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The Belle of the Ball

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. III.

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THE GIRL'S CHOICE.*

BY E. M. M.

"The prayer is heard—else why so deep
His slumber on the eve of death,
And wherefore smiles he in his sleep,
As one who drew celestial breath.

"He loves—and is beloved again,
Can his soul choose but be at rest;
Sorrow hath fled away, and pain,
Dares not invade the guarded nest."

KENNEDY

"Once more I came, the silent room
Was veiled in sadly soothing gloom,
And ready for her last adieu
The pale form like a lily showed
By virgin fingers duly spread,
And prized for love of summer fled.
The light from those soft smiling eyes,
Had floated to its parent skies.

IND.

THE season was now fast fading into autumn—the varied tints on the foliage, and the falling leaves, all denoting decay; yet as the weather continued fine, our poor heroine was sometimes prevailed on to drive out in the Park in the little pony phaeton. Her constant companion, on such occasions, was Clara, who, struggling against her own sorrows, strove to assuage the far heavier ones of her friend. Most soothing to both these amiable young women was the interchange of thought and feeling they indulged in when together. Nearly of an age, possessing the same views in religion, and both stricken by the hand of affliction, they clung to each other with the affection of the fondest sisters.

"Would that we were so in reality, sweet Kate!" said Clara to her one day as they sat together in Katherine's room.

"Would that we were," repeated the other; "my fate had been then a happier one. But God's will be done; He knows what is best for us."

About two months from the date of Sir Henry Woodford's letter to Mr. Atherston, he received an answer couched in the following terms:

"MY DEAR SIR HENRY,—Yours of the 30th of September duly came to hand; in reply, I beg to state, that I always told my daughter I should be happy to receive her should she need a home. I expect to be in England early in the spring of the ensuing year, and shall proceed to Cranby Lodge, where, if she pleases, she may take up her residence with her child. As she may have debts, or require present assistance, I herewith enclose a bill of one thousand pounds, payable in three months from this date.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"JAMES ARTHUR ATHERSTON."

"How characteristic of the man," said Sir Henry, throwing down the cold laconic epistle in disgust on the table; "could he ever have had a mother to soften him!"

"Alas, had this come sooner!" exclaimed Katherine, when the bill was placed in her hand, "from how much misery and anxiety would my beloved Neville have been spared—now it is worthless."

*Continued from page 494.

"Not so, dear Kate!" returned Sir Henry; "I am sure it will gratify you to know that you can repay a debt to a valued friend, one which you would never have been made acquainted with, but for this reasonable supply."

He then informed her of the noble generosity of Captain Beauchamp, who, without the slightest expectation of ever being remunerated, had devoted four hundred pounds to the payment of her husband's debts. Katherine was struck with admiration and astonishment.

"May God reward him abundantly for his goodness!" she exclaimed, bowing her head over her clasped hands. "Yes, I am thankful I can repay the debt—the act never."

As time wore away, the friends of Katherine were flattered into the belief that she was gradually reconciled to her loss—that she was supported under it. And perfectly resigned; she was indeed; for largely had she drunk from the "well of living water." Constant were her supplications at the throne of grace for help; abundantly had she received it. The promise, "Draw near to God, and he will draw near to thee," was, in her, amply fulfilled, and expressed in her lovely serene countenance and calm demeanor. Mr. and Mrs. Atherton were the only visitors admitted to her privacy. From their Christian society she always derived comfort; indeed, who could dwell for months under the roof of Lady Woodford without imbibing a portion of that peace, which must exist, where the presence of the Saviour is sought for and found, and so much cherished.

Soon after Katherine had taken up her abode at the Abbey, reports were spread abroad among the gossips of the neighbourhood, that Sir Henry Woodford had made her proposals of marriage. Fortunately she could not hear them, but they reached his ears: and when he was rallied on the subject, he indignantly repelled the charge.

"Could I presume to outrage the sacredness of Mrs. Warburton's feelings so far," he replied, "I should deserve the contempt of all well-thinking persons. Oh, no! behold her as she is, and you would call her a holy thing dedicated to Heaven—earth will never bind her again."

So spoke and so thought Sir Henry then; but the time came when feelings of deeper tenderness arose within his manly breast, which at first he strove to conquer, till they became too powerful to be resisted. Quick was she in discovering the state of his mind, and grieved it made her to do so. As a friend and brother he was very dear to her, but as he had himself said, she felt that her heart could never open to another attach-

ment, and she would not seem to understand him.

Katherine was indeed a most lovable and interesting object at this time, and none could behold her without admiration. Retiring and modest, humbly pious, and possessing the warmest affections, she was a creature calculated to form the earthly happiness of any man capable of appreciating her; her very trials had opened and produced beauties in her character, which, had her life been prosperous, might never have expanded, early educated for this world alone. God mercifully snatched the lovely flower from the hands of Ignorance and Folly, and prepared and cherished it for Paradise.

Winter now drew on apace, and the ground became covered with snow. Lady Woodford had looked forward to this bracing season to renovate the health of her loved charge; but, to her sorrow, a cold caught at its commencement, drew forth the incipient seeds of consumption, inherited from her poor mother, and the life of the gentle Katherine became threatened. All that friendship could do was tried, yet still the distressing cough clung to her, and the hectic cheek and sparkling eye too truly told their tale of coming sorrow; yet, strange to say, as strength declined, her spirits rose, and she became the consoler instead of the consoled.

Raised by the bounty of her father from the grinding poverty she had so long endured, she could now indulge her naturally benevolent disposition, which proved a source of inexpressible gratification to her. Clara had many objects among the poor of the neighbourhood, who were peculiarly her charge, and at the request of Katherine, she became the almoner of her little charities, and the ready assistant of all her plans for their comfort. Sir Henry would sometimes smilingly caution her not to be too generous, and say:

"We may not find your father in so magnificent a mood again—you had better be careful how you give all away."

But her answer ever was:

"Let me work while I may; I shall have enough until the spring."

Twice she had seen Captain Beauchamp since his first visit to her at the Abbey. In repaying her debt to him, she expressed herself so touchingly that he was melted even to tears.

"I have seen that sweet creature for the last time," he murmured, on taking leave of her; "Heaven is stamped on her brow; she belongs no more to earth."

When Katherine found her health failing her so entirely as to confine her to the house, she

wrote to her father, expressing a strong desire to see him and receive his blessing ere she died. In thanking him for the kindness he had shown her, she entreated he would extend it towards her orphan child, and take her under his protection. Sir Henry Woodford was much affected when she handed him the letter to read; for many moments he was silent, shading his face with his hand.

"And is it really so, my Katherine?" he said, mournfully; "are the hopes I had fondly viewed in the far distance, to fade away for ever? Oh, say not so!"

"They will shine again in a better world, dear and excellent friend," returned Katherine, who, clasped to his bosom, rested her fair head on his shoulder. "Here all is imperfect, unreal, unstable; there all is light and peace everlasting."

From this day Sir Henry never addressed her in the accents of a lover; those who knew him beheld the struggle within his breast to combat his feelings, but from the world he sedulously concealed them. As week after week stole away, Katherine faded like a beautiful flower; all now felt the nearness of that dreaded hour which was to separate them from her forever in this life—all, save Clara, who would not believe it possible, that the friend so dear to her was stricken by the hand of death.

"Oh, no! she looked better—she seemed happier—she smiled more frequently," she would say when her mother strove to prepare her for the event; "when the spring returned they would see how she would revive."

Old Cicely, who dearly loved the marvellous, affirmed that she had lately seen lights gleaming from the casements of the ruin, and figures moving within its crumbling walls at midnight, when she watched beside the couch of Mrs. Warburton; this, she said, clearly foretold her speedy departure. In the days of old Sir Henry Woodford the same appearances had been visible. Lady Woodford smiled at the superstition of her simple, yet faithful nurse; she knew that occasionally the ruin had proved a shelter to the poor wandering outcast from the winter's blast—that the embers of a fire had been discovered, with other signs of human beings having been there, which at once explained the mystery. This Christian lady looked to far higher causes; she felt that the impending sorrow came from a hand unerring in its wisdom, unchangeable in its love and mercy, save to those, who, hardened and impenitent, dare its severest judgments—from that God who had hitherto led his child over many a thorny path, and who was now guiding her safely and surely through the dark valley.

Katherine was perfectly prepared for, and resigned to, the approaching solemn event; her only yearning anxiety seemed to be to behold her father once more. This preyed on her at times painfully; at others she would say:

"I must not think so much about it, lest my thoughts become wandering and distracted; I have done with earth—its hopes—its cares; my joys are *there*," pointing upward.

She was now quite unable to leave her couch, so rapidly had the fatal consumption gained upon the delicate fabric; even the caresses of her child, blooming in health and spirits, were too much for her. She would lie for hours meditating, while her moving lips and clasped hands disclosed that she was engaged in secret prayer. She delighted in listening to the soft voice of Clara, as she would read to her the most comforting portions from Scripture, or talk to her of the glories of another world.

"Ah! dear Katherine!" said this interesting girl to her one day, "were it not for my beloved mother's sake, how earnestly I would desire that the angel sent for you might convey me also to those bright and happy realms! When all our fond hopes decay, and disappointment meet us at every step, why linger, a weary thing, below! Yet ungrateful that I am, possessing so many blessings and means to show kindness to the distressed—why, because my heavenly father denies me *one* wish, should I repine and weep? Let your beautiful and meek example under the heaviest calamities, rebuke me for my sin!"

As if to gratify the only remaining wish of Katherine, a few days before her death, a letter addressed to herself came from her father, styling her his beloved child. In this he told her that he had been seriously ill, or he should have sooner replied to her affecting letter; he expressed his deep regret at her failing health, but trusted it was not materially shattered. He intended starting for England immediately, and proposed taking her to Madeira or to some more genial climate, soon after his arrival; touchingly he gave her his blessing and forgiveness, promising to prove a better father to her child than he had ever been to her.

As Clara concluded reading the letter, Katherine raised her eyes in thankfulness, murmuring in the lowest tone:

"Oh, wonderful change in that cold heart—to God be all the glory! I have my father's blessing and forgiveness, and now I may depart in peace!"

Not for one instant was she now left alone—her affectionate friends hovered round her pillow by day and by night, while Mr. Atherly prayed for her and with her. Very affecting were her

remarks, and encouraging her entire trust in the merits of her Saviour; upon Him she had anchored all her hopes for eternity, and she felt *sure* she was safe. Her countenance expressed nothing but peace and love, occasionally lighting up with a radiance the most heavenly, as if glimpses of the better land had already opened on her vision. This continued, with few intermissions, up to the very last, when she became restless and uneasy from pain and extreme weakness.

"Turn my face from the wall, I want to see you," she requested, in the feeblest accents.

Lady Woodford performed this kind office for her, then, bending down and kissing her, she asked her:

"Are you happy, my child—is your Saviour near you?"

"Yes, happy! he is with me! bless—bless you all!"

She spoke no more for some time after this. Lady Woodford and Clara were watching her with intense solicitude, thinking she slept, when suddenly they beheld her eyes open, a sweet smile playing on her lips.

"See, see! Mamma, Ernest, Neville, angels hovering between us. Oh, how lovely!"

Evidently her mind was wandering, yet its dreams were of heaven. Quickly the brightness fled, and a livid hue overspread her face—the cold hand of death was upon it. A scream from Clara proclaimed the event—the spirit of Katherine was released from its mortal tenement, and had returned to the bosom of its God. Lady Woodford sank on her knees by the side of her distressed daughter, exclaiming:

"This is the moment for prayer! Oh, Lord! come to the relief of thy servants, pity their sorrow, assuage their grief, teach them to say, 'Thy will be done!'"

Two days after the melancholy event, Mr. Atherston arrived at the Abbey, having travelled night and day in the hope of beholding his child. Alas! the closed shutters of the house as he drove up to the door, announced that he had come too late. He tottered into the hall, where he was met by Sir Henry Woodford, who would not have known him, so altered was he from the man he had remembered him in former days. They gazed on each other in silent sorrow a few moments, when the father said:

"Where is my daughter—my poor Kate?"

"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," was the touching response.

Mr. Atherston clasped his hands, and looking up to heaven, exclaimed:

"Just are thy decrees, oh Lord! For my obdurate cruelty am I thus punished!"

And bursting into tears, he fell forward into the arms of Sir Henry. "The rock was smitten, and the waters gushed forth." The heart that would not feel for the woes of others, now bled for its own.

Accompanied by his sympathising friend and Lady Woodford, he entered the chamber of death. There they found dear Clara kneeling by the couch of the departed one. Scarcely daring to breathe, the father drew near. Nothing could be more lovely than the appearance of Katherine; the calmest, sweetest expression sat on her marble features; her long fair ringlets, arranged by the hand of affection, clustered in profusion over her shoulders; her hands were meekly crossed on her breast, whereon still lay the lock of Ernest's hair, and the Bible he had given her. But for the solemn stillness of the figure, one might have thought she slept. Mr. Atherston bent over her with a fond gaze, as if to study every well-known lineament, then kissing her cold forehead, he groaned aloud:

"Take me hence! I can bear no more! Oh, Katherine! my child! my child!"

Of all pangs, that of remorse is the severest. Under this the unhappy man now writhed, and could find no consolation.

The amiable family, under whose roof he remained, though in heavy affliction themselves, still strove to soften his, and to lead him to the word of God for help and support. But all their efforts were vain; a settled gloom, bordering on despair, had taken possession of him, and like the bereaved one in Rama, he *refused* to be comforted. Over his little orphan grandchild he shed torrents of tears, scarcely allowing her out of his sight a single moment. The child soon became fond of the "poor old man," as she called him, telling him that when the spring returned her mamma would come back.

"She will never come again, my lamb," returned the sorrower; "harshness and unkindness have driven her away, and earth will behold her no more."

He remained at the Abbey one week to attend the remains of his Katherine to her last abode. During this he made his will afresh, bequeathing large sums to the little Amelia, and to his absent son, Arthur; the remainder of his fortune he devoted to the erection of an hospital, in the hope (poor ignorant man) of propitiating the Almighty to pardon his many offences. Sir Henry Woodford, at his own earnest request, became the guardian of the child, who, it was agreed, should spend a portion of every year with her grandfather, and the rest with her friends at Woodford Abbey.

When all was concluded, and duly signed and

sealed, Mr. Atherston returned to his desolate home, where the weeds had grown up in the courts, and no voice was heard to welcome him. Here he secluded himself from all intercourse with his former friends and acquaintances, becoming in his habits a perfect misanthrope, and hating the sight of a human being; he dismissed all his domestics, except an old man servant and the housekeeper, who, as she went her rounds at midnight to lock the doors, would occasionally pause before her master's, attracted by his voice as if he were praying.

"Ah, poor gentleman!" she would then say, "affliction has brought him to his knees at last; gold used to be his god, miserably as it served him. Well-a-day! the place is sadly changed from what it used to be in my dear mistress' time—the hollow echo through the empty rooms, and their deserted appearance, make me start at my own shadow. Sweet Miss Katherine! how I did love to hear her light step and her merry voice so full of glee with her brothers. Oh! if my master had but forgiven her!—but it is useless talking now. God knows what is best for us all; she is happier where she is, dear soul!"

And brushing a tear from her cheek, the worthy woman would proceed on her way, musing the while on the instability of all human hopes—the worthlessness of all earthly grandeur, when separated from love to the Lord Jesus.

And now the curtain falls on the tragic scenes of our simple tale, and rises again on a bright and lovely day in the month of June, two years having elapsed since the events we have recorded. Much had occurred within that period. The — Regiment had sailed for India, and poor Clara, almost heart-broken, had been taken by the anxious mother and brother to the continent, in the hope that constant travelling might divert her mind from dwelling on her sorrows. They had returned to the Abbey but a few weeks, when, on the morning we have named, she was setting off on some charitable mission, when she perceived two gentlemen approaching. In the one she beheld Sir Henry, in the other—oh! had her sight deceived her? Captain Beauchamp! and she stood like one paralysed, her hands pressed together—her eyes dilated—her lips parted in astonishment, and doubt, and hope; in the next instant she was clasped weeping in his embrace. Oh! the joy of those tears—the bliss of that resting place! it seemed too great for reality.

"Dear Clara! you ought to have been prepared for this," said Sir Henry, a tear dimming his own eye, as he gazed with the utmost sympathy upon his sister; "but I could not prevail on Beau-

champ to remain at the inn till I had announced his arrival."

"He was right, but oh! are you here merely to say that cruel word, farewell, again?" asked Clara, looking up in the face of her friend with painful anxiety.

"No, beloved one! that would, indeed, be too severe a trial for us both," he replied, straining her fondly. "I wrote to Woodford from Calcutta in January last, informing him that I had retired from the army at the earnest desire of my uncle, who, having unfortunately lost his only son, wishes me to reside with him, that I may, in a measure, fill up the void in his heart; he is an old man, and I could not resist the touching appeal. I left India exactly four months ago, and reached Canterbury this morning. Woodford feared to tell you my intentions, lest you might be uneasy, or that something might occur to change them; but your mother is aware of my return, and rejoices (Henry tells me) that she can now give her child to me—her dearest earthly treasure, the cause being removed that divided us; what says my Clara to this?"

Clara answered not, but the pressure of his hand, and the look of tender affection which she ventured to cast upon him, told him better than words all he wished to know. Oh! how their hearts rose in gratitude to their Heavenly Father for His unlooked for mercies. They hurried towards the house, there to give vent to their feelings in prayer, which alone could express and relieve them.

"And how do you propose to spend your time, Beauchamp, in your uncle's house?" inquired Sir Henry, as the happy family sat in a group after dinner, conversing on the stormy past and the uncertain future, Clara between her mother and her lover on the sofa, a hand of each clasped in hers.

"I have scarcely yet made up my mind," replied Captain Beauchamp; "my uncle's estate in Northamptonshire is very extensive; among his numberless tenants, chiefly among the labouring class, I may hope to be useful, assisted by my sweet Clara here. It is in a most beautiful and romantic part of the country, studded with the cottages of the peasantry, and the villas of the wealthy. Many of my boyish days were spent among its woods and dales, and I confess I am strongly attached to it."

"How I long to see it!" said Clara, who instantly blushed as the words escaped her.

Captain Beauchamp smiled affectionately upon her, while Sir Henry provokingly remarked:

"Have patience, dear! till Beauchamp has put his house in order."

Poor Clara looked pleadingly in her mother's face, who, drawing her nearer to herself, turned to Captain Beauchamp with the enquiry:

"Is your uncle a religious man?"

"Eminently so," he replied, "else had I never consented to dwell with him; the name of Chester is well known for his good works."

"Chester," repeated Sir Henry, "was he not the patron of Arthur Atherston?"

"The same," was the reply, while the countenances of the little party became overcast, and a short silence ensued.

"Did you meet Arthur?" asked Clara, tears filling her eyes. "I believe he is in the Bengal Presidency."

"Yes, I was for some months stationed in the same cantonment with him; he is a fine promising young man, and so like his lamented sister, that my heart was drawn towards him at once. He felt her death deeply, and from that affliction may be traced the happy change in his mind; he is now a decided believer."

At this moment the little Amelia was brought into the room by her nurse; she ran up to Sir Henry, and climbing on his knees, clasped her arms round his neck, saying:

"You look sorry, and I see tears in your eyes; what makes them come?"

He kissed her repeatedly, concealing his face in her bosom. Old Lady Woodford, who was pursuing her favourite occupation of knitting at the low window, but who listened to all that was passing with considerable interest, now inquired whether Mr. Atherston had written to his son.

"I am happy to say, several times, and very affectionately," replied Captain Beauchamp; "he expressed a great desire for his return, but Arthur likes India and his profession so much, that I think he would regret doing so; yet of this I am convinced, he will be guided by what he feels to be his duty, rather than by his own wishes on the subject. And now, that I have answered your questions, will you satisfy my curiosity, and tell me—if you know—what has become of Lady Marley?"

"She is still living with her parents, I am informed," replied Lady Woodford. "She went to them for a year, during which time poor Sir James Marley died, and was succeeded in his title and estate by a younger brother. Miss Sykes, I believe, a lady unknown to you," she added, smiling, "gave us a long account of her one morning. Poor soul, she is to be pitied; lost in the esteem and respect of all who formerly courted and admired her, she now lives in great seclusion, exposed to the constant reproaches of her parents, and devoted as she was to the world, possessing no resources within herself, and a

stranger to vital religion, you may readily imagine her state of unhappiness and discontent, deserved, doubtless, yet still every Christian must feel for the sinner, while they detest the sin. Sir James altered his will previous to his death, and left her a very small jointure, which obliges her to remain under the paternal roof."

The child Amelia, seeing she was not the same object of attention this evening as she usually was, now went from one to another to claim their notice and caresses, and dear as she was to all from such tender associations, she soon succeeded. Indeed it would be difficult to say who loved her the most; their chief care was that this powerful affection might not blind them to her faults, or tempt them to spoil her. She always slept in Clara's room, who in every sense of the word acted as a mother towards her; richly was she repaid in the love of the sweet child, who always called her "mamma."

An evening so happy as this soon passed away; Amelia, tired with play, fell asleep in the arms of Sir Henry, and was carried off to bed by Clara, who, with a heart relieved from the care that had so long oppressed it, felt as if an angel had lent her wings, so buoyant, so light were all her feelings.

Captain Beauchamp remained one week at the Abbey, visiting with his loved friends all their favourite haunts; then, taking an affectionate leave of them, departed for Northamptonshire, with the hope of returning in two months to claim his bride.

Lady Woodford could not but feel deeply the idea of parting with so dear a child as Clara, never had she once been separated from her a single night; but in giving her to one like Captain Beauchamp, whose devoted piety rendered him so fitted for the charge, she felt satisfied that she had insured her happiness, as far as human foresight could venture to predict. Clara had been principally trained and disciplined for another world, and although her prospects in this lay smiling before her, still she knew that unclouded prosperity could not be hers, as a child of earth; therefore, while rejoicing in hope, in meekness and humbleness of spirit she cast all her care upon her Heavenly Father, who she well knew, would never try her beyond her powers of endurance. She made this a season for frequent communion with Him in prayer, imploring Him to grant her grace for the right performance of her new duties, and to preserve her from making an idol of any earthly object, or permitting it to stand between her and her Saviour.

Her marriage was to take place in the month of August; Captain Beauchamp married not a

day after the appointed time; he came expressing the gratification Mr. Chester felt at the prospect of his home being adorned with one of God's dear children, and laden with many an offering of his sincere regard and esteem. A few days after his arrival, the ceremony was performed in the village church by Mr. Atherly, who, in joining their hands, looked up to Heaven, and implored a blessing to sanctify their union. It was, in truth, a scene of peculiar interest, where chastened joy was felt.

The evening of this eventful day beheld Clara journeying with her beloved husband to their new home, sorrowing, it is true, for those she had left behind, yet smiling through her tears, even like the sunbeam that glitters in the rain as it falls to refresh the fragrant earth.

Her brightest anticipations of the beauty and romantic situation of Forest Hill were more than realized, when, after a week's slow travelling, they drove through the Park gates, and up the broad avenue, where

"The yew tree lent its shadows dark,
And many an old oak worn and bare,
With all its shivered boughs was there."

In the distance stood the ancient mansion, the setting sun gleaming brightly on its ivy-clad tower. There was a wild beauty about the place particularly striking; deep glens and romantic nooks meeting the eye at every turn. It was the time of harvest, and the fields with their golden sheafs of corn, and the merry gleaners gathering as they went along, added very considerably to the interest of the scene in the eyes of Clara, who never having dwelt in towns and cities, could appreciate the calm pleasures of country life.

"Oh! this is lovely, dearest Horace," she said, turning to her husband, who was watching her eager and beautiful countenance with affectionate sympathy; "and to dwell here with you, how much watchfulness shall I need to keep my heart fixed on my heavenly home!"

Captain Beauchamp pressed her to him as he replied:

"Our cup of happiness is indeed full, my beloved! one! prosperity is a responsible trust, but if we look to Him for help, earnestly desiring to receive it, we need not fear; He will send the rod to chasten us, rather than suffer his children to turn aside from the right path."

Mr. Chester received the young bride with the warmest welcome, and her husband with the affection of a father. He was a little spare elderly man, with a countenance full of benevolence, united to a melancholy which at once drew forth the interest of Clara. Long and earnestly he regarded her, then taking both her hands in his, he said:

"You are come, my dear, to cheer the solitude of an old man—may God bless you for it. I once thought that my earthly sun had set forever, but He has mercifully shed on me a few more gleams to render the rest of my pilgrimage pleasant to me—praise be to His name!"

Clara was touched, and the tears in her eyes told him so.

"Beauchamp," he said, turning to his nephew; "I thought yours a lover's description, but I see you only rendered justice: I trust between us, we shall make this dear girl happy. And now, my children, come with me, I have long since dined, but I have not forgotten that as travellers you require refreshments."

And he led the way into the dining room, where a light repast was spread, which proved very grateful to his guests; delicious fruits from his hot house gracing the table, gathered purposely by himself for Clara, whose smiles and cheerfulness amply repaid him.

The apartments prepared for our two friends were airy and most beautifully arranged. No unnecessary grandeur was displayed, but every thing for use and comfort; the view from the windows was magnificent, verdant lawns, fields and valleys, girdled by the extensive forest, from which the place derived its name. Beautiful little cottages, built by Mr. Chester for the labourers on his estate, their blue curling smoke rising above the trees, and the old Church tower, the loveliest object of them all, constrained Clara to exclaim in ecstasy:

"Oh! that mamma, grandmamma and Henry were here to enjoy this with me! And this world is called a vale of tears," she continued, as new beauties rose every instant on her charmed sight. "Who would imagine it while gazing on a prospect so fair and calm; yet so it is—sin, like the worm in the bud, mars all below, and nothing is enduring, nothing is perfect but heaven."

The more Clara came to know Mr. Chester, the more did she admire and esteem him; united to the most accomplished mind, he possessed a piety so full of love and benevolence towards all, that it might indeed be said of him, "He thinketh no evil." Charity in its extended sense was his practice, while from his lips flowed the outpourings of a heart devoted to God, and to the service of man, for His sake who died for our redemption. His habits and tastes were simple and retiring—his mornings spent in his well stored library, to meditate, to pray and to study; he then visited the people employed on his domain, to give directions and to learn their wants, seldom going beyond his gates, save to church on the Sabbath day. Previous to the loss of his son, he had been more active in his habits; now he loved

seclusion, yet not selfish seclusion, since he lived for others as well as for himself. The addition of Captain Beauchamp and Clara in his retired home, proved most grateful to him, for they at once conformed to all his ways, his hours, his wishes, lending their time and talents to carry out his benevolent schemes. His tastes were theirs, for, true lovers of nature, and beholding God in everything, they delighted to wander amidst the rural and romantic scenes of Forest Hill, culling divine knowledge from the simplest plant that grew, and carrying the message of mercy into every humble abode within their power.

And were they not happy? Assuredly so; they needed not the glittering and fatiguing joys of man's invention; they had found them where alone they exist in reality, in the peaceful shades where religion loves to dwell, that religion which Christ left his meek followers ere He was parted from them and ascended up into Heaven—a religion of love, unity and mercy, all springing from belief and trust in Him. This, and this only, is the Christian's choice. Reader! may it be yours!

And now, dear Canada, I bid you a last farewell! while I live will your remembrance be warmly cherished in my heart. I came to you in stormy times, when the dark clouds of disunion hovered over you; these have rolled away, and, praise be to God! the sunshine of peace has returned. Long, long may this continue, for it is the harbinger of prosperity to your land. With much regret I leave you, since fond ties bind me to your shores, and enchain my heart and thoughts towards you.

And you, my friends, from whom I have received so much kindness during my sojourn among you, accept this tribute of my grateful affection, and my earnest wishes, for your well-being and happiness. May God bless you all! When traversing the boundless ocean, let me hope that your prayers may be offered up for me and mine.

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heaven, on earth, or on the sea!

To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay!

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure in finding God is all.

LOVE.

FROM "GERALD," BY J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

THEY love, indeed,
Whose hearts religion hallow's, and whose deeds
A heavenly law subserve. The passion roused
By mere material blandishments—the flush
That mantles in a hour's face—the fires
Seductive of her eye—the glowing frame,
Ripening to beauty's fullness—are of earth,
And wake but earthly impulse, fiercely brief!
The countless ambush'd arts and subtle wiles
Of woman's captivation—loveliness
By wit enliven'd, and bright satire's shaft
For the fair archer's grace at once forgiven—
The natural artifice of attitude—
Descending tresses, whose soft shadows play
Like darkening dimples on an ivory neck;
The head declining on the snowy arm,
Conscious of gradual curve and polish'd round;
The mignon foot, escaping from the folds
Of the free, careless robe—but fancy fire,
With whom caprice is nature. Love alone—
The attraction, magnetism, sympathy,
That virtue bears to virtue is eterne.
The pure is the immortal—holiness,
Thy fount, Eternity! Thus love to God
And all his attributes, must still precede
Enduring human love. And then how bless'd
The intercourse—the unity of hearts!
Their common sense of beauty—mutual aims
For all that raises earth, and draws down heaven.
The growing sweetness for an after sphere,
And yet, within, a deepening joy in this—
Joy in the prospect—in the actual, joy
In aspiration lofty, hope sublime,
And sympathies whose only voice is tears—
Mortality's concession to the soul,
Whose ecstasy is tongueless!

THE USE OF TEARS.

BY LORD MORDAUNT.

It is not thy tears too harshly chid,
Replie not at the rising sigh;
Who, if they might, would always bid
The breast be still, the cheek be dry?
How little of ourselves we know,
Before a grief the heart has felt!
The lessons that we learn of woe
May brace the mind as well as melt.
The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
Mid cloud and tempest here their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.
Love's perfect triumph never crown'd
The hope unchequered by a pang;
The gaudiest wreaths with thorns are bound,
And Sappho wept before she sang.
Tears at each pure emotion flow,
They wait on Ety's gentle claim,
On Admiration's fervid glow,
On Ety's seraphic flame.
'Tis only when it mourns and fears,
The loaded spirit feels forgiven;
And, through the mist of falling tears,
We catch the clearest glimpse of Heaven.

SCENES ABROAD.*

No. XII.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

MADEIRA.

O'er more upon the woolly Apennine,
The infant Alps, which, had I not before
Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pines
Sit on more sluggish summits, and where roar
The thundering lawine—might be worshipp'd more;
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
Her never trodden snow, and seen the hoar
Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc, both far and near,
And in Chlwaré heard the thunder-hills of fear.

THE closing observations of the last of these sketches, intimated that few were aware how very remarkable so small an island as Madeira is in grandeur of scenery.

If those familiar with the region where towers in majesty, the Jungfrau, whose topmost heights have never yet been trodden by mortal foot; where

"Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder,

the region where Mont-Blanc, from his snowy dome, surveys a crowd of rugged rivals round his throne; if such, approaching it, ere yet this garden of the Hesperides appears above the horizon, be told, that within its narrow confines is scenery so grand as to remind them of Switzerland and Savoy, the smile incredulous will scarcely fail to flit across their features; yet such is the fact.

The ardent tourist, anxious to view the sublime and beautiful, in sequestered vale or craggy mountain, on enquiry of his hospitable host at Funchal, will usually be first directed to the Coural das Freiras, or "Sheepfold of the Nuns"—a valley so called, (as I read) "from its retired, lonely situation, and from being a place of security to send the women and defenceless to, in case of invasion."

To reach it, he will pass through the valley of the Camado Lobos, said to be the richest wine country in the island. The sides of this valley are precipitous. His path will lead him through groves of tropic trees and vineyards of most abundant wealth; not merely on either side of the road is it that he surveys the tempting fruit, for the vines being

trained across it, the pendent clusters adorn the luxuriant, leafy roof. Gradually he ascends into the mountainous region, where present themselves in succession, the various features of the most romantic and the wildest scenery: the gloomy dell—the rocky precipice—the overhanging cliff—the bold sweep of far-descending vale—magnificent trees and scattered rocks, and turbulent waters dashing downwards through the mountain gorge; a cloudless sky canopying the entire, whilst away, thousands of feet below, stretching to the poles, is the mysterious ocean.

Approaching the Coural, the guide will tell him, that from the top of a steep ascent in front, he will behold it. Something occurred at this moment to delay our party, and dismounting, I hastened up the hill. Reaching the summit, I involuntarily started back, half petrified at the sight of a vast gulf before me; the earth, it yawned almost beneath my feet. Not inapplicable to the scene, and the spectator's sensations, were the Shakspearian words:

"How fearful and dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
'Tis the cross that wing the midway air
Shew scarce so big as beetles. 'Till look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Tumble down headlong."

Let the reader fancy himself quietly journeying along a beaten road, totally unprepared to behold so hideous an opening of the ponderous and cavernous jaws of our mother earth, and suddenly to find himself on the edge of a descent of some thirteen hundred feet into a far-stretching hollow or valley, begirt by stupendous and pro-

* Continued from page 500.

cipitous heights. Unless of something more or less than mortal mould, the usual even current of the blood will be a little quickened. He that overlooks the *Place d'Armes* in our good old-fashioned town, from the tall towers of the Parish Church, (and they barely exceed two hundred feet) will feel a dizziness when the rapid sight first makes him conscious of the elevation; what then would be his sensations if it were seven times as great? Such is the height from which the Madeiran tourist looks down into the "Sheepfold of the Nuns." Methought, as I gazed, "were the holy sisterhood there below, they would be as safe from spoiler's hand, as eaglets in an eyrie;" it were an equal task to scale the Alps as descend into the Coutral. From that position, I surveyed, as it were, another and a lower world: no means of descent were visible to the eye; and yet the valley was populous, as testified by numerous white cottages, looking like dwellings of pigmies sprinkling the deep profound.

The writer already quoted from, says of the Coutral:

"This immense abyss stretches across the island, far as the eye can reach. It is a series of valleys enclosed on all sides by enormous perpendicular precipices, the bottom and sides being a forest of the noblest trees. The height of the surrounding mountains—the roaring torrents which dash through the hills—the wild sublimity of the spot, have justly procured for it the title of the Switzerland of Madeira. It is the spot where scenic beauty defies alike the pencil and the pen. The stream that swept through the valley and the rivulets upon the mountains' sides, appeared so many veins of molten silver, as the sun glistened on their changing surfaces. The descent was difficult: the path led over a ridge of mountains that divides the Coutral from the *Serra d'Agua*, a valley similar to it, and in my mind, in no way inferior, except in being less accessible. The path is very steep, being supported merely by the jutting cornice of the rock, and in some places so rugged and uneven, that it is with great difficulty a horse can be led over it. The road leading out of the valley is of frightful steepness."

I felt as I gazed down the steep, that one should survey such a scene alone. The noise of guides and the empty bubble of the mere sight-seeer, jar the nervous system of the thoughtful student of the book of nature. I would earnestly advise all such to view majestic scenes and solitudes alone. There can be nothing more disagreeable than to have one's reverie broken in upon by out-of-place observations, or by boisterous exclamations, or by the "loud laugh that

betrays the empty mind." There can be no such thing as inspiration in the company of one who prefers an Italian salad to Italian *Salvator Rosa*.

Scenes, such as the Coutral, like the vast and measureless ocean, or Niagara's stupendous cataract, inspire one with awe of the Creator, and lift the soul from

"Nature, up to Nature's God."

I retired from this contemplation thoughtfully and unwillingly, and "oft looked back, slow moving" from the scene.

We were completely tired out by the day's excursion, and found the luxurious repose of our entertainers' mansions all the more delightful, from exhaustion.

Another of the many objects of attraction the isle presents, is the seat of a gentleman, native of Madeira, named Carvallal, but a few miles from Funchal. The islanders are proud of the name of Carvallal, for its possessor is distinguished for a rare benevolence. His princely wealth is dispensed abundantly for the improvement, or the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow-man. Rich as are his coffers, richer is his heart in the generous and nobler attributes of man's nature. A type is such a man, in these respects, of our own exalted Governor-General—the good—the illustrious—the Patriot, Metcalfe. Of such, it may be permitted one to feel, as the Saviour declared of little children, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

To reach the *Pulheiro dos Ferreiros*, as Senhor Carvallal's seat is named, we had to climb the hills. This we did in the peculiar Madeiran fashion, namely, on horseback, at a canter, each horse accompanied by his *burriquero*; that is, the horse-boy who has charge of him, usually a stout, active young fellow; and certes, strong necessity has he for both activity, and what the horse-jockeys call, bottom, for fast as the horse can canter, or may gallop, the *burriquero* lugs not far behind him—not farther than the tail; as whenever the ascent is very steep, or the pace very rapid, he grasps that appendage, and maintains his hold in a most extraordinary manner. In truth, a more comical and laughter-compelling sight can scarcely be imagined, than a numerous party climbing the island heights at a hand-gallop, each quadruped having a biped appended to his flowing erinose addition, in the shape of a toiling, sweating, swarthy, *burriquero*.

Occasionally, a British frigate enters the roadstead, as was the case at the time I write about, and the jolly middies, being all great lovers of the picturesque, must needs visit the scenic lions

of the island, and the sight their cavalcade presented, at starting, for fun, frolic, and mirth, baffles all description. Each sea-boy had his horse, each horse his burriquero, and when all was ready, at the word off, off they went, like so many mad devils, shouting and splitting their sides with laughter at the droll spectacle of the horse-boys with their sharp-pointed poles wherewith to stir up the quadrupeds, in one hand, whilst the other had fast hold of the animal's tail. The strides, or leaps, of the poor burriqueros under such impulsive speed, almost equalled those of the wonderful seven-league-boots, of which so much is said in the veritable history of "Jack the giant killer." Compassion, the juvenile sea-dogs had none, for the punting biped, whom they likened to "stern chasers." Up hills they scampered, so steep as to frighten one, and down again heedless and headlong. At the moment of their departure on the expedition, what with the roar of their laughter, their shouts, the curses of the burriqueros, and the tremendous clatter of the numerous horses' hoofs over the pebble pavements of the usually quiet streets, there was what the French would call *un tintamarre épouvantable*, that is, a noise resembling Bedlam broke loose. The Funchalense, men, women and children, ran to their doors and windows to behold the show; the old looked on in laughing wonder, whilst the swarthy black-eyed *Senhoritas* showed their white teeth in delight, and many an urchin's throat poured forth a tribute to the rushing tide of sound that thundered past.

Somewhat less noisy, though equally amusing to the *noviceaux venus*, from the same cause, was our progress to the uplands. Having attained the summit of the heights, a broad plateau of ground opened before us, displaying the adornments and decorations of the *Pulheiro dos Ferreiros*. The effect of its position was greatly increased by view of the broad ocean.

The magic hand of wealth, directed by artistic taste, had been busy. The park—the garden—alleys, with walls of verdure—and floral treasures, native and exotic, delighted the roving eye; and in addition, capacious aviaries filled with birds of melodious song and gorgeous plumage, and sheets of water whence the rays of light were reflected by dispersing gold fish, and quadrupeds of various species, among them the camel. This "ship of the desert," as he has been figuratively called, seemed to me entirely out of place amid rich verdure, and pining for a return to his trackless sea of moving sand.

Even in a northern clime, it would have been a rare place, the *Pulheiro*; what was it not then in that delightful isle where lavish nature scat-

ters around with a spendthrift hand, the splendours of the temperate and the tropic zones?

It was mournful to learn, that the possessor of so choice a spot, the benevolent dispenser of so much wealth, was afflicted by that sorest visitation of Providence, ill health! What can compensate for that? The humblest laborer, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, in the enjoyment of vigorous and robust health, is richer, far, than the millionaire, unless the possessor of that choicest of all earthly treasures.

The church of "Our Lady of the Mount" has already been alluded to as a very conspicuous object in the approach to the island. It was her festival season, for not to one twenty-four hours is her fête restricted. It is prolonged for a week. The public rejoicings the day of our arrival, were in her honour. Much gunpowder was burnt, and banners, and flags, and streamers flaunted in the sunlight, and music filled the air, and general festivity was the order of the day. Old England's Union Jack was frequently to be seen among the flags unfolded to the breeze, and one's heart warmed to the natives for the preference.

One fine morning, we directed the steps of our hill-clambering nags, towards the Church. The ascent was laborious, and would have been tedious, but for the natural beauties thick strewn before and around us. The road is narrow, and paved the entire distance. Occasionally it wound round precipices, but always upwards was our march. This fashion of perching churches upon tops of hills and crags and mountains, is common enough in Catholic countries, but it must have been invented for an object very different from that of attracting a congregation. This "Mount Church" is at a great elevation above the town—so high, that the largest ship in the roadstead, viewed from it, looked scarcely larger than a cock-boat. The position is very fine, doubtless, but one can scarce avoid the question, "why is a Church built here?" If a reply were vouchsafed, it would certainly be less Utilitarian than Poetical.

During the ascent, we overtook a party, bearing, in hammocks, two sick persons to the shrine of "Our Lady." Belief in the efficacy of intercession with the Creator, must be cheering to the mind enfeebled by sickness: 'twere almost a pity to shake it—nearly as hard-hearted as taking a crutch from a cripple. Faith shone in the countenances of the poor creatures.

We likewise met a funeral cortège descending from the church to the city, for the burial of an infant, and bearing the corpse. In no mournful coffin did it rest, but in a pretty frame of basket-work, dressed as in life. The sweet child looked

as if taking an infant's angelic rest, on a bed of flowers; for parental affection had called the garden's rarest, to ornament its temporary couch. The chilling decree, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," was almost forgotten as we gazed on the unchanged features of the departed innocent. It seems, it is the custom of the island to carry the dead to the grave, uncoffined. A work before me says: "A quantity of lime and vinegar is thrown in to consume the mortal remains, in order to make room for more, as the churches are the exclusive places of interment. It would be considered a mark of indifference if relatives were to attend funerals, and widows in the higher stations of life, never cross the threshold for twelve months." One would think both these rules, particularly the first, would be "far more honoured in the breach than in the observance." It is certainly a most unnatural custom that debars from the performance of the last mournful duties to the cherished and beloved.

The interior of the church exhibited nothing differing from the usual pomp and richness of Roman Churches. There are some good paintings, and a fine organ. The chief altar, *comme de raison*, is presided over by "Nossa Senhora do Monte" in propria persona, dressed in silks, and decorated with precious stones.

Great is the renown of "Our Lady" on the island. One who resided at Funchal for years, says: "It is the custom of sailors, after they have landed safely, to go about the streets begging alms, in order to pay the clergy for saying masses in their behalf, at her altar. An entire crew, headed by their captain, are to be seen trudging barefoot up the steep road that leads to the church, carrying their topsails with them, in procession, accompanied by an appraiser, who, in the presence of some priest belonging to the church, affixes a value on the sails: the value being thus determined, is paid into the hands of the holy man, to defray the expense of celebrating masses in favor of the vessel, at the shrine of the saint.

"Besides these occasional ceremonies, the patron is honoured by an annual festival, which celebrates the foundation of the Church, and lasts from the fourth to the fifteenth of August. During this period, the Church is decorated with flags of every nation—masses performed with all possible solemnity—music—illuminations and fireworks, occupy their proper seasons; and all parts of the island send their inhabitants to enjoy the festivity, on the last day of which the blended spirit of devotion and pleasure, is sometimes known to assemble 20,000 persons.

"The highest gratification of the natives, are the Church-festivals and religious processions;

the show they display, and the festivity they allow, though they admit of little variety, being all that is to be seen and enjoyed. Besides, on these occasions, the devout gratify their piety, and the penitent obtain pardon for their offences."

The natives are fully convinced of the many miraculous interventions of "Our Lady," in sub-lunary affairs, some of them exceeding small ones, to be sure, but others are of a very remarkable character, sufficient to stagger the faith, one would suppose, of even the most subjugated devotee. One of these I find thus stated: "At the time when a great scarcity prevailed in Madeira, occasioned by the vigilance of the British cruisers, during the revolutionary war with America, from whence the island is supplied with some of its necessary articles, supplication was made to the *Lady of the Mount*, accompanied by a public procession, and other devotional rites, in all their forms, to obtain her powerful intercession, to avert the increased distress; when, on the following morning, at day-break, a ship was discovered, which proved to be laden with wheat, from Portugal; and, on repairing to the Mount Church, they found the Saint's clothes dripping wet, which, on being examined by the priests, was pronounced to be sea-water. The conclusion drawn from this circumstance was, that she had taken a trip to sea during the night, to hasten the arrival of the vessel. The sailors were astonished when, on reaching the port, they heard of the miracle; but they afterwards recollected that, being becalmed off the island, just after sun-set, the preceding evening, they saw something white ascend from the waves, which hovered about their vessel, and immediately they felt her impelled towards Funchal. The miracle was thus confirmed, and is an article of faith among the natives at this day."

From the church, we proceeded by a charming road to one of the many exquisite *quintas* of the English merchants. It was situate at a considerably less elevation than the church, but not so much less as to diminish, materially, the magnificence of the view, or conceal one of the countless charms so lavishly spread around. They are very gems, these *quintas*, made for hours of idleness and relaxation. They form portions of the many prizes in the lottery of commerce, which tempt the youth of Britain to seek their fortune in foreign lands. Thousands of them, annually, abandon home and country to buy and sell and barter. In the progress of time, the gains of trade exhibit many of these children of the humbler classes of the British isles, rivals, in magnificence, of the Peerage of their native land; unto which body, in early life, they gazed up-

wards, as to something unapproachable, with almost reverential awe.

Allusion has already been made to the universal cultivation, or at least fondness of music, by the islanders. The hours of night are melodious with song, for the natives there, as here, are fond of visiting after the business or occupation of the day, and pass the time far into the night, in social intercourse. To this they are invited by fineness of climate and the brilliancy of the hours between the setting and the rising of the sun. In an article on the physical geography, geology and climate of Madeira, by Dr. James Macaulay, Edinburgh new Philosophical Journal, appears the following description of "the witching time of night," in this island of witchery:

"The nights in Madeira are of surpassing beauty. The moon displays a radiance, by the brilliancy of which any approach is seldom made in this country. Venus, too, shines with beautiful refulgence, casting a shadow from objects. The lunar rainbow, a meteor, never, or rarely, seen in our country, is said to be there of frequent occurrence, which indicates a remarkable clearness of the atmosphere. The brilliancy of the heavens, the serenity of the air, the gentle mildness of the atmosphere, render the night, especially when the moon with more pleasing light, shadowy sets off the face of things, more inviting even than the day to be abroad in. The absence of chillness and damp, here, permits one with safety to enjoy this, 'the pleasant time, the cool,' but not 'the silent;' for many of the natives, indolent during the day, then delight in their gardens and terraces; and the air is filled with the music of the guitar, and a sweet little instrument, peculiar to the island, the machetino. The air is then, too, redolent with the sweet aroma of the orange and citron groves; and heliotropes, datura, jessamines, roses, with many a flowery odour besides, unite their tribute to increase the delicious fragrance of the atmosphere."

Scarcely a night passed I did not hear the strains of music floating in the air, sometimes arising from the gardens or residences of the wealthy, but often from the humble dwelling, or from the street; and the reflection was forced upon me, how strange it was, we British, of all the European nations, should be almost the only people, not musical. It is not usual with us, as with the continental nations, to see the cultivator, the labourer, the mechanic, and their families, nor yet the wealthy, seeking and finding amusement and delight in vocal and instrumental music, whenever they enjoy a respite from labour or from business. Germany is not merely the land of Mozart, Haydn, Von Weber and Beethoven;

but every workshop and saloon, each city, town or village, every field or forest, pours forth a tribute to harmony or melody. France, is it not the land of the Troubadours? Italy, it is but another name for divine song; the Spaniards and Portuguese, too, are eloquent of music. It is not so, certainly, with our own people. What is the cause? Climate, perhaps. Phlegm, it cannot be, for who more phlegmatic than the German? Perhaps, our institutions, which make us thinkers—more fond of substance than of sound.

During my stay at Funchal, I made frequent excursions into the interior, and enjoyed an occasional glance at the domestic habits and manners of the islanders. The influence of the British merchants is so considerable, that whenever their guests visit the native families, the greatest *empressement* is manifested to serve and please them. Once or twice we dropped in at the dinner hour, when the assembled company, ladies and all, would rise and remain standing, no matter how long, until requested by the visitors, to resume their seats. Neglect of this rule, upon one occasion, by my companion, caused a large party to remain *debut* an unconscionable length of time, much to his discomfort. One is almost sure of meeting one or more *padres*, (or fathers of the church) at these social assemblages. Their shaven crowns are conspicuous amid the flowing ringlets of the ladies. They are great snuff-takers, those *successores Apostolorum*; and this reminds me, that a bashful youth, if unused to snuff, must decline the invariably proffered box; for, if he sneeze, as sneeze he will, if a novice at the practice, he will be felicitated and congratulated from right to left and left to right again, and many an aspiration will be breathed, if not felt, that he may live a thousand years. The islanders are an exceedingly polite and well-mannered people. The peasantry are not an exception. One has abundance of occupation, returning the salutes of those he meets. The comical little cap they wear, shaped like a funnel, is doffed as the stranger approaches; indeed, "when they meet each other, they stand cap in hand, with ceremonious politeness, though under a perpendicular sun, till they have satisfied each other, as to the welfare of their wives—their children, relatives, acquaintances, cattle, domestic animals, &c.; and it is a point of ceremony, not immediately to be settled, which of the friendly, social party, shall first return the cap to its appropriate situation." So observes one, well acquainted with them.

The complexion of the Madeiranese, as already remarked, is very dark. The gentle sex have but slight pretensions to their usual designation of "the fair;" dark skins are universal, of all

the shades of brown. A golden-haired Senhora would indeed be a *rara avis* in terra. The beauty of the Funchal ladies is not enduring. Early marriages and a sedentary life, are unfavourable to its preservation. I find it written, that "they seldom stir out of doors but to attend to their devotions, or of a moonlight night, when they proceed in form, to visit, accompanied by their attendants; nor do their amusements, such as dancing and music, seem sufficient to alleviate the unhealthy consequences of habitual indolence and a relaxing climate." In literature, they are not in advance, so far as I could learn, of their sisters of the Peninsula, and a Spanish or Portuguese blue-stocking is a rarity, indeed.

In natural, if not acquired, attractiveness, however, these ladies of the warm South, have, as most admit, the advantage of the northern fair: more of the magnetic influence. The following verse of Byron's, applied to the sex in Italy, would not be misapplied to the Lusitanian.

"I like the women, too, (forgive my folly,
From the rich peasant-cheek of ruddy bronze,
And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
Of rays that say a thousand things at once;
To the high Danaë's brow, more melancholy,
But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her elme, and sunny as her skies."

Many families of the island are titled; it is by no means unusual, to meet a *Conde*, or what the Spaniards designate, a *Hidalgo de Solar*, that is, a gentleman of an ancient house. During our rides, was occasionally to be seen, over entrance gates to grounds, family escutcheons.

One of the British merchants has left a memento in the shape of a marble or stone fountain, on the face of the hills above Funchal, that, if a maker of fine wine, he was no less a patron of fine water. The natives who drag their weary way upwards to the mountain church, must cherish the memory of one who has provided for the way-farer a draught of crystal water, under such a sun. An inscription over the fountain, shows that the merchant alluded to, was a Knight of the Portuguese order of the Tower and Sword. Part of it runs thus:

nomero race,
Commerciante Britanico no Funchal,
Cavallero da Ordem da Torre e Espada.

It is a common practice to carry wine from the interior in skins, and peasants are often seen travelling along under the weight of what seemingly is the carcass of a pig or a sheep or a goat, when in fact, it is the skin swelled out into the animal's proportions by the juice of the grape.

Of late years, since the establishment of lines of steamers and packets, access to, and departure

from Madeira, is so easy, that the number of visitors has greatly increased. Thirty-five years ago, the balmy atmosphere of southern Europe was denied to the British invalid, by the dominion of Napoleon. Then, the only refuge from the damps and fogs of England, was Madeira, unless the refugee chose to encounter in the West Indies, an enemy more formidable, though less insidious, in the shape of yellow fever. But even then, the number of visitors was by no means so great as it now is, notwithstanding every land is open to the Briton, owing to the extraordinary facilities of travel, the long continued peace has afforded. The number of English visitors has amounted to as many as four hundred in one season. They form, with the English commercial residents, a numerous society, whose members are, almost universally, of the class polished by education and gentle breeding. As Englishmen of very circumscribed means are not commonly visitors of the island, the inhabitants generally entertain the erroneous idea, that every Inglesse has a long purse; and those who have not, feel the bad effects of the false conclusion. The same notion prevailed in France and Germany for a time, after the war, much to the annoyance of those who had not the advantage of being Milords; but the experience of floods of English travellers of latter years, has, in a great degree, exploded the deception.

The visitors of Madeira are not, however, all invalids—many are tourists; many, passengers in Indianmen and vessels that touch there; and many accompany relatives, on whom, 'tis apprehended, consumption has laid her chummy, fatal touch. A tenderly beloved son or daughter is not entrusted to the courtesy of strangers; to sigh for, and not find, the anticipative services of parents, sister, or of brother. It is a pleasing, yet melancholy sight, to witness the solicitude—the patient care—the heartfelt love, displayed for these delicate and fragile beings. Per contra, it is painful to observe one of these alone among strangers, apparently forsaken by kindred, and sinking neglected into the tomb. Happily, this is an infrequent spectacle. It is very rare the feelings of the heart are inactive or insensible.

A medical man, writing of Madeira, says:—"It is the great equability of temperature that makes it so greatly celebrated—an equability that continues not only throughout the seasons, but also through the range of the diurnal revolution. After the most accurate investigation for several years, the annual mean temperature is found to be 65°, and the daily temperature at the period of our visit, from 70° to 72°, and it seldom fell more than three or four degrees during the night.

The lowest point to which the glass was ever known to fall, even just before sunrise, was 50°. With so little rain and dew, it may naturally be asked how vegetation appears to be so luxuriant? Outside the town, and in other parts more elevated on the island, very heavy dews fall, and in addition, vegetation is amply provided for by the quantity of water coming from the hills, which irrigates even the lowest parts of the island. Far be it from me to say, that the climate of Madeira can cure consumption; but this I will say, that, independent of its acknowledged efficacy in chronic affections, it is one that will do more to ward off threatened diseases of the chest, or even to arrest them in their incipient stages, than any I am acquainted with. The rainy season is autumn, and generally in November; but it lasts only a few days, and seldom rains for six hours together. The quantity of rain that falls at Madeira is, no doubt, as great as that in some parts of Europe; but it is not in the town of Funchal, the residence of the invalids, that it falls, but in the higher parts."

The government of the island in the fine old palmy days, when priests ruled kings with magisterial severity, and the latter ruled the people with an iron rod, frequently laid on by hand of favorite, was, as may be imagined, generally arbitrary, and frequently wicked; and perhaps there is no very marked improvement under the new system of Portuguese constitutional government. The people are, however, better satisfied than they were, which is proof presumptive, to say the least, of an improvement. Formerly, the government was in the hands of "a governor, a corregidor, who presided over civil and criminal judicature, a treasurer, a junta, or senate, consisting of the superior island functionaries." The revenue of the island is more than sufficient to cover the public expenditure.

The Portuguese regiment garrisoning Funchal was a fine corps, having vastly the advantage in dress and military bearing, over the Spanish troops I had lately seen. All Spanish troops are not like those, however, for, where they are well paid, as the force in Cuba is, their appearance is highly soldier-like. There seemed to me, about the Portuguese officers, much of the style and carriage of our military; and the words of command sounded in the ear very like English. This could easily be accounted for, as, for many years, the Portuguese army was officered by English; and during that period, they taught the French to respect them.

Several of the Portuguese gentlemen of the island, spoke English fluently, and had been in England. The dependence of Portugal on Great Britain, formerly greater than now, caused many

of the young *fidalgos* to visit England, where they acquired the language, and with it, Anglian customs, and our English love of liberty, which, it may be observed, *en passant*, burns as brightly, and perhaps with a purer flame, than the American; certain notions commonly received on this continent, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

There is a great dearth of public amusements at Funchal, and an almost entire absence of that species of excitement which distinguishes large cities and courtly capitals; namely, that of fashionable rivalry, in public. There is no Hyde Park, nor *Champs-Élysées*, nor Prado, nor Jasco, nor Corso, where the proud and the vain, the grand and the would-be's, emulate each other in efforts to inspire respectful admiration, by the display of wealth, or of those *airs* which, of yore, caused Diogenes to be mirthfully caustic, or maliciously instructive, to the million. But, *laissons le beau monde tranquille, et parlons de choses moins piquantes*, morally, though more so physically.

The fruit market of Madeira has been thus eloquently described: "It is beautifully situated in a grove of noble plane trees. Here, besides the usual fruits of Europe, the orange, the lemon, grapes, green figs, and pomegranates, we have bunches of the most delicious bananas, piles of guavas, custard apples, and alligator pears. The water and Valência melons, with gourds and pumpkins of enormous growth, and the numerous tribe of cucurbites, which cost hardly any trouble in their cultivation, give the market a singularly rich appearance. The Cape gooseberry, so much admired when carried as a preserve to Europe, grows in every hedge." We, who dwell so high up the frosty north, and for half the year see naught but snow and ice, have no chance of feasting eye or palate with the outpourings of such cornucopia, as the Madeiran.

As may be supposed, from its insular position in mid ocean, in so favourable a latitude, the fish market of Madeira is renowned. Indeed, it is mentioned as the very finest in the world. The *Tipicrean*, or the gastronomic slave, may feast every day in the year on the greatest piscatoral treats, at rates unheard of in Billingsgate. "It combines all the fishes of the Mediterranean, many of those of the West Indies and coast of Africa, and its insular position catches, on their way, many migratory shoals."

Every visitor of Madeira goes to the convents of Funchal, as a matter of course, precisely as the southern swallow tribe that fill the streets of Montreal, annually, during the hot months, invariably invade the Hotel-Dieu or other conventional establishments of the city. The nuns of Madeira are more artistic than their sisters here.

Their handiwork, in the shape of flowers from feathers, and fruit from wax, make near approach to nature, whilst their preserves and sweetmeats are celebrated all the world over. They drive quite a trade in fancy articles, and, (perhaps 'twas fancy,) methought the pretty and the youthful among them, demanded higher prices than the ancient, and, what is not at all extraordinary, were usually more successful hucksterers, though above the market. One of these convents is that of Santa Clara, and the lively pen of Coleridge has given it a celebrity, it is not otherwise entitled to. He was struck by the appearance of one of its inmates, a young and attractive recluse, by name, Maria Clementina, and told a melancholy tale about her, which I find ready written to my hand, and transcribe, to interest the sympathetic reader.

"Few strangers that come to Madeira, but visit the nun that so captivated Coleridge, and whose sad history every one here is acquainted with. It is short, but eventful—how eventful in the life of a woman! The parents of Maria resided in the island; she was the youngest and fairest of several daughters, and, like the Cinderella of old, suffered from the envy and unkindness of her less lovely sisters. An old and rich relative, pitying her unhappiness, left her a handsome fortune. This, instead of removing, increased her misery; and, to fly the wretchedness of her heartless home, she yielded to the urgings of her unnatural kindred, and took the veil while still almost a child. Long time had not elapsed till the constitution was proclaimed, in Portugal, and an order of the Cortes arrived, permitting all nuns who chose, to leave their convents and marry. Many of the recluses availed themselves of the privilege, and again mixed in the society of Funchal; and amidst that gay and elegant assemblage, none was more admired than Maria. Graceful, beautiful and young, for she was only eighteen, she could not long remain without suitors. She had many. The vine-like properties of fair woman's heart soon found an object round which to twine the tendrils of its new-born affections. A young officer then quartered in Madeira, wooed and won the heart of this daughter of the 'pride of the Atlantic.' It was soon known they were to be united, and all looked with an approving smile on their approaching nuptials. To the maiden, all was joy, sunshine and felicity; and as she roved with her happy lover through the vineyards, the citron groves, and the quintas of her native island, she forgot her early sufferings. The very day before their intended marriage, the Church once more assumed her authority, and directed that all nuns should return to their convents. Great was the sympathy for poor

Maria; her gaiety and light-heartedness—her extreme simplicity, gentleness and beauty, had won for her the love and esteem of all in Funchal, particularly the English. There was, however, no resource; her head was again shorn of its silken locks, and her gay attire was once more exchanged for the dark robe, the girdle and the veil. This morning she met us at the convent grating, and, with many a smile, brought the flowers she had prepared for us. There was a look of calm resignation that added a peculiar interest to her features. Poor thing! her very smile was one that told, the heart was ill at ease. The blight of early sorrow, the never-ceasinganker of disappointed love, had spread their mildew over her brow."

Such, the sad story of one of the thousand sufferers from the "tender mercies" of self-righteous and boasting Christendom, and with it I close my observations of Madeira.

THE TWIN DEW-DROPS.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONE autumn eve two dewy drops were born,
Twin daughters of a sun-beam and a cloud
That floated on the ether of the west;
Like glittering pearls, in smiling gladness worn—
Like cherished joys that ne'er to sorrow bowed—
They slept upon their mother's glowing breast.

But when the sunbeam o'er the waters fled,
The east wind rose, the night came cold and bleak,
And the cloud mother passed upon the air:
"Where shall we rest?" the lonely sisters said,
As slowly falling, and with cheek to cheek,
They sought a home amid earth's bright and fair.

One saw within a glade a limpid river,
Heard its low song, and marked within its wave
The sweet moon bathing her pellucid face—
Heard, from the lilly bank, a love-lorn zephyr
Hum echoes to the waving beech-tree's stave:
"Oh! this quiet pool shall be my chosen place!"

One saw a lingering rose-bud, rare and red,
Spreading its crimson leaves beside the stream,
And its rich fragrance wooed her to its bowers:
"Now I will lay me in this scented bed,
And hide me from the world without, to dream
Of my lost mother: oh, thou pretty flower!"

But morning came, with wintry frost and hail,
The rill sang not, for its slow wave was chilled,
And the dew drop in death's cold arm lay low:
The wind blew rude and keen, the leaf so frail
Shrunk from the blast that each fair blossom killed,
And its last sigh was breathed beneath the snow.

Thus in our loved world, though fair as wide,
Those things we lean our hearts' affections on
When young life sings its merry morning call,
Ere time's grey hairs evanish from our side—
Like some sweet strains scarce heard ere they are gone—
Like stainless snow flakes melting as they fall.

J. C. F.

THE BLACK-FOOT.*

BY S.

CHAPTER I.

"I've a bonny hit face o' my ain,
Bodie! come here ma mair to woo;
I'm gentle an' gimpy, and weel may be vain,
Sae, bodie! d'ye think I'll marry you?
I've twa een as black as a slae,
Carle! come here ma mair to woo;
Twa cheeks like blossoms in flowery May,
Grey haffits! d'ye think I'll marry you."

"DEED, Meenie, my bonny hain, ye maun hae naething to say to that we'er-do-weel'oun, Captain Forrester; I wonder what errand brings him here sae often? He's naething but a deil-may-care spendthrift, and wad ill guide the gear your father left ye. Gin ye tak' my advice, Meenie, ye'll no look the gate he's on, but just harken to that douce, decent man, the laird o' Craigie, wha comes into the house in sic a quiet, orderly manner, an' speers sae kindly after us a'; tak' the Laird o' Craigie, Meenie, an' my word for't, ye'll ne'er live to repent o't; he'll aye keep a fu' house, an' hau ye drest out in the best and the bravest—though he hasna' sic a rattlin' aff-lum' way wi' him as the Captain—mair sense he! Ay, ay, Meenie! gin ye tak' Jamie Forrester, ye'll no be lang in findin' out, that 'a kiss an' a drink o' cauld water mak' but a wersh breakfast,' and I wadna' wonder if afore ye're six months married, the puir wee starv't mouse will be standing at your pantry door wi' the tear in its ee. Na, na, Meenie, ye *maun* tak' the Laird o' Craigie; dinna' ye tell me that he's o'er auld, or ony thing o' the kind—decent, wise-like man! ye're aye gettin' aulder yersel', so that faul will sune mend; an' ye're sic a daft, thravn lassie, ye hae muckle need o' a canny, sensible man to guide ye. A bonnie couple ye an' Jamie Forrester wad mak'! as weel tether a couple o' wild colts thegither. Na, na, ye *maun* listen to reason, an' tak' Saunders o' Craigie."

The only reply old Mrs. Dalrymple of the Grange received to this harangue from her grand-daughter, Marion Seton, was a saucy look and a contemptuous curl of the lip, which were directed out of the window; for Meenie at this moment raised her eyes from the embroidery at which she had been employed, and, looking down the avenue, she espied the Laird of Craigie ad-

vaucing at full speed. Without saying a word, she hastily laid her work aside, and stealing softly from the room, she ran off like a wild deer to the woods to take a solitary ramble, and left old Mrs. Dalrymple and Mr. Saunders of Craigie to enjoy their conversation alone.

Marion Seton was the grand-daughter of Mrs. Dalrymple; her father, Major Seton, had fallen in the Peninsular war, and her mother had survived his loss only a few months. Though so early bereaved of parental care and love, she had never experienced any of those hardships which too often fall to the lot of those left thus early desolate. Upon the death of Mrs. Seton, Marion had been brought to the Grange, and there she had grown up a creature of light and beauty, fondled and caressed by all. Her short life had passed like a happy dream, and hitherto it had been mostly spent rambling about the woods and extensive gardens, and cantering over hill and dale on her wild little pony, which was about as accomplished a piece of mischief as herself.

But Meenie had now arrived at the age of "sweet seventeen," and woovers were already beginning to make their appearance. Among the most assiduous was the Laird of Craigie, whose estate joined the Grange, and whose broad acres and well hoarded wealth had, as may be seen, made a favourable impression upon Mrs. Dalrymple, Meenie's sole guardian. By assiduously paying those attentions which are particularly gratifying to old age, and by making a display of his wealth, the Laird had succeeded in winning Mrs. Dalrymple over to his views, and he had already obtained her consent to his union with Meenie. Saunders of Craigie, however, was not calculated, either in person or mind, to make a favorable impression on the heart of a lovely, light-hearted girl of seventeen, and all his boasted wealth weighed lighter than air in the estimation of Marion Seton. Whenever he approached her with his blandest smile, and addressed her in his softest and most insinuating tones, Meenie's rosy lip would curl with undisguised scorn, while her slender and faultless form, graceful as the flexible reed, would assume a posture, proud and commanding, and Meenie would for a moment be transformed from the thoughtless, laughing girl, to the dignified woman. His

* In some parts of Scotland the word *black-foot* is used to designate a confidant—a go-between.

personal disadvantages and multiplicity of years she might possibly have overlooked, but her high spirit revolted from being mited to one whose mind, mean and grovelling, could never inspire her with other sensations than those of ridicule and contempt; and it was not with such feelings that Meenie desired to regard the future lord of her destiny.

Though nature had not been over bountiful in showering upon Craigie her gifts, personal or intellectual, she had endeavoured to atone for these deficiencies by investing him with an undue share of conceit and self-complacency. He could not possibly conjecture how Meenie could be so blind to her own interest as to turn a deaf ear to his suit, and he pitied her, because she did not seem to have any idea of the importance which would be attached to the Lady of Craigie. He attributed her evident dislike to maiden shyness and caprice. If his contracted heart had ever expanded in love beyond the precincts of his wealth, and his own niggardly person, that love was extended to Meenie Seton, and he had determined that if he could not succeed in winning her by fair means, artifice should not remain unemployed. Day after day he made his appearance at the Grange, and, as regularly, if she possibly could, Meenie made her escape from his hateful presence.

But Meenie already loved with all the single-heartedness and devotion of youth, and this prepossession in favour of another did not increase her complacency towards the Laird. Captain Forrester, the younger son of an old and honorable, but poor family, was the object of her affections, and often while the Laird was seated in the lofty drawing-room of the Grange, cunningly ingratiating himself into the favour of old Mrs. Dalrymple, Meenie was wandering in the green woods, under the loftier canopy of heaven, listening to cherished vows of love and constancy from him, the chosen of her young heart, for a single glance of whose bright eye, Meenie would have given Craigie and all his broad lands. Craigie was not aware that Captain Forrester and Meenie regarded each other with feelings more ardent than those of friendship, but having heard of some youthful, but pardonable extravagance, on the part of Captain Forrester, with that malice characteristic of his disposition, he had devalued it to Mrs. Dalrymple, with sundry additions and embellishments of his own. Mrs. Dalrymple, however, had suspected for some time, that Captain Forrester and Meenie were not quite so indifferent towards each other as the unsuspecting Laird imagined, and this woful account of his imprudence terrified her, lest Meenie should bestow her hand upon him. Indeed,

she had been influenced so far by the Laird's malicious exaggerations, that she had given Captain Forrester to understand, that in future his visits would be dispensed with at the Grange. Meenie, as may be supposed, was not long in ascertaining the cause of Captain Forrester's banishment, and, having communicated it to him, the two lovers had very wisely resolved to make the Laird atone dearly for his officious interference. Meenie was compelled, day after day, to listen to praises bestowed upon the Laird, and to long tirades against the extravagance and thoughtlessness of Captain Forrester. This, as is often the case, only had the effect of increasing her regard for the latter, whom she knew to be undeserving of such harsh censure, and strengthening her in her already great aversion towards the former.

Mrs. Dalrymple was, in reality, a kind-hearted, well-meaning woman, and loved her fair grand-daughter better than any other earthly being. It was with the best intentions that she urged her to accept the Laird, thinking that by so doing, she was promoting her happiness. She had herself known, before she was married to Mr. Dalrymple of the Grange, how hard it was to struggle with poverty, for by birth she was humble and obscure; and it was to ensure wealth and prosperity to her darling, that she so violently opposed her predilection for Captain Forrester. Regarding him in the light in which the Laird had represented him; as unprincipled and extravagant, she wished, if possible, to secure Meenie's happiness by wedding her to one whom she thought possessed of opposite qualities. In vain did poor Meenie plead that she desired to remain free and unwedded; with all the pertinacity of old age, Mrs. Dalrymple cherished the idea of seeing Meenie the wife of Craigie, till the poor girl, persecuted and unhappy, knew not what to do. This day, after having made her escape by one door as Craigie entered the other, Meenie flew till she reached the Park, where, throwing herself upon a rustic seat, she hid her face in her hands, and remained lost in reverie and sorrowful thought. She sat not long, however, till the sound of approaching footsteps aroused her, and fearing it was a messenger to summon her to the house, she was about to move hastily away; but a single glance satisfied her, as she beheld Captain Forrester advancing towards her.

Ah! Saunders of Craigie! if you had only beheld that tell-tale blush and smile, which burst like a glimpse of sunshine o'er Meenie's fair face, and with which Captain Forrester was greeted, you, with all your broad lands, from that moment, would have bade adieu forever, to the priceless love of Meenie Seton.

"Dear Meenie, why so sad and sorrowful to-day," said Captain Forrester, as he took a seat beside her; "has anything occurred at the Grange to disquiet you thus?"

"Nothing has happened yet," replied Meenie; "but Mr. Saunders is with grandmamma, and taking advantage of her advanced years and failing judgment, I fear he will prevail upon her to hasten my marriage with him, and force me so a union so repugnant to my feelings. But," continued Meenie, her dark eyes flashing with indignation, "I will never wed Saunders of Craigie."

"Neither you shall, dearest Meenie!" replied Captain Forrester, "if I can prevent it, and we will just try if our two young heads cannot get the better of two old ones. Their determination will be guided by experience, but *ours* by love, and we shall soon see which will prove the better *Mentor*; besides, you know, dearest! that all stratagems are fair in love and war. But, speaking seriously, Craigie, by his base and dishonourable conduct, in inventing malicious falsehoods against me, has silenced my unwillingness to resort to other than open and avowed rivalry. But it is only upon condition of receiving this fair hand that I will rescue you from the Laird of Craigie."

"It will be time enough for you to claim your reward when you have earned it," replied Meenie, laughing, and withdrawing her hand; "but, haste and tell me your plan, for I am impatient to hear it."

"I shall not yet unfold it," replied Captain Forrester; "but trust me, ere long you will begin to perceive its effects. One promise, however, you must make, if you desire me to liberate you from this hateful union with Craigie. You have already owned that you love me—nay, dear Meenie, turn not aside your lovely face, nor blush when I repeat it, for I trust I shall never give you cause to repent or be ashamed of this avowal. You have owned that you love me, and I mean to put this love to the test. No doubt you would shrink from bestowing this hand upon me clandestinely, and without the consent of her who has, so kindly and for so many years, supplied the place of your departed parents. Believe me, I would be the last to urge you to such a measure, but consider the circumstances in which we are placed, and I think, dear Meenie, if we should be compelled to have recourse to this, as a last resort, you will not refuse your consent. Mrs. Dalrymple is now far advanced in years, and her mind is rapidly failing—her eyes are completely blinded to the evil and despicable character of Saunders of Craigie. Should she persevere in uniting you, she will, from your opposite natures,

ensure your misery for life. If she will allow you to remain free as you are, confident in each other's love, we will patiently wait till she yields her consent; and should that never be obtained, I shall not claim you as my bride till that period arrives when our union can no longer give her offence. Will you consent to this? Speak, dearest Meenie, and let me yet hope for happiness."

"I shrink from incurring the displeasure of one who has watched over me ever since I was cast a helpless orphan upon her care and love," replied Meenie, with feeling, while tears started to her eyes; "but if I wed Saunders of Craigie my life will indeed be miserable. As well make two opposite elements unite, as blend our dispositions into harmony. I am young, and do not wish to be wed, if they would only let me remain as I am; but she insists upon my marrying Craigie, which I will never do."

"Then you consent to my proposal, dear Meenie," replied Captain Forrester. "Farewell for the present—we shall soon meet again."

And without awaiting a reply, he hastened in the direction of the avenue; and with tearful eyes Meenie watched his receding form, till he was lost among the trees.

CHAPTER II.

"Here's no lamery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you!"

Shakespeare.

As the Laird of Craigie turned from the noble avenue, which led from the Grange, and entered the public road, he observed Captain Forrester sauntering slowly along at some distance. Waiting for him, he greeted him with the greatest cordiality, and arm-in-arm they proceeded along. During their walk, the Laird did not appear to be in his usual talkative mood, and Captain Forrester rallied him upon his silence.

"Surely, Mr. Saunders," said he, "you are not unsuccessful in wooing the fair Miss Seton. If she has that taste and discernment for which I give her credit, she cannot be insensible to the attractions of Mr. Saunders of Craigie."

"I should think not," replied the Laird, glancing at his stunted person with a look of self-satisfaction; "but the truth is, Captain Forrester, these *very* young ladies are a great deal too saucy. If Miss Seton were seven and twenty, instead of seventeen, she would not hold in such light estimation the Laird of Craigie, though I say so myself," continued he, with an affected simper.

"I could knock the puppy down!" muttered Captain Forrester to himself; then turning to the

Laird, he continued: "There is no fear, Mr. Saunders, but that you would easily succeed in gaining the affections of Miss Seton, if you only were to take the proper method—that is to say, if she has the good sense to value real merit and sterling worth. But it is astonishing what a confidant will do on such an occasion. I remember when I was in England," continued Captain Forrester, carelessly, while Craigie greedily drank in every word, "that the adjutant of our regiment was paying his addresses to a wealthy heiress; but she would not listen to him, till I stepped forward, and by continually sounding his praises to the lady, and acting the part of go-between, they were married in six weeks. The lady had always evinced the greatest dislike to him previous to my undertaking this office, but through my management, her dislike vanished, and they are now a very happy couple, and perfectly satisfied with each other.

"Most wonderful! most astonishing!" ejaculated the Laird, when Captain Forrester had finished, and bending his eyes upon the ground, he appeared for a time lost in reverie. At length, as if he had fully resolved upon some formidable undertaking, he said, with all the sincerity of friendship, seizing Captain Forrester's hand: "My dear fellow, will you do a similar kind office for me, and I will ever feel the warmest gratitude towards you, if you will only become Black-foot between Miss Seton and me. As a friend, I make this request, and as a friend of Miss Seton's, I know you will not refuse me."

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Saunders," replied Captain Forrester, "I would willingly use my best endeavours to promote Miss Seton's happiness, and I regret very much that it is out of my power to use my influence in your favour, for some hidden enemy has prejudiced Mrs. Dalrymple against me, and I have been given to understand that my visits are no longer acceptable at the Grange. Thus, you see, it is totally out of my power to assist you."

The Laird's face burned with conscious guilt as Captain Forrester said this, but, assuming a confident tone, he exclaimed, eagerly:

"My dear Sir! that need be no hindrance to you, for I flatter myself that I have influence enough over Mrs. Dalrymple to undeceive her in regard to any misrepresentations which may have been maliciously uttered against you. I will speak to her in your favour to-morrow, so that you may, with safety, after that time, make your appearance at the Grange."

"But there is another objection," continued Captain Forrester, "which may, perhaps, be of greater consequence in your estimation. I rather think that Miss Seton shares in Mrs. Dalrym-

ple's dislike towards me, and you may as well say a few words in my favor there also."

"Assuredly I will," replied the Laird, "you may depend upon me, and I hope you will endeavour to bring matters to a speedy conclusion, for my housekeeper intends to leave me in two months, and so I wish to be united to Miss Seton by that time. I am sure she can have no objection to my person or manner, and if she desires wealth, I have that also in abundance. I think that you are correct, Captain Forrester, in saying that I do not understand the proper way of pleasing the ladies. You military men always succeed with them.

"Oh! undoubtedly!" replied Captain Forrester, "that must be the only reason why you make such a slow progress in Miss Seton's good graces, and I am sure, Mr. Saunders, if your father had only given you a commission in the army, instead of the estate of Craigie, you would have been quite irresistible."

Craigie held up his head and stood erect, with conscious dignity, as he eagerly listened to this piece of flattery.

By this time they had arrived at Craigie, and Mr. Saunders gave Captain Forrester a pressing invitation to dine with him, but he pleaded an engagement, and proceeded homewards.

Next day, Mr. Saunders fulfilled his promise in redeeming Captain Forrester in the good opinion of the ladies of the Grange. He succeeded so far, by contradicting all the assertions that he had formerly made, that he procured him an invitation to call the following day. Meenie had, as usual, endeavoured to effect her escape, when she beheld the Laird approaching, but Mrs. Dalrymple detected her as she was stealing from the room, and, calling her back, desired her to remain where she was. It may be imagined that it was with feelings of extreme surprise, that she listened to the altered tone of Mr. Saunders' conversation. Instead of talking as he had formerly done, of that extravagant, unprincipled man, Captain Forrester, he now lauded in the most ridiculous terms, his noble generosity and amiable disposition, and added, that he had been influenced by evil-minded persons against him. Meenie gazed at the Laird with an expression of unfeigned astonishment as she listened, and shaking the clustering ringlets from her face, she bent her dark eyes upon his countenance, as if to fathom the motive for this sudden change. The Laird observed Meenie's look of surprise, and, turning towards her, he continued:

"It is no wonder, Miss Seton, that you will hardly credit what I assert, but, I repeat to you, although, perhaps, you will not believe me, that Captain Forrester is the most noble-minded, gen-

erous young man that I have ever known. He is almost heart-broken at having been denied the pleasure of seeing you at the Grange, and he has deputed me to request permission to renew his visits. As a personal favor, Miss Seton, I hope you will allow me to assure him that he will be welcome."

No wonder Meenie Seton did look surprised; she could hardly believe that it was the identical Laird of Craigie that was before her; but she looked again, and beheld the same round, shining bald head, and smirking, self-satisfied air, which had never appeared to such advantage as now, when sounding the praises of Captain Forrester.

Mrs. Dalrymple was persuaded by the Laird to permit the renewal of Captain Forrester's visits at the Grange; and poor Craigie bade the ladies good morning, in the greatest exultation at his success. Meenie, too, had never extended her hand to him with such cordiality as on the present occasion, and he was in such glee when he returned home, that although his lawyer was awaiting his arrival, to consult about prosecuting an unfortunate tenant, Craigie actually deferred him until another time.

Next day, Captain Forrester made his appearance at the Grange, and was welcomed by Meenie with a smile and a blush; but old Mrs. Dalrymple, who was not quite reconciled to the mysterious and sudden change which had taken place, did not receive him with such cordiality. He smiled at the puzzled expression Meenie's countenance wore, till upon Mrs. Dalrymple's retiring for a few moments to give some directions to her housekeeper, she exclaimed, looking in his face:

"Tell me, I conjure you, by what wonderful means Mr. Saunders, lately as ravenous and fierce as a wolf, has been transformed into a gentle lamb, sent hither as a peace offering for your sins, and why you now make your appearance here instead of him?"

"Why, dear Meenie!" replied Captain Forrester, laughing, "this is part of my plan. Craigie has conferred upon me the office of Black-foot, and I intend to avail myself of all the privileges that post confers. You must hereafter be content to receive me at the Grange every day, instead of the Laird, and our sweet and stolen meetings in the Park must have an end. I am here for the express purpose of sounding the praises of Saunders of Craigie to Miss Seton; but as she already has as high an opinion of him as she probably ever will have, I think I may leave that part of my mission as it is. I will call at the Grange every day, and poor Craigie has received permission from me, who am now the ruler of his

fate, to come sometimes. When he does make his appearance, Meenie, if you wish my continuance as Black-foot, be sure to give him a cordial reception. Despicable creature that he is, with all his malice and cunning while he imagines that I am but a passive instrument in his hands for forwarding his views, he is acting that part himself. His deceit and malevolence will soon meet their reward, and I hope that the lesson he will assuredly receive from me, will have a good effect upon his future conduct."

The return of Mrs. Dalrymple put an end to the conversation, and Captain Forrester shortly afterwards withdrew.

Forrester, true to his promise, now made his appearance at the Grange every day, while poor Craigie, following his advice, called only now and then. Meenie, delighted with the agreeable change, received him with greater cordiality than ever, and the Laird, well pleased, attributed her altered manner to the intervention of Captain Forrester. Matters continued in this train for some time, and to all Craigie's inquiries of Captain Forrester, respecting the state of Meenie's affections, he received the most satisfactory replies. Forrester said, that her eyes were gradually opening to all the excellencies of his character, and that in a short time, no doubt, Miss Seton's consent would be obtained to her union with Craigie. This satisfied Craigie for a while, but at length, becoming impatient, he resolved, if possible, to bring matters to a speedy conclusion. He therefore called upon Mrs. Dalrymple, and stated that the house of Craigie was now nearly prepared for the reception of its lovely mistress, and of course he received her immediate consent. He next had an interview with Captain Forrester, and informed him that next day he intended to throw himself and all his wealth at the feet of Meenie Seton.

"My dear sir!" said Captain Forrester, upon hearing of these decisive measures, "do not be too hasty. If you were to adopt my humble advice, you would not proceed in such a direct manner. As I have hitherto succeeded in securing Miss Seton's affections for you, I think you should also depute me to put this all-important question. By doing so yourself, in this abrupt and precipitate manner, you may counteract the effects of my long labours in your favor. But, of course, I have only hinted the manner in which I would proceed, were I situated as you are, and I beg that you will abide by your own superior judgment."

Poor Craigie weighed the advice in his mind for a short time, and then agreed to be completely guided by Captain Forrester.

That afternoon, Meenie privately received a

note, and immediately afterwards she went to Mrs. Dalrymple, and requested permission to go to the neighbouring town of A—, which was but twelve miles distant, in order to make some purchases. She said that she would remain there till next day, at the residence of a friend, according to her usual custom. She received permission; the carriage was ordered, and Meenie set off upon her drive.

Next forenoon, about eleven o'clock, as Mr. Saunders was assisting Mrs. Dalrymple to alight from her carriage at the door of a warehouse, where he wished to have her opinion regarding a set of furniture he intended to purchase, Captain Forrester passed them, on horseback, at full speed. As he advanced, he raised his hat, and made a profound obeisance; and then darting forward, he was, in a few moments, hid from their view.

"Preserve me!" ejaculated Mrs. Dalrymple, as she caught a glimpse of Captain Forrester; "I see warrant that it's no' for naething, that the Captain's aff at sic' speed this mornin'. Oh! an' I'm thankfu' it's no' to hisguidance I'm gawn to trust my bonny bairn. It wad be a lang time afore I'd see you, Craigie, ridin' o'er the King's cause'uy in sic' an' improper an' heedless manner."

The furniture was admired, and purchased, and Mrs. Dalrymple shortly afterwards returned home, escorted by the assiduous and attentive Laird.

Mr. Saunders remained at the Grange, and dined with Mrs. Dalrymple. After dinner, as they were comfortably seated in arm chairs on opposite sides of the fire-place, arranging various little matters connected with the approaching marriage, Meenie returned home. When she entered the room, as the Laird saluted her, he thought that he observed traces of tears upon her cheeks, and she appeared rather agitated. She replied to his tender inquiries by saying, that she was very much fatigued, and would gladly retire.

"Oho!" thought Craigie, as Meenie left the room, "I suppose Captain Forrester has met her, and has been bringing this long and tedious courtship to an end. But why these tears upon her cheek?" continued the Laird; "she must surely be afraid of undertaking the management of such an extensive establishment as Craigie; but she need not fear upon that account, for I will give her a few lessons in housekeeping. I have not kept house for twenty-five years without studying domestic economy."

Confident that he was correct in ascribing Meenie's agitation to this cause, early next morning the unsuspecting Laird proceeded to Captain Forrester's dwelling.

"Well, Forrester," he began, "I hope you

succeeded yesterday in the piece of business with which you were entrusted?"

"Remarkably well!" replied Captain Forrester; "I succeeded to my complete satisfaction."

"Did you, indeed!" continued the Laird, grasping his hand cordially; "when will the lovely Miss Seton become mine?"

"We have not yet named the day," replied Captain Forrester, "and I think you had better call at the Grange this forenoon, and Miss Seton will decide."

Obedient to his counsellor, the happy Laird proceeded forthwith to the Grange, and upon entering the drawing-room, he found Marion alone. What passed at this meeting was never mentioned, for when Marion was questioned, she laughed and remained silent, and nobody ventured to ask the Laird. Suffice it to say, the Laird left the Grange in a desperate passion, muttering to himself:

"Satisfaction of a gentleman—call him out—appoint seconds," and various threats, which were not very becoming in the mouth of a bridegroom.

But the Laird's rage had time to cool before he arrived at Craigie; and in order to revenge himself upon Miss Seton, and show her that he could get a wife, the following day he very wisely married his housekeeper. The truth now became known, and it appeared that Miss Seton and Captain Forrester had been married the day previous, in the town of A—, and that, too, at the very time the Laird and Mrs. Dalrymple were comfortably seated at the Grange, chatting over various little arrangements connected with Craigie's projected marriage.

Mrs. Dalrymple, at first, refused to pardon Meenie and Captain Forrester, and would not see them; but when she heard of the brilliant alliance Craigie had formed, she became quite reconciled, and vented all her indignation upon the unfortunate Laird.

Mrs. Dalrymple did not long survive after the marriage of her grand-daughter, and when she died, she left Marion heiress of her wealth and her estate.

Captain and Mrs. Forrester continued to reside at the Grange, and as years passed away, Craigie, who had long since forgiven them, used to ride over now and then, to see them and two or three merry little rogues, who made the old rooms at the Grange echo to their infant voices and peals of laughter.

Shortly after the Laird's marriage, it became a well-known fact in the neighbourhood, that the once important and vain Laird was completely ruled by Mrs. Saunders. One morning Captain Forrester rode over to Craigie, and invited the

Laird to dine with him. Mr. Saunders, before consenting, withdrew to consult his helpmate, and Forrester heard her very audibly reply to the Laird's humble request:

"Ye may gang, Laird, but if ye're no home by eight o'clock, ye'll ken wha's master here."

The Laird dined at the Grange in the evening, but in the midst of all the gaiety and hilarity, precisely at five minutes to eight he withdrew. In vain Captain Forrester urged him to remain.

"Oh, Forrester!" replied Saunders, "I dare not; Mrs. Saunders would never let me come back again. Ah! Captain Forrester," continued poor Craigie, with a heavy sigh, as he bade him good night, "If you had only been Blackfoot between Mrs. Saunders and me, what a happy fellow I might now have been."

TUBAL CAIN.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang—"Hurra for my handiwork!
Hurra for the spear and sword!"
Hurra for the hand that wields them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who has given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, and hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said—"Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forsook to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoulder'd low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bare'd his strong arm for the work,
While the quick flames cleared high.

And he sang—"Hurra for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear, on the wall,
And plough'd the willing lands,
And sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!" C. MACRAE.

THE WINDS.

Who has not heard at lone and drear midnight,
The rushing winds of Winter o'er them sweep;
What shivering horror sent their thro' the hearts,
Of those who hapless wako to sigh and weep!

Ye wild and stormy winds where have ye been,
Since last ye swept above my prostrate head?
Have ye rush'd o'er the pride of other days,
The silent dwellings of the noble dead?
Perchance ye've blown o'er Afric's sultry climes;
O'er Egypt's pyramids of countless age,
Those proud mausoleums of royal dust,
Did ye, in vain against them storm and rage?

Have ye roll'd o'er the sad, deserted spot,
Where Carthage, once the high and haughty stood?
Carthage, the Queen who coped with mighty Rome,
Has disappear'd in Time's resolute flood?

And have ye pass'd o'er Rome's dismantled wall,
Who thought she still retains her ancient name,
Scarce shows a vestige of her greatness past,
Save the proud ruins which attest her fame?

Ye may have been to Asia's storied lands,
Where our first parents drew their earliest breath—
Those scenes ennobled by the Saviour's life,
And rendered sacred by his cruel death.

Asia, the scene, too, of the wild Crusades,
Where Europe's best and noblest freely bled:
Where Coeur de Lion won his high renown,
And where stout Godfrey his mixed legions led.

Have ye, careering o'er the Atlantic main,
Paused for a moment o'er one rocky isle,
Where closed the mortal life of our wise fate,
Proves well the uncertainty of fortune's smile?

And have ye triumph'd over Caesar's tomb—
O'er Alexander's now unhonour'd head?
Oh, mighty winds! how potent is your power,
That thus ye trample on th' illustrious dead!

Ye may have pass'd o'er Babylon's site—
Then tell us where that queen of cities lay—
Since time as if in mockery of man's pride,
Hath swept all traces of her walls away?

Yet, need I ask?—Does not that whispering blast
Speak to the heart of silence and the grave?
Does it not say that it returns e'en now
From the lone mansions of the proud and brave!

It tells me also that a few brief years
And it will roll o'er my unnoticed head,
When I have vanished from this busy scene,
And sleep forgotten with the silent dead.

BORDER LEGENDS.*

No. VII.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HALLS OF THE NORTH."

THE BLOODY SCAUR.

"He can report you more old tales
Of our outlaw Robin Hood,
That revell'd here in Sherwood,
Though he ne'er shot in his bow."

DEX JOSUS.

CHAPTER V.

For many a time and oft were heard
Cries coming from the mountain head:
Some plainly living voices were;
And others, I've heard many swear,
Were voices of the dead.

Wordsworth.

I must here give the reader, a more particular description of Haweswater, to compensate, as far as my humble means may extend, for the neglect with which this romantic little lake has too generally been treated.

This beautiful sheet of water does not exceed three miles in length, and varies in width from half a mile to a quarter. On the western side, near the village of Measand, it is divided by a promontory; and thus consists of two sheets of water, joined by a narrow strait. The second expanse of the lake discloses scenery the most varied and sublime imaginable. The south side, the scene of our story, presents a noble ridge of mountains very bold and prominent, down to the water's edge, bulging out in the centre into a fine broad head, venerably magnificent; and the view of the first expanse, losing itself in the second, among hills, rocks, and woods, is beautifully picturesque. The perspective of the second sheet of water, appears from a distance to be terminated by the huge mountain called Castle Crag; but on advancing, Quarter Fell rears his awful front, impending over the water, and confines the scene. Here, amidst rocks, and at the entrance of a glen, almost closed up by fragments from the heights, stands the chapel of Mardale.

The following observations from an able writer, are so apposite, having indeed been elicited by viewing the splendid scenery in this very locality, that I shall be pardoned for giving them at length.

"The lake scenery in England is in no degree monotonous; when the visitor has contemplated, with a mingled feeling of reverence and delight, any one of those romantic and mind-enobling prospects which it affords, he must not conclude that he has seen all the combinations of form that mountain, flood and vale can assume. Even amid those scenes where beauty seemeth to repose in the lap of horror, the naked crags and gloomy recesses of the overhanging mountains are surveyed with emotions of pleasure, rather than of pain; for, stern and awful as their appearance may be, they image forth a majesty more solemn, a magnificence infinitely greater than their own:

These craggy regions, these chaotic wilds,
Does that benignity pervade, that warms
The mole, contented with her darksome walks
In the cold ground.

The meditative wanderer lingers in these deep retirements of nature from "morn till dewy eve," and at length leaves them with regret. He views them as the sacred haunt of superior intelligences, beings with whom his soul claims kindred, and to whose high converse he hopes to be admitted.*

* The manners and circumstances of the people who inhabit these mountainous districts are thus described by Mr. Warner in his Northern Tour:

"In the midst of these secluded scenes, formed by the involutions of the mountains, lives one of the most independent, most moral, and most respectable characters existing: the *Estatesman*, as he is called, in the language of the country. His property varies from eighty to two hundred pounds per annum: his mansion forms the central point of his possessions, where he passes an undisturbed, inoffensive life, surrounded by his own paternal meads and native hills."

The hospitality of this class of men to the wayfarer and traveller, is touchingly illustrated by the same writer:

"Go," said an Estatesman, to a person whom he had entertained for some days in his house, "go to the vale

And now, more immediately to our tale.

It was with a thrill of horror that the melancholy fate of the poor harmless pedler was heard of throughout the inmost recesses of the Fells. Such deeds in ruder times were little thought of; but now that the border feuds had ceased so long as to become

"Like a far off dream forgot;"

and been succeeded by the peaceable and quiet simplicity of pastoral life, an atrocious crime like this was looked upon as something so terrible, that it must certainly be attended with some awful and supernatural accompaniments, and so indeed it was, as will appear anon.

The Bloody Scaur, a portion of Wallow-Crag, and perhaps better known under that more comprehensive designation,* was not in the direct route to Thornthwaite Hall, and why the pedler had taken it in his way, could never be clearly made out; there was, indeed, a surmise, that he never had gone near that fearful spot at all, but that his body had been dragged thither by a horse, after he had been murdered, and that evident marks of this dragging had been discovered; such, for instance, as a lock of grey hair, on some bush or twig or broken stone; but the matter was never very minutely examined into, nor, as things afterwards turned out, was this of any material consequence, further than to have satisfied the curious reader, upon a point certainly of some importance in my little tale, which must now remain forever in doubt and uncertainty. At first, when the mangled remains were found, which was not until several days had elapsed subsequently to his visit at Wasdale Head, doubts were entertained as to their identity. And no wonder, for besides the effect of the crushing fall in disfiguring the body, the hill fox and the raven contributed more than an equal share. These doubts were, however, all removed. It appeared that a large fragment of rock, from the face of the precipice, had fallen down along with the body, and then rolled over upon the left arm, which was thus preserved from the ravages committed upon the rest of it. On

this stone being turned over, and the limb washed from the blood and debris with which it was covered, there was clearly legible upon it, in large, but very rude letters, pricked in with Indian ink, or something of the kind,

"JEHOSHAPHAT WOLFFE."

All mystery concerning the identity of poor old Josh, as well as about his name and origin, was thus cleared up. But there hung over the perpetration of the foul deed, a veil so thick and impenetrable, as to set the wildest conjecture at defiance. Who could have done it? This was a question, like many others, more easily asked than answered. Who could have done it? No one could even guess. None could conjecture. His pack was missing, too, and he had also been stripped of every stitch of clothes. There was nothing left of him but his mangled remains, and they were broken and scattered about among the rocks and brushwood and rushes, at the bottom of that deep and dark valley. These were all, all at least that could be found, carefully gathered together, and piously deposited in the little church-yard of a neighbouring hamlet in one of the dales hard by.

I here asked auld Dickey if any masses were said for his soul, but the poor old man did not know what I meant, therefore I could not obtain even this clue as to the whereabouts, in point of time, when the main events of my story took place.

He was not, however, buried in consecrated ground, but behind the sacred edifice, which was a chapel of ease. The grave of the Jew pedler, as it is called, is still pointed out to the stranger, by the old sexton, with a long and lamentable complaint about it being so near the church. Poor old Josh! a lone wanderer he lived—a cruel and solitary death he died, and was consigned to his native dust in a lone grave by himself, away from his kindred and people.

The old man's voice faltered a little as he dwelt upon his fate; and a tear stole down his withered cheek; the last sad tribute, we thought, as we noticed it, that would ever be paid to the memory of the poor pedler.

CHAPTER VI.

"Look in my eye, and mark how true the tale
I've told you; on its glassy surface lies
Death, my Sylvestra. It is nature's last
And beautiful effort to bequeath a fire
To that bright ball on which the spirit sate
Through life, and looked out in its various moods
Of gentleness and joy, and love and hope,
And gained this frail flesh credit in the world."

Cornwall.

THE messenger sent from Wasdale Head, into the

on the other side of the mountain, to the house of — (naming the party) and tell him you come from me. I know him not, but he will receive you kindly, for our sheep graze upon the mountains."

* There is a singular legend connected with Wallow-Crag: "The vulgar believe that the spirit of Sir James Lowther, a gentleman who rendered himself remarkable by his penurious habits, is imprisoned in the dark womb of the rock. The rustic natives of the valley declare, that when Sir James died he could not rest—that various incarnations were tried by the learned vicar of Hampton, to lay his ghost—that the reverend gentleman was roughly handled by the refractory spirit, but that at length, having sent for more hooks, the vicar fairly succeeded in lodging him in Wallow-Crag."—Fisher's Picturesque Illustrations of Westmoreland.

† This name is written "Wastel" by some authors, and "Wastdale" by others; both are corruptions of "Waste Dale," to which the latter is nearer.

innest recesses of the Fells, to invite all, far and near, to the grand sheep-shearing, came back from his errand with a story concerning some strange whisperings he had heard, about one of the Fellsiders and the pedler having been seen together not very far from the fatal spot, and he thought, the man did, that more was meant than met the ear. When this simple circumstance was mentioned by any one, they would shake their heads and assume an air of mystery, as if they knew more than they chose to communicate.

At length, some hints about a diamond ring began to be mixed up with this rumour, without, however, its having the slightest connexion with it. Yet, whenever the poor pedler's melancholy fate was adverted to, and it was, of course, in every body's mouth, for a while at least, this unfortunate diamond ring would rise up like an unbidden spectre, as if to interrupt the speaker's story, and turn the attention of the hearer to something else. And if any one asked what the ring had to do with it, no one could give a satisfactory, or even a plausible answer. On one occasion,—it was at a wrestling match at Mardale Head,*—a small hamlet on the other side of Haweswater, and near the head of the lake, these hints and surmises began, somehow or other, to assume a strange connexion with Edward Arkland; but it was so distant and undefined, that nothing tangible could be deduced from it. For instance, when the pedler and the ring were mentioned, the speaker, after a pause, would abruptly express a wonder whether Edward Arkland would be there or not that night; and when it was found that he was not there, they would shake their heads and say there was no wonder. The same remarks might be applied to the sheep-shearing. Poor Edward had himself heard something of this; and as all about the ring was to be kept a profound secret between Margery Mounsey and himself, and no one else now knew anything about it, he was mortified and annoyed beyond measure, that she should have proved so faithless as to have divulged it, independently of its bringing him thereby into so awkward and suspicious a position.

"Everything makes against me!" he exclaimed, in the bitterness of a broken heart, when he saw, as he did at once, when the first dark hint was thrown out to him, that "the stricken deer

must die." "No, no!" he said, on his young friend, William Mounsey's attempting to console him in his misery, with the most solemn declaration, that he himself did not and could not believe him guilty—nor did he, but clung to his friend to the last. "No, no! not for worlds! no, not for the restoration of my character and your sister's hand, which I consider of infinitely more value, would I at this trying moment forego the comfort and consolation arising from a sense of my own innocence. I may indeed be flouted by my neighbours—deserted by my friends—forsaken by my betrothed—; I may be condemned by the laws of my country, and die a death of infamy, and my name be blotted from the earth; with this to support me, I can endure it all, and more, while the wretched monster of cruelty, whoever he may be, who shall have brought me to this, and who may triumph in my destruction, shall be writhing under the infliction of a punishment, compared with which mine is light and trifling; nothing, indeed, to the first gnawings of the worm that never dies."

If Edward felt annoyed, and actually distressed, at the idea of Margery Mounsey's breach of faith in divulging the secret, yet there were so many palliative circumstances connected with it, that in his own mind he readily forgave her. She had set her little heart upon that ring, and had given up the idea of ever obtaining it with a disappointment she more keenly felt from her being somewhat of a spoiled child. She was, indeed, of so good and gentle a disposition, that she could hardly have been otherwise; if her parents never thwarted or crossed her wishes, it was chiefly because those wishes were so tempered by prudence and good sense, and circumscribed within such reasonable limits, that they seldom had occasion to do so; so seldom, indeed, that the few opportunities that did occur, were far from being always embraced. Besides, although not an only child, she was an only daughter, the only sister of a kind and good brother, and I might almost add, of Edward Arkland, too; so that she was humoured and petted and indulged, even in her whims and caprices, by every one with whom she was conversant. In short, if the truth must be told, she was a spoiled child. The consequence was, that the pleasure and satisfaction she felt in becoming possessed of this ring, was far more than sufficient to have compensated for all the annoyance occasioned by having been obliged to give it up, without a single hope of ever seeing the little sparkling beauty, upon her finger again; and she will be pardoned by the gentle reader for her childish folly in trying it on in the privacy of her own chamber every night when she went to bed, holding it up to the candle, and blessing

* Among the mountains which form the southern boundary of Haweswater, is Mardale Head, a wild and solitary region, wherein nature, working with a master hand, seems to have produced the very beau idéal of romantic grandeur and sublimity. But language is cold and feeble, when attempted as the medium for conveying to the mind's eye, perfect ideas of object overwhelming. — Picturesque Illustrations
vast and
estmore.

the hand that gave it, and made its beauties so much brighter. She was proud alike of the gift and giver; no wonder, then, if in the fulness of her affectionate heart, she had divulged the secret to her brother. But she did not; she was faithful to her trust. How then had the circumstance become so publicly known? The pedler *could* not have told it, Edward Arkland *did* not, and not another soul on earth but herself knew anything about it. Appearance were certainly very much against her.

When taxed by her mother with having it in her possession, she confessed and acknowledged at once, that he had given it to her; and when required to return it, she did so without a murmur on her lip, but not without a pang that pierced her heart.

Poor Edward was spared the pain the circumstance would have occasioned him. When her brother, the unwilling messenger on this thankless errand, reached the lonely dwelling of his desolate mother, poor Edward was far away on his desolate path to prison and the scaffold, and the unfortunate ring was returned to poor Margery again, and she wept over it as a relic of her ruined hopes—not, however, at the moment, for she did not think them ruined then; on the contrary, she hailed the return of the ring as the bright harbinger of better days. Poor Margery! She did not know how bitter was the cup she had to drink, and that, alas! to its very dregs, and “to drain and suck them out;” and yet she did, for she had already taken a goodly draught; but it was not then, as afterwards it became, un-mixed with hope. She knew, she felt, that he was innocent of the foul crime that rumour had charged him with, and would come back acquitted of all guilt, without a stain upon his spotless name and character.

Poor Margery was no lawyer, and yet she understood how strong the circumstantial evidence was against him, although she did not know it all. But still her faith and confidence never for a moment flagged or faltered. No! not when all else beside, or nearly all, had turned against him, did she entertain a doubt or fear, but clung to hope and him, and never dreamt of danger. A woman loves but once, and that for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

“I stoop not to despair;
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall.”

Dyron.

It will be recollected, that Edward Arkland was absent from the great sheep-bearing at Wastdale Head, and “sadly missed” by one, at least,

of the family; and that one never rested till she found out the cause. He was away across the vale of Eden, to the county town, to jail, to stand his trial for the murder of Josh M’Wolfe, alias Jehoshaphat Wolfe, the pedler.

It was considered a very fortunate circumstance that the Court of Oyer and Terminer, and General Gaol Delivery, was to sit in a few days, as an end would thus so soon be put to all suspense, and doubt, and fear, and apprehension, which pervaded all the dales for miles around, so that when the trial did come on, every Fellsider, who could command a horse, was there—all, save one, and that one was Richard Swindale, a dark and dangerous man.

I need not weary the reader with a minute detail of all the circumstances attending the trial; suffice it to say, that the deepest interest and the kindest sympathy were felt, by a densely crowded court, for the prisoner at the bar. I must, however, enter into some few particulars in the evidence against him.

It was proved that the pedler had a trifling sum of money about him some day or two before the old pedler’s visit at Wastdale Head, and this same sum was found upon him when he was apprehended, nor was any attempt made to lessen the weight which was manifestly laid upon this fact; Edward *could* have told them how it happened, but the story was a strange one, and rested for its truth upon his bare assertion, which, in his present circumstances, he knew was little worth. It would, indeed, have hurt his cause, and he had sense enough to see it, and therefore held his tongue.

It was also proved that the old pedler had called at several houses on his way, to show and sell his wares, and that at the very last, the fatal ring was seen among them. And this was all. There was, indeed, one other circumstance, which was urged with no little pertinency upon the notice of the court. This was the way and manner by which the secret about the ring had transpired. It did not appear that either of the parties had ever mentioned it, and no one else knew anything about it; so certain, indeed, was this, that on its becoming the public talk, each blamed the other for divulging it. But the more the matter was investigated, the deeper became the mystery. It was a question no one ever dreamt of, and none could answer it satisfactorily. Yet, when they saw the bearing it might have on Edward Arkland’s fate, they, one and all, began to think, and wonder, and enquire, within themselves, who it could be that told them first. There was, indeed, a whispered rumour ran throughout the crowd, but not till all was over, that Richard Swindale was the man.

The trial ended: the judge summed up the evidence to the jury, who retired to consider their verdict. Ten out of the twelve pronounced him guilty; but the other two stood out until they wearied the rest into compliance, and Edward Arkland's life was saved—a life but little worth, now that his good name was gone.

He did not return to his native place again, except to bid a long and sad farewell to all he loved on earth.

"Here, alas! I cannot—must not stay!" he exclaimed, when urged by his friend to do so. "I should be stunned, and scorned, and feared by every one; my very name will become a by-word of terror to frighten fractious children with. And then, besides all this, and worse than all, to see your sister mated with that ——; but I do her injustice—this cannot be! The very thought is torture. I cannot." * * * *

Here the old chronicler got as much confused as poor Edward must have been, and hardly knew what he was saying. And when we asked him to tell us all about the parting scene with Margery, he could not; he did not know, indeed, that they had seen each other, although there was a rumour—a vague and an uncertain rumour, that they had, and that he'd told her all about the fatal ring. How that he had risen from his wakeful couch that night, or rather very early in the morning, and crossed the path of the old pedler immediately after he had called at the last house on his route to Thorntwaite Hall, and how the old man told him, with a cunning and good-natured smile, how well he knew the object of his errand, and how he blushed when the pedler archly said: "Oh, but 'tis a lazy laggard! that love of yours, for had I not lingered at that house far far beyond my wont, you might as well have sought mein Harter Fell or Castle Crag; as here." How that with a loud and merry laugh on saying this, he laid his pack upon a little ledge of rock, jutting out upon the narrow pathway side, and opened it, and held up to Edward's eager gaze, the glittering prize; and how his heart did beat and flutter, in hope, and doubt, and fear, about making it his own. And when he offered him half its price, all the money he had, (he could not muster resolution to ask his mother for more,) and promised, on his return to the Fells again, to give the other, how the old man put on to tense him, a pretence that he could not take his offer, and then took it notwithstanding. How that he kindly insisted, after that he should take his money back, well knowing he might want it, remarking as he did so:

"Ye'll have belike a why, or stirk, or galloway*

* Westmoreland terms for "heifer, steer, and pony."

o' ye'r ain to sell before I come here again next summer, when ye may just as well pay a' the price at yance."

And how that the old man then marked down the price upon a slip of paper, and put it in a little leathern pouch, or bag, which he carefully deposited in a pocket in the inside of his unple vest.

It was this circumstance, the purchasing it on credit, that made the tale so strange that Edward would not tell it openly. It had not then become the fashion, in those simple times, to buy a thing and never think of paying for it.

And Edward Arkland went away, none, it was supposed, knew whither, and left his poor lone mother and Margery, to pine away in sorrow for his loss.

Years and years flew by, but brought no change—no comfort to the mourners. And the time that was to come and clear up all, according to their hopes and wishes, seemed as far, and farther off than when he went away. And oft and oft had Margery to ride across the Fells, in order to cherish and keep alive the hopes of the bereaved and broken-hearted mother, even when her own were flickering low and feebly in the socket.

"Like a languishing lamp, that just flashes to die!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"And all that winter, when at night
The wind blew from the mountain peak,
'Twas worth your while, though in the dark,
The churchyard path to seek:
For many a time, and oft we heard,
Cries coming from the mountain height;
Some plainly living voices were,
And others, I've heard many swear
Were voices of the dead."

Wordsworth.

We said that years flew by and brought no change; nor did they to the hero of our tale, as far, at least, as outward seeming was concerned. The cloud that hung so darkly o'er him when he left his native Fells, was just as thick, and black, and gloomy, as it had always been, and no one now, except at Wastdale Head and Arkland-Field, bestowed a single thought upon the mystery hid beneath it. His fate, as well as that of old Josh M^cWolfe, were looked upon as half-forgotten tales of bygone years, and only told sometimes to while away the time of a long and tedious winter's stormy night; but when living men had ceased to talk about the murderer and his victim the raging tempest found a tongue—the howling winds a voice that would be heard; and was, though but indistinctly, and in low moaning sounds, as if of wailings from a sick and dying

infant at the breast, when it finds that the source from which its every solace flows will not, and cannot, soothe its sufferings now. These came wafted down upon the gale after it had whirled in wild eddies and strange gyrations, as might be seen by the dust, and dried and withered leaves, driven in tumultuous confusion through the tangled woods around the bare and butting rocks of Wallow Crag, and anon would sigh and syllable forth a word or name, which might not pass a mortal's lips, and then again would fling off down some fathomless abyss, or sweep across the glassy surface of the lake, as if to pause for breath; and then in that hushed moment, when the noisy raging of the storm ceased for a moment, strange whisperings among the dead came up, but only for those who had ears to hear.

This was chiefly when the fierce Helm-wind was up in all its fury, sweeping across fair Eden's vale. And ever and anon, in the calm and placid starlight of a summer's eve, when

"The winds were hushed and in their caves,"

strange and unearthly sights were seen, so at least the rumour ran throughout the Fells, vaguely and doubtfully at first, it's true; but afterwards, as time with unlagging wings sped on, it took a more regular and more definite shape and form.

On a misty night, always, a fire was seen; so the old legends say, to blaze up brightly for a moment from the head of Wallow Crag, and then to die away in a blue and livid flame, and just before its final extinguishment, it would burst out in one wild and startling flash, succeeded by a darker, deeper gloom than ever; save that a meteor-like moving star, would fly off from the expiring embers down the fatal scarp, and dance and flicker for a while among the broken rocks at the foot of that dizzy height, and then would either skim across the glassy surface of the sleeping lake, or fly o'er the hills in an opposite direction, and settle down and die away in the far-off dales beyond.

This was thought by all to be the spirit of the murdered man, which could not rest, while the wailing voices, in the tempest heard, were deemed, nay known, as cries for vengeance.

If all these supernatural sights and sounds were the mere creations of weak minds, deeply imbued with superstitious fears—wild phantoms of their imagination; and perhaps they were no more—yet were the reports concerning them listened to and believed with as much dread and fearful apprehension, as if they had their origin in stern reality.

Nor was this all; the belief led men to consider and reflect upon the sentence of condemna-

tion they had pronounced so summarily upon poor Edward Arkland. Might he not be innocent after all? The tide of popular feeling flowed on and on against him, fast and furiously for years, nor stayed its overwhelming course, until it reached its utmost height. And then for years again the wide waste of waters stood in dead and stagnant desolation o'er him. It ebbed again at last. Slowly and imperceptibly for a time, as if unwilling to give up its victim, and then more rapidly.

This rumoured doubt of Edward's guilt reached Arkland-Field and Wastdale Head, and brought with it some little solace to the lone mourners there. Any state of things, indeed, was better than the cold and heartless apathy that prevailed around; and, besides, they thought the stir that now was made again into the matter, might lead to some discovery.

We said that years flew by and brought no change to Edward Arkland. But they did; and great and serious changes too. He was a good young man before; but fortune till now had never frowned upon him. Till now, he knew not what afflictions meant, knew not why old men looked so grave, and shook their heads when they talked of trials, and adversities, and buffetings with a cold and unfeeling world, when perchance their only end and aim was to obtain a little bread to eat and raiment to put on, and a little shelter from the wintry blast, and this only for a few short years; and then, after all this long unceasing conflict,—to achieve some glorious victory—some mighty triumph! Alas, no! but only to lay them down and die, and mingle with their native dust again. We are speaking now, we need not say, with reference only to this weary world, and without forgetting that there is another and a better, where, if this victory can't be gained, nor the triumph won, the fruits of both may be enjoyed, and that forever. Adversity is indeed a useful and a faithful monitor; it purifies the heart, and sanctifies the future; and Edward Arkland became, good as he was before, a better and a wiser man.

Poor Margery had her trials and her sorrows too. Besides those with which the reader is acquainted, she had others, which need only be mentioned to be fully understood and appreciated.

She had, for instance, after a decent time had been allowed, quite sufficient, as was supposed, to enable her to forget the unworthy object of her misplaced love; she had to endure the frequent and persevering solicitations of Richard Swindale for her hand—solicitations made under the sanction, and with the approbation of her parents. But they were good and kind to her; and

when they saw how this distressed her, they forbade it; but not until she had suffered much and grievously, could they be brought to think that they were not contending with her for her benefit in after life.

It hardly belongs to my story to enter here into any long detail of what she felt and suffered when she lost both these faithful monitors—those good and kind indulgent parents, she loved so much.

They both were taken from her shortly after the circumstance I have mentioned; and William Mounsey and his sister Margery were left two helpless—no, not helpless!—but weeping, mourning orphans; leaving a sad and lonely blank in their young hearts, which in one was partially filled up in after life—in the other—never! William Mounsey's affection for his mother was of so high and sublime a character—there was something so pure, and spiritual, and unearthly in it—it bordered on devotion—he all but worshipped her; she was, indeed, a woman far above her birth and station, and just as far before the age in which she lived. Hence, at her funeral, when they laid her relics in the lone church-yard, beneath the Fells at Mardale Head, he donned grief's sombre trappings, emblems though they often are of sorrows lightly felt; he never put them off again, but once, until his dying day:

CHAPTER IX.

"Ho deem'd he heard, and so he truly did,
A song of sweetness to ascend the sky,
And rest amid the bliss to us forbid,
Until indeed our latest moments fly,
And all that to our earthly sight was hid,
In radiant prospect, doth before us lie;
He deemed he heard a tender virgin sing
This song of love, and anthem for a king."

Thurlow.

It is very strange how fast a rumour runs, however vague it be, through even a thinly peopled country like the Fells, and from what a curious and uncertain source it sometimes takes its rise, and then becomes distorted into something very different from what it started with.

After five long years had passed away without a word or hint, or even a thought about it, Richard Swindale's singular absence from Edward Arkland's trial began all at once, as if just found out, to be the common talk.

Why was he not there? was eagerly asked by every body; and for an answer to the question men shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but did not say a word, although they thought there must have been some motive for his absence, and this begat suspicion. I have said before,

this man was never liked, but now he was hated, shunned and feared.

It was thought, indeed, that some wild and fearful exclamation from his mother, had at the first excited this suspicion. She was an old, old woman, of some four-score years and ten, they said, or even more; at any rate, she was very decrepit and broken down in body and in mind. In the wayward wanderings of her crazed imagination, she would often turn upon the fearful subject of the murder, when all else seemed to have forgotten it; and as her mental malady increased with her increasing years, her strange allusions to it became still more fearful and frequent. She would sit and rock herself, and mourn, and wring her hands, and cry the live long day; while from her broken and disjointed exclamations might be gathered some fearful apprehension for the safety of her son, under some dreadful and impending danger, but from what or wherefore none could tell.

Little or nothing, for a while, was thought of this by those who went to visit her, except that the poor old thing was crazed, and knew not what she said. But one day, when an old acquaintance went to see her, and finding her so much more calm than usual, as to lead her to suppose that her reason was returning, she said to her:

"You know me, Bridget, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" she wildly screamed; "I know ye well; ye're the constable come to take the life of my poor boy; but ye cannot touch him."

She then beckoned her visitor to her side, as if to whisper something in her ear, evidently forgetting the character she had assigned her, and doubtless, partly, though indistinctly recollecting her, she said:

"Ye need not be so frightened! No! no! no! They'll never find it as long as I live, and I'll take it with me when I die—with me in the coffin, and ye must see and put it in, and then he's safe!"

"Where is it?" the woman asked, with an eagerness that seemed to scare away these faint symptoms, vague and confused as they were, of returning reason, and she relapsed into her former state, and rocked herself, and wrung her hands, and cried again, just like a pining infant.

A few days after this the woman went again, and made some more enquiries, but with no other result, than to lead her to suspect that in an old locker near where the old crone sat in the chimney corner, was something or other, whatever it was, which she was determined none should see. The visitor was convinced of this more from the old woman's manner than anything she said. She was fearfully agitated, for instance, on the slightest attempt being made even to go near it. She

waved her off with her stick in a threatening attitude, as if determined to strike her if she persevered.

An active magistrate in the neighbourhood, having heard these stories and surmises, went himself one day to see the poor old crazy woman. He found her in a very different mood from that in which she had ever been seen for years before. Her manner was calm and subdued, if not resigned. He told her he wished to look into that locker, and asked her for the key. She gave it to him at once, as soon as her trembling hand could find it in her ample pocket, when he immediately opened it, but found in it nothing but a little dirty looking leathern bag, which, to his great astonishment, was quite empty. He put his hand into it again, and felt in each of the bottom corners, and found in one a small slip of paper rolled up into the smallest possible compass. He carefully unfolded it, and found it to contain the following words; it was just large enough to do so:

"EDMUND ARKLAND VS AWEN NEE TWAE MARKIS* FORRE YAN GOVLDE DYEMOVNDI RYNGE."

This cleared up all, and if it had not, the bag itself would have been quite sufficient, as it was very soon identified as poor old Josh McWolffe's.

What became of Richard Swindale, whether he was taken up and tried, or not, the old man did not know. I rather think, however, he must have been, and convicted too. I do not see how otherwise, than by the man's confession, (which he could hardly be supposed to have made unless convicted,) he could have managed to obtain a knowledge of certain facts, without which a very important portion of our tale must still have been a mystery.

Richard Swindale was at Wastdale Head, as well as Edward Arkland, on the day the pedler came, and shewed the fatal ring. We saw with secret satisfaction and delight, that Margery had set her heart upon it, and that she was grievously disappointed when she could not prevail upon her mother to buy it for her, inasmuch as the circumstance would give him an opportunity of doing what Edward Arkland did, and thereby, in his sordid mind, he thought that he would gain a great advantage over his rival.

He also knew the route the pedler meant to take, and met him a mile or so beyond the place

* We may infer from the smallness of this sum, so much below the intrinsic value of the ring, either that the transaction took place long ago, when money was some four or five times its present value, thereby carrying the date of our story back to a very remote period; or that the old pedler had picked it up in some barter transaction in the way of his business, and did not know its full value. Both suppositions may be partly true.

where, as the reader knows, he had already sold the ring.

It was in a narrow sheep-track, on the side of a rocky mountain ridge, that he received this information from the pedler. He was exasperated to find that he was balked in carrying out his scheme, and that, too, by a man who seemed to cross his path at every turn he took, and whom, therefore, he hated from his inmost soul.

He could not, nor did he blame the poor old pedler, but he was like a man beside himself with rage at his disappointment, and having nothing else to wreak it on, he gave him a violent push, demanding at the same time with an oath, why he had sold the ring to him. Poor Josh McWolffe, we said, was old, his limbs were stiff, and besides he was heavily laden with his pack; it need not be matter of wonder, then, if he stumbled out of the narrow path and fell. He did so, and his pack fell on him, and, after rolling over once on the green hill side, down over a little rocky ledge, both went together. Richard Swindale stood aghast with horror for a moment, at the reckless deed he had done, and then hurried down to where he lay. He found him yet alive, and that was all. To do Richard Swindale justice, he would have given all he had on earth at that moment of suspense, and penitence, and remorse, to have seen that hale old man stand up before him as he stood but half a minute before. But no! it could not be! Life was ebbing fast away, and he was soon alone in the solitary spot with the dead beside him.

The horrid thought occurred to Richard Swindale, now that the old man was dead, that he might turn some suspicion upon Edward Arkland, as the perpetrator of the deed, and thereby ruin him in the estimation of the family at Wastdale Head; he never dreamt that the matter could be carried farther. But the deed had been done too near his own house; therefore he dragged the body to Wallow Crag, and threw it down the Scaur, where it was not likely to be ever seen again. The pack, after taking out the little leathern bag, (he thought it useless to bury the money too,) he filled with stones and sunk in the lake.

This bag he threw into the locker on his coming home, and most likely told his mother what had happened. Shortly afterwards he took the money out, and meant to have burnt the bag, but was interrupted by some one coming in, and hastily threw it back again; and there it remained for years forgotten. The little scroll had quite escaped his notice.

Swindale knew well where the ring would be, but never imagined that it would be kept so secretly. He therefore set the rumour afloat, and

no one thought or cared how it commenced, when they found that it was true.

I need not lengthen out my tale; the reader can easily guess what followed. I may, however, state, that William Mounsey never married, that he left the estate of Wastdale Head to the "second son of Edward Arkland, and Margery, his loving wife," (so runs the wording of the will,) "on the condition that he assumed his uncle's name."

Wastdale Head has passed since then to other hands; but the branch of the Mounsey family, descendants of Edward Arkland, still exist, so at least we may infer from this ring—this curious antique diamond ring, being still in their possession.

HOPE AND DOUBT.

BY R. H. MERRINGTON.

Hush! a spirit from afar
Quits its heavenly throne—
Glorious as the evening star
In the sky alone.

Hush! it is a spirit laden
With a balm for pain;
And this snowy phantom, maiden,
Is called *Hope*, by men.

See, its wings are shadowing thee,
Softly—let it come;
Prophet 'tis to thee and me
Of a happy home.

Softly! or its wings will close—
Now approaching near it;
Like a storm-sign to a rose,
Stalks another spirit.

Ebon-plumed as moonless night,
With no lights about;
Maiden, drive it from thy sight,
For its name is *Doubt*.

See, its wings are shadowing thee,
Never let it come;
Prophet 'tis to thee and me
Of a troubled home.

Doubt the fallen seraph is,
Hope is gloomy never;
Then the better angel kiss,
And hope on for ever.

SYMPATHY.

There is a tear, more sweet and soft
Than beauty's smiling lip of love;
By angel's eyes first wept, and oft
On earth by eyes like those above:
It flows for virtue in distress,
It soothes, like hope, our sufferings here;
'Twas given, and it is shed, to bless—
'Tis *Sympathy's* celestial tear.

AUTUMN.

BY M.

'Tis Autumn, and the forests now
In sombre garb are clad,
While rustling winds, and falling leaves
Proclaim with voice and
That change must near life's fleckle scene,
And pleasures soon depart,
While desolation, gloom, and dread
Oppress the sinking heart.

Not many months have glided by
Since verdure clothed the scene,
And hill and valley, all, were crowned
With one bright robe of green:
And "flow'rets decked the mountain side,"
Of form and hue most fair,
Which perfumed with their fragrance rich
Each breath of summer air.

But now! how changed the fairy scene!
Pierce blows the autumn gale,
While 'neath her frosty touch, the flowers
Their varied beauties pale;
The forest-lift their leafless trunks,
While fields, and gardens gay,
O'erspread with many a dreary blight,
Have yielded to decay.

Yet mourn not in despair, for when
Cold winter's reign is o'er,
Spring with her smiling face shall come,
And clothe them as before:
A brighter green shall deck the trees,
More gorgeous hues, the flowers,
And nature languishing, revive
Beneath her vernal showers.

Thus may the Christian gaze on all
The change, and grief, and pain,
Which o'er this life their billows roll
Till scarce one joy remain.
For with the eye of faith he sees
Beyond death's wintry night,
A spring of loveliness unknown
In realms of cloudless light.

And though his brightest joys are strewn
Like autumn's wither'd leaves,
He sees a land whence pain hath fled,
Where death no more bereaves;
While hope exulting claims that land
Through a Redeemer's blood,
And like an anchor binds his soul
Fast to the throne of God.

Oh! well may he with calmness view
The dark'ning storm draw nigh,
Who knows he has a glorious home
Beyond the threatening sky.
Or see beneath death's wintry winds
His earthly flowers decay,
Who owns a field of endless bloom
In yonder realms of day.

Oh! for a faith which grasps th' unseen,
And paints in colours bright,
The contrast 'twixt this world of sin,
And heaven's unsullied light;
That we may place our treasure where
No change can ever come,
And fix our hearts through life's brief day,
On our eternal home.

THE VIOLINIST.*

BY E. L. C.

THE exciting incidents of that eventful day had so wrought upon the mind of Guiseppe, that he sank down upon the damp earth, as the countess in her anger departed, and there remained wrapped in a train of sweet and bitter musings, till the faint sound of a distant convent bell, calling the cloistered nuns to prayers, swelled on the breeze, and aroused him from his reverie. Springing lightly up, he pursued his homeward path, with a buoyancy of spirit which had been long unknown to him, the result of a purpose into which, during the deep meditations of the past hour, his doubts and fears had resolved themselves, of avowing to the bishop his passion for Ianthé, and craving his sanction to those dear hopes which he presumed to cherish. For their final consummation, he was content to await a day of brighter fortunes, to which, though distant might be its arrival, he looked forward with confident expectation, having that within which assured him he should not fail in the attainment of those high purposes, which were the aim and object of his desires.

In a frame of mind too happy for the intrusion of distrust or doubt, every obstacle to the success of his career as a lover, or as a man whose genius was to shape out for him a high and glorious destiny, vanished before his sanguine hopes; he ceased even to dread nought from the pride of the lordly bishop, or from the revengeful menaces of the angry and enamoured countess; but filled with glad anticipations of the future, brightened, as his fond thought beheld it, with the presence of her he loved, he reached his quiet chamber, and soon retiring to rest, sank into that calm and peaceful sleep which falls like balm upon the senses of the happy and the young. Sweet visions of Ianthé blessed his slumbers, and when with the morning light, his eyes again unclosed, he sighed to have those dreams displaced by the dull and sober realities of his daily student life.

But a violent headache oppressed him when he awoke, the combined effect of undue mental excitement, and exposure to the heavy night dews with which he had been completely drenched on the preceding evening. Yet resolutely setting it at nought, he was hastening to complete his slight toilette, that he might be ready, to join his fellow

students in their morning duties, when a low knock at the door attracted his attention, and on opening it, a note was handed him, the superscription of which too well informed him whence it came. It was from the countess, and tearing it open he read these words,—and they changed again to doubt and darkness, the sun-bright hopes in which he had been so fondly luxuriating:—

“Though thou didst despise the warning words I last night uttered, yet I cannot let thee rush headlong on to ruin, without once more essaying to save thee. Guiseppe, thou knowest well how I would save thee, thou knowest how I have humbled myself before thee, to guard thee from danger; but thou canst never know the struggle which it costs the proud heart of a woman, to lay open its secret depths to the eye of another, and sue for that love which, unsought, her feminine nature shrinks from bestowing.

“Yet when I beheld thee standing on the verge of a fearful precipice, over which with rash temerity thou wert resolved to plunge, I forgot all, to restrain thee from the perilous deed,—even that modesty which is the prerogative and glory of my sex, and cast at thy feet myself, my fortune, and my rank, no mean unworthy bribes, but gifts which have been sought by many, yet were reserved for thee only,—for thee the gifted child of genius and of song!

“Choose, then, thy own future; say whether it shall be shrouded in gloom and tempest, or be lit with the rainbow hues of love, and gladdened with the full attainment of the grandest and the noblest aims to which thy ardent spirit can aspire. The means by which thou mayst ascend that height, toward which, with the kindling eye of youthful genius, thou dost cast a longing gaze, are offered thee; and while thy feet climb upward to its glorious summit, the hand of watchful love shall aid thy steps, and strew thy brightening pathway with the fragrant flowers of true and imperishable affection.

“Seek no longer to interrupt the course of Ianthé's destiny—it is inevitable. She will soon become a wife, but never thine! Into last night a courier arrived from Venice, bearing despatches from the young Count Zernando, her betrothed, in which he announced his intention of setting forth

* Continued from page 519.

in ten days for Padua, and praying, for private reasons, which he would urge on his coming, that he might be permitted on his departure to bear back with him his chosen bride.

"The bishop communicated this request immediately, as the Count desired, to his niece, and as thou mayest suppose, it excited no little emotion in the heart, where thy image, at the moment, reigned absolute. But as I have told thee, our Ianthé is a child, endowed with a child's plastic mind, which yields ever to the fairest and most forcible impression, so that her consent is already more than half given to her lover's wish. Perchance it may be, because she knows resistance would be vain, and so she shrinks from a useless contest; for in the first moment of surprise and agitation she betrayed the secret of her love for thee, and at the discovery, the outburst of her uncle's wrath was like the irruption of *Ætna*, so sudden and so terrible that she cowered beneath its fury. On thee he hurled his most fearful anathemas, and vowed that the dungeons of the inquisition should enclose thee, if ever again thou should'st presume to cross the vestibule of his palace, or in any other place venture to present thyself before the object of thy daring passion.

"I need not tell thee how all this hath wrought upon Ianthé, who, though she hath passed the night in tears, is this morning calmly submissive to the fate, which she is conscious no human power can avert. I have written this that thou may'st know how impassable is the barrier, which destiny hath raised between thee and the object of thy choice, and to entreat thee, from the wreck of a fair and foolish hope, to build thyself a fabric which neither time nor strength can destroy, an ark of safety wherein thou mayest securely sail over the broad and troubled sea of life, smiling at the tempests which rage around thee, while by thy side stands holy love and dove-eyed peace, to bless and cheer thee by their presence.

"From the depths of my soul I entreat thee, cast not away thy earthly happiness, and mine! In thee I behold that being, endowed with celestial beauty, and with the glorious gift of genius, who hath haunted my childhood's dreams, and stood life-like before me in the brighter visions of maturer years; that being, for whom hath been reserved the holiest hopes, and purest affections of my heart, and who, as he accepts, or casts back the offering in scorn, is to be the arbiter for weal or woe, of the yet uncertain future which awaits me.

"Reply to me quickly, and with thy own lips;—I will await thy coming in the chamber of Hugo's turret, at the hour of noon, and by all that is dear to thee, I charge thee fail not in the appointment,

for the issue of that interview must finally decide thy destiny and mine. Think seriously of this, and let manly reason forever close the flood-gates of impetuous and boyish passion. Adieu,—thine,
"BERTHA."

Giuseppe threw this impassioned letter from him, with disdain, the moment he had finished its perusal, and rising, paced with rapid steps the narrow limits of his chamber. The love of the Countess, urged in spite of repulse, with such persevering earnestness, filled him with aversion and disgust. Fully persuaded also, that her statements with regard to Ianthé were distorted from the truth, and that her agency was at work to separate her from him forever, he resolved to thwart her purpose, by seeking an immediate interview with the bishop, and boldly urging his suit—when, if his overtures were spurned, as indeed he had reason to suppose they would be, it should at once be his endeavour to prevail on Ianthé secretly to become his, and fly with him from Padua.

In the mean time he shrunk from meeting the countess,—her fiery and impassioned nature, would so ill brook his coldness, that an interview, which must inevitably end in the defeat of her hopes, and thus inflict an incurable wound upon her pride and her affections, could only arouse her bitter vengeance and resentment. To escape so painful an encounter, and forever to silence her importunities, he caught up his pen and wrote a few brief lines in reply to her request. They were these—

"In vain, madam, dost thou again appeal to a heart, too entirely occupied with one adored image to admit of a divided thought—too loyal in its love not to glory in the passion which it cherishes, and will never cease to cherish, although it may be severed eternally, by cruel circumstances, from her who hath inspired it. Therefore, let what will befall me, I cannot make so ill a return for the affection with which thou dost honour me, as to avail myself of it, either to escape a threatened peril, or as the means of attaining the station and the dignities, which I would possess only as the justly earned meed of genius and of merit. And so, madam, I beseech thee be content with this answer, for believe me it is better that we meet not now, lest bitter thoughts should be the fruits of our interview.

"Humbly and deeply am I grateful for all thy kindness, and whatever fate is mine, may thy lot be happy; and from every seeming ill may joy arise to bless and make glad thy heart. This is, and ever shall be the prayer of thy unworthy servant.

GIUSEPPE TARTINI."

Without a moment's delay, without even glancing his eye over the words he had so hastily written, Guiseppe folded the note, and descending the stairs, bent his steps towards the old abbey, where, at that hour of the morning, he knew it was the custom of the neighbouring peasant girls to come for a supply of water from the fountain. As he approached it, he espied two of them just departing from its side, but another remained to fill her vessel, and she was one, whom he had often seen there, and whose melodious voice, as she accompanied her rustic employment with wild snatches of song, had attracted his music-loving ear, and led to the interchange of kind and friendly words between them.

Accosting her now, with the aid of a trifling *douceur*, he won her promise to watch at the foot of Hugo's tower for the Countess Bertha, whom she well knew, and to whom she was to deliver the note with which he entrusted her. Quite sure, from his knowledge of the girl, that she would faithfully execute her commission, Guiseppe hurried away, and re-entered his chamber, just as the matin bell sounded its loud alarm in the ears of the sleeping students.

Firm in his resolve to seek the bishop, and avow to him his love, he waited impatiently for evening to arrive, the early hours of which it was the habit of the prelate to pass alone in his library, and then, by gaining access to him, it would, he thought, be the most favorable moment to present his suit. The day wore on, filled up with its usual avocations and studies; but with the pain of a torturing headache, and the restlessness of an anxious mind to endure, the time never before passed so wearily and heavily to Guiseppe. Alternately wavered by fear and hope, yet in the end the latter feeling predominated, for he had little faith in the truthfulness of the countess, when a selfish object was to be achieved, and knowing the bishop's doating affection for his niece, the sanguine lover wrought himself into an almost firm persuasion, that it would generate so sincere a desire for her happiness as to silence, in his ambitious mind, the whisperings of vain and worldly pride, and win his sanction to her union with the chosen object of her heart.

The sun sank duly to rest,—twilight spread her soft and rosy veil over the earth, and the star of love gleamed forth with golden radiance in the west. Guiseppe hailed its serene, unclouded lustre as a happy omen, and in defiance of secret fears that still kept gnawing at his heart, it beat with somewhat of its former lightness, as he at last set forth on his adventurous mission to the palace. But before he had measured half the length of the court-yard, he

was accosted by a man, whom in his haste he had not observed, and who, placing a parcel in his hand, turned away and instantly departed.

With deep and sad misgivings, Guiseppe retraced his steps to his apartment, and, closing the door, tore off the envelope of a letter which bore the seal and superscription of Ianthé. Breaking it hastily open, he read with emotions of surprise, pain, and indignation, the following words:

"I write, dear Guiseppe, to bid thee farewell,—to tell thee that we must part—that already we have met for the last time,—and that henceforth, divided by an impassable barrier, it must be the aim of each to forget the existence of the other. Alas! that it must be so! for I could have loved and clung to thee through life, as well thou knowest,—but fate ordains it otherwise, and it is vain to struggle against her stern and iron decree. My uncle heeds neither my prayers nor my tears—he is inexorable, and I am forced to remain the weak and powerless creature of his will—forced to resign thee, Guiseppe, and, worse than all, to give myself to another, when thou only dost possess my heart.

"Yet is there one thought which softens this cruel destiny, and it is that which assures me I should have brought thee only ruin as a dowry—for bitter vengeance was sworn against thee by those who have the power to execute it, and should our fates become united, it would whelm us both in destruction. Seek therefore one whom thou may'st love in safety, and may she bring peace to thy heart, and joy to thy quiet home. But we must meet no more, for I have promised to renounce thee, and in the fulfilment of that promise, lies thy security and mine—and if this be not enough to show that I am constrained to yield thee up, let me tell thee, that the eyes of the terrible Inquisition watch the actions of all; and when the powerful have enemies, they call upon her mighty arm to remove them from their path,

"Let this hint whisper in thine ear, that I do not lightly yield thee up, and despise not as thou regardest thy life, the warning it conveys. Farewell! farewell! on earth we may no more behold each other, but there is a heaven above where the loved and lost meet in an eternal reunion. Farewell—be thou happy,—and may the sunshine of thy life be unclouded by vain regrets for thy once-loved

"IANTHÉ."

Guiseppe remained gazing with a vacant eye at the characters impressed upon the sheet, for many minutes after he had finished its perusal. Every expression of regret or of affection written on that page, seemed to him designed to cover, though it did so ineffectually indeed, an icy indifference, a mocking affectation of sorrow that

chilled, and at the same time stung him to the soul. Could they have been traced by the hand of the fond and tender Ianthé?—those words so calm, so cruel, and so cold!—or dictated by that young and impassioned heart, which a few brief hours before had seemed well-nigh ready to break with its weight of treasured love and grief? Ah, no! it was impossible! And as he said this, he examined with a scrutinizing eye the seal, and scanned stroke by stroke the turn of every letter.

But the close inspection served only to force conviction on his mind—the white and perfumed wax, with its delicate impression, a violet half hidden beneath sheltering leaves, and surrounded by the appropriate motto, "I love the shade,"—and the beautiful feminine hand with which his eye was so familiar, both were her's,—there could be no imposture; and with a sudden feeling of indignation and contempt, overpowering every other emotion, he cast the letter on the floor, and crushed it into fragments with his foot.

"And this from thee?" burst with passionate vehemence from his lips—"from thee whom I believed so fond, so pure, so true! How have I laughed to scorn the tale of woman's faithlessness—of her ambition and her pride. Ay, I have worshipped her as the angel of man's life—as the bestower of his sweetest hopes,—the soother of his sorrows—the creator of a heaven within the hallowed circle of his home! But thou, thou, false and perjured Ianthé! thou hast taught me henceforth to shun thy frail and fickle sex—thou, in whom, dazzled by thy beauty, beguiled by thy gentleness, I had garnered up such bright and precious hopes—hopes of which, daunted by an angry word, or won by a glittering bribe, thou dost make most cruel wreck, and then in cold and measured words dost bid me smile amid the fragments, with which thy hand hath strewn the troubled ocean of my life."

As he pronounced these words he strode hastily through the apartment, the fearful working of his soul visible in his agitated step and features. Yet was the loss of Ianthé less terrible to him than the utter heartlessness which her letter manifested, and of which he had not believed her capable. It chafed him sorely to feel that he had anchored such deep confiding love, on one so unworthy of the noble sentiment, and with wounded sensibilities, and a heart bleeding with bitter disappointment, he continued to traverse the chamber, breaking forth at intervals into fierce ejaculations, and pressing his clasped hands upon his throbbing temples as if to quell the fire which raged with fearful violence in his brain. And so hour after hour passed on, while seemingly insensible to their lapse, Guiseppe remained the prey of overwrought emotion, that almost

bordered upon frenzy, till exhausted nature could no longer endure the fearful strife, and sinking into his study chair, he fell into a deep lethargic sleep.

He was awakened after several hours of heavy slumber, by a fellow student, who having knocked for some time at his door without receiving any answer, ventured in, and guided through the thick darkness, for the evening was far advanced, by the heavy breathing of Guiseppe, he with some difficulty awoke him, to ask for the book of which he came in search. Receiving only incoherent replies to his inquiries, the young man fetched a lamp from his own room, and as its light fell upon the countenance of his friend he was struck with its paleness, and with its wild expression, and perceived immediately that he was labouring under severe mental or bodily indisposition. So after a little persuasion, he prevailed on him to retire to bed, when trusting that all would be well in the morning, he left him to repose, and returned again to his own room.

But broken and disturbed were the uneasy slumbers of Guiseppe, through the dark and silent watches of that weary night. A raging fever changed the healthful current of his blood into a stream of fire, and scorched his clouded brain with its burning heat. Wild and disjointed images flitted continually before him. He fancied the earth changed into one vast burial place, in the midst of which he stood desolate and sorrowing, calling aloud upon the perished objects of his love, or singing with touching pathos a low requiem for the dead. At other moments he believed himself sitting with Ianthé, in the chamber of the old turret, and in whispered tones, sometimes of remonstrance, sometimes of tenderness, he discoursed of their affection and their fears.

The sound of his violin, heard with the first dawn of day, disturbed the sleepers in the neighboring dormitories, and many aroused themselves and sought the chamber of the musician, to learn the extraordinary cause of his early performance. But instead of remonstrating, they remained to listen, as, standing half dressed in the middle of the room, Guiseppe played with new and infinite variations, and with surprising skill and execution, the Sonata, which though the conception of his own genius, he persisted in ascribing to the inspiration of the demon with whose name he had baptized it.

His face was flushed with the crimson hectic of fever, and around it the rich clusters of his chestnut hair waved in dishevelled curls, while his dark eyes, lit up with intense and burning lustre, were raised upward with an earnest gaze, as though their vision pierced the thick veil

which separates the finite from the infinite, and beheld revealed the glories of that invisible world, with which, borne on the wings of harmony, his soul seemed now to hold communion. His grace, his youth, his exquisite beauty, so purely classic in its character, likened him, as he now stood, to that magnificent statue of Apollo, which represents the deity interceding with the terrible Paræ for the life of his friend Admetus; and the resemblance suggested itself to more than one of those, who stood regarding the unconscious youth with mingled admiration and pity.

But indifferent to their gaze, he still played on, filling the chambers and the corridors with airy melody,—and louder, and wilder, and more varied grew the strain as with all the fire and passion of genius the inspired musician, with his art divine,

“ Untwisted all the strings that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,”

till at length the glowing cheek grew wan, the lustrous eye waxed dim, the cunning hand relaxed its wondrous movement, and the exhausted youth sank fainting on the floor. They gathered round him in alarm, and raising him, placed him in bed and summoned medical assistance to his side.

For many days, however, his disorder, seizing as it had done upon the brain, baffled the skill of his physicians: sleep fled from his eyes, and the most powerful opiates failed to produce that quiet and repose which were essential to his recovery. Wild and disjointed images filled his mind, and in his delirium the name dearest to his heart was ever on his lips, thus betraying his treasured secret, and deepening the interest with which he was already regarded by those of his fellow students, who knew and loved him best. By turns they watched beside him, and although a careful nurse was provided to attend upon him, they seldom left him wholly to her care.

But with the abatement of his fever, reason again glimmered feebly on his mind,—feebly and faintly, for still he remained unconscious of all that had preceded his illness, and while lying in a sort of dreamy state, his eyes followed like those of an infant the moving objects which passed before him, without his being able to systematize or define the vague and fragmentary ideas that floated through his brain. Yet as strength and health by slow degrees re-invigorated his frame, the confusion cleared away, dim recollections became distinct, and the indefinite sense of some deep-rooted sorrow which pervaded his mind, grew into a vivid reality, that brought back the past with its dark shades of pain and disappointment, heightened by contrast with his previous and now remembered hopes. Yet it was long

and silently that he struggled with his chaotic thoughts before they assumed that form and method which pictured, as on a map, each incident that had befallen him, and the varying emotions which by turns had tried his heart, since the day on which he left the quiet shelter of his native home.

And towards that pleasant home his thoughts now turned, with a yearning desire again to seek its shelter, to meet again his mother's smile of love, and hear her gentle voice whisper peace to his wounded heart. Ianthé was lost to him, for, if not already another's, she had declared in cold, calm words her purpose of becoming so,—she had formally resigned him, and fondly as he still loved her, pride forbade his seeking by word or deed to shake a resolution, which, had her affection even dimly reflected back his own, she never would have formed. And so he strove to shut her from his heart, but still her image would intrude; her sunny eyes, her angel smile, beamed on him in their beauty, and the low melody of her love-breathing voice was ever sounding in his ear, as on that well remembered eve, when first he dared to call her his.

While these thoughts were agitating his mind a note was one evening handed him, which, on opening, he found to contain his dismission from the place he held as leader of the orchestra in the church of St. Antonio, with the sum enclosed, which was due him, for his past services. A few brief lines stated that this proceeding was in conformity to the command of the lord bishop, who had already filled the vacancy caused by his removal, with one whom he considered more deserving of his patronage. Guiseppe saw in this act of petty tyranny the revengeful malice of the countess, and he was stung by it; chiefly because it struck at the very basis of his wished-for fame as a musician.

It had, however, the effect of determining him to quit a spot which had proved the grave, as well as the birth-place, of his dearest hopes,—and a letter at that time received from his father, increased his impatience for the moment to arrive when his recovered strength would permit him to set forth. It conveyed to him the painful intelligence of his mother's illness, and also her desire for his return, that he might spend a month at home before the commencement of winter. No longer wavering or doubtful, his mind speedily recovered its tone, and though the barb still rankled in his heart, his health became soon so farre-established that he was able to commence his journey.

It was at the close of a bright October day, that after an absence of several months, he again approached the early home of his childhood; and

with a heart swelling in spite of its many sources of disquiet, with glad expectation, he sprang upon shore the instant the vessel, which had borne him swiftly up the Adriatic, anchored at the pier. Making his way rapidly towards the well-known summer house, whose simple turret was discernible above the trees, at no great distance from the place where he had disembarked, he found an easy entrance through the sea-ward door, whose secret spring yielded without the aid of a key to his familiar touch. Lightly ascending the stairs, he stood once more in that pleasant chamber, which was the scene of many hours of innocent and sweet enjoyment.

The golden sunset filled it, as in former days, with softened light, and the whispering sea-breeze played as of yore with the broad vine leaves that curtained the open casement with their living verdure. There hung his guitar beside the violin, which had been the delight of his boyhood; and there lay the very book, a volume of Bocaccio, in which he had last read aloud to his mother, a verdant myrtle sprig still marking the place where he had left it. A vase of withered flowers stood on the table; they were the flowers he loved best, and he knew well whose hand had placed them there. But now their faded and scentless forms spoke sadly to his heart, since she, who for his sake had culled them to adorn his favourite room, would not have left them there to perish in neglect, had not her feet been chained by illness from seeking fresher blossoms in her garden walks.

"Could she have become more ill—that fond and doing mother? or she might be dead, perchance!" and with the sudden thought, a pang of deepest anguish pierced his heart; and he moved towards the door, that he might seek his home, and learn the worst at once. But he had scarcely advanced a pace when he heard a slow and heavy step ascending the stairs, and in another instant, his father stood before him. With a cry of joy, Guiseppe rushed forward, and extending his arms, would have clasped him in a fond embrace; but with a stern, yet sorrowing look, Pietro repulsed him:

"Away!" he said; "I have no son! he whom I once called so hath made my home desolate; hath cruelly deceived my hopes—betrayed my trust—abused my love; ay, and with parricidal hand, destroyed the mother who adored him! Wherefore comes he then to mock with a vain show of affection, the wretched father, whose age he hath bereaved of joy!"

"Oh, God! what mean these words!" burst in wild, yet faltering accents, from the pallid lips of the horror-stricken youth, as, falling at the feet of his father, he bathed them with his tears.

"Oh! speak to me!" he said, after a moment of convulsive emotion; "speak and tell me all! but say not, *she is no more!*"

"She is with the angels, boy; she who so loved thee, and to whose fond heart thy hand guided the arrow of death!" said Pietro, in a hoarse whisper, and bending his face upon his hands, the strong man wept in bitter agony of spirit.

"Oh, my father! I have done nothing to merit this terrible accensation!" said the wretched youth; "naught to bring misery or death to those whose lives are dearer to me than my own!"

"Thou liest!" fiercely exclaimed Pietro, striking with his clenched fist the surface of the wall. "I tell thee," he said, and a demon seemed to be aroused within him, "thou art thy mother's murderer, and henceforth I disown thee for my son! Hast thou not set at naught the commands and wishes of thy parents, and squandered that time which should have been given to study, in the pursuit of a vain art, which thou didst solemnly promise to forswear? Nay, break not in upon my speech!" he vociferated, as Guiseppe made an attempt to defend himself; "for, added to all this, thou hast abused the kindness of the powerful prelate, whose favour would have been more to thee than a treasury of gold; by basely stealing into the affections of the child he nurtured as his own, whose youth should have protected her from thy boldness, and whose rank should have shown thee the gulf that lay between thy humble self and the forbidden object of thy daring passion. This it is that hath brought shame and disgrace upon thee in the city where thou should'st have won, by thy fair scholarship, a goodly name and reputation!" continued the excited father, with flashing eyes and rapid utterance. "This, and more than this (for I will not waste time in detailing that which thou already knowest) hath the reverend bishop written and sent, under his own seal, to thy too trusting father, deeming it, but right that he should have timely warning of the woe, which the evil course of his son was about to bring upon him. Yet could I have endured all, and perchance have pardoned thee, but for that last and bitterest drop, which thou hast been the means of infusing into my cup of misery; for this report of thy ill-doings came to thy mother's ear on the day, when, after dangerous illness, she first arose from her sick couch, and went forth to feed with her own hand, the doves which thou didst rear; because they were thine, ungrateful boy, she loved them; but that fatal letter fell like a blight upon her; she read it and never smiled again, but laid herself meekly down, and died of a broken heart."

And again the stern man, softened by grief, bowed down and wept. That touching sight,

joined to deep sorrow for his mother's death, conquered the resentment which was swelling in Guiseppe's heart at these unjust and cruel accusations, formed, as he well knew, by the Countess Bertha, whose threatened vengeance, he scarcely thought would so soon fall upon him.

"My father, listen to me!" exclaimed he, in a voice of passionate entreaty, and with tears of deepest anguish coursing down his pallid cheeks. "I have been cruelly maligned by those who seek my ruin; let me tell thee all, and thou wilt pity and forgive me."

"Nay, I cannot hear thee!" said the relentless father; "leave me, leave me alone in the home which thou hast made desolate—alone with the memory of my dead. Take this, which perchance thy needs may require, and depart whithersoever thou wilt," and throwing a purse upon the floor, he turned away, and without one backward glance towards the son he was casting from his heart, departed from the chamber.

Guiseppe remained motionless for a few minutes, stupified with painful astonishment at the vindictive anger manifested towards him by his father. Stung to the soul by the cruel injustice of the treatment he had received, in not even being permitted to defend himself from the charges urged against him, he rose up, and spurning the purse with his foot, prepared to go forth an exile and a wanderer from the home that had sheltered his infancy, and from the face of that only remaining parent, who so cruelly disowned and discarded him, in the moment of returning penitence and grief.

With every kindly feeling of affection chilled and outraged by his father's harshness, he passed down those steps, up which he had so often, in the days of his infancy, been borne in the loving arms of him who now spurned him from his threshold, and would have departed, if he knew not, eared not whither, but for the fond remembrance of that tender mother, whose face he was no more to behold on earth. Even to pour out the sorrows of his breaking heart upon her grave, would be to him a solace, and gliding rapidly along the lower extremity of the garden, he entered a small enclosure, set apart for a family burial place.

It was thickly planted with trees, among which the birds loved to build, and perfumed with flowers that grew in wild profusion on the turf. When a child, he roved there with his mother; she had restrained his little hand from plucking them, showing him how, if unmolested, they would shed their ripened seeds upon the soil, to spring up again, and enamel it still more thickly with their lovely forms. Her tender spirit loved this place—this "gate of life," as in most touching phrase she called it; and many a

deep and holy lesson did she there draw from natural objects, with which to impress his youthful heart, and mould it to a love of goodness.

As with bitter tears he cast himself upon her grave, how vividly came back those hours to his remembrance—these white-winged hours, whose every moment spoke of her tender love—her gentle care—her all-enduring patience with his youthful faults! How heinous to him now appeared each slight offence, each trivial act of disobedience to her wishes, and how he longed to call her back to earth, if but for one brief hour, that he might plead for his forgiveness, and on her loving breast, pour forth in tears of penitence, his heavy-burdened heart!

But the low breeze whispering through the foliage, alone answered to his sighs; his mourning voice pierced not the "dull, cold ear of death;" and yet he fondly fancied that her sainted spirit sanctified, by its invisible presence, the place where her earthly form slept with its kindred dust. The thought was one of comfort to his heart, and rendered still more fervent the prayers for guidance and support, which ascended from his stricken soul, to the ever open ear of the great and indulgent Father of mankind. Sadly he arose, yet still remained standing, irresolute whither to direct his course, since the home which should have been open to receive him, was barred against his entrance, when a tall figure, shrouded in a cloak, entered the enclosure, and advanced towards the grave. It was Pietro, come to weep over the ashes of her he so truly mourned; Guiseppe instantly recognized him, and turned silently to depart, fearful, by addressing him, of again arousing that vindictive spirit, which had so recently denounced him.

But it seemed as if the common object which led them both to that hallowed spot, had disarmed the father's anger, and rekindled a dormant spark of affection in his heart, for earnestly regarding Guiseppe as he moved slowly away, he opened his arms, and extended them silently towards him. Melted by this symptom of returning love, the youth threw himself within them, and wept upon his father's breast.

"My son!" exclaimed Pietro, in a broken voice, "on this sacred spot her precious dust pleads to me for thy forgiveness. Receive it then, and leave me. With the dawn of morning depart for Padua, lead there a new life, and when time hath softened my sorrows, I may once more crave thy presence. Grief hath changed my nature, and I yearn for solitude. Go, and leave me alone; thou hast had thy hour of communion with her spirit, and now seek not to disturb mine;" and pushing Guiseppe gently from him,

the bereaved man, with a deep groan, prostrated himself upon the new-made grave of his wife.

It seemed to the young man that his father's brain was touched by his affliction, and he lingered, hesitating to obey him; but a sign of peremptory meaning, warned him that remonstrance would be vain, so he passed on, and the next minute stood a lonely exile, without the walls of his childhood's home. He might have slept that night beneath his father's roof, for this permission was joined with the injunction to depart at dawn for Padua. But thither he could not go; there was anguish in the thought of again revisiting that place of painful memories, and he would not avail himself of the offered hospitality, lest by so doing he might be thought to pledge himself to obedience.

Returning therefore to the vessel which had brought him to Pirano, he sat down upon the deck, apparently watching the motion of the sails as they busily unloaded its bales of merchandise; but in reality, absorbed by the engrossing thoughts which forbade his heeding the various employments of the individuals around him. And there he sat, till the busy hum of voices died away upon his ear, and the sound of hurrying steps was hushed in deepest silence. And then, throwing himself upon the oaken planks, he pursued the train of his melancholy musings, till sleep stole upon his senses, and wrapped him in forgetfulness.

When he awoke, the vessel was speeding rapidly on her course, favoured with bland breezes, her prow was cutting the bright waves with a swift and graceful motion, and already the roofs and spires of Pirano had disappeared on the distant horizon. The wind having sprung up in the night, the captain of the small craft had weighed anchor, and left the port, without perceiving that Guiseppe remained on board. It mattered not much to him, however, whither the winds and waves wafted him; but weary of the vessel's motion, and of the sailor's din, he longed to escape from both and wander away among the green and quiet solitudes of nature. An opportunity was soon offered him to fulfil this desire, for on the second day of their voyage the vessel anchored at a small town on the Italian coast, when he quitted it, and went on shore.

Striking off at once towards the mountain range, which appeared in the distance, he walked on as resolutely and earnestly, as though he had some great object to attain, though in reality he was reckless of the course he took, and pressed forward, impelled only by his desire to be alone, and by the restlessness which ever urges the unhappy to seek for change. Soon he left the populous haunts of man far behind him, and at every

step plunged deeper and deeper into the wild and mountainous solitudes of nature. His heart bounded with the joyous feeling of one who, after long imprisonment, regains his freedom, and he looked with a rapture, long unfelt, upon the dread magnificence of the mountain scenery amid which he roved.

All day he luxuriated with nature—his thirst quenched by the sparkling water which welled from her living springs, and his hunger allayed by the wild fruits which her bounteous hand provided for the dwellers in her forests. Still wandering on till the day declined, he found himself, just as the sun's last ray faded from the landscape, before the gates of a monastery, which stood in a green and sheltered vale, half buried in the dark foliage of the ancient grove which surrounded it. There was a tempting look of solitude and peace about it, so attractive to his woe-worn and weary spirit, that it determined him, for that night at least, to seek rest and shelter within its walls. Advancing therefore to the gate, he rang the bell, and its sonorous peal was almost immediately answered by a grey-haired porter, who gave him welcome admittance, and conducted him straightway to the refectory, where he found the monks assembled at their evening meal.

They received him with hospitable greetings, and made room for him at their simple board, furnished with fruits and vegetables from the garden which they cultivated. The deep sadness which marked his countenance and depressed his spirits, awakened the sympathy of all, and the curiosity of some, among that isolated brotherhood; yet while they ministered with assiduity to his comfort, and strove by their kindness to soothe the sorrow that oppressed him, they forebore by impertinent inquiries to offend his feelings, or probe the wound which caused his sufferings. He appreciated their wise forbearance, and was deeply grateful for it; but before he sought his pillow that night, he had told the whole story of his trials to the venerable abbot, and derived comfort and support from his Christian sympathy and counsel.

Urged by him, he consented to remain, for a time, an inmate of the monastery; and as day after day passed on in that peaceful asylum, the sweet tranquillity which pervaded it, calmed his troubled spirit, and elevated his thoughts above the tempests of this brief life, to dwell in the serene and blessed atmosphere of heaven. Sustained by the holy hopes and divine promises of religion, he learned to endure not only with patience, but with cheerfulness, those deep afflictions which had fallen like a sudden cloud upon the opening morning of his life. In constant oc-

cupation, he found a happy resource against too painful thought, and to fill up the weary hours which might else have hung idly on his lauds, he joined the choir of the orchestra; and soon his former love for his long neglected art, revived with all its wonted strength and vigour. His skill excited equal wonder and admiration in the brotherhood, among whom there were several master performers, and one, who surpassed even himself in execution, and from whom he did not disdain to receive instruction that facilitated his improvement beyond his own most sanguine expectations. Thus calmly, if not happily, wore away the winter with Guiseppe; while in the palace of the bishop of Padua, scenes of a far different nature were enacting.

The Countess Bertha, in order to achieve her own ends, had, in her last letter to Guiseppe, made statements that were egregiously false. For though it was true, as she had said, that the Count Fernando desired to hasten his marriage with the Lady Janthé, she had not, nor would she yield consent to his wishes. On the contrary, when pressed by her uncle to name the cause why she declined compliance with the count's request, she unhesitatingly avowed her love for Guiseppe, and averred, that to him, and him alone, would she ever give her hand at the altar.

The anger of the bishop at this declaration, and above all, at the firmness with which she adhered to it, may be easily imagined; and its flame was fed by the countess, whose love for the nameless youth to whom she had humbled herself, was changed into deadly hate, by that cold and decisive letter which was put into her hands by the peasant girl at the fountain. When, therefore, Janthé resolutely refused to write to Guiseppe the words they dictated, she it was, who penned that cruel letter, which brought him almost to the gates of the grave. Among her many arts, she knew with consummate skill to imitate to perfection the writing of others, and sanctioned by the bishop, whose earnest wish and purpose it was to break a connection which he deemed so derogatory to his niece, she had succeeded in exactly imitating the writing of Janthé. Her favourite seal it was not difficult to obtain, and so the fraud proved successful, and struck home, almost fatally, to the heart it was intended to wound.

A letter of similar import, addressed as from Guiseppe to Janthé, was at the same time forged by the countess; but it failed to deceive the trusting girl; no persuasion could induce her to believe it came from him; nor could any representations, in the slightest degree, shake her perfect conviction of his truth. Incensed by the opposition to

his will, of this hitherto passive child, the bishop thought to move her by menacing Guiseppe with his direst vengeance, unless she consented immediately to fulfil her engagement with the count Fernando. But all the more fondly she clung to the one idolized object of her affections, reiterating her fixed resolve never to wed another, although her only alternative should be the cloister. To force her to obedience, restraint was then used; she was never suffered to be alone, and even in her daily walks round the garden, was accompanied by one who watched her with a jealous eye. But even this injustice she endured without a murmur, grieving only, in secret, that she could find no means of communicating with Guiseppe.

His illness was unknown to her, and indeed to all at the palace, till after his departure from Padua. The bishop felt no surprise at his absence after the countresses which had taken place, and the countess, nursing her newborn hate, was quite content that he made no effort to renew his intercourse with Janthé, and congratulated herself upon the complete success of the stratagem by which she had effected the separation of the lovers. But when on the day that Guiseppe left Padua, Fabian learned from a student of the university, whom he encountered in the street, of his dangerous illness, and subsequent departure from the city, a pang of remorse smote her heart, which was not already steeled against the tenderness she had once felt and acknowledged for him. She thought with pain of the evil she had wrought him, not only in having blighted by her arts, his dearest hopes, but in having injured him irreparably, by inducing the bishop to complain to his parents in the most aggravated terms of the evil course he was pursuing, and in consequence thereof, casting away the patronage of a powerful friend. But it was too late to repair the wrong she had committed, and to justify her conduct to herself, and to keep alive her anger, she had only to re-peruse his last insulting letter, and it blazed with a fiercer flame than ever.

From the hour in which Janthé heard of her lover's illness, heard too that he had gone, she knew not whither, without one farewell word or sign, she drooped and faded like a smitten flower; yet still preserved inviolate, her faith in his truth; still cherished a deep conviction that some foul art had been resorted to, for the purpose of effecting their final separation. Things were in this state when the young Count Fernando, impatient to claim his bride, arrived from Venice, and the bishop welcomed him gladly, full of sanguine hope that his presence would dispel the rash and girlish passion which Janthé nourished so tena-

ciously. But the cold reception which she gave her noble lover, surprised, while it offended him; and when he found all his advances met with absolute aversion, his pride was roused to resent the treatment, for which he was so ill prepared, by a frigid neglect, which delighted Ianthé quite as much as it annoyed her uncle.

He saw a favourite project on the point of being defeated by the perverseness of a girl who had ever before yielded implicit obedience to his slightest wish, but who now remained deaf alike to persuasion or remonstrance. Daily he expected to see the count take his departure in disgust and anger, and in order to delay an event, which must at once rupture the proposed alliance, he devoted himself assiduously to the entertainment of his guest, and strove to soothe his irritation, and keep alive his interest in Ianthé, by constantly excusing, on the score of temporary indisposition, her waywardness and reserve.

The countess, in the mean time, became the depository of the slighted lover's complaints; and he found her sympathy so soothing, her playful wit so charming, that almost unconsciously to himself, he soon began to feel a pleasure in the society of the gay and beautiful Bertha, which he vainly sought in that of the silent and abstracted Ianthé. Whatever chanced to be the topic of the moment, it was sustained solely by the countess and himself. She only, listened with attention when he read; she was the animated companion of his walks, the admirer of all that gratified his tastes, the zealous promoter of whatever ministered to his enjoyment. Thus, while the cold indifference of Ianthé's manner continually wounded his pride and outraged his affections, the almost tender devotedness of the countess, flattered his self-love, and led him by degrees to transfer to her that interest, which had nearly expired in his breast for his affianced bride.

The bishop, unobservant of the increasing intimacy between his noble guest and his fair sister, remained easy in the belief that the protracted stay of the former, indicated a deep attachment to his niece, which would shortly overcome her childish aversion to the marriage; while she, no longer persecuted by the attentions of her lover, sat apart, wrapped in a dream of the past, amid whose sweet remembrances her spirit seemed to dwell.

But all were electrified by different emotions, when one morning the count sought the bishop in his study, to make a personal renunciation of his claim upon the hand of the Lady Ianthé, and to demand that of the Countess Bertha in its stead. The prelate was thunder-struck—not the slightest suspicion of what had been daily passing un-

der his own eyes, had entered his mind, and in the first moment of surpris, his indignation knew no bounds.

Ianthé was summoned to his presence, and the only gleam of pleasure that had lighted up her features for many weeks, irradiated them, when in animated terms she declared her entire willingness to accept the count's resignation of her hand, and thus release him forever from all obligation to her—and her perfect approval of the new choice he had so wisely made. Of course when the parties more immediately interested were agreed, the bishop felt that remonstrance on his part would be both absurd and useless. Pleased also, that the alliance he so much desired, would bring him into even closer relationship to the powerful family of the count, he yielded a gracious assent to the wishes of the new lovers, who flushed with happiness, knelt at his feet to receive his blessing on their hopes. As there was now no cause for delay, the marriage was shortly solemnized in the private chapel of the palace, the bishop performing the ceremony, immediately after which the count, with his blooming bride, set out for Venice.

But even at the altar, the image of Guiseppe Tartini, beautiful and gifted as Apollo, came like a radiant vision before her fancy, casting into shadow the duller being to whom she had linked her fate. In a moment of pique and disappointment, she had married the count; but he was not the idol of her imagination; she knew him "of the earth, earthy," bound down in spirit to the visible realities of life, and incapable of soaring with her thoughts, into the higher regions of poetry and light. Too late she mourned her rashness in again forming a union where there existed no sympathy of taste and feeling, and once more, ere the bridal moon had waned, she felt deeply and bitterly, the inability of worldly wealth and splendour to bestow that happiness which springs from hidden sources that lie deep within the soul.

It was when left alone with Ianthé, that the bishop remarked with deep concern, the continued melancholy that consumed her. Vainly he essayed every art to win her back to cheerfulness; one only thought, one deep regret absorbed her soul, and hour after hour she sat silent and abstracted, with downcast eyes, her cheek almost transparent in its marble paleness. The physicians perceived that her disease was of the mind, and uninformed of its true origin, recommended change of scene as the remedy most likely to promote her recovery.

The bishop, accordingly, who was about to visit Florence, called thither by some secular business that required his attention, determined to

take her with him, and even to prolong his tour in case her health continued to improve during its progress. For the dread of losing her, had filled him with alarm, and he already questioned with himself, whether he had a right to sport thus with the happiness of this young and innocent creature, whether all he should gain by sacrificing her to his worldly pride and ambition, would repay him for the wreck which he was making of her peace.

With these softening thoughts, his manner became towards her even more tender than usual; he watched her with all a mother's gentle care, and himself superintended the preparations for her comfort, which preceded their departure. Attended by the nurse of her infancy, and a few confidential servants, for the bishop wished to remain incognito, they at length set forth, and travelled slowly on through the lovely scenery of Padua, which as it met the view of Ianthé, awakened emotions of animated pleasure, even in her sad and stricken heart. Indeed, the sight of nature, in her freshness and her beauty, produced a magical effect upon her spirits, and brought back to her pale cheek, a tinge of its wonted bloom.

The bishop, delighted at these omens of amendment, lingered in every spot that seemed to excite her interest, and diverged often from his route to seek objects of natural beauty, which might serve to enhance her pleasure, and beguile her thoughts from the one sad and hopeless subject on which they preyed. And so for many days they journeyed through the fairest scenes of fair and classic Italy, but as the first pleasurable excitement of change and novelty faded away, she relapsed into yet deeper sadness, a sadness that exhibited scarcely a transient gleam of brightness, and which it resisted all his efforts to dispel. Alarmed by the continual melancholy which he feared might at last seriously derange her intellect, he one day, as they slowly descended a romantic pass of the Apennines, amid whose wild and romantic scenery they had for some time lingered, spoke to her upon the subject of her unhappy passion, when, touched to the heart by the grief and misery she displayed, he promised no longer to oppose her wishes, but to sanction her union with the object of her affection whenever he might appear to claim her. And he already felt himself rewarded for this unpremeditated kindness, by her grateful tears, and the more frequent smiles which soon in some measure brightened her pensive features.

Conversing on this, and other topics connected with it, they had forgotten that evening was coming fast upon them, and that they had yet more than a league to travel before they could reach a halting place for the night. Nor had they observed the

gathering clouds which portended a speedy shower, till warned of its approach by the low growling of distant thunder, and by vivid flashes of lightning, that played at intervals across their path. The twilight deepened rapidly; indeed the dark clouds that hung low down upon the mountains, created a premature night, and urged them to press on in search of some shelter, as rapidly as the roughness of the road would permit their sure-footed mules to proceed.

But in vain they looked around for some human habitation; none met their earnest gaze, and they were about to seek refuge from the increasing fury of the elements, beneath an overhanging rock, when the cheering sound of a bell suddenly disturbed the dreary silence that reigned around them. They listened till again it swelled upon the breeze; and the next moment a bright gleam of lightning revealed to them the grey walls of an old monastic pile, rising above the trees at a short distance from their road. They hastened towards it, for the rain was already beginning to fall, and their loud summons at the gate was answered quickly from within; when the whole party were conducted to a large hall, where they found several travellers, who like themselves had sought refuge from the tempest, gathered round the ample chimney, in which blazed a bright fire of chestnut logs.

They courteously made way at the approach of Ianthé, who, weary and exhausted, threw herself upon the rude settle that stood beside the hearth; and partially screened from observation by the watchful care of her attendant, she continued to recline there, while the wayfarers gathered round the board which a lay brother spread for their refreshment, and talked of their adventures as they discerned the wholesome viands placed before them. Gazing with a vacant eye into the crackling fire, she remained for some time wrapped in a waking dream, when through an opening door, stole suddenly a strain of sweetest music, an old familiar strain, that stirred to its most secret depths, her startled soul. With that rich melody were linked the dearest memories of her heart, and now in that old hall its gushing sweetness came to her ear like a voice of plaintive mourning from the past.

With eyes upraised and hands clasped in speechless ecstasy, she rose from her rude couch and stood in breathless emotion listening to the strain.

"It is the hour of evening service in the chapel," said the lay brother, who observed her, "and they are chanting the vesper hymn to the Virgin."

She involuntarily moved towards the door, then

recollecting herself, paused and looked imploringly upon her uncle.

"Thou wouldst join in those devotions?" he said, taking her hand gently in his. "I fear it will be too much for thee, my child; yet if it be thy wish, I will not gainsay thee."

With a sign of assent, she drew her veil over her face, when the bishop, conducted by the lay brother, led her through the long dark passages of the building to the entrance of the chapel. All was silent when they entered—the monks were at their prayers, and sinking on her knees, she too poured out her soul in silent supplication. But again burst forth the music of the choir, bearing the spirit upward on its rapturous wings to heaven. She arose, and stood fixing her entranced gaze upon the place whence those divine harmonies proceeded. Suddenly a distant door opening from the sacristy caused a quick rush of air, which blew aside the curtain whose folds she had vainly longed to penetrate, and revealed to her astonished gaze, the form, the features of Guiseppe—of him she loved so truly, mourned so deeply, that for his loss she had well nigh paid the forfeit of her life. Raising her hand towards him, she faintly pronounced his name, and sank lifeless on the marble pavement of the chapel.

After this rencontre, life was for many days a blank to Ianthé; and when one bright morning she again awoke to consciousness, she found herself in her own chamber at Padua, lying on her own couch, with its snow-white draperies drawn closely around her. A soft step sounded in the room, and the next moment the face of her kind nurse looked in through an opening of the curtain. Ianthé extended her arms with a smile, and at that blessed sight the faithful creature uttered a cry of joy, that brought other dear ones, who kept their anxious watch near by, to her side.

In a moment she was lying on her uncle's breast, while at her feet knelt one who clasped her hand in silent, deep emotion, to his heart, and raised his eyes, swimming in tears of rapture, to her face. The bishop fondly kissed her pallid brow, and thanked God aloud for her recovery; then with whispered words that brought the bright hue of health for a moment to her cheek, he placed her in her lover's arms, and with a blessing left them to their joy.

Happiness, which is the best promoter of health, soon restored its wonted vigour to Ianthé's frame, and imparted peace and serenity to her mind, and within a month of her reunion with Guiseppe, she sat with him his happy bride in the pleasant chamber of the little summer-house at Pirano;

while Pietro, serious, yet cheerful, leaned against the window, gazing with pride at the beauty of the daughter, whom, as he often said, his son had brought to his home, to fill the place of the blessed angel he had lost.

From this time, Guiseppe, with the approval, both of his father and the bishop, devoted himself exclusively to the study of music, in which science he attained such eminence, that he became the greatest master of the age. Comparing him with his cotemporary, Corelli, the father of the violin, his biographer says: "Tartini's compositions with all the correctness and polish of Corelli's, are bolder and more impassioned. His slow movements, in particular, were remarkably vocal and expressive, and his music showed a knowledge of the violin, which Corelli was not able to attain."

SONS OF CHIEFS.*

A LYRIC, WRITTEN BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, IN HONOUR OF THE SCOTTISH LEGION, WHICH RETURNED BLIND FROM EGYPT.

Sons of chiefs renown'd in story—
Ye whose fame is heard afar—
Ye who rush'd to death or glory—
Welcome from the toils of war!
When from conquest late assembling,
Mladly armed the frantic Gaul,
Europe, for her empire trembling,
Doubted where the storm might fall,
Britain, from her sea-girt station,
Guarded by her native oak,
Heard the threat with indignation,
Well prepared to meet the stroke.
But the foe, her thunder fearing,
Fled her naval arm before,
And far distant widely steering,
Seized the famed Egyptian shore.
There in vain his boasted legions
Vow'd to keep the wide domain.
Eager for the torrid regions,
See Britannia ploughs the main!
Ye whose sons of oil, opposing,
Check'd the haughty Roman band—
In the shock of battle closing,
Freed the Caledonian land:
You, our guardian genius naming,
To the toils of combat bred,
Chase to hurl her vengeance flaming
On the foe's devoted head!
Methinks old Ossian, from his station
On the skirts of yonder cloud,
Eyes his race with exultation:
Hark! the hero speaks aloud—
"Sons of chiefs renown'd in story!
Ye whose fame is spread afar!
Ye who rushed to death or glory!
Welcome from the toils of war!"

* These lines, by the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," were found lately by Mr. Wallace, a gentleman who is lecturing in the United States on the poets and poetry of Scotland, among the papers of Richmanasset, accompanied by the latter's own music.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

MR. EDITOR.—“The proper study of mankind is man”—so at least says Alexander Pope; but of all the numerous classes of the manifold species, into which this extensive genus may be sub-divided, few present greater diversity—I might say, greater contradiction—of character, than that which gives a title to the engraving you send me.

Sometimes the Belle of the Ball is a timid, shrinking girl, just dawning into womanhood, confused and startled by the admiration she excites, and the existence of which, by feminine instinct, she divines, though all unconscious of its depth and fervor. Sometimes, instead of this bud of beauty, she is the full-blown rose; and moving amid the brilliant circle with queen-like mien, she seems to exact the homage of her attendant cavaliers, rather than simply to admit it. At times you will find her a coquette, at others, a prude; now all haughty grandeur, and again, all smiles and fascination. Nay, you will occasionally discover these shades of character, instead of being represented by different individuals, united in the person of one.

For instance: You are introduced to Miss Mortimer at an assembly, dance with her twice during the evening, escort her to her carriage at its close, and return home, enchanted with her loveliness, affability and wit. You take care to make anxious enquiry, next day, whether she has survived the fatigues of the ball, and are received with such kindness and cordiality, that your heart threatens to surrender at discretion, and you leave the house with the conviction: “If ever there was an angel on earth, it is Miss Mortimer!” Or, you may possibly have arrived so far as to drop the “Miss Mortimer,” and speak of her (to yourself) as “Dear Amelia!”

You learn that she is to be present at the next assembly, and are amongst the earliest arrivals, in the hope of being the first to secure her hand for the dance. She at length enters the room, as lovely and bewitching as before; but, as you hastily step forward, she checks your advance with a frigid bow, and sweeps onward. For a time you stand fixed in astonishment; but re-

covering, you push through the crowd to rectify the mistake—“for mistake it must be.” As you advance, the band strikes up, and you approach Miss Mortimer, just in time to see her stand up to the quadrille with Major DeLacy of the 20th Hussars. Almost with the last bar of *La Finale*, you are by her side; but to your pleaded claim she replies, with a listless glance at the little ivory tablet that hangs from her giraffe, that “indeed Mr. Hugomont must excuse her—she is engaged, she believes, for the next thirteen dances.” As you turn slowly away, you hear her accept the young and rich Sir William Percival for the third quadrille, and begin to fancy that “really Miss Mortimer was no such angel after all!” As for the cause of her change of deportment, you might search for a century, without finding a more satisfactory reason than the child’s “Just because!” Was she not the Belle of the Ball, and would you have her so forget her character as to act like common people?

In short, the Belle of the Ball is a thing of silk and satin, feathers and diamonds; a creature of loveliness and caprice, of grace and of art, of cloud and sunshine, of smiles and tears—aye, of tears, for even the brilliancy of a ball-room will not always exclude that evidence of our weak human nature.

And you ask me to make this the subject of a sketch! As well bid me daguerreotype the shifting shadows of a landscape, or fix the colour of the chameleon, or analyse the hues of a butterfly’s wing.

When I have succeeded in all these tasks, I may then attempt that you now suggest.

I remain,

Mr. Editor, yours,

EDMOND HUGOMONT.

[Such was the reply we received to a request for an illustrative sketch to accompany this month’s engraving; and conceiving that our friend, Mr. Hugomont’s *refusal*, may answer our purpose perhaps as well as his *assent* would have done, we “shame the rogue and print it.—Ed. L. G.]

THE CORNET WALTZ.

BY SCHUBERT.

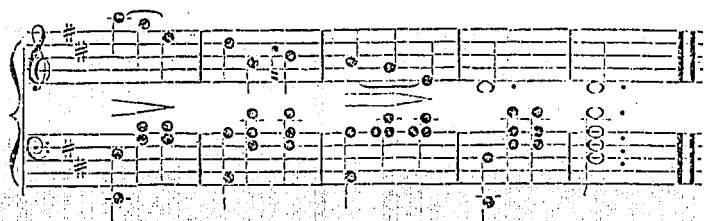
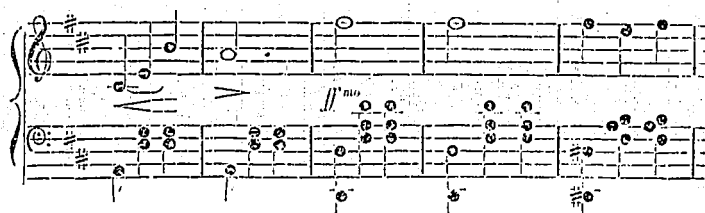
ARRANGED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY MR. W. H. WARREN, OF MONTREAL.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a bass line with chords and single notes. Both staves feature dynamic markings such as accents (>) and slurs.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff maintains the treble clef, one flat key signature, and 3/4 time signature. The lower staff maintains the bass clef, one flat key signature, and 3/4 time signature. The notation includes various note values and rests, with dynamic markings like accents and slurs.

The third system of musical notation features two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, one flat key signature, and 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef, one flat key signature, and 3/4 time signature. A dynamic marking of *cres.* (crescendo) is present in the lower staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, one flat key signature, and 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef, one flat key signature, and 3/4 time signature. The notation includes various note values and rests, with dynamic markings like accents and slurs.



SUNDAY.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

O DAY most calm, most bright !
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with his blood ;
 The couch of time, care's balm and bry ;
 The week were dark but for thy light—
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
 Make up one Man, whose face *thou* art,
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow.
 The worky days are the back part,
 The burden of the week lies there,
 Making the whole to stoop and bow,
 Till thy release appear.

Man had, straight forward, gone
 To endless death. But thou dost pull,
 And turn us round, to look on One,
 Whom, if we were not very dull,
 We could not choose but look on still ;
 Since there is no place so alone
 The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
 On which heaven's palace arched lies :
 The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room with vanities.
 They are the fruitful bed and borders
 In God's rich garden : that is here
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on Time's string ;
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal, glorious King.
 On Sunday heaven stands ope ;
 Blessings are plentiful and rife—
 More plentiful than hope.

Thou art a day of mirth ;
 And, where the week-days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher as thy birth.
 Oh, let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven :
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven !

OUR TABLE.

TALES OF THE OLDEN TIMES; A COLLECTION OF EUROPEAN TRADITIONS.

WE have received the first number of this collection, containing "A Tale of the Desmonds," and "Blanche of Osterberg," complete, together with the commencement of a third story, entitled "Castle Roche, a Legend of Louth." We believe we violate no literary confidence in stating that the fair authoress is the same who has graced our pages with several poetical contributions, under the signature of "M. A. M." The circumstances which have induced her to submit these tales to public criticism in this form, are contained in the annexed extract from the Preface to the work:

"If truth must be told—and it is somewhat of a secret, gentle Reader—had it been my fate to belong to that fortunate class which is happily exempt from the necessity of working, I should, in all probability, never have presented myself before you; at least it seems so to me now: for, after all, authorship is a perilous craft—ay! and an irksome one too, seeing that there are so many masters to be pleased. It is foreign to a woman's nature, moreover, to 'move in the ungenial glare of public fame'—hers are, or should be, the quiet shades of retirement, and woe to her who steps beyond their boundary, with the hope—of finding happiness. A fair young Poetess, who only appeared in the hemisphere of Literature, to vanish forever from our sight, has sweetly and truly sung:

"Yet, genius, yet—thou art a fearful thing—
Madness—a broken heart—an early grave—
These are thy portions—"

"And there is as much wisdom as melancholy beauty in the well-known wish of a distinguished writer, 'May my muse be talented—and my daughters, happy!' Alas! that the distinction should be so just.

"For myself, the Rubicon is now passed, and there is no receding: let me, therefore, proceed to account for my appearance in the arena of Literature. Some of the tales now presented to the public were written for amusement, at that period of life when the fresh and ardent mind begins to develop itself, and when, childhood giving place to girlhood, the world seems clad in all the unreal hues of romance. Of these, some have appeared in the pages of a London Periodical, and are now offered with little revision: others there are, which have been written within the last few months, and which will, I fear, bear the impress of careless haste, being, as they are, the fruit of moments snatched from avocations demanding much mental as well as bodily application. Be this my apology, that very many of the hours employed in their composition were stolen from needful rest, at those times when the mind must necessarily partake of the lassitude and weariness of the body. Let me again repeat more positively, (what I have already hinted,) that necessity rather than choice brings me before the public."

While regretting the existence of the circumstances here alluded to, this regret is selfishly

tempered with a feeling of something like gladness that they have resulted in giving to the world the Tales now before us. Of the three that have appeared, two are Legends of that Emerald Isle, where, we believe, the authoress claims her birth-place. It is a land, every green vale and rugged hill of which abounds in wild romantic tale and supernatural legend; and many of these, we doubt not, will be brought out from the budget of our fair authoress. She has given evident token, too, that she is at home even among the wild crags of the Alps, and we may expect among the forthcoming numbers, Tales of Other Climes, as well as Tales of Other Times.

We heartily wish this work the success it so richly deserves.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

THIS number completes the Third Volume of the New Series of the LITERARY GARLAND, being the Seventh since its first establishment. The increase in the list of our subscribers during the past year, is a satisfactory proof that our exertions have found favour in the sight of the Canadian public; while the number of new names that have appeared as contributors to our pages during the same period, affords a gratifying token of the success of these exertions towards their prime object—the extension and improvement of Canadian Literature.

Thus encouraged, no effort shall be spared, by Publishers or Editors, to make the LITERARY GARLAND in every way worthy of its position, as the sole literary periodical of this Province.

WE are certain that our readers will learn, with the same feelings of poignant regret and affliction, which we have ourselves experienced, the intelligence of the death of one who has contributed very much to their instruction, as well as amusement, during the past year. We allude to Mrs. Macleachlan, the authoress of "The Girl's Choice." This gifted lady, as may be gathered from her affecting remarks at the close of that story in the present number, had left Canada for England, some months since. Alas! her sojourn in her native land was destined to be short, and a few weeks saw her laid in the silent tomb. Her loss will be severely felt by many in this Province, who admired her for her talents and loved her for her virtues.

The deceased lady was sister to Sir William Colebrooke, Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, and wife of Colonel Macleachlan of the Royal Engineers.