

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

# THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1850.

No. 2.

## THE BUCCANEERS OF TORTUGA.\*

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND.

### CHAPTER V.

Thou art wedded to calamity."

SHAKESPEARE.

At the hour named by Don Fernando, the anxious Victoria repaired to the lonely hillock he had appointed for the place of their meeting. The brow of the acclivity was crowned with lofty trees, which cast a deep shade over a grave, said to be that of a Caraib Chief, who had been treacherously murdered by a Spaniard, and whose spectre was still said to haunt the spot. A half ruined ajoupa, whose slanting roof was nearly veiled by the parasitic plants that flung their garlands over it, whose foliage, fruit and flowers, made it resemble a bower, rather than the deserted abode of man. It had remained untenanted for many years, for the pirate who had erected it, had been so disturbed by the apparition of the grim Caraib warrior, that he had deserted it, and left it to fall to decay; and so strongly were the inhabitants of Tortuga persuaded of the truth of his assertions, that bold indeed was the Buccaneer who ventured to pass near the spot after sunset.

The door of the hut was half open, and by the dim light, Donna Victoria discovered her cousin sitting by a rude table, apparently examining some charts that were lying before him. He had exchanged his Indian habit for the dress of a Spanish cavalier—his plumed hat was thrown carelessly aside, and his hand supported his finely formed head, whose ebon ringlets partly shaded the lofty and expansive brow, whose fairness con-

trasted with the embrowned cheek and sable hair, and presented to the eye of the lovely Spaniard, a perfect model of manly beauty. The face of Don Fernando seemed to reflect the fine qualities of his mind, as the stream returns the image of the flowers that bloom along its banks.

Donna Victoria felt all her doubts vanish as she gazed upon that noble countenance; for who could look upon it, and doubt the truth and honor so legibly written on every feature. Perhaps at that moment, she wondered at herself for having fled from a marriage with him, to wed a pirate; but the deep sigh, that dispelled her kinsman's profound reverie, arose from the upbraidings of conscience, rather than from any severing of her heart from St. Amande.

"You are here, my cousin," cried he. "It is well; you will return to the duty you owe your father!"

"And forsake the duty I owe my husband," replied she, in a sorrowful tone. "No, cruel cousin, leave me to perish with him, but bid me not to leave him."

"Oh! save your soul from the fearful crime of parricide! Ought this sea robber to hold a dearer claim upon your heart, than the noble, but miserable parent, who nightly steeps his couch in tears, and laments continually for her, who is cold and insensible as marble to his grief?"

"A sea robber!" replied she, and the deep flush of indignation suffused her face. "His birth is as noble as your own."

"He has blotted out his patent of nobility in

\* Continued from page 10.

innocent blood," answered Don Fernando, sternly. "High birth only renders evil deeds more conspicuous, nay, more infamous! The Exterminator is well known to Spaniards; we will not quarrel about his title. Yet, hark thee, fair cousin, in a few days I storm this nest of piracy. I know each pass—each watchword—and many, even in Tortuga, will aid me to destroy the pirate. Return with me, and I will delay, nay, give up my promised vengeance—will forget the patriot, and be unjust to Spain, for your sake, and for the sake of your unhappy child."

Donna Victoria regarded her cousin with a look of amazement and horror, and then threw herself at Don Fernando's feet, and, bursting into tears, said in a tone of passionate entreaty: "Do not ask me to give up my consort? do not offer me such a cruel alternative! I will persuade him to retire to France with me and his little one, and to quit this fearful life. Delay your design for a few weeks, if you would not drive me to desperation." She fixed her beautiful and streaming eyes on his face, with a look of despairing and most eloquent entreaty.

Don Fernando Toledo could have encountered death in its most dreadful shape—could have endured the most agonizing tortures without a groan,—but he was not proof against his lovely cousin's tears.

"Victoria," he replied, tenderly raising her up, "you have conquered for the present; the Buccaneer is safe," and he dwelt rather scornfully on the word. "I compromise my country's honor, but I cannot bear to see you weep. Would to heaven, I had never seen you." He drew her to his bosom, and unsheathing his rapier, severed one of the long black ringlets that hung over her shoulders, kissed her brow, and rushed from the ajoupa, leaving her in a state of extreme agitation and alarm.

She lingered some moments in the hut, in the hope of seeing him return, but he came not; and she thought she heard the distant sound of a carbine, and, trembling with apprehension, she quitted the hut, and cast many a hurried glance around the deepening gloom, in search of him, and then returned to her own home, full of doubt and perplexity.

CHAPTER VI.

"I have't—it is engendered Hell—and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light."  
SHAKESPEARE.

"I ALMOST relented when I beheld him fall," muttered Hector Montbelliard, as he leant over the bleeding form of the murdered Spaniard. "Surely

the gallant deserved a better fate. I have shed much blood, nor felt remorse till now. Would that my carbine had hung fire, or found a less sure mark. Away vain scruples, idle regrets; what has a Buccaneer to do with ruth or mercy? His death was necessary to my great revenge. Tremble, O mine enemy! for I have found a vulnerable part, and thou shalt feel me like a two-edged sword. He cannot doubt the evidences I offer. The dark ringlet stained so deeply with the vital current that flowed from his heart. The portrait! Yes, these silent witnesses will plead against her, with proof so strong that he must deem her guilty."

Thus spoke the pirate, while the muscles of his face moved convulsively, and every nerve shook with contending emotions. "A mighty power has aided me," continued he. "Accident, or rather my destiny, led me to listen to their conference yesternight, and chance put me in possession of their secret. There is one too, whose weakness I have fathomed, and I will tempt her to bear false witness to the tale I tell. I did not cross his path—I had well nigh forgotten the injuries—the bitter wrongs of early years, and fame and fortune promised to compensate my labours. He came, the robber, the supplanter, and stole the guerdon due to my trials and my blood; maintains his empire over a breast that scorns him, and lords it in Tortuga as in France; but my hour is come. Fate has decreed his fall—I'll torture him—stretch him on a mental rack, and then—Ha! ha! he counselled me to wed Almeria Guarda. I scorned the idea, although the maid is fair. Perchance, Lord Duke, she shall be matched more nobly than with me. But I waste time in words. I must conceal this deed, wash from my guilty hands the tell-tale stains, and bury deep in the earth, the murdered body."

He raised the insensible form of Don Fernando Toledo from the ground, and bore it into a neighbouring thicket, where he dug a shallow grave with his cutlass, and consigned the remains of the noble Spaniard to the bosom of the earth, and returned to draw the snares he had laid still closer round his devoted and unconscious victim. What arts he used to induce Almeria Guarda to aid his guilty purposes, never transpired. However, he was but too successful.

The news of St. Amande's victory preceded his return to his associate and valiant partizan; and Hector Montbelliard hastened to congratulate the man whose peace he was then treacherously undermining; but there was a visible embarrassment in Donna Victoria's manner, that did not escape the quick observation of the villain, or even that

of the unsuspecting St. Amande himself. The secret that covered the breast of the Spanish lady, made her fear to meet the eyes of her lord, and covered her with confusion and blushes. Her silence surprised and mortified him—he could not guess the cause of her unwonted reserve, and when he motioned to Montbelliard, to attend him, and give an account of all that had happened on the island during his absence, the traitor found him in the very frame of mind to listen to his calumnies.

It was night, but a brilliant moon-light rendered every object distinctly visible; and Hector Montbelliard could trace in the convulsed features of St. Amande, the fearful workings of his soul. The Exterminator—the dread of Spain—the terror of the New World—whose flag had once waved its folds in the heart of the Spanish fleet, through which his frigate had passed openly and unmolested—now threw himself on the ground, and writhed beneath the crushing agony of that blow, like a wounded and mangled reptile. At length he raised himself a little, and dropping his aching head on his shaking hands, said in an agitated and faltering tone: “Words, Hector, words might be mistaken. I will not deem her false on such slight grounds.”

“Unhappy Henri. Here is fatal proof,” and Montbelliard produced the picture. The Buccaneer started at the sight, as though he had been stung by a serpent. “Know you locks like these,” and he held up to the view of the miserable husband, the long black ringlet, that was stained with the heart’s blood of the unfortunate cavalier.

St. Amande groaned, and murmured to himself: “The traitress! Yes, I well remember that one of these long ebon ringlets, that shaded her ivory neck, was gone. Wretched husband! lost, undone, guilty woman!”

“Yes, Henri! I saw him sever that lovely tress, while she hung upon his bosom all in tears, lamenting that the parting hour had come. Forsooth they were a noble pair—each other’s counterpart—the cavalier all dignity and grace—the lady fond and fair as Helen’s self!”

St. Amande started up, and uttered an exclamation or execration between his shut teeth; but his voice was inaudible with passion. He snatched the portrait from Montbelliard’s hand, and flinging it on the ground, stamped on it till gold, ivory, and painting, became an indistinguishable mass; and then tearing the black ringlet from his false friend, scattered it to the winds of heaven, and broke out into a wild horrible laugh, that sounded, as it rang among the rocks, like the yell of a demon. The vengeance he had wreaked upon

these inanimate objects relieved his overwrought heart, and he uttered in a low and almost inarticulate voice:

“Hector, how came you by these baubles?”

“I took them from his bosom after I had slain him,” replied Montbelliard; “the ball passed through his very heart, for my aim was near and deadly.”

“Why did you spare the adulteress?” rejoined the Buccaneer chief, in the same gloomy stillness of tone.

“Oh! she was young—and fair withal; and then his seeking her in the midst of danger might easily win a fickle woman’s heart. Then they had been previously affianced.”

“Distraction! you excuse her guilt,” exclaimed St. Amande; “but, Hector, she shall die!” and he grasped the arm of Montbelliard with violence.

“Be not rash, Henri; first examine the evidences of her guilt. The Senora Guarda is in her confidence; question her respecting her lady’s conduct during your absence. Clear up every doubt before you throw your wife, your bosom friend, far from you.”

“Bosom fiend!” retorted the miserable man. “Go quickly; I will speak with this Almeria. Nay, delay not, I am well; and mark me, Hector, tarry not by the way; for suspense is worse than all the torments the Spaniards could inflict upon me, were I in their power.”

Montbelliard obeyed his commands, and quickly returned with Almeria. He then withdrew to a little distance, to allow them time and opportunity for unrestrained parlance.

Whatever were the facts elicited by St. Amande from the friend and confidant of his wife, they were such, it would seem, as confirmed him in his belief of her guilt, for he staggered towards his false friend, and with white convulsed lips, articulated, with a strong effort, the words—“Slay the traitress!” and rushed from the spot with the rapidity of lightning, and was out of sight in a moment.

Montbelliard smiled grimly as he traced the path of the distracted Buccaneer by the agitation of the branches of the almost untrodden thicket through which he forced his way; and in whose deep and unfrequented solitudes he plunged to hide his grief from every eye.

“Revenge! revenge, thou art sweet!” exclaimed he; “yet this is but thy first fruits, thy full fruition will be sweeter still. Ha! I forgot—his commission must now be fulfilled—I must decoy her to the cave—and then, methinks, he takes a long, long farewell of peace. Sleep never more will visit his sad eyes,—nor will he ever love again,—for never will

he again behold her counterpart—and, like Herod, he will rave for her he doomed to death; or if pride forbid him to make lamentation for the dead, at least for one he deems so—his heart will pine for her, and her forsaken babe's sad wail shall ring upon his ears like his poor mother's knell!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

"And strange suspicion whispering Sarai's name,  
Now daily mutters o'er his blackened fame;  
Then sudden silent when his form appeared,  
Awaits the absence of the thing it feared,  
Again its wonted wandering to renew.  
"And dye conjecture with a darker hue."

BYRON.

THE strange disappearance of the beautiful Spanish lady, excited a considerable sensation on the island; and dark hints and surmises were repeated from one person to another, respecting her mysterious absence. St. Amante was sensible that he was suspected of her murder, and the general pause in the conversation that followed his entrance, agonized him. He became more silent and reserved in his manners and habits; and when he was not at sea, passed his days in utter solitude. The smile that wedded love had called up to his lip had entirely vanished—his bent brow, and deep abstraction, and convulsive starts, did not escape the searching eyes of Montbelliard, who exulted in these evidences of internal anguish. He sometimes even ventured to speak of her whom the Buccaneer never named; and secretly exulted when he beheld the unhappy man start as if he had pierced anew some festering wound, whose burning throb no medicament could soften or heal.

The little infant had never been seen by its father, since the dreadful night when his wailings for his murdered mother filled the desolate home she had once adorned and gladdened. An Indian woman had taken the deserted babe to her bosom; but he still pined and languished for his dear maternal nurse.

That hatred to the Spaniards, that had slumbered for more than a twelvemonth, now awoke, in all its pristine fury, in the breast of the pirate chief. Woe to the Spanish town he stormed—woe to the Spanish vessel he encountered on the sea; for her flag was vainly lowered—mercy was vainly invoked by the vanquished, to whom he now never gave quarter! St. Amante strove to quench the flame that preyed upon his heart, in the blood of the unfortunate Spaniards; and he seemed bent upon exterminating their name in the New World. The wealth of ravaged Mexico and Peru was stored in Tortuga, and his followers

increased daily; for mercenary foreigners, unsuccessful colonists, and free Indians, flocked to enrol themselves under the banners of the dreaded and redoubted Exterminator; while the people against whom he warred believed him to be leagued with unhallowed powers, and rendered proof against ball and blade, by the demons to whom he had sold his soul.

His crew harboured the same wild suspicions; and it was whispered that his lonely hours were spent in converse with the immaterial world; nay, some even imagined that the form of St. Amante was animated by an evil spirit, whose purpose was to torment and exterminate the Spaniards, and who was permitted for a time on earth, to punish them for the enormities they had committed in the New World. Others, less weak and more observing, conjectured that he had drowned the Spanish lady in a fit of jealousy; and had afterwards bitterly repented of his crime, for they remarked, that he never sailed by a certain steep promontory without averting his eyes, as if he expected to behold the phantom of the murdered Victoria to arise from the sullen waters that flowed at its base. It was even rumoured that a female form had been seen standing on the verge of that cliff, pointing downwards, as if to indicate the spot where the dark waves had received her lifeless form.

The deep mystery that enveloped the early years of the Buccaneer chief, gave rise, in a great measure, to those idle tales and wild conjectures; for whatever he had been, it was evident he had never been intended for a pirate. He had never mentioned his birth place or his real name to any one; and although that had not been considered extraordinary in a person so situated, since most of his associates had assumed different appellations from those they once bore, when they became Buccaneers, yet, when combined with his lonely habits, extensive knowledge, and detestation of all low scenes and company—his carelessness of danger, and contempt of the gold he won—it appeared that he was more actuated by hatred to Spain, than by a thirst for what all were toiling to gain; more fond of blood than greedy of spoil.

Some months had glided away since the disappearance of Victoria Toledo; and it was rumoured that the pirate, St. Amante, was about to form a second union with the companion and confidant of his late wife. Almeria Guarda was a beautiful woman, and devotedly attached to him; and though the object of her passionate love did not feel for her the affection he had felt for his unfortunate Victoria, he was grateful for the interest she took in his welfare, and at last determined to

reward it. Yet compassion, not love, was the motive that induced him to offer his hand to Almeria; for Montbelliard assured him that the unhappy lady was pining with a hopeless and unrequited attachment for him. St. Amande observed her narrowly, and her blushes and tremors, whenever he spoke to her, convinced him that his friend's conjectures were well founded; and he resolved to offer her his hand, as soon as he returned from an enterprise he meditated against Porto Bello.

Almeria received an intimation to this effect from Montbelliard; she till then had fancied that the intelligence would make her perfectly happy; but she soon discovered her mistake, for the event she so ardently desired, as it drew near, filled her with remorse—the stings of conscience incessantly pierced her guilty bosom, and her slumbers were haunted by the image of her injured friend. Yet her mad affection for St. Amande prevailed over these self-upbraidings. She could not resolve to renounce the reward of her evil deeds, and resign the man she loved; and she tried to still the mental tortures she endured, by painting in her own mind the sweets of domestic happiness, and the pride and pleasure she should feel in calling the pirate chief of Tortuga her own; and hope again prevailed over her fears. She knew not that death would be the guest of her bridal, and that her punishment would follow fast upon the consummation of her crime.

—  
CHAPTER VIII.  
—

"And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed caught  
From high, and lightened with electric thought;  
Though its black orb, those long low lashes fringe,  
Had tempered with a melancholy tinge,  
Yet, less of sorrow than of pride was there,  
Or, if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share."

BYRON.

—  
A MOTLEY group, composed of various nations, assembled on the beach to hail the return of the victorious St. Amande and his associates, from the conquest of the wealthy town of Porto Bello,—and a wild swell of voices united in a rude chorus of gratulation and praise, as the Buccaneer chief landed, loaded with spoil, and attended by a number of Indians, whose fetters he had broken, and whom he had invited to share his island home.

This tribute of affection found its way even to his melancholy bosom—a proud joy lighted up his eye—a long, long absent feeling of gladness entered his soul as his ear drank in those martial and triumphant sounds. He felt that he was beloved by his followers—trusted by them; and this

simple proof of their regard was more valuable than all the gold and jewels he had won. Suddenly the lofty expression of exultation faded from his brow, and his bounding heart became still as death, for, mingling its sweet clear tones with that rude harmony, arose the voice of her, whose harmonious breath he deemed was long since hushed for ever. The gay scene vanished from his sight; he no longer saw the mixed and motley multitude that surrounded him, or heard the joyous shout of the feathered Indian, and bold Buccaneer. A lonely spot—a cliff whose base was worn by the ceaseless swell of the billows, seemed to rise before his eyes. A fair shrinking form stood on the verge of that dizzy height, struggling with the ruffian who appeared to impel her towards the edge of the precipice. Her frantic scream, and the sweep of the wind over the deep, deep water, were the only sounds that met his ear! Unconsciously he covered his face, and echoed that cry!

"What ails thee, Henri?" whispered Montbelliard, in an admonitory tone; and the sound of his voice dispelled the vision fancy had created from the mind of the pirate.

"A sudden pang," was his brief reply, as with a powerful effort he mastered his emotion, and averted his eyes from Montbelliard, to avoid meeting his penetrating look, and half sarcastic smile.

At that moment, St. Amande caught the glance of a black youth, whose large, lustrous, melancholy dark eye, was rivetted upon his face with a searching, and at the same time a watchful expression. Angry and indignant as he felt at this daring scrutiny, there was something in the boy's countenance, that not only disarmed his wrath, but attracted him to look again. A nameless spell lurked beneath the long fringes that shaded those liquid orbs, that completely fascinated his attention, and charmed away his displeasure. Even the black veil that covered his fine features could not rob them of the palm of beauty, and the dark ringlets that escaped from under his snowy turban, might have rendered the most lovely lady proud.

"Hector, who is that youth," asked St. Amande. "Surely I have seen such features before now?"

"A captive I brought from Porto Bello. I found him in the church, and spared him from the slaughter, for which favor he seems most grateful. 'Tis a pretty youth, more fitting for a lady's page, than our rude way of life. He comes from the east—speaks many tongues with ease—touches a lute with skill, and sings most sweetly. Yet, with all these gifts, I think the boy is crazed, for

strange wild fancies cross his brain, and sometimes he weeps without a cause, and at times utters no word from day to day, till his perverse and wayward humour melts into tears, or vanishes in song. Nevertheless, I would not part with him for untold thousands."

"Call him hither. I would speak to him," said the pirate.

It should seem that Montbelliard had some difficulty to persuade the black to approach St. Amade, for he drew back with evident reluctance, and offered some resistance to the powerful arm that impelled him towards the chief, who wondered that a creature so timid, should have ventured to regard him so steadfastly only a few moments before. He took his hand, and addressed some kind words to him in Spanish; but he trembled violently in his grasp, and the slender form of Zamor shook with sudden and apparently uncontrollable emotion.

"Poor youth, dost fear me?" said the Buccaneer. "I would not hurt a single hair of thy head. Come, cheer thee, for though thou art full young to know the sorrows of captivity, thou wilt find, that thou hast not exchanged one state of bitter bondage for the new and unknown hardships of another; for all here are free."

The dark eyes of the boy were full of tears, when St. Amade first addressed him, and there was something in his tone and soothing manner, that seemingly unlocked the fountain of his hidden grief, for he concealed his face with both his hands, and wept bitterly.

"Hence Zamor, quick, begone! This is not a place, thou foolish boy, for tears and sighing," cried Montbelliard, frowning angrily upon him.

The black disappeared among the crowd with the swiftness of a flash of lightning.

"Unkind comrade, wherefore didst thou chide away the boy?—methought his melting mood did well become him."

"I must inure him to our rude life, and ruder manners," replied Montbelliard; "the boy is apt, and may prove useful to me, if I can cure him of these fits of causeless weeping. But hark thee, brother, our stay-at-homes intend to give us a feast to-night, in honour of our victory, and safe return. Then let us banish care and join the festive throng. Thou wilt not refuse to grace our revels? Then prithee cast away thy melancholy look, and for once seem gay." St. Amade consented, the comrades quitted the beach, and the crowd quickly dispersed.

The banquet was spread in a large store-house, which was lighted by immense chandeliers of massive silver that had once adorned a cathedral

church, and contrasted strongly with the wooden benches, canvass covered table, and cobwebbed walls of the apartment from whose ceiling they were suspended. Magnificence and almost savage simplicity were strongly blended together in the articles of decoration or utility that crowded the ample board. Golden goblets and wooden trenchers and silver plateaux on the same table. Nor were the groups assembled round it in much better keeping with each other. French, English, Dutch, and Indians, and even Negroes, habited in the national costume of their country,—or attired in a fantastic half-nautical, half-military garb,—with pistols stuck in the belt, and the Spanish cloak flung carelessly over all. The mantled and feathered, cinctured Mexican, with his knife of itzth, the milder Peruvian, the fierce savage of Chili, and the native Brazilian, all armed and clothed after the fashion of their own country, presented a singular contrast to the community with whom they had formed an indissoluble union.

Females were not exempted from this mirthful meeting; and none were absent but those who were employed in nursing the wounded or weeping over the dead or dying.

St. Amade was seated at the head of the table, and by his side was placed Almeria Guarda, whose natural charms were heightened by the magnificent diamonds the Buccaneer chief had flung into her lap that morning, as carelessly as though they had been as many pebbles. They had been destined by a Spanish noble for his young bride, but the fortune of war had decreed that the bridegroom should fall by the hand of the dreaded chief of Tortuga, and the jewels had become the prize of the victor.

Till this night, he had never perceived that Almeria was beautiful; but the difference between her appearance and that of the other females was so striking, that he could not but notice it. Between this lady and her injured friend there was not even a national resemblance; for she was of a fair and blooming complexion, and her deep blue eyes and gracefully curled light ringlets, would rather have indicated a northern than a Spanish extraction. The delight with which she listened to his slightest word gratified his pride, and he bent to catch her half whispered replies with a feeling of gallantry, almost of tenderness, when he suddenly caught the reflection of a female form in the polished mirror of Mexican stone, (or itzth as it is called by the natives,) that hung directly opposite him. His heart grow still, a cold chill crept through his shuddering veins, and his convulsive start betrayed his agitation to his companion, who looked up to discover the cause, and beheld with equal hor-

ror, the figure of the murdered Victoria pointing at her with a menacing gesture; her wild and agonizing scream roused the pirate chief from his dreary contemplation of the phantom; and when his glassy eye again sought the mirror, the vision was gone.

The white lips, and wild stare of the company, told too plainly that they, also, had seen the apparition of the Spanish lady; and hands that had never shaken in battle, now trembled like the leaves of the aspen; but none dared to breathe to his fellow, the fear that paralyzed his hardy frame; for all dreaded to awaken the fury of their chief. St. Amante never spoke of the events of this night, or even alluded to the supernatural appearance that had harrowed up his soul; but he was observed to avoid solitude, which he had always loved, and carefully to shun the dark hour, and by night his apartments in the fortress were now too brilliantly illuminated, to leave a darkened nook for fancy to people with shadows or ghostly phantoms. From that night he drank more wine than had been his wont, and his laugh became more loud and frequent. Yet there was a gloom upon his brow that ill agreed with the smile on his lip, and "none ere could trace the gladness to his eye."

The Buccaneers, when alone, vented freely the suspicions they dared not avow in the presence of St. Amante and his friends, and foretold the fall or violent death of the pirate chief, whose star of ascendancy they imagined, would ere long set in blood; and all were agreed that the apparition of the murdered wife boded no good to her cruel husband.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Shall't have a play of this?  
Thou scornful page, there lie thy part."

SHAKESPEARE.

The phantom figure of Victoria Toledo was now frequently seen gliding among the trees, or standing on the edge of the jutting cliff, from whence it was supposed she had been hurled into the sea. Mysterious music, accompanied by a voice of exquisite sweetness, was nightly heard stealing on the air at the solemn hour of midnight, and those who had once heard her sing, could not easily mistake the rich harmonious strains for any but those the Spanish lady had once loved to breathe.

Twice the spirit had been met, and challenged by two Dutch traders, who had fired at it, but with no more effect than if they had directed their pieces against the vapoury cloud that sometimes gathers round the summit of the table

mountain of the Cape. The appearances of the phantom became more frequent, and haunted every part of the island, and it was rumoured, that it had even been seen wandering round the guarded fortress itself.

St. Amante, although he never avowed the anguish that devoured his mind, was a prey to the most gloomy apprehensions, and sought to atone for the deed he had caused to be committed by grievous penances, and it was whispered, had actually ordered masses to be offered up in the chapel, for the repose of his victim's soul. Yet, he was so fully convinced of his wife's guilt, that the pains he inflicted upon himself, and the holy rites he caused to be celebrated, rather originated from superstition than repentance. He did not regret her death, but lamented that he had cut her off at an unprepared moment. Neither prayer nor penance availed—the spirit of the murdered Victoria still haunted the island of the Buccaneers.

At length, he remembered his neglected child, whose exile from the paternal roof had, perhaps, called up the spirit of his mother, from the deep waves of the Atlantic; and one morning the father of the infant of Victoria directed his steps towards the lonely ajoupa, where the last descendant of one of the noblest and most ancient families in France, had been cradled for the last ten months.

As St. Amante approached the hut, he heard that well known voice, singing those accents which had once been so dear and precious to his soul, but whose sound now had the power of agonizing his heart, and filling it with horrible dread. The words had often been sung to him by Victoria, in the early days of their wedded life; and he had then hung enraptured over her, and had firmly imagined himself to be the object of her fond love, the pole star to which all her young affections turned with undeviating constancy.

With a strong effort he mastered the sort of stupefaction that was stealing over his senses, and lifting the latch, beheld Zamor, the black, rocking the cradle in which his own fair child was sleeping.

"Heard you that song?" cried he abruptly, addressing the black. "Methought it sounded within these walls."

From some perversity of temper, the black chose to answer the question in the Mexican tongue, although it was evident that he perfectly understood the French language in which it was asked. Still in spite of the Mexican guttural, to which few except a native can give its own strength, the voice seemed familiar to his ears, and even ro-



minded him of that which had once been music to them. As he was well acquainted with the Indian dialects, he readily comprehended the reply, which was in the affirmative.

"'Tis strange," cried the questioner, unconscious that he uttered his thoughts aloud, "that her restless spirit should haunt my path, and pour its wailings on my ear, in the very face of day. Aye, and in the night it comes stealing over the waves. The woods and hills repeat the strain. Hark! hark! methought I heard it even now."

St. Amante listened, but the distant murmur of the waves, and the soft, low breathing of his sleeping infant, were the only sounds that met his throbbing ear; and then, it struck him as strange, that the boy should answer in the Indian tongue, to words he had uttered in his own language.

"How happens it," cried he, "that thou repliest in Mexican to what I speak in French! Dost thou understand my tongue?"

"I cannot speak it—it is foreign to my tongue, though my ears comprehend it," answered the black in a sullen tone.

"That is passing strange, my pretty youth," replied the Buccaneer, with an incredulous smile. "So young, and yet a practised deceiver! Where got ye such imperfect knowledge; or rather, how came ye by such depths of guile?"

A flash of haughty resentment lighted up the lustrous orbs of Zamor, as he listened to the sarcastic remarks of the Buccaneer; but he suddenly softened their expression, and assuming a tone of deep pathos, replied:

"I served a Spaniard once, and he was married to one of your nation, a young and lovely lady, who had forsaken her country and parental roof, for him; and from the eloquent meaning of her eye, I learned to comprehend her words, and understand her tongue. Oh! how she loved the commandante—lived, breathed, alone for him—and, yet, he slew her!"

"Slew her!" reiterated the Buccaneer, with a start of painful interest.

"Yes; he loved another, and killed my mistress that he might wed her rival! but, 'tis said, her spirit haunts the place where she was most unkindly done to death."

"Imp of darkness! do you mock me?" exclaimed the pirate in a furious tone, seizing the black boy by the arm, and regarding him with a look that seemed to wither up his soul; for he perceived that the tale was levelled against himself. Yet the terror and surprise the youth evinced, were so naturally and genuinely displayed, that the Buccaneer half repented of his violence, and added in a milder tone: "I slew her; but she was false! and

if her spirit now stood before me, I would avouch it to her face—and were the deed to do again—why, then again I should do it!" By chance he struck his foot against the cradle in the vehemence of his speech, and awoke the infant, who opened his blue eyes, and fixed them on his agitated sire.

The calm look of the innocent and unconscious orphan, softened the heart of St. Amante, and hushed to sleep the warring and tempestuous passions that lately disturbed its inmost core. He took it up in his arms, and examined its features very attentively; but how could he mistake the bright blue eye, the fair skin and glittering ringlets? Nature asserted her rights; and he imprinted a paternal kiss on the ivory brow of the neglected babe.

The child, unused to his presence, and terrified at finding himself in the arms of a stranger, screamed violently, and stretched out his little hands towards the black, with an impatient and eager gesture. Zamor took him from his father, and tenderly soothed and caressed him, till the pleased infant twined its fair fingers among the raven locks of the ebon complexioned youth, and quickly sank into a deep and placid slumber.

"How doth it happen, Zamor, that my little son should cling as fondly to thy bosom, as if he ne'er had known a fairer, dearer pillow? To some babes thy colour would have made thee rather an object of abhorrence than of love."

"I know the woman who tends upon him, and often have supplied her place, and rocked his cradle. Black skins, my lord, cover not always unkindly hearts! Fair complexions do sometimes veil the black—deceitful—treacherous heart!" and he fixed his piercing eyes on the face of St. Amante, till those of the Buccaneer quailed beneath their gaze.

The pirate frowned, and taking the sleeping infant from the arms of its sable nurse, wrapped it in his mantle, and abruptly quitted the ajoupa.

#### CHAPTER X.

"FRI.—Come; is the bride ready to go to church?"

"CAP.—Ready to go; but never to return."

ALMERIA GUARDA sat in her own apartment, splendidly arrayed for her bridal, and seldom had any mirror reflected a face and form of greater beauty, than hers appeared in her nuptial attire. She leaned her head on her fair arm, and a thousand hopes and fears thronged her bosom, and lent a bright but ever varying color to her polished cheek. She was about to receive St. Amante's vows, and to pronounce those binding and irrevocable ones, that would make her his for ever. The

prize so long coveted, even whilst in the possession of another, was about to become her own, and insensibly the remembrance of her unfortunate and generous benefactress intruded on her mind. She recollected that she had assisted to array her for her marriage. How brightly beautiful—how radiant with love and hope, she looked that evening when St. Amante led her to the altar. A pang of remorse pierced the soul of the supplanter of her rights, as she reflected that the heart that had then beaten so tumultuously, beat no longer; but was cold and pulseless, and hushed for ever—and that her false lips had added their cruel weight to the calumnies that had consigned her to an early and unhallowed grave. She thought, too, of that time when Donna Victoria Toledo had singled her, a poor and penniless orphan, from the world, and had preferred her company to those of her own high born and noble mates. She recalled the numerous instances of her generous friendship, and sighed as she retraced those early days when she was proud of the noble lady's notice, and grateful for her attachment. Ah! little did she think that the time would ever come, when she would join to destroy and stab that trusting bosom. So bitter were her feelings, that in these moments of remorse she half determined to reject the hand of St. Amante, and avow her guilt; but at that instant she heard the voice of him she loved, and her mad affection prevailed over her repentance, as the deadly upas tree is said to poison and wither every herb and flower that springs in its vicinity. He came to lead her to the chapel; and she remembered her sin no more.

The chapel was splendidly illuminated and decorated; the wealth of many a plundered shrine adorned the altar, and the sacred walls were hung with trophies taken from the Spaniards. Carved and gilded altar screens, images of saints, and scriptural paintings, suits of armour and flags and ensigns of various nations, were strangely blended and intermingled in a place dedicated to the worship of the Supreme Ruler of the universe. The altar was brilliantly lighted up and crowned with flowers, and the jasper columns that supported it, were entwined with garlands of the most varied hues the western isles could offer; and above the gorgeous painted windows, floated in full and ample drapery the flag of a Spanish frigate St. Amante had captured under the very guns of Porto Bello; and its massy folds were so arranged as to fall on either side the pillars without injuring the effect of the altar piece, or impeding the light.

The priest and his servitors stood ready to receive the bridal pair, when, attended by a small

party, they entered the chapel. Love shone in the eyes of the fair Almeria; but no answering expression of gladness could be traced in the downcast ones of her lord. Did the remembrance of her who had there received his plighted vows, intrude upon his mind? Did her image rise before his mental vision, lovely as when she forsook the splendours of her father's court, to share his heart and rude island home? Almeria marked, with secret inquietude, his melancholy and abstracted mien; and Hector Montbelliard observed it too, though with very different feelings.

The priest commenced the sacred rite, and St. Amante began to utter in a firm tone the vow of lasting love and fidelity, when his voice suddenly died away in imperfect murmurs, his stately figure trembled with violent emotion, and he turned his glaring eyeballs with a wild expression of horror towards one side of the altar. All present followed the direction of his glance, and beheld the well known form of the Spanish lady leaning against one of the pillars that supported the altar, and holding up her wedding ring to the view of the bridegroom.

The shriek of the bride was echoed by the terrified females, and was followed by a deep sigh from the spectre, and a still deeper groan from St. Amante. Once the apparition unclosed its lips, as if it was about to reveal the cause of its inquietude and perturbed wanderings, when another cry broke from the guilty and terror stricken Almeria, as she sank on the pavement in convulsive fits; and in the confusion that followed, the spirit vanished.

Twice the miserable and guilty bride essayed to speak, and twice her accents were choked by the spasms that writhed her frame, and distorted her features out of the very form of humanity. Once she gasped out the name of Victoria Toledo, and St. Amante bent to catch the meaning of her words; but a glance from the powerful eye of Montbelliard, rivetted her attention as the serpent is said to fascinate the senses of its victims before it springs upon them; and she shrouded her face in the bosom of the pirate chief, and impatiently motioned to him to leave the chapel. He paid no regard to her signs, and her impatience of his presence increased the convulsions that threatened to annihilate her frame. She lost the power of speech; and the ashy hue of her complexion, and ghastly fixture of her eyes, contrasted fearfully with her splendid diamonds and bridal attire.

The priest hastened to administer extreme unction to the expiring and agonized bride; but her glazing eyes and distorted features betrayed

no consciousness of the sacred rite; and she expired with such a horrible cry, as filled all the shuddering auditors with inexpressible terror.

Montbelliard felt his breast relieved of a lead-like load, as he witnessed the death of his guilty associate; for his secret was safe—it had perished with her; yet he still trembled at the terrible predicament in which he had lately stood; and resolved to prevent the possibility of his ever being placed in such a dangerous situation again.

St. Amande's feelings were harrowed to the quick. Amazement—remorse—horror—anguish—and despair, alternately distracted his soul, as he recalled the dismal events of this night, and tried to fathom the mystery attending the appearance of her whose spirit continually haunted him, but of whose guilt he could not doubt.

He led no bride to his home, but sadly watched by the bier of her whom he had conducted to the marriage altar only a few hours before. Their nuptials had been interrupted by the cold tenant of the grave; and death had become the consort of her who was to have been his wife. Such were his reflections as he sat by the corpse of Almeria Guarda, and regarded her pallid and distorted features, which now retained no trace of beauty or humanity; and when morning dawned, he beheld her remains consigned to the earth, and before the sound of the *miserere* had died away, rushed from the chapel to hide himself from the light of day, and to give vent in solitude to the anguish that devoured his heart.

(To be continued.)

### THE SUITORS.

Wealth sought the bower of Beauty,

Dress'd like a modern beau;

Just then, Love, Health and Duty

Took up their hats to go.

Wealth such a cordial welcome met,

As made the others grieve,

So Duty shunn'd the gay coquette,

Love, pouting, took French leave—

He did—

Love, pouting, took French leave.

Old Time, the friend of Duty,

Next call'd to see the fair;

He laid his hand on Beauty,

And left her in despair.

Wealth vanish'd!—Last went rosy Health—

And she was doom'd to prove,

That those who Duty slight for Wealth,

Can never hope for Love—

Ah, no—

Can never hope for Love.

### SONG.

They may talk of love in a cottage,

And bowers of trellised vine—

Of nature bewitchingly simple,

And milkmaids half divine.

They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping

In the shade of a spreading tree,

And a walk in the fields at morning,

By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation,

By the light of a chandelier—

With music to play in the pauses,

And nobody very near;

Or a seat on a silken sofa

With a glass of pure old wine,

And mamma too blind to discover

The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,

Your vine is a nest for flies—

Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,

And simplicity talks of pies!

You lie down to your shady slumber,

And wake with a bug in your ear,

And your damsel that walks in the morning,

Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,

And mightily likes his ease—

And true love has an eye for a dinner,

And starves beneath shady trees.

His wing is the fan of a lady,

His foot's an invisible thing,

And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,

And shot from a silver string.

### CLEAR, MY LOVE.

Clear, my love, thy clouded brow,

And let me see thee smile;

Why should our parting pain thee so

It is but for a while?

Say can I slight so fond a heart

Believe, believe me, never.

Hear me now before we part—

I'll love, I'll love thee ever.

Beauty's beaming eyes, sweet girl,

To smiles, may kindle mine;

Yet deem not once thy love betrayed,

Each sigh shall still be thine.

Oh! would I slight so fond a heart

Believe, believe me, never.

Hear my vow before we part—

I'll love, I'll love thee ever.

# EVA HUNTINGDON.

BY R. E. M.

## CHAPTER IV.

Two days after Mr. Arlingford's departure, Eva had gone in quest of a book, to the library, which adjoined the sitting-room, usually occupied by lady Huntingdon. Suddenly, the door leading from the gardens was noisily burst open, and a tall, handsome young man, in a light hunting costume, a whip in his hand, entered. On seeing Eva, he started back with an exclamation of surprise, but almost instantly recovering his self-possession, gracefully apologized for his intrusion, and withdrew. Wondering who the intruder could be, she continued her task, when the sound of lady Huntingdon's voice a moment after, in tones of joyful surprise, fell upon her ear.

"My darling Augustus, when did you arrive?"

"This instant, but, do tell me, who is that sweet little creature in the next room, a perfect fairy, with blue eyes and golden curls? I was not aware that you had visitors at the hall."

"Neither we have—but I suppose the young girl to whom you allude, is the sister you have sometimes heard us speak of."

"A sister! Oh! is that it? Well, for a young native, from the wilds of Cumberland, she is passable enough. What is her name?"

"Eva."

"Why not make it Eve at once? She just looks like one of those sweet, innocent creatures, who could tempt any Adam amongst us into eating forbidden apples, even were they from the shores of the Dead Sea. Here, Eva," he continued, noisily flinging back the door of communication between the sitting room and library.

"Come in, little lady, and make acquaintance with your estimable and worthy brother, Augustus Vernon Huntingdon. Remember the respectful bow you received from me just now, was made, not to my sister, but to a young lady visitor, as I supposed, of Huntingdon Hall. Such coin as bows and compliments is rather precious to be wasted on the members of one's own family. Come," and he drew the half reluctant, shrinking Eva, as he spoke, into his mother's apartment.

"What are you afraid of me for, child? Do I look like an ogre?"

"Why do you not answer your brother, Miss Huntingdon? I think the kind interest he evinces towards you, calls, at least, for some return."

"Well, we had better leave the pretty darling alone, or we will have her in tears. Her quivering looks and lashes, look ominous."

"You can go to Mrs. Wentworth's. She will probably be waiting for you," exclaimed her mother, in a cold tone.

Eva gladly made her escape, and her lessons that day were somewhat disturbed by thoughts of her handsome wayward brother, and conjectures as to whether his arrival would eventually prove a source of satisfaction or regret. Meantime, lady Huntingdon, as soon as the door had closed upon her daughter, drew a silken *fautueil* towards her, exclaiming:

"Come now, my dear child, sit down here and tell me something about yourself, and your affairs."

The young man contemptuously pushed aside the seat his mother proffered, and springing on a table near, adjusted himself as comfortably as his precarious position would admit of, regardless of the overthrow of several books and essence bottles.

"Well, lady Huntingdon, as to myself, here I am, and as you may perceive, in very good condition—as to my affairs, I regret to say, they are not equally promising. Last week I lost a hundred and fifty in one night to that beggarly Askham, whilst my secretary is so full of unpaid accounts, that I have to employ force to close it down. To add the climax to my misfortunes, my matchless setter Hero made his exit from this earth, like many another hero, in the moment of victory, and another equally faultless I must have to replace him, even if you pledged your snarling darling spaniel, or your family diamonds for it."

Lady Huntingdon's brow, notwithstanding her abhorrence of wrinkles, and the unceasing pains she took to avoid them, was at the moment crossed by a thousand anxious lines, and she at length fretfully rejoined:

"Augustus, your father certainly is right. There is no supporting, no enduring your extravagance. Really, if you go on in this way, I too, will cease to conceal or defend your follies."

"So be it, I will not question your decision; but then, of course, I will consider myself released from any trifling promises I may have given at different times to your ladyship."

"As it is, you have already broken them a hundred and a hundred times," was the angry re-  
 tort of his companion, who always forgot her usual elegant listlessness of manner, during interviews with her son. "However, that has nothing to do with the present question. You have contracted fresh debts, for their liquidation, you must apply to your father, I can be of no service whatever."

"None, beyond breaking the matter to the old gentleman, and coaxing or scolding him into paying up the requisite amount. I really hate to have any intercourse with him on pecuniary matters, for, as you yourself have often said, he is so sordid, so narrow minded, on such points. 'Tis more than the exquisite sensitiveness of my feelings can stand."

As the young man concluded this speech, he caught up a billiard ball and discharged it with unerring aim at a marble representation of Niobe, in a niche opposite.

"Capital shot!" he triumphantly exclaimed, as the upper lip of the statue fell to the ground. "There, the old lady has got something at last to weep for."

Lady Huntingdon, heeding neither the action nor the words, still sat silent, her brow contracted in deep, anxious thought. At length she exclaimed:

"Well, Augustus, I will again use my influence with your father: but remember, not a word of Askham's debt, at least of the manner in which it was contracted."

"No, say it was incurred in giving donations to hospitals—restoring worthy distressed families to former comforts, or sending Bibles to the little heathens—such deeds being so much in the line of the honorable Augustus Huntingdon."

Spite of her anxieties, lady Huntingdon smiled, and as he sprang through the window on the lawn, gracefully waving his cap in farewell, she murmured with a proud smile:

"Dear boy! what spirits, what manliness! How impossible to feel angered by his little follies!"

She then sought her husband, and by dint of entreaties, and concessions, which no other power on earth could have extorted from her, obtained his promise again to discharge the debts of his

reckless son. The latter, meanwhile, secure in his mother's intercession, left the house, and calling his dogs to him, plunged into the woods, where he amused himself till the following twilight compelled him to return to his home. Tossing his game bag at the head of Fleury, the French cook, whom he encountered in the hall, with a polite injunction from him, "to give them something out of it, instead of his usual cursed uneatable *fricassées*," he dashed up the stairs into his own room, where he immediately entered on the task of cleaning his gun, a duty he considered too sacred, too important, to be entrusted even to his own confidential servant. After receiving the third summons to dinner, he impatiently flung aside the weapon, and hurried down as he was, his dress travel-stained, his fine hair all disordered. On entering the dining room, he accosted lord Huntingdon with a little more deference than he had exhibited during the morning interview with his mother, but still the careless, "Well, father. Happy to see you. Hope you are well!" proved far from satisfactory, and lady Huntingdon hastened to anticipate the angry rejoinder, rising to her husband's lips, by exclaiming with a slightly reproachful glance at his careless dress:

"We will excuse your negligent toilette to-day, Augustus, in consideration of your late return."

Augustus repressed, with some effort, the pert rejoinder that occurred to him, and as soon as the dessert was placed on the table, muttered something about pressing letters, and precipitately left the room.

"The unmannerly cub!" was lord Huntingdon's indignant apostrophe.

His wife haughtily stared at him, but suddenly remembering that the bills were yet to be paid, she rejoined with as much gentleness as she could command:

"He is indeed rather thoughtless, but remember, my dear Huntingdon, he is only nineteen."

"Only nineteen, madam! Why, had I ventured on such conduct in my father's house, at nineteen, or seventeen, or any age, I would have been kicked out, or what is as bad, cut off with a shilling."

"But, you could not have been cut off the entailed estates, my lord."

Lord Huntingdon understood the triumphant though covert smile that played round his wife's proud lip, and he angrily rejoined.

"No, Madam, but the entailed estates could have been mismanaged, mortgaged, until they were not worth a shilling, as I will do for your precious son if he does not look to himself."

Lady Huntingdon restrained the deep passion that shook her frame, as she calmly replied:

"No, Huntingdon, you would not do that, even if our son were an unworthy reprobate, instead of a generous, gifted, high-spirited boy. You would not see your own child, the heir of the Huntingdons, the hope of our house, bowed down by poverty and shame."

"You are right, Isabel, you are right. By Jove, I would not, for though he is a graceless young dog, he has talent and wit enough if he only chose to exert them, and as to spirit, his chief fault is, that he has rather much of it."

Charmed with having won her weak-minded husband to so favourable a train of mind, Lady Huntingdon dropped the conversation, and discoursed on whatever other topics she fancied most likely to interest him, for, as the reader will remember, "the bills had yet to be paid." The evening seemed to her interminable, yearning as she was for the society of her child, but it was necessary to amuse and propitiate lord Huntingdon, so she remained in the drawing-room till he gave the signal for her release, by stretching himself, with a sleepy yawn, on the sofa, when she joyfully hurried up to her son's apartment. Disregarding the humorous injunction of "stay out," with which he replied to her request for admittance, she entered and found him seated at a table, half a dozen lights burning in different directions, earnestly engaged in the task of attaching an artificial fly to a bait. Two splendid dogs lay at his feet, while a third, a favorite little terrier, was enthroned on the table, divided between the cares of snapping at the heap of artificial flies before him and mangling the corners of a costly gilt annual.

"Augustus," said the new comer, in a reproachful though gentle tone, "I think you might spare at least one hour from your engrossing amusements to devote to your parents."

"Mother, just come here," exclaimed the young man, whose ear had not even caught the import of her preceding words, "come here, and tell me, did you ever see any thing so splendid as this bait? Oh! these flies are worth double their weight in gold! I'll have glorious sport to-morrow."

"What! another day from home?" rejoined lady Huntingdon, as she drew a chair and seated herself near him.

"To be sure. Why, God bless my soul! mother, what else do you think brings me down here except such sport, or an extra degree of ferocity on the part of my duns?"

"I believe you, indeed, my most affectionate son," was the bitter reply. "Were I incapable of being of farther service to you, I should not be troubled often with your visits."

"Why, what is wrong now, mother?—you look as black as a thunder cloud. Tell me, can you with any degree of reason, desire, hope or expect, that a gay, happy young fellow of nineteen, will shut himself up a whole day in an empty, desolate barrack of a house, with two old twaddling—I beg your pardon, with two most respectable (but it comes to the same thing) and sensible individuals, who are more than double his age. Why the idea is most unreasonable, nay, 'tis a positive absurdity."

Lady Huntingdon sighed heavily, but her son was again engrossed with his former occupation, so the sigh, as well as the expression of pain, that flitted across her features, escaped him. At length, struck by her unusual taciturnity, he rejoined:

"I say, mother, cheer up like a dear old lady, and do not sit there as silent as Ponto. You complain of the little time I devote to you, and yet, here we are, and here we are likely to remain for another hour, without interchanging a single word. If you must be coaxed into good humour, like a spoiled child, why, I promise you the first rainy morning all to yourself. I will wind silk, sing duets—shew you separately all my unpaid bills, in short, do anything that you wish, to divert you."

Consoled by even this slender promise, lady Huntingdon's spirits soon regained their usual tone, and whilst he pursued his task with unabated vigour, the mother and son continued to converse long together—Augustus himself, his plans and projects, their principal theme. At length lady Huntingdon rose.

"I must leave you, my darling child, though I could remain for hours yet, but your father may feel annoyed at my absence, and 'tis impolitic to vex him just now. For my sake, promise me to be down in time for breakfast to-morrow, and to bestow a little more attention on your dress. Do, my dear, dear boy, and smooth back those glossy curls of yours." She fondly stroked them as she spoke with her white hand, and after imprinting a kiss on his open handsome brow, left the room.

Young Huntingdon worked assiduously for another hour, and then carefully putting away his implements, flung himself on his couch, where he was soon anticipating, in dreams, the morrow's coming sports.

Somewhat regardful of his mother's request of the preceding night, he contrived to make his appearance at breakfast before the meal was entirely over, and she was farther gratified by the glossy smoothness with which his brown locks were arranged. The instant the repast was con-

cluded, he left the room with some indistinct apology, anxious that no time should be lost from his favorite pursuits. In passing through the hall leading to his apartments, the fluttering of a white dress, and the rapid shutting of a door at the other end, attracted his notice.

"Who could this person be?" he asked himself, "so mysteriously anxious to avoid me?" It must be the pretty little sister of whom he had had a flying glimpse the first day of his arrival, but whose existence had almost escaped his memory since then. Impelled by a boyish feeling of mingled curiosity and mischief, he strode rapidly down the hall, and threw back the door of the apartment into which the owner of the white dress had vanished. Eva, for it was she, was leaning breathless against the wall, and her brother's first act on witnessing her discomposure and confusion, was to fling himself on a seat in a peal of prolonged violent laughter.

"Well, upon my word, Miss Huntingdon," he at length exclaimed, mimicking to the life, his mother's voice and manner, "I think the kind interest your brother evinces towards you, calls at least for some return. Come, that won't do, my cunning Eva," he suddenly exclaimed, starting up and seizing the arm of his sister, who had been silently edging towards the door with the view of making her escape. "What are you afraid of me for? There is nothing ferocious or formidable in my appearance that I am aware of; but I suppose, handsome young gentlemen, with high spirits and good lungs, are somewhat rare down in Cumberland, so the first of the species that you have seen naturally startles you. In course of time, however, I hope you will become more reconciled to my exterior. To accomplish that, we must see a little more of each other than we have heretofore done, so we will begin by taking a walk to gether to day. I am going out fishing and you will accompany me, at least part of the way."

"Oh! no, I cannot. Pray, Mr. Huntingdon, Augustus, let me go?" and Eva struggled hard as she spoke, to free herself from his tight grasp.

"I will do no such thing, for you are an obstinate little fool. Choose between coming out with me, or standing pinioned here all day, for I'll give up fishing, fun, everything, rather than encourage your nonsensical whims by giving in."

"Release that young lady, instantly, Mr. Huntingdon," said a stern commanding voice behind him.

The young man turned, and eyeing the intruder, who was Mrs. Wentworth, from head to foot, with an air of ineffable disdain, at length coolly exclaimed:

"Pray, who the d——I are you?"

"Your sister's preceptress, sir, was the cold reply. "And if you have no regard for your own character as a gentleman, I must request that you will display a little more consideration for Miss Huntingdon, whose ear has not been accustomed to such language as you have just indulged in."

A long contemptuous whistle from young Huntingdon followed this speech, and then with a smile, half sneering, half humorous, he rejoined:

"And, pray, old lady, would you have the kindness to inform me what sort of language she has been used to? Theological discussions perhaps, well seasoned with the attic salt of detraction and slander."

"Miss Huntingdon, leave the room," interrupted Mrs. Wentworth.

"Miss Huntingdon, stay where you are," was the prompt edict of the other power. Eva, afraid to disobey either party, advanced a step or two, then paused as she saw her brother with a rapid movement station himself before the door.

"Do you dare to bar my passage, sir?" asked Mrs. Wentworth, her flashing eyes contradicting the haughty calmness of her tones.

"Do not flatter yourself so greatly, my dear madam. Had I a thousand doors, they would at all times and seasons be joyfully thrown open for your egress."

Mrs. Wentworth waited for no more, but with a muttered threat about "applying soon to lady Huntingdon," swept from the room. The mention of her mother's name acted like a charm on Eva, and with a sudden spring she darted past her brother into the passage, and gained Mrs. Wentworth's side. He, either disclaiming pursuit, or tired of the contest, contented himself with contemptuously exclaiming: as he ascended to his apartment, "What a precious pair of fools!" Eva did not venture out of her own room the remainder of that day, but the following morning, just as she had entered on the day's tasks, with inward aspirations more heartfelt than ever for Mr. Arlingford's speedy return, Morris entered to say, that lady Huntingdon requested Mrs. Wentworth to grant her pupil a holiday, if possible, as her brother wished to shew her the environs of the place, a duty, which lord Huntingdon's pressing affairs had hitherto prevented him doing. Mrs. Wentworth, who had already discovered that with the lady of the mansion, the will of the spoiled heir was paramount, had no alternative but to comply, whilst Eva, thankful for a day's freedom, no matter how or by whom

it had been obtained, joyfully put away her studies and hurried to her dressing-room. She had scarcely time to complete her toilette when Morris hurried up to say, that Mr. Huntingdon was waiting at the door. Down went Eva in a flutter of anxiety and satisfaction, and there, in an elegant little phaeton sat her brother, looking remarkably handsome and animated.

"Well, Eva, I have carried the day, ay? How does old Wentworth take it,—ready to die with spite I suppose? It was for that I obtained your leave of absence; but come, step in, or she will be charging down upon us for the purpose of rescuing you."

The servant assisted Eva in, and then sprang up behind.

"All right!" exclaimed his master, glancing rapidly round. "Why, Eva, you look as bright and pretty as a rose. I declare you are almost as handsome as the phaeton itself. Now, we are off, but wait, here comes Hector bearing down upon us; we must make room for him too. In with him John. Never mind the mud, Eva, let him lie at your feet. There, now for it!" and touching up the spirited horses, off dashed the equipage in what the young owner termed "splendid style." They were soon out on the road, and more than one admiring glance was bent on the carriage and its two young and handsome occupants. Whilst they were dashing along at the same speed, their attention was drawn to three horsemen who were advancing abreast. Young Huntingdon reined in his steeds as they drew near, and the three filed past them. Though they all exchanged bows of recognition with her brother, Eva obtained only a view of the third, who was a singularly handsome, aristocratic looking young man, of slight but symmetrical figure. In passing he bent so earnest and admiring a gaze upon her, that Eva's cheeks became scarlet, whilst her confusion was farther heightened, by hearing him exclaim in an eager whisper to one of his companions: "What a sweet countenance!" Eva, however, soon forgot the incident, and notwithstanding Hector's restlessness, and the inconsiderateness of her brother, who would now tease her almost to tears about her provincial simplicity, her paltry submission to "that old humdrum Wentworth," as he termed her, then frighten her almost to death by urging his fiery horses to the top of their speed, consoling her with the assurance that "if her neck should be dislocated, his would, in all probability, meet with a similar fate," she enjoyed the drive tolerably well.

## CHAPTER V.

On her return home, though Eva would have preferred by far, following up her day of pleasure by an evening of quiet indolence, the remembrance of Mrs. Wentworth's evident dissatisfaction in the morning at the prospect of the loss of an entire day, made her resolve to endeavour to atone at least in some measure for it. Anxiety, too, for her own improvement, she who had so much to accomplish in one year, mingled with a recollection of Mr. Arlingford, whom she wished to astonish if possible on his return by her progress, were farther inducements, and courageously taking up her books, she bent her steps towards Mrs. Wentworth's room. The rigid expression of that lady's countenance softened to a gracious smile on hearing the purport of her visit, and with some lofty compliment about the happiness which such good dispositions on the part of Eva afforded her, she turned from the needle-work on which she had been previously occupied, to attend to her pupil. The following day, Mrs. Wentworth, probably with a view of rewarding her diligence of the preceding evening, asked lady Huntingdon for the use of the carriage for a few hours, and gave Eva the welcome intimation to prepare immediately. Fearful of keeping her waiting, the latter hurried down as soon as possible. Her governess, however, had not yet made her appearance, and whilst Eva stood on the lawn awaiting her, a horseman rode slowly past the house. Disconcerted at first by the eager though respectful scrutiny with which he regarded her, her confusion redoubled on a second glance, for she discovered in his delicate, though classic features, and striking figure, the gentleman who had passed so flattering an encomium on her own appearance during her drive of the previous day. Under pretence of fondling Hector, she stooped over the surly animal, concealing her face as much as possible, and notwithstanding his admonishing growls continued to caress him till she had allowed the stranger more than ample time, as she imagined, to pass. When she did raise her head, there, however, he still lingered, his glance still fixed on herself, and confused, and annoyed, she was on the point of re-entering the porch when Mrs. Wentworth made her appearance. The rider then instantly spurred his horse to a brisk canter, and was soon out of sight. The governess was resolved that the excursion, though one of pleasure, should not be entirely profitless; so whilst she and Eva leaned back amid the luxurious cushions, she entertained the latter with a very learned and abstruse lecture on the science of botany. Eva was listening as attentively as



the joyousness of her own heart, and the varied and glowing beauty of the country through which they were passing would permit her, when a new and more powerful cause of distraction presented itself, in the approach of a horseman, who was advancing at a rapid gallop along the same road, and in whom her quick eye at once recognized the handsome stranger who had already twice crossed her path, and contrived to evince during those two brief moments so flattering, so unaccountable an interest in herself. Whether by accident or design, he reined up his horse in a narrow winding of the road, rendering it necessary for the carriage to pass quite close to him. Eva felt her heart beat most uncomfortably, and she wished herself at home, anywhere out of her present predicament. Her countenance, so perfect, so cloudless a mirror of everything that passed in her heart, reflected plainly in her crimsoning cheeks and averted glance, the feeling of uncomfortable, of almost guilty consciousness, that filled her at the moment. In passing the rider, she involuntarily raised her eyes, and encountered the fixed admiring gaze of his dark speaking orbs, almost startling in their deep earnestness. As he met her glance, he slightly, almost imperceptibly, inclined his head, and Eva crimson to her temples, turned for refuge from his speaking glances, to Mrs. Wentworth, who, happily for her, had been too profoundly engrossed by her botanical lecture to perceive the rapid pantomime that had just been enacted. She suddenly stopped short, however, and Eva, fearful that she was about to question her on the cause of her evident discomposure, hurriedly exclaimed:

"There, Mrs. Wentworth, is not that yellow flower on the bank, an illustration of the class you have just been describing?"

Mrs. Wentworth was short-sighted, so Eva asked the groom to dismount and gather the flower she alluded to. The man did so, smiling at the caprice that attached any value to a common weed. On Eva's handing the blossom to her companion for her inspection, the latter exclaimed in a tone of profound astonishment:

"What! that, belong to the class I have just been describing! It does not possess a single characteristic of it. Really, I must say, Miss Huntingdon, that your studies in the open air are not always equally successful."

Eva bent her head over the unlucky blossom to conceal her embarrassment, but the heavy moisture with which the leaves were charged, discoloured her delicate glove, and she threw it from her. Some moments afterwards, a sharp bark from Hector, who had followed the carriage,

caused her to turn her head, when, to her overwhelming surprise, she saw the handsome unknown, who had alighted from his horse, stoop, raise the flower she had rejected, and carefully put it in his bosom. Eva waited for no more, but her thoughts involved in one confused chaos, sank back into her former position, as deaf to the words of her companion as a statue of marble. Fortunately for her, Mrs. Wentworth had now drawn forth a work on botany, and had proceeded to follow up her own lecture, by a chapter from its pages.

"Who the stranger was? Why did he take so deep, so undeserved an interest in her?" were questions that Eva asked herself fifty times. Then, as she reflected how utterly undeserved such friend-ship was on her part, a feeling of sincere gratitude succeeded, which in its turn was replaced by one of admiration, as the handsome and distinguished appearance of the stranger rose upon her recollection. Finally, she came to the conclusion, that he was another generous, kind-hearted being of the same stamp as Mr. Arlingford, and as she thought of all the kindness, the gentle attentions evinced towards her by the latter, she felt that fortune was already atoning to her, in some degree, through the kindness of strangers, for the desolateness that filled her own home. Oh! how distracted were Eva's thoughts that evening, how doubly dull and unintelligible did her French studies appear. In vain she fixed her eyes upon the book, in vain she shaded them with her hand, the lineage of the graceful unknown was ever before her, gathering, as a thing of price, the unattractive flower she had cast away, and bringing with it, the ever recurring question: "What had he seen in her, what had she done to earn or win such interest?" And yet, again, what claims had she either on Mr. Arlingford, he who from the first had advised, encouraged her, with the tenderness of a father. Oh! were the stranger ten times more flattering and handsome, she could never like him half as well. The sharp question, "Miss Huntingdon, do you know your verb, yet?" broke in most unpleasantly upon her meditations, for, as may be supposed, Miss Huntingdon knew very little of it. Indeed, she had been too deeply engaged in the study of her two new friends, in all their persons, moods and tempers, to attend to anything else. The consequence was, she was severely reprimanded, informed there should be no carriage drive the following day, and politely requested to learn two verbs instead of one. She sought her couch that night, restless and unhappy, now wishing herself again in her old home, then

praying fervently for Mr. Arlingford's speedy return.

A couple of days after, Sefton, Eva's maid, entered her young mistress' room with a splendid *bouquet* of flowers in her hand.

"For you, Miss Eva," she said, presenting them.

Eva eagerly grasped the flowers, exclaiming :

"How exquisitely beautiful! What a charming selection! Where did you get them?"

Sefton, however, had already turned away, and in the enjoyment of the blossoms themselves, Eva thought or cared little as to how they had been obtained, naturally supposing the girl had been committing depredations in the conservatory. The next day, the latter, in the same careless manner, presented her with another *bouquet*, more choice if possible than the first, and again she evaded her mistress' inquiries as to how they had been obtained, but a few hours after, Eva in passing through the conservatory, discovered, that some of the blossoms whose delicate beauty and perfume had most particularly attracted her notice, possessed no counterpart there.

"Where, then, had Sefton procured them?"

Resolving to delay her intended interrogatory till the following morning, Eva said nothing about it, and on returning to her room, though she again examined the flowers, it was with more curiosity than satisfaction. The next day, when her maid, after adjusting the flowers in a vase, as usual, was hastily leaving the room, Eva ordered her to remain.

"I want you to tell me, Sefton, where you have procured these flowers?"

"Oh! from a very good source, Miss Huntingdon. From a sincere friend."

"But I want to know who the giver is, and if they are intended for me?"

"La! Miss Eva, what a question! Who would think of selecting or presenting such flowers to a poor ignorant girl like me? No, they are for you, and you alone, but I dare not tell you anything more."

"This answer does not satisfy me at all, Sefton, and if you cannot be more explicit, I shall be compelled to refer you to Mrs. Wentworth."

"Oh! you would not do that, Miss Eva. She would go then to my lady, with such a long story, that would get us all into trouble, and rather than such a thing should happen, I will tell you all about it at once. Who then should send you them but one who admires and wishes you well! the handsomest gentleman in these parts—a tall elegant figure, dark eyes and hair, and who rides a spirited black horse."

The woman narrowly watched Eva's countenance as she said this, and, strange to say, the latter was so astonished at this new and romantic proof of the unknown's interest, so puzzled with conjectures as to whether it was given in expectation of anything like a return, or merely to gratify the generous impulse of his own benevolence, that she neither felt nor exhibited any emotion beyond that of surprise.

"If I have ever seen the person to whom you allude, he is a perfect stranger to me, and I cannot conceive how it has happened, that he has ever mentioned my name to you, much less entrusted you with flowers for me."

"It happened this way, Miss Eva. I noticed him two or three times riding slowly past the house, and from seeing me in the garden or on the balcony, he came to know that I belonged to the place. One day that I was entering the avenue, having just returned from the village, he passed, a splendid nosegay of flowers in his hand. 'These are for your mistress, my good girl,' he said, but do not tell her how you have obtained them—this is for yourself! and he threw me a sovereign. 'Which mistress?' said I, pocketing it first, however. 'Why, are you not Miss Huntingdon's maid?' he asked, reddening up. 'Yes, Sir.' 'Oh! then all's right. Come again, to-morrow, to this same spot; you cannot be seen from the Hall, and I'll give you another *bouquet* for your mistress, and another sovereign for yourself.' I made my best courtesy, and was retiring, when he called after me to say, that I was on no account to tell you how I had procured the nosegay, as he knew you would accept no favour, however trifling, even a flower, from a stranger, and he wished, nevertheless, to contribute in some manner or other to your happiness or gratification. He also cautioned me not to mention the circumstance to my lady or Mrs. Wentworth."

"Very improper! Very wrong of him!" rejoined Eva; "but in saying I would accept no favour at the hands of a stranger, he was perfectly right, and let me tell you, Sefton, that you have acted very improperly in giving me those flowers in silence, as you have done, or in accepting them at all."

"Oh! but, dear Miss Eva, for the life of me I could not help it. He said so many fine things about you, declared you were an angel in mind as well as form."

"Mr. Arlingford never said that," was Eva's inward commentary on this speech. The girl went on.

"Yes, those were his very words. Indeed, my dear young lady, I could never remember half of

what he said—it was so elegant, so touching, just like the grand speeches we read in the books from the circulating library. He spoke about your sad lot in being thrown amongst a class of beings so vastly inferior to yourself, so incapable of appreciating the priceless treasure they had amongst them. He asked, too, why you never went out driving or walking now, and on my telling him, I thought it was Mrs. Wentworth's fault, he called her an old She Dragon, and said that lady Huntingdon, (I beg your pardon, Miss Eva,) was another."

"How very impertinent of him!" exclaimed Eva hastily. "Mr. Arlingford would never have said such a thing. So remember, Sefton, if ever you accept flowers from him again, I will be compelled, though unwillingly, to tell Mrs. Wentworth, no matter what the consequences may be."

The girl heard this threat with great composure, for she was perfectly well aware of the awe in which her young mistress stood of the very individual whose name she had threatened her with, and with a snappish courtesy, she left the room. "How generous, how kind he is!" murmured Eva as the door closed. "Calls me an angel, wishes me so well, I who have never done anything for him, yet withal, perhaps he would not help me with my French, sit with me for hours explaining and translating it as Mr. Arlingford does. Well, well, however it may be, I will never accept his flowers, and I am glad I told Sefton so. I must go and practice now, and think no more of him; but, 'tis no use trying to banish Mr. Arlingford from my thoughts,—him I could never forget."

CHAPTER VI.

"WHERE is Mr. Huntingdon?" asked lady Huntingdon of one of the servants who had just entered the room where she sat.

"I do not know, your ladyship. He has not been in since breakfast!"

"Speak of the — hem! and you see him," exclaimed a clear ringing voice, and the next moment, young Huntingdon, accompanied by his three dogs, burst noisily into the room. Really startled, Lady Huntingdon sprang from her seat with a nervous scream, whilst her son, laughing immoderately, threw himself on a sofa, careless of the broad impressions his clay covered boots made on the delicate blue damask. "Why, mother, I never knew you were so active before. I really think, I'll train my dogs to give you the start in this fashion. It will do you good, rouse your physical powers, which are lying dormant for want of the necessary stimulus."

"'Twould be fitter for you, sir, to train yourself and them to better manners," was the angry reply of his companion, who had not yet recovered from the effects of her fright.

"Well, indeed, mother, I sometimes fear my dogs and myself are almost incorrigible. Come here, you beauties," and he called around him the restless animals, which had been springing on the damask couches and chairs, and rubbing their mud-covered coats against the velvet ottomans. Caressing one, teasing another, he soon succeeded in setting the whole party by the ears; and the result was an uproar,—a Babel confusion, that was perfectly deafening."

"Good Heavens! Augustus!" exclaimed lady Huntingdon, starting suddenly from her seat. "Do you mean to drive me mad? Silence those odious animals immediately, or I'll leave the room."

With a muttered diatribe against all womankind and their ridiculous whims and antipathies, the honorable Augustus disciplined one dog, and caressed another into sullen harmony, placing the most warlike of the party, who was also the most diminutive, on a heap of embroidered cushions near him. "There, Vixen!" he exclaimed, "you have earned your throne more fairly than many a crowned head. And, now, is your ladyship satisfied?" and he turned with a low obeisance to his mother.

"Perfectly. That hideous looking creature in the corner is gnawing off the silken tassels on all the ottomans near him; but leave him alone. Anything, rather than the uproar you have just quieted. My nerves have not yet recovered from it."

"I really do not see what business nervous people have in this world," was the dutiful reply. "They are a burden on the public—a perfect nuisance. Were I a king or a law maker, I would certainly exile them all."

"Your mother among the rest, I suppose," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"No; I dare say I would grant her a reprieve; but what is the matter with you to-day? You are as cross as lord Huntingdon the day he pays off my debts. 'Tis just as well for me, I've made up my mind to start."

"Start! surely, my dear Augustus, you are not dreaming of leaving us yet?" exclaimed lady Huntingdon, in an eager hurried tone, entirely forgetting her previous feelings of irritation.

"But, indeed, my dear lady Huntingdon, I am," he rejoined. "I'm tired to death of this humdrum house—tired of the stupid neighbourhood,—tired of myself."

"Ah!" said his mother, with a reproachful shake of her head, "you may indeed be tired of the neighbourhood, for you have exhausted its every amusement; but you need not say you are tired of the house, for except when you have entered it once during the day, to snatch a hurried meal, you have not spent more than six hours altogether beneath its roof since your arrival."

"Well; those six hours, short as they were, have proved too much for me. I might, however, put up with its annoyances, its stupidity and stagnation, a little longer, were it not for the threatened arrival of my Mentor, or rather my tormentor, Mr. Arlingford."

"Augustus, my son, how can you be so ungrateful?" How many claims has not Mr. Arlingford on your gratitude,—your affections! I speak not of the time when he plunged into the rushing waves, and at the peril of his own life, rescued you from the terrible danger to which your worse than childish recklessness exposed you. That debt you at once cancelled, by saying that you yourself would have done the same thing for any fellow mortal,—prince or peasant—and I believe you, for I have had two or three proofs already—not of your humanity, but of your reckless foolhardiness. There are other favours, though, you owe to Mr. Arlingford, favours your extravagance would never allow you the will or the way to perform to any one. I allude to the two different occasions which he lent you money to discharge your debts, when your father refused positively to advance you a farthing—money advanced too, without security or interest, and which would not have been paid till this day, had I not sold the half of my jewels, and sacrificed a whole year's pin-money!"

"Well; that was a sacrifice, mother, a stupendous one! How did the lace embroiderers, the milliners and shop keepers, get over the year without it? I should not have wondered if a general crash had been the result."

"Yes; and there would have been a general crash of your credit and reputation, some months ago, young gentleman, if this same Mr. Arlingford, whom you have just so gratefully stigmatized as your tormentor, had not effected a compromise with that degraded gambling friend of yours, lord Chester's nephew, by lending you money to pay off part of the debt, even though with some personal inconvenience to himself, and passing his bond for the remainder. But, on the subject of this same debt—I did not like to embitter the few moments we were allowed together, by mentioning it before. You know it will be due within two months. Will you have funds then to meet it?"

"Funds! and, to meet so easy a creditor as Mr. Arlingford! Why, my lady mother, you are pleased to be facetious to-day."

"Augustus! you cannot be in earnest, you are only trying me!" exclaimed lady Huntingdon, starting from her seat with an agitated countenance. "You, who in my very hearing, promised Arlingford that if you sold your racers, your dogs, he should be paid."

"Softly, softly, my dear madam. It was not Augustus Huntingdon that made that promise, but lady Huntingdon herself; and because her son, too polite to contradict her, stood by and listened in silence, you would now burden his shoulders with the troublesome promise, a promise too, utterly uncalled for; Arlingford expressed neither anxiety nor solicitude on the subject."

"But what of that?" interrupted his mother, vehemently. "Was that necessary to urge us to the warmest acknowledgments of a favour that you should have hesitated at accepting from the hands of any but a father?"

"By Jupiter! had I waited till then, I'd have waited long enough," said young Huntingdon, emphatically.

"And no wonder, for your reckless extravagance has impoverished him, encumbered, involved his estates."

"Leave him alone for that, mother," was the sneering reply. "When I see William, lord Huntingdon, impoverish himself for son, wife, or daughter, I will believe it. Till then, pardon my scepticism."

Lady Huntingdon was silent for a moment, and then resumed:

"Well; I will not discuss the subject further with you, 'tis useless; let us return to Arlingford's debt."

"You may return to it, mother, as often as you like, and go near it, round it, away from it, and no answer can you obtain from me, save that, if body and soul depended on it, I cannot discharge a farthing of the obligation."

Long silence followed this announcement, and lady Huntingdon's gaze became more thoughtful, her brow more anxious. Suddenly, however, her countenance brightened, and turning to her son, she eagerly exclaimed:

"Listen, Augustus!" Augustus, who was stirring up the slumbering Vixen to wrath, by making sundry feints of hitting her over the head and ears, looked up with a careless yawn. "Your sister, though not entitled to be styled an heiress, nevertheless inherits a very considerable legacy from that fanatic old aunt of hers; and we must borrow the sum you require from her, secure of the

privilege of being able to repay her in our own time."

"Which, I suppose, if we can contrive it so, will be never; but, are you certain the little blue eyed fairy will lend as accommodatingly as we borrow?"

His companion's lip curled contemptuously as she rejoined:

"When lady Huntingdon asks a favour of her daughter, she entertains no fears of a refusal."

"That is more than you can say of your son, my well beloved mother. Though you may command at all times my life and services, my purse and time, I fear, will be ever beyond your reach."

The truth of the remark forced an involuntary sigh from lady Huntingdon; but without further comment on it, she exclaimed:

"'Tis a relief to have that affair settled."

"Yes; thanks to your feminine ingenuity, or strict perception of honor, I do not know which. Truly may you be styled the pillar, the hope of the house of Huntingdon, for its apparent support is a very feeble tottering one indeed. But, I hope you do not fancy that because an evil in perspective is removed, I am going to submit to a present one. No; to-morrow, at eleven, Arlingford arrives; and to-morrow, at ten, I leave you. You need not look so imploring, so heart-broken, I really almost fear you are a little selfish. I tell you, that in the presence of that man who has favored me so singularly and undeservedly, who has done for me what neither father nor friend would have done, rescuing me from death, disgrace and ruin, I feel like a degraded, contemptible thing, the mere creature of his generosity. Such a state of feeling is to me unsupportable! I would rather steal—beg—than endure it."

"But, Augustus," remonstrated his mother, "if Mr. Arlingford made you feel the heavy obligations you owe him, I would sympathize with, nay, approve of your feelings; but how widely different is his conduct. Never does he allude to them by look, word, or smile; never does he parade in any way the superiority over you, derived from his age, experience, and favours; and with a delicacy admirable, but, I fear, overstrained, never does he permit himself to offer you the slightest remonstrance, reproach, or advice, on any point of your conduct, no matter how reckless, how culpable it may be, unless solicited to do so by yourself."

"But, do you not see, mother, retorted the young man, springing from his recumbent position, and speaking with an earnestness most unusual to him. "Do you not see that 'tis that very perfection of generosity that overwhelms me! Were his favours like yours, like those of others, commented on afterwards by himself, recalled,

cast up to me, I would mind them no more than I would the snarling of yonder hound; but, I tell you, Arlingford is a being of another stamp from myself,—from us all. The galling feeling of inferiority that steals over me in his presence, the consciousness of the contemptibleness, the littleness of my pursuits and pleasures when compared with his, the vast difference in our very intellects, render his presence a yoke, a burden, which is insupportable to me."

"Nonsense, Augustus!" interrupted lady Huntingdon, with an incredulous smile. "All this fine speechifying is got up, I well know, for no other purpose than to deceive me. You wish to start to-morrow, and you would fain transfer the responsibility of your ungratefully hurried departure from your own shoulders to those of Mr. Arlingford, or any one else. Your affectation of fancying yourself, with your good looks, youth, and sparkling spirits, so vastly inferior to the quiet and taciturn, though gentlemanly, Mr. Arlingford, is too great a tax on my credulity."

The young man eyed the speaker a moment with a look of mingled bitterness and irritation, and then the expression of his countenance changed, and with one of his usual light laughs, he fell back on the sofa. Lady Huntingdon went on:

"Though Mr. Arlingford's favours are many and great, they are not quite so enormous as you have just affected to believe. Remember the fact of your being his godson, as well as distant relative, gives you a sort of claim upon him; add to that, he has ever been an intimate cherished friend of your father's family, as well as of my own, and during the illness of his mother, who died when you were a child, we watched and tended her almost as we would have done yourself."

"Bravo! mother! At the rate you are now getting on, the tables will soon be turned, and we will find, in the end, that instead of our owing Mr. Arlingford anything, he is immensely our debtor."

The mocking tone in which this speech was uttered, did not escape lady Huntingdon, but she calmly rejoined:

"You may sneer as you like, Augustus; but I will not allow myself to be provoked to anger, now that we are probably on the eve of separation. I would know something of your projects and intentions, I would learn how many weary weeks must elapse ere I see you again?"

"Well; that depends a good deal on your own movements. When do you go to London?"

"I can scarcely say. It rests with your father, who has some business transactions here, which may detain him much longer than he anticipated."

"Well; be the time long or short, be it four

weeks or eight, you will not see me till then. I will join you there."

"A weary, uncertain prospect, my son, to a fond anxious heart; but where are you going now?"

"To spend a fortnight with young Middlemore. He has promised me rare sport, and as his kennel is one of the finest in the country, I dare say he can keep his word. I have given a sort of half promise also, to look in at Lawton castle for a week or two."

"That is right, Augustus dear, and I entreat you not to forget it! The Marquis of Lawton, from his name and position, will prove a powerful friend to you hereafter."

"Pshaw! What do I care for his friendship or patronage?" was the boyish reply. "His preserves are all I look to, but they, I fear, are far from being as well stocked with game as his venerable head is with wise saws and proverbs. The son is a conceited fellow, as proud as a girl of his handsome face and curly hair, but a splendid whip withal, and very good humoured."

"What of the young ladies?" asked lady Huntingdon, stealing a sharp though covert glance at her son. "I hear they are very handsome and remarkably elegant."

"Stylish enough," was the careless reply, "but visitors at the castle would be much better off in my opinion without them. The last time I was there, they bored me to death. I had to drive, walk with and escort them about, sing duets and carry their parcels, in short amuse them instead of amusing myself. Hang it! I won't submit to it this time though. That I am resolved upon. If I do go, which I most probably will, as you seem so anxious about it, you will not see me in London for some weeks after your arrival there."

"Then, in the meantime, will you promise to write often, dear Augustus! To tell me where you are, what you are doing?"

"Really, mother, 'tis a promise I have very little inclination to give, and still less to keep. You know how I detest, how I abhor letter writing."

"Indeed I should know, for I have had good proofs of it in months of silence unenlivened by a single line from you, though I wrote to you regularly every week. I do not hope, I do not expect, a long letter from you. I ask you but a line to say where you are and if you are well."

"'Tis all very fine to talk about a line, mother, but if I were to reduce it to practise, I fear you would look very blank over it. You reproached me bitterly for the last letter I wrote to you, and yet there were six lines in it, and that without counting the date or signature."

Lady Huntingdon replied by a sad smile, and her son, starting up from the sofa, exclaimed: "Well, I must be off and pack up my effects. I have wasted too much time as it is, already." Calling to his dogs, which joyously bounded around him, Augustus dashed up stairs to his room, where he immediately entered on the arduous duty of arranging his trunks; his valet having gone off with word to young lord Middlemore that his master would be with him the following night. His labours were enlivened, if not hastened, by the exertions of his four-footed friends, who, springing into his trunks and out of them, rolling over each other, dragging away his "effects," as fast as he collected them, bade fair to render the task a somewhat lengthy one. Their master, however, regarded their exertions with the greatest good humour, occasionally desisting from his task to join in their sports, but finally remembering he had many other claims upon his time, he had recourse to an oft-tried stratagem to free himself from their gratuitous services. Rehearsing the scene of the drawing-room, he soon changed their amicable mirth to deadly hostility, and whilst they were engaged in a general contest, cast his things hastily into his valise, which he locked and strapped down, and then brought about an amnesty amongst his canine friends. The following morning about half-past nine, (an unusually early hour for her) lady Huntingdon was sitting in her dressing room under the hands of her maid, when a loud knock at the door, followed by a joyous: "May I come in, mother?" left her in no doubt as to the intruder, and with his customary reckless gaiety her son bounded in.

"Well, mother, I'm off! Come to say good bye."

"Sit down, for one moment, then. You have nearly an hour yet."

Evidently impatient of further delay, he paid no heed to the request. Morris having gathered her mistress' still luxuriant hair into a simple twist, left the room, and lady Huntingdon, turning to her son, sadly exclaimed.

"So you are really determined on going to day, Augustus! I had hoped, even till now, that you might have changed your intention."

"Not the slightest appearance of such a thing, mother. Trunks corded, horse saddled, self ready. Where is father?"

"Taking his morning walk in the grounds."

"Well, I must try and find him out, to say farewell. I am really hurried, so good bye, mother. Take care of yourself till we meet again!" and stooping down, he imprinted a care-

less kiss on her cheek. Lady Huntingdon silently returned the embrace, and then when the door closed upon him, covered her haughty brow with her hands and wept bitterly. Gayly singing a snatch of some hunting song, the object of her anxiety, her passionate grief, ascended to his apartment, but on the threshold he paused a moment and murmured, "I really must say good bye to that invisible little sister of mine. 'Tis but a small compensation for the good natured simplicity with which she permits my mother to fleece her for my benefit. Is this her door? Yes."

His loud demand for admittance was answered by Eva's maid.

"Hullo! pretty face! Can I see your mistress. Is she dressed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, I think she must have made her toilette without your assistance, for you must have devoted a whole morning at least to those hyacinthine curls of yours."

The girl had at first modestly cast down her eyes, in acknowledgment of what she supposed an intended compliment, but a glance at the quizzical expression of the speaker's face, and the ambiguity of the word "hyacinthine," which notwithstanding the constant gratification of her novel reading propensities, was yet beyond the limits of her comprehension, changed the current of her feelings, and with a stiff courtesy, she requested him, in a tone of great asperity, "to leave her hyacinthine curls alone, and tell her plainly what he wanted." His only answer was to eye her a moment from head to foot with the same mocking smile, and then taking her by the arm he quickly ejected her from the threshold and walked in.

"Well, Eva, I have come to say good bye," he exclaimed, approaching his sister who was poring over her books.

"What! are you going to day?"

"Yes, and to your complete satisfaction, doubtless. Mr. Arlingford, who is to replace me, is, I think, more to your taste."

"Mr. Arlingford! When is he expected?"

"In an hour from this, but what are you doing with all those stupid books? Ah! studying, I see. Well, my little sister, excuse me, but I cannot help telling you, you are a fool for your pains. The more clever and sensible you become, the more disagreeable and tiresome will you also grow in proportion. Secondly, to my opinion, a girl perfectly unaccomplished, unacquainted with the stupid stiff etiquette of society, even, though she scarcely knows how to write, is

a more agreeable companion than the most charming of our *soi-disant* London belles. But it is useless wasting my advice upon you. With old Wentworth for a teacher, I give you up. Good bye!" and bestowing on her the same careless salutation he had vouchsafed his mother, he left the room. Scarcely conscious of his departure, Eva joyfully clasped her hands murmuring, "Mr Arlingford here in an hour! Oh! what happiness!"

(To be continued.)

## THE WATER-SPRITE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JUSTINUS KERNER.

"Es war in des Maies mildem Glanz,  
Da hielten die Jungfera von Tubingen Tanz."

The May-moon shone with a mild warm glance,  
As the maidens of Tubingen met to dance.

They danced, and danced each other between,  
'Neath a linden-tree in the valley green.

A strange Youth, most richly arrayed,  
Approached and bowed to the fairest maid.

He reached her his hand with a noble air,  
And placed a sea-green wreath on her hair.

"O young man! why is thine arm so cold?"  
—"No heat do the waters of Neckar hold!"

"O young man! why is thine hand so pale?"  
—"In the water the burning sunbeams fail!"

He danced with her far from the linden-tree—  
—"O young man! my mother is calling me!"

He danced with her still by the Neckar clear—  
—"O young man! leave me—I faint with fear!"

He danced with her in where the waters shine—  
—"O father! and thou, O mother, mine!"

He bears her to halls of crystal sheen—  
—"Farewell! my mates in the valley green!"

## THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.

The origin of love! Ah! why  
That cruel question ask of me,  
Since thou may'st mark in many an eye,  
He starts to life on seeing thee.

And should'st thou seek to end his woe,  
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,  
He'll linger long in silent woe:  
But live until I cease to be.

## STRAY LEAVES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.\*

BY H. V. G.

JUNE, 1775.—Time flies so swiftly in this pleasant mansion, that truly I can scarce keep a reckoning of the days. My brother R., who has always a scrap of old poetry at his tongue's end, might well quote:

"The cheating old churl for naught will stay,  
On unclipped wing he aye flies away."

But, as my uncle says, these are very grave times, and even in this retired place, every day brings some startling intelligence, which for a time pales the cheek, and brings us all together to wonder and speculate,—perhaps to rejoice or mourn. For instance, we were dancing merrily in the great hall one evening, when an express arrived in foaming haste, bringing news of the sudden fight on Bunker's Hill,—the clearest demonstration which has yet been made of public indignation,—and truly, though our brave men were forced to retreat before such numbers of the king's best troops, it was a retreat which may well be called a glorious victory. No more dancing was there that night, it may be well believed; but we sat down, each of us busy with our own thoughts, and many a tear dropped silently from the brave men who fell that day in their country's cause.

The next day was the Sabbath, a day very strictly observed by all the household, more especially by my good aunt, who would in no way cast discredit on her puritan ancestry by any worldliness of word or action. But the news of the preceding day lay fresh in my mind, and I could not keep my thoughts from wandering to my dear home, and to the good city of which I felt so proud, and the friends who might now be in peril there, so that more than once I was fain to bite my lips to keep back the words which were rising to them. Once,—and it was just as my uncle closed the big Bible from which he had been reading aloud one of the patriotic Psalms of David,—my thoughts catching fire from the holy zeal of the psalmist, and very perversely receiving his language as a glorification of our own arms—I broke out into a sudden penegyric of all brave and noble deeds, beginning at Lexington; and where I should have ended no one can tell; but, to my infinite confusion, I met my aunt W.'s eye fixed on me with such a chiding and astonished expres-

sion, that I stopped short and felt my face burning with confusion. Venturing, however, to steal a glance at the good President, to see how he felt affected towards me, I was not a little re-assured by observing the corners of his mouth twitch convulsively, as if striving to suppress a smile, while he sought to conceal it by raising one hand to adjust his wig, and with the other he fastened the silver clasps of the old family Bible, all the while casting a sidelong look at my aunt, as if fearful she should detect his lenity.

Soon after, the bell from the primitive old meeting house rung out on the sweet morning air, calling worshippers far and near to the house of prayer. It was at no great distance, and we set out to walk there. First went my uncle, his erect stately figure set off to advantage in a snuff colored coat with long lappets, a fine embroidered waistcoat of white satin, and plush breeches, fastened at the knees with gold buckles. The frills on his bosom and wrists were delicately plaited, his white silk stockings displayed very comely legs, and his shoes were adorned with gold buckles of the largest size. He carried a gold headed cane in one hand, and a cocked hat rested on his powdered wig. My aunt, not a whit less stately, was arrayed in a dove colored taffety, furbelowed with pinked flounces of the same, and the skirt opened in front, showing a petticoat of quilted satin. The pinked ruffles of the sleeves fell below the elbow, and her arms, still round and fair, were shaded by black picnic mittens. A black satin cardinal fell over her shoulders, and her head gear was of the latest fashion. She carried a large fan with carved ivory sticks, which sometimes served as a sun shade, when that luminary shone too saucily in her face. Her hand rested with much ceremony on the President's arm, and the long toes and high heels of her walking slippers, kept perfect measure with his slow and dignified step. The rest of us followed, two and two, in the order of seniority, and the utmost gravity and decorum were enjoined on every member of the household. The servants followed at a respectful distance. Most of them were freed blacks, and the females showed their love of contrasts by the bright tints which they chose to set off the hue of their ebony complexions.



The meeting house stands on a high bare hill, as if set there for a beacon to the scattered congregation. It looks old and weather-beaten, and is guiltless of all adornment, save the little belfry, in which the bell now swung, heavily tolling its drowsy summons. The few small windows shook even in a summer breeze, and the old porch stooped and seemed nodding to us as we toiled wearily up the hill, oppressed by a scorching sun. I marvelled much to see so many people as now came wending their way from all directions, the village seems so small, and the country round very lonely. There were men and women, with children of all ages, even infants in their mother's arms, all dressed smartly in their best Sunday attire, and looking demure as became the day, yet very cheerful and contented withal. The country people from a distance, came on horseback, and they all rode double, having every one a pillion behind, on which a buxom dame or damsel was seated, and sometimes two or three children edged in between. Even the horses seemed to partake the gravity of the occasion, as they checked their pace and stopped with a prolonged snort at the well known block, close beside the porch door, where the riders dismounted, leaving their steeds patiently to wait till the service was over, the more restive ones being tied to stakes placed near for the purpose.

The sexton was giving the last pull to the bell rope as we entered the porch, and the people standing there respectfully gave place to the President and his family as they passed in. Directly the venerable clergyman took his seat in the pulpit; an old man he is, with a most benignant countenance, who has ministered to his simple-hearted congregation for a space of nearly forty years. Over his head hung a heavy sounding board of polished oak, which troubled me not a little, and my eye, in spite of me, constantly kept turning to it in a sort of vague expectance that it would fall and extinguish the godly man. Below the pulpit is a long seat, inclosed, where two very ancient men, the deacons, always sit, and thus facing the congregation, they were in a manner obliged to keep their dim eyes always open, which seemed at times a marvellous effort. A perfect silence fell on the congregation as soon as the minister arose; and even the little children, who had stolen a moment's play at *bo-peep* through the carved oaken railings of the pews, stood upright, as still as Lot's wife after her transformation, and with clasped hands, seemed to join devoutly in the prayer. After the prayer the minister read a psalm, and then gave out two lines at a time for the whole congregation to join in singing, few of them being provided with psalm books. One of

the deacons set the tune; such a prolonged nasal twang broke from him, and then one voice after another joined in—a fine treble, and then a deep bass; then one cracked with long use, which seemed emulous to maintain the lead, and above all, some squeaking childish notes, raised up with childish wilfulness. Truly, though my ear is not very nice in musical sounds, I was fain to close it against such discords, and catching a glance from my cousin Tom, which nearly overset my gravity. I was forced to snatch a fan hastily from Jerry's hand and spread it before my face, trembling lest my aunt should observe me; but she was also singing very devoutly, and like all the others, following her own time, for I noticed that the different voices cared little for keeping company, and the one that first reached the end of the two lines, hung on the last word with desperation, till the others came up to it, when all closed together with an exhausted murmur. Then was read a long chapter from one of the old prophets; and by this time I began to miss sadly the cushions which have of late been brought into fashion in our meeting houses in Boston, though many do speak of them as an innovation and savoring of worldly ease and prelaey; but truly, the seat on this day seemed very bare and hard. Good Mr. L. then got up and named his text, and a thrill ran through the congregation as he repeated it with great emphasis and animation; these were the words: "O sing unto the Lord, a new song, for He hath done marvellous things: His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory." I glanced at my uncle; but he would not look at me. One of the old deacons, who was a little deaf, left his place and took a seat at the top of the pulpit stairs, putting an ear trumpet to his right ear, that he might not lose a word. A little black dog with a curled tail, followed, and sat down beside him. The other deacon, turning round in his seat, leaned on his elbow and looked up in the preacher's face, and the women all settled their clothes and shut up their large fans, giving the drowsy children a shake, or settling them down to a comfortable nap, according to their individual notions of parental discipline. Then we listened for a good hour to a sermon which had truly much unction in it, and many flowers of eloquence, nor was it wanting in sound orthodoxy, though, as the preacher premised, he departed from his usual course on the Lord's day, on account of the news so lately come to us, and the urgency of the times, and discoursed mainly on the duties of good citizens, and the right of resisting the oppression of godless rulers. "God," he said, "was with us, even as He was with the chosen tribes of Israel, and His

ministers now, as then, were bound to speak the truth boldly, and the people to act fearlessly, trusting in Him alone." He added the memorable words: "If men should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out." When he closed, and had given the blessing, men looked at one another and nodded their heads resolutely, but all stood silently and reverently, as is the custom, till the minister passed down the pulpit stairs, shaking hands gravely with the deacon as he passed him, and lucklessly treading on the little cur, which forthwith sent up a fiendish yelp, and hopped down before him, limping on three legs. But no one ventured to smile, and on he walked slowly through the broad aisle, returning the salutations of his parishioners, who loved even the big white wig which nodded so beneficently at them.

"Bless your good parson, dear uncle," said I, as we passed out the door, "for he has taken off the ban, and now we are free to speak again."

"Yes, my little niece, but there are times and seasons for all things, you know," he answered, "and this is the Lord's holy day."

"And it is right for us to discourse upon the subject of the sermon," I replied "for the worthy minister himself says, 'If men should hold their peace, the stones would cry out,' and truly a woman's tongue may speak better than a dumb stone?"

"It is a malapert member, that little tongue of yours, niece, at any rate," said my uncle good naturedly; "but, go now and walk with your cousins gravely, and we will discuss these matters at a more fitting time;" and proffering his arm to my aunt, who accepted it with like ceremony, we returned homeward with the same grave and formal decorum which had been observed in going to the meeting.

We had barely time to rest ourselves, and partake of some cold refreshment, for my aunt allows no cooking on the Sabbath, when the bell rang out to call the congregation again together. There is but an hour between the morning and afternoon services, because many who come from a distance, would scarcely go back so far, and return again; so they bring a little bread and cheese, or somewhat for a slight repast, and eat it silently in their pews, their little ones taking a quiet nap, meantime.

June 20th.—In looking back over these pages, I cannot but think that if they chanced to meet any other eye, I should be set down as a very simple damsel, who had but poor wits of her own, thus to note down such very common events and observances. But I made a promise with my cousin Kate, to write somewhat each day of what be-

falls me, and especially to mark what seems strange and new and different in this country life, to what appears in our town habits. Cousin Ralph would fain have made me promise that I would shew it to him also; but I well know that he would only laugh at me, and I am not writing to amuse any coxcomb at my expense—not the best of them.

I have had a letter from dear brother R—; he finds it but sorry comfort keeping house alone, and were it not that business and his duty keep him, he would soon be following after us. His pretty Bessy too, has left town with her father's family; and if he were bound to tell the honest truth, no doubt he would confess, her loss was more to him than that of father or sister. General Gage, he writes, keeps a sharp eye on all citizens whose loyalty is thought suspicious, and there are not many in Boston, who seek to mask their feelings. But none are allowed to go out without a pass; and as the ferries are guarded by soldiers, and the Neck strongly fortified, it is not easy to elude the vigilance of those on duty. R., however, got permission to leave some little while ago, and so passed two or three days with Bessy and her family near Dorchester. But it was needful for him to return to town, and this was not so easily managed,—he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem; and so he borrowed a blue frock, and rustic hat, such as is worn by the farming people, and mounted on a load of hay, which was being driven in to supply the king's cavalry. He was sharply questioned at the barricade; but having a ready answer, and much presence of mind, and being also helped by a few shrewd words from the real countryman, who lounged lazily in the hay, while my brother drove the team, he fortunately escaped detection. I pray, however, he may not jeopardise his safety by persisting in such fool-hardy love adventures! My father has gone to S., and I miss him sadly, but am still very happy here. My uncle is much taken up with public affairs; he has frequent visits from leading politicians, and when alone, spends his mornings generally in the library. My aunt wins daily on my affection, and if she sometimes appears a little strict and exacting, she is always kind-hearted, and loves to see those around her cheerful and happy. There is no bustle and ostentation about her, and at no time is her matronly grace and dignity laid aside; and though she seems always to have leisure, every household department is yet thoroughly overlooked by her. When she has inspected the dairy, directed the labor of the loom, and meted to her damsels their daily tasks of spinning, besides such other

domestic affairs as require a mistress' oversight, she comes to the pleasant sitting room, where Jenny and I, with little Anny, are sitting at our embroidery frames, or busy with our needles, as chance may be, and taking up her own work, for she is never idle, discourseth with us very agreeably, for she has seen much of the world, and has a shrewd judgment, and a pleasant wit. Jenny, who loves an old romance better than homely cares, often reads aloud to us, and is never sorry to lay aside her needle, and entertain us with the fairy legends of old Chaucer, or the quaint conceits of Suckling, or the pleasant thoughts of many later writers. Her brothers have each their several occupations through the day, but all meet with cheerful faces at the dinner call; and in the evening all cares are laid aside, and there is a general gathering in the old oaken parlour. Generally there are stranger guests at tea, which is a most sumptuous repast,—young people, far and near, and elder ones too, are welcomed with cordial hospitality, free from all tiresome ceremony, and for those who choose to stay, beds of softest down are always ready prepared.

An old fiddler, who may be said to have his living at the mansion house, makes his appearance regularly at night-fall, with his fiddle in good tune; and a merry scraping of the strings is a signal for the young people to start up and lead off the evening dance. The ample hall is cleared of all incumbrances in a moment, and old Dido, who could not keep awake without the hum of her spinning wheel, sits down with it in a remote corner, that she may enjoy the dancing, and pursue her work at the same time. The other servants, crowded together at an open door to enjoy the fun, one black head rising above another, the white eyes and ivory teeth shining in their woolly pates, make a very picturesque group in the back ground. Chloe, the favorite maid, in her neat white apron and yellow turban, always stands in front, holding a little picaninny, born in the house, who stretches out its little black arms, and crows with unfeigned delight. None enter more heartily into the mirth of the scene than my good uncle and aunt, who are always present; and in the course of the evening they invariably perform a minuet together with the most stately grace and gravity. I always manage to get the good President through one country dance, and truly I feel very proud, for he will dance with no one else.

June 25th.—We have every day more cheering news from abroad. The reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point has been followed by the seizing of many other arsenals and stores of magazines,

and shews well the spirit and resolution of our people. All the other Colonies have united with Massachusetts in preparing against the common danger. Gen. Gage with all his reinforcements is likely to have close quarters in the good city of Boston.

Jenny and myself were so elated by those tidings that we resolved to hold a sort of jubilee on the occasion. With the help of Cousin Tom and Cato, whom my father left behind, we set about preparing a rustic festival, which we meant to be very choice, and enlivened by many scraps of eloquence and poetry suited to the occasion, and of course vastly patriotic. The place selected was a gentle elevation, shaded by fine old trees, and some half mile distant from the house. There we formed a verdant canopy of entwining boughs, and beneath them were mossy seats arranged, and a board spread with all the dainties of country life, which could be provided on short notice and with strict secrecy. The continental flag was hoisted, and waved bravely above the arch, though the folds were not loosened till all things else were in readiness. Yesterday afternoon was the time appointed; and when we had given the last finish to our preparations, Cato was mounted and sent off with all speed to summon the guests whom we wished to grace the occasion. The prompt invitation was cheerfully accepted, for our country folks are not cumbered with many engagements, and they were in good season assembled, while we enjoyed not a little their agreeable surprise. A deputation of young girls, of whom I was one, were then selected to wait on the President and his lady, and request their attendance, the occasion being specified in a choice speech, which was received with a courteous approval that gave us infinite satisfaction. When we returned to the scene of festivity with our honored guests, they were met at the entrance by their venerable minister, Mr. L., who conducted them with much state to a seat prepared for the purpose, where they received the cordial greetings of all the assembled company. Mr. L. then made a short address, very spirited withal, and highly patriotic, and the good man truly went to the verge of Christian charity when he spoke of the oppressors. After that the table was uncovered, and all were soon busy with the tempting viands thereon displayed.

The affair went on quite triumphantly; all were at the height of enjoyment, when Cato came running down the hill, his black skin actually pallid, exclaiming: "Oh massa—there is a great troop coming—may be they's the Englisher's come to take us!" All started up, not however

catching his fears,—and Tom muttering, "I should like to see a troop of Englishmen here."

From the summit of the hill we could see the road winding along perhaps a mile distant, and true enough there was a large body of men marching along in regular file, and in tolerable order, but it was clear to see they had not the practised step of British soldiers. Directly the sound of martial music was borne to our ears, and the flag streaming on the air, displayed our own colors and device. As they came nearer we could observe that they looked weary as if travel worn, and there seemed to be little subordination, and less uniformity of dress. We knew them at once to be a company of volunteers raised in New Hampshire, and probably now on their way to join the camp at Cambridge. Our hearts bounded forth at once to welcome them and bid them God speed. As they wound along near the base of the hill, on which we stood watching them, our flag caught the eye of their commander, and he gave an instant order to halt. The motion was responded to by a tremendous cheer from all the men of our party, and a great flourish of white handkerchiefs by the ladies; and quick as thought cousin Ned touched a match to a small howitzer—which had been dragged up to give effect to our entertainment,—and fired off thirteen rounds in honor of the thirteen united colonies.

Our welcome was cordially answered by the troops; and we then all returned to the arbor, while two or three of our young men were sent forward to open a conference with the volunteers. My uncle also sent a courteous message requesting them to halt near by for the night, and as many as were able, to share the hospitality of his house. The messengers soon returned accompanied by two officers, who were personally known to my uncle, and who told him that it was their intention to stop in passing and pay their respects to him, and they had come somewhat out of the usual way for that purpose. Orders were given the men to rest for a few hours and refresh themselves, and our little rustic party was soon augmented by the addition of about a dozen armed men, who however bore themselves very peaceably, and gave not a little zest to the sequel of our entertainment. The good things which we had prepared in abundance for our own use, disappeared like smoke before these strangers, and it was with a right good will we saw the remnants so profitably disposed of. Like courteous knights errant they failed not to praise the repast, adding such well spun compliments to the fair entertainers, as they thought, I suppose, would best please their vanity. My uncle sent

bountiful refreshment, both meat and drink, to all the men, from the stores of the kitchen and cellar, and better fare the poor fellows will not be likely to meet often in their hard camp journeyings.

We returned to the house at dusk, attended by our military cavaliers; and the old fiddler arriving at the usual time, dancing commenced with great spirit, and, as my uncle whispered, with an unwonted display of flirtation.

(To be continued.)

## DEATH'S HERALDS.

Oh! stream, why slowest thou  
Fleety and fast?

Like an hour goest thou  
Into the past.

Thou lovest rapid wings,  
As if they brought  
Oblivion of many things  
That thou lov'st not.

Stream—stream, we travel thus  
From the green earth:  
Destiny speaks to us  
In woe and mirth!

Death is forever nigh,  
Like a quick power,  
Telling us we must die  
Every hour.

When the plants change their hue—  
When the leaves fall—  
When the new friends we knew  
Come not at all.

When we are bidden forth  
To the dim room,  
Where lies the wreck of worth  
Deck'd for the tomb.

E'en on the bridal day  
Still comes the thought—  
"Let it be e'er so gay,  
Yet it is nought!"

Oh! stream, thy waters, too,  
Murmur the same—  
"None shall again renew  
Life's fitful game!"

All things the truth betray,  
Glad though they seem—  
Ever they show or say  
"Life's but a dream!"

I, too, am hasting fast,  
Worthless and worn,  
Scorning the life's that's past,  
With a deep scorn.

## LIFE BEHIND THE COUNTER.\*

### CHAPTER II.

Mr. and Mrs. Markham had invited a new apprentice of the former (with whom he had accepted rather an extra premium) to meet their young visitors, all of whom they received with feelings of hospitality, decidedly strengthened by the pleasant consciousness of patronage. Even the elderly young lady, their daughter, had thought it quite worth while to deck herself in smiles, and put on her most becoming dress. What little kindnesses will kindle gratitude in affectionate hearts! Never had Herbert and Alice felt so much regard for their relatives as from their courtesy they did this day, tracing even in the "nice" dinner of salmon and lamb which had been provided, the thought of their gratification. The consequence was that their hearts were opened, and they conversed with much less reserve than usual; and certain topics at last were started, on which William Howard spoke with the earnest enthusiasm which belonged to his nature.

"O dear!" said Miss Markham, who, having lately adopted ringlets, affected with them extreme juvenility. "O dear! it would be such a pity to shut up the shops at dark—it would make the street look quite dull, I declare?"

"But, madam," replied Howard, "if you think of the tens of thousands who would be made happy by such a custom, the lives that would be preserved, the health that would be retained—and, more than all, the moral advancement which must result from a moderate time being afforded for reading and mental improvement——"

"Oh, sir," said Mr. Markham, very decidedly, "I don't see what apprentices and assistants want with reading. It would fill their heads with a parcel of nonsense—that is all."

Howard coloured deeply, yet he continued with much self-control—"I do not say that it is desirable that such persons should become what are called 'literary'; but I hope, Mr. Markham, you will agree with me that some taste for reading, some desire for mental cultivation, must form the best safeguard against habits of idle dissipation; whereas a body jaded and worn by fifteen or sixteen hours of anxious toil, disinclines the mind for action, and tempts too many to seek a momentary stimulant. I may well say anxious toil, for a situation has been known to depend on an assistant

persuading a customer to buy an article for which she had no inclination."

"Yes," said Mrs. Markham, "you do plague one dreadfully. I do declare there is no getting out of a shop without buying."

"Aunt," said Alice gently, "I think the mischief is the system of falsehood it teaches—oh, if you knew the things I have heard and witnessed."

"You should not tell tales out of school, niece," exclaimed her uncle; "every trade has its tricks—that I know."

"More is the pity, though!" said the grocer's apprentice, growing alarmingly bold from the treason to which he had been an attentive listener. There was no verbal answer, but Mr. Markham darted a fiery glance around, which, however, only Alice read correctly; while her aunt again spoke, saying:

"Besides, sir, how could servants and many others, who are engaged all day, make their purchases if the shops were closed at night?"

"I imagine, madam, that under such an arrangement mistresses would allow servants the liberty of going out for this purpose in the day. It has even been argued that it would be an advantage to such persons, inasmuch as they would escape the liability of being imposed on by candle-light, or of purchasing an unsuitable article by accident, and would be less likely to be tempted on occasions to spend their money foolishly, than from the facility they now have of doing so at all hours. At least, this is the manner in which we meet this common objection; but it certainly rests greatly with those who are free agents, who can purchase at what hours they like, to exert the great influence of example by doing so at early hours."

"It seems to me, young gentleman," replied Mr. Markham, "that in all your arrangements you leave the master's interests entirely out of the question."

"Not so, I assure you, sir; for they would reap many advantages in possessing a superior set of servants, who would have better health, and more alacrity to serve them;—besides, the system of early hours once established, purchasers would make their arrangements accordingly. They would choose the articles they require, early in the day—not go without them; and the result would be active occupation during the hours of business, instead of, as is often the case, only the

appearance of it; for we are ordered to seem busy whether we are or not. Oh, sir, if you only knew the misery and mischief which have gone on for the last thirty years, accumulating and progressing, you would see the necessity of a change."

"No, I do not see it," returned the host, "and I disapprove of this discontent among young people, and beg to hear no more of it. Young people must take their chance, and work their way, as others have done before them."

Yes, in as mortal danger of life as the soldier on the battle-field (*for this is the computed ascertained fact*)—from breathing foul air—from want of sufficient rest—from continued over-exertion—from hurried and irregular meals, and frequently improper food; and in the peril of mind and morals which must result from the systematic teaching of much falsehood, and absence of all leisure for establishing religious principles—for cultivating the intellectual nature, and enjoying the healthful influence of social intercourse. But Mr. Markham, who spoke thus, considered himself a person of strict principles, and, above all, of business habits—so that he thought it his duty to apprise the governing powers in the establishment of Messrs. Scrape and Haveall (they had lately given him a large order for groceries), that they had a dangerous rebel in their house. The next day William Howard was discharged!

Again three months have passed—changing now golden, glowing August, to dull November.

In a very humble dwelling were assembled, one Sunday evening, William Howard, his mother, and Alice Markham. An open Bible was on the table, from which the latter had been reading aloud, until the gathering tears stayed her voice, and she paused; her listeners knowing too well the reason of her silence to ask it. Alas! William Howard was now a confirmed invalid;—anxiety of mind from losing his situation, and probably, a cold taken in going about seeking another, had completed the work so long begun—the fiat was gone forth—Consumption had marked him as its own. He knew the truth, and was resigned to the will of God; not with that dogged, hardened, brute courage, which may meet death unflinchingly, but with that holy trust in His mercy, that while the heart feels the dear ties of life, it has yet strength to say meekly—"Thy will be done!"

"So you think, dear Alice," said Mrs. Howard, making an effort to change the current of all their thoughts, "you think that Herbert and yourself will obtain situations in the establishment we were speaking of, where they close at seven o'clock!—blessings on them, for having the courage and humanity to set such an example."

"I have no doubt of it," said Alice, trying to speak cheerfully; "for they only wait to see Mr. Haveall, and whatever evil may have been going on in the house, he cannot accuse us of participating in it. Ah, William, what a happiness it must be to you, to know that your influence saved Herbert from becoming as false and unworthy as so many of his companions; and I—oh! how much do I owe you!"

William Howard was scarcely allowed to speak, for the slightest exertion brought on the cough, but he wrote on a slate which was kept near him;

"Less, dearest, than I owe you—truth and virtue never seemed so lovely, as when reflected from your conduct."

There was a long pause after the writing was erased—and presently the bells from neighbouring churches were heard sounding for evening service. William Howard wrote upon the slate:

"Mother, will you go to church to-night, and leave me, as you have sometimes done, with Alice!"

Mrs. Howard rose, and kissing his pale forehead, said solemnly:

"I will pray for all of us—I am inconsiderate to leave you so seldom together."

"No, no," murmured her son, "only for to-night."

The lovers were together. Lovers! what an earthly word for two such beings as William and Alice. The one,

"Whose shadow fell upon the grave  
He stood so near;"

the other, in the years of opening life, with, in all human probability, a long and solitary course before her. The heart of Alice was too pure for her to play the prude for an instant. She knelt on a stool beside the large easy chair in which he was supported, and passing her arm round his neck, rested her own head upon his pillow, so that she could overlook the little slate on which he wrote, and murmur her answers into his ear. Nay, I think she pressed a kiss or two upon the skeleton fingers, before they traced these words:

"Tell me the truth, dear Alice,—where does the money come from, by means of which I am surrounded with so many comforts? It cannot be my mother's needlework that earns it."

"And you are too proud to take a little of our savings?"

"No, darling, I am not. Pride does not become the dying; but more is spent than even this accounts for."

"Then I will tell you," said Alice, after a pause; "I think the truth will give you pleasure. The fellow-assistants who profited by your ad-

vice, and who feel that you are among the first few to whom they are indebted for the better order of things which is coming, have insisted on clubbing together to afford you every comfort in your illness."

The slate dropped from his hand, and he *wrote* no more. Did they both forget the physician's injunction that he should not speak?

"May God bless them for it!" burst feebly from his lips, yet more hurriedly than the phrase could have been written; "and yet," he continued, "they can ill afford it, especially now that they want every guinea to further the plans of the Association for their relief. Oh! Alice, is it really true that so many of the employers have joined?"

"Many," returned Alice, almost joyfully; "many of the most respectable houses already close at seven; and, though they are prepared to suffer a little at first, from the opposition of those who keep open, they seem at last to be carrying out your favourite motto, 'to follow the right whithersoever it may lead.' Nay, they do say that the hours of toil will ultimately be reduced to ten,—enough for poor humanity, *as we know who have worked!*"

"And for me to rob them at such a time!" murmured Howard, sinking his head upon the shoulder of Alice. She kissed his cheek—his lips—his forehead—and felt the hot tears streaming from his eyes.

"There is a way," said Alice, softly, her cheek tingling, she knew not why,—“there is a means for present need, if it could be adopted. You know my uncle will not give me a farthing of my hundred pounds, nor can I touch it for some months to come;—yet—yet—it is so left—that—that—if I had married, it would have become my husband's."

"Well, dearest?"

Alice again paused, but her cheek leaned against his—her lips touched his ear—and she murmured, "Could it not so be yours?"

For a while there was no audible answer. William Howard raised his head from Alice Markham's shoulder, and gazed for a moment on the dark and earnest eyes which met his own with no coquettish shrinking, but with a look that revealed the depths of her soul.

"No, never!" he exclaimed, in a louder voice than had been heard for many weeks; and while he twined his arms around her with something of recovered strength, words of endearment burst from his lips, and broken phrases that might be interpreted, "Youth's bright imaginings, and

poet's dreams, are dull delusions compared with such a heart as this!"

And then came the paroxysm of the cough, after so much excitement, and he sank back on his pillows as helpless as an infant. A little while, and they spoke of death, not marriage, quite calmly; and yet his frame shook when Alice murmured, "I—I—will be as a child to your mother—and Herbert, too. Oh, William! he will not disgrace your teaching."

Again the horrid knell of that painful, tearing cough; and once more his head drops fondly on her shoulder. But there is a gush of something that comes even hotter and faster than scalding tears; in the cough he has broken a blood-vessel, and the life stream flows from his pale lips on the bosom of his faithful, high-hearted Alice! A few hours of mortal life were all that remained to William Howard.

Reader, this is a common story; one that in all its human emotions has been felt and acted thousands of times. There is something so blinding in custom, that the best and wisest of us are slow to see evils that do not come directly home to us. How many a gentle and sensitive woman, that has wept over the vivid pages of romance, or lent her keenest sympathies to the ideal sorrows of the drama, has, month after month, and year after year, visited the gay and gorgeous shops of the "Metropolitan Drapers," without so much as dreaming of the deep and real tragedies that were enacting "behind the counter." The blighted youth—the ruined health—the early graves—the withered minds—the corrupted morals—and, oh! the noble spirits, the true heroes of private life, who, standing forward to cheer and teach, by precept and example, have won the guerdon of eternal gratitude from their class. To my mind, it seems there must have been many William Howards ere the "Metropolitan Drapers' Association" could have been formed; an association now encouraged and assisted by clergy, members of parliament, influential, literary and philanthropic gentlemen, and the most respectable employers in London.

And alas! there must have been many a selfish, narrow-minded man, like Mr. Markham, with heart contracted by the very system he attempted to uphold, ere the wrongs of the oppressed could have grown so deep as to require such a remedy.

Gentle, kind-hearted lady, who would not hurt a noxious insect in your path—who, if your pet bird pined in its gilded cage, would open the door to give it the option of liberty—think how much good there is in your power to do! Remember that units make up the millions.

Raise your voice bravely to assert the right; and in your household see that it is done. Forbid the late shopping—forbid even all trading with the houses that do keep open. Think, too, it is the merry month of May—bright summer, golden autumn, are before us; then turn in thought, as you breathe the perfume of flowers, or inhale the fresh sea-breeze, to those crowded shops, and their sickly, heart-crushed denizens! Yet they *might* have the morning and evening walk in the bright summer, and in the winter the cheerful fireside, the friendly converse, and the pleasant book. Health *might* bloom on their cheeks, and joy sparkle in their eyes!

### THE FIDDLE.

A SERIO-COMIC RHAPSODY; OR THE POWERS OF MUSIC AND IMAGINATION—"OW'R TRUE A TALE,"—A RHYME OF LANG SYNE.

Care worn and sad, Rab sat him down,  
Whupt aff a dram, and play'd a tune,  
To heaze his spirits up; 'twas done :  
Rab was refresh'd,  
His fiddle he gratefu' gaz'd up on,  
An' thus address'd :

"Fair fa' ye, sony bit o'timmer!  
Sae featly form'd.—wi' neck sae slimmer,  
I wad na gie ye 's I'm a sinner,  
For ony fee:  
E'en bonny Meg, than wha nane's trimmer,  
I'd yield to thee.

"Let Pan gae crack o' s whistle fine,  
Apollo brag o' s lyre,—the Nine,  
O musics various; but to mine,  
They a' maun bow;  
For wha or what, my winsome frien',  
Can sing like you!

"How droll that sic a simple thing,  
Wi four sma' bits o' catgut string,  
By horse hair scrap'd should instant ring,  
A tone sae sweet;  
Sure ilka god a help did bring,  
Thee to complete!

[Here the poet is supposed suddenly to recognize, close by, the masterly touch of a friend, equally noted for his tasteful execution of favourite slow Scottish airs, and popular reels and strathspeys.]

"But, whisht!—what notes melodious float  
Upo' the breeze frae yonder grot!  
Blaw saft ye winds aroun' the spot;  
Ye leaves lie still!  
Ye burdies hush your varied note;  
Learn thus to trill.

"*Roslin!*\* thy mould'rin' towers may fa',  
Thy rev'rend ruins fade awa,  
And time his levellin' ploughshare ca'  
Whare ye hae stood,  
But that sweet air thy *name* will shaw,  
For ay and gude.

"How saftly sighs that tender touch!  
Sure music's god my hugs bewitch!  
Haud there, O haud! another such!—  
But, ah! its still,  
Heugh! Rabbe, lad; ye'd gie, how much!  
For half that skill!

"But, whisht—the strings are tun'd again,  
O for anither sic a strain!  
Hark! there he's to't, baith might and main!  
Ay, what the deil!  
Heugh! now for lads and lasses fain,  
To dance a reel.

Up wi't, my lad, whae'er ye be—  
Heugh! "*Moneyusk's*,"<sup>1</sup> the thing for me;  
"*The Ruffians Rant*,"<sup>2</sup> or let me die;  
Now, best of ony,  
"*McDonald's Reel*,"<sup>3</sup> bears a' the gree:  
Now "*Berwick Johnny*"<sup>4</sup>

"Hoot, toot, (cried Rab,) I'll thole nae mair;  
For partner here's my elbo' chair;  
Diel fa' me, but I'll hae a steer:  
Gae wa' my fiddle!"  
He said, and quat the scraper dear,  
And aff did sidle.

But wae's his case; a tawty peelin'  
Unkent gat neth his frisky heel, an'  
Ere he wist, wi' awfu' reelin'  
He ow'r did cowp—  
Ill starr'd Cremona wi' him wheelin',  
Smash, neath his doup!

Yes; there the scatter'd flinders lie!  
For ever mute; fell fancy's prey,  
As Rab's poor banes can testify,  
By sair felt token,  
While curses follow ilka sigh,  
For 's fiddle broken.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ye hair-brained birkies, ane an a',  
Poets, fiddlers, wits, *et cetera*,  
Wha yield to Fancy's flighty ca',  
Tak timous note;  
And fen' your glaiket noddles a',  
Frae Rab's sad lot.

\* The well known favourite Scottish air of "*Roslin Castle*."  
1, 2, 3, 4.—All favourite reels, well known to trippers on the light fantastic toe.



# MILTON'S DREAM:

A LOVE STORY.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

"Boast not thy victory, Death!  
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's power,  
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower;  
That slumber the snow beneath,  
—Thou art the victor, Love!"

MRS. HEMANS.

Those who are familiar with the history of the poet Milton, know that about the twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth year of his life, he visited Italy. We always love to think of Milton in Italy, and have little doubt that the classic and artistic fashioning of his mind, owed no little to the influence of that genial clime—then in the hey-day of its literary and artistic career, with a national mind on fire with the eloquence of a Dante and a Petrarch, and sublimed and refined beneath the creations of a Rafaele, and that painter host, whom heaven exhibited in the arena of one brief era, to accomplish triumphs of which all after time was to reap the fruits; where could he pass without seeing beauty, where could he converse, without being warned into a loftier and more spiritual life! Nor was this the sole influence exerted in the formation of his character at this period; for it was during his residence at Florence that his heart passed through that ordeal, destined, in a constitution like his, where the affections give so pre-eminently a tone to the whole man, to exert such a sway on the future life—namely, its first love.

Milton is described at this period of his life as being singularly handsome. A genuine English figure—slight, middle sized, compact, with long gold coloured curls, falling, after the fashion of the period, on either side of a fresh complexion, and rather delicate features; while the fire of his eye, and robust strength of his frame, redeemed him from anything bordering on effeminacy. He was much the rage in Florence, and courted and caressed by the beauties and the *belles* of that luxurious city; and no less for the fascination

of his manners, than on account of his dawning literary reputation, which, at this period, in Italy, was in all circles the surest recommendation to success. Yet had he hitherto moved about with a heart untouched. No *belle* or beauty could flatter herself with having made the slightest impression upon him. "A most unaccountable creature," said the young Condessa Francesca Piccini, who was a vast heiress, the most desired of desirable matches, and a beauty to boot. "A most unaccountable creature, with blood as cold as the northern bears, on the confines of whose native country they tell me he was born; and whom I would have dismissed at the back door of my thoughts, long ago, if it were at all possible to live without him." *Le bellissimo* did not know what to make of him. Half these glances and sighs would have turned an Italian head long ago. But that blue eyed son of the north, though delightful and fascinating to all, only seemed to live among them to tantalize them individually, and to show how inaccessible a thing a man's heart may become, when a disposition is manifested to take it by storm.

Milton was extremely fond of society at this period, in which his brilliant wit, as well as frank address, eminently calculated him to shine; and he was the favoured guest of the most distinguished circles of Florence.

There was a *festa* at the palazzo Orfino, and Milton was among the expected guests. There was no palazzo in or around *la bella Firenze*, more beautiful or more richly decorated than this of Orfino; and a great display was awaited—the *festa* to begin at high noon, and to continue till any

indefinite time of the following day. Milton departed in the direction of the palace, which, in the midst of its gardens and groves, rose like a dream of fairy-land, on the banks of the Arno—a little after mid-day; and dismissing his muleteer at the entrance to the grounds, strolled on with the apparent intention of finding the rest of his way on foot. We strongly suspect that he had no immediate intention of throwing himself at the feet of *la divina marchessa*, his hostess, for he strolled off in an unfrequented direction, taking a grassy path which led beneath some olive trees, and showed strong symptoms of reverie. Nothing could be more favourable than his present situation, for the indulgence of delightful and beautiful thoughts. The golden noon of a summer day, mellowed into softness and coolness by the green shadows which overcanopied him—a soft sighing of wind among the foliage, like Eolus murmuring in his dreams—the gleam and the gurgle of the river—green glades of shadow, grassy eminences of light, all combined towards that delightful gratification of the senses, whereto the spirit more readily tones itself into life, and thought. Milton passed a marble Psyche.\* It was an exquisite creation of youth and love, and startled one in that solitary recess of the wood, where it stood beneath a small circular temple erected above it, by its strange resemblance to a living thing. The butterfly symbol of the soul was carved on the brow of the statue; and Milton, as he gazed upon its *spirituelle* and passionless beauty—the beauty of immortality, yet as expressing a sadness and dissatisfaction, an unearthly longing in search of something it could never find—felt that he, too, had been a searcher, and amid the caresses of beauty and sunlight of brightest eyes, and music of reciprocated vows, had found for his heart no resting place. Oh! wise old Hellenes! could ye thus amid your darkness, foreshadow the unsatisfying nature of the life and the love here below, to fill the heart of the immortal; and guess of a love beyond the spheres where the soul should find her far resting place? Milton, in continuation of his reverie, threw himself on the sward, and resting his head on the mossy roots of an old ilex tree, became drowsy, and fell asleep. Still recognizing the

\* The word *Psyche* was of mystical import in the ancient Greek, and was the word used to signify both a butterfly and the soul; and who is there acquainted with the beautiful tradition of Cupid and Psyche, but will bear a palm in praise of that graceful mythology, which painted so vividly the world of man, and the world of nature, in the tracings of its gorgeous imagery, and whose exquisite visions were often so many embodiments of eternal Truths.

scenery around, which appeared to him as when awake, he dreamed that he saw a young girl with a lyre fastened across her shoulder, half reclining, half seated on the sward beside him. Her face seemed to wear the expression of that of the Psyche, on which he had just been gazing; but the features resembled none that he had ever seen before. Yet he could not be persuaded that the face was unfamiliar to him, the eyes were so kind, and looked at him with a glance that he seemed to have known and loved long ago. It was more like recognition than anything else, the sweet gaze which they turned on him; but in vain did he probe his memory, again and again, to discover where they had met. He thought it did not occur to him, to speak to her or move towards her; but on he lay, in his original position, gazing into those sweet familiar eyes, which raised in him, he fancied, a host of by-gone associations, and dear old recollections, and returned his glances with a look so tender, yet so tranquil. Her fingers, which lay over the strings of her lyre, began, he thought, to thrill them into sound, and after a soft murmur, her voice articulated such words as these:

" 'Tis sweet to wander 'mid the rosy air,  
Flung from Aurora's incense dropping chair,  
At noon in diamond water;  
'Tis sweet amid the lilies of the wave,  
In mood luxuriant, brow and limb to lave,  
Like some bright Naiad daughter.  
'Tis sweet when evening's crimson shadows throng  
To watch the rich plumed birds with silver song,  
Their bright path homeward winging;  
'Tis sweet to view the stars, though distance parts,  
Like dear familiar eyes around our hearts,  
Their light for ever flinging!  
Yet sweeter far, to watch with bending eyes,  
Like some rich goddess of thy destinies,  
For ever thee above;  
Down shedding blessings for thy graceful head,  
Bidding thee learn of all its treasures shed,  
That earth hath none like love.

Milton was spell bound. Never had he heard such a voice—such music; so sweet and clear, yet so low, that it seemed more like the echo of music, than music itself. He attempted to move towards her as the song ceased; but to his surprise, she appeared to rise gradually from the earth into the air, like an ethereal thing. Higher she arose, becoming dimmer in outline; till, lo! where she hung far above him, a splendid blue butterfly hovered on its azure wings, and spreading them in the golden air, was soon lost in the kindred azure of the skies. "A Psyche, a Psyche!" shouted Milton, as he awoke, and found himself resting on the turf with the ilex roots for his pillow. "And it was all a dream," murmured he, sadly. Nothing was round him but the shadows,

the silence and the noon; the gurgle of the river, and the marble Psyche, just exactly as he had seen them before he slept. But there was one thing which had not been there, and which he now became sensible of, for the first time—namely, a thin roll of parchment which appeared to have been thrust into his hand, and which he felt that he was grasping firmly. He felt a dawn of hope, mingled with strange wonder, in his mind. They had been placed there since he slumbered; for no such scroll had formerly been in his possession. He eagerly unfolded it, and read, traced in a fine Roman hand, the identical words which had been sung in his dream. He never could have forgotten them, indelibly impressed as they were on his mind, and his heart. He folded the scroll carefully away in the lining of his doublet, and made many an unsuccessful attempt to divine the mystery. But he trusted to time, only feeling as we sometimes do, when on the threshold of some pathway of destiny, that this adventure was about to introduce him into some important era in the history of his heart, and of his life.”

Within about two hours of sunset, Milton arrived at the scene of festival. Passing an enormous and quaintly carved granite gateway, he descended on the wide green area, where the palazzo was situated, and saw the *fiesta* in full flow. It was a radiant scene of beauty and pleasure. Bright groups were scattered here and there under the trees. Laughter and sweet voices and music rose upon the air. He passed here a group, witnessing the fantastic tricks of some Venetian Fantaccini. Again, in the shadow of a huge oak, a few dancers in their fluttering and radiant coloured scarfs, were footing the graceful measures of the Florentine saraband. Here and there, a smaller number of gallants and maidens, or it might be only an occasional pair, engaged in conversation, sweeter than the most abandoning strains of revelry; but he passed them all in hastening towards *la divina Marchessa*, who received her guests in the vast portico of the mansion, as an appropriate hall of reception for this open air festival. The marchioness lacked in nothing of the stateliness common to the period, but was extremely kind to the *Poeta Inglese*, and even condescended to regret his delay.

“I feared you were about to play truant to our revels; but I hope you come not yet too late, for our enjoyment and your own!”

“A splendid scene, fairest Marchessa! I am indeed mine own foe, to have been absent so long. I was delighted as I approached, and bethink me that if the cold fruits of wisdom ripen under our

northern suns, the flowers and the beauty of existence find their native gardens under Italian skies.”

“Ah! you confess it—yet have we not our wisdom too! or are blossom and fruitage inconsistent with each other; or because we are addicted to the picturesque and the pleasure-giving, think you our national heart beats not to graver themes? Have we not our Dantes and our Petrarchs, uttering profoundest wisdom under the gay glare of the sunny lyric muse, with flowers of poetry strewn over wells of truth? All is not gold that glitters; but genuine gold glittereth too. Ah! figid Inglese,—for I know in my heart that you are contemptuous of us still—think not that all truth and earnestness are confined to sad features, stiff demeanour and shorn locks; and believe that the same hand can gather, as the same heart can relish, the fruits of existence as well as its flowers.”

“The roses be my choice to-night,” said Milton; “can you, fairest marchessa, direct me to some favoured spot?”

“Ah! let me revolve!” said the marchessa, meditating a moment; “you have not been in the laurel garden yet, I know. *La Principessa Francesca Colonna* is there from Rome, holding a ‘golden violet.’ This has been the grand scene of attraction since noon; and the flower of our guests are collected round her.”

Milton had heard of the *Principessa Colonna*, as who had not? Young; and with a rank next to regal—and with wealth scarcely inferior—a beauty and an improvisatrice, in the list of whom, in these palmy days of minstrelsy, the greatest and the lowliest of Italy accounted it highest honor to be numbered. On a visit to Florence, she had been invited to grace the *fiesta* of the marchessa; and was now holding a court in the laurel garden, in which the candidates for the prize of poetry came forward and recited, ordinarily to the accompaniment of music, but sometimes without, and received the golden violet—the holder of the court always an eminent judge in such matters—usually awarded.

Milton departed in the direction of the laurel garden, under the direction of one of her ladyship’s pages, thinking of nothing but his dream, which had seized such a hold of his imagination, that he could feel interested in nought, excepting as it referred to it. He had some vague expectation that *La Principessa* would be found to have some connection therewith; and he felt his heart throb with the hope of seeing a form which he fondly fancied might prove to be the figure of his dream,—for that it was something more than the phantasmagoria of his imaginings, the scroll and the

writing left behind abundantly proved. A turn in the pathway brought him suddenly in view of the gay scene he was in quest of. A circular space was railed off by a low gallery beneath awnings that fluttered in the wind, where a number of young and richly dressed ladies were seated. A few gallants were among them; but the greater number of these were outside the gallery, some leaning on the railings, others seated on the grass at the feet of some ladye-love perchance—with their jewelled caps, it might be, flung beside them on the sward, as they talked—and long love locks floating on the breeze. The large open space of green turf, in the centre, was overshadowed by the boughs of two enormous oak trees, that shed a delightful coolness over the whole assembly. But the main attraction of every regard, was the blue silk pavillion, surmounted by the white falcon of the Colonnas, beneath which the lady of the festival was seated. Of a marvellous and intellectual cast of beauty was she, as beneath her small pointed coronet and white veil, falling down on either side of her face, she looked a very Queen of the Graces. The eyes were dark, but expressive of greater ardour than softness. The nose was slightly Roman, and the hair raven black—in short, a cast of beauty more to be admired than loved, more calculated to dazzle than to soften. She appeared to be about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, or at a second glance she puzzled one by seeming to be much younger, her countenance exhibiting such a strange blending of the radiance and roundness of youth, joined to the thought and sagacity of maturer years; yet no second glance was necessary to convince Milton that it was not the face that he sought.

The princess was talking to one of her ladies, doubtless in discussion of the merits of the last singer, a young man in a gay green dress, who had just resumed his seat among the ladies; but there was another marvellous figure immediately behind her, that now attracted Milton's regards. Much younger, and with more simplicity of appearance than the princess, she was yet a perilous rival in whose close vicinity to stand. It was like a Hebe beside a Juno, so fair and fragile did she seem beside the imperious beauty of the other. It was not so much the loveliness of the face that attracted his attention, as a certain expression which was so ethereal, so celestial, that it appeared to the poet's excited imagination, like that of one who is early marked out for the spirit land. "Such have I heard," thought he within himself, "noted as pertaining to those who are to die young, as if the beauty of immortality were already stamped upon them, and they are being fashioned for the destiny

of some brighter sphere. Is this," thought he, "the regard we dream of, as pertaining to those who with forms immortal and gloried, are risen from the dust of the grave to enter upon the undying life of the new heaven and the new earth? Surely not less spiritual, not less pure than the lineaments of that lovely face!"

He stood looking intently upon her, and she caught his eye, returning for a moment his gaze. There was that old sweet look he had seen in his dream,—the very look which he could not be persuaded was unfamiliar to him,—so much kindness and recognition were there in the eyes which now, as before, seemed those of no stranger, but as of one that he had known and loved long ago. It was the very same face, attire and attitude—all the same. Long brown curls, confined with a silver band, a robe of white, with blue scarf, which was the costume of the attendant of the princess; and the lyre across her shoulder, as she sat a little behind her mistress in the capacity of her lute bearer, told Milton that it was no other than the late apparition of his dream. He felt his face colour as he still continued to gaze upon the young girl, realizing more strongly her identity; but though she evidently perceived him, she gave no evidence of recognition. The princess beckoned her to her side.

"It is your turn, carissima," said she to her. "I have been half dying to hear your sweet voice all day, Giuletta mine."

She was evidently a great favorite; for the princess took hold of her curls lovingly, and seemed to treat her as a favoured child.

"If you will let me escape to-day, dear princess, my breath comes short, and my voice has no force; besides my brain is as dull of bright thoughts as that of Carlo, your pantaloon."

"Ah! the old tale; you are getting lazy, *poverina*, and that is all thy short breathing and thy weak voice. Only fancy," said she, turning to her ladies, "our Giuletina dreaming of decaying health. Ah! Giulia, rosy as the morning! what foolish fancies will not come into your poor little head!"

Still Giulia begged hard to be reprieved, and urged that she would throw discredit on her mistress, and that she could neither sing nor improvise to-day to do justice to the far famed accomplishments of the Colonna court. But Francesca was inexorable. "The old tale, still the old tale," repeated she; "how often hast thou not urged these excuses in former times, and in the end sung and recited to delight us all. Come, carissima, and I pledge thee my coronet, thou shalt yet win the golden violet. I see inspiration in thine eyes—

come!" But Giulia still hesitated, and a movement among the crowd drew attention from her for a moment. A young man, tall and handsome, with gold colored curls, made his way into the open space under the trees, and bowing low before the princess, said:

"Gracious madam, if a substitute will suffice——"

She hesitated for a moment; but he looked so handsome and fascinating, that she could not think of a denial. "*Chi viene?*" whispered she to an attendant.

"*L'improvvisatore Inglese.*"

The eye of La Principessa brightened. "Granted, Sir Stranger," said she, "and I trust you will give us no cause to lament the withdrawal of her whose place you have so benevolently assumed. Announce, Signior Herald, *L'improvvisatore Inglese* assumes the lyre."

But Milton had no lyre; and the young girl whose place he had assumed, suddenly and impulsively unbound her own, and without a thought of etiquette, presented it to him as he stood beside the princess.

He turned full towards her, and their eyes met. There was the same calm familiar look as before, but no token of recognition. He would have given worlds to have detected the slightest change of colour of countenance; but she turned away as from an indifferent stranger, and assumed her old place on the ottoman beside her mistress, while Milton, slightly bewildered, but still delighted, backed into the circle, and sung his glorious poem of *l'Allegro*, which he translated for the occasion, as he proceeded, into Italian lyric verse.

When he had finished, the sensation was immense; it was the poem of the day; and Milton instantly found himself transformed into the hero of the scene. The fair ladies, with Francesca as chief, manifested every eagerness to attract his attention; but she whose notice he would have sacrificed that of all the world to obtain, gave no evidence of approbation. Milton felt piqued. Surely the circumstance of his having assumed her place, merited some remembrance at least. Was it indifference? He could scarcely permit himself to think that, with his dream fresh in his recollection. Was it coquetry? That child-like, earnest face surely forbade the supposition. Whether so or not, he resolved to pursue the adventure; indeed he could not do otherwise, for that face and that form had, he felt, taken an impregnable hold on his imagination and on his heart.

The princess was all fascination and condescension. "Would not *il Signor Inglese* mingle in her train for the rest of the evening?"

Milton was delighted. He would be near Giulia—perhaps an opportunity might occur to converse.

They adjourned to the great hall of the palazzo. Milton talked much with the princess, and was the admired and observed of the evening. But as it passed away, and he found himself no nearer her he sought, he felt dispirited and discouraged, and at last begged the princess for a formal presentation. She was the centre of a gay group of young men and maidens, who appeared to treat her as one whom it was the fashion to defer to and indulge. She received Milton politely; but with the ceremony of an entire stranger, thanking him for his interference in the matter of the golden violet; but, he thought, with more ceremony than kindness. Once or twice he strove to draw her aside into conversation with him; but she appeared studiously to avoid it, and her manner, though open and cheerful, was so cold as to chill him to the very heart. At parting, while he stood by her side, and mentioned that he had the permission of the princess to visit her circle while he sojourned in Firenze, and begged in a whisper if he might not venture to include her—he thought the expression of her face was more akin to displeasure and vexation than any other feeling, as she turned away and affected not to hear him. Still he felt more excited and interested than he had been on any subject for years,—like one who knows himself on the opening vista of some path of destiny, either to conduct him to some radiant summit of happiness or to some depth of woe—yet either worth a whole age of the dull routine of every day life.

Milton failed not to present himself on an early occasion at the establishment of the princess, where he soon found himself on the footing of a frequent and favoured guest. He mingled with her train on all occasions—at the morning conversations in her boudoir, on hawking and other out door excursions, on nightly occasions of festivity and pleasure, and was, as she declared, quite indispensable to her present existence in Firenze. By this means he was frequently in the society of Giulia Reni, who was seldom absent from the side of her mistress, but he felt or made little progress in her intimacy or friendship. Yet did her influence over him daily increase; and he could not see that bright though calm face, winning sympathy and interest wherever it presented itself, without the effort, almost without the knowledge of its possessor, and hear that sweet singing voice, on whose words every body seemed to hang—without feeling something gnawing at his

heart, that was shaking its tranquillity to the centre. Though it was evident that she was highly favoured in the household of the princess, and that sort of indulgence accorded to her as to a younger and lovelier member—yet she appeared to be the object of a sort of deference granted her more spontaneously than studied, for which Milton could in no way account. That she was clever and accomplished, it was true; yet withal humble and affectionate; true, too, that she possessed that subduing and spiritual cast of beauty, winning all hearts, which as Milton remarked on her first appearance seemed rather to belong to the spirit world than to this, and to one early destined for some brighter sphere. Yet could that scarcely account for the tenderness, mingled with respect and admiration, untouched by envy, which appeared in the household of the princess, to be the dower of the highly-favoured girl. Yet was all this little gain to Milton, and only served to raise a fire in his heart which it seemed hopeless that he could communicate to hers. He often conversed with her—on art, on science, or philosophy; yet did it only serve to open to him the treasures of a mind which only made him feel more deeply the worth of all he failed to obtain. They were perfectly intimate—quite on an easy, friendly footing—jested together, laughed together—yet he felt that he had advanced no nearer to her than on the day of their first meeting; and when he attempted to draw the conversation to more interesting themes—on the passions and the graver mysteries of the human heart, she instantly metamorphosed them into subjects of mirth or banter, which almost maddened one of his serious and earnest temperament—or on herself, she was quite silent or turned it away on some alien subject.

His society she neither appeared to seek nor shun. She was never reserved nor ungracious when he approached; yet he felt that his advances were quite unreciprocated, and that but for strenuous efforts on his own part, their intercourse would be altogether discontinued. If she shunned him he never perceived it—she was of too gentle and gracious a nature to wound the feelings of any. "And yet, by Heaven!" thought Milton—"I have sometimes thought that when thrown off her guard or when under the excitement of conversation, I have discovered a something in her eyes not so regardless or indifferent as she would have me believe—but impossible—it is my own too easily deluded fancy, and I will approach her no more." Ah!—if he could!

One morning, on presenting himself at the boudoir, to which, in common with the other

learned men of Florence, he had easy access, he found several of the ladies grouped round the princess, and Giulia Reni, apparently, in a nearly fainting condition, supported in the arms of her mistress. They were fanning her and bathing her face with perfumes, and appeared very anxious and serious on her account. But Giulia quickly recovered, and smiling, said that it was really nothing very alarming, and that it was only their kindness that had magnified it into anything at all; only a sudden momentary oppression at the heart, of late habitual to her, but which was now quite gone, and had left no serious results more than on former occasions. Observing the entrance of Milton, she professed herself quite well, and rose and threw herself on a couch at an open window, to enjoy the fresh warm air.

"What had ailed La Signora Reni?"—said Milton to the princess.

"A few lady-like fancies—Giuletta cara—you love to be petted, is it not?"—

And then Francesca tried to laugh; but Milton saw that she watched her favourite with an unusual solicitude, and that every body that day was to her in a more deferential and indulgent mood than usual.

Milton talked with the princess and her ladies, while Giulia sat in silence by the window, apart from the group. He looked unusually well that morning, and was more than commonly animated. Not the animation of levity, but on those lofty and serious themes on which he found himself sometimes, and was most at home, and on which he talked, when he unbent, like one inspired. After one of these bursts of eloquence, when, with those hyacinthine locks and seraphic countenance with which he is described, he must have looked no unfeeling representative of his own Raphael while discoursing on paradise, his eye wandered from the group he was ostensibly addressing, in the direction of Giulia Reni. She had turned towards him, and her eyes, where her whole soul seemed for the moment to have wandered, were fixed upon him with such a gaze as he had never seen there before. She caught his eye and blushed painfully—her face, neck and forehead being covered with crimson; all the more remarkable as it was such a deviation from a manner calm and serene, even to coldness—and then, as if overcome by confusion, quickly rose and left the apartment. As he had no reason to think her embarrassment remarked by any one else, as soon as he could disengage himself from the group, he arose and followed in the direction where she disappeared—with little hope, however, of meeting her. He wandered through the gardens where

he thought she had retreated—searched through every arbor, winding, and recess, and at last, despairing of a rencounter, was about to return in the direction of his dwelling without paying his respects to the princess, for he was too much agitated to take a formal leave. Instead of pursuing the ordinary path, he thought of finding his way into the city from the back part of the gardens, which led through some romantic pleasure grounds belonging to the palazzo. As he proceeded he was not sure of his whereabouts; but the path was beautiful, conducting over green turf and through groves and glades; and he was just in the mood for solitude and wandering. Suddenly he came upon a spot which he thought not unfamiliar to him; and on looking round—lo! the old ilex tree and the fountain, which were the scene of his never to be forgotten dream! But the spot was not deserted now; for seated under the tree, on the moss, as if from weariness, was Giulia Reni. No trace of her late illness appeared, except a greater degree of paleness than usual. She coloured in the faintest degree possible, upon perceiving him, but greeted him with a smile which showed him that he was not unwelcome. Indeed her whole manner and bearing towards him seemed changed in a manner that appeared a little unaccountable.

“I have been looking for you everywhere,” said Milton; “but scarcely expected to be so fortunate as to find you here.”

“I often find myself here,” replied she “for here it was I first saw you.”

“And it was you then, who left that distich in this spot, which has so influenced my destiny, and I feel will ever influence it hereafter.”

“You must think of that no more,” replied she; “it was a piece of girlish folly—an idle joke. Believe me, I had no idea we should ever meet again. In rambling here one forenoon by myself, the forenoon of the day on which we met at the Palazzo Orfino, and I felt I was recognized by you in a manner that seemed to me unaccountable—I saw you asleep under this tree, contemplating you for a moment, and originated the verses which you read. Though tempted to leave them behind, I had no idea you saw the writer, nor should ever recognize her again.”

“Dreaming, and in profound slumber as I was,” said Milton, “you could not think that any sleep of mine, your spiritual presence could not penetrate; nor that the eyes of a dreamer could contemplate these features and not remember them again even at the end of a thousand years. However unaccountable, I saw you then dis-

tingly as I see you now, and thought to hear your voice recite these words which you left behind on the scroll, and which I shall ever cherish as one of the dearest of my remembrances. Accident soon brought me into your proximity, and my heart taught me to pursue earnestly what chance had begun. But with diligent endeavours, and a soul that exerted every faculty to attain its goal, I found that I made no progress in your esteem, and knew myself in a position that hardly even dared to admit of a hope. Then I determined to fly from you, and in pursuits once habitual and genial, to find a distraction from the haunting presence of an image which pursued me, like some mocking, tantalizing, beautiful dream. Yet still I lingered—and pardon me if I dream wrong—yet I thought to day to discover a ray of light upon my destiny, that this has not been wholly in vain. Ah, Giulia! Is there no possibility—no hope—can you not love me?”

Giulia seemed much agitated, and tears filled her eyes—whether from sadness or happiness he could not divine; but she shook her head mournfully and made no reply.

“It is impossible then; you cannot love me.”

“I said not that!” she replied in a low hesitating voice.

Milton appeared animated by a new life or some sudden transport. He did not observe the hesitation and despondency that clouded her features.

“A thousand, thousand thanks,” cried he, “and nothing now shall separate us—no misunderstandings—no differences—why have we misapprehended each other so long?”

A deprecatory movement on Giulia's part caused him to hesitate for a moment.

“Talk not of obstacles,” said he; “differences of country, of religion, of habits, I know you are thinking of—yet you shall come with me to my own island, our beautiful England, and be consoled by the virtue and high-heartedness there prevalent, for the beauty and luxury of a sunnier clime. There, amid the ocean breezes, you will perhaps find that greater vigour of health and bloom which a balmier atmosphere has failed to impart. Or if you love not that, and to be an exile for my sake, shall I not be one for yours? Every land shall be my home where you dwell with me. Talk not of obstacles—affection makes rough paths smooth, and difficulties only surer avenues to happiness.”

“Yet it is quite impossible,” replied she.

“Why, wherefore?” said he impetuously. “In the name of marvel, why!—Girl, I do not understand you!”

"We can never be united," replied she; "it were wrong to delude ourselves with vain hopes."

A dreadful thought struck Milton. Perhaps, thought he, they are forcing her into the arms of another—perhaps, without her consent, bargaining her over like a piece of merchandise into the keeping of one, whom, loving another, she cannot but abhor. It was the woe, he had heard, of these continental climes.

"Do you see the glorious verdure of these plains?" she said, "and the golden fruits of these lovely woods? Do you see that turf, starred with young blossoms where the cigalas sing and butterflies wander, like the shreds of broken rainbows. And yet, in a few weeks, all will be silence and darkness. I never loved the beauty of nature as I do now, nor loved as now to linger amid the summer glories of this green and golden world, for I feel that it is for the last time, and that I shall behold them no more."

Milton looked earnestly, at that calm, child-like face.

"In the name of Mercy, said he, "tell me what you mean!"

"Listen then—I am dying!"

"Ah! folly! dreams! illusions!" said Milton with a sort of desperate mirth; and well might he say so, for no trace of ill health appeared in that round, youthful face, with its expression so full of affection, and eyes that shone like the celestial star—it seemed more like immortality than death. Never did that spiritual cast of loveliness which captivated him at first sight, appear so apparent as now—as if its possessor was destined for some brighter world than this, and ripening for the spirit land.

"It is too true—they all know it. Feel here," said she, seizing his hand and pressing it strongly against her heart—"are you not now convinced?"

He felt a wild, irregular flutter, which convinced him but too truly; but he said nothing.

"Will you not allow me to attend you?" said he. "I shall never leave you—in life—or in death."

"No! it were wiser not. To-morrow they are going to take me to the shores of Parthenope, with some allurement of hope from the Baian breezes and Calabrian skies;—yet I feel it will be in vain!"

"Then I must not accompany you!"

"No; but look," said she, pointing to a blue butterfly which soared above them through the azure air, to the skies—"we have seen that once before. Did it not then speak of love beyond the tomb?"

One wild embrace, and they parted; while he

throw himself on the turf, and wept floods of tears. Milton then watched not the butterfly, nor did he think of the hopes which it inspired. His heart was too full of his misery; and he felt as if the atmosphere were darkness, and the whole earth a place of graves; and that he could be happy no more. Ah! human grief! that even in a mind like his, familiar with all that we know and adore of the visible and the invisible worlds, and at home amid the marvels and glories of the universe, art still the little hand which can obscure the sun!

It was early winter, but the balmy climate of Italy brought with it little frigidity for the air, a token of decay for the still green and smiling world. Milton still lingering in Florence, was one day surprised by a hasty summons to Portici, in Calabria; the object of which he too well guessed; and set forward on his journey as if on wings. He arrived the third day, and found himself at the entrance to the city, towards the close of a dim day of misty sunshine, when the sun shining faint and red through vapours, diffused a subdued radiance on the landscape, and a soft languor on the soul. The violence of his grief was now gone, and he walked on in that sort of tranquil melancholy, which falls like dew on the spirit, after the scorching traces of passion; and was leading his mule, with his mind full of the approaching interview, with her whom he was now to see for the last time—one whom he had known, indeed but for a brief period, but whose influence upon his destiny, was, he felt, greater than any other object either could or would attain—a lovely flower that had crossed the current of his existence, and mingled with it for a few moments, yet as if by some magic had left the reflection of its beauty for ever mirrored there.

Approaching by a lane which led from the suburb of Portici, he saw a train principally composed of young men and maidens; but, whether its object was solemnity or mirth, he could not at the distance it was removed from him, divine. A sad presentiment struck him, and he murmured: "Too late, too late!" Soon there remained little to doubt, for in the midst of a troupe of girls, bearing flowers, was borne high upon the shoulders of young men—a coffin covered with a white pall, on which was engraved in front, in large golden letters, the name of

GIULIA RENDI.

Milton followed at a distance towards the cemetery, in the direction of which they were going, and concealed himself while the ceremonies of interment were being performed. When the



train had all departed, he came forward and stood by the green heap which covered all that was mortal of her he had loved so well. He did not weep; it was rather a feeling of consolation and calm joy that took possession of him. And lo! above that dark heap he saw fluttering in the air once more, the splendid blue butterfly which soared away while he gazed, and mingled with the kindred azure of the skies.

"Immortality, immortality!" whispered Milton, as he turned away.

We know that Milton was afterwards unhappy in the marriage connections which he formed. Could it be that his heart in remaining faithful to the object of its first attachment, could, in spite of himself, recognize no other tie? Perhaps!—truly, the heart hath its own mysteries.

## AN APPEAL TO THE FREE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

OFFERING of heaven, fair Freedom! impart  
The light of thy spirit to quicken each heart.  
Though the chains of oppression our free limbs ne'er bound,  
Bid us feel for the wretch round whose soul they are wound;

Whose breast is corroded with anguish so deep  
That the eye of the slave is too blood-shot to weep;  
No balm from the fountain of nature will flow  
When the mind is degraded by fetter and blow.

The friends of humanity nobly have striven,  
But the bonds of the heart-broken slave are unbroken;  
Whilst Religion extends o'er those champions her shield,  
May they never to party or prejudice yield  
The glorious cause by all freemen espoused.  
A light shines abroad and the lion is roused;  
The crush of the iron has struck fire from the stone;  
Bid them back to the charge—and the field is their own!

Ye children of Britain! brave sons of the Isles!  
Who revel in freedom and bask in her smiles,  
Can ye sanction such deeds as are done in the West  
And sink on your pillows untroubled to rest?  
Are you slumbers unbroken by visions of dread?  
Does no spectre of misery glare on your bed?  
No cry of despair break the silence of night  
And thrill the cold hearts that ne'er throbb'd for the right?

Are ye fathers,—nor pity those children bereaved  
Of the birth-right which man from his Maker received?  
Are ye husbands,—and bleat with affectionate wives,  
The comfort, the solace, the joy of your lives,—  
And feel not for him whom a tyrant can sever  
From the wife of his bosom and children for ever?  
Are ye Christians, enlightened with precepts divine,  
And suffer a brother in bondage to pine?  
Are ye men, whom fair freedom has marked for her own,  
Yet listen unmoved to the negro's deep groan?

Ah no!—ye are slaves!—for the freeborn in mind  
Are the children of mercy, the friends of mankind;  
By no base, selfish motive their actions are weighed;  
They barter no souls in an infamous trade,  
They eat not the bread which is moistened by tears,  
And carelessly talk of the bondage of years:—  
They feel as men should feel,—the clank of the chain  
Bids them call upon Justice to cleave it in twain!

## SICKNESS.

BY WILL.

Go! boast of thy strength—Herculean it may be,  
And beard thy weak foe-man with insolent glee;  
Rear up thy proud crest like the foam on the wave,  
Undaunted, contemning all pity to crave.  
I'll prostrate thee then as thou wouldst a child,  
And derisively mock at thine agony wild.  
I can humble that form, though defiance it seem,  
Like the pale drooping lily adown by the stream.

I will come when the cold chill that creeps through thy  
frame  
Makes thee fancy affrighted the sound of my name.  
I will lay a wan hand on thy feverish brow,  
And charm the warm blood from thy vitals below.  
Thou shalt rave in despair as the torrents upmount,  
And thine eye-balls shall burn for the tears at their  
fount;  
But still must the red stream ebb swiftly away,  
Like rain from the flowers beneath the sun's ray.

And thy strong limbs bereft, like a wind shaken tree,  
Shall rock on thy couch; but their resting shall see,  
And thine arms shall be raised, and madly about  
Cleave the air which resounds not unto thy wild shout,  
Till exhausted 'gainst phantoms no ill can betide,  
All powerless sink by thy quivering side.  
Damp vapour shall start from thine every pore,  
And lie like the dew when the daylight is o'er.

Another, I'll lay on thine agonized breast—  
With an incubus spell I will bind thy broad chest,  
So thy breath shall be stifled—through frantic thou be,  
Impotent thy writhing, thou shalt not be free!  
Thou may'st woo balmy sleep with soft breathed nances,  
But slumber forsake thee until starlight wanes;  
While time's flagging pinion shall leave the lone night  
More wearisome watching for morn's rosy light.

When for mercy thy cheek its mild glow shall assume,  
And thy dim sunken eye with fresh hope shall resume;  
Thy pulse timely throb the heart's beating shall tell,  
As the slight heaving bay marks the sea's wonted swell;  
When faint, worn and weary, thine eyelids may close,  
And thy weaken'd frame shall be wrapt in repose,  
Till nature appeas'd, shall thy fetters unchain,  
And restore thee to freedom and vigor again.

Till then wilt thou vaunt of thy gathering might,  
Or exult o'er the vanquished that quail 'fore thy sight;  
Beware! I but chasten—there oft lurks in my rear  
A grin visaged form whom thou even must fear;  
Before him thou shalt bow, like the sun-gilt'd rye  
When'er the rude blast cometh wandering by.  
Far mightier than sickness—he slays with a breath!  
Wouldst know him?—that ghastly attendant is Death.

Ye must scorn me while healthful and robust ye are,  
And your eye flashes light, like a meteor afar;  
Disdainful, ye heed not the snares I have lain  
To entangle your pride in the meshes of pain.  
Now learn this, vain man! from the place of thy birth  
I govern thy power, thy sorrow and mirth,  
Despise me not then ere thou feel'st at my stern hand,  
That thy days may be joyous and long in the land.

Toronto, January, 1850.

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.\*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

### CHAPTER XIII.

The gross ignorance of the hostess excluded the hope that she might be guided by her or her son to some of the larger German towns, where she might be directed towards home. She thought the hospitality of the peasantry would afford her a shelter at night, and a morsel of bread, or she might find means to apprise her parents of her condition, and summon them to her aid; but she dared not trust the guidance of one whose world was that narrow mountain dell, and who knew nor cared for nought beside; and nought appeared for the present but to remain where she was, until some chance incident should restore her to her family. One hope yet remained—that Gustavus would inform them of her locality, and they would haste to her relief, and this hope soon grew to activity, so prone are we to indulge hope's faintest ray, and when she descended to join the family at the evening meal the shade had passed from her brow, and she was calm and even cheerful.

When the following morning dawned she was too ill to rise, her whole form was racked with pain, and a burning fever seemed drying up the very sources of life. The woman at last appeared to summon her to breakfast; but when she looked upon her, and laid her head on her burning brow, an exclamation of alarm burst from her, and she hurried away to seek a remedy for the sufferings of her charge, but it was in vain that the mountain side was pillaged of its medicinal treasures; plant after plant was sacrificed in vain:—The disease would not be checked in its impetuous career, and many anxious days passed over the heads of the inhabitants of the cottage, while she lay in utter unconsciousness of all surrounding objects, and even the danger which threatened to terminate her trouble.

"The beautiful lady will die!" said the woman to her son, "and the good knight will distrust our care! nay, in his anger he may bring ruin on our heads! Had you not better go to the castle, and tell him of the danger of his lady; he doubtless would wish to look upon her once again, before

he loses her forever! Come, Peter, go to the castle and seek him.

Peter did as his mother desired him, and with the morning sun commenced his journey; and notwithstanding his mother's professed ignorance even of the name of Linderdorf castle, he trudged along a well trodden pathway, with the careless ease with which he would have traversed the little dell where stood his rustic home. One rugged steep was passed, and from its top the eye wandered over an extended space of background, covered, though not thickly, with forest trees. There came a fine open wood of small extent, a fine track of cultivated land, and then a gentle hill, where waved a stately grove, and there the eye rested on the proud turrets of Lendendorf, towering in the distance, high above the varied intervening scene.

"The Lord of Linderdorf must be a happy man!" thought he, as he carelessly surveyed the scene. "All this is his! Oh! how I wish I had been a great lord and not a humble peasant. But perhaps my humble lot is as happy as his. And now how will the young knight trouble himself lest his pretty bird, closely caged in our cottage, will die! How foolish to take so much trouble for her as he has done, when many as fair might be his; for what lady's heart that would not love Gustavus de Linderdorf. But I must haste me onward, for though my tidings may not be welcome they must be told!"

Again he trudged onward, singing a rustic song, to wile away the tediousness of the way, and though he knew it not, his heart was happier far, than that of the envied heir of Linderdorf. Within that bosom was the simple innocence of one whose soul had known no crime, whose mind had not within it a reservoir of guilt, nor yet the capacity to become a villain. To him the wishes of the Lords of Linderdorf were holy things, and in taking the lady Isabella in charge, at the desire of Gustavus, he thought not of aiding in a deed of sin, but of rendering good service to the lord he loved. As the lady sought no information from him respecting her locality, he was ignorant of the deception practised by the pretended ignorance of his mother, by which their

\* Continued from page 38.

guest became the object of her deception. 'Tis true he had acted a part on the arrival of Gustavus and Isabella, but he had been instructed to feign surprise, and when his part in the scene was acted, it passed from his mind.

Somewhat weary with his long, toilsome walk, he sat down beneath a large tree, upon the mossy turf. At the foot of the tree a cooling fountain burst forth, and a gentle murmuring rill went bustling onward among the rocks and shrubs, chaunting forth its merry murmur, as unconsciously happy and free from care as the mountain rustic, who now rested beside its source. A long draught of the wholesome liquid had refreshed the wayfarer, who, apparently well pleased with the place, stretched himself out on the turf, to take a long rest ere he proceeded on his journey. He soon fell asleep, and was likely to prolong his rest for some considerable time, had not a voice beside him called his name, and, starting to his feet, he stood in the presence of Gustavus de Lindendorf.

"How, how varlet, what do you here?" asked Gustavus, as the honest rustic rubbed his eyes to recover from the quiet nap which had been so unceremoniously disturbed. "Haste! tell me, how fares my bonny bird? Speak, sirrah! I command thee!"

"The lady is ill, very ill, my good lord! and I was hastening to the castle to tell thee!"

"Now, evil betide such haste as thine, thou idle knave!" cried Gustavus, his eyes flashing with alarm and anger; "the lady ill, and thou art sleeping on thy way to tell me! Thou art the veriest knave that lives, to think thus lightly of thy duty to thy lord! By our holy Lady! I could smite thee to the earth which thou hast defiled by resting thy filthy carcase upon it. Out of my sight! But stay! has the lady been long ill?"

"For some days, my noble lord" answered the alarmed Peter, who felt as if he had committed a crime too heinous for pardon. "We feared to alarm you by bringing you word but my mother fearing she might die, bade me this morning at the early dawn, haste to the castle to tell thee."

"Humph! and I were likely to get the message, and thou sleeping beneath the tree! but I must waste my time no longer with thee! I must away to thy suffering Isabella, while I leave thee to finish thy long sleep ere thou seekest me at the castle."

Gustavus de Lindendorf walked hastily up the path in the direction of the dell, while the simple Peter burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly, he had incurred the just displeasure of his lord, and this was to him the very height of evil. When

his burst of grief was at last over, he arose from the stone where he had been seated, and with a heavy heart began to retrace his steps homeward. With eager haste did Gustavus pursue the mountain track which led to the humble abode of his suffering Isabella, but the way seemed to lengthen before him, as he rushed onward, and mourning the sad intelligence which he had received, and cursing the idleness of the messenger by turns, he reached at last the height, which commanded a view of the dell, here he paused a moment, ere he descended, and sad were the thoughts which rushed through his mind; before him was the abode which contained his Isabella, the dearest treasure of his heart, perhaps to be torn from him by death's relentless hand; perhaps she was even now dead, and he should hear no more the voice which thrilled his heart, and lingered on his ear, sweeter than the softest music; he felt that her death would drive him to madness, for would he not be the murderer?

"Alas! he cried, "why did I not leave her to her happiness? Why did I drag her from her home, from the parents who loved her well, and the brothers who fondly cherished her? Alas! why did I rob the hated Francis of his plighted bride? Why did I subject her to suffering which well might crush that tender flower, and bring her to die within this dreary wild? Would, would that I could restore her to thy home! and to the happiness of which I barely robbed her! Would that I had foreseen this!" And then a smile passed over his handsome face, a strange flash of joy shot from his eye, and darting onward he exclaimed, "perhaps 'tis even so! perhaps my hasty departure was to her a source of grief! a feint ray of affection may perchance begin in her heart, while dazzled by her preference for Francis, she knew not of, until I left her, as she thought, forever!"

The thought was joy and gladness to his heart, and he hurried onward with impetuous speed, until he reached the cottage, and stood in the presence of the woman to whose care he had consigned the important trust.

"Lord love us!" she exclaimed, "but here is the young lord! and where is my Peter?"

"Sleeping, no doubt, like an idle knave, beneath some greenwood tree; but how is the lady, the lovely Isabella?"

"She is very ill, my master; but my care has not been wanting to save her! Indeed, indeed, I have well fulfilled my trust!"

"Then why is she ill, nay, even at the door of death? Ah! much I fear me thou hast obeyed me not, and better hadst thou never lived, than

this be true! but lead me to her, that I may once more look upon her ere she sink beneath the touch of death!"

Trembling with dread of the anger of the young noble, the woman led the way to the chamber of Isabella. The raging of delirium was for a few moments calmed in an uneasy slumber. She lay with one small hand beneath her burning cheek, deep flushed with crimson hue, the other, white as the snow of winter, lay on the coarse clean covering of the bed; her eyes half closed, her lips were slightly parted, while her heavy labored breathing, bespoke how much of suffering she endured. Gustavus gazed upon her and felt this was his own work.

"She will die!" he said, in the calm tones of despair, "yes; she will die, and be lost to me forever! would to heaven that my own life might be made a sacrifice for hers! Yes, angel girl, I—who have brought thee to the gates of death, to whom thou owest all thy sufferings, would submit to the torture, and suffer the most bitter pangs which ruthless cruelty could inflict, might I but save thy precious life! Isabella, idol of my soul, how little knowest thou my bitter misery! But in vain do I lament that thou hearest not the voice of my woe; thy ear is deaf to my lamentation! thy pure spirit, in all its native innocence, will go home to its eternal rest, unconscious that he who loved thee to madness, and to whom thou thoughtest thou owed a debt of gratitude, which in truth was deepest hate, was thy murderer! Thy venerable father will know not the fate of his darling; thy tender mother will mourn and watch in vain for the child of her dearest love; thy brothers will repine at thy long tarrying, and seek to no avail, while thou, in all thy youthful loveliness, art mouldering in thy grave, far, far from the proud cemetery of thy illustrious ancestors. One lonely mourner will seek the hallowed spot; one eye shall weep thy early doom, until heart-rending misery shall wring out the last sad drop of existence, and he also shall cease to be. Francis, my once cherished, my much injured friend! how wouldst thou curse me didst thou know the fearful truth! Say, was thy love for this fair being ardent as was mine? Why do I ask? Who could behold her, and not yield to her his heart? Oh! what must be the anguish of him who loved her, who learned to think her all his own, and then behold her snatched from him, while he knew not the hand that did the hateful deed—and he was left to mourn her loss through long, long weary years, and then go mourning to an early grave, still ignorant of thy destiny!"

Gustavus touched lightly the flushed and fever-

ish brow, and then sank down in all the bitterness of hopeless grief. This was an event on which he had calculated not. If Isabella was once in his power, he hoped by the tenderness of his manner towards her, to gain her esteem, while his deep devotion would awake her pity and inspire at last a softer sentiment. Thoughts of death, even of illness, had not mingled in his plans. For a moment he covered his face with his hands to shut out the sad spectacle before him, while tears burst forth from the eyes, which all who knew him thought too proud to weep, and deep mental agony shook his form with convulsive emotion.

But the wild agony was past, and now he gazed in calm despair upon that beautiful wreck, and clasping his hands together, until the red blood seemed starting from his compressed fingers, he exclaimed, "And must, must that lovely being die! Must she be laid in the grave amid this lonely wild, with none but him who has robbed her of existence to weep her early doom? Aye, must she die, and her friends in their noble home, long mourn and look for her in vain! Must, must the worm feed on that lovely cheek, and revel amid the lustre of that brilliant eye! must her lamp of life go out, and that too when but just opening into her youthful existence! Yes so it is, and I who loved her, so dearly, so desperately, her murderer! Wretch, guilty wretch, to crush thus early that lovely flower! Can heaven forgive such guilt? No; already is its wrath descending on me! I see it in this angelic form, laid prostrate by my ruthless hand, I feel it in this weight of misery, which rends my guilty heart. But would that I alone might feel its power! that that sweet child of innocence might escape the devastating rod! then might I bow in meek submission to the hand of Almighty vengeance! but oh! the agony—to see my lovely victim thus suffer the effects of my crime! Oh might her life be purchased by the sacrifice of mine, most gladly would I for her yield up this hapless life! But it may not be; and in the sufferings of her I so fondly love must I receive the punishment of my guilt!"

Days passed by, and Gustavus de Lindendorf still lingered beside that bed of suffering, and watched over his hapless victim with the tenderest care, while she, alas! unconscious of his deep sorrow, and deep solicitude, seemed fast hastening to her early doom. Daily did he hear her invoke the aid of her venerable and warlike father, to save her from the ruthless hands of her ruffian captors; he heard her solicit the kindly care of a mother's hand, to soothe her when racked by

pain; he heard her valiant brothers supplicated, as her disordered mind traversed the scenes of horror she had passed; and more dreadful to him than all, he heard the most endearing epithets lavished on the name of Francis d'Auvergne, while gratitude for her rescue from the bandit power, alone was coupled with his own. Those were to him days of the most bitter trial, and in trembling dread did he await the fearful result.

It was a lovely evening, several days after his arrival at the cottage. All nature was hushed in sweet tranquillity; no rushing wind swept by, but an almost imperceptible zephyre, fanned the lofty foliage of the neighboring forest; the wild bird sang his evening song, and nought beside broke the sweet repose of that lone mountain dell while the golden beams of day's departing orb, still lingered on the frowning summits of the neighboring hills, as if unwilling to bid farewell to earth, even for one short night but nature's quiet was in sad contrast to the storm which raged in the bosom of Gustavus de Lindendorf, as he sat beside the bed of Isabella McDonald. Throughout that long, long day, a deep sleep had bound her faculties, and a dreadful foreboding, nay an almost certainly gloomed over the mind of Gustavus, that that was the fearful sleep, which precedes the sleep of death, Oh! how he longed, yet feared to have that deep repose at length broken! he felt that this heart-rending suspense was more dreadful, than the worst reality. And yet he moved not, so fearful was he of breking that deep repose; but sat as if spell-bound by her bedside, and as the hours passed by, his very breath was almost suspended, and yet upon his every feature were written plain legible traces of the mental agony which raged within his soul, conscience was at work, and in that sad hour he resolved if her life were spared, to restore her to her home, Ah! vain determination! he knew not the deep passions of his own heart!

The last golden ray had fallen on the mountain summit, as the eyes of the lady Isabella slowly opened, and wandered over the humble chamber, as if in search of some familiar object, and then were fixed with a look of recognition on Gustavus de Lindendorf, Gustavus did not, could not speak or move; his every faculty seemed suspended, and wrapped up in the blissful consciousness, that the light of reason had again dawned on the mind of the lovely sufferer. At length she extended her hand, and in feeble accents pronounced his name. Gustavus grasped the offered hand, and pressed it convulsively to his lips, and as he clasped it firmly in both his own, he murmured:

"She lives! My God, I thank thee!"

Nature had triumphed over disease, and from that hour lady Isabella returned to health, while Gustavus with more than a brother's care watched over her. To her inquiries respecting his presence at the cottage, he evasively answered, "That still pursuing his hunting excursion on the mountains, his rambles brought him to the vicinity of the cottage; he could not refrain from seeking again the object of his young affection, when to his horror he found her alarmingly ill!"

Days passed; and Gustavus was a frequent visiter at the cottage of the mountain dell; his determination to restore the lady Isabella to her friends had passed away with the danger that threatened her life, and much as conscience urged him to resign his victim, inclination gained the mastery. 'Tis true he sometimes amused her by promises to inform her family of her place of residence, and thus more fully won upon her gratitude. It was but seldom now he breathed a word of love, but his whole manner bespoke the deep devotion of his soul, and although Francis d'Auvergne was still the idolized image which reigned in the heart of Isabella, yet was Gustavus cherished as a very dear friend, whose arm had rescued her from a fearful fate, whose humanity had placed her in safety, and comparative comfort, whose care had watched over her when the hand of disease was upon her, and whose kindness would eventually restore her to her home!"

(To be continued.)

### O BABBLE NOT TO ME, GRAY EILD.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

On babble not to me, Gray Eild,  
Of days and years mis-spent,  
Unless thou can'st again restore  
Youth's scenes of merriment.

Can'st thou recal to me the heart  
That bounded sorrow-free,  
Or wake to life the lovely one  
Who stole that heart from me?

Can'st thou by magic art compel  
The shrouded dead to rise,  
And all the friends of early years  
Again to glad my eyes?

Can'st thou renew Hope's flattering dream  
That promised joys in store,  
Or bid me taste again those few,  
Alas! that are no more?

Then babble not to me, Gray Eild,  
Of days and years mis-spent,  
Unless thou can'st again restore  
Youth's dreams of sweet content.

## A ROMANCE OF SPAIN.

In Purchena Malec waiteth—gates are closed—portcullis  
down—

Longing to obtain some tidings from Galera's leagured  
town.

And one day amid his council, formed of many a Moorish  
chief,

Thus with sighs proclaimed his wishes—thus expressed  
his bosom's grief :

"Much I long to know the tidings from Galera's leagured  
town,

Whether its strong walls are standing, or have tumbled  
headlong down.

I will give, as wife, my sister, her the beautiful and small,  
Unto him who seeks Galera, and returning tells me all.

"If 'tis taken, or not taken—If 'tis hopeful, or appalled,  
For within it dwells my sister, she who is Maleca called—  
She, of Grenada's maidens, fairest, brightest, gentlest  
one,

There is visiting her kindred—would to heaven she ne'er  
had gone !"

Then a Moorish youth advancing, spoke with rapture in  
his eyes,

"I will go upon this journey for so great and fair a prize.  
Seven long years I've wooed thy sister, with a fond and  
faithful love—

Ah! how faithful and how tender, let this hidden picture  
prove!"

Then from out his breast the picture forth with tremb-  
ling hands he drew,

And the fair face of the maiden flashed upon the gazer  
view—

Flashed, as doth the star of evening through the rosy  
twilight skies,

With the beauty, and the candour, and the magic of her  
eyes!

And the Moorish youth retiring waited for the dawn of  
day,

Then from out Purchena sallied on a steed of dapple-  
grey.

On his feet were yellow buskins, all with silken sandals  
twined,

Shield and spear he bore before him, and a short sword  
hung behind;

And a firelock hung suspended from his right-hand  
saddle-bow,

Which the Moor, in fair Valencia, learned to manage  
long ago.

Forth along thy wild Sierra through the dusk he wan-  
dered thence,

Fearing not the Christian forces now that Love is his  
defence.

When at length the sun had raisen o'er the morning  
vapours damp,

In the fields about Huescar he beholds the Christian  
camp.

For the night he waits in Orca, there conceals his dap-  
ple-grey,

And through darkness to Galera by a footpath takes his  
way.

From the clouds the rain was falling—from the heavens  
the snow came down,

In the pitchy dark of midnight did he reach the fated  
town;

Ruined walls were strewn around him, bloody corpses  
strewed the ground,

And the house of his Maleca cannot in the dark be  
found.

Oh! the anguish of that moment! Oh! the bitterness  
to wait

Till the slow-returning daylight would reveal the fair  
one's fate.

Is she dead? or rudely captured by some ruffian soldier  
horde?

She, the beautiful and gentle—she, the worshipped and  
adored?

When at length the dawn of morning glimmered  
through the lonely street,

To the house of his beloved turned the Moor his trem-  
bling feet :

In the court-yard Moorish corpses, men and women  
blocked the way.

And, oh! bitter, bitter sorrow? there the fair Maleca  
lay :—

Like a lily in a garland twined of dusky Autumn flowers—  
Like a silver birch-tree shining in the midst of garbled  
bowers—

Like the young moon's pearly crescent, seen beside a  
rain-filled cloud—

Thus the fair, the dead, Maleca lay amid the swarthy  
crowd!

Then the Moor, with tears down pouring for this foulest  
crime of crimes,

Pressed her in his sad embraces, kissed her lips a hun-  
dred times—

Cried aloud, "Oh! cruel Christian, thou who quenched  
this beauteous sun,

Dearly, dearly, by Mohammed, shalt thou pay for what  
thou'st done."

Then he hollowed out the narrow house, where all that  
live must dwell,

Piled the cold earth on her bosom, took his long, his  
last farewell,

Smoothed the ground around, lest prying eyes the new  
made grave might trace,

Then inscribed their names together on the white walls  
of the place.

From that mournful scene departing, slowly, sadly turned  
the Moor,

Found his steed again at Orca, passed unnoticed and  
secure,

Reached Purchena, when to Malec he revealed his tale of  
pain,

How he found Galera taken, and his beauteous sister  
slain.

# RONDO PAR MAX. MARETZEK.

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

8<sup>va</sup>.....

*For.*

..... *loco.*

*Fine.*

8<sup>vos</sup>.....

The musical score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The first system includes a trill in the treble staff. The second system includes a triplet in the treble staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C. \$ al Fine.' in the bass staff.

OUR EARLIEST SORROW.

BY CATHERINE FARR.

Our earliest sorrow! the grief of our youth,  
 The latest remembered, the sternest we prove,  
 The one that first staggered our sweet faith in truth,  
 Our sorrow of sorrows, the heart's blighted love!  
 O who will deny that it oft times doth throw  
 The die of our future, for weal or for wo?

When the heart hath been chilled, when the one we loved  
 best  
 Hath taught us a lesson may ne'er be untaught,  
 Distrust of fair seeming, dark words of unrest!  
 O these are the moments with destiny fraught;  
 As the spirit shall rise, or shall sink in the blast,  
 Shall its future be troubled or calm to the last.

The flowers that twined round the temples of yore,  
 From the height of the column looked down to the  
 ground;

But lo! when the faith of the pagan was o'er,  
 And his shrine of false worship was scattered around,  
 Although from the wreck, they might never be riven  
 From earth's lowly bosom, they looked up to heaven.

And though it be vain, O how vain, that we are told  
 To loose from the past our fond clinging regret,  
 Albeit as false as the temples of old  
 Was the shrine of our love and our worship; O, yet  
 Though we cling to the heart's ruined fans to the last,  
 Let the eye of our faith be to heaven upcast.



## OUR TABLE.

### THE SNOW DROP.

THE fourth volume of this most excellent periodical will begin with the April number. We have not space to say what we wish of it, but the following extract from the Prospectus, will, we hope be satisfactory to the reader :

"The Editors contemplate some improvement in the "SNOW DROP" for the coming year—either an enlargement of its size, or the embellishment of wood cuts to each number, and they pledge themselves to omit no pains in the choice of matter, both original and selected, which can render the work acceptable and useful to their readers. They would also request of them to use their influence in obtaining subscribers, which, by many, may, doubtless, be done with very little trouble, in the circle of their friends and schoolmates, and to all who may be so successful as to add six names to the subscription list, the numbers of the "SNOW DROP" shall be sent each month gratis.

With cordial thanks for the portion of public favor which they have received, for the kindness which has overlooked their defects, and approved whatever was meritorious in their efforts, the Editors would close the present year, hoping their little Magazine will be permitted to greet *all* its old subscribers, and to visit many new ones on the beginning of April, which will commence the fourth year of its existence, and a year of trial, on the success of which, its future life depend."

SHIRLEY, BY CURRER BELL, AUTHOR OF JANE EYRE.

THIS is a story quite out of the ordinary course of novels, and it is remarkably well written and well sustained. The author has lost nothing of the reputation he won by his "Jane Eyre." He has selected for his scene one of the manufacturing districts in England, and for his hero one of the manufacturers, whose fate it was to struggle with the prejudices of those who so strongly opposed the introduction of machinery, to supersede the necessity of human labour. It is easy to compre-

hend, and natural to sympathise with, those prejudices. War at the time was raging, and although its foot-print was not seen in England, its effects were felt. The outlets for her manufactured goods were locked up—these goods cumbered the shelves of her warehouses—the consequence was that the working men were thrown out of employment, and of bread. At such a time their deep repugnance to the introduction of anything, that it might well be feared would still further circumscribe the field of labor, may well be pardoned; indeed the great fault of the "hero's" character is the contempt he exhibits for the groans of the famishing multitudes around him, who were vainly asking

———— "Their fellow worm  
To give them leave to toil."

And he had not the power, even if he had the will, to grant their prayer.

There are two heroines. One—she who gives a name to the book—all fire and passion, and energy; the other, all sweet, gentle, kind, and beautiful, full of love and tenderness for all around her. Both are lovely, though the first we think somewhat overstrained—there appears to be a desire for scenic effect which is scarcely needed. But "Shirley" is nevertheless a most interesting character, notwithstanding the masculine sound of her name. Her heart overflows with warm affections and generous impulses, and it is easy to forgive in her what in one of a less frank nature we might be inclined to sit in judgment upon more harshly. Her fellow-heroine is of a different stamp—gentleness is the pervading feature of her nature—and she conquers more surely by it than her friend does by her graceful boldness. But both are very delightful—the one to be admired, and the other to be loved. Shirley attracts the eye; Caroline makes a captive of the heart.

We have no room for extracts, or we would give one, descriptive of an attack upon the mill of Mr. Moore, the hero of the book—repulsed with the vigour which belongs to the indomitable character of the owner. It is a very exciting scene, and very eloquently described. But the book is one which must be read to be appreciated, and we therefore commend it to the notice of the readers.