, from different and often very distant parts of the country. The amusements of the day are generally commenced by swimming horses for a wager. Good horsemen and expert swimmers are usually selected to conduct this sport, which excites great interest amongst the spectators. Some sixty years ago, a young gentleman, a relative and dependant on the then Earl of B—, was noted as the best

swimmer and the most successful rider of horses around the lake. He was also fond of performing a number of antics in the water for the amusement of his companions; often throwing their trinkets and other articles into the lake, and then diving for them again, remaining an almost incredible length of time under the water; and when their fears for his safety were raised to the highest pitch, he would suddenly appear on the surface, bearing in triumph the object of his search.

One evening young Geoffry was entertaining a group of his youthful companions with his skill in aquatics, when it was proposed that he should descend to where the old castle was visible, and bring up a token of his having been really within its walls. He unhesitatingly agreed, and plunging from the Mermaid's Rock, he was soon seen hovering above the spot far away amid the billows of the agitated lough. He disappeared, and a full quarter of an hour elapsed before any signs of the fearless swimmer arose to give joy to the hearts of his now despairing companions. They gave alarm, and already was a boat launched, and men provided with drags and other apparatus to recover the body, when his shout of triumph was heard, and he was seen proudly breasting the waves and displaying something above his head, which shone dazzlingly in the sunbeams. He was hailed with a wild hurra, that made the woods echo; but as he neared the shore, a huge animal of a nondescript form was observed in rapid pursuit. As it rose on the waves, it displayed a length of coarse black hair floating and spreading on both sides; and, as what seemed to be its head emerged from the swell of each succeeding billow, two round fiery eyes, large and far apart, shot glances of the most diabolical rage and malignity on all sides. Again his friends on the shore shouted in alarm and dread, and cried out to him to haste; and some encouraged him and beckoned him forward, while others warned him of the dangerous enemy in pursuit. He looked behind,—he saw the monster cleaving and ploughing the waters not very far from him. He saw the fiend-like eyes fixed on him, and his heart was dying within him; again the cheers and cries of his friends animated him, and he dashed forward with a rapidity that surprised even himself. His feet touched the beach—he heard the rush of the monster at his heels—he sprang forward into the arms of his companions, who dragged him breathless and exhausted upon the green sloping bank. The monster of the waters, dashing impetuously after his prey, ploughed the strand for several yards at his heels, tearing up the stones and scattering the sand around to a

considerable distance. Geoffry, though he sank on the grass unable to stand, yet waved above his head an antique vessel of shining brass. He gave the following account of what he had seen beneath the surface of the Lough:—

When he came over the ruins of the castle, he dived; but before he came to the bottom he found the waters but roofed a pure and clear atmosphere. He entered the ancient hall, which was rudely furnished with curious old weapons, and seats and tables of rare though antique device and workmanship. In one corner sat a young lady of exceeding beauty weeping in silence, and a huge hairy animal coiled up in many a fold lay asleep at her feet. She gazed a moment in surprise, while he in low and humble words told her his errand. She softly entreated him to depart—to fly from sure destruction; for should her guardian awake,—and she pointed to the monster at her feet,—nothing could save his life. He said that he would bring some token to prove to his companions the truth of what he had seen, and she pointed to the brass vessel which stood nearly in the centre of the hall, which he seized, and then departed. His friends saw the rest; some of them described the monster as resembling an immense bear, for it displayed a hideous mouth armed with enormous fangs; others said that it had the head of a gigantic eel with a long mane of hair floating from its back;—none of them agreed.

On the following year young Geoffry was chosen to ride for the swimming match in the lake, on Pattern Sunday. The horse belonged to a gentleman in the neighbourhood—it was a noble and spirited young animal, and large wagers were laid that he would win. The morning came, and the horses were ranged on the strand, each mounted, and the riders stript for their watery way. At a given signal they all plunged in and steered for a boat which lay moored at a considerable distance; this they were to swim round, and return to the spot from whence they started. Geoffry's horse took the lead, and as he wheeled round the boat he was hailed with cheers from his friends on the shore; just as he cleared this mark he was observed to struggle violently, and the horse to plunge and neigh, as in fierce distress and fear. The spectators were silent, in wonder; but a simultaneous cry broke from them as both horse and man disappeared beneath the waters. The horse came up again, but without his rider, and swam safe to land; and though every search was made for many days after, yet the corse of young Geoffry was never found. It still remains among the mysteries at

the bottom of the magic Lough Ouel. The brass vessel is shown along with the skeleton of the gigantic hand, in the hall of B—— House. They are well worthy the attention of the curious in legendary lore.

THE WHITE LADY OF THE BAY.

This spirit often appeared by day as well as night, and woe to the passenger who crossed her path. Some have been found dead; and those who chanced to escape with life, seldom survived the year. Some were deprived of speech, and others of their senses; and her cruelties at last became so frequent and enormous, that nothing could induce the peasant by day or dark to take the pleasant way by the Bay of the White Lady—her path was deserted. One night the wife of a poor cottier was seized with some sudden and violent illness, and the man in his fright and trouble, disregarding the terrors of the road, took the short cut in his way to seek medical assistance. He flew along at a rapid pace, but just as he turned by the strand of the bay, he saw something arise, white and shining, from out of the waters at a distance. The thoughts of the spirit never troubled his heart, until he approached and perceived the tall figure of the White Lady, with her malignant features and glistening eyes fixed on him, standing right in his path. His soul melted within him, but the errand on which he was employed nerved him with something like firmness. He drew nearer, and resolving to speak first, he addressed her in the Irish tongue. "May Heaven give you its peace and mercy," said he, "and may its rest in glory provide you with a bed of bliss, for ever and ever; but when I saw you first, I said in my heart, it is the blessed and beautiful moon rising to light me with its bright beams on my path of sorrow and affliction!" The expression of her features became changed into a bland and benignant smile, and her eyes beamed with ineffable delight—her form became transparent in its brightness as she replied—"You are a happy man—you have released me from pain and misery; know, that for one crime, committed during my probation on earth, I was doomed to remain here to torment and punishment, until some one came who could compare my brightness to the mild splendours of the rising moon;—return to your home—your wife is well." So saying she vanished, and the White Lady's Bay is now unbaunted.

A DAY IN VENICE.

THE retinue of a proud and powerful German prince dashed, upon a beautiful morning in summer, into the famous and mighty city of Venice. The sunbeams were streaming brightly from the clear Italian sky, and dancing around the tall minarets of the church of San Marco and the high towers of the convents, as if they at least were determined to be cheerful and enlivening, if nothing else was so about those gloomy buildings. The windows of the Doge's palace flashed back the ruddy morning light, and the waters of the lagunes rippled and curled as if smiling in the face of the radiant orb. The gondoliers raised themselves from their lairs, shook themselves, and muttered their *ares* as the equipage swept on, and the few persons who were stirring on the streets merely glanced at the cortège as they walked with a half stealthy and timid step towards the Rialto.

"And I am in Venice," said his serene highness, Alberto, walking up and down the splendidly furnished room into which the Italian master of the hotel had shown him. "I am in Venice, the city to which the argosies of the east come laden with the treasures of distant lands, where the merchants are princes, and the nobles more haughty than kings. Ha, ha!" he continued, looking first at the carpet of Turkey that covered the floor, then at the mirrors of Spain that were suspended on the walls, and lastly at the rich arras that had been wrought in the looms of Lombardy; "if the pride of the nobles equals the pomp of the hotel-keepers, verily I am in a city where magnificence and dignity have reached their acmé." Alberto took a few more turns through the splendid apartment, and looked around him with a curious and inquiring eye, as if to satisfy himself of the splendour that surrounded him, and then raising a silver hand-bell, that stood upon a table formed of the richest ebony, he rung, and a phlegmatic German entered. "And so we are in Venice, Carl?" said his serene highness, with an assumed incredulous smile.

The attendant almost bowed to the carpet.

"And what is to be seen?"

"Wine shops, your highness," exclaimed the ready attendant; "wine shops as large and beautiful as the palace of Hesse Brandt, churches and convents as huge and as high as Drachenfels, and monks as fat as the wine casks *van Rym*."

"You would be looking for what portended good-living and ease, Carl, while everybody else was gazing on works of beauty in art," said

the prince, coldly. "Is there nothing else to be seen in this city?"

"Dirty lagunes and bare-legged fishermen and gondoliers," replied the dull German.

"What is that?" said the prince, as the full wild sweep of a chorus of nearly twenty voices rose beneath his chamber window, and gradually floated away like the passage of the morning breeze.

"That is the song of the fishermen going forth to the Adriatic, your highness, to cast their nets," said Carl, as he threw open the window that Alberto might look forth, and then stepped respectfully back.

"They sing beautifully!" exclaimed the prince, as he leaned from the casement, and the full sonorous swell of the manly chorus was borne back upon his ear; "and they pull well," he muttered, as their oar-blades flashed in the sun and they swept along the house-bounded lagunes towards the open sea. "It is from such hardy cheerful men that Venice supplies her fleets of merchant argosies, and doubtless her war-ships. I see that even amidst the magnificence and dignity of this proud republic there is poverty and scantiness of habiliments," said the prince, as he turned away and closed the casement.

"They are the hardest workers, too, who are worst clad," said Carl; "yet they are wonderful light of heart."

The Prince Alberto and his suite, despite of the unfavourable report of Carl, found much to interest and delight them in this "city of the waters"—the ducal palace, in all its rich and elaborate grandeur; the spacious edifices of marble and stone; the busy Rialto, where thronged the keen-eyed merchants; the canals, along which the gondolas glided in all the varieties of paint and form which were pleasing to their proprietors. The aspect of life and activity, the bustle of trade and commerce, the vitality of prosperity and power, were so visible in all the marts and quays of this proud city, that Alberto found the reserve of royalty melting in the sunlight of republican grandeur, and he began to find himself less a king as he looked upon the plebeian wealth and dignity that surrounded him. As he walked along the streets and gazed into the bazaars of the merchants, full of the richest and most beautiful fabrics of cloth and other manufactures, and as he beheld the lofty and superb appearance of the homes of the merchant nobles, he wished that he could inoculate his own little state with a portion of the wealth-bringing energy that he saw everywhere exemplified around him. At last Alberto stood before a splendid emporium of all the richest fabrics of

Italy. The velvets of Genoa hung in rich profusion at the bazaar, and the silks of Piedmont, and the lace, and linen, and woollen cloth of the Low Countries, mingled with the shawls of Cashmere and the carpets of Constantinople. One gorgeous piece of brocade, glittering with the gold and richness of its texture, caught the prince's eye. To see and to admire is almost equivalent to have, with princes; money could purchase this brocade, and so it became his forthwith, and was transferred from the bazaar of Hermio Rigaro to the arm of the slow but trusty Carl. There were so few streets comparatively through which horses and equipages could prance in princely style, that Alberto was content to saunter through the lagune-intersected streets with a few attendants. After having seen the Bridge of Sighs, the state-prisons, and the Cathedral of St. Mark, with its celebrated "lion," and when he began to feel the incipient approaches of that ennui which princes under the most favourable circumstances will feel, Alberto inquired of Carl what he thought of the brocade, as a specimen of Venetian merchandise?

"The brocade!" said Carl, looking at him in surprise. "Now I bethink me your highness did entrust me with such a substance, but it is gone as an evidence of the perfection of Venetian robbery, as well as of the greatness of Venetian trade—that fellow who brushed past me so rapidly in the strada we have just left has gone to make a mantilla of your highness's purchase."

"I wonder how such a thing could happen in Venice," said the prince, aloud; "in Venice, which boasts of the omnipotence of its power and the ubiquity of its law."

Carl shook his head, but did not speak, for a stranger who had been lingering near the group of Germans, suddenly pushed through amongst them, and, leaping into a gondola, pulled rapidly along the canal which flowed at their side, and was quickly lost to view.

Prince Alberto was sitting alone, enjoying a siesta, and meditating a voyage on the Adriatic for the morrow, when he was aroused by the sudden entrance of a stranger.

"What seek ye here?" said the prince, haughtily, at the same time eyeing the stranger with marked surprise and scorn.

"I seek thee," said the Venetian, calmly. "I summon thee before the Council of Venice."

"I have done nothing to give any council power over me," said Alberto, still more haughtily. "I am not amenable to your fantasies; I will not obey them."

"All in Venice are subject to the laws of Venice," said the messenger, in slow, deep tones.

"If you refuse to accompany me, I shall cause my emissaries to take you by force; and beware of your tongue if you would wear the head which contains it," he whispered.

Yielding to what he felt to be an iron necessity, Alberto accompanied the functionary to one of the public offices, and was immediately ushered alone into a dark and gloomy hall, where sat three men dressed in vestments of the most appalling hue. A profusion of black cloth hung suspended from black rods on the wall; the cloaks of the judges were black, and the chairs on which they sat, and the table before them, wore the same grim aspect. The prince stood in the centre of this gloomy chamber for some time, until the silence and awe became so dreadful that he trembled with an undefined apprehension. This feeling was not in the least lessened when one of the judges, in slow, deep, sepulchral tones, demanded his name, his condition, and his motives for visiting Venice. If ever he had rejoiced in exaggerated notions of power, he felt now its utter worthlessness and his own helplessness. It was with a faltering voice, therefore, that he answered these gravely preferred questions. His querist seemed to be satisfied, however, and then another demanded, in a stern tone, if he had made any reflections upon the government of Venice.

"None," said the prince with trepidation.

"Reflect," said the judge sternly and coldly, and he repeated the same question.

Appalled by the circumstances in which he was placed, and by the manner of his catechists, the prince repeated his negation, when the third, in a loud and stern tone, bade him recollect himself again. The first judge then demanded if he had not purchased something in the morning.

"Yes," said the surprised Alberto, recollecting the brocade which had been stolen from Carl.

"And didst thou not censure the government of San Marco," said the second judge, "in consequence of that loss."

The prince at once recollected and admitted that he made some remarks, not of censure, but of surprise. He had scarcely made this admission when the third judge struck the table which stood before him with a rod, and immediately two folding doors were thrown open. In an instant the light of a highly illuminated chamber streamed into the cloister-like hall of judgment, and the terrified prince started with affright. The dim, solemn, sepulchral obscurity of one half of the hall contrasted so forcibly with the blaze and radiance of the other, that day and night seemed to have met and divided the empire of the scene with each other. But if the prince had been sur-

his horror when, at the further end of the lighted hall, he beheld a corpse suspended upon a gibbet, with the identical piece of silk which had been stolen from Carl beneath its arms!

After allowing him what might be considered sufficient time to look at this spectacle, one of the judges addressed the prince; and without taking the least notice of his rank, informed him "that, as a stranger, his language was excused. But mark in yon suspended criminal," he continued, "an evidence of the ubiquity and promptitude of Venetian law, and do not be rashly censorious until you have had time to judge. You are at liberty," he continued, in a milder tone, "to remain as long as you please in Venice; and now you can depart to your hotel."

The bewildered and terrified Alberto hurried towards his temporary residence, and, ordering his retinue, immediately departed, having passed, as the most eventful of his life, a day in the City of Venice.

Times are changed now, however; the pride and independence of Venice have departed with its wealth; and its mockery of republicanism has been exchanged for Austrian dominance. The stranger may now walk its streets without dread of the awful Council of Three; but wo to him still if he mutters one word above his breath in disapprobation of despotism or governmental injustice.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

The wind before it woos the harp
Is but the wild and tuneless air;
But as it passes o'er the chords
Changes to music there.

E'en so the Poet's soul converts
The common things that round him lie
Into the glorious voice of Song,
Divinest melody.

Poet and harp, by God ordained,
Alike, as his interpreters,
Ye breathe aloud the thought concealed
In every thing that stirs!

Mortals, wherefore toll away,
Even to your dying day,
For the meat that perisheth?
Wist ye not that your first breath
Is the beginning of your death;
And that the path of king or slave
Is but the highway to the grave?

Who, looking on a gentle bride
With the loved one at her side,
Would read in her delighted eye
The tears she shed in infancy?
And just as little can we trace
The death-shade stealing o'er her face,
Which—whatso'er its health and bloom—
E'en now is mouldering for the tomb.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

BY E. M'K.

At the present time, when the ambition and interests of Canada would seem to point to an union with "The States," a few remarks concerning her history, may not be uninteresting. The theory, which of old obtained, regarding the geography of India, was an illusion, but it led to the discovery of America. According to this theory, the vast Atlantic divided the habitable globe into an eastern and western continent—the western continent comprising Africa and the countries of Europe and Asia—and the eastern, the unknown Cathay or India. Thus, when in the year 1492, America was discovered, it was thought by Columbus to be a western continuation of the great eastern continent, agreeably to the objects of Spain and his own scientific views in steering to the west from Palos. It is allowed that the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Carthaginians, traded with India, and that their silence in this matter was due to a jealous desire to hold every other people ignorant of the source of all their wealth; but as no such motive could hold with the historian, we may fairly infer from the imperfect lights of Aristotle, Strabo, Pliny and Seneca, that trade alone, without discovery, occupied the commercial genius of these countries to the last. Those who love to deal in romance, or to be thought erudite in "antiquity," give the fame which Columbus won—the former to a Welsh prince named Madoc, in 1170, at a time when Wales had no ships—the latter to the crew of an Iceland bark driven in the eleventh century to Labrador by adverse winds; and these assert that Columbus, having fallen in, during his voyages, with some Iceland mariners, received his information from them. John and Sebastian Cabot, Venetian navigators, in the employ of Henry the Seventh of England, reached the continent of America five years after its discovery. These adventurers explored "the Gulf," sailed along the eastern coast, and returned to England. Sebastian afterwards, in the employ of Spain, discovered Florida, and explored the La Plata and part of the coast of South America.

But neither Columbus nor Cabot had the honor of giving their names to the land of their discovery, that immortalizing distinction having been

awarded by Fortune to Amerigo Vespuccio, a chart drawer, who headed his rude diagram with the word "America," and thus rescued his Spanish name from obscurity—thanks to the mean spirit of his country which could avail herself of a foreigner's genius, only to reward it thus.

In the year 1523, after England, France, Portugal, and Spain, had been carrying on a successful fishery at Newfoundland for some time, Francis I., of France, fitted out a squadron of four ships, commanded by Giovanni Verrazani, and destined it for this continent, but of the fate of this fleet, the only trace which now remains is the name, "La Nouvelle France," given by Verrazani to the region around the Gulf, which he took possession of in the name of his Sovereign.

In 1534, Jacques Cartier succeeded Verrazani, passed the straits of Belleisle, traversed the Gulf which he named St Lawrence, from having entered it upon that Saint's day, and finally arrived in the Chaleurs. This great mariner, after being kindly received by the natives, repeated the ceremony of taking possession, by rearing a cross, bearing a shield with the *feurs-de-lys*, in the Bay of Gaspé, after which he proceeded to Hochelaga, that ancient seat of the Red-man's councils, as it is now of his civilized dispossessors; but then, not as now, the centre and abode of peace and love, where the warrior sought the laurel from the hand of beauty, and brave men found repose. Here Cartier had an opportunity of learning the generous traits of the hospitable and brave Indian, whilst, with the keen eye of a discoverer, he marked this spot for a future city, and gave to Mount-royal its present name. On his return, he took with him to France a number of Indians from Stadacona, an Indian village then occupying the site of Quebec, together with their chief, Donnacona, "the lord of Canada." But, as this act was in violation of hospitality, being one of stratagem and wile, it afforded the usual reasonable obstacles to after intercourse; although, had those warriors lived to see their native forests again, the results might have been as happy as were anticipated.

In the year 1540, Cartier made his last voyage to Canada, under Sieur de Roberval, the first

Viceroy, who headed an expedition, having for its object the establishment of a permanent settlement in "La Nouvelle France." But this project, although encouraged by the King, was not favourably received by the people, owing to the disagreeable nature of the climate, and the absence of all mineral wealth. Cartier preceded the viceroy, and, while awaiting his coming, built a fort at Cape Rouge, over which he placed the Viscount de Beaupré, where that young nobleman remained until the viceroy's arrival, after Cartier had departed again for France. Roberval added but little to what was already done; he erected some fortifications, passed the winter there, and on the opening of the navigation, returned, leaving behind him some thirty individuals in a fort, as the commencement of a great colony. In 1549, Roberval, his brother, and a numerous train of young men, embarked for Canada, but perished at sea; and this disaster proved fatal, for a time, to further enterprise. In 1598, the Marquis de la Roche undertook an expedition for a like purpose as Roberval's and with like success; he too having left behind him, on Sable Island, as a small colony, some forty of the criminals whom he carried out for this purpose from the prisons of Paris, there to await his return. But he returned no more, and when, seven years afterwards, enquiry was made after the culprit colonists of Sable Island, only twelve of these wretches were found living there. But now, at last, an object worthy of pursuit was discovered, in the furs offered for sale by the Indians; and so, the merchants of Dieppe, St. Malo, Rouen and Rochelle, were not long in establishing the fur trade of Tadousac; upon which settlements also were established permanently on the banks of the St. Lawrence, by Chauvin, of Rouen, and Pontgravé, of St. Malo, in return for which the king granted them a monopoly of the fur trade of Canada.

In the year 1603, Champlain, a distinguished naval officer, and the destined founder of the principal French settlements in Canada, made his first voyage for this purpose, without much progress; upon his second, however, he laid the foundation of the City of Quebec, on the 3rd of July, 1608,—a monument alike creditable to his genius and his taste, and which shall last probably as long as the world. After this, he continued his voyage up the river, until falling in with a band of Algonquins, then at war with the Iroquois, he became their ally and accompanied them up the Richelieu as far as the lake which now bears his name. The hostile tribes came there together in a fierce encounter, in which the Algonquins were victorious; he then returned to

Quebec. After another voyage to France, in which he took with him an Indian youth, and upon his return, brought additional reinforcements and supplies, he proceeded to Hochelaga, and chose a spot for a new settlement upon the site of the present City of Montreal. Again returning to France, he gained the assistance of the Count de Soissons, who delegated to him his duties as Lieutenant General of New France; whose example, after his death, was followed by the Prince of Condé, who, being powerful at court, obtained for him moreover a monopoly of the fur trade. To avoid, however, the murmurs of the merchants, and even to turn them to account, Champlain consented to allow as many of them as would accompany him, to embark in the traffic, by contributing each six men to aid him in discovery, and one-twentieth of their profits towards the expenses of the settlement. To this expedition another succeeded, accompanied by four fathers of the Recollet order, whose benevolent object was the conversion of the Indians. After this arrival, he proceeded to the Sault St. Louis, where he found his friends the Algonquins, whom he again accompanied on a warlike expedition up the Ottawa, and to Lake Huron, the country of their Huron allies. Of these Indian nations, the Algonquins held dominion, over the banks of the St. Lawrence, for about one hundred leagues; they had a mild aspect, and polished manners; the remnant of their race reside at Two Mountains and Three Rivers.

The Hurons' or Wyandots' Dominion reached from the Algonquin territory to lake Huron; these were industrious and less warlike, and derived abundant subsistence from their country—the remnant of this people is found at Lorette.

The Iroquois' territory extended from lake Champlain, to the head of lake Ontario; the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas, and Cayugas, possessed the southern shore of lake Ontario, and east of the Mississippi. The last of the Iroquois reside at Caughnawaga, while those of the remaining tribes, together with the Tuscororas, are settled on the Grand River. And of the origin of all these tribes, nothing further is known; but they may be, as is supposed of all the other tribes of this continent, the descendants of Cain, his race having sought their destiny in the direction of America, while that of his brother Seth, who succeeded the unhappy Abel in his father's affections, held their course to the west, and became the stock of every other people. The distinctions in habits and refinement, which prevailed among the Indians of this continent, upon its discovery, can constitute no objection to their common origin, since these are

only the natural effects of soil and climate, which never vary except where the mind is already vitiated by the customs and vices of society, and thereby incapable of receiving the informing spirit of nature, or becoming racy of her scenery.

In 1616, upon Champlain's return to France, Condé, the Viceroy of Canada, was in confinement; but the Duke de Montmorency having purchased his viceroyalty for 11,000 crowns, and being at the same time High Admiral, was in every way able to succeed him, had not obstacles now arisen to retard colonization. The Duc de Gantadour being "in orders," took charge as viceroy of the affairs of New France at this time, with the hope of converting the natives; and for this object, sent three Jesuits and two lay brothers to join the four Recollects at Quebec. The charter of the fur company was now withdrawn and given to the Sieurs de Caen. Cardinal Richelieu, however, soon revoked the privileges of these gentlemen, and conferred them with others partaking of sovereignty on a company formed with consummate wisdom, with a view to the rapid prosperity and power of New France. But the breaking out of a war at this moment between England and France caused a serious interruption to the carrying out of this plan. In 1629, Champlain was attacked by Sir David Kirk, with an English squadron, and by the Iroquois at the same time, in his rude Fort at Quebec, and was obliged to surrender all Canada to the Crown of England. This occurrence took place one hundred and thirty-five years before the battle of "The Plains."

After a possession of nearly three years by the English, Canada was restored to France on the 19th March, 1632, and Champlain returned to the scene of his ambition, at the head of a squadron; and in 1635, died, as all good men die, rich in the consciousness of a life of usefulness and virtue. Christian charity guided his policy and animated his hopes; to the last he saw how impotent are all appliances of civilization compared to religion which is its spirit, in the work which he had begun; and he accordingly invited the untiring agency of those master spirits of christianity to his aid, in the persons of the Jesuits. The Marquis de Gamache, one of this order, conceiving the design of building a College at Quebec, offered 6,000 gold crowns for this purpose; an institution was established accordingly at Sillery; and the Hotel-Dieu was founded a few years afterwards by the Ursulines, under the saintly auspices of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon. The convent of Ste. Ursule was founded soon after by Madame de Peltrie, a young widow

of rank, together with several Ursulines from Tours.

And now this colony, which languished while colonization and trade were the only influences, rapidly advanced under the auspices of religion. In 1640, the French Sovereign ceded the island of Montreal to an association formed to bring instruction and salvation to the Indian; and on the 17th of June, 1642, the village of the "Queen of Angels" was consecrated by the superior of the Jesuits, and named La Ville Marie. A number of families came out with M. de Maisonneuve, the first governor of the island, the same year. In 1644, the island became the property of the St. Sulpicians of Paris, from whom it passed to the Seminary at Montreal. In 1647, Margaret Bourgeois founded the institution of the Daughters of the Congregation, at Montreal. At this time a union was proposed between Canada and the New England Colonies for purposes of mutual support against the fierce Iroquois; but the proposition, which might have been attended with far happier consequences, had no better result than a rivalry which ended in the conquest of the former. Whether or not the New Englanders after discovering thus the great weakness of the French and the source of their fears, stimulated the Iroquois to their destruction, and that of the amiable Hurons, who were now fast becoming Christians, with a view to possess themselves of a very picturesque region, and to prevent the spread of a creed which they had repudiated; or that the part taken by Champlain and his successors with their enemies the Algonquins, or both, had aroused the dire hostility of the Iroquois or Five Nations; about what time we are undecided, but there is not in Indian tradition or any other record, anything more dreadful than the conduct of the Five Nations during 1648, towards the Canadians and the whole Huron race around them. But even their savage ferocity was at length appeased through the poor missionary's meekness under suffering, and his solemn ceremonies, in which he raised "hands without fingers" in prayer to the Most High in their behalf. So that these wild warriors at length being moved to peace, "came to wipe away the blood which reddened the mountains, lakes and rivers, to bring back the sun which had hid his face during the late dreadful season of warfare," and to solicit the "Black Robes" to come again among them. Upon this happy termination of their troubles, the Canadians received their first bishop, in Abbé Montigny, in the year 1658. In 1661, Baron d'Avagour was appointed governor, and by his able representations to the Sovereign, in which he exposed the weaknesses and

the colony, and its importance, succeeded in enlisting his solicitude in its welfare. Another war now occurred between the Iroquois, the Ottawas, and the Eriez or Cats of Lake Erie, in which the Five Nations proved again victorious. A succession of earthquakes was felt in the Colony at the same time, without having however any other injurious effect than that of making "the trees drunk," and the houses and churches to dance a bacchanal, in which the bellfries joined in noisy revelry, together with children and women; while one hundred and eighty thousand square miles around heaved with imprisoned thunders beneath the forest roots and the flying feet of untamed animals; the ice was rent, the springs impregnated with sulphur, and the St. Lawrence turned white. After this, in 1663, Louis XIV., to give effect to the intentions awakened in him by D'Avangour's representations with regard to Canada, sent out M. de Messy as commissioner, at the head of four hundred troops, to examine into the affairs, and regulate the administration of the colony.

The project of which this was the earliest indication, was founded upon that previously conceived in England, and which was the improvement of French navigation and commerce by colonial establishments. And to this end, the king created by Edict in this same year, the "*Conseil Superieur de Quebec*," formed of the governor, an Intendant who was placed over justice, police, finance, and marine, and a council, consisting of the bishop, and four other gentlemen. To this sovereign body, lay appeal in the last resort, in all matters, civil and criminal; the "*Coutume de Paris*" having been already introduced by the same Edict as created the council.

In 1665, the Marquis de Tracy, as Viceroy and Lieutenant General, arrived in Canada, bringing with him the regiment of De Carignan Salieres, consisting of one thousand men—the officers of which became seigniors, and the sires of many of the present families of Canadians. Besides this brave regiment, numerous civilians came out at the same time, principally agriculturists and artisans. But of all who came from France, not only at this time, but both before and after, there were none of a character not to make the present Canadian of whatever rank justly proud of his origin, and superior to the necessity of tracing his name and lineage, to prove his respectability beyond what his own character secures him.

From this year, may be properly dated the history of French Canadians. Settlers increased, the colony increased in strength, and even a chivalrous spirit was infused into the young

society. The Iroquois were overawed by the erection of forts on the Richelieu, and the presence of an army, and sued for peace accordingly.

The governor went abroad with the pomp and ceremony of royalty; on all state occasions, a body guard preceded, and four pages, followed by five valets, accompanied him. De Tracy on his return, placed M. de Courcelles over the government until the arrival of De Frontenac, in 1672. This very proud but able man devised splendid plans for the aggrandisement of the colony, in which he was aided by the profound views of M. Talon, the Intendant General. He sent Father Marquette and M. Tonti on an exploring expedition, in which they discovered the Mississippi by the way of Canada. In some years after, Sieur de la Salle having come out, upon the seigniory of Cataraqi being granted him by the king, built a vessel, descended this river to the ocean, and took possession of all the region watered by it, in the name of Louis XIV, in whose honour it was named Louisiana.

In 1682, Frontenac, and the Intendant, De Chenu, disagreeing, were recalled, and M. de la Barre was sent out as Governor. But his stay was not long, having disappointed the expectations of the Sovereign, by not going to war at once with the Iroquois, who at this time were favouring the English in the fur trade, to the detriment of the Canadian traders. He was accordingly superseded by the Marquis de Denonville. But his conduct was wise, and his successor, by acting contrary, brought on a dreadful war with the "Five Nations." Denonville's first act was one of treachery; having proceeded to Cataraqi or Kingston, and assembled there, at Fort Frontenac, a number of Iroquois Chiefs, he cast them into irons, and sent them to France to fulfil the king's wish of manning his galleys with these wild warriors. He then advanced into the country of the Senecas with fire and sword, and aimed at exterminating every Indian enemy. To prevent the introduction by the Iroquois of the English fur trade into the upper lakes, he erected and garrisoned a fort at Niagara, at the same time. But scarcely had he returned before they razed it, and attacked fort Frontenac, while on the other hand, his Indian allies attacked the Iroquois of Sorel, and plundered and scalped many in the English settlements. There followed a short peace, when Iroquois deputies proceeded to Montreal, to demand the restoration of their chiefs. But a young Huron chief, "the Rat," gave a fatal turn to the business, by lying in wait above the Cascades, and murdering his enemies, the Iroquois deputies, as they landed from their canoes. And so ingeniously did he proceed, by making him-

self appear but the innocent instrument of French treachery, that while Denouville was expecting messengers of peace, he was all at once surprised by demons of war, before whose fire and sword the whole island of Montreal was laid waste, and a thousand colonists killed, besides two hundred prisoners, whom they made with a loss of only thirty warriors. When thus at length the Colony was reduced to the last extremity, the Count de Frontenac's energy and address were employed to restore harmony, through the great esteem in which he was known to have been formerly held by the Iroquois. He brought back with him the captive chiefs, whom he succeeded in making his friends; but failing to conciliate the savages, he had recourse to punishment, and by his prompt action lowered their pride and restored confidence to his allies. The hostile spirit which now grew up between the French and English colonists, arising out of the English revolution, gave a colour to the designs of the latter upon Canada. A plan of attack by land and water was accordingly laid, at an expense of £15,000; and a squadron had already appeared at Tadousac, before the alarm reached Quebec.

The defences of the city, consisting of embankments of timber and earth, were instantly strengthened, and a soldier of France stood ready there to receive and respond to every summons, as became him.

The English attacked the place, but had to retire to their ships with great loss, and so ended this affair. The land force succeeded no better.

During the following year, 1691, De Callières, the officer in command at Montreal, with his countrymen and allies, defeated the English and Iroquois near Sorel; so that the inhabitants were now free to attend to husbandry without further molestation.

Peace, however, was not established before the English and French Governors mutually agreed to maintain harmony among the Indians, soon after which, Frontenac died, in his seventy-eighth year, and was buried in the Recollect Church at Quebec, 1698.

De Callières succeeded Frontenac, and administered the affairs of the colony with great ability and success; and peace was now given to the savage; but this brave and humane man died in 1703, at the time when Blenheim and Ramilies were being fought, and England conceived the design of uniting within her territory the whole of North America. His successor, De Vaudreuil, assailed the United frontier in 1703, but was soon driven upon the defensive; during this time, the Iroquois, with a wisdom worthy of

example, allowed the strangers to do their work, and preserved a resolute neutrality. An expedition against Canada in 1711 lost at the Seven Islands, in one day, eight vessels, and over eighteen hundred seamen, and was consequently obliged to return to Boston; and by this disaster, the elements averted war until, by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1712, peace was restored, Canada was retained, and Acadia and Newfoundland ceded to England, together with the sovereignty of the Iroquois nations.

There was at this time a population of 25,000 Canadians, and of these the military amounted to 5,000; and as "in peace we should be prepared for war," Vaudreuil now commenced to strengthen the fortifications of Quebec and Montreal, to make his little army efficient, and to build them barracks. Nor did he neglect the civil government until his death in 1725.

The state of society could not be surpassed, at least in the cities, for refinement, and a chivalrous respect for women. The French language was spoken in great purity, and the officers and *noblesse* gave a Parisian elegance to life, when Charlevoix visited the place in 1720. The fur trade supported the colony then.

The seigniories were laid out, and tolerably cultivated along the St. Lawrence, and Baron Becancour was grand Voyer over — no roads. There were 7,000 inhabitants in Quebec, 3,000 or so in Montreal, and eight hundred in Three Rivers. The iron mines were discovered, but not worked.

The Marquis de Vaudreuil was succeeded by the Marquis de Beauharnois, who governed the colony well and ably for twenty years. His first attempt was the discovery of the south sea by inland route, which failed; his next was to prevent the approach of the English to the lakes, the St. Lawrence and Mississippi, and with this view he erected the fort at Crown Point on Lake Champlain, with several others, in order to keep them within the Alleghany Mountains.

In 1745, the colonists yielded Cape Breton to a British naval and military force, assisted by New Englanders, but on their courage being roused by the glory of Fontenoy, they attempted the re-conquest of Nova Scotia, the following year.

The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, led, however, to the appointment of Commissioners to settle the boundary between the French and English colonists; and it was out of this that the hostility of the Iroquois was again provoked against the Canadians. A royal edict, at this time, had the effect of settling the banks of the St. Lawrence, by directing that no country house

should be built on farms of less than one acre in front, by forty. The fur trade improved, and a large annual fair was opened at Montreal for the traffic.

The Count de Galissonière succeeded Beauharnois, but was superseded by Sieur de Jonquieré, who was again temporarily succeeded by Baron de Longueuil, until the arrival of the Marquis de Quesne in 1752. This Governor proceeded as far as Pittsburg, within the British territory, and built the fort there bearing his name, while the British on their part, immediately erected Fort Necessity in its vicinity, and placed Colonel George Washington over the garrison.

On his march to the fort, Washington was met by Jumonville at the head of a party from Fort Du Quesne, and told to surrender; but the future emancipator answered by a volley of musketry, when Jumonville fell. Upon this, Fort Necessity was invested and finally forced to capitulate. This disaster led to a Convention at Albany, where Benjamin Franklin proposed a general union for resistance,—the basis of British overthrow, and of American independence. War being now preparing between England and France, a strong fleet was sent out to reinforce Quebec; an English fleet pursued it and succeeded in capturing two frigates on the Banks of Newfoundland. The Marquis du Quesne having now resigned, was succeeded by Sieur de Vaudreuil, "the last of the Governors," in 1755; whose administration was opened by the defeat of General Braddock in a gorge of the Alleghanies. Braddock fell, but Washington saved the army from destruction, and afterwards under Generals Johnstone, Lyman and Shirley, bravely avenged his death by the loss of one thousand French under Baron Dieskien, and by the capture of the wounded leader. The remainder of the French force succeeded in reaching Crown Point.

It was in these encounters that military discipline and courage were infused, and the spirit of independence fostered, which rendered at last the rude militia man a conqueror the moment he was a patriot. In 1756, the Marquis de Montcalm arrived at the head of a body of troops, and obtained a series of successes, terminating in the reduction of Oswego and Fort Edward, when near two thousand English prisoners were barbarously murdered by the Indian allies of the French. This atrocious act was quickly followed by the loss of Louisburg, Forts Frontenac and Du Quesne to the Canadians, by Generals Amherst and Wolfe. In 1759, Amherst led the land force, while Wolfe proceeded by sea to Quebec. This hero reached and landed on the island of Orleans on the 27th.

June, at the head of eight thousand men. Montcalm, in the meantime, was not idle; his force consisted of about thirteen thousand regulars, militia and Indians, whom he ranged from the River St. Charles to the Falls of Montmorency, to oppose the landing of the enemy. The first attack was against the entrenchment at Montmorency, which was gallantly repulsed. Wolfe now began to despair for the present of being able to reduce Quebec, but calling a council of war it was there resolved to gain the Heights of Abraham, behind and above the city, which commanded the weakest points of the fortress.

Accordingly, on the 11th of September, the greater part of the troops landed and marched up the south shore, forded the river Etchemin, embarked on board a man-of-war and transports lying above the town, and on the 12th sailed up the river to Cape Rouge. Bourgainville was detached still farther to prevent the enemy's landing, while that very night the English dropped silently down the river in boats, deceived the French sentries along the shore, and landed, at four in the morning, on the spot celebrated as "Wolfe's Cove." The general was the first on shore, but the precipice seemed here impossible of ascent. However, dislodging a small body of troops that defended a narrow pathway, a few mounted, and all were finally drawn up, reached the summit, and stood in order on the Plains above.

This masterly and unexpected movement filled Montcalm with alarm, and a rashness which the most intrepid bravery was unable to correct. He hoped to dislodge the enemy before his whole force could be brought up, and so, rushed upon him with a fury that lost the victory. For the enemy's whole force was there, and received the attack along their line with a deadly volley, after which the sabre, the bayonet, and stout claymore were put in fierce requisition. Two of the bravest heroes of their time fought there, and often with a single arm turned the tide of war; bleeding, they still fought with undiminished enthusiasm, until both fell mortally wounded at the head of the last charge. Wolfe died as the shout of victory arose, but the brave Montcalm heard it not, his warrior spirit had fled and with it the fortune of the field. These two young soldiers should sleep side by side—for they were brothers—so that the same tear might moisten both their graves, and the same immortality haunt their tombs, so long as America shall last.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SUSAN ANSTEY.*

BY H. B. M.

CHAPTER XI.

THE END OF THOSE THINGS.

SHE had burst a blood vessel, and for some moments they thought all was over; but when the hæmorrhage ceased, she revived, though in so feeble and exhausted a condition did she remain, that the physician declared it was only by the utmost caution that her life could be preserved. It was a happy concomitant that her reason seemed restored to her. Her eyes assumed their natural expression, and though she was for the present incapable of speech, they could see by her attitude and cast of countenance, that the Intellect had assumed its sway.

This was a consideration in her daughter's esteem, sufficient to outbalance every other dispensation—and it was almost with a feeling of light-heartedness, that she again assumed her attendance upon her mother's bedside, in listening to the doctor's injunctions, that she must be kept perfectly quiet—neither stirred nor spoken to; for that the slightest accident would cause a return of the bleeding, which if it again occurred, must inevitably end in instantaneous death.

Miss Anstey determined to stay and assist her, and for several days the young girls hung round the pale bloodless form of the prostrated woman—as her life seemed to hang trembling on a thread between life and death. Underwood called frequently, and he seemed more interested and occupied on the subject of her illness, than a mere common acquaintanceship warranted.

The fourth day after her attack, after she had been unintentionally left alone for some moments, Miss Anstey entered her bed-chamber, and found, to her unutterable surprise, that she was seated upright in bed. She had quitted her only a few moments previous, prostrated and almost unable to speak through feebleness, and she could not account for the suddenness of the change. Her eye was bright, and her colour had almost the hue of health—

"Go!" said she, and her voice was clear and firm, as it had been in her best days; "and bring those I love best around me. There is something

on my memory which I wish to reveal, and I have no other opportunity, for time flies."

Miss Anstey too clearly comprehended the import of such charges, and hurried away to inform her family. They came to her one by one—her husband, whom Susan now saw for the first time, a wretched dissipated looking countenance,—Mr. Harvey and poor Annie—and immediately after her, a little to Miss Anstey's surprise, George Underwood. Miss Anstey offered, by a natural delicacy, to retire; but the patient in that tone of absolute command, often peculiar to the dying, desired her to remain.

"I wish what I have to communicate, to be the property of the world, with whom I have too long played false. Let the atonement not be too late."

Mr. Harvey now turned very pale, but it might have been from emotion at the presence of death.

"Annie, dearest love," continued she; "give me your hand and be calm if you can, till I have done. When I married you," said she, turning to her husband; "I loved you not—you know it, and yet took advantage of a filial deference to the commands of the best of parents, upon whom you practised impositions familiar to your nature—to obtain possession of a hand, which no heart accompanied. And yet, contented with a false heart, you thought to make it forget another devotion to which it was dedicated long ago. If we were unhappy—if the memory of those times still makes my heart sink within me, to think of the life we endured—was it less my fault than yours, if you became disgusted with life—a disgust in which I shared—if you fled for refuge from your misery, to haunts of dissipation and intoxication, and if finally, besotted and useless, you escaped adored from that domestic hearth which had never contained any thing but dreariness and darkness for us both. You fled, I knew not whither, leaving me to the destitution that perhaps I deserved—and if afterwards I heard of your death by the plague-fever which visits these southern regions, whither I had now learned you had betaken your steps—if I had waited for months, and long months, desolate and in penury—was I less to be pitied than blamed, if in lis-

tening to the voice of that other from whom my heart had never wandered, I hastily and prematurely, though surely then as I believed guiltlessly, sealed with the marriage vow—that pledge which had been given long before I knew you.

"Then followed that bright era—the oasis in the desert of my life. Then was bestowed upon me that dear treasure—the only light-beam in my destiny, which had brought little else than darkness and obloquy for me. Of that period I will not now speak, nor of its tragical termination. How that the reports of your death proved to be false—how you returned, and deaf to all prayers, entreaties, and bribes—bribes that would have enriched you, if you had kept silent and out of sight—you persisted in a public claim, and by the award of the law, succeeded in deciding the illegality of my second marriage, and in carrying off a prize which could prove now so little else than a renewal of unhappiness for both of us. But one course remained to save appearances and the respectability of my child—namely, that, retiring to some distant part of the country, where we were less known, she should take your name, and pass for your offspring—a favour only obtained from you by a bribe, and the expectation that you should share in the benefits, which a wealthy parent accorded us for her sake; while that wronged and injured father remained in the near vicinity, no less for the delight of her presence than to watch over an education which either of us were so little calculated to direct. And now," said she, turning to Annie; "that I have related to thee the mystery of thy birth—a mystery which I thought thou could'st not fail to suspect sometimes, poor child, in the strange circumstances which surrounded thee—tell me that I have thy forgiveness and perhaps thy compassion too. And he," continued she, in directing Annie's attention to Mr. Harvey; "look at him whom thou knowest now for thy father—this no less in reality, than in duty, though long denied the name, and who has endeavoured, by a long course of benefits and benevolence, to atone for one rash step. And oh! respect him—for he is worthy, and record thy gratitude in the blessings wherewith thou would'st comfort his declining years—when to thy other parent, gratitude or compassion will be of no avail. Yet one thing more—knowing as ye do, what an unhappy lot has mine been—was it a marvel if in turning myself perversely away from heavenly sources of consolation, I took refuge in misanthropy, and losing, with faith in man, faith in God, was finally given over to the darkness of unbelief. The consciousness of my unhappy condition was, I know, no light cloud of sorrow on your life, my

Annie. But there are strange mysteries in the workings of the human soul—and let it be a consolation to thee for the late wildness of this poor brain—if in that period of mental darkness, where these poor faculties were shrouded under a dreary pall of derangement, repentance for error was first revealed to me—if it was the time when the instructions of early years, and memory of divine truths then implanted in my soul—yet hid away and forgotten under heaps of sinful and worldly dust rubbish—were anew brought to light before me, under the glorious heavenly dawn then let in upon my darkness. Ah! ye knew not—yet surely and silently was the process going on, though in that wild period, all seemed gloom to the lookers on—like mountains shrouded in mist from the world, when high on their tops beams the sun of the morning."

She paused for a moment, and looked anxiously at a time-piece standing near—

"There is yet a little time," she said, "but not long."

The group around her bed, could not, by her voice and bearing, apprehend immediate dissolution; so strong did she seem, that she waved Miss Anstey away, when she offered to support the pillow against which she was leaning.

"Let us," said she to Mr. Harvey—"let us part forgiving each other, and if you cannot think of my memory with tenderness, let it be at least without disrespect, for the sake of my child. I need not commend her to you," continued she; "but there is another unhappy one to whom we owe reparation, and to whom you have never failed in benevolence and compassion. Need I point to him whose present unhappy condition may have its primary origin in my perverse and withheld affections, and whose degraded state is not one of the lightest sins that conscience lays at my door."

The husband appeared to comprehend very little of this. His eyes, and the stupidity of his countenance, indicated a brain in the last extremity of feebleness from habitual intoxication.

"I am going to leave you," said she to him; "you will stay with Mr. Harvey and Annie—they will be kind to you."

"Yes, yes," said he, stupidly nodding his head.

"And now," said she, "forgive me all—forgive me, my child—first evidence that Heaven has forgiven me."

"Talk not of my pardon," said Annie, throwing herself beside her mother, and clasping Mr. Harvey's neck with one arm; "I owe you nothing but love and gratitude; yet Heaven, whose choicest favours are for the penitent, will surely not in the hour of thy extremity forget thee."

"Yet one thing more," said Underwood, now coming forward and kneeling with Annie under the dying woman's hand. "Your blessing, my mother, if I may call you so—claiming it also along with that which you would confer upon that other dearer one—for him who has no higher hope than the aspiration of becoming, too, thy child."

"Thou dost not scorn her then."

"No, no," said Mr. Harvey; "let it be the first earnest that the world, for her own sweet sake, has forgotten the offences of her parents."

She placed her hands for a moment on their head; but a sudden movement on her part made every one in the room spring to their feet, and brought them crowding around her. She stiffened for a moment—her eyes rolling, and her frame collapsing as one in a fit. The next, all was still, and she lay quite dead.

CHAPTER XII.

"THE GREAT FIRE."

SPRING was come again, and now flowers were on the mould, and warmth and sunshine in the air, as if there had been no death in "The Dwelling on the Hill," or winter on the earth. Round goes the wheel of time, and now in the house from which the dead had been carried forth only a few months ago, there are preparations for a bridal. But it is to be a very private one—no festivities—and only the immediate friends and relations of the parties to be in attendance. Susan Anstey had gone to her friends at an early hour of the morning to assist in preliminaries, for the ceremony was to come off at one o'clock, and Mr. and Mrs. Underwood immediately afterwards to depart on a tour.

The hour now approached, and all preparations were in a complete state of forwardness, but as yet no appearance of any of the guests. The hour passed—still no guests, and, yet more surprising, no bridegroom. Time wore on—two o'clock came—still no guests, no bridegroom, and scarcely less indispensable—no clergyman. The young girls, along with Mr. Harvey, were in a great state of amaze and perturbation. What star had fallen to cause this neglect—this unprecedented delay? Perhaps they had mistaken the hour. A thousand perhapses, but all nearly equally improbable and impossible. There was no mistake in the hour; and Mr. Harvey in high indignation, hastened off in the direction of the town, with "purports dire" in his mind towards the Reverend Clergyman, and the still more offending Mr. GEORGE UNDERWOOD. Annie was

dreadfully agitated, fearing something had gone frightfully wrong; but pride bade her conceal her feelings as best she might, and Miss Anstey could do nothing but whisper hope and consolation. But when nearly an hour elapsed, and no Mr. Harvey, they could contain themselves no longer, and hastily throwing on bonnets and shawls, set off in the direction of the town. Before they had made the turn of the road which overlooks the buildings, they met one of their own coloured servants, with that mingled look of supreme self-satisfaction and indifference to external concerns, which negroes assume when any mischief or misfortune is going on that affects their white enemies rather than themselves.

"Where have you been Dinah? and what is all this?"

"Only to town, miss—and there's the great fire, you never a'seed such sport." And here Dinah breaking out into a great display of white teeth, laughed as only the Aborigines of Guinea can laugh.

"What fire?"

"All Stourburg in a blaze, miss—Front street and Water street, and all the warehouses—and all the fine furniture, and all the cheenay—and all the self—you never a'seed such sport."

But the girls had heard enough, and leaving Dinah to pour out the brimfuls of intelligence which seemed to oppress her, elsewhere, they hurried off in the direction of the town. There seemed an unusual stillness and Sabbath appearance in its aspect on their side of the river. The furnaces were stopped and gave forth no more their volumes of smoke to the air. The cotton factories too, were silent with their incessant sonorous steam puffs, and the roar of their machinery and wheels. The city appeared deserted as they advanced. Not a soul did they meet as they breathlessly hastened in the direction of Mr. Thorbe's mansion which was situated in the suburbs on the hither side of the river. Evidences of fire they saw none, but only a dense cloud of white smoke resting on the far-off side of that part of the city which lay upon the opposite side of the river. The air was dry and warm, there had been a most unprecedented period of drought and now a hot fierce wind like a Siroc, which had sprung up in the morning, had risen into nearly a hurricane and scattered thick clouds of sand and dust in the air. Through the gusts of the wind they thought they could discern the far off ringing of bells, and passing through the blasts and the dust they arrived at Mr. Thorbe's mansion. Susan found her aunt in a state of extreme agitation! Mr. Thorbe and George Underwood had been gone since morning. She

had heard all their warehouses had been destroyed, and, trembling for their personal safety, had sent messenger upon messenger—but no one had yet returned. Annie and Susan Anstey, excited and alarmed, would cross over to Stourburg and see for themselves—a preposterous step, and without protection too—but so alarmed were they on account of George Underwood and Mr. Thorbe that they scarcely knew what they did. They passed on hand in hand. They flew over the large wooden bridge, which was now covered with people hastening to the scene of desolation. They passed through several streets now becoming every moment more crowded as they approached the business part of the city on the banks of the other river, which was the principal theatre of the conflagration. At length it burst upon their view. The streets in this neighbourhood were so crowded that they only seemed one dense mass of human heads. Furniture and moveables were being thrust out of doors and windows and hurried away in every direction—waggons and carts driving at full speed—well dressed gentlemen running loaded with baskets and valuables, any where to places of safety! others, screaming and swooning, being carried away by their friends. Fire engines, spouting in every direction, with their water pipes blocking up the way—roofs of the houses covered with firemen uttering shouts and imprecations—and over all the roar of the flames that fanned by the wind, fiercely made their way through the devoted city.

The fire had originated about eleven o'clock, in a small frame building which took fire, and communicated to a church. The church was saved through the exertions of the fire-men, but some sparks falling on the roofs of a row of wooden houses the whole street grew gradually in a flame. Then sprung up the fierce hot wind, direct as an arrow in its course over the long straight streets of the town, as they extended for nearly two miles downwards; and as there had been no rain for six weeks previous, the shingled roofs were very dry, and parched like tinder. Higher rose the wind, and quicker leaped the flames from street to street and from block to block, with their fiery tongues licking like lightning round the squares, and with bounds from one side of a street to another, hurrying wildly, till the whole was in a mass of smoke and fire. It now attacked the warehouses and wharfs on the river bank. Many of the merchants, for safety, had piled their goods on the water's edge. Great heaped hogsheds of sugar,—packages of tea,—heaps of iron, nails, crockery, glass,—every species of goods. The large wooden bridge of the Rocaucas was crammed with merchandise of every kind. Down

went that street of warehouses, as, roofless and disembowelled, they only presented blackened skeletons to the gazer. Some sparks fell among the numerous steamboats at the wharfs. Two were quickly in a blaze, while others taking timely warning retired for safety down the river. The piles of goods on the water's brink were next attacked. Like tinder or tow, they disappeared—sugar molten into syrup, brandy and rum exploding like gunpowder, and iron, nails and glass running into each other like streams of liquid lava. Anon it attacked the bridge, and in a quarter of an hour with all its treasures it was swept away in the current of the river. Two banking establishments were destroyed and three churches; and an immense book warehouse, the emporium of the literature of all the western country, afforded brilliant materials for a conflagration which only lasted fifteen minutes for its destruction. Till nine o'clock at night did the fire rage, having swept all before it along the length of the city, till there was nothing left to consume. Of eight streets there was not a house left standing, and at the far off extremity of the town where stood an isolated market-house which had been crammed for safety with furniture and household stuff, the flames penetrated in the evening, and there destroyed all that had been left unconsumed by the conflagration of the day.

There arose a great wail over the city of Stourburg that night!

How many a brave fortune had been wrecked and ruined during the last twelve hours! How many of the profits of a long life of amassing, had been expunged in a single day. How many of the princes of commerce and manufacture laid low! At ten o'clock at night, in the residence of Mr. Thorbe, where the ladies were assembled, more tranquil now, as they had received tidings which at least had assured them of the personal safety of their friends—in rushed George Underwood and Mr. Thorbe, blackened from head to foot, with their clothes scorched, and their faces so begrimed that they were at first difficult of recognition.

"What a day!" said Mr. Thorbe; "but never mind, Annie Wilmorth—it is but a day lost, and tomorrow we shall have a glorious wedding. True that great Rocaucas hotel of ours is burnt down, and we have lost a hundred thousand dollars; but, thank our stars! that is but a drop in the stream, in the fortunes of the great house of Underwood and Thorbe."*

* The great fire of Stourburg, being an historical fact, and not only one of the most striking in the history of the city, but of the most extensive on record of all transatlantic conflagrations—will I hope be a sufficient apology for its introduction to the notice of our readers.

CHAPTER XIII.

—
SUSAN ANSTEY.
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SUSAN ANSTEY was in the habit of wearing a most suspicious looking hair bracelet with a gold clasp, whereon was engraved a pair of initials whose purport it was impossible to guess, as nobody in the strange land where she now resided was ever known to have seen them. The bracelet itself, as it clasped her arm, was more a supposition on the part of her friends than a recognized fact, as it was always invisible, and only reported to have revealed itself upon one occasion, by an accidental glimpse.

I recollect once having seen, in a chapter of instructions to a boarding school girl, from the governess, "that though a young lady in her conversation with unmarried gentlemen was not to treat them as if they were different animals from the rest of the species, yet the etiquette demanded a greater degree of reserve than with other acquaintances;" I think the instructress was quite wrong. A greater degree of reserve is only exceeded in awkwardness by too great a degree of familiarity; and the young lady and the young gentleman both are real blessings to themselves and to society, who hit upon the golden mean. Why young ladies and gentlemen can have no communication with each other, short of love and flirtation, we really cannot see; or why they should not maintain an intimate and friendly intercourse, without being suspected of matrimonial intentions, appears to us not only very absurd, but the destruction of all that ease and *abandon* in its members, which make the life and soul of pleasant society. It is really too vexatious, when one has just instituted for one's self a pleasant companionship, perhaps even friendship, to hear a whisper here and a whisper there—a senseless joke—that silly form of speech denominated *teazing*; then comes constraint—then avoidance—the parties feel vexed and irritated with one another, and the companionship or intimacy, or by whatever name you choose to designate it, is at an end.

Susan Ansteys's manner was that which appeared to have hit upon the golden mean. To all it was alike—easy, unconstrained, with a great flow of speech and laughter. If it had a defect, it was perhaps that, with all its ease—it was somewhat cold, at least it was so reprobated—and that to all surrounding cavaliers, whose name was Legion, in the eminent position which her uncle's family occupied in this rich and luxurious city—her bearing was uniformly alike, undistinguished by partiality, open or disguised—or so much as preference.

People were astonished sometimes.

"One," thought her aunt, "to whom an advantageous *partie* might be considered desirable, and so many at her disposal if she only chose it—it was really very extraordinary!"

Susan Ansteys was not handsome, but she was more—she was fascinating. The effect of mere regularity of feature soon passes away; nay more, it oftener pall upon acquaintance; but fascination grows upon us, and brings with it new charms every day. Of the middle height, perhaps a hair's breadth above it, yet slender and flexible, her movements and figure were unexceptionable; while the bad effect of a set of rather irregular features was compensated for, by long fringed, highly expressive blue eyes, and the elegant contour of a small but intellectually formed head. Her gold coloured hair was generally worn, drawn from the forehead and across the ears, to a redundant mass, on the back of the head, imparting a look of extreme girlishness to a figure whose prevalent expression was that of great perseverance and simplicity.

On the morning on which we now present her to our readers, she had retired to a small work parlour, which was the usual sitting room of the ladies in the early part of the day, and was seated by herself engaged on a piece of embroidery. It was the month of May, and one of those delicious clear days in the early youth of the year, when the freshness and coolness of the spring have not yet been merged into the ardent summer of this nearly torrid clime. Dews were in the air and blossoms on the earth, and it was one of these golden mornings when nature appears to impart her own elasticity and vivid life to the human spirit. Susan felt an inexpressible buoyancy of mind; perhaps she could scarcely tell why. Was it because health was on her cheek, and young bounding life in her veins—things which bring happiness in themselves, though unconsciously to their possessor? Perhaps so; yet are there moments, when, coming fate casts its shadows and darkness before—so has joy, too, her omens, like Aurora scattering flowers and gold-streaks over earth and sky, to herald the approach of the god of day. The figure of a young man entering the opposite room, glided like a shadow or an apparition across the surface of a mirror in the apartment where she sat, and the next moment he stood confronting her, as with a hurried start she had let fall her work and arisen from her seat. She did not laugh, nor scream, nor faint—yet what a meeting! They had been separated for years—they had travelled over many and distant lands—they had worn each other's semblance all the while nearest to their

hearts—they had thought daily, perhaps hourly, of each other—and now they had met in a strange country, in whose great length and breadth they had little sympathy—little interest—little affection it might be—except in each other, nothing that interfered with the all in all they were to each other. What a meeting!

They sat gazing at each other for a long time, both thinking of nothing else than the other's singular and improved beauty. Perhaps there is no time when any beauty our friends may happen to possess, strikes us so vividly as in meeting after a protracted absence. Perhaps it is the joy of re-union which imparts a new light to the countenance—a greater radiance to the eyes. Perhaps it is only the illuminating light of our imagination, kindled by affection, which invests the other's mien with a glory which it does not possess. But in their case it was absolutely so. Three years bring with their flight a great change at their early period of life. Susan had just outgrown the years of childhood when they parted—undeveloped in mind and in face. Now, what a change she seemed to Alfred's heated fancy, like some glorified semblance of her former self; the same, yet not the same, with enough to remind him of the happy past—yet with something seeming born of womanliness and thought that invested her with a fascination altogether new. And scarcely less changed was he—always handsome, he now seemed taller and darker, with his bearing cast in the mould of that class to which he belonged—a class excelled by few others in distinguished mien and gentlemanly presence—namely, the officers of the British Army. Besides, he possessed that mingled expression of intelligence and sensibility which lay such a hold on the beholder's heart, joined to a manliness and bold outline of feature, which struck Susan Anstey with the vividness of a novel and unexpected charm.

"And now," said she, as soon as surprise had permitted her to regain her voice, "tell me how you are here; had a star fallen at my feet, I could not have been more astonished. I had heard occasionally, though by no means regularly, of your movements, yet was I totally unprepared for this."

"Little less than myself," rejoined Alfred, "till within the shortest time. I knew, indeed, that our term of service in the Mediterranean was nearly expired, but had no idea they intended us for this quarter of the world so soon. Only fancy it—I was two months ago luxuriating among the long bright days amid the olive groves and grape gardens of the Isles of Ionia—sometimes

climbing an Ithacan hill among the old world Cyclopean ruins—or visiting a Corcyrean temple—or dancing the romaika by moonlight among Grecian youths and maids on some Cephalonian sward; and now behold me amongst these Transatlantic tracts on the other side of the globe—in the heart of all the bustle and brag and roar of this new civilization. A wide step truly from these Ionian cliffs across the wide sea to this occidental world; and no less a transition from the romance and calm grandeur of those scenes, where hovers the Spirit of the Past, to the restless energy and unsatisfied aspirations of this wild western race-course, whose object is the Present, and the Future is whose goal—yet a joyful and happy transition since it has brought me to thee."

"But you have not yet satisfied me," said Susan, "as to what sudden whim of Fortune it is, I am indebted to for your appearance in this place. Truly, you ought to have prepared me for this, Alfred, and to have testified more consideration for my nerves."

"We received orders at a few days' notice, to prepare for a voyage to the Canadas; and though I wrote them charging them to put you in possession of the intelligence, yet I venture to say, their letters had scarce time to travel so quickly as I did myself. Arrived at Halifax, I received a letter from your parents—a dear letter of permission, in reply to my earnest request, to see you and use the influence they knew I possessed. You must indeed pardon me! yet how could I be so near you, and tread the same earth on which you tread, and not see you, and endeavour to persuade you to terminate the period of a probation which has already lasted too long."

Of the peculiar nature of Susan Anstey's reply, or of the subject matter of the remainder of their conversation, which lasted nearly all day—her Journal deposes not. But we know that about a fortnight subsequently, Mr. Thorbe's mansion was in a great bustle of preparation. Then came a moving of a vast throng of gaily attired guests—a gorgeous festival—and anon forth stepped a bridegroom and bride, where a vehicle stood at the door, with gay bedizements, and white favoured postillions, to bear them from the Western City of Stourburg—for Canada away.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER VIII.

FEARFUL of losing himself among the wilds of a country, of which he was wholly ignorant, Francis pursued the windings of the shore. But this was not at all times a pleasant task, for often did high and craggy rocks rise abruptly from the water, then would large masses of fallen timber obstruct his course, and render his path almost inaccessible. Again would the smooth gravelly beach invite him to pursue his way for a time, but it soon gave place to his former difficulties. His progress was slow, for besides the obstructions he met with in his way, his clothes were still dripping with wet, and he was weak from the mental excitement he had endured while still an inmate of his dungeon, and the fatigue of the previous night, added to the want of food, almost deprived him of the power to encounter the trials of the day. Still he moved onward—thoughts of the beautiful creature who had perilled her life to save him, inspired him with resolution, and he faltered not.

More than an hour had passed, and yet he discovered no signs of a human habitation, and the fear that he was cast on the inhospitable coast of an uninhabited island, bore strongly on his mind. His observation of the scene around him, strengthened this supposition. From the place where he gained the land, the gently undulating surface of the island on which he had been staying, was visible, but this had now passed from his sight, and across the rolling waves, arose a bleak and rugged coast, which gave no sign of being the abode of man, while in the distance, the prospect was bounded by dark and frowning mountains, which from the knowledge he possessed of the region, assured him that he looked upon the Scottish coast. But between rolled a wide space of water, and he well knew he could not pass it. He again passed onward, but soon he found the space between himself and the opposite shore was gradually widening, and the truth of his position could be doubted no longer. Yes! he was a castaway—and many weeks, nay months and years, might elapse, ere he could effect his escape

from the dangers that surrounded him, and his heart sank heavily in his bosom, as he saw the hopelessness of his state; he was still on Norwegian ground—none but Norwegians would be likely to visit the island, and to them he dared not reveal himself, well aware that a certain and fearful death awaited him, should he again fall into their power. Without food, he could not long subsist, and this, beyond the few plants and roots which he knew to be inoffensive, he could not obtain—and as the autumn wore away, even this scanty supply must fail him. Exposure to the chilling winds, the piercing cold, and merciless storms of autumn, he knew would soon bring on disease; and here must he die, with no kind hand to smooth his leafy bed, and convey to him even the cup of water which might alleviate his sufferings.

Suddenly the thought of his companion rushed over his mind, for in the misery of the discovery of his situation, he had forgotten that another shared his fate. Turning around, he retraced his steps as rapidly as his weakness would permit, for he feared she might infer from his long absence that he had abandoned her to her fate, and left her to perish alone on that cheerless shore. He now oftentimes forsook his former course, and shortened the distance by avoiding the impediments of the shore. Anxiety for himself was forgotten in his haste to reach his deliverer, for whom he plucked the scattered wild fruits which he at times met with in his way. As he was going forward at some distance from the sea, on turning round a point of rocks, he discovered a cavity beneath them, which he at once reflected might serve for a present shelter, a sort of cavern, the rocks arching over and nearly inclosing a sweet little nook, the earthy floor of which was thinly covered with soft moss, more grateful to the weary form, than the grassy covering of the ground without. Here was a place to which he might conduct the fair girl, now dependent on his care, and provide as well as he might for her comfort. He hurried to the spot where he had left her; she lay extended on the ground, one small hand pillowed her head, the other was

pressed closely to her heart; her face was deadly pale, while in the centre of each fair cheek glowed a small spot of crimson hue; her eyes were closed in sleep, but her lips were slightly parted, and a troubled expression sat on each feature of her beautiful face.

Francis seated himself beside her, and gazed long and earnestly on the lovely being so strangely thrown upon his care, at the time when most he needed the aid of others, to relieve him from the difficulties which surrounded him; her person was wholly unknown to him, and much he wondered what motive had moved her to release him from his bondage, and the means by which she had effected this, was equally inexplicable. Her extreme youth, her dazzling beauty, and the firm spirit of which she was evidently possessed, interested him, while he felt the deepest, the most fervent gratitude, for his deliverance from the bondage whose end he had thought could only be in death; he endeavoured to trace a resemblance between her and his own lady-love, the gentle Isabella, but though both were beautiful, with light brown hair, and azure eyes, there the resemblance ceased, "Isabella, my own sweet promised bird!" he murmured, "would'st thou, to save me, have done what this fair girl has done? Would'st thou have left thy home and kindred, thy parents who love thee so well, and the brothers who would die to save thee from evil, and peril thy own precious life, to save mine? Yes, my beloved one, gentle and timid as thou art, love would have moved thee for the effort, and sustained thee through the trial, and better, far better is the fate of this fair creature, an alien from all she has loved on earth, and away on this dreary island, with no protector save him for whom she has resigned her all, than thine, though surrounded with luxuries, while thou art in the power of Gustavus de Lindendorf!"

The sleeper moved heavily on the grassy bed, and as an expression of mortal anguish passed over her, she murmured. "Yes, he has gone, gone from me, and left me to die alone! Cruel, ungrateful man! Oh! wretched Theora, why didst thou, for his sake, forsake thy house, and the parents who loved thee so well?"

A sudden remembrance of that name, came over the mind of Francis, but not at once could he identify it with any person whom he had known. At length he remembered having heard the only surviving child of Norse, the Norwegian general, called Theora, often alluded to; he had never met her, for she was too young to join the circles of the gay, but her childish beauty was the theme of many a tongue, and a strange wild thought, that this fair girl, in her humble attire,

was the daughter of Norse, rushed over his mind, and brought with it a thrill of deeply painful emotion.

Again the lips of the sleeper moved, and Francis bent over her to catch each whispered sound.

"Ah! unkind D'Auvergne," she murmured; "how could you leave one whose childish affections is wholly thine own?—one who gave up all to save thee?"

"This is too much to bear!" exclaimed Francis, springing to his feet, as the truth flashed over his mind, that the affection for his person had inspired her conduct. "Better had I died, than to live, to bring misery to another."

Theora started, and awoke; she gazed around for a moment, as if unconscious of her situation; her eyes rested on Francis, and then she pressed her hand to her fair brow as if to assist remembrance. For a few moments Francis stood gazing on her, and then approaching, took her hand gently in his. She raised her soft blue eyes to his, and a sweet smile played over her pale, but lovely face. Francis felt embarrassed and uneasy, and in order to recover himself, he proceeded to inform her, that he had found a place of shelter, although destitute of all the comforts to which she was accustomed, and offered to conduct her to it. She arose, and took the arm extended to her, and they set out in the direction of the little cavern, which would hereafter, probably for some considerable time, form their home; but weakness almost prevented Theora from surmounting the difficulties of the way, even with the aid of her companion. She, the child of affluence, over whom the fond eye of affection had ever watched, to whose every want obsequious menials had administered—whose home could boast of all the luxuries of the age and clime, was but poorly calculated to withstand the trials to which, at present, she was subjected. But no murmur escaped from her lips—the spirit was willing, meekly to endure suffering, but the flesh in weakness shrunk from toil.

When at length they reached the cavern, Theora sank down exhausted on the mossy floor, while Francis in alarm supported her drooping head. A deadly paleness overspread her face, a convulsive trembling shook her limbs, and then came the dreadful calm of insensibility; Francis exerted himself to restore her, but some time elapsed ere his efforts were successful. At last her eyes unclosed, and again were fixed on him, but a strange wild lustre glowed in their deep blue depths.

"D'Auvergne," she said in a scarcely audible voice, "I feel that I have not long to live! that here in this dreary wild I must yield up my life,

with none but you to watch beside me in the awful hour, with none but you to know my hapless fate! Say, dearest D'Auvergne, will that fate be mourned by you? will you breathe one sigh for me, when the weary spirit leaves its house of clay, or shed one tear upon the humble grave to which, unaided and alone, you must consign me; or must she over whom a mother has watched with deep affection, in whom centred all a father's pride, go unlamented to the spirit land? And when I cease to live will you rejoice to know that you will no longer be encumbered with my presence?"

"Oh! speak not thus, lovely preserver of my life! how can you think me so unkind, so base, so lost to all the generous emotions of the human heart? But you will not die! you will yet live to bless the world of which you are so bright an ornament! This fearful weakness which bows you down will pass away, and health and joy will yet be thine! Cheer up, fair lady, and soon I trust will we be enabled to leave this dreary place, and in my father's house shall you enjoy all the comforts to which you were accustomed in your own!"

For a moment she looked on him in silence, while a faint glow passed over her features, and a sweet joyous smile played around her lips; but then came a shade of doubt, which told of some dark thought within, and then in a low wild voice she said:

"D'Auvergne! when you were arrested, and thrown into that dark foul dungeon, men said that, in vindication of yourself, you said you came to our shores to seek a lovely maiden, whom you supposed a captive to our power; tell me truly, was it this that brought you among us?"

Francis bowed his head as he answered, "Believe me, 'twas this alone which led me to the Orkneys!"

"And the lady, was she your sister, or your promised bride?"

Francis hesitated. He felt that his answer must give pain to her who had sacrificed herself to him, but to him the truth was sacred, and he merely said, "She was the sister of my firmest, my best-loved friend! But you need rest and quiet, or if you can converse without injury to yourself, much would I like to learn the means by which you procured my release from captivity, and the motive which prompted that generous act, and thereby won my most ardent gratitude."

"Gratitude!" she murmured; "that is a cold, heartless word. Would that I might never hear it now. But I will tell you what you wish to know, though 'tis a fearful effort to unveil our own follies to those whom we wish to please; to speak of

those dear, dear to us as our own life, from whom we are forever parted; to think of fond familiar scenes, which we must visit now no more. My father is the celebrated Norwegian general, Norse. I am his only child. From my birth I have been the idol of my parents, who centred their whole store of love on me, and need I say that my childhood has been one long dream of happiness—broken alas! too soon. Much of our time was spent in the Orkneys, where my father possesses large estates, and here permitted every indulgence by my fond parents, I roved at will over the extensive grounds of our domain, or wandered around the romantic shores of the beautiful island. One day, not two years since, I accompanied my father through the castle, in the dungeon of which you were so late a prisoner. It is a spacious building, and belonging in right to our family, we reside in it during the long visits sometimes paid by Haquin to the Orkneys. Until that day I did not know that our lordly home was the abode of wretched beings, shut out from the liberty which all so dearly prize, condemned to pass their wretched days in darkness and solitude, or go from thence to meet a horrid fate. Accustomed only to roam through the long galleries and noble apartments which formed the home of the general, I had never thought of going over the distant parts of that vast pile; but now, led on by my father, we passed through the compartments allotted to the subordinate officers, until we entered the warder's lodge, who presented to my father the keys of the parts allotted to captives, and after visiting these, in the upper part of the castle, we descended to the loathsome vault below. Never can I forget my horror on finding, in that darksome, dreary place, of which I until now was wholly ignorant, were shut up numbers of my fellow beings, to pine in deep darkness and hopeless captivity. My father had no particular object in permitting me to accompany him, save that he loved my society. 'This,' he said, as we stood before the dungeon from which you were so recently set free, 'is the cell allotted to spies, persons who seek to gain, under an assumed character, a knowledge of our national state, which might prove injurious to us, and highly beneficial to our enemies.' Unintentionally I had counted the number we had passed, and the chance remark of my father left the position of that one cell impressed indelibly upon my mind. We pursued our way still further down the narrow passage until we paused, as I hoped, at its extremity. 'My child,' he said, 'I will now reveal to you a secret; but remember it is most sacred, no person knows it but myself, and it is the fear that I may be suddenly taken

away, and thus the secret die with me, that I divulge it now. It is a secret known only to the possessors of the castle, and as you must inherit it after me, I feel bound to reveal it. He touched the secret spring, and we entered the secret passage; we traversed its whole extent, and I, with the curiosity peculiar to childhood, noted it well; we retraced our steps, and then again I stood a moment before the cell from which you were rescued; I know not why, but it was a place of far more interest than all I had seen beside, and never did that strange intensity pass wholly from my mind. Years have passed, and more than once have I trod that darksome passage, and stood for a moment before that cell, for ever would I pause instinctively at that one place; but little knew I that my fate was so intimately connected with that dreary dungeon, but a strange presentiment bound me to the spot, and often have I sought alone, the vaults beneath the castle, and more than once in utter darkness have I explored the subterranean entrance to the proud home of my ancestors; but that one place was never mistaken, for ever would my footsteps pause, when I reached that never forgotten cell. At length came, fraught with all its disastrous consequences, the Scottish expedition, from which my father returned so dangerously wounded, and which wrought the death of our noble monarch,—our glorious Haquin. You followed our returning troops, and joined our court; but I, the heiress of the illustrious Norse, was still too much a child to join the circle of the fashionable and gay, even if I had not been devoted to my father. But all who visited us were eloquent in the praise of D'Auvergne, until my young heart panted to look on one so matchless; I saw you at length, and from that moment, no thought unmixed with the noble stranger dwelt in my heart; I was ashamed of my childish folly, and despised my own weakness, but could not tear the fond delusion from my heart.

Then came a dreadful moment; I stood beside the bed of my father, when a young officer entered the room, and informed him that it was discovered that the French visitant, D'Auvergne, was a spy, that you were arrested, and condemned, that three days would terminate your life, and he also told the tale relating to the Scottish maiden, whom you averred you had come to rescue. Oh! what a tale was this; and how my heart sank as I listened to his words! but I kept down the fearful agitation which I felt, and without one visible trace of emotion I treasured up his every sentence; I retired to my own room, and hours passed by in a wild commotion of bitter anguish, ere I could concentrate my thoughts. But at last came calm reflection, and though you were devoted to

another, I determined to save your life. For this purpose I engaged the services of the two boatmen, by the promise of a liberal reward, appointed the place of rendezvous, and then arranged the plan of obtaining from the warder the keys of the prison. This was no easy task, and it was only accomplished by entering his apartment at midnight, and stealthily removing them from beneath his pillow; but as I was leaving the room, I incautiously stumbled over some article which obstructed my way; he was awake in a moment, and at once gave the alarm, but I had flown from the spot with the swiftness of lightning, and from my intimate knowledge of every part of the castle, succeeded in first reaching the old iron door at the foot of the staircase, which leads to the vaults, this I carefully locked, at the very moment that I heard footsteps descending the stairs. Aware that none, save my father and myself, knew aught of the subterranean passage, I had yet hope, but I knew no time must be lost, and I hurried onward. Instinctively I paused before your cell, and not till then did thoughts of my rashness rush over my mind, and then I felt that I had sacrificed my all for one whose heart was given to another. The thought was madness, but I crushed it at once, and undid the bolt which bound you to that spot of horrid gloom,—you know the rest; suffice it you are free, free from the power which robbed you of your freedom; and had I succeeded in liberating you without discovery, you would have been free from the burden of my presence, for then would I have returned, as soon as I saw you safe in the boat, to my now deserted home, to the parents whose love I turned from, and whose confidence I have betrayed."

She sank back exhausted,—Francis bent over her; he whispered words of deep undying gratitude, of ardent friendship, but another held possession of his heart, and his faith to her was held most sacred; Theora, with the quick perception of her nature, felt that the one soft word which would have amply compensated her for all she has deserted and suffered for his sake, was left unspoken, and she felt that she had suffered in vain.

She closed her eyes as if in sleep, as if she would shut out the anguish of her heart; and while deep agony raged within, no trace of emotion was visible without. Her face though pale was calm, and not even the slight convulsive shudder which tells of mental suffering, was perceptible. Francis D'Auvergne gazed on the beautiful form extended at his feet, as if struck by the icy rod of death, and strange wild thoughts rushed quickly through his mind. He thought of all she had sacrificed for his sake,

and the question: "Shall I doom her to a life of disappointed misery, and cheerless sorrow?" arose in his heart. Should he cast from him the strong tie which bound him to the lovely Isabella, and confer his hand if not his heart on another? His very soul sickened at the thought! but gratitude demanded the sacrifice; Isabella was perhaps ere this, lost to him forever. In the power of a fearful rival, whose heart knew nought of compassion, with many days already past since she became his captive, and the small prospect of his ever being able to effect her rescue, he felt that hopes of happiness built on expectations of a union with her were almost vain. Perhaps she was now the bride of Gustavus de Lindendorf! perhaps ere now that tender cherished flower, had found a refuge from her sorrows in the arms of death. He pressed his hand to his heart to crush the horrid thought, and a smothered groan burst from his heaving bosom. He knew not, should he ever escape from his present place of bondage, (for so he felt the desolate island to be,) in what manner to provide for her in future; she could not return to her parents, and a mind like hers would scorn a state of dependence on him, even although she was so greatly his benefactor.

That night passed heavily over the head of Francis, as he at times walked slowly backward and forward, before the entrance of the cavern, and beneath the mild beams of the full moon, or sat beside his fair charge, who seemed unconscious of all external things, as she lay apparently wrapt in the grateful oblivion of sleep. Sometimes he bent over her to catch the soft low breathing which alone told of life; and then as he felt his own mental powers yielding to the languid weariness which oppressed him, would he forsake his post beside his beautiful charge, and leaving the darksome cavern, seek the open air, where, beneath the broad arch of heaven, he might rove at will amid the scenes of nature. It was to him a night of much misery, and in his mental anguish, his thoughts ever turned to the gloomy cell from which Theora had delivered him; there, if a horrid fate hung over his devoted head, he was far less the victim of perplexing care, which tortured the mind, and deprived his body of its wonted rest. At length the first grey tint in the eastern sky, proclaimed the rising day, and thrice welcome was it to the weary Francis. He stole softly to the side of Theora, and assuring himself that she still slept, he left the cavern and threw himself down on the grassy turf at its mouth, and soon were his cares all lulled to rest, and though strange visions haunted his imagination, yet was his rest unbroken for many hours;

Nature claimed her rights, and he slept as soundly as if reposing on a bed of down. The sun was high in the heavens when he awoke, and starting from his grassy bed, he hurried to seek Theora. He found her reclining against the rocky side of the cavern, and he started on observing the change that had come over her. Her brow was still deadly pale, while her cheeks were deeply flushed, and her eyes glowed with a strange wild light. Her short and hurried respiration told of suffering, deep and painful; and with a thrill of bitter anguish, Francis saw that she was ill indeed. He hastened to her, and sitting down beside her, took her hand in his, and inquired anxiously concerning the illness which oppressed her. But it was evident that her answers were evasive, that she spoke lightly of her suffering, fearful of alarming him, and Francis, though he trembled for her safety was in some measure deceived respecting her real state. But, not long could the delusion last, for rapidly did nature yield to the blighting touch of disease, and he saw the lately blooming beauty fast sinking to an early grave.

CHAPTER IX.

For three days did Francis watch anxiously beside the lovely Theora, as she lay racked by torturing pain, upon the mossy bed which his hand had prepared for her; but alas! what could he do to save her? The few offices of kindness within his power were faithfully performed, but that little could but slightly alleviate her suffering, nor could it stay the progress of the disease, which with fearful violence was preying on its unhappy victim. Oh! it was anguish worse than death to see her thus, and know that his life was purchased by the sacrifice of hers, and bitterly did he execrate the day when his evil genius led him to the Norwegian court.

Theora had been for many hours sunk in a death-like lethargy, and in deep solicitude did Francis bend over her to catch the faint low breathing which alone told of life. Great had been the change which a few days had wrought in that beautiful being, and as the lone watcher by that lowly bed gazed upon the corpse-like brow, the sunken cheek, and hollow eye, tears of deep sorrow flowed freely from his eyes for her untimely fate. If the deep warm love which he felt for the lovely Isabella still dwelt unabated in his heart, he cherished for Theora the pure affection with which a brother might regard a sweet young sister, who for his sake had borne much of life's dark sorrows; his regard was founded on a sense of the deepest gratitude, and gratitude is nearly allied to love; and as he saw her fast sink-

ing in the arms of death, he felt that to save her he could relinquish his brightest hopes of happiness, by a union with another.

Suddenly she opened her large blue eyes, and fixed them on his face with an earnest gaze; he took her hand in his, and in tones which betrayed too plainly the deep emotion of his soul, inquired if her long sleep had refreshed her. A bright smile played over her features, and she shook her head, almost playfully as she answered, "Yes, it has refreshed me, and better still it has nerved me with strength to meet the awful hour which is now at hand—the hour, the awful, the dreadful hour of death!"

"Oh! speak not thus, my Theora!" cried the youth, as he raised her slight form from the earth, and pressed her wildly to his heart; "you must not, shall not die! Live, dearest, for the sake of him for whom you have sacrificed so much, and happiness shall shed its bright beams upon us! Your fond affection, your distinguished devotion, shall be repaid by the deepest love, and my passion for lady Isabella McDonald, shall be but as the sweet remembrance of a pleasant dream, while thou, my sweet Theora, shall be the waking substance, on whom my fondest love shall be bestowed, on which my hopes of happiness shall rest. Then banish, dearest, thoughts of death, and live for my sake if not thine own!"

A glad smile played over her pale face, but it passed away, and ere he ceased to speak, her eyes were fixed upon him with a look of deep reproach, and she strove to extricate herself from his arms, but he pressed her closely to his throbbing heart, as if to hold the parting spirit still a prisoner in its tenement of clay, while he kissed the dew of death from her pale cold brow.

"D'Auvergne!" she said, "your words are but solemn mockery, degrading to yourself, deeply unjust to her whose young affections you sought and won, and need I say that they add bitterness to this dread hour, when all should be sweet composure, and joyous peace. Were I restored to health and life, my hand could never be joined with thine, for much as I have loved you, I would not purchase happiness by the misery of another; I would not accept a perjured heart, never be given to him who could betray his plighted faith, and leave the victim of his falsehood to pine in hopeless grief. Though affection inspired me with determination to open your prison door, and save you from the scaffold, it could not move me to accept a faithless heart. But if you cherish for me one warm emotion, I entreat you to search out your lost Isabella, and fulfil your vows to her, and I from my home in yonder Heaven, will, I hope, look down on

your mutual bliss, and the joys of that blest realm, will be brightened by the contemplation of your happiness."

She ceased to speak, and remained reclining in his arms, apparently fast sinking into her last long sleep, while Francis gazed on her in agony of soul, fearful that every passing breath might waft the gentle spirit to its home on high, and leave him desolate indeed. But again her eyes slowly unclosed, and were fixed upon him, as she murmured in a scarcely audible voice:

"Dearest, you will send to my parents intelligence of my fate, as soon as you are enabled to reach your home! Tell them I would sue for pardon for my disobedience to them; that my thoughts in death's dark hour were fixed on them; and now farewell, and may Heaven's richest gifts be thine."

Her eyes closed, her head fell heavily against the bosom that supported it, and the arms of Francis D'Auvergne encircled a corpse. Francis folded the inanimate clay to his heart, still more fondly he laid his cheek to hers, now cold as marble, and sinking backward, the stern warrior of the cross forgot his woes in insensibility, Oh! it was a startling picture—the dead so closely clasped to the breast of the living, who also looked a corpse, that lone cavern the scene of death, while that bleak isle which boasted no human habitation, which had formed only the wild bird's home, whose surface had never been broken to receive within its bosom the hallowed remains of the departed, presented a scene worthy of the finest touches of the artist's pencil, or the poet's most pathetic theme. The shades of the solemn twilight hour, were gathering over the wooded landscape, and enveloping nature in their misty folds, when Francis slowly awakened from the deep oblivion of care. It was long ere he recovered his faculties, sufficiently fully to realize his condition, but as the dreadful truth broke over his mind, a convulsive shuddering seized his limbs, and he hastened to disengage from his arms, the stiffened form of the unfortunate Theora. He laid her on her mossy bed, and pressed his hand to her heart, in the vain hope that life was not extinct. But not the slightest throb which spoke of existence was there; all was still, the freed spirit had flown upward to the realm of bliss, and the beautiful casket was all that remained to him of the fair daughter of the lordly Norse. Never, in all the scenes of trial which he had passed through, had aught to be compared with the sorrow of this awful night, fallen to his lot, and his cup of tribulation seemed full to overflowing. His soul had oft been tried when following the banner of the cross in

Eastern lands, when nature almost yielded to the fatigue of long wars, over arid sandy plains, and vales once blooming in fertility, now laid desolate by the devastating torch of ruthless war. His patience had oftentimes wavered, when called to ford the rapid rolling river, or scale the mountain's side; when oppressed by hunger, or maddened by thirst—when the heart sinking appalled from the scenes of terror which often met his eye, he sighed for the quiet joys of home. Maddening was the agony which rent his heart when he found his Isabella torn from him, and borne far from his sight, and fearful was the pang which pierced his soul, when he learned she was in the power of his dreaded rival. Bitter was his anguish when thrown into a loathsome dungeon, and condemned to an inglorious death, and keen was the agony of disappointed hope when he found himself and his lovely benefactor were cast upon the inhospitable shores of a lonely isle, with little chance of mingling again amid the kindred world. But when his spirit wearied on the tented field, ambition urged, and glory moved him onward. When the fair maid whose charms had won his young affections, was borne away, the hope that he might rescue her from bondage, and restore her to her home, warmed his heart, and whispered that her richest love would repay his exertions in her cause. And when he learned that she was in the power of Gustavus de Lindendorf, ere he had time to collect and concentrate his thoughts, had followed his arrest, and condemnation. And in that gloomy dungeon, bitter as was his feeling, conscious innocence sustained him, aided, perhaps by that undercurrent of hope which seldom, even in the most fatal extremities, forsake the human heart; and even when the keen conviction, that he was a hopeless castaway, broke over him, the joy of recovered liberty saved him in some measure from the pain the discovery would otherwise have inflicted on him. While watching over the suffering of Theora, he had never fully realized how awful would be the last sad hour, or perhaps he never quite resigned the hope that she might yet be rescued from the grasp of death. But now, now when the last sad scene was over—when the stern tyrant had claimed his victim—when the spirit had returned to him who gave it, and he was alone, amid the gathering shades of night—alone with the dead—did he shrink with horror from his wretched fate. He had early imbibed a superstitious dread of those cut down by death, and never had he before been a witness of the calm composure of natural death, for he had ever shunned such scenes, and only on the field of strife had he seen the fearful shade gather over the dead. But now, to know

that, while clasped to his heart, a lovely creature had ceased to live; that her life, nay, that the lives of three persons had paid the price of his; to see beside him the dark outlines of the mouldering corpse of Theora, and none to aid and cheer him, was too horrible, and in terror he rushed from the cavern and sought to calm the fever of his soul in the open air.

It was a clear cool evening—one of those autumnal evenings which every heart loves so well. The moon shone with a soft radiant light, as she threaded through light silvery clouds, and Francis gazed long and intently on the vault of heaven; and then came a convulsive shudder, for he was seized with a superstitious fancy, that one fair light cloud, on which his eye had for some time rested, had assumed the human form, and was slowly descending towards the earth. With a cry of horror he rushed into the cavern, and here the remembrance of its inmate came over his bewildered mind, and he paused, fearful of seeing her arise from the sleep of death, and resume the form of existence. Trembling violently, he crept with stealthy caution to the furthest corner of the cavern, and sinking on the cold earth, he buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out the dread vision, conjured up by the workings of a fevered imagination. Long he sat as still as if he possessed not the power of motion, but the presence of the dead became too painful, and he determined once more to seek the world without. With his hand still held closely over his eyes, he arose and moved forward, as he hoped, toward the entrance of the cave, but his feet came in contact with some object which obstructed his way, and he was precipitated to the earth. It was the corpse of Theora. Francis made one wild effort to regain his feet, but sank again to the ground. Terror had deprived him of all power of removing from his proximity to the dead, and in a state of mind which it were impossible to describe, hardly to conceive, he remained more than an hour where he had fallen. At times his mental powers seemed yielding, and he rejoiced that he should find in insensibility a relief from misery. But the guest he would have gladly welcomed came not, and still was he keenly alive to all the wretchedness of his fate, and gladly would he have resigned his all, nay, life itself, to escape from the terrors of that fearful night; but alas! to escape was impossible!

(To be continued.)

THE CAVALRY POLKA.

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

For R. H. only.

Trumpet Call.

Two staves of musical notation for the Trumpet Call. The first staff contains the first two measures, and the second staff contains the next two measures, ending with a double bar line. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' below it in the second measure of the second staff.

Polka

Two staves of musical notation for the Polka. The first staff is the melody, and the second staff is the bass line. A 'S' symbol is placed above the first measure of the second staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Two staves of musical notation for the Polka. The first staff is the melody, and the second staff is the bass line. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Two staves of musical notation for the Polka. The first staff is the melody, and the second staff is the bass line. The piece ends with a double bar line.

THE CAVALRY POLKA.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a rhythmic melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction "D.C. §".

Trio

The Trio section is marked with a bracket on the left. It consists of two staves in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat. The upper staff has a treble clef and the lower staff has a bass clef. The music is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more active melody in the treble. The section ends with a double bar line.

Finish

The Finish section consists of two staves in 2/4 time, one flat key signature. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music features a melodic line in the treble and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass. The section concludes with a double bar line and the instruction "Polka." below the bass staff.

The second system of music consists of two staves in 2/4 time, one flat key signature. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues with a melodic line in the treble and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass. The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of music consists of two staves in 2/4 time, one flat key signature. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues with a melodic line in the treble and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass. The system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction "D.C. §".

OUR TABLE.

FRONTENAC; BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A very pleasant romance in verse, first published in London, because, although written in the United States, no publisher could in that country be found to take the risk. We have not time or room to make a review of it at present, but we predict that the author of it will become famous. The name will make it a favorite in Canada, and old associations will give it an interest altogether separate from its own worth. We give an extract, less as a specimen of its style than because we desire to afford our readers a graphic description of the moose-deer, a magnificent animal which still remains among us as a memorial of the past, which few, except the keen sportsman who is willing to sleep in the open air of a Canadian winter, ever see:

'Twas one of June's delicious eves;
Sweetly the sunset rays were streaming,
Here tangled in the forest leaves,
There on the Cataragi gleaming.
A broad glade lay beside the flood
Where tall dropped trees and bushes stood.
A cove in semicircle bent
Within, and through the sylvan space,
Where lay the light in splintered trace,
A moose, slow grazing, went;
Twisting his long, curved, flexible lip
Now the striped moosewood's leaves to strip,
And now his maned neck, short and strong,
Stooping, between his fore limbs long
Stretched widely out, to crop the plant
And tall rich grazes that clothed the haunt.
On moved he to the basin's edge,
Mowing the sword flag, rush, and sedge,
And, wading short way from the shore
Where spread the water lilies o'er
A pavement green with globes of gold,
Commenced his favourite feast to hold.

So still the scene—the river's lapse
Along its course gave hollow sound,
With some raised wavelet's lazy slaps
On log and stone around;
And the crisp noise the moose's cropping
Made, with the water lightly dropping
From some lithe, speckled, lily stem
Entangled in his antlers wide,
Thus scattering many a sparkling gem
Within the gold-cups at his side.
Sudden he raised his head on high,
Oped his great nostrils, fixed his eye,
Reared half his giant ear-flaps, stood,

Between his teeth a half-chewed root,
And sidelong on the neighbouring wood
Made startled glances shoot.
Resuming then his stem, once more,
He bent, as from suspicion free,
His bearded throat the lilies o'er,
And cropped them quietly.

There is rather too much of the poem, which has been reprinted in America from the English edition, but it will nevertheless be read with pleasure and attention.

*SCOBIE AND DALFOUR'S CANADIAN ALMANAC FOR
1850.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of this excellent work. The information it contains is of the most varied and useful character, embracing every subject of Canadian interest. It is a book which reflects the highest credit upon the enterprising publishers, and which ought to be liberally and universally supported. Persons in Montreal, who desire to be furnished with this invaluable work, will find it at the Bookstore of Messrs. R. & A. Miller, in St. François Xavier street, and we believe that it will be found generally in the bookstores throughout the country.

Besides its other claims to public favor, this book contains a well executed Map of Upper Canada,—itself more than equal in value to the whole price of the book.

BRYSON'S CANADIAN FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR
1850.

MR. BRYSON, of Montreal, has also published an Almanac for 1850, which is already before us. It contains a great deal of useful information, and is furnished at a very moderate price. For the ordinary every day purposes of life it is suited, and we think deserves what it has received, the support of the public. We understand that only a limited edition has been published, so that purchasers will do well to make application in time, in order that a supply may be ensured.