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OUR BORROWING.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"To lend—or not to lend—is that the question?"

"Those who go a-borrowing, go a-sorrowing," saith the old adage, and a wiser saw never came out of the mouth of experience. I have tested the truth of the proverb, many, many times, to my cost,—and who among us has not? So averse am I to this practice, that I would rather quietly submit to a temporary inconvenience than obtain any thing I wanted in this manner. I verily believe that a demon of mischief presides over borrowed goods, who takes a wicked pleasure in playing off a thousand malicious pranks upon you, the moment they enter the house. Plates and dishes that have been the pride and ornament of their own cupboard for years, no sooner enter upon foreign service than they are broken at once—wine glasses and tumblers, that have been handled by a hundred careless wenches in safety, scarcely pass into the hands of your servants, when they are sure to tumble upon the floor, and the accident turns out a compound fracture. If you borrow a garment of any kind, be sure that you will tear it—a watch, that you will break it—a jewel, that you will lose it—a book, that it will be stolen from you. There is no end to the trouble and vexation arising out of this evil habit.

If you borrow a horse, and he has the reputation of being the best behaved brute in the district, you no sooner become responsible for his conduct, than he loses his character at once. The moment you attempt to drive him, he shows that he has a will of his own, by taking the reins into his own management, and running away in a contrary

direction to the road that you wished him to go, and never gives over his eccentric capers until he has broken his own knees, and the borrowed carriage and harness. So anxious are you about his safety, that you have not a thought to bestow upon your own. For why—the beast is borrowed, and you are expected to return him in as good a condition as he came to you.

But of all evils, to borrow money is perhaps the worst. If of a friend—he ceases to be one, the moment you feel that you are bound to him by a heavy obligation. If of a usurer, the interest soon doubles the original sum, and you immediately owe a debt which in time swallows up all that you possess.

When we first emigrated to this country—nothing surprised me more than the extent to which this pernicious custom was carried—not so much by the native Canadian and European settlers, as by the lower order of Americans, who had spied out the goodness of the land, and borrowed various portions of it, without so much as asking leave of the absentee owners. Unfortunately we were surrounded by these odious people, whom we found as ignorant as savages, without their courtesy and kindness.

The farm, which we first occupied, had been purchased of a merchant, who took it for the payment of sundry large debts, which the owner, a Canadianized Yankee, had been unable to settle. He promised to leave it with his family, at the commencement of sleighing—and as the bargain

was made in the month of September, and we were anxious to plough for fall wheat, it was necessary to be upon the spot. No house was to be found in the immediate neighbourhood, but a small dilapidated log tenement, on the next farm, which had been some months without an owner. The merchant assured us that this could be made tolerably comfortable, until such time as Harris could remove, and the owner was willing to let us have it for the moderate sum of four dollars a month. Trusting to his word, and being strangers in the land, we never took the precaution to examine the place before entering upon it, but gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of obtaining a temporary home so near our new property. The agreement was drawn up, and we were told that we could take possession whenever it suited us.

The few weeks which I had sojourned in the country had by no means prepossessed me in its favor. The home sickness was sore upon me, and all my solitary hours were spent in tears. My whole soul yielded itself up to a strong and overpowering grief. One simple word dwelt forever in my heart, and swelled it to bursting—Home! home! I repeated it waking, a thousand times a day; and my last prayer, before I sank to sleep, was still home. "Oh! that I could return, if only to die at home!"—and nightly I did return. My feet again trod the daisied meadows of England, and the song of her birds was in my ears. I wept with delight to find myself once more wandering beneath the fragrant shade of her green hedgerows—and I awoke to weep in earnest, when I found it but a dream. But this is all digression, and has nothing to do with our unseen dwelling. The reader will think I am borrowing from imagination, while I mean to confine myself to sober realities.

It was the 22nd of September, 1832, that we set off from the Steamboat Hotel, Cobourg, to take possession of our new abode. During the three weeks I had been in Canada, I had not seen a drop of rain, and I began to think that the fine weather would last for ever. But this eventful day to us, arose in clouds—and my husband hired a covered carriage, to convey me and the maid, and our only child, a baby of seven months old, to the farm, as our driver prognosticated a wet day; while he followed with the teams, which conveyed our luggage.

The scenery through which we passed was so new to me, so unlike anything that I had ever beheld before, that in spite of its monotonous character, it won me from my melancholy, and I began to look about me with considerable interest. Not so my English maid, who declared

that "it was frightful to look upon—a country only fit for wild beasts—that she hated it with all her heart and soul, and would go back as soon as she was able."

About a mile from our new home, the rain, which had been bottled up the whole summer, began to fall in torrents, and we turned into a narrow steep path, overhung with lofty woods, which after laboring up with considerable difficulty, at the risk of breaking our necks, brought us at length to a rocky upland clearing, which was partially covered with a second growth of trees, and surrounded on both sides by the dark forest.

"I guess," quoth our Yankee driver, "that at the bottom of this swell you'll find the house," and plunging into a short broad path, cut through the trees, he pointed to a miserable hut at the bottom of a steep descent, and cracking his whip, exclaimed—"Tis a smart location—I wish you Englishers may enjoy it."

"You must be mistaken," I cried; for I had never seen a log hut before, "that is no house—it is some cattle shed, or pig-stye."

The man turned a knowing, keen eye upon me, and smiled, half-humourously, half-maliciously, as he said:

"You were raised in the old country—you have much to learn, and more perhaps than you'll like to know, before the winter is past."

I was perfectly bewildered. I could only stare at the place, with my eyes swimming in tears. But as the horses plunged down the steep hollow, my attention was drawn from my new abode, to the perils which endangered life and limb at every step they took. The driver, however, was used to such roads, and, steering us dexterously between the black stumps, at length drove up—not to the door, for there was none to the house, but to the open space, from whence that absent, but very necessary appendage, had departed. Three young steers, and two heifers, were quietly reposing upon the floor, and when the driver asked me to alight, I told him I was afraid to do so, until he had driven out the cattle.

A few strokes of the whip, and a loud burst of gratuitous curses, soon effected an ejection; and Hannah and I dismounted with the baby, who was still sleeping, and took possession of this untenable tenement. My husband was not yet in sight, and I begged the man to stay until he arrived, as I felt terrified at being left alone in this wild, strange place. He laughed at our fears, and said he had a long way to go, and must be off. Then cracking his whip, and nodding to the girl, who was crying aloud, he went his way

—and Hannah and I were left standing upon the dirty floor.

"What a place!" I cried.

"Oh! what would your Ma say to it?" said the weeping girl. "Good God! that ever we should come to live with calves and heifers, and the like o' them. Oh! dear—dear—I wish we were all back in England again."

"Amen!" responded I, from my very soul—but the word only rose to my lips, to be drowned in a sigh.

The prospect was indeed dreary. Without, pouring rain—within, a fireless hearth; a room, with but one window, and that containing only one whole pane of glass, not an article of furniture to be seen, save an old painted pine cradle, which had been left by some freak of fortune there. This turned upon its side, served us for a seat; and there we sat, impatiently awaiting the arrival of my husband, and a friend, who was going to stay with us for a few days, before he returned to the Old Country; and a man servant, whom M. had hired to assist on the farm. Where they were all to be stored, might have puzzled a more sagacious brain than mine. It is true there was a loft; but I could see no way of reaching it, for ladder there was none. So we amused ourselves, while waiting for the arrival of our party, by abusing the place, the country, and our own dear selves, for coming to it.

Now, when not only reconciled to it, but loving it, and feeling a deep interest in its present welfare and future greatness, I often look back and laugh at the feelings with which I then regarded it. When things come to the worst, they generally mend. The males of our party no sooner arrived, than they set about making things more comfortable. James Noble, the man servant, pulled up some of the rotten stumps, with which the field was thickly strewn, and made a fire. Hannah roused herself from her stupor of despair, seized the corn broom from the top of the loaded waggon, and began to sweep out the house, which raised such an intolerable cloud of dust, that I was glad to throw my cloak over my head, and run out of doors to escape suffocation. Then commenced the awful bustle of unloading two heavily laden waggons, and the small space within the house was soon entirely blocked up with trunks, and packages of all descriptions; there was scarcely room to move, without stumbling over some article of household stuff. The rain poured in at the open door, and beat in at the shattered window, and dropped upon our heads from holes in the roof. The wind blew keenly through a thousand apertures in the log walls; and nothing could exceed the uncomfortableness

of our situation. For a long time, the box of tools, which contained a hammer and nails, was not to be found. At length Hannah discovered it tied up with some bedding, which she was opening up, in order to dry. I fortunately spied the door lying among some old boards at the back of the house, and M. immediately commenced fitting it into its place. This once accomplished, was a great addition to our comforts. He then nailed a piece of white cloth entirely over the broken window, which, without diminishing the light, kept out the rain. James constructed a ladder out of the old bits of boards, and Mr. W. assisted him in stowing away upon the loft, all the luggage which was not required for immediate use.

"But what has this picture of misery and discomfort to do with borrowing?" I hear my readers exclaim. Patience! my dear good friends; I will tell you all about it, by and by.

While we were all busily employed, but the poor baby, who was lying upon a pillow, in the old cradle, amusing herself with trying the strength of her lungs, and not a little irritated that no one was at leisure to regard her laudable endeavours to make herself heard, the door was suddenly pushed open, and the apparition of a woman squeezed itself into the crowded room. I left off arranging the furniture of the bed, that M. had just put up in a corner, to meet my unexpected, and, at that moment, not very welcome guest. Her whole appearance was so extraordinary that I felt quite at a loss how to address her. Imagine a girl, of seventeen or eighteen years of age, with sharp knowing looking features, a forward impudent carriage, and pert flippant manners, standing upon one of the trunks, with an old red silk handkerchief tied round her head, in the form of a hood, dressed in a ragged, dirty, purple stuff gown, cut very low in the neck, and with bare legs and feet, swinging, in her coarse, dirty hands, an empty glass decanter.

"What can she want?" I asked myself; "what a strange creature!" And there she stood, staring at me in the most unceremonious manner; her keen black eyes glancing from their corners to every side of the room, which she examined with critical exactness. Before I could speak to her, she drawled through her nose.

"Well! I guess you are fixing here."

I thought she had come to offer her services; and I told her that I did not want a girl, as I had brought one with me.

"How!" responded the creature; "I hope you don't take me for a help; I'm as good a lady as yourself. No—I just stepped over to see what

you were after—I saw the teams pass ownr about noon—and I said to fayther—I guess I'll go up and see those strangers. Yes! says he, do—and take that decanter with you, for maybe they'll want one to put their whiskey in. So I came across with it, an' here it is. But now, don't break it, for 'tis the only one we have; and 'tis so mean to drink out of green glass."

My astonishment increased every minute. It seemed such an act of disinterested generosity thus to anticipate wants which we had never thought about. I was regularly taken in.

"My good girl," I began, "this is really very kind—but——"

"Now, don't call me gall—and go for to pass your English airs off upon us—we are *genuine* Yankees, and think ourselves as good, or a great deal better than you. I am a young lady."

"Indeed!" said I. "I did not mean to offend you, by using the term girl. I was going to assure you that we had no need of the decanter. We have bottles of our own—and we don't drink whiskey."

"How! not drink whiskey—why, you don't say so. How ignorant you must be—maybe, they have no whiskey in the old country!"

"Yes, we have; but it is not like the Canadian whiskey. But pray, take the decanter home again. I am afraid that it will get broken in this confusion."

"No, no! Fayther told me to leave it—and there it is," and she planted it resolutely down upon the trunk. "You will find a use for it, until you have unpacked your own."

Finding her determined on leaving the bottle, I said no more about it, but asked her if she could inform me if there was a well upon the place.

"A well! who thinks of digging wells," she replied, contemptuously, "when they can get plenty of water from the creek? There is a fine water privilege not a stone's throw from the door." Then jumping off the box, she disappeared as abruptly as she had entered.

We all looked at each other. Mr. W. fell a laughing, and taking up the empty decanter, said:

"Well, this is a puzzler—what in the world tempted her to bring this empty bottle here?"

"You'll know more about it in a few days," said James, looking up from his work. "That bottle is not brought here for naught."

I could not unravel the mystery, and thought no more about it, until it was again brought to my recollection at the same hour the next day. (Our united efforts had effected a complete transformation in our uncouth dwelling. Sleeping berths had been partitioned off for the men;

shelves had been put up for the accommodation of books and crockery; a carpet covered the floor, and the chairs and tables, which we had brought from Cobourg, gave an air of comfort to the place, which I did not think, in the first instance, could have been effected. Mr. W., my husband, and the man servant, had walked over to the farm; and I was sitting at the table at work, the baby creeping upon the floor, and Hannah peeling potatoes for dinner. The sun shone warm and bright; and I had opened the door, to enjoy the fresh air.

"Well! I guess you look smart," said the same voice, and the same being presenting herself before me. "You old country people are so stiff, you must have every thing neat about you, or you fret. But then, you can easily do it. You have *stacks* of money—and money can get every thing fixed off."

"Pray," said I, offering her a chair, "take a seat, and be kind enough to tell me your name. I suppose you must live in the neighborhood, although I cannot perceive any dwelling near us."

"My name! So you want to know my name; well, I arn't ashamed of my name—'tis Emily S——, and I am eldest daughter to the *gentleman* from whom you rent this house."

What must the father be! thought I, if he resembles the young *lady*, his daughter. Ragged and impudent as she was, I saw that she was vain enough to covet distinctions which never could be granted to her, and I could scarcely help laughing aloud, when I thought of a girl calling herself a young lady at home, dressed in peeped petticoats, through whose yawning rents, ragged forth from time to time, her bare red knees. While these reflections, combined with a thousand ludicrous images, were flitting through my mind, I forgot the presence of my strange visiter altogether, until she suddenly exclaimed:

"Have you done with that decanter, I brought across yesterday?"

"Oh, yes! I never had occasion for it," and I rose and took it from the shelf, and placed it in her hands.

"Well! as you have done with it, fayther bade me tell you that he would be glad if you returned it full of whiskey."

The riddle was solved—the mystery was cleared up at once—I could contain myself no longer, but gave way to a fit of mirth, in which Hannah heartily joined.

Our young lady looked mortally offended. She tossed the decanter from hand to hand, and glared at us both with her tiger-like eyes.

"You think yourselves very witty," she said; "why do you laugh in that way?"

"Excuse me," I replied; "but you have such a strange way of borrowing that I cannot help it. This bottle, it seems, was brought over for your own convenience, and not for mine. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have no whiskey."

"I guess, spirits will do as well. I know there is some in that keg—for I smells it."

"Rum for the workmen."

"Better still, I calculate; when you've been here a few months, you'll be too knowing to give rum to your workmen. But Old Country people are all fools—and that's the reason they get sucked in, and so soon waked up. Come, fill the bottle, and don't be stingy. In this country, we all live by borrowing—if you want anything, why, you can send and borrow over of us."

Supposing that this might be the custom of the country, I hastened to fill the decanter, thinking that I might get a little milk for the poor weanling child in return; but when I asked my liberal visitor if she kept cows, and could lend me a little new milk for the baby—she burst out in high disdain—

"Milk! lend you milk! I guess, milk at this time o' the year, is worth a York shilling a quart. I cannot sell you a drop under. (This was a piece of wicked extortion.) If you'll pay me for it, I will bring you some over to-morrow."

"And when do you mean to return the rum?" I said, with some asperity.

"Oh, when fayther goes to the Creek." This was the name given by my Yankee neighbors, to Port Hope. "I'll bring the milk to-morrow; but mind, cash down. I know you can't get it nearer." And away walked my charming neighbor.

Day after day was I tormented by this importunate creature. She borrowed of me, tea, sugar, candles, starch, bluing, irons, pots, bowls, in fact, every article in common domestic use, while it was with the utmost difficulty we ever could get them returned. Articles of food, such as tea and sugar—or of convenience, like candles, soap and starch,—she never dreamed of being again required at her hands. Living far from town, I found these constant encroachments a heavy burden upon my pocket; and being ignorant of the country, and residing in such a wild, lonely, out of the way place, surrounded by these savages, I was really afraid of denying their requests.

The very day our new plough came home, the father of this bright damsel, who went by the familiar and unenviable title of Old Satan, came over to borrow it and our man servant, to give him a day's ploughing. The land had never before been broken by the plough, and was full of

rocks and stumps. The consequence was, that the plough came home broken and unfit for use, (while the old wretch never turned a furrow with his own,) just at the very time we wanted it so much. The same with a spade and trowel, bought in order to plaster the broken house. Satan asked the loan of them for one hour, for the same purpose, and we never saw them again.

The daughter, whom I shall call Miss Satan, came one morning as usual, and demanded of me the loan of some "*Fine Slack*."

Not knowing what she meant, and weary of her impertinent system of theft, I told her that I had none. She went away in a rage—shortly after, she came again for some pepper. I was at work, and my work box was standing open upon the table before me, well stored with threads and spools of all descriptions. Emily cast her hawk's eye into it and burst out in her usual rude manner.

"I guess you told me a tarnation big lie the other day."

Unaccustomed to such language, I rose from my seat and pointed to the door, and told her to walk out, as I did not choose to be insulted in my own house.

"Your house—I'm sure its fayther's," returned the incorrigible wretch. "You told me when I was last here, that you had no *fine slack*, and you have stacks of it."

"What is fine slack?" said I, very pettishly.

"The stuff that's wound upon these here pieces of wood," said she, pouncing as she spoke upon one of my most serviceable sized spools.

"I cannot give you that—I want it myself."

"I did not ask you to give it—I only want to borrow it until fayther goes to the Creek."

"I wish he would make haste then, as I want a number of things which you have borrowed from me, and which I cannot do without."

She gave me a knowing look, and carried off my spool in triumph.

Mentioning the manner in which I was constantly annoyed by these people, to a worthy farmer near us, he fell a laughing, and told me that I did not know the Yankees so well as he did, that the only way to get rid of them was to ask them what they wanted, and if they could give no satisfactory answer to order them to leave the house. "But," says he, "I can tell you, perhaps, a surer way to get rid of them. Buy some small article of them, and pay them some trifle over the price, and tell them to bring the change. I will lay my life upon it, that it will be long before they trouble you again."

I was impatient to test the efficacy of his recipe. That very afternoon Miss Satan brought me a plate of butter for sale—the price of which

was three and ninepence, twice the sum by the bye, that it was worth. "I have no change," said I, giving her a dollar; "but you can bring it to me to-morrow." Ah! blessed experiment, for the value of one quarter dollar I got rid of this dishonest girl forever; rather than pay me she never entered the house again.

About a month after this, as I was busy making an apple pie in the kitchen, a long-faced cadaverous looking woman, very witch-like in her whole appearance, popped her ill-looking visage in at the door, and drawled forth:

"Do you keep backy or snuff here?"

I said "No, we make no use of these articles."

"How! not use backy or snuff! well that's uncommon."

Then stepping into the room, and close up to me, she said, in a mysterious voice:

"I want to ask you how your tea caddy stands?"

"It stands in the cupboard," said I, wondering what this manner of salutation might mean.

"I know that. But have you any tea to spare?"

I now began to suspect what sort of a customer the stranger was, and I said rather tartly:

"Oh! you want to borrow some. I have none to spare."

"Well now, that's very stingy. I never asked anything of you before, and I am poor and you are rich, and besides, I am troubled so with the headache, and nothing does me any good but a cup of strong tea."

"Are you not able to buy it for yourself?"

"Lord bless you! people in this country have no money, and those that come here with piles of it soon lose it. But you, they tell me, draw money yearly from the Old Country, so that you can well afford to lend a poor neighbour a little tea."

"Neighbour! What is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name is Betty Fye. Old Betty Fye. I live in the log house over the creek, at the back of your'n. The farm belongs to my eldest son. I am a widow with twelve sons, and 'tis d—d hard to scratch along."

"Do you swear?" said I.

"Swear! what harm? It eases one's mind when one is vexed. Every body swears in this country. I used to swear mighty wicked big oaths about a year ago, but a Methodist Parson told me if I did not leave it off I should go to a very bad place, so I dropped some of the worst of them."

"I think you would do wisely to drop the rest," said I. "Women never swear in my country."

"Well! you don't say. I always heard they were very ignorant. Will you lend me the tea?"

The woman was such an original that I gave her what she wanted. As she was going off she took up one of the apples I was peeling. "You have a fine orchard."

"They say it is the best in the township."

"There's no doubt of it. We have no orchard. Well I guess you'll want sarce."

"Sarce—what is sarce?"

"Not know what sarce is! You *are* clever! Sarce is apples cut up and dried, for to make pies of in the winter. Now do you comprehend? I have no apples and you have a tarnation big few of them. If you will give me twenty bushels of your best apples, and find me with half a pound of thread to string them upon, we will go shares, and I will give you a barrel and keep one for myself."

I had plenty of apples and I gladly accepted her offer, and Betty Fye departed that day elated with her success. I found to my cost, that once admitted into the house there was no keeping her away. She borrowed everything that she could think of, without once dreaming of restitution. I tried all ways of affronting her but without success. Winter came and she was still at her old pranks. Whenever I saw her coming across the field, before the house, I used involuntarily to exclaim:

"Betty Fye—Betty Fye! Fye upon Betty Fye! The Lord deliver me from Betty Fye!"

The last time I was honored with a visit from this worthy, she meant to favor me with a very large order upon my goods and chattels.

"Well, Mrs. Fye, what do you want to-day?"

"So many things that I scarce know where to begin. First, I want ten pounds of flour to make johnnie-cakes."

"I thought you made them of Indian meal?"

"Yes, yes, when we have it. I have not, and this is a new invention of my own. Lend me the flour and I will bring you over one of the cakes to taste."

"Oh! pray, don't trouble yourself."

"Then I want you to lend me a gown and a new pair of stockings, to go over to Oswego, to see my husband's mother."

"Mrs. Fye, I never lend clothes. If I lent them to you I should never wear them again."

"So much the better for me," said Mrs. Fye, with a grin. "But if you won't lend me the clothes, lend me some black slack to quilt a stuff petticoat, a quarter of a pound of tea and some sugar, and I will return them as soon as I can."

"I wonder when that will be," said I. "You

owe me now so many things that it would cost you more than you imagine to repay me."

"I'm sure I can't owe you much," said my tormentor. "But I will excuse you the tea and sugar if you will lend me five dollars to pay my expenses upon the road."

"You must ask my husband for that; I never keep the money. But really, Mrs. Fye, it surprises me that such proud people as you Americans are, should condescend to borrow of those whom you affect to despise. Besides, as you never repay us for what you borrow, I must look upon it as a system of robbery. If you would come honestly to me, and say Mrs. M——, I want these things and would be obliged to you to give them to me, I would do it. But in the way that you obtain them you save yourselves even from this debt of gratitude, while you well know that the many things that you have procured from me in this manner, will be owing at the day of judgment."

"S'posing they are," quoth Betty Fye, not in the least moved by my appeal to her honesty, "you know what the Scripture saith—'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Aye," returned I, "there is an answer to that in the same book, which doubtless you may have heard—'The wicked borroweth and payeth not again, but the righteous is just in all his dealings.'"

Never shall I forget the furious passion into which this too apt quotation threw my unprincipled applicant. She lifted up her voice and cursed me, using some of the oaths which she had, she said, discarded for conscience sake. But from that day to this I never looked upon her face again.

When I removed to our own house, the history of which, and of Uncle Joe, its owner, I will give in some future Sketch, we had a bony, red-headed ruffian, American squatter, for our opposite neighbour; and I had scarcely time to put my house in order before his people commenced borrowing, or stealing from me, for it is even worse—the things procured of you being obtained on false pretences—adding lying to theft.

Not having either an oven or a cooking stove, which at that period were not so cheap or so common as they are now, I had provided myself with a large bake kettle as a substitute. In this kettle we always cooked hot cakes for breakfast, which had been laid to rise over night by the side of the fire, covered with a blanket.

This man's wife was in the habit of sending over for my kettle whenever she wanted to bake; and as that was almost every day, I found it a great nuisance. I told the impudent lad so, who

was generally sent for it, and civilly declined lending it in future. The night was intensely cold and I did not rise so early as usual in the morning. My servant was away on a frolic, and we were still in bed when I heard the latch of the kitchen door lifted up and a step cross the floor. I jumped out of bed and began to dress as fast as I could, when I heard Philander's well known nasal twang call out:

"Missus! I'm come for your kettle."

"You can't have it this morning," I cried, through the partition. "We cannot get our breakfast without it."

"No more can the old woman at home," was the reply—and snatching up the kettle which James had set to warm for me on the hearth, he rushed out of the house, singing at the top of his voice:

"Hurrah for the Yankee boys!"

When I entered the kitchen he was already at his own door. I sent James across to demand the kettle, and the dame told him with the most impudent assurance, that when she had done with it I could have it, but she defied him to take it out of her house with her bread in it."

One word more about this lad Philander, before we part with him.

Without the least intimation that his company was agreeable, or even tolerated, he used to favor us with it at all hours in the day—opening the door and walking in whenever he felt inclined. I had given him many broad hints to leave the house, as we did not want his presence, but he paid not the slightest attention to what I said.

"Philander, I want to dress the baby. I cannot do it with you here; will you oblige me by stepping into the kitchen?"

No answer. He never spoke during these visits, but wandered about the room turning over our books and papers, and looking at and handling everything. Nay, I have even known him to take the lid off a pot upon the fire in order to examine its contents.

I repeated my request.

"Well! I guess I shan't hurt the child. You can dress her."

"But not with you here."

"Why not? We never do anything that we are ashamed of."

"So it seems. But I want to sweep the room. You had better go out of the dust."

I took the broom from the corner and began to sweep; still he did not stir. The dust flew into his eyes—he moved nearer to the open door. Another sweep of the broom, and to escape its inflictions, he mounted the threshold. I now fairly swept him out and shut the door in his face.

"Well! I guess you tricked me then," quoth he. "But 'tis deuced hard to outwit a Yankee."

Thus was I freed from his company; and he too, never repeated his visit, so that I found by experience, that, once smartly rebuked, they did not like to try their strength with you a second time.

When a sufficient time had elapsed for the drying of my apples, I sent a little boy who ran upon errands, to Mrs. Fye, to know when I could send the cart for them.

Dan returned with a yellow, smoke dried string of pieces dangling from his arm.

Thinking that these were a specimen of the whole, I enquired when we were to send the barrel for the rest.

"Lord, ma'am! this is all there be."

"Impossible! All out of twenty bushels of apples?"

"Yes!" said the boy with a grin. "The old witch told me that that was all that was left of your share. That when they were fixed enough, she put them under her bed for safety, and the mice and the children had eaten them all up but that one string."

Thus ended my dealings with Betty Fye.

But I had another incorrigible borrower in the person of old Betty B—.

Betty was unlike the rest of my Yankee borrowers. She was handsome in her person, and remarkably civil and courteous, and she asked for the loan of anything in such a frank, pleasant manner, that for some time I hardly knew how to refuse her; and when, after I had been a loser to a considerable extent, by this convenient mode of swindling, and declined lending her anything for the future, she refrained from coming to the house herself, but sent in her name the most beautiful and lovely boy in the world—a perfect angel, with blue eyes and regular features, and rosy cheeks and auburn curls, who said that "his mammy sent him with her compliments to the English lady, to ask the loan of a little sugar or tea." I could easily have refused the mother, but could not find it in my heart to say nay to her cherub boy.

There was something original about Betty B—, and I will give a slight sketch of her. She lived in a lone shanty in the woods, which had been erected by lumberers some years before, and which was destitute of a single acre of clearing, yet Betty had plenty of potatoes without the trouble of planting or the expense of buying them. She never kept a cow, yet she sold butter and milk; but she had a fashion, and it proved a convenient one to her, of making pets of the cattle of her neighbors. If our cows strayed

from their pasture they were always found near Betty's shanty, for she regularly supplied them with salt, which formed a sort of bond of union between them—and in return for these attentions they suffered themselves to be milked before they returned to their respective owners. Her mode of obtaining potatoes, eggs and fowls, was on the same economical plan, and we all looked upon Betty as a sort of freebooter, living upon the property of others.

She had had three husbands, and him with whom she now lived was not her husband, although the father of the splendid child whose beauty so won upon my woman's heart.

Her first husband was still living, and though they had quarrelled and parted years ago, he occasionally visited his wife in order to pet her eldest daughter, Betty the younger, who was as beautiful as her little brother.

Her third husband had been killed in one of our fields, by a tree falling upon him while ploughing, and was buried near the spot, a part of the blackened stump forming his monument.

In truth Betty's character was none of the best, and many of the farmers' wives regarded her with a very evil eye.

One of these American settlers was always sending over to borrow a small-tooth comb, and once the same woman asked for a towel, as a friend had come to visit her, and the only one she had had been made into a best pinny for her child. She begged the loan of a looking glass in order to try on a new cap, and to ascertain if it was fixed to please her.

It would be endless to enumerate all the articles seized upon by these harpies, under the pretence of borrowing them. Bread, meat, spirits, wine, beer, apples, potatoes and butter, besides every useful cooking utensil in the house, were in daily demand, until the arrival of a new and wealthy English settler in our immediate vicinity drew off their attention to him, and for a while they left me to recover from their persecutions.

This system of borrowing was not wholly confined to the ignorant and presumptuous. While staying at the inn I was greatly amused by it.

I had taken a very handsome dress which had been made in Loudon, just before I came out, from the trunk, and hung it up on a peg, in order to remove the creases from it. On returning from a long walk I found an invitation to spend the evening with a highly respectable family in the town lying upon the table, and as it was nearly time to dress I went to take down my gown, in order to do so. But was it a dream?—the gown was gone. I re-opened the trunk to see if I had replaced it—I searched every corner

and cranny of the room, but all in vain. No where could I discover the thing I sought. What could have become of it? I did not like to ask the young ladies of the establishment if they knew anything about it; still the loss was both great and inconvenient. Whilst I was deliberating as to what course to pursue, Miss — very opportunely entered the room.

"Oh! Miss—," I said, "can you tell me what has become of a rich figured taffeta gown, which I left hanging upon this peg?"

"To be sure I can. Miss L—, the milliner, came in just after you went out, and I shewed her your dress. She admired it above all things, and borrowed it in order to get the pattern. She will send it home to-morrow."

"Provoking!" I cried. "I wanted it to-night. This is the first time I ever heard of borrowing a dress without the leave of the owner."

One very severe winter a neighbor, but in this instance not a Yankee, borrowed of me one of my best blankets for the use of a stranger who was passing the night at her house. I could not well refuse, although I could very ill spare it. Two years elapsed and I saw no more of my blanket; at length I sent a note requesting it to be returned. I got back a very short answer, and the blanket, alas! worn thread-bare. The borrower stating "that she had sent the article, but really she did not know what to do without it, as she wanted it to cover the children's bed."

She certainly forgot that I too had children, who wanted covering as well as her own.

But I have said so much of others borrowing, that I must now tell something of my own experience in this way.

After removing to the bush many misfortunes befell us, which deprived us of our comfortable income and reduced us greatly. In fact we were strangers, and the knowing ones took us in. For many years we had to struggle with great difficulties, and endured hardships which would have broken stouter hearts than ours, had not our trust been placed in the Almighty, who among all our troubles never wholly deserted us.

While my husband was absent on the frontier with the regiment, my youngest boy fell very sick, and required my utmost care both by night and day.

To attend to him properly, a candle burning during the night was necessary. The last candle was burnt out—and I had no money to buy another, and no tallow from which I could make one.

I hated borrowing, but for my dear child's sake I got over my scruples, and succeeded in procuring a candle from a good neighbor—but

with strict injunctions (for it was her last) that I must return it if I did not require it during the night.

I went home quite grateful for my prize, and as it was a clear moonlight night and the dear babe was better, I told Jenny to go to bed and I would lie down in my clothes by the child, and if he was worse I would get up and light the candle.

It so happened that one of the panes of glass was broken out of the window—I had supplied its place by fitting in a shingle; but a tom cat of my dear friend Emilia S—, who, when she was from home, (which she happened to be at this time) often paid me a predatory visit to seek something to devour, had a practice of pushing in this wooden pane in order to pursue his lawless calling. I had forgotten all this, never dreaming that Tom would appropriate such light food, and I left the candle lying in the middle of the dining table, which stood just below the window.

Between sleeping and waking I heard the pane gently pushed in, and the thought instantly struck me that it was Tom, and that for lack of something better he might steal my precious candle.

I sprang up from the bed just in time to see him dart through the broken window, dragging the long white candle after him. I flew to the door and pursued him half over the field, but all in vain. I see him now as I saw him then, scampering away for dear life with his prize trailing behind him, gleaming like a silver tail in the bright light of the moon. Ah! never did I feel more acutely the truth of the proverb, "Those who go a-borrowing go a-sorrowing," than I did that night. ✓

My poor boy awoke ill and feverish, and I had no light to assist him, or even to look into his sweet face to see how far I dared hope that the light of day would find him no worse.

SONNET

TO A WEAK AND DELICATE BABE.

BY A. J.

Poor gentle babe!—so fair—so frail—
So lovely—yet, alas! so pale—
'Tis well thou hast a mother's arm
To guard thy fragile form from harm.
Alone, indeed, thou would'st but be
A feather on life's stormy sea—
One moment on its waves to waver,
Then sink beneath its depths for ever—
Or like a snow flake in the sun—
Or like a tear in beauty's eye—
Or like love's anger—quickly gone—
Or like the breath of ecstasy—
A spark let fall upon the sea—
A moment in Eternity.

BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

ST. GOAR.

A LEDGE of the dilapidated battlements of the Castle of Rheinfels—overlooking many tiers of jagged and lofty precipices, is still commemorated in St. Goar and its neighbourhood as "THE GYPSY'S LEAF."

COUNT RADZIVIL walked through his hall with high and sounding tread,
While his proud breast held communion with the old and mighty dead ;
They gleamed upon him from the wall in many a trophied frame,
And through the storied windows blazed their 'scutcheons all a-flame.
And he folded his mailed arms and cried aloud with haughty tone—
"I'm treading in your warlike steps. O! sires—behold your own!"

A flute-like laugh rang out, as rings the skylark's vaulting song,
When it riseth to salute the sun the gloried clouds among.
The father turned with melting heart and saw his child at play,
Rolling the ponderous cannon balls with childhood's fond essay,
Or chasing far the glancing moth that o'er the rampart flew—
"Another!"—quoth Count Radzivil—"my martial sires, for you!"

"Our name was written well of old by unforgotten feres,
No parchment bore that signature impressed with blood and tears,
No whining beadsmen blest it, but a bold resistless sword
Bore it, like lightning, through the land, triumphant if abhorred.
Even as ye gave it, shall I bear your conquering banderol,
To fall before no mortal crest—as God shall sain my soul!"

Count Radzivil gazed o'er the Rhine from the dizzy rampart wall,
Where the towering eagle swam beneath, and the oak looked shrunk and small.
He traced his broad demesnes, the while his hard hands clutched the sword—
"Thou art the pen that made those bounds—a lordship and a word—
And God so keep me to despair, lost, fettered and bound down,
If sway of mine departs from thee—thou land-mark of renown!"

He led his youthful son around the bristling battlement,
And held him while the cannon forth its thundering message sent.
And the boy forgot his bounding step, and bent his curls of gold,
For, stricken by a father's grasp, he felt a sense of cold.
"'Tis thus," said the old Paladin, "that honoured lives begin,
So plume thy wings, mine eaglet!—soar aloft, my Fridolin!"

"Look down where summer's mellow sweep looms richly o'er the land,
And revel in the golden smile that owns thy proud command.
Behold the loyal Rhine that drains the genius of the hills,
And the loftiest destinies of earth forehallows and fulfils.
And thou'rt a son of Rhine, my boy! bestir thee, and be proud,"
"A dove I'd be,"—the child replied—"and nestle in yon cloud!"

"A dove, thou imp!—where did'st thou learn the dark ill-boding word—
Born in the kestrel's rocking nest, and taught to bite the sword?
'Fore brave Saint Rochus! could I think thou would'st thy blood belie,
I'd fling thee from thy jesses to seek fortune in the sky,
Or clenched within thine amber locks, the hands that bless thee now
Would hurl thee to the ravens that moan o'er the rocks below."

"The ravens—the old ravens, sire—oh! see them rise and wheel
Where eagle rarely rose before o'er keep of Radzivil—
What seek they, oh! my father—that foul, dark, licentious brood,
With their hoarse and hungry clamour and their scareless fortitude?"
"Yon gypsy carrion, that, like ripe fruit, loads the gibbet tree,
A fit feast for the foulest beak is Godless Zingari!"

"What! the dark-browed strangers that forever at thy stirrup sped,
With wild halloo, and flaunting hair, and fleet and deer-like tread,
And looking up as in thine eyes some loving kingdom lay,
Where couched beneath a father's hand their lives might dream away?
Thou could'st not do this deed, lord count! or would that I might be
Cast lifeless to the winds like them—the faithful Zingari!"

Ere yet the gentle breath grew cold, or mind could turn and think,
Count Radzivil gazed spell-bound on the rampart's giddy brink,
For there—a spectre of dismay—a woman dark and wild,
Stood brandishing o'er the abyss, his mute and fainting child.
Her swoop was like the basilisk's—the boy high poised in air,
Chained the father 'mid his jeopard hopes—an image of despair.

Rings—flashing like her native Nile, her tawny arms entwined—
Locks—wild and waving like its palms, lay on the heaving wind—
And eyes—the father saw but them—with deep and fitful shine,
Gleamed through her wilderness of hair, like rubies from the mine.
And slowly as the boa leaves its crushing, murderous fold,
Her hissing utterance gave forth her vengeance stark and cold:—

"Pale-hearted slave!—O! dared'st thou think there was no mercy left—
For her!—the famished witch-wolf—frenzied, heart-crushed and bereft,
Blood-battered ghoul!—from forth the brazen flood-gates of thy pride
Did'st gaze on thy fell work, yet see no phantom by thy side?
Did'st see not Vengeance' lurid eyes—hear Desolation's shriek—
Nor read those syllables of Hell, Guilt knows but dare not speak?"

"The dead came down and bade me to a grim and hideous feast—
They bound me to a solemn rite where Sathanas was priest—
And the ravens, gorged and dripping, marshalled up my gloomy road,
To reckon with the Rhenish wolf that laps Egyptian blood.
O! every drop from thy cold heart, like venom's tears distilled—
Would weigh as light as cider-down with that which thou hast spilled.

"Ye scoffed their holy lives away—the dark and desert-bred—
Nor dreamt the maddened mother lived for vengeance on thy head—
Ye did not dread her sateless wrath, nor hear her hungry cries,
For the price of thy fell butchery—what think ye of the price?
A deed of might and right hath fall'n between my race and thine—
And I will deluge thy proud hearth as thou hast darkened mine!"

"Sweep down, ye kites! a fresher banquet waits your clotted beaks—
Rejoice—O! martyred Zingari! 'tis your avenger speaks—
Lo! 'mid the rolling mists of Nile our ghosts shall meet to-night,
And roam till the last thunder opens our ransomed path of light—
And thou—pale father! seek far down amid the jagged spiel,
For the atoms of the Gypsy and the Heir of Radzivil!"

LAHNTHAL.

A dream came o'er me once—one sunny Sabbath afternoon,
 In a winding glade of England 'neath the leafy arch of June;
 A hush of heat stilled everything—and sweet, sweet was the sleep
 That made old Memory's honied tears rise from an urn so deep.
 Mid'st slumber's vista'd reach I saw a lone Bavarian maid
 Come wandering, with sad, homeless smile, up through the emerald shade.
 She still looked back as there was something that her young heart pined to leave,
 And wept above the wild flowers as 'twere sweet with them to grieve.
 And with a garish fitfulness—like the last song of the swan—
 She murmured of "Green willows leaning o'er the peaceful Lahn."

"Oh! buy my brooms, my merry maids!—they are not half so fair
 As the flaxen tendrils that the wind flings from your clouded hair,
 But they were cut from willow trees where Home's sweet blessings twine,
 And imaged with a loving truth from ringlets of the vine.
 They will tell a pleasant tale as none but fairy willows can,
 For they breathed above my childhood—those old dwellers of the Lahn.

"How often hath the vesper hymn their drooping garlands thrilled,
 When young and old beneath their shade the day's last task fulfilled,
 And the river seemed to listen as it gently stole away,
 To the praise of Him who sceptereth mysterious night and day.
 How often have we sate and sung—till the low moon faint and wan,
 Streamed o'er the dreaming willows—the old willows of the Lahn.

"How often hath their silvery sweep waved childish cares away—
 Their hushing whisper fallen like a nurse's roundelay—
 And when at midnight's anxious watch we heard the old trunks crack,
 Have we looked around us to behold the reverend dead come back,
 For our fathers, and the men of eld with whom our names began
 Reared their altars 'neath the willows—the grey willows of the Lahn.

"I hear the rustling welcome that at morning round us swept,
 And the ever-sounding blessing that the noontide slumber kept,
 I see the soft and gem-like tears that dewy evening brought,
 Hang glistening on the gossamer the pilgrim spider wrought.
 My heart is wandering round them still—at night—at noon—at dawn
 The patriarchal willows—the old willows of the Lahn.

"Two names were carved one summer eve on a dark half-hidden bough,
 And a compact made—I can but weep and wonder at it now!
 For 'twas of shrined hearts which now, alas! are far astray,
 Where every embered spark of Hope is wildly wept away—
 And another symbol of the faith of thoughtless, thankless man,
 Are our old ancestral willows—the dark willows of the Lahn.

"No love was left me to brood o'er in those sweet trailing glooms,
 So with heart within my knapsack I have come to sell my brooms,
 To sing ye the old German songs that float above the Rhine,
 To remind ye that the Saxon was our father—thine and mine—
 To think in every corner till my weariest breath is drawn,
 How I best may love, when far away, our Willows by the Lahn."

RICHARD CRAIGNTON;*

OR,

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES IN THE HISTORY OF THE "MARKHAM GANG."

BY HARRY BLOOMFIELD, ESQUIRE, F.R.S.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEATH-BED.

ALL these events, which have necessarily occupied considerable time in the detail, transpired nearly at the same time. The attempt on the life of Whitley in the cave was probably being made about the same hour at which Nathan Gray made his unsuccessful attack on Slatefield's house. The arrest of the three ruffians therefore took place on the same day, and they were lodged in prison within a few hours of each other.

In the meantime Dr. Burnet had been summoned by Richard Craighton to the bedside of his father. Craighton was now so utterly prostrate that he did not attempt to oppose or object to his visit. Indeed, when intervals of consciousness returned, he believed that his last hour was come—that he should neither live to renew his evil practices, nor to repent them. He felt the bitterness of the condition to which he had reduced himself by his heedless and wicked association with villains. He mourned as one who had no hope. He could not, nor did attempt to conceal from himself the terrible danger into which he had plunged; and his wife, who shared his fears, was still too sadly stricken to attempt to offer him such consolation as could alone have been available.

To his son he could scarcely summon fortitude enough to speak—even to look upon him cost an effort fully equal to his strength. He summoned courage enough to ask if anything had, in the course of the morning, been heard of Mr. Slatefield, and when assured of his safety, he uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

His son watched beside him, attending to all the directions which the doctor had given, with anxiety and care. The young man had not yet yielded to despair, and he endeavoured to rekindle the spark of hope, which, in his mother's bosom, had nearly become extinct. To his father he spoke, when he did speak to him at all, of that better world which even the chief of sinners may hope to inherit if truly penitent, and trusting in the one great atonement. But the dying man

only shook his feeble head, and muttered indistinctly doubts and misgivings and fears. His sin had found him out, and he would not be comforted. Early in the afternoon, he fell into a deep sleep, from the effects of some draught which the doctor had administered, and the mother and son sat beside him, anxiously awaiting the result.

He had thus lain for an hour or two when the young man, who had risen from his seat, and approached the window, observed a gig approaching, in which two gentlemen were seated, while behind them rode three countrymen on horseback. Richard was alarmed and startled by seeing them turn into the gate which led to the house, and went to the door to meet them.

At the first glance when he reached the door, he saw that it was Dr. Greenleaf and Captain Willinton, and he nearly sunk with confusion, shame and fear. He saw that the guilt of his father had been divulged, and scarcely knowing what he did, he turned to re-enter the house, when recollecting himself he changed his purpose, and advanced to meet them, trembling though he was in every limb.

The Captain advanced frankly towards him. At the first glance he recognized him as having seen him on one occasion at Mr. Gardner's house in town. He had forgotten him, as there had been only a casual introduction, and they had not been enough together to form an acquaintance with each other. The young man took his extended hand with diffidence, and a burning blush covered his cheek and brow.

"You will doubtless be astonished, Mr. Craighton," said Captain Willinton, "to see me here so unceremoniously; but my intrusion upon you is necessary. I hear your father is very ill. Will you suffer me for a moment to see him?"

"My father, sir, I fear is dying," the young man replied, with a husky voice. "Nevertheless, if such is your pleasure, I will not oppose your seeing him."

"Thanks!" said Captain Willinton. "Our visit will be brief, but it may be comforting."

Richard went in for a moment to prepare his mother for the unexpected visitors, and then returned to usher them to the bedside of his suffering father.

He still slept soundly.

To Richard it was a moment of intense anxiety. The meaning of Captain Willinton's words he could not fathom, but he coupled them in his mind with thoughts of what he had heard of the self-sacrifice of one of those who attacked him in his home. He had persuaded himself that it was to his father that Captain Willinton owed his life, and he hoped—he knew not why—that now it would be proved. He knew that this would not, nor could not, wipe away the disgrace of his premeditated crime, but at least it would shield his name from the brand of murder, and to some generous hearts, lighten the stain which would rest upon his memory. He trusted also that it might prevent the arrest of his father in his present perilous and enfeebled state, and should he die, that his memory would be spared from the obloquy which a public trial would entail upon it.

Captain Willinton, accompanied by Dr. Greenleaf, noiselessly approached the bed on which the sick man lay, and for some moments looked upon his features with a countenance expressive of compassion. His bandaged arm was uncovered by the bed-clothes, and the swollen limb, and its discolored hue, immediately satisfied them that they had not been deceived. A glance passed between them, which was the only comment either then ventured. After a few moments, they were about to withdraw, when Craighton awoke from his long sleep, and discovered the strangers so closely observing him.

Captain Willinton was personally unknown to him. He had never seen him until the night of his encounter with him. Dr. Greenleaf, he had before met, and him he immediately recognized. But he instinctively guessed who his other visitor was, and hastily endeavoured to cover his disabled arm, while an exclamation of alarm and surprise escaped him.

His wife was immediately beside him. She had not spoken since the entrance of the strangers, and her words were now only intended to soothe and comfort the sufferer. Captain Willinton moved from the bedside to give her place; but he again drew near.

"Mr. Craighton," he said, "I find that I owe you a life. I am come to thank you. Nay," he continued, addressing Dr. Greenleaf, who seemed about to interfere, "we want nothing from you at present but your advice. I'll hear nothing else. Can you do anything for my friend?"

"But, Captain," said the doctor, hesitatingly, "you forget——"

"I forget nothing, my dear Sir," replied the Captain. "You are skilful, and I want you to exert your best. There's plenty of time for every thing but what your patient wants. Madam," he continued, to Mrs. Craighton, "will you oblige me with a moment's conversation, while Dr. Greenleaf sees to your husband's state."

Mrs. Craighton was dreadfully agitated. She did not know who it was that spoke to her, and yet she felt that he was one who had a right to her gratitude and obedience. She immediately made an effort to lead the way to another room, accompanied by Captain Willinton. But the sick man, motioning Dr. Greenleaf aside, begged that he might for a few minutes see Willinton alone.

Captain Willinton immediately complied, and the Doctor, accompanied by the amazed and wonder-stricken mother and son, retired to another apartment.

"Captain Willinton," said Craighton, "you have acted generously. I know that I am dying, and could I believe that mercy can be shewn to such as I am, your coming here, and your conduct now that you are come, would seem to promise it. But I must trouble you to listen to a few words of explanation while my new found strength remains."

"Not now, dear Sir, not now," said the Captain kindly; "when you are better I will hear all——"

"Forgive me," said Craighton, "it must be now. I shall never in this world be better—I fear I shall not in another. But now my explanation must be made."

The Captain, hoping to soothe the suffering man, permitted him to proceed.

"We are," he said, and his voice was slightly agitated, "connected, though distantly, by blood."

Captain Willinton started. Strange as it seemed, the assertion did not surprise him.

"It is true," continued Craighton. "The house in which you passed your early years, I at one time believed, was mine. My uncle, for I was left an orphan when a child, was the proprietor of Granton House—for my mother was of the Granton family. I was the only child of his only sister, and consequently his heir, and I grew up to my twentieth year, in the hope and expectation that the house and property would in the natural course of things be mine. My uncle had a brother, however, younger than himself, and older than my mother, who, being of an adventurous character, had in early life, left his home to seek a fortune in the East, at that time the *el Dorado* of aspiring youth. After a few

years his friends ceased to hear from him, and he was reported to have died in India. The report was never doubted, and when my mother married a *protégée* of her brother, Winthrop Craighton, who had been left under his guardianship, he declared that should a son be born to them, that son would be his heir.

"I was their only child, and, as I have said, an orphan,—for my father was thrown from his horse and killed, and my mother survived him only to give birth to me. I grew up under my noble uncle's guardianship, as my father himself had done, until my twentieth year, when my uncle died intestate, leaving me in possession of his estate as heir. The brother so long lost returned. He shortly after came to us under a new name, for he had married the daughter of a wealthy patron, whose name he took, as a condition of the inheritance. His new name was Willinton. His claim was easily established, and was not contested. He had grown up sons and daughters, and when he had established his claim, I was left homeless, and was too proud to seek as a boon what I had so long been taught to believe a right. I offended my new-found uncle by my pride, and he cut me off. This was your grandfather. I know not by what course of circumstances you have been induced to leave your home and country, but I heard from an agent whom you had employed to buy some lands in this neighbourhood who you were. This man, supposing me poorer than I was, endeavoured to purchase my farm for you, and as I was soured and irritated by recent losses, I felt as if a new insult had been offered me, and that even here, the grasping spirit of my uncle had pursued me. I did not stop to think that you had probably never even heard my name, for you must have been a child, if born at all, when these events took place, and probably before you were of age to give attention to such matters, the name of my father and myself were forgotten words.

"I need not stop to tell by what course of circumstances—of guilt and wretchedness, I became an associate of plunderers. I did become so, and when it was proposed that my first essay should be made on you, it seemed as if it were but retribution. The attempt was made, and failed; but when I saw your life in danger, a better feeling returned, and I, on a sudden impulse, interposed to save you. So far my connection with the plot was fortunate. It would, without me, have been made, and the result might have been more horrible. I have now said all, and ask you to forgive me. I will not ask you to interpose to save me from a public condemnation—which I

have earned—as I feel I shall not live, either to expiate or to repent my crime."

Captain Willinton was astonished to find in such circumstances a relative of whom he certainly had heard, but of whose existence, or of whose place of residence, no whisper had ever reached him. He was scarcely less agitated than the narrator himself.

"My dear friend," he said, after some moments' silence, "your revelation has pained me cruelly. Whatever is possible, will be done to rescue you from your present melancholy state. But the first thing is to see to the restoration of your health. I will myself be your security, should it be necessary, for I will not disguise the fact that it is probable a charge will be made against you, as one of the parties by whom my house was threatened."

"It shall not need," said Craighton, with some return of his former pride. "Death will avenge you. Thank you, Sir, for your goodness. I would willingly, if it is not asking too much, be left alone."

Captain Willinton called the wife to the bedside of her husband, and Dr. Greenleaf having examined the condition of the patient, and expressed his belief that the treatment of Dr. Burnet was perfectly in accordance with his own views, they prepared to leave the house.

"Good day, young kinsman," said Willinton to Richard. "I find that my suspicions were correct, and that I am your father's debtor for a life. Give yourself no further care, except about his restoration to health."

Richard was too much surprised to answer, and before he had recovered his thoughts sufficiently, the Captain had courteously bidden his mother adieu, and the inmates of the house were again alone.

The kindly hopes which Willinton had expressed, however, it was soon evident, were without foundation. Immediately after his departure, the suffering penitent became much worse. His delirium returned, and the fever, which had been temporarily checked, became more riotous than ever, probably in consequence of the excitement of the interview. The wretched wife lost all hope. One of the neighbours, who had kindly called, and who lived near Dr. Burnet, offered to see him, and send him to the house of the patient without delay, and thanking him for his kindness, the young man gave all the attention of his affectionate nature to soothe his mother's fears, and minister to his father's wants.

It was near midnight ere the Doctor came. When he did, he shook his head mournfully, and

to the sorrowers that it was vain to hope for his recovery. He could not live till morning.

It were a needless task to dwell upon the scene. It was one of unmitigated wretchedness—too wretched even to afford the relief which may occasionally be found in tears. Who could tell the anguish of that unhappy wife—that hopeless mother! He who had been the sunshine of her early life—who had awakened her young heart to love, and who for many years of wedded life had worthily deserved the devotion of her true and gentle nature—lay there before her, about to die. And what a death-bed was his! The good who full of years are gathered to their sires, have mourners round their beds. Tears are shed beside them—prayers are said for them,—a vacant place is left at the household board—a void is felt in the hearts of the bereaved. But their death is fondly believed to be but a change of life—and such a change! In such circumstances the loss of the living is indeed the gain of the dead. Alas! not such was the death-bed of Edward Craighton, although the promise of his early life had pointed to such an end. Now he lay stricken and dying in his sins—and in that dreadful hour he knew not of the breaking hearts beside him—knew not that she who lived only in his life, bent above him with a heart breaking with its untold agony. All unconscious, the dying man writhed with pain—words of strange meaning breaking from his lips, mingled with incoherent and disjointed supplications for that mercy which his darkened mind could not comprehend.

And the young Mary, too! She who, with her sunny face and joyous smile, had shed gladness round the hearth, she too was there. Unheeded by the watchers, she had noiselessly joined the group, and stealthily gliding to her mother's side, held her hand, and gazed into her eyes, with a look in which terror and grief and wonder were strangely mingled. She knew that some dread calamity approached; but she knew not what it was. Of death she indeed had heard, but it never occurred to her that those *she* loved could die. Or rather, she had never thought of it at all. What was Death to her? She had never seen his power, and could not understand it.

The dawn found the wretched man still living, but he had sunk into a lethargic state, which so strongly resembled death, that the wife almost believed the soul had left its tenement forever. The stillness of the death-chamber was oppressive, and it was broken only by the sobs which burst at intervals from the hearts of the mourning group. Brief was the doubt. Awakening from his sleep, and with his mind unclouded, he breathed, but so noiselessly that only in that

solemn silence the whisper could have been heard, the name of her who in his better days had been the angel of his life:

“Alice!”

The wife started, and bent over him eagerly to listen.

He raised his hand, and drew her closer, as if to speak, but the words remained unformed—though his eyes beamed with the light of hope, and his lips moved for a few moments, as if in prayer—and then all was still.

Edward Craighton was dead.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XII.

AGNES GARDNER.

THE reader will probably feel some surprise at the neglect which Agnes Gardner has experienced at our hands. Her quiet life, however, passed on so sately that it required no comment. She too was heart-stricken by the calamity which had befallen him she loved. She had had her sun of life obscured, and she wept bitterly at the blasting of her own fair hopes—and far more bitterly for *him*. Her father deeply felt for her, and he too shared in the deep grief of the unhappy lover. To him the young man was scarcely less dear than he was to Agnes. He felt towards him a debt of gratitude, which neither time nor shame could obliterate. But he did not attempt to console his daughter by holding out hopes that all might yet be well, although in such hopes he himself indulged; but they were far too vague for him to venture to make her acquainted with them. Though determined to do all in his power to do, to save the youth, and secure his daughter's happiness—for he was romantic enough to imagine the existence of such a thing as love—he did not yet see his way sufficiently clear to justify him in his own mind in raising expectations that might turn out baseless.

Mr. Gardner had seen much of life. He was an old man—older in knowledge than in years—and his daughter was very dear to him. He loved her for the loveable qualities which from her earliest youth had been of her being the better part. He loved her because she was all that remained of one who had been his own heart's treasure. He loved her for her perfect trust in him, and for the unbounded affection which he knew she had ever borne for him. He felt, too, that he was the guardian of her peace. That it was a duty which he owed her, to shield her young life from harm, and to enable her to bear up against the woes and pains which even the best and happiest must endure. He did not

therefore venture to speak one word to raise in her heart a hope, the fulfilment of which his own power could not compass; and it was with tenfold caution that, when he spoke to her, he spoke of Richard Craighton, and the restraint that was apparent in his manner raised in her heart a doubt—one which, however, was momentarily quelled—whether he was anxious to see him extricated from his bitter fate, and restored to peace with the world and with himself.

But the good old man had not been idle. He had done all he could to save him, and he felt a tranquil hope that he would succeed. How or why, he knew not. It was one of those feelings—expectations—trusts—whatever they may be, which sometimes, with reason or without it, take to themselves shapes and forms within our breasts, and grow and flourish there, although unfed with any nourishment which to the reasoning man appears substantial. Perhaps it was his faith in the youth himself. He had seen him tried, and knew his nature to be true and noble. Had he not done so he would not so freely have committed to his keeping the fate of his lovely and loving Agnes—for whom and in whom he now lived and moved—for whom life was prized, and death was prayed from his pillow to keep far away.

It was evening. They sat together, alone. Many a time they had so sat before. She had been reading for him, and the subject—story, or whatever it was, that had occupied their attention—was exhausted. Pensively and silently they had sat for many minutes, when Mr. Gardner spoke:

"It is very singular," he said, "that such doings should be going on unnoticed."

"What doings, father?" said Agnes, looking up from the book, which although she had ceased to read, still appeared to engross her earnest attention.

"You have not heard, then?" Mr. Gardner replied. "Why, it was only the night before last that an honest man was murdered in his bed, and robbed of all he possessed in the world."

"Robbed and murdered!" exclaimed Agnes. "Where?"

"Only some few miles from our own door, Agnes; and in a country which until very lately had scarcely heard of such a thing. There is a rumour abroad that the murderer has been caught, and sent to gaol, but I do not know how true it is. Nobody seems to have taken any very vigorous steps to repress the outrages we daily hear of, and if such things go on much longer, it will soon be unsafe for honest and peaceable men to go abroad in the open day."

"This is terrible," said Agnes. "Who is the unhappy man?"

"I did not hear his name; but he lived near an old friend of yours—Dr. Burnet. I have written to him to enquire if he can furnish any particulars."

The mention of Dr. Burnet's name, and of the crime having been committed in his neighbourhood, was startling news to Agnes. She knew that it was in that neighbourhood also that Craighton lived, and she dreaded to enquire if anything had been heard of the guilty parties, lest the father of Richard should be among them. Her father shared her fears, and had introduced the subject partly with a view to prepare her for such a shock, should it unhappily come; and partly with the intention of endeavoring to reconcile her to the idea of the parting which he began, in spite of his hopes to fear, would be forever. But he had not the courage to proceed, when he saw the state of terrible agitation to which she was reduced by the fear of such an event.

There was a long silence which neither appeared at all desirous to break, for both were busy thinking, and their thoughts were such that notwithstanding the confidence which each felt in the other, neither was anxious to communicate. The embarrassing pause was broken by the announcement of a visitor, a gentleman who had at one time been an aspirant to the hand of Agnes, but whose pretensions had been courteously though firmly declined.

After the ordinary salutations had been briefly made, the conversation became general, but as the recent outrages occupied public attention, the visitor soon found means to bring them under review.

"Sad doings these, Mr. Gardner," said Mr. Worthington. "I hear that a poor old man named Gregory has been murdered, and his house plundered and burnt. Have you heard anything of it?"

"I did not hear the name before," Mr. Gardner replied; "nor of the burning. The rest I did hear of. It is very dreadful."

"They say it's the same gang that attempted your friend Willinton's life," said Mr. Worthington; "and that one of them has been caught."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Gardner, not daring to look at Agnes. "Did you hear the name?"

"Gray or Graves, or something like it. But they say there are many more implicated; and some men of means among the country people."

"Have any of their names been mentioned?"

asked Mr. Gardner, maintaining an appearance of calmness.

"Not that I have heard of. But we shall probably learn more to-morrow. The Coroner went down to see the body, but I have not yet heard the result."

"It is very terrible," said Mr. Gardner, not knowing what to say.

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Worthington. "The murder is said to have been one of almost unparalleled atrocity, for the victim was an old inoffensive man—too old to resist, and living very retired and peaceful. He was butchered in his bed, probably without having heard the approach of the ruffians. And after all that was valuable had been secured, the house was burned, it is supposed, to conceal the deed."

At this moment he glanced towards Agnes. She was scarcely able to sit upon her chair, and Mr. Gardner, who had during the latter part of the conversation, been anxiously watching her, started towards her to prevent her from falling.

"Oh! my father!" she cried, as she fell fainting into the old man's arms.

"Be composed, dear Agnes," whispered her father. "There is no cause for fear. Mr. Worthington," he continued, addressing his visitor, "you will forgive us. My poor girl is not used to hear of such dreadful things, and she has not been well for some days. Your terrible story has frightened as well as shocked her."

"She seems wonderfully alarmed," said Mr. Worthington, with something nearly approaching irony.

"She is," said Mr. Gardner, and there was an unusual sternness in his tone. "She probably remembers that such too might have been my fate once, had not aid opportunely come when it was least expected."

"I have heard of that," said Mr. Worthington. "The name of your rescuer seems in a fair way of becoming famous."

Agnes had by this time recovered something of her former composure, and notwithstanding the pang these words caused her to endure, she called her father's attention to herself, to prevent the angry reply that was rising to the old man's lip. Nevertheless, Mr. Gardner could not be altogether silenced, and, turning to Mr. Worthington, he asked his meaning.

"Nothing," replied the latter, smiling. "Nothing. Only I have heard of your adventure, and that Mr. Craighton came to the rescue. A name something like it is mentioned among the murderers and robbers now swarming throughout the country."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Gardner, suppressing his

emotion. "I thought but now you said you had not heard the names."

Mr. Worthington was a little put out, but he saw that the arrow had struck, and he was satisfied with his triumph. He therefore very calmly replied:

"Did I? I believe I did; and I was correct in saying so, for I heard them only as rumours, and Rumour is ever a lying tale-bearer. But the name was mentioned in my hearing, and I did not suppose there was any harm in mentioning it again. But it is getting late, and Miss Gardner will be the better of repose. Good-night."

And with a self-satisfied and rather triumphant air, Mr. Worthington departed, leaving the father and daughter again alone; for the old man had not called assistance, his own fears leading him to suspect that even his servants might guess at the cause of his daughter's sudden indisposition.

"My dear Agnes," said the old man tenderly; "you are not fit to bear up with these sudden shocks. You must school yourself to more endurance—or to forget."

"I cannot forget, father. If it were his own fault, I could not. How then can I forget him because he is unfortunate and unhappy! Besides, have not I a double motive for remembering him? Is it not to him that I owe the life of the best father that ever motherless daughter was blessed with?"

"That you owe your father's life to him is true, Agnes; and that you are grateful I do most fully and firmly believe. I am not less grateful because to him I probably owe it that you have been spared for me. But if these things are true, Agnes, he will never claim our gratitude, or give us a chance of shewing it. Therefore, to give way to grief is needless, and will not avail to save him. It is vain and needless to break your own heart—and mine—for what neither of us can avert or remedy."

"We can weep for him, father;" said Agnes, sadly; "and we can pray for him. Besides," she continued, "it may not be true. Mr. Worthington spoke as much from malice as from knowledge. I saw him, when he did not guess that I was looking at him, and I know that he was proud of the chance of saying something which he thought would wound me. Promise me, my father, that while his own name is spotless, you will not desert him."

"Desert him! I will never desert him. His own name always will be spotless. He is incapable of doing anything to tarnish an honest name. But he will not let us share in his father's shame, and I like him for it. Had he sought my daughter after what has happened I

would have despised him thoroughly, and—so would you."

Agnes smiled sadly. Perhaps she thought her father hasty in his judgment. Perhaps she thought he did not quite know her. She knew that in the affections of her father, Richard was firmly rooted, and that whatever he did her father would have believed was right. She knew, too, that this confidence in him was based upon his belief that to him he owed her life, and she loved him with a deeper love because she knew it. She did not, however, attempt to combat his opinion, or to argue with him, and from her belief that Worthington had spoken as much from a wish to believe what he spoke was true, as that he believed it so, her mind was probably more calm than her father's was; she begged that he would permit her to retire, as she felt fatigued with the effort to maintain her composure, and her head ached painfully.

"I must first see you perfectly composed, Agnes," said her father. "I know you have much to bear, and that the least of your concern is for yourself. But you are young yet, and this misfortune, deep and painful as it is, must not be suffered to dwell upon your mind. You will yet be happy."

"I am perfectly composed, my father—happiness I hardly can expect. Already I have learned what Richard feared. Mr. Worthington has taught me how ready the world would be to connect us with the deeds which have clouded his father's character. But I will prove worthy of him."

"You have always been so; and perhaps affairs may yet take a happier turn than we expect. I have written to Willinton, with a history of your first acquaintance with young Craighton, and I have faith in him that he will do nothing which his duty to the country does not require for vengeance on his father."

"But, these later crimes!" cried Agnes, with a shudder. "I fear to think of them."

"Then do not think of them at all. We know how fast ill tidings travel, and had he been connected with them, we would have heard of it."

Mr. Gardner spoke cheerfully, and something like a hope that he spoke truly existed in his mind, which instinctively communicated itself to Agnes. They soon after separated for the night, and Agnes retired to her room to think over all that she had heard.

And very sad thoughts they were. Her position was a singular one. She had no confidence of her own age and sex, and she spoke unreservedly to her father of her heart's inmost feelings. The confidence that had long existed between

them was perfect. The old man, when the mother of his Agnes died, had mourned deeply, and for many months had refused to be comforted. But when the fair young girl climbed upon his knee and kissed his face, in spite of himself he had been won to forgetfulness of his grief. He had ever since cultivated her heart as a mine of purity and truth, and the images it delighted in had ever been freely opened to his view. With him she had no reserve, and he believing her incapable of wishing aught that he could find it proper to refuse, had yielded to her wish in everything. And when young Richard Craighton had begun to share in her warm affections, though she for a long time kept it secret—and it was her first from him—yet when he did succeed in eliciting it from her reluctant lips, she disclosed the whole of her young heart's hopes and fears; and he, full of trust and confidence in the boy—for boy at that time he was—had rather nursed and fostered the tender plant than endeavoured, as a less fond parent might have done, to repress its growth. Now he felt that he owed it to her that nothing in his power to do should be left undone to prevent it from bearing bitter and unwholesome fruit, and blasting with it the fair and hitherto unclouded lives of the true hearts it warmed.

Agnes felt and knew all this. She knew her father fondly wished to secure her happiness. But she felt as if he were sacrificing all for her, and that he was about to tarnish the fair name he had ever borne by a connection which through her, he evinced his willingness to form. Should she accept his kindness? Was it repaying him as he deserved? Would it not be better to hide her grief even from his eyes, and accept at once the offer which had been made by Richard to release her? Mr. Worthington's remarks had opened up to her a new train of thought, for until now she had not viewed it in this light. But then the thought of Richard in the frank nobleness of his upright heart rose up before her. She saw him again before her—his once open and manly eye, dimmed with sorrow and with shame, as he recounted the misery with which his father's cruel deeds had covered him, and her first high resolve was shaken. She felt that he in renouncing her had made the sacrifice most painful to his heart. She knew the depth and purity of the feeling with which he loved her. It was such as in her own heart of hearts she felt for him, and she knew its worth. Was she to renounce all this because one whom he could not control, and whom he had until then revered and loved, had become lost to honor and to good? No, no. It was a cruel state for a

heart like hers, which would have shrunk from the thought of wounding the feelings even of a wretch or outcast. She knew not what to do—what path to follow. She longed to pursue that which would most conduce to the happiness of both—the father and the lover. But how to choose she knew not.

But was the choice left to her? This was a new question that rose up in her mind. Would the lover again seek her? She could not hope—could not believe it. And she could not seek him. He had renounced her—had parted from her, and his own lips had said that on earth their separation must be forever. Since then she had heard of him only indirectly and at intervals, and though she knew that she dwelt in his thoughts, she knew also that unsought he would not return. All around and about was doubt and darkness, and vain imagining. She wearied herself with thinking, and even when she knelt at the Throne of Grace, and offered up the incense of her pure and gentle soul to the Author of all good, she felt that the things of earth were mingled with her earnest supplications. The names of her father and of Richard were almost unconsciously to herself uppermost in her prayer.

And at that very hour, though she knew it not, Richard prayed and wept for her. In the stillness of the death-chamber, beside the body of his dead father, the young man knelt. The bitterness of his first grief was over, and he could calmly review the past. His father had indeed greatly and terribly sinned. He had outraged the laws of heaven and of man; but he had paid for it with his life, and notwithstanding his agony, he had seen a smile—a smile that hope only could have kindled—upon his lip as he expired. He had seen in his eye a faint beam of joy, and he trusted that even in that late hour he had been enabled to repent, and that he had found forgiveness where alone forgiveness could avail him. He fondly cherished the idea, and it robbed his breast of half the pang which for many days had torn it.

If in his heart rose up a thought of self, and of his own woes, he endeavoured to crush it back to the earth of which it was begotten. In that lone hour, it seemed to him like sacrilege to think of earthly things, and he moulded his thoughts to the deep melancholy which belonged to the scene around him. But still, at times, the face of his gentle Agnes, wet with tears, was visible to his mental eye, even as if she had stood before him in her gentle loveliness and uncomplaining sorrow.

Oh! could the dead man beside him have known the desolation which his evil deeds had caused—

could he have foreseen what was to follow from the reckless step he had made in crime, what inducement would have been strong enough to have borne him downwards? But he knew not—heeded not—recked not. Passion and discontent had held the mastery, and they had made him their slave, to do their will, and lead him to destruction—to the destruction of his own life, and the loss of peace to all who in his better days had been dearly loved. Guilty though he had been, it was sad to think of him—to think of what he might have been, and what he *was*.

And the widowed mother! What of her? How had she borne her new affliction? Strange it may seem; but, tenderly as she had loved him, kindly as she had nursed him, when the first shock of her grief was over, she felt his death had in it something of the character of relief. It may have been that she hoped the blight that had fallen upon his name would not descend upon his children, to blast their hopes of happiness. Of herself she had long ceased to think, except when her life was necessary to those she loved; and to him, even had he escaped unpunished, life must have been without joy or comfort. The smile which in the hour of death, had dwelt upon his features—the first which she had seen there for many days,—to her hopeful and trusting spirit spoke of that mercy which, even through all her trials, she had never doubted; and she was buoyed up with anticipation that she might again meet him, purified from his sins and crimes, in that world where sorrow cannot come.

(To be continued.)

TO AN ENGLISH VIOLET IN THE POSSESSION OF A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

BY D. D. D.

Child of a fairer clime!

Thou look'st forlorn and lonely,
Ah! long'st thou for the time
When other lands shall own thee?
Or dost thou think of those
Who owned thee as their treasure?
Ah! banish all thy woes
And turn thy thoughts to pleasure.

Memento of the past!

Oh! bloom in all thy sweetness,
Around thy fragrance cast,
Nor pass away with fleetness,
Remind us of the days
When we ne'er thought of sorrow.
To joy our spirits raise,
And cheer us for the morrow.

THE STEPMOTHER.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER X.

It was a cold damp evening in autumn; the rain mournfully pattered against the windows of Mr. Morton's drawing-room, and it required the bright fire and pleasant lights within, to enable the mind to throw off the disagreeable impression its dreary sound produced. The wife, husband and daughter, were alone together. Reclining full length on a couch, drawn close to the cheerful blaze, lay Mrs. Morton. She was reading aloud from one of the insipid novels of the day, whilst her husband, buried in an arm chair, watched the glowing embers with a sad, dreary look, that told his thoughts were far away. Apparently listening to the story, Amy sat at some distance, but the anxious tenderness with which she regarded him, told that he alone was the subject of her reflections. Six long years had passed since they were last introduced to the reader. Amy was the least changed of any. A certain quiet dignity, which had usurped the place of her former childish timidity, and a deeper shade of thought in her dark eyes, alone told that the shy girl of seventeen was now the woman of twenty-three. Mrs. Morton was altered, but much for the better. Her beauty was more fully expanded, and time had but added fresh loveliness to that fair girlish brow. But Mr. Morton! sad indeed was the fearful change wrought in him. The raven hair was thickly strewn with silver; the form once so erect and manly, was now bowed almost to the ground; whilst the unnatural brightness of the hollow eye and the dry hacking cough, that at times convulsed his frame, shewed that he was not long for earth.

And how had the long period which had elapsed been passed? In unceasing pleasure and dissipation. One ~~year~~ ^{year} was succeeded by another, one entertainment but concluded to make room for a following, and Mr. Morton, infatuated as he was, at length discovered that his hopes of wedded happiness, of domestic felicity, were at best but idle dreams. Bitter indeed was the truth, but at last it burst upon him with overwhelming consciousness, and from that hour happiness had been a stranger to his heart. He had hoped that years and increasing experience

would have somewhat improved his wife; but she had only grown more utterly selfish, more passionately devoted to the world. The time passed in her husband's society was to her interminable, and she contrived so well between the ball room and the opera, that it rarely happened she was an hour with him. Where could Mr. Morton turn for comfort? The kind, gentle child, he had once so fondly loved, was now virtually estranged from him; and the cold distant intercourse that subsisted between them was more unendurable than the neglect, the indifference of his heartless wife. Other sorrows too embittered his existence. The unbounded extravagance of Mrs. Morton, the enormous sums she daily expended, tended to impoverish his rich estates, whilst a lawsuit concerning the validity of his title to one of them was an additional source of unhappiness and anxiety. A cough, which he had neglected at first, was soon succeeded by more dangerous symptoms, and at length the knowledge was revealed to him that he was the destined victim of pulmonary consumption. Strange! he felt no emotions of fear or regret. Life had no future charms for him, and there were times when he longed to see the end of his pilgrimage approach, and to be at rest. The only ties that bound him to earth were his wife and child. The former, he bitterly thought, would not mourn him long; and Amy! ought she not to rejoice at her deliverance from a stern parent, who remorselessly blighted her dearest hopes? "It is evident," he thought, "that though she once loved me, she no longer entertains one particle of that affection. Nor have I deserved it."

Such were some of the reflections that imparted so sad a shade to his high brow; when his reverie was interrupted by his wife, who throwing aside her book, glanced at the time-piece, and exclaimed:

"But 'tis very late, and as I do not wish to look like a ghost to-morrow night, I must retire to rest."

Her husband glanced at her with an expression of pain.

"You are then going, Louisa?"

"Most assuredly. Why, what a question! You know all the *élite* of rank and fashion will

be there, and not for worlds would I miss it. A fancy ball at the Countess of Lawton's would indeed be an irreparable loss. Come, Miss Morton," she continued, rising, "I am sure you require repose, for you looked so dreadfully pale the other evening, and Sir George, though he strove to say some nonsense about your being more interesting, was evidently a good deal annoyed."

"Have I not already told you, Mrs. Morton, that his opinion is utterly worthless to me?"

"Nonsense, child! you need not look so angry, for I know better. When every one talks of your union as certain, 'tis useless to disguise it from me. Why for six long years have you permitted his devoted attentions? Why is it that he rarely, if ever, dances, converses, attends on any one but you? As his sister Lady Travers justly remarked the other day, 'no one thinks now of asking is it to be, but when is it to be?'"

Feeling all reply was unavailing, Amy rose, and after bidding her father good night, passively followed her stepmother.

The next evening at the appointed hour, Mrs. Morton, radiant with loveliness, entered the saloon. How many hours of intense study had she passed ere she could decide upon the character she would appear in—a flower girl, an empress, a sylph, had been successively proposed and rejected; but at length reflecting that in all probability she would be the queen of the night, she selected the Evening Star. The dazzling robe of silver tissue, shewing off to admirable advantage, her light, exquisitely proportioned figure, the brilliant star that flashed and glittered on her brow, imparted an almost heavenly character to her beauty; and her husband, dazzled and bewildered, gazed on her in speechless admiration. But this expression was soon chased away by a look of pain, and he murmured:

"Louisa, I have a request to make of you. I know well what I ask, but surely you cannot, you will not refuse the first I have ever made since the hour I called you mine. Will you consent to remain at home to-night?"

"Mr. Morton! are you mad or dreaming?" asked his wife, sinking back on a sofa in inexpressible astonishment.

"Neither," was the sad reply; "but ill and unhappy. I entreat of you, Louisa, if ever you entertained one feeling of affection for me, to renounce this festival, and pass this one evening at home. You cannot imagine how desolate, how wretched I feel."

"'Tis impossible! utterly impossible, Mr. Morton! Nothing on earth could induce me to make such a sacrifice."

She spoke truly. For weeks before she had thought of nothing by day, dreamed of nothing by night but shining as the Evening Star, and nothing short of an earthquake or some public calamity could have persuaded her to give it up.

"You refuse, then?" he interrogated, while his lip slightly quivered.

"Really, you are the most unreasonable being I ever knew," she pettishly replied. "Because you see I have made up my mind to go, you wish to debar me of this pleasure."

Mr. Morton merely looked at her, but those dark expressive eyes spoke volumes of reproach, and he then averted his gaze. Amy had listened with a grieved heart to the foregoing conversation, and after a moment's pause, she murmured in a low timid voice:

"Permit me to remain. I will be but too happy." He waved his hand in token of dissent, and she sadly followed her stepmother, who, after hesitating a moment at the door, carelessly bade her husband good night, and left the room. Her conscience at first upbraided her, but her self-love soon afforded her ample reasons for acting as she had done, and by the time she reached the carriage she had worked up her mind to the conviction that she was a much injured personage, and that her husband was the most capricious of men.

To return to Mr. Morton. His spirit crushed and wounded, he sat, his head buried in his hands, revolving thoughts bitter beyond expression. When he reflected on the unvarying tenderness which he had ever displayed for the heartless wife who thus refused to make even the slightest sacrifice for him, when he called to mind the once devoted love of the daughter, whose happiness he had blighted to gratify the caprice of that wife, and lastly, the pale sweet face that now too often haunted his dreams,—the mother of his child still looking on him with affection, though blended with gentle reproach. Humbled to the dust, he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his sorrow:

"I have deserved it well! Even to be forsaken, deserted by all! My God! Thou art but just!"

A soft foot-fall behind him caused him to turn, and there stood his daughter. One glance at the simple morning dress which had replaced her festal robe, at the dark hair divested of its glittering gems, told him all. Involuntarily he extended his arms, and Amy, with a bursting sob, sprang into them. In that long passionate embrace the estrangement of years was forgiven and forgotten.

"My child! my child!" he at length murmured. "This happiness is more than I expected, more

than I deserved," and again he strained her to his heart with the yearning love he had done in childhood. But his arm relaxed, and, overcome by a fit of weakness, to which he was latterly often subject, he sank back pale and gasping in his chair. Alarmed for the effects of this violent emotion on his exhausted frame, she exclaimed with a forced smile, which her quivering lip belied:

"My dear father! I took the liberty of remaining at home with you to-night, uninvited, to cheer and amuse you, not to render you more unhappy."

"Ah! my Amy," he rejoined, in a solemn tone. "You know not, you cannot divine what unspeakable happiness fills my heart. Could you but imagine what agony the coldness that subsisted between us has inflicted on me for the past dreary months. How often have I longed to clasp you to my breast, to pour forth my sorrows, my misery, into your sympathizing ear. But I feared you no longer loved me. I feared—"

"I entreat of you, dearest father," interrupted his daughter, in a pleading tone, "not to speak thus. Never did my heart beat with more devoted love for you than now. Believe me, every sigh you breathed I but re-echoed. Every pang that wounded your feelings hurt mine as deeply. But now this unnatural, this sinful estrangement is removed; we shall be to each other what we once have been. Many days of happiness are yet in store for us."

"Nay, nay! my own Amy," he replied, sadly shaking his head. "That cannot be. My days on earth are numbered, and so far from murmuring against a God of Mercy for taking me away when life was more endurable, I but thank his goodness for the bright ray of happiness that has illumined its close. A blessing I was infinitely unworthy of."

"You will break my heart!" she passionately exclaimed, "if you talk thus. Oh! why embitter such a moment as the present by those agonizing reflections? No! my dearest father," she continued, in a more cheerful tone. "Hope shews a brighter prospect—you shall live to a happy old age, honoured and beloved, whilst your Amy will never, never leave you."

"Would it might be so, but Heaven has decreed otherwise. Promise me, my beloved," he continued, caressingly laying his hand on the dark tresses of his daughter, who, unable to dissemble further, bowed her youthful head upon the cushions of his chair and sobbed convulsively. "Promise me, when I am gone, to cherish for my sake, her whose faults are the result of her ill-directed education, not of her heart. I chose

her for her beauty, and I have been well rewarded."

He sighed bitterly as he spoke. A long and painful silence followed, which he was the first to break, by saying:

"'Tis at least consoling, she will not grieve long for a husband she never loved; and you, my precious one, when the period of your mourning has expired, trifle no longer with your happiness. Accept him, who though he is not the being I would have selected for you, is yet your heart's chosen."

With a look of bewildered astonishment, she raised her head. "I know it all, my child. Louisa has told me. Nor can I blame you for concealing it. 'Tis the just reward of my unworthy conduct, on a former, similar occasion. All I ask is that my unceasing, my unwearied prayer, may be heard, and that you may be happy as the bride of George Markham."

"George Markham!" replied his daughter, with a convulsive start. "Oh! how greatly you are deceived. Hear me, my father! at your knees I solemnly declare that I have never entertained one thought of George Markham, nor of any other being but ——" She stopped abruptly, whilst the rich crimson mounted to her temples.

"Amy! what do I hear?" exclaimed her father, in a voice of agony and remorse. "Has Louisa then deceived me, and can it be that you are faithful to your first love? Oh! Amy, my child, how bitterly I have wronged you. Listen to me, and when I have concluded, say if you can forgive me." His head fell heavily on her shoulder. With a cry of terror she sprang to her feet and raised him. He was dead.

That shriek so wild, so fearful, brought in the attendants. The physician was immediately sent for, but his remedies were of no avail; Mr. Morton's spirit had taken flight forever. Finding he could render no service to the dead, the doctor's next step was to despatch a note for Mrs. Morton. Fearing to shock her too much by communicating the whole truth, he merely said her husband was dangerously ill, and that her presence was required instantly. With a palpitating heart the young beauty left the ball-room, where she had indeed been the undisputed Evening Star, and pale and trembling entered her carriage. In vain she strove to re-assure herself. Something told her that a crisis was approaching. She recalled to mind his sad appearance, his eloquent appeal for her to remain with him; with fretful impatience she called on the servant to drive faster and faster, though his horses were dashing along at the most frantic speed. Arrived at home, without waiting to listen to her maid, who, pale and agitated, stood near

the door, evidently awaiting her, she bounded up stairs, and burst into her husband's dressing room. He was lying on the bed, whilst his daughter, her small hands rigidly clasped together, knelt beside him, more like a corpse than an animated being. Another glance told her the truth, and with a stifled cry she fell insensible to the earth. Amy moved not a muscle, but as if turned into stone, fixedly regarded her. The servants entered and removed the wife, whose glittering robe, and gems, and flowers, seemed so awful a mockery in the chamber of death; but the daughter, in a cold, imperious tone, fearful in one usually so gentle, commanded them to quit the room and leave her with the dead. No one dared to disobey; and during the rest of that long night she knelt at her post, her father's icy hand clasped in hers, while her eyes were immovably fixed on the rigid features which looked so ghastly, so awful, in the flickering light of the dying lamp.

CHAPTER XI.

It would be a vain attempt to endeavour to portray the overwhelming agony with which the two or three succeeding days were fraught to the bereaved child. And yet she gave no outward mark of the bitter sorrow that fed upon her heart. With a cold unnatural calmness, more fearful than the wildest paroxysms of grief, she saw the time approach when those beloved remains would be forever removed from her view, and yet even when they laid him in his coffin, and she imprinted the last impassioned kiss of affection on his icy brow, no tear moistened her burning eyelids, no sigh escaped her surcharged breast. Crushed, bowed to the earth, she sought her chamber, though not to give vent to her grief. No! that relief was denied her, and it seemed as if the suffocating, the fearful weight that pressed upon her heart would never be removed. Alone in her anguish, no kind voice to whisper consolation, to counsel resignation, she felt that she was abandoned, forgotten by all, and with a prayer, whose wild fervour must have been sinful in the eyes of her Creator, she implored to be removed from a world that had now no further tie to bind her. On the point of arraigning the justice of that Providence which had heaped such sorrows on her head and yet allowed her to live, she raised her eyes towards Heaven. They fell on the portrait of her mother—that mother who had watched over her with such tenderness, striving so earnestly both by precept and example, to inculcate in her youthful mind the pure precepts of religion, and the necessity of submitting in everything to

the will of Heaven. She sank upon her knees to entreat forgiveness for her daring murmurs. The fountains of her grief were unsealed, and, burying her head in the pillows of the couch, she found relief in a passionate flood of tears. Long, long she knelt. The sun had sunk to rest, the darkening shades of twilight had filled the room, and been succeeded by the thick clouds of night; and yet she prayed and wept on. Suddenly she felt a hand laid lightly on her shoulder. With a cry of alarm she looked up. It was her stepmother. Softly setting down the lamp which she held, on the adjoining stand, she said in a low subdued tone:

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Morton. I should respect the sacredness of your sorrow. But, good Heavens!" she exclaimed, as the light fell on Amy's features. "How fearfully changed you are! Amy! Amy! you must not give way to this violent emotion. 'Twill kill you."

A fresh burst of grief was her only answer. Gently she drew the sobbing girl to a seat, and continued:

"Nay, weep not thus. I have sought you to assuage your sorrow, and not to increase it. Bitterly as I feel myself —."

"What is your grief to mine!" was the passionate reply. "I have lost a kind, fond father."

"And I a husband!" said Mrs. Morton, in a low voice.

"Oh! what was the love you entertained for him in comparison to my boundless affection?"

A faint flush passed over the cheek of the young widow at this cutting remark, but she saw how little the speaker contemplated offending her. After a slight pause she murmured reproachfully:

"And think you that I have suffered nothing?"

Amy involuntarily raised her eyes, and she almost started at the colourless hue of the lips, the pallour of the cheek, enhanced yet more by the flowing, sable robes that enshrouded her girlish figure. The sudden shock Mrs. Morton had received in the death of her husband, had laid her on a bed of sickness; and the two days succeeding his decease she was insensible to all around her. At length her strength in some degree returned, and one of her first enquiries was for Amy. Her French maid having given her a most pathetic account of Mademoiselle, who remained shut up in her room refusing to see any one, she resolved to seek her. To speak truly, a most unpleasant feeling of loneliness and nervousness, which she in vain tried to dispell, had taken possession of her. Cold, ungrateful as her heart might have been, the sudden death of even a husband on whom she had bestowed but little affection, made for the time, a deep

impression on her mind, and somewhat quelled her haughty spirit. Conscience also reproached her, for the selfishness and ingratitude she had ever shewn him, even on the last night his spirit was on earth; and it was with a feeling of timidity, akin to terror, that she passed alone through the apartments he had so lately occupied. Any society would have been a relief to her, and she felt she would indeed be grateful if her stepdaughter would consent to share her chamber.

It was therefore in a pleading tone that she entreated Amy to pass the night with her. But the latter sorrowfully shook her head, and her companion perceiving it would be idle to combat the determination that sat in those sad, tearful eyes, dropped the subject. After some time the violent emotion of Amy somewhat subsided, and the serious, grave conversation that ensued, tended further to tranquillize her. The night was far advanced ere Mrs. Morton rose to go. After bidding her stepdaughter "good night," in a more affectionate tone than she had ever yet addressed her in, she left the room. But no sooner had she passed the threshold than she re-entered, and prayed Amy to accompany her to her door. With an undisguised start of astonishment the latter complied; but she made no remark, and they proceeded in silence down the long dimly-lighted corridor that led to Mrs. Morton's apartment. They had to pass her husband's study, the door of which was ajar. Of course it was in total darkness. The windows had been opened to admit the air, and a cold chill, like a breath from the grave, seemed to issue from it. Amy felt a convulsive shudder run through her companion's frame, who grasped her arm with nervous force, and hurried with a rapid step past the dreaded spot. With a sigh of intense relief, she sank back on the luxurious sofa in her dressing-room, whose cheerful wax lights and pleasant fire, presented so vivid a contrast to the gloom and darkness she had just left.

"Thank you! thank you! Miss Morton; I never should have had courage to have come without you. But are you not afraid to return alone? Hortense must accompany you."

Mademoiselle lifted her hands and eyes to heaven, in mute deprecation of this cruel decree, but she dared not remonstrate. Her heroism, however, was not put to the test, for Amy exclaimed, in a tone whose sadness was somewhat blended with reproach:

"Afraid! oh! how can we fear those we love?"

"'Tis true! Yet I am so foolishly nervous. But good night, my dear child, and do, I entreat of you, retire to rest immediately, in consideration of your own health and spirits."

Gently inclining her head, Amy took the light from the table and left the room. But she passed not again with the same rapidity the apartment of her beloved parent, and entering, she closed the door behind her. The utter loneliness, the sad forsaken look that pervaded it, struck like a cold chill upon her heart. She advanced to the table, on which were his books and writing desk. The large easy chair was yet drawn up in the position he had last left it. Yes! all was unchanged, but even that sameness helped to tell the fatal truth. The withered flowers in the rich vase were yet unreplaced, whilst a thick coating of dust had accumulated on everything around. How eloquently did this neglect, this carelessness, speak! With a bursting heart she turned to the stand, and raised the open pamphlet that lay upon it. A case containing her miniature, and that of her stepmother, which had been executed in the first month of her marriage, lay beneath. The side which bore Amy's image was uppermost, as if she had been the last object that her father's fond eye had rested on. Again, all her fortitude, her resolutions, were forgotten, and covering her face with her hands, she gave way to another wild paroxysm of grief. The clock in the apartment shortly struck the hour, and its solemn, heavy tone, reverberated with a loud echo through the deserted chambers and empty corridors. With a start, Amy sprang to her feet, and after another fond agonizing glance around, sought her own room.

Hours, long hours, had sleep shadowed the fair brow of Mrs. Morton ere it descended on that of her youthful stepdaughter, and when at length it closed her eyes, the sudden starts, the heavy sighs, told that it brought but little rest.

But the bitterest, the most overwhelming sorrows, yield at length to the softening influence of time, and the period arrived when even she could calmly speak of him, calmly dwell on his virtues and his many endearing qualities. Yet the sad shade that so oft clouded that gentle countenance, told she never forgot him. Amy's distinguishing trait was constancy, and an image once throned in her heart, she ever after clung to it with a tenacity which absence, time or ingratitude, could never lessen. Once when revolving in her mind the touching scene which had preceded his death, the strange words he last had uttered recurred to her. What act had he then committed, so cruel that he despaired of her forgiveness? She shuddered, but immediately reflecting that in all probability he referred to his separating her from Delmour, she resolved to dismiss the doubt forever,—a doubt which, she remembered with a bitter pang, could never be solved on earth.

Though a thousand times during the course of the day she thought of her father, yet now, she rarely mentioned a name which her stepmother evidently wished to avoid. The latter passed the period of her widowhood in the strictest, the most rigorous seclusion, and even Amy, exacting as her affection for the deceased might have been, could not but acknowledge that if the sentiments of Mrs. Morton's heart had corresponded with her exterior deportment, her father would indeed have been mourned as he deserved.

An length an epoch which, even though she had borne it with apparent resignation, had really proved insufferable to Mrs. Morton, came to an end; and with a feeling of intense happiness, better imagined than described, she discarded the hateful weeds that had so long shrouded her beauty and her grace in their dark folds. With childish delight she arranged again and again, the rich tresses so long concealed from view, and with an eagerness at which Amy was shocked and pained, she entered into the absorbing details of feathers, flowers, and fashions. Warm and flattering was the welcome with which the world received again its favoured child, and Mrs. Morton soon learned that she had no cause to regret a seclusion which had given her two additional claims on the admiration and devotion of society—those of novelty, and the title of free mistress of a large undisputed property, the law-suit having been determined in her poor husband's favour. It is needless to say she soon had many suitors, but she seemed in no haste to change her condition, and though all were graciously received, none were favoured in particular. Herself and stepdaughter now agreed exceedingly well, and though of course, the slightest sympathy, the most remote confidence, did not exist between them, it was supplied by politeness and apparent good feeling. Mrs. Morton had some time previously arrived at the conclusion that, as Amy was no longer a child she could not be treated as one, and she had therefore resigned her sceptre with as good a grace as possible.

One morning whilst she was sitting over her yet untasted breakfast, carelessly balancing her silver spoon on the edge of her costly *sèvres* cup, she suspended her employment, and looking up, asked Amy if she intended going that night to Lady Heathcott's.

"If you do," was the reply.

"Then I fear you will have to remain at home," she rejoined in a languid tone, "for really I am unequal to the fatigue. I overheated myself the other evening, and I am now suffering from a severe headache."

"I am not at all anxious to go," was the satis-

fied answer of her companion, "so I shall stay and keep you company." At this moment Hortense entered, and handed Mrs. Morton a note.

"From Lady Travers, I see," she exclaimed, glancing at the address. Breaking the seal, she perused indifferently the first few lines, but she started at some passage, and as she proceeded her colour deepened, and a bright smile wreathed her pretty mouth. Having concluded reading it, she rose from the table.

"Will you not eat any breakfast?" asked her stepdaughter. "You have tasted nothing."

"I declare I have not," she rejoined, looking at the untouched repast. "But I have no appetite this morning."

"Still you look very well," returned Amy; a remark which her sparkling eyes and bright colour seemed to warrant.

"I feel in tolerably good spirits; however, as my head yet aches sadly, I shall try and obtain a few hours sleep."

She accordingly betook herself to her apartment, leaving Amy at leisure to pursue her own avocations. In the course of the evening Hortense entered to say that Mrs. Morton had changed her previous determination, and that feeling very well, she had resolved to go to Lady Heathcott's. She entreated, as a particular favour, that Miss Morton would have the kindness to accompany her.

"As capricious as ever," sighed Amy, reluctantly throwing aside the interesting volume in which she was engaged, to commence preparing for a scene which she knew beforehand would prove both irksome and fatiguing.

Her toilette was soon made, and she proceeded to her young stepmother's dressing room. It presented the same scene of confusion it ever wore when Mrs. Morton was dressing for an entertainment. If possible, it was more disordered than usual. Rich dresses of every hue and texture, were thrown carelessly around. Costly jewels, blonde, flowers, were scattered in every direction, whilst Mrs. Morton, a deep red spot glowing on her polished cheek, was angrily reprimanding the trembling Hortense, for the unbecoming manner in which she had arranged her curls. Indeed the lady tried her poor attendant's patience more severely than usual. Twenty times did she pull down her hair after the maid had succeeded in raising it up with the most elaborate care, and she outdid herself in the pertinacity with which she successively selected each robe and then cast it aside. At length she was ready, and with a fervent ejaculation of thanksgiving to Heaven, Hortense saw her enter the carriage.

At the beginning the evening passed as usual,

and Amy, heartily sick of its monotony and tediousness, could not refrain from ever and anon glancing at the richly carved time-piece, to see if the term of her deliverance was nigh. Escaping from an entertaining account a stately dowager in a crimson turban was forcing upon her, concerning the extravagance of a Mrs. Mowbray, who nightly lost immense sums at cards, she sought refuge at a large table at some distance, which was covered with splendid engravings and the latest periodicals of the day. She was soon joined by Sir George Markham, who begged permission to show her some of the plates which had struck him as being exceedingly beautiful. She willingly complied, and he proceeded to select some landscapes in Italy, which he was enabled to accompany with interesting anecdotes and clever remarks, as he had twice visited that country. By degrees, his conversation, which was more intellectual than usual, somewhat amused her, and she listened with an attentive ear. But suddenly he paused, and changed colour, when she became aware, for the first time, that a very unusual silence reigned throughout the apartment, as if something important were going forward. She inwardly wondered what was the cause, but she was not left long in doubt, for, following the direction of her companion's eyes, her glance fell on Charles Delmour, who was advancing towards her. Had the earth opened at her feet, she could not have been more utterly confounded; and, unable to move or speak, she sat like a statue awaiting his approach. Nothing, however, could have tended for the moment to restore her composure so much as her cousin's manner. With a smile, friendly, but oh! so profoundly indifferent, he shook hands with her, and after a few common-place words, turned away. As if his appearance were already forgotten, she again bent her head over the plates she was examining, unconscious that Sir George was intently watching her. Yet, strange to say! violent, overwhelming, as was the emotion she experienced, no mark of it, however slight, could be traced on her pale cheek and unruffled brow. Though she continued mechanically to turn the leaves, she was entirely unconscious of the act, place, or presence.

Well for her that Delmour had shewn no mark of embarrassment or resentment, or she would have undoubtedly betrayed her feelings; but his cold, his careless manner, proving well how utterly she was forgotten, occupied her to the exclusion of every other thought. Markham recalled her to a sense of her position, by asking if she did not find him wonderfully improved? By a violent effort she succeeded in overcoming

her agitation, and answered with seeming composure.

"To speak truly, I did not bestow much attention on his appearance."

His eyes sparkled with pleasure, as he replied: "Is it possible? Certainly your indifference is shared by none, for to-night Delmour is the star of attraction, the observed of all observers."

Ere Amy had time to frame a reply, Lady Travers, who was sitting at some distance, motioned her brother to her. Thankful to be delivered from so attentive an observer, she turned to look for him who now engrossed her every thought. He was leaning against the folding door, in deep conversation with another gentleman; but his eyes occasionally wandered round the room, as if in search of some one.

"Changed as much in person as in mind," sighed Amy, as she glanced over the tall elegant figure, whose every movement was so full of manly grace. His deportment betokened that he knew and felt his superiority, and the somewhat sarcastic smile that had usurped the place of his once frank, joyous expression, was far from being pleasing to her. At times too, a cold, disdainful flash, shot from his dark eye, which told that he no longer regarded the world in the sunny light he once had done. Miss Aylmer passed just then. He stepped forward and addressed a few polite, but indifferent words to her. Strange! Amy felt a sentiment of relief as the lady moved on.

"He is at least constant in inconstancy," she murmured. "Miss Aylmer is forgotten too." A few moments after, Mrs. Morton, leaning on a gentleman's arm, approached. Either not perceiving Delmour, or feigning not to do so, she threw herself in a graceful attitude on a couch. He started as his eye fell on that figure, which had gained such added loveliness since last he had beheld it. He turned to his companion, who said some words to him in a low voice. Delmour's cheek suddenly flushed, and then paled again, whilst a thousand conflicting emotions successively passed over his expressive countenance. He had just learned that Mr. Morton was dead, that the Louisa Charlton of his boyhood was again free. He had but arrived the preceding night, and had consequently heard nothing of the many changes that had taken place during his long absence. He only knew that Amy Morton was Amy Morton still. By a single effort he subdued his agitation, and advanced with an easy step towards Mrs. Morton. She coloured deeply, and, adept as she was in commanding her every feeling, her voice involuntarily trembled as she replied to his salutation. But his

calm, self-possessed manner, soon dispelled her embarrassment. For one of the bright, sunny smiles she lavished on him, half of her devoted admirers would have stood to be shot at ten paces distance. After a few seconds conversation he drew a chair towards her, and seated himself; a post which he retained the remainder of the evening. Never had Mrs. Morton tried to be more fascinating, never had she practised with greater perfection that graceful coquetry of which she was so eminently mistress; and never had she been more successful.

"Is it wonderful," thought Amy, "that such surpassing beauty should make him forget all her faults, her follies? Fool that I was, to hope for a moment, that a being like myself, destitute alike of loveliness, or animation, could retain for any time a place in his affections. Truly did Mrs. Morton style me a foolish dreamer. How many bitter lessons have I had, and yet, how little have I amended! I fear I shall be a dreamer to the last."

"You seem out of spirits, Miss Morton," exclaimed the voice of Sir George, who had approached her unobserved, accompanied by Lord Hilton. She started, whilst the tell-tale crimson mounted to her temples.

"I hope we have not interrupted any agreeable reverie in which Miss Morton may have been indulging," said Lord Hilton, in a tone of inimicable affectation.

If there was a being on earth whom Amy detested, it was the silly exquisite who now addressed her. After replying that she never regretted agreeable reveries when they were agreeably interrupted, an epigram which his Lordship did not seem quite to comprehend, she turned to Sir George, who was at least a little more endurable than his companion. She had also another motive for this. She feared that, quick and penetrating, he had read the secret of her depression of spirits. In order to mislead him, therefore, she entered into a very animated conversation on the first subject he chanced to introduce. Lord Hilton at first seemed disposed to resent his being so neglected, but as he had sought Amy's society solely for the purpose of mortifying Miss Aylmer, who was receiving with seemingly great satisfaction the attentions of his rival, Sir Frederick Vincent, he determined to remain where he was, and pretend to be greatly amused. He therefore contented himself with insinuating a monosyllable whenever the opportunity afforded itself, and laughing very heartily when there was the least occasion for so doing.

"Mrs. Morton seems unusually gay to-night," said Markham, after a moment's pause; "but the

cause of her gaiety is very apparent. I perceive our new star has eclipsed all others in her firmament."

"Tis but natural, she should feel pleased to see an early, well-known friend."

"And yet, others who are equally well acquainted with this friend, do not seem to participate in her very great delight."

Amy felt that Sir George, who had uttered this, more as a question than as an observation, was eagerly perusing her countenance. Feeling her colour deepening, and fearing he might read her embarrassment in her face, she averted her head, but in so doing, she encountered the intent glance of Delmour, which was riveted upon her. He instantly stooped, and evidently asked some question of Mrs. Morton. The faintest possible rose tint passed over her cheek, as she replied to him. But at her answer, whatever it might have been, his brow contracted, and a smile of disdain curved his lips. Amy saw no more of him, Sir George persuading her to join the dancers, till the close of the evening, when he assisted her and her stepmother into the carriage.

"Tis really too bad, Miss Morton," exclaimed the latter, in a gay tone; "your cousin has positively not had the opportunity of speaking two words to you to-night. But your time is so taken up by others. 'Tis the misfortune, however, of being youthful, and an heiress."

"Indeed, Miss Morton was too agreeably engaged to bestow even a second thought on my unworthy self. There were others who occupied her attention too exclusively. We seldom neglect the present, for the sake of the absent."

There was a quiet mockery in these words, uttered, as they were, in a tone of such perfect indifference, that mortified Amy to the heart; but Mrs. Morton immediately rejoined:

"We cannot blame Miss Morton, if her memory is not as faithful as that of *some*. 'Tis so long," she continued, turning towards her, "since you have seen Capt. Delmour; and you were then but a child. I am sure he was almost forgotten."

"Indeed, you may say entirely so," was the cold, calm reply.

"Well! that has at least the merit of being perfectly frank," said Delmour, with a light laugh. "Let me congratulate you, Miss Morton, on the possession of a virtue which has grown almost obsolete in our days."

But Amy made no reply. She had just told the first deliberate falsehood she had ever uttered in her life, and she crimsoned with shame at the recollection. The provocation, however, had been too great, and at the time she had listened only to her wounded feelings.

"You shall no longer have to complain of being forgotten, Capt. Delmour," exclaimed Mrs. Morton, with a fascinating smile. "If you have, 'twill be your own fault; for I need not say you will be ever welcome to call when you please, and remind us of your existence."

"Many thanks," he rejoined, as he gracefully assisted her to enter the carriage. Scarcely touching the hand he proffered, Amy sprang in after her, and they rapidly drove off.

"Is he not charming?" was her immediate interrogation. "Never have I seen any being more improved; more totally altered for the better 'Tis not alone his features, for they were always strikingly handsome, but his commanding *distingué* air. I never could have believed the silly, impetuous boy, would have grown up into so elegant and refined a man."

Seeing her companion did not reply, she continued, in a more animated tone:

"You are of course aware that he is promoted to the high post of Captain in the navy. At his age, 'tis quite unusual. But Delmour's talents are of a superior order, and Capt. Harcourt possessed great influence, which he exerted nobly in his young *protégé's* favour. Believe me, *cara mia*, had he returned poor and undistinguished, he would never have been so favorably received."

"If the scale continues increasing, I wonder what reception an Admiral would get, when that of a Captain is so flattering," returned Amy.

"Do you know, Miss Morton, I really think, that notwithstanding your quiet air, you are quizzing me. However, 'tis a privilege you are welcome to, for I am invulnerable to all the shafts of ridicule."

For some time further, she continued to descant on Delmour's advantages, but she abruptly exclaimed:

"What is the matter with you, Amy? You are so silent. And you looked wretched to-night. Are you ill?"

"Indeed, I am far from well," she replied in a sad voice; "I feel my strength is unequal to the fatigue and exhaustion I undergo, nearly every night in those heated ball-rooms; I require the fresh, pure air of the country, to restore my health and spirits. I really think of accepting dear Mrs. Neville's oft reiterated invitation, of passing some time at Neville Park. I received a letter from her to-day, in which she warmly pressed me to go. Have you any objections to my consenting?"

"Not the slightest, my dear child," was the affable reply to a request agreeing so well with her own wishes. "I am persuaded, a few days

in the country would quickly restore your lost bloom and gaiety. When do you purpose setting out?"

"To-morrow morning. I have but few preparations to make."

During the rest of the drive Mrs. Morton was in the highest spirits, and she laughed and jested on every subject, with a good humour astonishing in one who generally kept all her animation for society. There were many motives though, tending to sustain her sunny state of mind. Till that evening she had ever feared that her stepdaughter still retained a lurking partiality for her cousin. On receiving Lady Travers' note that morning, informing her of Delmour's arrival, and his intended presence at Lady Heathcott's, having recovered from her first emotions of pleasure and surprise, she had determined on ascertaining the real state of Amy's feelings.

"For," she reasoned, "if she still cares for him, she cannot but betray some agitation on thus seeing him unwarned, unknown, for the first time after so long a period."

Amy's calm, unmoved demeanour, had completely deceived her, and she attributed her depression of spirits to a very natural feeling of mortification and wounded self-love, on seeing Delmour thus totally neglect her for one of whom he had once spoken in terms of such unmeasured contempt. Truly thankful was she for being thus freed from all fear of a rival. Yes, a rival for she had vowed in her heart, on hearing of his return, that she would spare no endeavours, give herself no rest, till she again saw at her feet him who in his days of poverty and obscurity, had so proudly thrown off her chains. How infinitely did her unmeaning talk, the ill-concealed exultation with which she spoke of Delmour, aggravate the suffering of poor Amy, who had that night been tried almost beyond her strength. One only circumstance tended in the least to comfort her, and that was the assurance, that on the following day she would be distant from the heartless beings who had succeeded in so entirely destroying her happiness, and at the same time be relieved from the painful, the agonizing task of restraining feelings, which she felt, despite her utmost efforts, would sooner or later burst forth and spurn all control. At Mrs. Neville's she knew she would enjoy freedom and peace, and in her kind affection and soothing care, she would find a solace for the neglect, the indifference which she experienced. Late, or rather early as was the hour at which she reached home, with the girl's assistance she made all the necessary preparations, and the bright rays of the morning

sun streamed through the windows of her room ere she sought her couch, having given previous orders that she should be called a little before ten, the hour at which she was to start.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ATHEIST POSED.

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

'Twas a sunny afternoon,
Rob was working in the shade,
Humming an old martial tune
As he plied his busy spade.

(Though his brow was silvered o'er,
And each thing confessed a God,
He believed in one no more
Than the turf on which he trod.)

As I chanced to pass along,
Suddenly a little bird
Came and sang the sweetest song
Mortal ear had ever heard.

Mute with wonder and delight,
Robin listened to the lay
Till the bird was out of sight,
And the notes had died away.

Then once more his spade he plied,
Light of heart, and stout of limb,
As I, wand'ring to his side,
Thus began to question him.

"Prythee, Robin, tell me who
Tuned that feathered minstrel's throat,
And the azure welkin through,
Taught its tiny form to float?"

Robin paused a moment—next
Leaned his arm against a tree,
Then replied, though half perplexed,
"Nature, doubtless, who but she?"

"Who then paints these flowers, red,
Purple, orange, pink, and blue?"
Robin pondered—scratched his head—
And "supposed 'twas Nature too."

"Though it blooms so near its neighbour
Who gives each a different scent?"
"It was time to leave off labour,"
Robin said—and off he went.

In the evening, as I strolled
Where his white cot stood apart,
Wond'ring how a man so old
Could have such a thankless heart—

I espied—no matter how—
Robin sipping up his tea,
With a very thoughtful brow,
And—the Bible on his knee.

THE CANADIAN HERD BOY.

A SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Through the deep woods at peep of day,
The careless herd boy wends his way,
By piny ridge and forest stream,
To summion home his roving team,
Cobos! Cobos!—from distant dell,
Shy echo wafts the cattle bell.

A blythe reply he whistles back,
And follows out the devious track;
O'er fallen tree and mossy stone,
A path to all save him unknown.
Cobos! Cobos!—far down the dell,
More faintly falls the cattle bell.

See the dark swamp before him throws,
A tangled maze of cedar boughs;
On all around deep silence broods,
In nature's boundless solitudes.

Cobos! Cobos! the breezes swell,
As nearer floats the cattle bell.

He sees them now beneath yon trees,
His motley herd recline at ease;
With lazy pace and sullen stare,
They slowly leave their shady lair.
Cobos! Cobos!—far up the dell,
Quick jingling comes the cattle bell!

ADDRESS TO DEATH.

BY A. J.

"When true hearts are withered, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?"

Hail! gentle Death—in whose cold bed,
I may sleep calmly—tranquilly—
Say—what have I from thee to dread,
To whom life brings but misery?
I hail with sighs the morning light;
No beam to my dark soul it brings—
I meet with tears the silent night,
Which kindly o'er my sorrow flings
Its sable mantle, while I weep—
But to mine eyes it brings no sleep—
In thee to sleep and know no waking
To grief and care—
With what stern joy my soul betaking
In deep despair,
To thy dark portals would I come—
To find at last, a rest—a home!
My weary spirit, tired of straying,
All lonely here—
Sadly regards thy long delaying,
And feels no fear;
But e'en with open arms would bend,
And clasp thee as its only friend.
Come! gentle Death—O! come to me—
Nor long delay—
Alas! I may not come to thee—
And while I stray
Here on this earth, no gentle breath
Invites my weary soul to rest.
I would not toil thus lonely on—
A prey to care;
My spirit will not live alone—
Since none will share
This heart with me—come to my side—
Come! gentle Death—be thou my bride!

THE JEWESS OF MOSCOW.*

BY M. A. M.

It was evening over the city of Bologna—the dark old town began to assume the sombre livery of twilight. The last faint gleam of sunlight had faded from the top of the tallest spire, and the streets, never very busy or bustling, were now hushed and noiseless. The lazy *lazzaroni* had withdrawn to their miserable haunts, and all was silence. In one of the most secluded nooks of the city, at the angle of its narrow streets, or rather alleys, there might be observed at the time of which I speak (the autumn of 1815) a very unpretending hotel—(*tavern* it would have been called a century ago, but now the term is almost exploded—no village innkeeper even, much less one of the ancient city of Bologna, could submit to have his house called other than *hotel*)—a place seemingly the resort of the lowest mechanics or day laborers, of which class there was quite a large number standing drinking at the counter. One individual there was, however, who kept aloof from these, the ordinary frequenters of the house. Under the *piazza* in front of the house this person paced backwards and forwards with slow and measured step, his tall figure enveloped in a military great-coat, and his broad-leaved hat drawn low over his brows, so that but little of the countenance was visible; yet still the whole appearance, the outline of the figure and the free commanding step, alike denoted one whose station had been far above his present outward seeming. What could have induced such a one to take up his abode in this haunt of penury and vice? Alas! the fell grasp of poverty was upon him—but a few *francs* remained in his purse, and no prospect of relief was at hand. He had parted one by one with the few articles of value he had possessed, and now want stared him in the face. He had vainly sought employment—it seemed as if all had tacitly conspired to drive him to despair. What a prospect lay before him!—either some menial office; or otherwise sit down, and in listless indifference regard the approach of the grim monster starvation. And yet the heart within that bosom was full of high and generous feeling, and the mind endowed with the noblest qualities. He had proved himself a gallant soldier on many a well-contested field—he had won for himself honor and renown, and yet there he was without the means of exist-

tence. He was about to retire to his wretched chamber, when he was startled by a voice at his elbow: "Colonel De Lorinval, if I mistake not!" This was spoken in low cautious tones, as if the speaker feared lest the name should be overheard. Seeing that concealment was useless, De Lorinval (for he it was) replied in the affirmative. "This is for you, sir!" and so saying, the man placed a sealed packet in his hand, and speedily disappeared round a corner. De Lorinval stood for a moment uncertain what course to pursue; but recovering his scattered senses, he hastily entered the house, and calling for a light, repaired to his own garret—it could scarcely be called a chamber—where, carefully closing the door, he proceeded to open the packet so mysteriously given. What was his astonishment to find drafts on a Bolognese banker to the amount of five thousand pounds! A few lines were inclosed in the envelope, without date or signature, requesting *General* De Lorinval to use the money without scruple or hesitation, as it was merely the reward of important services conferred by him on the donor. "It is a poor memento of a Jew's gratitude," added the writer, "therefore let it not be regarded as a gift." A thrill of delight shot through the desolate heart of Deborah as he beheld yet another token of Deborah's remembrance, for he was very certain that from her did the gift come and not from her father, to whom she delicately attributed this noble donation. But then came the bitter feeling of wounded pride—Deborah was acquainted with his condition, and this knowledge he would gladly have concealed from her of all the world. The conclusion of all was that he resolved, as he could not return the money, that nothing should tempt him to appropriate any portion of it to his necessities, no matter how urgent they might be.

He had been hitherto borne up by the thought that, wretched as he was, he alone was acquainted with the sad secret of his fallen fortune; but now she knew it, from whom he would have died to conceal it, and she even looked upon him as an object of charity. These morbid and overstrained feelings made him completely miserable—all that long night did he pace the narrow limits of his sleeping-place, and the grey light, of morning found him pale and haggard as one who had

* Concluded from page 184.

risen from the bed of sickness. Having swallowed a single cup of chocolate he sauntered abroad into the streets, and had reached the steps of a church, where he involuntarily stopped to gaze upon the heavy and massive pile of architecture which frowned above, when a gentleman who had just issued from the porch, suddenly stopped before him.

The eyes of the two met, and a mutual recognition was the consequence. The stranger had been formerly a fellow student of De Lorinval, but all communication had long since died away between them. This gentleman, whose name was Clermont, insisted on taking his friend home to breakfast, and on the way inquired to what fortunate circumstances he owed the pleasure of seeing one whom he had not met for several years. De Lorinval smiled sadly, and repeated the word "*fortunate*" with so much emphasis that Clermont turned and regarded him earnestly. "Ha! you are masquerading, De Lorinval—are you not?—what cursed habiliments are those in which you choose to perambulate our ancient city?"

De Lorinval well knew the character of his friend—he knew that beneath an appearance of levity he possessed a kind and generous heart, and he therefore gave him a full account of his situation and prospects. Well it was that he did so, and sincerely did the warm heart of Clermont rejoice, for he himself held an office of trust under the government, and had it at that moment in his power to obtain one of almost equal importance for his friend. Thus then all pecuniary difficulties were for the present at an end, for Clermont proposed to be his friend's banker until his salary became due.

The precious packet was carefully preserved, under the secret hope that time might enable him to restore it to her who had sent it.

Two years passed away, and not unmarked by change to those whose career we have been following. The good Rabbi Zenoti had removed to Genoa with his family, and Deborah, who still remained under the fostering protection of the kind *marchesa*, had been much gratified by this removal, which not only enabled her to see more frequently her beloved Miriam, but also gave her the opportunity of executing a project which had for some time occupied her mind. She had long since succeeded in changing the dawning passion of Lorenzo into a tender and sincere friendship—and this by doing violence to her own feelings in order to save him the misery of hopeless love, for she had given him to understand that she had no heart to bestow. Her next step was to introduce the subject of her friend Miriam. Whether alone with Lorenzo, or in presence of his mother, she

took every opportunity to enlarge upon the virtues and accomplishments of that dear friend. At the same time every letter to Miriam was filled with encomiums on the young *marchesa*, until each insensibly became interested in the other, and thus the way was paved for the event which followed. Miriam had long since discarded all thoughts of the unworthy lover who had so wantonly trifled with her early feelings, and when she and Lorenzo met, the result was precisely what Deborah, in her friendship for both, had long since planned.

The fair daughter of Zenoti and Lorenzo del Altora had early learned to esteem each other, through the medium of their mutual friend, and the transition was very easy and very natural from esteem to love. There was no apparent obstacle to their union—an *éclaircissement* soon took place—the *marchesa* was perfectly satisfied that her son should marry the co-heiress of a very large fortune—what though she was called a Jewess—was she not the most sincere of Christians, and appeared endowed with the most rare qualities of mind and heart? As for Zenoti and his wife, they were even rejoiced to receive for their son-in-law one of the first of the Florentine nobles, and what was still better, a young man distinguished as well by his many virtues as his high rank.

Again was Deborah seated by the *marchesa*, in the little oratory. Lorenzo and Miriam had strolled abroad through the grounds, and as they disappeared from view, Deborah, who had followed with her eyes their receding forms, heaved an involuntary sigh. She was far from envying the happiness of her friends, but its view recalled to her mind the utter hopelessness of her own love. She knew but little latterly of De Lorinval's proceedings—she had been informed of his good fortune in obtaining a situation at Bologna—she had reason to know, too, that he was in no pecuniary embarrassment, but that was all—even if he loved her, which was by no means certain, and were to propose for her to-morrow, she could not marry him. If he were rich, then she might overlook all false delicacy, and accept him—or if she herself had wealth to bring him; but now both were poor, and she could never permit him whom she loved to marry one who could only bring him an increase of poverty. These sad thoughts she successfully endeavored to banish—they could avail nothing, and she, therefore, shook them off, and entered into conversation with the *marchesa*. The latter, who felt for this child of her adoption, all a mother's love, could not fail to see that her young friend was oppressed by some secret and enduring sorrow, but she was far too

delicate to sue for confidence, and accordingly looked on in silent sympathy.

A few weeks saw Lorenzo and Miriam united, and in the happiness of her friends, Deborah was fain to rejoice, and to forget her own sorrows. She dreamed not then that great changes were close at hand even in her own prospects.

Let us now return to De Lorinval, when in the summer of 1819 he had returned to Paris, in company with his mother, who had been residing with him at Bologna, until a change in the administration had turned him once more adrift on the wide world. He was now almost as penniless as ever—the sanguine hopes of youth no longer supported him, for the summer years of life were already passed, and many reverses had anticipated the work of time in crushing his once-buoyant spirit.

There was now a general amnesty—the Bourbons were again in quiet possession of the throne, and could afford to pardon their adversaries, so that Edouard had no longer room for apprehension on that score. But alas! his mother, now very infirm, could but ill bear up against the privations of penury, and yet nothing else was before them. Then was Edouard sorely tempted to open (for his mother's sake) the precious deposit which had for years long been carefully hoarded up. He was still hesitating on this point, seated by a window in the miserable *hotel*, where his poverty compelled him to introduce his mother, when the door opened, and gave admission to a lady dressed in deep mourning. A long veil covered her face, which she raised, however, when De Lorinval, in surprise, arose to salute her. The lady was tall and commanding—she was very pale, and if she could not be called strictly beautiful, there was more than beauty in her soft eyes, and in the sweet, yet melancholy smile with which she regarded Edouard's surprised look.

"I see you have forgotten me, Monsieur de Lorinval," said the lady; "you have no remembrance of your acquaintance of Moscow—or is it that time has so changed Deborah, that she is no longer to be recognized? In truth, I cannot wonder," she added, with a smile, "for the woman of twenty-four differs materially in face and form from the girl of sixteen or seventeen."

She had not yet concluded, when De Lorinval was at her feet—

"Deborah!" he exclaimed; "dearest Deborah! it is your own—your very self. Oh! that I might say my own Deborah! but why speak I thus? How know I but you have long since blessed with your hand some one whose fortunes were brighter than mine!"

"Nay, De Lorinval!" she replied, as she grace-

fully extended her hand to raise him; "nay! if you do not refuse me, I am come to offer heart and hand for your acceptance—do not accuse me of want of delicacy, for you have now given me reason to suppose that you love me; I come to offer you a princely fortune. My poor father is now almost a year numbered with the dead, and if you will have the charity to overlook this unwomanly step, we may yet be happy, (at least as happy as mortals may hope to be,) though no longer young!"

The flush of delight that this address called to the cheek of Edouard was but transitory—a moment, and that face of joy was clouded and dejected?"

"How now, De Lorinval?" exclaimed Deborah anxiously; "you do not seem to derive any very great pleasure from my proposal. Could it—can it—be possible that you do not then love me! yet it matters not. I have but done what I considered my duty. Yet this is hard—hard to bear!" and, notwithstanding all her self-control, poor Deborah burst into tears.

A pang of agony shot through the heart of De Lorinval—he seized her hand, and wildly pressing it to his heart, he murmured—

"Oh, Deborah! in mercy do not speak thus, or you will drive me mad. Love you, dear one! you doubt my love!—alas! if you knew the hopeless anguish that has eaten away my strength and spirits, during all these long, long years—if you knew the despairing, yet tenacious grasp with which that one passion has clung to my soul—then would you not accuse, but rather pity the hard and stern necessity which compels me to resign the world of happiness now open before me. But think you that I could in honor—I, a penniless adventurer—accept your magnanimous proposal!"

"Not so very magnanimous after all!" answered Deborah archly. "Do I not love you better than anything of earth? am I not bound to you by every tie of gratitude? And, know you not, most perverse De Lorinval! that in proposing to share my fortune with you, I but seek my own happiness? In short, Edouard, the splendid inheritance which has fallen to my lot is only valuable for your sake—then give up at once and for ever these fantastic scruples—and do not blindly refuse what Providence offers you!"

"Your advice is precisely mine, most sweet lady!" interposed Madame De Lorinval, who now entered from an adjoining chamber, where she had been an unintentional listener to the entire conversation. The lovers were at first disconcerted, but the gentle kindness of the old lady soon restored Deborah's self-possession. De

Lorinval, having introduced the latter to his mother, was about to give some sort of explanation, but was speedily interrupted by Madame, with an assurance that she was acquainted with all she desired to know.

Deborah took an early opportunity to announce the happy change which had taken place in her religious belief, and it may well be believed that this intelligence added very considerably to the delight of Edouard and his mother. Need we say that it was not found very difficult to overcome De Lorinval's overstrained delicacy, and that Deborah's year of mourning was no sooner expired than she gave her hand where her heart had so long been given. With respect to the five thousand pounds which Edouard had so carefully hoarded up, it was bestowed on Madame, together with a much larger sum, in order that she might feel perfectly independent of her son and daughter, with whom she, however, resided during the remainder of her life—the infirmity and helplessness of her extreme age cheered and supported by their filial piety. A few weeks after their marriage, De Lorinval and his bride were agreeably surprised by the arrival of the *Marchese* and *Marchesa* del Altora, with their amiable mother. It may well be believed that these attached friends fully sympathized in the happiness of her who had been so instrumental in promoting theirs. The dowager *marchesa* could never sufficiently express her gratitude to Heaven for the recompense which had even here below been awarded to her precious child, as she still delighted to call Deborah.

THE SECRET TEAR.

BY D. D. D.

'Tis sweet when evening's stillness reigns,
Or shades of night appear,
To steal unseen, unknown away,
And shed the secret tear.

'Tis sweet when sorrows tear the mind
And all their vengeance reek,
To muse alone, and feel the tear
Bedew the pallid cheek.

Unseen by all, save by our God,
He walks beside us there—
And the bright worlds that shine above,
Are all that mark the tear.

There is a charm—a lovely charm
That makes us love to weep—
When wandering hidden from the world,
And all are hushed in sleep.

Sweeter than if amid the throng,
We banished every care—
To meditate on every grief,
And shed the secret tear.

THE STRUGGLE FOR REPUTATION.

BY W. P. C.

AN hour or two before the sunset of a lovely day in autumn, I strolled leisurely along the bank of a gentle stream that meandered through my native village. The holy stillness of the season awoke within my bosom feelings that had slumbered long. Years of eventful incident had passed away since I had quitted the happy scenes of my infancy and youth. While I gazed upon the beautiful landscape that lay outstretched before me, tinged by the last rays of the declining sun with every variety of light and shade, its every feature called to mind the innocent and joyous past. The purling stream glided gently onward as it did then; the tall trees still waved their wide-spreading boughs upon its margin; the fields were yet green, and far away in the background arose the same towering steep that each holiday my schoolmaster and myself were wont to climb together. All seemed as it had ever been. Time rolled back, and I was once more a gay and thoughtless boy. What happiness dwells in the recollection of bygone days! Each companion, each sport, each occupation, is kindly remembered. I have never felt this happiness more than then, situated as I was in the very midst of the bright scenes of my childhood, to which, from the business and tumult of active life, I had long wished to return.

"Those who once welcomed me in this very place as their friend," said I aloud, "are gone—and I am here—a stranger and alone! How many long and weary years have I passed in foreign lands, neglectful of my own, vainly hoping to win something more on earth than mere existence! What delusion! Fame! thou art the minister of nothingness. I have done much, but how have I been repaid?"

"By mockery and scorn," said one beside me.

A very aged man had unobserved by me approached the place where I stood. Vexed at the intrusion, I turned somewhat angrily around, but the venerable appearance of my companion restrained the haughty words that were rising to my lips. I stood silent and surprised.

"The present hour," he said, "well suits the view before you."

"Yes, indeed," I replied; "and yet despite the beauty of the scene, I almost wonder that one like you should visit it so late."

"It may seem strange for an old man like me to care at all for nature or its beauties; these things are mostly left to those who can delight

in them from inexperience in ruder matters. But I have felt all the pleasures and the pains of life. You are still young—not more than half my age, perhaps,—and yet I heard you grieving.”

“Yes, for this place is associated with joys that are gone forever. I grieve that I did not partake of them longer.”

“And why did you not?”

“Alas!” I answered; “I sought a fleeting shadow. In youth I dreamed if I could but accomplish great and noble actions, men would bless my name, and glory be my reward. I have toiled—in vain.”

“And your name,” rejoined my friend, “stands not first upon the list of disappointed mortals. If this be consolation, let it comfort you. Fame is indeed a shadow—a fitting, airy nothing.”

“A life so blessed with length as yours has been, venerable Sir, has not been unproductive of incident. You have observed, of course, more accurately than I, the leading principles of action.”

“If I have observed,” he answered, “it is to know that the ungratified desire of present and posthumous reputation, is the source of inexpressible misery to its possessor. Cherish it no longer, Sir Stranger, for its influence is terrible. I tell you,” he continued, “that I myself have been its victim. In early life, none were happier than I. My father was a man in moderate circumstances, and I was his only son. Every indulgence which the injudicious fondness of parents could devise, was lavished upon me. I was educated beyond my station in life. Naturally inclined to retirement and study, even possessing a tolerable capacity, I encountered but few difficulties, even in the abstruser departments of science.

“This was unfortunate, for my friends praised my progress, hinted that one day I would be eminent in the world, and I became vain. This vanity, however, rather assisted than retarded my acquisitions. I designed to be an author, and studied deeply for that purpose. Already was I on the eve of publishing for the first time, when a direction entirely new was given to the current of my ambition.

“Our country was then engaged in war—a war that seemed likely to be of some duration. Soldiers were found volunteering in every quarter, and, giving heed to the glittering pictures of the camp and the field drawn to me by an experienced recruiting officer, I joined them without advising or consulting any one in regard to my intention. Foolish boy that I was! I dreamed of honours and distinctions innumerable, nor thought

once how few there are who win them. This rash act proved a death blow to my mother—to that parent who had tenderly watched over me in childhood, who looked upon me as a staff to the declining age of herself and partner. She died; and my father, worn with care and anxiety, deprived of that filial assistance he had a right to command, did not long survive her.

“Active service too soon dispelled from my mind the impression made by these sad events. My education and reputed talents had gained for me a higher grade than that of a private soldier. Yet all my exertions did not procure me more than a passing notice from a superior, and that I scarcely prized at all. Some time elapsed before I could obtain a release from my military duties, irksome as they had now become; but when this was at last effected, I resolved to enter upon the world anew. The proceeds arising from the sale of my paternal estate would more than suffice with economy to enable me successfully to prosecute my career as an author, in accordance with my original intentions.

“I wrote and was successful, that is, I was flattered and caressed by many who styled themselves the patrons of elegant literature. In my own eyes, my egotistical effusions seemed destined to immortality. I was unable to resist this tide of pultry popularity, and, abandoning my former love of retirement, entered with avidity into every species of dissipation, which speedily deprived me of friends, of reputation, and of money. When these were gone, I awoke from this degrading intellectual slumber, and strove again more mightily than before. Then I had sought popularity only—now I toiled for bread. None but one who has himself lived thus, can appreciate the energy with which I struggled and the sufferings I endured. But this availed me little for I had forfeited my claims to public patronage by the disgraceful conduct I have mentioned. At length, poor and weary of life, I sought this village, and, in the retirement it affords, endeavored to forget my disappointment. I have succeeded, and now regard Fame—the sole pursuit of my earlier days,—as a mere bubble—a visionary thing incapable of being realized by most of mortals, and to those who attain it really—as a possession ever attended with trouble and vexation.”

“You are right,” said I in return; and as I retraced my steps that evening, I pondered well upon the old man’s words, and inwardly resolved forever to forego all hopes of acquiring a hold on that which administers no good in life, and in death is forgotten.

PARISH PERSONAGES.*

OUR BEADLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY ERASMUS OLDSTYLE, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER III.

THE festival by which Oily Crumb's fiftieth birthday had been celebrated, and the mystery in which the narrative of Mary Hayworth's life was involved, afforded matter for Parish gossip for several days afterwards. But the honor which attended the Beadle's Jubilee appeared to interest men more than the history of poor Mary's misfortunes. One was regarded with favor, for fortune had smiled upon his path, and envy could not detract from the well deserved applause with which he had been rewarded. The other was visited by commiseration by the thoughtful, and with reproof by the unfeeling, for the latter, evincing the unhappy proneness with which the world is apt to impute the existence of poverty to the presence of vice, complacently affirmed that poor Mary's career must have been attended by crime; for that misfortune alone could not have entailed so much misery upon its victim.

Suitable homilies, founded upon her supposed history, were manufactured by the ingenuity of many a Parish dame; the cardinal virtues were invoked, expatiated upon and applauded, and arguing only from the result of individual conduct, it was conclusively shewn that the road of right led straight to riches, whilst the path of wrong ended in the workhouse or the gaol.

As there was in the conclusion some truth and much error, it was necessary that its correctness should be illustrated by an example, and the objections of the sceptical authoritatively silenced; and thus it was that poor Mary's fate was invoked as a beacon and a warning; suspicious allusion was made to the "unfortunate female;" poverty became synonymous with guilt, and one as fair, as virtuous, and as good as ever received the impress of the Divinity, was calumniated, condemned and despised, because she was unfortunate and unknown.

But we must for the present, postpone a more extended reference to the unfortunate fair one

whose supposed criminality had been so severely visited by the world's censures, in order that we may introduce to those who may trouble themselves to peruse these papers, two individuals whose characters deserve to be treated in separate chapters.

The thoughtful kindness of the Beadle was indirectly the cause of attracting to the funeral of Mary Hayworth, the two persons to whom we have referred, and who were as well known in the Parish as the old church itself. The first was Mr. Ralph Lloyd, the overseer of pavements, and the second was Johnny Lovelast, who used to designate himself "Cobbler and Constable," in and for the Parish of Allhallows.

The cause of their appearance in the burial ground was simply the following:

Old Simon the Sexton had received directions to prepare a grave, and he was informed, to use his own words, "that it vos required for a hun-be-known pauper," and consequently he had dug it in that dismal section of the burial ground assigned to what he termed "Verkus Customers," and with due regard to the regulations in that case made and "perwidet."

When the Beadle had arrived in the churchyard, and discovered the lodgment which had been prepared for poor Mary's remains, he at once ordered at his own expense another grave to be dug for her reception beneath the shade of three elm trees. The coffin remained for some time, therefore, exposed to public view, and the unusual sight attracted to the scene, amongst many others, the two individuals to whom we have referred.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. Ralph Lloyd was known in private as a respectable but rather eccentric old bachelor, but in public he was regarded as the incumbent of an important office; he was, as we have already stated, the overseer of pavements, and the paving

* Continued from page 192.

stones themselves might have been aware of the fact, from the emphatic rap with which his yellow bamboo cane was accustomed to visit them, as its proprietor performed his daily circuits of inspection. Mr. Ralph Lloyd was a person of whom the world knew but little beyond the fact that he held the above office, that he was to be seen much more regularly than the sun, (for in the city of London that glorious luminary finds himself very often thrown into the shade,) walking his busy round of duty, his only companions the bamboo cane, and an ugly dingy coloured, misanthropic-looking over-fed cur, who used to waddle with an air of dissatisfied silence behind his master's hessian boots.

Mr. Ralph Lloyd did not care for female society; it was not believed that he entertained a positive aversion to the gentler sex, but as it was known that he would resort to all kinds of contrivances to avoid an interview with any person in petticoats, it was therefore generally thought by that large class of reasoners, who can readily trace the analogy between effect and cause, that in early life he must have met with sorrow and disappointment, either in not having his affections requited by the fair object upon whom they had been lavished, or in consequence of the loss of his beloved one by death; the section of the Parish who maintained the latter hypothesis, considered that their view of the subject was corroborated by the selection which he had made of his place of abode, and that his residence in view of the church-yard had something to do with the fair form of whom he had been bereaved.

But whether or not the heart of the overseer of pavements had ever been taught by love or tamed by grief, there can be no doubt that it had been healed by time, for no one could suppose that the ruddy, dumpling cheeked little man in hessian boots, and parsley and butter coloured breeches, who was so ready in making his doubtful boast that he was "as hearty as a buck," could be otherwise than happy as the day. He had been born near a quarry in Yorkshire, he therefore had early acquired an affection for granite, and no office at the disposal of the Crown, or in the gift of the city, could have been more acceptable to him than the one he filled of overseer of pavements.

Every curb stone, every flag stone, every boulder was regarded with parental affection by the zealous overseer; he was the first to observe the crevices created by time, and to pencil down in his red memorandum book the cracks occasioned by traffic; he felt pleasure in estimating the period a stone could be used for a side walk before it

degenerated into a cellar wall, and though he was unable to extract blood from the objects of his calculations, he found it very easy to discover in the hard cold substance upon which he expended his thoughts, material sufficient for satisfactory reflection.

Mr. Lloyd had resided nearly all his life in the Parish, and the place of his lodging had always been selected in one of the houses by which the church-yard was surrounded. He derived no sad or sorrowful lessons from the objects of mortality, to the view of which his habitation was open; he had long looked upon the melancholy inclosure with fondness, for although wedded and confirmed in his relish for stone walks, he was not insensible to the beauties of fair fields, and he felt refreshed by viewing the grass beneath his window, it was so very green, it grew with such rare luxuriance; the fairest meadow could not exceed in the richness of its verdure, the deep dark emerald colouring of that old church-yard, and when he read of scanty crops, and when he heard of the agriculturists complainings, he wished that all the farmers' fields only looked as promising as did the sod around the graves which were scattered beneath his window.

Time had spared three elm trees, and man had suffered them to grow and expand in beauty and stateliness within the precincts of that place of burial. They seemed unconscious of the tainted breath by which their boughs were fanned, and indifferent to the smoky atmosphere which played around their branches; their leaves, the lungs with which Providence has furnished plants, appeared not to suffer by the closeness of a city life, or impaired in beauty by the proximity of human habitations, for their roots were so embedded in luxuriance, and fed upon such rich dainties that the trees were amply compensated for the contracted space in which they grew, and the impoverished atmosphere by which they were sustained.

It was when the crusted bosom of the earth which winter's frost had hardened, became soft under the genial influence of the sun of spring, when bulbous roots discovered their hidden life and sent forth their imprisoned verdure, when the crocus, sweet harbinger of milder days and warmer nights, peered out to bid the animal world rejoice with thanksgiving, for the world of plants and vegetables was again pregnant with plenty, and in gratitude for human toil was ready to offer from her teeming bosom the means of life and sustenance to all, when the glazed and glossy buds of the horse chesnut seemed to crack and groan with impatience to expand their hidden foliage to the

face of heaven, and court from the sun's rays a deeper colouring for their verdure. The birds too, began to resume their songs and carol to the skies, their hymns of thanksgiving, and many a quiet glen, and many a spacious grove, awoke from their winter's quietude, and in notes of melody made known to man how great the joy of all their feathered tenantry for the warm sun of spring. The sparrows too, began to sun themselves upon the house-tops, and by the impudence of their wanton chirp, seemed to inform the occupants of those dwellings, that they no longer depended for subsistence upon the crumbs which fell from their well shook table cloths, but that things of earth were now being formed for things of air, that worms and grubs were warming into life, and preparing for the banquet of the birds.

The sun of February which had quickened the dormant vegetation into life, and gladdened the animal kingdom with the hope and promise of abundance, seemed to guide four rooks from distant groves in which they had found their winter's habitation, to seek their summer residence in those three elm trees. Their busy active "caw," proved grateful music to the heart of the old bachelor. He was an idle man, and he loved to watch their industry. He was a solitary man, and he looked with envy upon their mated happiness. Year succeeded year, and with each returning season the birds again appeared, and as life advanced the bachelor seemed to regard the time of their coming with more anxious watchfulness, for he feared that the increasing number of the abodes of men would overcome the instinct of the birds and send them in quest of a more secluded home; but still they came, and another but less constant watcher had joined the bachelor and began to note their motions; the architecture of their nests was remarked upon, and the time consumed in building was recorded, and it was found with each succeeding season that more days were consumed than formerly in the construction of their nests, that the absent bird had to describe a wider circuit before he could discover the wished for bough or twig wherewith to form his dwelling, and once it was thought the nests looked incomplete and weakly built, and the absent messenger returned with wearied wing without the sought for branch which was the object of his errand, and they all appeared dissatisfied when the period of generation had arrived; but still the young were hatched, and the parent birds again seemed happy in the performance of those duties which instinct had imposed upon them.

But the rough month of March arrived, and

the wind of the equinox howled wildly around those trees and filled their feathered occupants with dread for the security of their ill-built nests and the safety of their unfledged young. No mariner in a storm ever laboured more assiduously to protect his vessel than did those rooks to save their dwellings, no mother ever evinced a more untiring devotion to shield her child from violence than did these rooks to secure their young from injury. The bachelor and the rector were the spectators of their praiseworthy efforts, and much as they desired to give them help in their necessity they knew not how to proceed until it was determined to instruct a boy to climb the trees, and by the help of a string to secure their nests from falling. But alas! the contrivances of man were more alarming than the winds of heaven, for the old rooks were frightened and forsook their young to sound the notes of alarm and fright, and describe around the trees a circle of anxious watchfulness. Their unfledged progeny, alarmed at the cries of danger, and amazed at the appearance of the invader, struggled out of their nests and fell lifeless upon the ground below. The old birds remained for a while in the vicinity of their desolate dwellings; their "caw" was sad and seldom, till at length with a noiseless flight they departed for that season from those three elm trees.

The bachelor was visibly unhappy, but he determined to provide against a similar accident at a future season, and therefore with the rector's permission he instructed old Simon the sexton, to procure a bundle of faggots and place them on the roof of the church, or in some other exposed situation, that material might not be wanting to complete and strengthen the rooks' structures in future.

The worthy overseer looked forward with anxiety to the approach of the spring which succeeded the misfortune to which we have alluded, for he felt doubtful whether birds who had been thus deprived of their young would not have sought a dwelling in some other locality; but he was pleasurablely relieved when the proper season arrived, to find that one pair returned to re-establish themselves in their old quarters, and apparently grateful for the care they received, two couples arrived in the spring following, and before Mr. Lloyd departed this life, he had the satisfaction to observe that the little republic had doubled its inhabitants.

We may as well anticipate the march of time, and inform our readers that the "Overseer of Pavements" lived some years after the date to which these papers refer; that the faggots were

regularly provided, and that before his death he decreed by his will, after endowing six alms houses with the bulk of his property, that a certain sum should be annually reserved for the purchase of faggots, and the stipend of the sexton, for his trouble in placing them conveniently, was to be augmented as the population of the rookery increased.

The rookery is still in existence. The trees too are there, and the bachelor's grave is beneath them, and the faggots are annually placed upon the roof of the old church, and the yearly arrival of the rooks reminds the aged who remember him of the old bachelor's eccentricity, while they are regarded by the more youthful as an evidence of his care and humanity.

CHAPTER V.

If any one should object that Johnny Lovelast ought not to be regarded as a Parish Personage, we can only answer that their opinion does not agree with that entertained by the individual referred to; for he was a constable, and his blue baton of office might be seen suspended from a very conspicuous peg in his dormitory. In addition to this circumstance he had always taken a warm interest in parochial affairs. No Parish meeting had ever been convened without including in the number of those present the zealous little cobbler. The election of an overseer, or the appointment of a churchwarden, the imposition of church rates, and the apprenticing of charity boys; in short, whatever may have been the object of the meeting, Johnny Lovelast was sure to be there, and as sure to make "a few observations to save him from the censure which would unavoidably visit him were he to give a silent vote." Everybody knew Johnny's failing, and every one was therefore disposed to submit without grumbling to what he might have to offer, being at the same time aware that if he were managed properly he would vote on the right side, though he may have spoken on the wrong.

Subscribing then to his own opinion, that the annals of the Parish of Allhallows could not be faithfully transcribed without allusion to the acts, character, and influence, of the choleric little man, we shall state that Johnny Lovelast had for many years been constable by appointment to the Parish, and cobbler by contract to the workhouse. His place of business, though not the most spacious in the metropolis, was found to be sufficiently roomy to admit himself at all times, and by a little dexterous management, to receive a customer

occasionally. It is not easy to convey to the Canadian reader a true idea of the character of the cobbler's rendezvous; it had been evidently contrived by the party in the front of whose house it was formed, with the view of obtaining a revenue without inconvenience or detriment to his own occupation. In renting the stall to a son of St. Crispin, the proprietor evinced his good judgment, for no other trade could have been followed in the diminutive den but the one to which Mr. Lovelast had given his time, his talents, and his attention.

Under the front of a public house, having for its sign the device of a chess-board, and known by the name of the *checquers*, may have been seen just above the pavement a small window consisting of six diminutive panes of glass with bright vermilion frames; this hole in the wall also answered the purpose of a door, for it was the only place of ingress to the apartment; beneath the aperture and opening upon the pavement, were the massive doors leading into the vaults of the public house, into the entrance of which the cobbler's apartment appeared to be suspended, for the flooring of his cell sank two feet below the level of the street, whilst the roof formed a convenience for loungers in the tap-room during the day, and a bed for the beer carrier during the night. Thus it was that the cobbler's stall was neither a cupboard nor a counter, neither a ground floor nor a basement story, but a tenement suspended between wind and water, and partaking alike of the qualities of a nest and a cavern, where he carried on his laudable manufactures with credit to himself and satisfaction to his customers.

Johnny was a right-hearted but wrong-headed little man, stubborn and obstinate when resisted, but pliant and yielding when humoured; by a little flattery you could enlist his services; by open opposition you would secure his enmity. In politics he was a whig.

Now it is a circumstance no less remarkable than true, that all cobblers are whigs, or something more; whether this extraordinary fact gave rise to the opinion that all whigs are cobblers we will not pretend to determine; but certain it is that it was the opinion of Johnny Lovelast, that a good cobbler was necessarily a good whig; that the affinity between mending shoes and mending states was so great that it was impossible to be a practised hand at the former without acquiring a relish for the latter employment. Leather and liberty were, according to his ideas, synonymous terms, and his order and occupation required therefore that he should be a "vig."

But Johnny was an antiquary as well as a whig, and an historian as well as an antiquary, and he established his claim to the twofold honor by possessing a board on which had been nailed for preservation, a great variety of old copper coins, radiating from a centre formed of a bad shilling. Round this board would be gathered, during his periods of leisure, a number of small boys, to whom he would impart with generous liberality, his lavish stores of historic truth.

"That kine there," he would remark, "contains in a state of beautiful preservation, a true and exact portrait of the bad King John, from whom the Barons extracted the magna 'carter;' and that there one there is 'Harry the Eighth,' who fought the Pope, and was blessed with six wives, four of whom he killed, one died, and the other survived him. That's the orrid bloody Mary, and this is the virtuous Queen Bess. That loving couple is William and Mary who gave a bill of rights, and these here are the Georges, and them there are furriners; and now, my little dears, you may go, for your historical lesson is over." Johnny, however, made good shoes to wear, and the soles were hard and well beaten, for whenever the cobbler hammered on his lap-stone he generally sang, and his songs were always political and exciting; his favorite melody appeared to one having for its chorus words like the following:

"And thus we'll pare their tory pride,
And thus we'll dress their tory hide,
And thus we'll sing whate'er betide.
With a rap a tap, tap a rap, tap,
On our lap-stones all is smooth,
With a rap a tap, tap a rap, tap,
We'll hammer them for their good."

"It is of no use, Audible," he would say to that functionary, "its of no use, things can't come right till we has a dewision of property." And when Mr. Audible argued that some were careful and some careless, some were saving and some prodigal, and that therefore it would be found that some would accumulate wealth and many disperse it,—what was to be done in such a case?

"Dewide again," rejoined Johnny, nothing confused; but he shrank from practising his theory when he became possessed of a small freehold,—then it was his opinion that every one's house was his castle, and a man ought to do what he liked with his own; and thus it was that the possession of property moderated his liberal principles.

The individuals to whom we have referred, were attracted as we have already stated, by the

funeral of Mary Hayworth, to the church-yard. The interest which Mr. Crummy felt in her history was communicated to those whom he addressed, and many who were gathered around the Beadle determined to use their best endeavours to disperse the mist from the story of poor Mary's life.

(To be continued.)

A FACT VERSIFIED.

BY CHARLES GREATREX.

'Twas noon, a little village maid came tripping lightly by,
With health upon her rosy cheek, and laughter in her eye.
'Twas sweet to see a little maid so merry and so fair,
With a heart that never heaved a sigh, and never knew a care.

She tripped along the village, with her satchel on her arm,
She took the shady lane that led down to her father's farm,
And lo! from out a tent there came a gipsy as she strayed,
And begged to tell the fortune of that blooming little maid.

She started from her withered touch, she paused a second's space,
She looked up for a moment in the gipsy's swarthy face,
Then laughed, and shook her ringlets back—what recked she of her fate?
And stopped not till her hand was laid upon the cottage gate.

So gentle and so innocent, so beautiful and young!
Yet a sneer was on the beldam's lip, a curse was on her tongue;
"Ah! smile away my pretty one, ere many days be gone,
That dimpled cheek shall be a thing for worms to feed upon."

Alas! what mean these falling tears, this gloom upon each brow?
O! mournfully the old church bell is tolling for her now,
And through the silent village moves a melancholy train,
Who sweep to think they ne'er shall see her sunny face again.

But they tell us she is happy, for above her quiet tomb,
The golden sunbeams lingering forbid a moment's gloom,
And sweetly o'er the daisied sod that round her bosom clings,
A little robin warbles, with their light upon his wings.

THE DAILY TEACHER.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

Mrs. S. C. HALL, in her very beautiful "Tales of Woman's Trials," gives a deeply interesting story, called "The Governess," in which the importance of the calling is well illustrated, and the poor reward of the teacher is strongly and rightly commented upon. The heroine of the story is the grand-daughter of a rich old man who had cast her mother off because she had displeased him in her earlier years. When the mother dies, he begins to take an interest in his grandchild, though in a manner so eccentric as appears after a short time, to be anything but kind. With the declared intention of seeing how she bore the hardest "rubs of life," he places her—his relationship being to all but himself unknown—with a Mrs. Hylier, in whose house he knew she would be harshly treated, and subject to every possible humiliation. A short extract will suffice to show the effects wrought upon her sensitive mind :—

When she was left alone—a luxury which her class so seldom enjoy—she opened her desk, and, after glancing over some letters, fixed her eyes upon a miniature she had taken from a secret drawer. She looked at it long and steadily, until her eyes overflowed, and tear after tear, large round drops, coursed each other down her anguished face; then, wiping the moisture from its surface, she looked again at the picture, pressed it convulsively within her clasped palms, and laying her head upon them, sobbed as if her heart was breaking. While sobbing, she slid from her seat upon her knees; her emotion gradually subsided. She prayed, rose, kissed the cherished picture, and murmuring, as she closed the case, "Mother—my mother!" replaced it in her desk. Strange as it may seem, after this agitation she became at once composed—it had done her good; the petty in-junies which, cherished child as she had been for so many years, she felt it hard to endure, had passed away with the deluge of tears that welled up from her young heart. She wondered how they could have grieved her—how she could have felt them—when the superior bitterness of her mother's loss came again upon her.

But the poor girl is at length tried too hardly. She is forced to leave Mrs. Hylier, and for a month she lies dangerously ill in a poor cottage, to which her frantic grandfather cannot trace her. When, at last she is discovered, consumption is found to have fastened upon her young and ten-

der form, and no care, how lavishly soever it may be bestowed upon her, can prolong her life. We give the conclusion of the story :—

Every thing that skill could suggest, or luxury invent, was resorted to for the relief and comfort of the long neglected girl. The great physician of the day told her grandfather, who stood before him with clasped and trembling hands, watchful eyes and ears, drinking in his words, that when she was able to be removed, he would recommend the south of Italy. This was in her dressing-room—a room hung with pale pink silk, where the softest breeze whispered its way amid crowded exotics, and the very light of heaven stole through tinted glass, where the old man himself removed his shoes before he entered, lest the smallest noise might disturb the creature cushioned upon satin, who only a few weeks before, was expected to brave cold winds and everlasting fatigue. The reaction upon the grandfather's mind amounted almost to insanity. The stern, bitter satirist, had melted into a fond old man, who seemed absorbed in having once more something upon which he could safely pour out his long pent-up affections.

The physician again felt her pulse, spoke a few kindly words, and departed. So softly did Mr. Byfield follow him down stairs, that he did not even hear his footfall; he arrested his attention when in the hall, by pressing his arm. "Sir, sir," he said, in a trembling tone; "in here—speak softly—she does not like noise. You said, when she was able, we were to go to the south of Italy. Now, how soon will that be? We have had some sharp north winds—those keep her back—will it be when the wind changes?"

"Not so soon as that, my good sir; but I hope soon—indeed I hope it—she has interested me much. You must keep her quiet—perfect repose—she must speak as little as possible; she must not exert herself in the least; her lungs have been overworked."

"God forgive me; they have, they have!"

"We must watch the symptoms, and act accordingly."

"Certainly, sir, but you say this climate is not fit for her?"

"It is not; but she cannot bear exertion yet. Good-morning, my dear sir; I will try and be here to-morrow, precisely at the same hour."

"You do not trifle with me, sir, do you?—raising hope to destroy it?" inquired the old man, almost fiercely.

"I have raised no hope," returned the doctor. "If she bears removal, it must be to the south of Italy." Mr. Byfield caught at the back of a chair, and gasped for breath; at last he repeated. "If—if; you said it. Is there any doubt, then?"

The agony of despair in the old man's face compelled

the doctor to lay down his hat, and seat himself by Mr. Byfield's side.

"My dear, good sir, I never deceive; and I hope you will nerve yourself as becomes a Christian. All things are possible; and every thing shall be, indeed of late *has been*, done, to overthrow our insidious foe. If I had seen her sooner"—the old man started as if an asp had stung him—"though, indeed, that might not have availed much," continued the ready doctor; "she is young—the summer before her—let us hope for the best; but, frankly, the symptoms are against us."

"But she said she was so much better this morning?"

"It is a cause of exceeding thankfulness to find her so cheerful."

"And a good sign, sir?"

"The sign of a good mind," replied the doctor, evasively.

Mr. Byfield was gratified by the idea. "And so she has—an angel's mind," he answered. "Perhaps you can tell me to-morrow about Italy, sir. I have worked hard all my life, and have been a thriving man—more rich than people think, sir. I will heap gold upon that table so that you cannot move it, if you but save her life"

"What an extraordinary development of character!" thought the physician, as his carriage rolled away; "why, a tithe of this care would have saved her—ay, six months ago!"

"Where have you been, dear grandpapa," said Emily, as he stole into her room, to sit and look at her—"where have you been?"

"Hush! you must not talk!" he said.

"Oh, but I may, a little, under my breath. I used to be obliged to talk, but now it is a pleasure. Do let me mention what we spoke of yesterday—the nice alms-houses you said you would build for aged governesses. Oh! how glad I shall be to see the first stone laid! When shall it be?—Next August, on my birthday?—Or, come here, I will speak very softly, if you will not be angry. My poor mother! She used to be so proud of her governess-child! Will you lay the first stone on her birthday? Thank you, dear grandpapa! Bless you! I shall not want to go to Italy; that will cure me?"

It was beautiful to observe, that, though this creature loved life, as a young bird loves to poise upon its feeble wings, she did not fear death. As her frame decayed—as she wasted into a shadowy outline of what all those who had known her, *now* declared had been so lovely, her mind became more buoyant—purer it could hardly be—though more ethereal, when her cough permitted short snatches of sleep. She seemed as if, through these thin eyelids, she gazed upon all the mysteries of an unclouded world: a perpetual smile parted the pallid lips, like the division of a lily-bud; and when she awoke, it was to confer fresh interest on the things of life.

Poor Miss Mercier would kneel for hours by her side, and smile and weep by turns. "It did her good," she said; and she said rightly: such scenes do good; they strike upon the heart; there is no deception in them.

"Do not weep for me," said Emily. "I shall be better soon. Every day I become better; and if I could only make you feel the importance of your duties, I should be so much happier. I am changed, though, a good deal. Were I to teach again, I would try and interest my pupils more about hereafter than I did, I would talk to them much more about the heavens, those lightsome heavens where the just are made perfect; it is so happy to think of their radiance, their glory, their eternity, and to think of this beautiful world, in which I once sorrowed and labored, and yet loved; for surely it was created

by God as a place of passage, where the good have a foretaste of the happiness prepared for them hereafter!"

She would talk thus to all, pouring forth the very sweetness of wisdom, so that people wondered how she had gained such knowledge. Her two former pupils could hardly be separated from her; and though her grandfather manifested much impatience at being disturbed from her side by any one, still he was so proud of her sweet mind, that he could not refuse them admission, but made up for disappointments by stealing into the room during the night, and watching or praying while the heavy-eyed nurse slept. Each day the physician came, and each day the old gentleman would follow him outside the door, and enquire, as though the question were still new—"When will the time come? When will we go to Italy?" And the doctor would reply, with a kind look, "Not yet."

To all beside, except herself, it was evident she was dying; it is almost too hard a word to apply to such a passing away: it was as if a rose dropped, leaf by leaf, until the last few petals that remained trembled on the stem. She said, every day, she was better, much better; she had no pain now; and she should soon be able to drive out in the warm sunshine. Her friend, the clergyman's sister, came to her from the country. And the clergyman himself, he who had attended her mother's death-bed, prayed beside hers. It might have been that the young man loved her; but she never dreamed he did—never. She talked a great deal of the past and the future, and of what blessings would arise from a higher-toned education. And one morning in particular, when the doctor called, he reproved her for wasting her strength in words. Again Mr. Byfield followed him outside the room, and the physician led him into another apartment, and closed the door.

"My dear sir!" he said, "our dear patient is very weak to-day."

"She said she was better," replied Mr. Byfield.

"She is not; her mind is purer, and higher, and holier than ever; but she is sinking."

"Not unto death?" muttered the old man.

The physician turned away; he could not bear to look upon the features of the old man. "God bless you, sir; you have a great consolation; every thing has been done that could be done; I wish I was as sure of heaven as she is; good morning—be composed."

The old man turned away—he was alone—he sunk into a chair; burst after burst of tears convulsed his frame. It was nearly four hours before he could enter her room again; he saw she was greatly changed in that short space of time, and yet hailed him with her feeble voice, declaring she was better; he motioned Miss Mercier, who had been with her, to leave the chamber. He took her hand in his, gazed earnestly into her face, and sunk upon his knees,

"It is not time for prayer yet. is it?—it is not night yet?" she said; "but pray, dear grandfather: it is always time for prayer."

"I am going," he answered, "to you. Listen! Here, on my knees, I do entreat your pardon: an old man, whose hardness deprived you of your mother—whose harshness has abridged the length of your sweet life. I did not intend to try you beyond your strength, but I ought to have known better. I chained you with those hands to the galley, when I should have given you freedom. Can you forgive me, Emily? And when you meet your mother, will you ask her not to turn from me in heaven as I turned from her on earth!"

The poor girl was deeply affected; she threw herself feebly forward and clasped her arms round his neck, and pressed her cheek to his. She poured forgiveness and blessings on his white head, and fondly pushed back the silver hair from his brow. He replaced her on her pillows; but the exertion had shaken the sand in the glass of life: it was passing rapidly.

"You will be kind to those I love," she said, "and truly forgive those who were harsh to me; and you will be very good to poor Mary! and—oh, heavenly Father, receive my spirit!"

These were her last words. The old man, frantic with grief, despatched the nurse, who had just entered the room, for help; and when she returned, the dead face of his grand-child was resting on his breast, and he held up his finger, and said, "Hush! hush!" as though she slept, which he believed she did; and all night long he remained in the same position, murmuring every now and then, as if soothing a slumbering infant.

The old man is still living, but his mind is gone; and his heart is in her grave—which, he persists in saying, was dug by his hands.

THE TALL PINE TREE.

BY J. G. BETHUNE.

The tall pine tree—the tall pine !
It stands within the glade—
And when a boy, how oft have I,
Beneath its branches played.

The tall pine tree—the tall pine tree !
How often have I seen,
It withered by the wintry storm,
In winter clad in green.

The tall pine tree—the tall pine tree !
How oft its boughs among,
Have the little feathery warblers sat,
And chirped their merry song.

The tall pine tree—the tall pine tree !
Beneath its friendly shade—
Upon a glorious summer's eve,
I woo'd a lovely maid.

The tall pine tree—the tall pine tree !
T'was there I won my love—
And to my glowing anxious breast,
I clasped the gentle dove.

The tall pine tree—the tall pine tree !
Its praises I will sing—
For 'neath its shade, that lovely maid
Has pressed the bridal ring.

The tall pine tree—the tall pine tree !
I'll breathe its parting lay—
For now beneath its sheltering arms,
My beauteous offspring play.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GARLAND.

SIR,—I send you another of ALPHA's contributions to a city newspaper. It is worthy of a place in your Repository of Canadian talent, which unfortunately, is not an over abundant article.

A LITTERATEUR.

TO MY CANDLE AT MIDNIGHT, EXPIRING IN ITS SOCKET.

BY ALPHA.

Emblem of closing life,
Type of expiring strife,
With cares and fears—
All mournful as thou art,
I hail thee in my heart
'Mid welcome tears!

I've watched thee long to-night
Thou fluttering feeble light—
Yet none may know
When thou hast ceased to be,
When nought remains of thee
Where thou shalt go.

Again thou raisest bright
A pure and steady light,
Oh! can it be
That, this lone cheering beam
Can omen one sad gleam
Of hope to me?

No! it is all in vain,
Oh! tempt me not again
With treach'rous ray;
Seek not with fate to cope,
My every earthly hope
Hath passed away.

Yes! earthly hopes have passed
Then trembling one, oh! cast
An upward eye
To Him, who throned above
Bends with a father's love
To hear thy cry.

The flame hath passed away,
So shall thy long, long day
Of sorrow cease,
When 'neath the quiet sod
Confiding in thy God,
Thou'lt rest in peace.

[We have been prevented only by want of space from giving the above a place in our pages at an earlier date. We may further state that the gem which the taste and judgment of our correspondent has selected for us, originally appeared in the *Transcript* of this city—a journal of very extensive circulation, and has, there is little doubt, been very generally read. As a means, however, of preserving it, we think it well to give it insertion in our Magazine, in which we shall be happy to place any similar productions, whenever they fall under our observation, or when our correspondent will oblige us by forwarding them to us. He may be assured that he will not "trouble us too often," how frequently soever he may favor us with his communications.—Ed. L. G.]

VALSE.

BY SCHUBERT.

pia.

Graziose.

tr

1

tr

1

1st.

2nd.

p

for

The musical score is presented in four systems, each with a piano (piano) part on the upper staff and a celesta part on the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/8. The first system begins with the tempo marking *pia.* and the performance instruction *Graziose.*. The piano part features a melodic line with a trill (*tr*) and an accent (*1*). The celesta part provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and slurs. The second system continues the melodic development in the piano part, including another trill and accent. The third system introduces first and second endings (*1st.* and *2nd.*) in the piano part, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The fourth system concludes the piece with a *for* marking over the final notes of both parts.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major, indicated by a sharp sign on the F line. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the piece and includes a first ending bracket in the treble staff. The dynamic marking *Dolce.* is placed in the bass staff. An *8va.....* marking is positioned above the treble staff, indicating that the notes in the first ending should be played an octave higher. The notation continues with similar melodic and harmonic patterns.

The third system of musical notation features a *loco.* marking above the treble staff, indicating a section of music to be played ad libitum. The notation shows a continuation of the melodic and harmonic themes from the previous systems.

The fourth system of musical notation includes an *8va.....* marking above the treble staff and a *loco.* marking above the bass staff. The system concludes with a double bar line in both staves, marking the end of the piece.

OUR TABLE.

THE ADOPTED SON; A HISTORICAL NOVEL—BY J.

VAN LENNEP, L.L.D.

Translated from the Dutch by E. D. Hoskin.

THIS is a long and rather a heavy Dutch story of the middle of the 16th century, that stirring period of their mighty and successful struggle for religious freedom and political independence. It is under such circumstances more than in any other that the most ample materials are afforded for a tale of deep and thrilling interest. In this particular instance, if the best possible use has not been made of these materials,—and it required the hand of a master workman to perform the task in so finished and satisfactory a manner as we could have wished,—yet the author has claims, and strong ones too, upon the favourable notice of our readers.

We highly approve of what are generally designated Historical Novels, because, while they interest our feelings, they enlighten our understandings, and thus, combining instruction with amusement, our stock of knowledge is increased without any dry or arduous study, and impressed upon the memory without an effort.

Many people, however, especially the young and inexperienced, in reading such works, are apt to attach too much credit to the statements they contain—to mistake for historical accuracy a plausible and circumstantial detail of events and occurrences distorted and exaggerated, and not unfrequently invented to suit the purpose of the story teller. This is an error to be carefully guarded against, as the following instance, out of many in the work before us, will suffice to shew. Frequently mention is made of the Iconoclasts, and in such a manner as to lead the unwary reader to suppose that the war against idolatry, and the breaking of images, originated in those "troublesome times," whereas it commenced in the early part of the eighth century, and raged with such fury during the reigns of three successive emperors as to cause the dethronement of one, the poisoning of another by his own wife, and the dismemberment of the empire, and it only ended

with the century in which it began. The last, at least that we hear of it, is the condemnation of image worship in 794, by a council of three hundred Iconoclast Bishops, assembled by Charlemagne at Frankfort on the Maine.

It is from the graphic delineation of the manners, habits and customs of ages long gone by—of their mode of acting, speaking, and even of thinking, under the circumstances described, whether real or fictitious it matters not, that we are to derive many useful and important lessons.

As an illustration of our meaning, let any one read as carefully as he may, the best written life of Oliver Cromwell, even his *Life and Times* by Carlyle for instance, and then read Sir Walter Scott's Historical Novel of Woodstock, and he will close the book with a much more perfect knowledge of the real character of that extraordinary and peculiarly talented man than he had before, although no single circumstance in the fictitious tale should be found to correspond with the statements in the authentic history.

The history of the great and triumphant struggle of the Netherlands for their independence, as given by Schiller, perfect and complete though it be, and it is perhaps one of the best ever written, yet is it but a detail of facts in which we have no personal concern; but in the work before us, our finest feelings, our warmest and kindest sympathies are deeply interested and engaged in behalf of every individual in that persecuted and resolute, and at last triumphant band of brothers—from the prince and the noble to the karl and the boer,—and even to his dog.

The work has suffered somewhat from the translation,—what work indeed has not? There is one egregious error, however, which, in our whole course of reading, we never met with before. It consists in the translator's giving the Latin names of authors when speaking of them, in the genitive case, without the sign of the English possessive; for instance he says, "the writings Hugonis Grotii," instead of the writings of Hugo Grotius. This is a pedantic absurdity of very frequent occurrence throughout the work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONVICT—RY Y-LE.

WHETHER this be a fictitious story, or an authentic biographical history, we cannot tell, or at least we might have found it difficult to determine, had not the author, in his introduction, declared it to be a true and faithful narrative. This, of course, we are bound to believe, and consequently cannot treat it as a fiction.

While we cannot but give the author credit for considerable ability, of which the little book before us furnishes abundant evidence, we cannot subscribe to his clever and ingenious plea for anticipating, if not disarming criticism, by stating that from six years of age he had been compelled to earn his own subsistence, and that consequently any education he has received has been the result of chance, not of arrangement. On the contrary, this very circumstance makes it more imperatively incumbent upon us to point out its various faults and deficiencies, if for no other reason than to prove to our readers the necessity and importance of education in the publication even of so trifling a work as the one before us. The author, however, may rest assured that his deprecatory request shall be so far regarded as to induce us to deal with him as gently and leniently as we conscientiously can.

We are sorry to be compelled, in the outset, to state that the story is sadly deficient in circumstantial evidence as to its authenticity. As regards incidents and circumstances illustrative of the habits and customs of the inhabitants of that penal colony, particularly relating to the convicts, the statements are very erroneous, and calculated to produce impressions "wide as the poles asunder." from the truth. Besides, what little there is of such collateral evidence, is destitute of all those peculiar characteristics which constitute the most striking features in every department of nature, in that strange and extraordinary country, where the "rocks themselves to ruin grow," or rather have grown, all but a portion here and there as pillars to support the superincumbent earth, and where spacious subterranean plains and valleys now are found where once the rocks have been, with deep and darkling rivers flowing through them, "all measureless to man"—where the wild animals, in their young and defenceless state, can return at pleasure to the place from whence they came, or to something very like it—where frost and snow are never known, although in nearly the same parallel of latitude in the southern hemisphere with that occupied by a portion of the Spanish Peninsula in the eastern, and of North Carolina in the western sections of the Northern,

which are familiar with both,—where it does not rain sometimes for years*—where trees apparently grow with the wrong end up—where, in short, all our preconceived notions, as to the regularity of nature and her works, are turned topsy turvy; and to such an extent too has the history of this strange country confused our ideas, that we can almost subscribe to the assertion of a certain veracious traveller, that the inhabitants of the moon carry their heads under their arms.

No! not a word—not a hint—not even a distant allusion to the peculiar circumstances we have mentioned, is to be found in the "Recollections of a Convict," although he had resided for years in that strangest of all strange countries. For all the author tells us, the scene of his sufferings might have been laid as well in Canada, New Brunswick, or any other newly settled country, as in New South Wales.

This defect, in the abstract, is of little consequence, and therefore might be deemed a venial one; but when brought to bear upon the authenticity of the work,—the only ground upon which any real interest in it could be felt,—it becomes a matter of importance, inasmuch as by leading us to doubt the truth of the story, it deadens, if it does not paralyze our sympathies with the suffering subject of it.

We promised to refrain from unnecessary severity, and we give the following as a specimen of the author's style, and as a proof of our forbearance:

"We have all a beginning in life, and that beginning, so long as our shield of second causes remain, is more likely to be one of innocence than of vice; but should He, in whose hands is the issue of all things, be pleased to take from us that shield, our life, taking the world as it is, is more likely to be influenced by evil than good; as there are few hands or hearts—few indeed—willing to help or feel for the sorrows of a parentless or a fatherless child. The foregoing I take for granted, as, had it been otherwise in my own case, the painful recollections called up in giving publicity to this history, might have been spared me.

"There is an adage which says that 'those who are born to be hanged will not be drowned.' I narrowly escaped the former, and, regarding the latter, I have so often nearly realized being so, that I begin to think the above aphorism has no bearing on my case."

We cannot conclude our notice of this work without denouncing in the strongest terms the

* Strange as it may seem to us in this moist hemisphere, it is no less true that in New South Wales, they had not a drop of rain at one time during the space of fourteen months, when hay, plentiful as it generally is in that climate compared with the consumption, rose in the Sydney Market to the enormous price of twenty-five dollars a ton.

dangerous doctrine propounded by the author. He says that his first transgression he trusts is now forgotten, (but it was neither his first nor his last,) and that he had dearly paid the penalty of that act! and "that at all events," to use his own words, "if earthly judges do not hold me guiltless, I hope that He who rules and judges heaven and earth will acquit me by His righteous judgment."

And on what does the reader think this hope of such acquittal rests? Not on the erroneous ground of an after life of penitence and prayer and pious acts of charity and benevolence; but on his endeavour to shew that some truth about Providence which he had lately discovered was imprinted on his memory.

In taking leave of the author we feel happy, after all, to be able to end as we began, with a word or two of encouragement. We hesitate not to say that in the work before us, especially in some of the fugitive pieces at the end of it, there is a display of natural genius and talent which require but a little more cultivation for their popular and pleasing development.

THE MERCANTILE CALCULATOR, &C.—BY W. A. MERRY.

THIS is a work evincing an almost incalculable amount of labor. It is arranged for the use of all those in the British Colonies, whose business involves a necessary connection with weighing and weights.

As to the utility and necessity of such a work there can be little question, and still less as to the general adoption of this, provided the public can rely upon the correctness of the calculations, and judging from the respectable testimonials in its favour which the author appears to have received on this all-important point, we think they may. We subjoin a few specimens:—

INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Montreal, April 22, 1847.

SIR,—In reply to the request contained in your note of this morning, I have to state that I submitted your "*Mercantile Calculator* or *Commercial Tables*," to the test of a series of calculations founded on the various rates of duty charged on articles by the *cwt.*, and, being satisfied of their correctness, have great pleasure in adding my testimony to that of other gentlemen as to the accuracy and general utility of the work. I have the honor to be, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

W. CAYLEY,
Inspector General.

W. A. Merry, Esq., Montreal.

MONTREAL, April 23, 1847.

SIR,—We have seen your "*Mercantile Calculator*," and examined the arrangement of the Tables, which we find most suitable to our business, and have no hesitation in recommending them, being fully aware that they will afford valuable assistance to Commercial men generally, more particularly to those engaged in the Forwarding and Ashes Trades. Your obedient Servants,

H. JONES & Co.

Mr. W. A. Merry.

TALES OF WOMAN'S TRIALS; BY MRS. S. C.

HALL.

THIS, it appears, is the republication of a work whose popularity has already been fully established. It consists of a series of beautiful stories of a deeply interesting character, well calculated to call forth the best and kindest feelings of our nature, and to direct them, in their active employment, either to the attainment of some benevolent object, or towards the promotion of the general interests of morality and religion. The work is for sale, in a cheap form, at Messrs. R. & C. CHALMERS', Great St. James Street.

THE BLACK PROPHET; A TALE OF IRISH FAMINE

—BY WM. CARLETON.

THIS is a fearful tale. The miseries of a former famine in that unhappy country are so graphically described, in all their harrowing and revolting particulars, as to make one shudder while he reads; and yet how dreadful is it to think that the sufferings of that famine were light and trivial when compared with the horrors of the present one.

The work is as extraordinary in its other features as it is fearful in the one to which we have adverted. So extraordinary indeed that we hardly know what to say about it, and therefore we must leave our readers to judge for themselves, and we hesitate not to recommend it to their perusal. It can be obtained at the book store of Messrs. R. & A. MILLER, St. François Xavier Street.