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# THE LITERARY GARLAND.

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## THE GIRL'S CHOICE.\*

BY E. M. M.

"*Ann has he left his birds and flowers,  
And must I call in vain,  
And through the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again?*"

"*And by the brook and in the glade,  
Are all our wanderings o'er?  
Oh! while my brother with me played,  
Would I had loved him more!*"

MRS. BRUCE.

For a while our heroine felt cheered by the kind attentions of her amiable hostess; but as the evening wore away she began to tire of her conversation, which had nothing in common with her feelings, and rising she walked over to the window, wondering what could detain Neville so very long from her.

"Captain Warburton has no doubt much to occupy him; his time is not his own or he would be here," replied Mrs. Bruce; "perhaps this book of prints may amuse you till he comes."

Katherine again sat down and began turning over the leaves with careless indifference. Nothing had power to engage her attention or beguile her thoughts—every instant she looked towards the door with a restlessness she could not conceal. Mrs. Bruce asked her if she were fond of reading, and produced a few books, the contents of which told the Christian state of her own mind.

"Yes! I am fond of reading," replied Katherine, glancing her eye over them, "but not such books as these. Poetry is my favorite study—particularly Byron's."

"And were you allowed to read Lord Byron's works?" asked Mrs. Bruce, rather surprised.

"Not all of them, though I read many more than my governess knew of. I used to hide them under my pillow—but she set me the example, for she always had a novel there herself, to read before she got up in the morning."

"And to such a person was your education entrusted!" thought Mrs. Bruce, as she gazed with

much interest on the lovely creature. "Alas! the result might have been foreseen."

Captain Warburton now entered, accompanied by Mr. Bruce. Katherine flew eagerly towards him, exclaiming, "Oh! I am so glad you are come. What has detained you? shall we go now?"

"Yes! when I have thanked Mrs. Bruce for her kindness to you," replied her husband, advancing into the room with a flushed and vexed countenance.

"Nay! no thanks. Most happy am I to have been of the slightest use," returned Mrs. Bruce, pressing the hand of Katherine; "I hope you will come often to see me, Mrs. Warburton. We are quiet people, but we are very fond of young persons." And she sighed.

"Mary!" said Mr. Bruce, who had been gazing fixedly on the beautiful face of Katherine, "cannot you trace a likeness in Mrs. Warburton to our —?" he paused ere he finished.

"Yes, my love!" replied his wife, "I discovered it the instant she entered the room, and I feared I should be considered rude for gazing on her. We had the misfortune to lose a very dear and only child one year ago," added Mrs. Bruce to Katherine, "and the resemblance you bear to her is so extraordinary, that I could almost fancy her standing before me. You are a little taller, and perhaps fairer; that is the only difference."

Katherine was touched by the words and manner of the bereaved mother. In her loss the will

\*Continued from page 156.

of God had been done. Alas ! She had bereaved her own to gratify herself, and was she happy ? Far, far from it. The reflection was very painful—she drew her veil over her face to hide her emotion, and, promising to visit Mrs. Bruce on the morrow, she departed with her husband to the quarters he had prepared for her in the Barracks. He had succeeded in obtaining better rooms, which, with the aid of furniture hurriedly procured, and a blazing fire on the hearth, presented a tolerable appearance, though the housekeeper's room at Granby Hall would have shamed it. Katherine still had this thought as it arose, and approaching the fire, threw herself into a large arm chair, thoughtfully sent for her use by Captain Beauchamp, and being wearied and much exhausted from mental anxiety, her eyes gradually closed and she sank into a sound slumber ; Captain Warburton, while pacing up and down the room, musing on the probable consequences of his hasty marriage with one so young and inexperienced, and so totally untried, by the kind of education she had received, for the duties and responsibilities now devolved upon her. He had no idea, when he stole her from her father's house, that Mr. Aberston would have retained his anger so inflexibly—and, although no sordid motive had led him to the act, yet he certainly supposed that with his wife, he would have succeeded to fortune, sufficient, at all events, for her own expenses. In this, however, he was doomed to be disappointed, and now the future presented nothing but difficulties, if not distress, since from his own father he could look for no assistance.

"And yet, if I could recall the past month, would I not still do the same ?" he said, as he gazed fondly on the beautiful girl, whose fair head rested on the chair, her countenance expressing the calm repose of an infant. "Surely a being like that is worthy of any—of every sacrifice."

Captain Warburton believed this when he uttered it, but he knew not himself. Much less did Katherine know the man for whose sake she had forsaken parents—brothers—home ; that the curse of an inconstant fickle nature clave unto him, united to habits the most extravagant, and a love of play. As a bachelor he had been accustomed to sit up half the night at the card table, where brandy and water helped to keep up the excitement of the mispent hours. His companions were all the light, thoughtless and youngest men of his Regiment, into whose minds one serious thought had never entered, or one reflection that they had souls to be saved—and an outraged God to fear. He was very slightly acquainted with Captain Beauchamp, who belonged quite to another set, termed in derision *saints*, and

ridiculed for the fidelity with which they served their Divine Master, but happy in themselves, and feeling only pity for those, who preferred the follies and vanities of this fleeting life to the perpetual joys of a better one to come.

In a little time after Katherine had been settled in her new (and to her, strange) abode, the elasticity of a naturally buoyant spirit enabled her to rise above her vain regrets, and remorse for having deserted her home. She had received letters from her brothers, to whom she had written, and they removed her anxiety concerning her mother, by saying that she was better and had been twice out in the carriage. They expressed a hope that their dear sister was happy, and Ernest begged she would not be offended by his enclosing a guinea, which he wished her to expend in the purchase of a new Bible, to keep for his sake and to read for her own. He added that one of the boys in the school had caught the scarlet fever, and that Mr. Groves, their master, intended giving a fortnight's holidays to the rest in consequence. He closed his letter with a short prayer, beautiful—and to Katherine deeply affecting. She was so much struck by it, that she showed it to her husband, expecting that he would feel all that she did, but after hurriedly reading it, he threw it down on the table to address a servant who at the moment entered the room.

Frequently was Katherine doomed to be disappointed in this way, a trial which to one of her ardent temperment was very great, particularly so indulged and petted as she had been, and so devoted as she was to the husband for whom she had sacrificed all. At first Captain Warburton returned her affection with an ardour equal to her own, but as his passion cooled (as cool it ever must when not founded on a more solid basis than that of mere fancy,) her gentle upbraidsings at his long absences would make him impatient, if not angry, and he would ask her if she expected him to remain for ever tied to her side.

"No ! I cannot expect that, dearest Neville!" was her soft reply ; "but I do wish that you would stay at home more frequently in the evening. It is so very, very dull to be all alone."

"Then why not go to Mrs. Bruce, who so constantly asks you ?"

"She is kind and good, but she is not Neville Warburton to me," said the poor girl, drawing her arms round his neck.

A slight pshaw ! a smile and a caress would then follow, when Katherine again became perfectly happy.

Amongst the many visitors who had called on her since her arrival at ———, was a Mrs.

Black, a widow lady verging on the age of forty, but who still retained the youthful manners of twenty. She was one of those persons who we find described, in Scripture as "idle and wandering from house to house, and not only idle but talkers also, and busy bodies, speaking things which they ought not." Her house was constantly filled by the youngest men of the garrison, who to kill the time they valued not, met there to lounge away their mornings in talking folly.

Mrs. Black had a pretty mincing manner, and an affected soft voice, which she thought very charming. Poor soul! she was not the only self-deceived, for while the young laughed at her those of her own age pitied her. Still in happy ignorance, she continued to give her tea parties, and to smile and simper, and act the girl, to the amusement of her guests, who, I am ashamed to add, in her absence would call her "Old Mother Black." *Horrid!*

This lady conceived, or rather pretended to conceive, a violent regard for Katherine, who she treated as her protégé. At first the artless girl was won by her blandishments, although she thought her manners rather free towards gentlemen; but when Mrs. Bruce gently warned her not to form too great an intimacy with her, she withdrew from her society so far as to decline going to her house, or inviting her to her own. This did not however discourage the gay widow, who, waiving the marked coldness of her reception, constantly intruded herself, for the pleasure of sitting at Katherine's windows to listen to the band. Captain Warburton, light though he was, had very strict notions of propriety; but like many young men he encouraged, and laughed and talked folly with those very persons who in his heart he despised; leading them to suppose that he admired them, when, in reality, he felt nothing but contempt. A woman to be really admired must respect herself; if she fails in doing this, she may rest assured that, however she may be sought for the amusement of an idle hour, she will never be the chosen one of any but a fool. Katherine once checked him for his want of sincerity; when he laughed and replied,

"Four things! if a few empty compliments make them happy, why not offer them? Nothing can require less effort."

"Except the truth, dear Neville! which has no need to blush and hide its face."

"As you did, love! when you ran away with me," retorted her husband with a smile.

"Ah! do not reproach me for my fault," returned Katherine, a little sadly; "it haunts me night and day—in my dreams—in my walks—every hour of my life. My dear mamma and brothers! what would I not give to behold them?

how long it appears since I received sweet Ernest's letter! I had hoped he would have written again, but I suppose papa would not suffer him;" and she sighed.

"I don't care one farthing—their silence or their letters are equally indifferent to me," replied Captain Warburton, buckling on his sword to attend a parade; "your father is a sordid, un-forgiving, heartless man, and he and his money-bags may go to the bottom of the sea for me."

"Nay! nay! do not forget that he is my father, Neville! I must not hear him thus spoken of, cruelly as he may have acted towards us."

At this moment Mrs. Black and her friend Miss Selina Dashwood were announced, perhaps fortunately, as their presence prevented a discussion, which, from the angry frown on the brow of Captain Warburton, might have proved a painful one.

"Ah! my dear Mrs. Warburton! how delighted I am to find you at home," exclaimed the widow, running up to Katherine; "I came early on purpose, as I have so often been disappointed."

Katherine could not conceal a look of vexation, even while she forced a polite reply. Little as she admired and liked Mrs. Black, she felt still less disposed towards her companion, for whom we can find no appellation better suited than that of a "bold flirt."

Miss Selina Dashwood was an only child, whose education had been totally neglected by her sinfully indulgent parents, on the plea of not injuring her health by confinement. Consequently she owned no law but her own will, which had frequently led her far beyond the verge of decorum. In person she was rather tall, with a face that might have been pleasing, had it not expressed, by the wandering eye and the affected movement of every feature, an eagerness for admiration, which failed by this means in its object. Her style of dress was smart and showy, rather than tasteful. A profusion of feathers nodded from the little bonnet, that she kept in constant motion by the attitudes into which she threw herself while speaking. In every thing she pretended to be an enthusiast, clasping her hands in a pretty childish manner, as she expressed her delight—her anger—her horror—all as false as herself. She had always been an avowed admirer of Captain Warburton, who she had known long before his marriage. Nor did the change in his position prevent her still displaying a preference the most offensive to Katherine, especially as she saw that he gave her every encouragement by his attention and flatteries, and the liberties she provoked him to take.

The ladies came to-day for the purpose of

inlneing Katherine to attend a charity ball, which was to be given in the neighbourhood during the following week.

"It will be a splendid affair," said Mrs. Black; "all the world are to be there. I hope you will become a subscriber!" Katherine who had never been at a public ball in her life, looked towards her husband for his approval.

"Oh! of course Captain Warburton will go," said Miss Dashwood, answering for him, "as he is engaged to dance with me at the first ball where we meet."

"Neville! will you subscribe to oblige me," asked Katherine with a flushed cheek."

"Certainly, love! if you wish it. I have two reasons to induce me."

"Am I one?" said Miss Dashwood in a languid tone, and looking up in his face most beseechingly.

Now, had he spoken the truth, Captain Warburton would have replied "No!" but this he rarely did to women; therefore, pressing his hand on his heart, he bowed, saying "Can you doubt it?"

Oh! how the young heart of Katherine bounded with indignation at his folly, and at the look of triumph with which it was received by the lady.

"You must not be jealous of Selina," said Mrs. Black with a smile, on perceiving the vexation depicted on the ingenuous countenance of Katherine: "she is an old friend and favorite of Captain Warburton's, and claims a few privileges."

Now the idea of being thought jealous, and that too of one like Miss Dashwood, was torture to the beautiful girl. She repeated the word with a look of contempt.

"Jealous! I must fall far beneath my own self-esteem ere I merit to be considered so. What say you, Neville?"

A smile was the only answer, and an orderly entering the room at the same moment to say that the parade waited for him, Captain Warburton hurried away, leaving poor Katherine a prey to a thousand painful thoughts. Her visitors did not remain long after him. The moment they were gone, she flew to her friend Mrs. Bruce, to open her heart to her, with no aspect so troubled and agitated that the worthy lady exclaimed,

"My dear young friend, what has happened? I trust you have received no ill tidings from home."

"Oh! no! no! thank goodness for that," replied Katherine, throwing herself into a chair, and panting for breath, "but those hateful

women have just been with me, and they always make me miserable."

"Of whom are you speaking?—how am I to understand you? Compose yourself, my love! and tell me;" returned Mrs. Bruce soothingly, and releasing Katherine from her bonnet, the strings of which she was trying to rend asunder.

"You will think me very foolish, I know, and to no one else would I betray my folly. I allude to Mrs. Black and Miss Dashwood, whose freedom of manner towards Neville exasperates me."

"Ah! is that all, poor child?" replied Mrs. Bruce, smiling and sitting down by her. "And pray, my dear! does Captain Warburton admire them for such freedom?"

"No! I am convinced he does not, but then he appears pleased, and makes so many fine speeches that their vanity is completely flattered, which amounts to the same thing."

"Katherine, Katherine, my dear girl! do not make miseries for yourself out of trifles light as air," said Mrs. Bruce, taking her hand and speaking in an earnest tone; "if you are assured of Captain Warburton's affection, as you value its possession, never allow him to imagine that you doubt it, else will you bitterly rue it. Now own that pride and much self-love are the cause of all these passionate and angry feelings?"

"Perhaps they are; for if Miss Dashwood were really a charming or a beautiful person I should not feel half so indignant. But such a thing as that! it is too provoking." And she bit her lip and stamped her little foot upon the ground.

"Ah! Katherine! would that half the pains had been taken to improve your mind that were lavished on accomplishments. What does the gospel of Jesus Christ teach you? To be meek and lowly, not easily provoked, forbearing, charitable in your judgment of others."

"But Mrs. Bruce!" interrupted Katherine with a flushed cheek, "surely you do not admire or like Miss Dashwood?"

"I do not admire her certainly, my dear! and you know I warned you against forming any intimacy with either her or Mrs. Black; still while we are compelled to censure, we may pity. Miss Dashwood has had few advantages; her education has been totally neglected—not so with you, and yet—Katherine!"

Mrs. Bruce paused. Katherine instantly understood the look of reproach with which her words were accompanied, for bursting into tears, she said,

"Ah! I know what you would say. Notwithstanding all the tender care and solicitude of my parents, I have deceived and deserted them.

Alas ! if he for whom I have made the sacrifice should not repay me, miserable shall I be indeed ! My heart often misgives me as to the strength of Neville's affection."

"Far be it from me to wish to pain and distress you, my poor child !" replied Mrs. Bruce, pitying her natural burst of feeling, and pressing her affectionately to her bosom ; "I would only wish you to make allowances for others, and to remember your own faults. This would indeed, be good for us all, for we are ever prone to see errors in a brother or a sister to which we are blind in ourselves."

"Let me be what I may, I should grieve were I like that bold, forward creature, Selina Dashwood," returned Katherine warmly. "Look at her behaviour in church, so eager for admiration ; it is quite scandalous."

"My dear child ! rather look at the end of such things, and the doom that awaits all who thus desecrate the holy House of God, if they repent not ere they die. Surely this is sufficient to call forth your commiseration and your prayers," observed Mr. Bruce with sweet seriousness.

"If I were like you it might, dear Mrs. Bruce ! Had my mother or my governess instilled such principles into my breast when I was a little child, they would not now have had to mourn my ingratitude and my loss. But for one thought that was bestowed upon religion, fifty were given to my dress, my manners, how I should carry my head and turn out my feet. Oh ! it was wearisome."

A slight knock at the door at this instant stopped further conversation. The visitor was Captain Beauchamp, whose countenance expressed sorrow on perceiving Katherine in tears. She dashed them from her cheek as she rose to answer his salutation, when he said, "Warburton was looking for you just now ; I think he has a letter for you."

"A letter for me !—where, where is he ?" exclaimed Katherine, her whole thoughts and feelings undergoing an immediate change. "Dear Mrs. Bruce, do you think it can be from—?" home, she would have said, but her voice failed.

"I sincerely hope it may, my love, and that it contains glad tidings. Captain Beauchamp will, no doubt, see you across the square, and pray let me have a little note in the evening to say that all is well. Heaven bless you !"

And the matron affectionately kissed the agitated girl, who, gladly accepting the support that was granted, hastened with all speed to her husband's quarters.

He was not there, but the letter, she found lying on the table. Captain Beauchamp would have immediately withdrawn, but she turned so

pale as she broke the seal that he paused. She had scarcely read a few lines, when, uttering a wild scream, she fell back on the sofa. This was no moment for cold reserve ; Captain Beauchamp closed the door and approached her, speaking to her in a voice of kindness, begging her to be calm.

"Oh ! it is too dreadful ; I cannot, cannot bear it. Oh Ernest ! my darling brother Ernest !" exclaimed poor Katherine, sobbing violently.

"Pray, dear Mrs. Warburton ! do not yield to this intense grief. You have not even read all your letter," said Captain Beauchamp ; "trust in God that the tidings are not so evil as you imagine."

Katherine gasped for breath ; she could not answer him, and fearing every instant she would faint, he held a glass of water that he found standing on the side-board, to her lips ; she drank some, saying,

"I thank you very much for your kindness ! now leave me to myself, and I will try and read the rest."

But Captain Beauchamp hesitated ; he stood silently before her, watching her varying countenance, as she vainly strove to conclude her task.

"It is useless ; my eyes are blinded with my tears," at length she exclaimed, pressing the letter to her bosom. "Where is Neville ? I wish he had waited to give it to me himself."

A loud laugh in the passage grated harshly on her ears as she said this. Captain Beauchamp went hastily to the door.

"Warburton ! you are wanted,—come in !"

"What the deuce is the matter now ?" enquired the young man, carelessly, as he entered, "Why, Kate in tears ! has any thing happened ?"

"Oh ! Neville, my darling brother Ernest is dangerously ill—is dying !" sobbed Katherine ; "and I am summoned home immediately."

"Ah ! that is bad news indeed. I am sorry for it," replied Captain Warburton, surprised and shocked, which Captain Beauchamp observing, now left them together. "Yet do not despair, sweet Kate ! he may recover, and perhaps become the means of restoring you to your parents' favor."

"Alas ! I fear not, dearest Neville. The letter is from my father, and his cold, heartless expressions, add a poignancy to my grief beyond all words ; read it yourself, for I cannot."

Captain Warburton sat down by her side, with feelings softened and affectionate ; but how were these changed into marble as he read the following unkind and most unnatural epistle.

"I write this by desire of your mother, to inform you that your brother Ernest is dangerous—

ly ill with scarlet fever, caught at school. He has made it such an urgent request that I should award you my forgiveness in his presence, that to keep his mind easy I have consented to do so. Come therefore immediately, but remember to come alone, as I have vowed never to receive under my roof the man who betrayed my hospitality, and taught my daughter to deceive me.

"The carriage shall meet you at D—."

"Adieu, yours, &c.

JOSEPH ATHERSTON."

He crushed the paper in his hand and then contemptuously threw it from him, saying, while his cheek blanched with passion :

"Katherine! your father is a bad man, and all the misery which may be in reserve for us both, he will bitterly have to answer for. Yes! if I ever become cold and unkind to you, blame him."

"For mercy's sake do not speak thus severely, my own dear Neville!" cried the agonized Katherine, clinging to him. "If I lose your affections, I shall have nothing else left me on earth; you would not be so cruel as to punish me for the fault of another; but tell me what am I to do? Am I to go alone to D—, or will you accompany me?"

"Do not ask me now; my mind is all in a tumult," returned Captain Warburton, resisting her caresses. "I will see that arrangements are made for your departure, at all events, to-morrow morning," and he left the room for this purpose as he spoke, while poor Katherine remained in a state of mind the most painful, having lost the sympathy of the only one who, in such a moment, could have consoled her.

The rest of this hapless evening she spent in making hurried preparations for her journey, her tears frequently blinding her as she pursued her task. Captain Warburton sat silent and abstracted by the fire, his elbow resting on the table, his head supported by his hand. In the sullen expression of his countenance might be traced the thoughts that were passing in his mind. Until to-day he had always indulged the hope that Mr. Atherston would relent, and receive him and his wife under his roof, but now this hope was entirely destroyed, and the future displayed nothing less than actual poverty to his sight. Expensive in his tastes and habits, and fond of vieing with those in his Regiment who possessed money or rich relations, how mortifying was it to reflect that he must retrench and forego many pleasures, or else incur debts that he would not have the power to repay. Building on the wealth of Mr. Atherston, and buoying himself up with the idea that he would settle an annual income on his daughter, he had already laid out a considerable

sum in horses; while she, poor girl! accustomed as she had been to every indulgence, and ignorant of the value of money, as she was of all household cares!—how unfit a partner for a poor man!

"A poor man!" muttered Captain Warburton between his clenched teeth; "there is death in the thought."

"Did you speak, love!" asked Katherine, pausing in her employment and looking anxiously in his face.

He made her no answer, and with a deep sigh, she resumed her employment. Presently Mr. Bruce and Captain Beauchamp entered with the kind intention of offering any assistance in their power to our heroine. Captain Warburton rose, and trying to recover from his moody humour, thanked them for their civility.

"Of course you are going with Mrs. Warburton, Neville! have you got your leave?" inquired Captain Beauchamp.

"No! nor shall I require any. My wife is to go alone—so says her father," replied Captain Warburton, with suppressed anger.

"I am sorry to hear that," said kind Mrs. Bruce; "but we must have patience, my dear sir: when Mr. Atherston sees his daughter, doubtless her influence will avail to reconcile him to you; pray go with her at least part of the way."

"Oh do! dearest Neville! go with me," pleaded Katherine, taking his hand and looking up beseechingly in his face.

"You cannot resist that appeal, Warburton," said Captain Beauchamp, viewing the interesting girl with the utmost sympathy.

"Well! Well! I will think about it," returned the young man in a softened tone. "Katherine dear! retire to your room, for you are fatigued and worn out. I will let you know my decision in the morning."

With a heart overburdened by care, she obeyed him, instinctively casting herself on her knees when she found herself alone, from a feeling of her own utter helplessness, and her need of a stronger power to sustain her.

The morning was dull and lowering as Katherine, escorted by her husband, set out to meet the stage coach. A few minutes' walk brought them to the spot from whence it usually started; he had comforted her by consenting to be the companion of her journey as far as D—, but no persuasion would induce him to take an inside place, and she was left to the musing of her own thoughts, and the annoyance of a most troublesome child, who, with its mother, became her fellow passenger the greater part of the way; while the rain, beginning to fall in torrents soon after starting, added not a little to her uneasy

reflections, when she considered that her husband was exposed to its fury. Oh! what a relief it was to reach the little inn at D—.

"Is Mr. Atherston's carriage here?" demanded Captain Warburton, springing from the box.

"It is, sir; it came about an hour ago," was the reply.

"Then let it be ordered round immediately, Katherine! will you alight?"

One of her father's servants now came forward.

"Oh! Maurice, how is my brother? How is Master Ernest?" exclaimed the trembling girl, with looks of eagerness.

"He was rather better, Miss, when we left, but still in danger," replied the man.

"Oh! thank God that he yet lives! I scarcely dared expect to hear it," murmured Katherine, whose heart now flew to her husband as she beheld him dripping with the rain. "And must we indeed part here, Neville?" she asked, in a tone almost of despair.

Captain Warburton, touched by her evident distress, could no longer withstand the kinder emotions of his heart. He led her into the parlour of the inn, and closing the door, folded her again and again to his bosom, begging her to write to him often, and to return to him as soon as she could. In a few more minutes the unhappy girl had entered her father's carriage, which instantly dashed off, while her husband returned to his solitary abode alone.

No words can express the conflicting feelings of Katherine on her entrance once more into the home of her childhood. She was greeted by a few of the domestics, who conducted her in silent sorrow to the room of her mother, within whose fond embrace she gave full vent to the anguish of her soul.

"Welcome once more to these arms, my own and only daughter!" sobbed Mrs. Atherston as she kissed her pale cheek. "Oh! Katherine! sorrows have been multiplied since you left us; why, why did you forsake your best, your truest friends?"

"Ask me not now, dearest mamma! but tell me of Ernest; how is he,—do they consider him in danger?" faltered the weeping girl. "Oh! pray let me see him."

"In a little while you shall, my child! I left him sleeping from the effects of opium, when summoned to you. Alas! you will scarcely recognize the dear boy; they try to give me new-hope, but I read their thoughts in their anxious countenances."

A painful puzo ensued, during which the eyes of Katherine were fixed on her mother's face, altered beyond all her fears by the care and sor-

row she had caused her. A thrill of agony shot through her at the thought.

"Mamma, I am afraid you have been very ill, much more so than I was told," she said; "those pale, hollow cheeks, upbraid me far more than the most cutting words could do."

"I cannot conceal from you, my love! that I have been seriously indisposed," replied Mrs. Atherston. "Dr. Morland thinks my lungs are affected, and has ordered me to go to Nice in the spring. My cough is very troublesome at times; but for this you have no cause to reproach yourself, my poor child," she added, on beholding the agony of Katherine. "Consumption is, you know, hereditary in my family, and I have always been delicate. Tell me, how has it fared with you? is your husband kind—are you happy?"

"Yes! he is kind; but happy I never could feel while suffering under the displeasure of my parents. Would that my father would forgive Neville; he deeply felt his unkind letter to me, forbidding him to accompany me."

"His determination never to forgive him has been a constant cause for altercation," returned Mrs. Atherston. "To all my entreaties and advice he is deaf; even the solicitations of darling Ernest could only obtain your recall; inflexible as he usually is, I never witnessed such stern, unrelenting conduct in him before; I fear any attempts on your part to soften him will be equally in vain."

Katherine sighed heavily; but her thoughts were diverted from herself by a message being now brought that Ernest was awake, and had enquired for his sister. How did her heart palpitate, as with tottering steps she accompanied Mrs. Atherston to the sick chamber. It was nearly dark; a few embers only were burning on the hearth, and but one light on the table. A dimness overspread the sight of Katherine as she approached the bed whereon lay the once blooming, but now emaciated boy. The moment he beheld her, he stretched out his little wasted arms, and she fell forward into them, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"This is not such a happy meeting as we used to have, my own Kate!" he faintly murmured; "yet our sorrow is but for a moment, working out for us a far more exceeding weight of glory. Do not weep, my sister; I cannot tell you how I have longed to see you, and to talk to you, before it would be too late."

He spoke with evident difficulty, striving to raise himself up; Mrs. Atherston placed her hand underneath his head to support him.

"Katherine, did you buy the Bible?" he then asked eagerly.



"Yes, dearest Ernest."

"And have you read it daily ever since?"

"I have, for your sake, my brother!"

"Oh! no! no! Not for my sake; it must not be for mine, but for your own and for the sake of Jesus Christ, who suffered and died that you might live," said the boy, with all the energy he could command. "Oh! Katherine, you know not how precious He is to those who love Him and serve Him."

"Ernest, you were always good; but I am wicked; I wish I were more like you, my brother," replied the deeply affected girl.

"I was not always good, dear Kate; I was a sinful child till God in his mercy gave me a new heart. Oh! pray, Katherine, that he may change yours, that you may become one of his dear children. Think, if I had continued what I was, how miserable I should be on this bed of sickness. I used to skate and play marbles, and think of nothing but amusing myself on the Sabbath day. Oh! if God had cut me off then, where should I have been now?"

"Oh! my child, God never would have punished you for such slight sins," said Mrs. Atherston, scarcely able to restrain her feelings.

"All sin is abominable in the sight of a pure God, mother," replied the child.

"But frail mortals as we are, if we only perform our duties to the best of our ability, doing all the good we can and as a little evil, the rest will be completed for us by the Saviour."

"The rest completed! Oh, fatal error! Mother, mother! hear me, I beseech you!" said Ernest, using far more exertion than his little strength rendered safe. "Christ must do all, or we shall be lost. God will not accept an imperfect work; and how can we sinful creatures offer one that would be perfect in his sight? Through his merits alone are we saved, and our works are the effects of that belief."

"Who taught you all this, my child?" asked his mother, astonished at his understanding, so far beyond his years.

"My Bible, mother!" In that I learned that by no works of the law could I be justified in His sight—that all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. I wish I could find the chapter for you, but my eyes are dim; it is in Romans, Katherine, the third chapter."

"My darling boy, you will exhaust your little remaining strength," said the distressed mother, ending over him as he gasped for breath. Pray compose yourself."

"Mother, do not stop me; my time is short. Katherine, have you found it?" rejoined the boy, with painful eagerness.

"Yes, dearest Ernest." And she read aloud

several verses, a new light breaking into her own soul as she did so. "Alas!" she mentally said, "if this dear child thought himself so sinful for playing marbles on the Sabbath day, what must I appear in the sight of God for my undutiful conduct towards my parents?"

The physician at this moment entered the room, and after feeling the pulse of his interesting patient, and noticing his flushed and excited appearance, desired that he should not be allowed to converse any more that night. Katherine earnestly pleaded for permission to sit up with him, but this Mrs. Atherston would not consent to, as she was already much worn by the fatigues of the day.

"Then God in Heaven bless you, my darling brother!" she softly said, as she knelt down and kissed him. "I will come to you again very early in the morning."

A faint smile passed over the beautiful face of the boy as she spoke, but he made no answer.

"This meeting has been too much for him," said the physician; "the good effects of his sleep are destroyed."

"I am happy—very happy," murmured the child in the lowest tone.

It was with an effort that Katherine tore herself from his side, and followed her mother to the chamber prepared for her reception, purposely not the one she had been used to occupy, from the amiable wish to cause her as little pain as possible. Both were so affected by the scene they had just witnessed that their first impulse on entering it was to clasp each other in a long and silent embrace. Katherine was the first to recover herself, when she said:

"Am I not to see my father to-night? I cannot rest till I receive his forgiveness, and plead for poor Neville."

"Not to-night, my child," returned Mrs. Atherston. "Your father has shut himself in his library, and desired that none should interrupt him, and I dare not disobey."

Katherine sighed heavily. "Oh! how much evil has followed in consequence of one rash step," she said. "Mamma, if it had not been for that wicked Fenwick, I never should have had the courage to commit it."

"Fenwick! say you? the artful creature who was loudest in censuring you," replied Mrs. Atherston; "I can now understand why she gave me warning when she heard that you were coming; she knew that we should discover her infidelity. Madame never liked her; she always thought her deceitful; I confess I was her dupe, from her bland manner and flatteries."

"Poor Madame! she has also left you, has she not?" said Katherine.

"Yes, my love; and poor soul, she is still without a situation, for parents are afraid to trust their children to the care of one who was so unfortunate in her last charge. But you are dying with fatigue," added Mrs. Atherston, alarmed at the pallor that had overspread the face of her daughter. "Let me beg you will calm yourself, my dear child, and try to obtain rest, else you will be ill too, and multiply my sorrows."

"Oh! mamma, how can I rest, oppressed as I am with such a weight of remorse?" cried Katherine, yielding to a sudden burst of grief. "Have I not brought this care—this sorrow—perhaps even death itself—upon those I most love!"

"Katherine, I fear the fault has been more mine than yours," replied Mrs. Atherston, feelingly. "Had I sought to make you pious rather than accomplished, you would have rewarded my efforts. But the past we cannot recal; let us strive to profit by our sad experience, and redeem our time for the future. And now, God bless and guard you, my dear though erring child! I must not linger, but return to my precious boy. My maid shall come to you in a few moments."

And Mrs. Atherston hurried away to conceal the distress and anguish of her mind, to which she gave full vent the moment she found herself alone.

As every precaution had been taken to prevent infection, Arthur was summoned from school, and Sir Henry Woodford requested to attend the sick bed of his young friend Ernest, who wished to take leave of all he loved on earth before his final departure. They both arrived in the course of the next day. The meeting between the brothers was deeply affecting to those who witnessed it; for though so different in disposition and tastes, yet were they fondly attached to each other. Sir Henry was little less shocked than Arthur to see the alteration in the sweet boy, from the blooming, sprightly Ernest he had left him but a few short months before; yet while the body was fast decaying, the spirit was ripening for glory,—ought he then to mourn? When he could command his voice, he knelt down by his side, and offered up a most beautiful prayer that his Heavenly Father would be with him as he passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and that his early departure from earth might be the means of converting the rest of his family. All bowed their knees as he prayed, except Mr. Atherston, who stood at the foot of the bed, contemplating the scene with a countenance overspread with the deepest gloom.

"I miss but one in this family group," said Ernest, breathing with difficulty; "I wish, father, he were here; will you not forgive him at the request of your dying son?"

"Ask me any thing but that, my son, and I will grant it; remember I have vowed," replied Mr. Atherston, with a slight tremor in his voice.

Katherine now fell at his feet, clasping his knees.

"Oh, my father! God will absolve you from that vow, made in a moment of anger," she cried; "Pardon—pardon for Neville, I implore you!"

Mr. Atherston covered his face with his hands remaining silent for several moments; but alas! the natural and kindlier emotions gathering around his heart quickly dispersed, and left him obdurate as before.

"Katherine," he said, "be thankful that I have received you; as to the base robber who could repay my hospitality by stealing you away at midnight, from your parents' door,—never will I forgive him."

"Father, have you no sins to be forgiven?" asked Ernest, with solemnity.

"If I have, Ernest, they are between me and my God; to man I am not accountable," was the cold reply.

The dear boy said no more, but clasping his hands together, his lips were seen moving in prayer, while his glazed eyes were raised to Heaven. Sir Henry Woodford lifted the subdued Katherine from the ground, and placing her in her mother's arms, said, in a voice of affection;

"On this breast you may lean, poor child! And remember that there is a friend who never forsakes—a Father ever ready to receive his penitent children—a Saviour, in whose promises you can trust in the darkest hour. Ernest, my dear boy! have you not found them abundantly fulfilled?"

"I have," murmured the boy; "faithful is he who has promised and performed; none but Christ could support me in a time like the present." He sank back on his pillow as he said this, and all thought the moment of his departure was at hand; but in a little while after he revived, and turning to his brother, he addressed him thus: "Arthur, you will soon lose your companion and playmate, in the laugh against whom, for reading this Bible, you have often joined; but you did it ignorantly, my brother, Will you now accept it from my hands? and may God open your eyes to its blessed truths!"

Arthur received the gift, over which his tears fell in torrents; he attempted to speak, but his voice failed him, and he could only clasp his brother's hands, and kiss him fervently.

"Katherine—dear Katherine! come near to me," proceeded the dying boy; "do not forget the advice of Sir Henry Woodford: seek God while

he may be found, and lose no time. 'Time! time! how precious it is! Oh mother! my sight grows dim! let me look on you once more.'

Poor Mrs. Atherton, scarcely able to sustain herself, hung over her child in speechless agony, as he softly said to her:

"Good bye, dearest mother! and thank you for all your kindness. Dear father, farewell! Sir Henry—my own dear friend! who first guided my steps to Jesus,—may He bless and reward you. Arthur, keep all my books for my sake; but love that one above all. Oh! I am very ill. Hold me! I am falling! No! No! His arm is underneath me. He will lead me—dear, kind Saviour!"

These were almost the last words he uttered; for after them he fell into a stupor, from which he did not recover for a considerable time, and then only partially. When the physician came, he shook his head, saying:

"This is what I feared; the excitement and agitation of seeing you all has hastened an event which I predicted would occur, the first day I was called in to see him. But we must use every means while life remains."

He then ordered a cordial to be given to the sweet boy, which helped to support him a little longer. Sir Henry Woodford, as he held it to his lips, asked him if Jesus were present with him.

"He is with me," he ejaculated.

"Can we do any thing more to relieve you, my darling?" whispered Mrs. Atherton, sobbing convulsively.

"Nothing more, dear mamma! God will relieve me soon."

His longest, latest, lingering gaze, was fixed upon his mother; his eyes then slowly closed; he heaved one sigh, when his glorified spirit fled away; and the dear Lamb of Christ was gathered into the fold of the Heavenly Shepherd.

The death of beloved Ernest produced a different effect upon each member of his afflicted family, according to their dispositions. The worldly and austere Mr. Atherton became more gloomy and wrapt up within himself than ever. He had all his life been amassing money (as he said) for his children, and now only one remained to reap the reward of his labour; if he failed or disappointed him, he determined on bequeathing his fortune for the endowment of an Hospital, that his name might be perpetuated for generations. Poor, vain, silly man! on what a sandy foundation was he building his house.

A very valuable living was in the gift of one of Mr. Atherton's old school-fellows, and which he had always promised to one of his sons whenever it should become vacant. Ernest having so

early evinced a decided love for religion, was considered more eligible than his lively brother Arthur, consequently his education had been so conducted as to prepare him for this responsible position in the course of time. But while man proposes—God disposes. His lamented death defeated all the bright hopes of his friends, who now turned to Arthur to fulfil them. Mr. Atherton one morning made the proposal to him, never doubting for an instant his ready concurrence. What then was his astonishment and displeasure when he met with a respectful but decided refusal.

"The duties of a clergyman," he said, "were too arduous and full of responsibility to suit him."

"But will you not have a curate to take the burden from your shoulders?" returned Mr. Atherton, trying to command his temper; "your time need not to be so constantly engrossed."

"I beg your pardon, papa! one of our school-master's maxims is this, never to impose on another what it is our own duty to perform; besides, I am very fond of dogs and horses, and all kind of sports, which as a clergyman I could not indulge in, — at least I ought not."

"Pshaw! folly, child! Your tastes will change. The living of L—— is worth at least £800 per annum; you surely would not give that up for such paltry reasons."

"Dear Ernest would not have called them paltry reasons," said Arthur, the tears springing to his eyes.

"Far be it from me to depreciate the excellencies of your lamented brother," replied Mr. Atherton, after an embarrassing pause; "but, as you know, he had imbibed peculiarly strict notions from Sir Henry Woodford. It is highly proper to respect religion by conforming to the rules which our Church enjoins, but it can never be intended that we should make it our sole thought; else how would this world go on? I will give you time to consider my proposal—say a month; consult your master on your return to school, and you can acquaint me with the result by letter."

And Mr. Atherton walked out of the room with a self-satisfied air, as if he had said, "What an excellent parent I am, and how sound and reasonable is my judgment!"

In a fortnight from this period Arthur returned to school for the first time alone, and as he traced by the way every mile stone, and every turning in the road, which bore some association in his mind with his sweet young brother, he wept bitterly, saying within himself,

"Oh! that I had loved him more, that I had never laughed at or teased him, or tried to make

him angry. Dear, dear Ernest! how I shall treasure his Bible—all his books—his birds, his flowers. Oh! that bank—how well I remember the last time we were coming home together, his joy on seeing it covered with wild primroses and violets, and his gathering them, as we walked up the hill, talking of all the happiness in store for us during the holidays. Katherine! Katherine! but for you we might all have been as happy now."

And so poor Katherine thought herself as she looked round her bereaved home, and missed the voices she used to hear, and the forms she loved to see; and beheld the pale and wasted appearance of her unhappy mother, who never uttered a reproach, but treated her with a tenderness that cut her to the heart, as she reflected on all the grief and misery she had caused her. One little ray of sunshine gleamed over her darkened spirit, on receiving about a week after the death of her sweet brother, an affectionate letter from her husband, who still seemed sanguine that her influence would soften her father, and induce him to receive him as a son. He expressed himself feelingly on the subject of her loss, and said how much he missed her—concluding his epistle by confessing the deranged state of his affairs—and that if he did not soon obtain assistance from some quarter, he would be compelled to sell his commission. This intelligence the young Katherine read hurriedly, dwelling only on those tender expressions of love for herself—and with all the romantic ardour of her nature, she placed the dear letter in her bosom, regardless of any future privations she might suffer, so long as she possessed his affections. How delightful, she thought, would be a beautiful little cottage in a garden, where Neville could work while she plied her needle by his side! No horrid parades or duties to call him away! Poverty! she feared it not; she might sell her drawings; or teach music, and surprise him with her gains.

"Oh! we should be so happy," she said, "I almost wish that the prospect were realized."

Poor, innocent, unthinking Katherine! such was the reasoning of seventeen.

At the earnest request of her mother, she remained at the Lodge a month, at the end of which period she prepared, with fond reluctance, to depart. The grief of Mrs. Atherston was intense, for she felt that on this earth she should behold her child no more. Again and again they embraced each other, Katherine imploring her mother to write often from Nice, and tell her all about herself.

"And you, my darling girl! must do the same," replied the weeping parent, "for delicate as you are, and denied the tender care you used to experience, I shall have many anxieties concerning

you, especially as that period approaches when I ought to be with you. Yet, from all you have told me of the excellent Mrs. Bruce, I am sure she will perform a mother's part towards you. Tell her I shall never have it in my power to repay her kindness—her reward must come from a higher source."

Mrs. Atherston now unlocked her cabinet and taking from it a small casket, added, "I have been collecting all my little ornaments and valuables; they will never be required by me again; I therefore make them over to you. Should you at any time require money, you had better dispose of them, since I much fear that your father will never be induced to assist Captain Warburton; you will find also twenty pounds in the drawer. It is all I have at present, my dear child; take it, and may God in Heaven bless you!"

"Oh! mamma! this kindness overpowers me; I cannot bear it," said Katherine, yielding to a fresh burst of sorrow. "No! no! I cannot take your jewels. Every time I looked on them they would speak to me of past happy days."

"My love, they are useless to me now, and it would be wrong to allow them to lie idle here, when perhaps they may prove valuable to you. I have retained one locket, you perceive—this I could not part with," and Mrs. Atherston drew a very beautiful one from her bosom, containing the hair of all her children, which she pressed to her lips, deeply sighing.

Approaching footsteps along the passage at this moment made them start.

"I do not wish your father to know that I have parted with my jewels, Fletcher!" she added hastily to her maid, who entered from an inner room, "place this casket in Mrs. Warburton's trunk and then return to me."

The woman hastened away to obey her mistress' orders just as Mr. Atherston opened the door.

"Katherine!" he said, "the carriage is waiting, and your lingering here only adds to the distress of your mother; you have been put to some expense by your journey hither, and I think it just to remunerate you; here is a bill for fifty pounds—the last you must expect from me," and he held it towards her.

But drawing back, while her heart swelled almost to bursting, she replied,

"Thank you, papa! but I had rather not take it; Neville gave me ten pounds at parting, and I have a few still left."

Mr. Atherston looked astonished; the idea of her refusing money was most unexpected.

"You had better not refuse a good offer, girl!" he urged "the day may come, when such a sum will be acceptable."

Katherine gazed on her father for several moments in silence, tears gathering in her large blue eyes.

"And may I not apply to you for help in such a day, papa?" she asked.

"You have made your own fate, and must abide by it, should beggary follow hard on your steps; I might be induced to receive you—your husband never!" was the cold reply.

"Then farewell, sir," faltered poor Katherine; "and oh! my own dear, kind mamma! again and again, Heaven bless you!"

She clasped her arms round her mother's neck, sobbing convulsively. Mrs. Atherston screamed in the agony of that moment.

"Come, come! this will never do," said her father, endeavoring to stifle a feeling of pity, that was rising in his breast. He took Katherine's hand to lead her away, adding,

"Amelin, my dear! compose yourself, and remember that if your daughter had loved you as she ought, she would have given up her own weak fancy for a stranger for your sake; Katherine, I desire you to come."

And with an air of forced determination he drew her arm within his, and compelled her to obey. One fond kiss she received from her agonized mother ere she was separated from her sight—it was the last, for on earth they never met again.

Mrs. Atherston's carriage conveyed Katherine all the way to ———, where she found Captain Warburton waiting to receive her. He was much shocked to see her looking so pale and ill, and springing into the carriage, he ordered the servant to drive at once to the barracks. On arriving there Mrs. Bruce came to her at the request of her husband, and by the most affectionate and soothing attentions, endeavored to mitigate those feelings of self-reproach which were preying on the health of the unhappy girl. After a long conversation, in the course of which Katherine opened her whole heart to this kind friend, she became more composed. Mrs. Bruce having gently led her from second causes to her Heavenly Father, whose will it had been to remove her beloved brother Ernest to that bright world he was so prepared to enter; that, remotely, her brother's being sent back to school on account of her elopement, and there receiving the infection of the fever, which had occasioned his untimely fate, might be traced to her; but, that she had altered the immutable decrees of Providence, or could have averted them, was an unwarrantable and most unhappy supposition. She must dismiss it from her mind and bow to the chastening rod in meek submission, remembering that by

much tribulation we enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Improve this affliction to the good of your precious soul, my child," continued her excellent monitor, "and the ends of God in sending it will have been answered. If the death of your sweet brother, who is now in a state of glory, be made the means of leading your heart and thoughts from a vain and sinful world to Him who died for your redemption, is it a subject for despair? Oh! no, my Katherine! on your knees, night and day return thanks to God for thus early checking you in a career of folly; turn your face resolutely to that gate of mercy which will ever be open to the importunate cry of the penitent believer, and follow Christ through all difficulties until you are again re-united to the beloved one you mourn; what but such feelings as these could have supported me under my heavy bereavements. In the noise and tumult of the world's pleasures, conscience may for a while be stilled, tears may be hushed, but what can assuage grief, save the blessed assurance of our eternal safety and the prospect of endless happiness in the presence of our Lord, and of all whom we loved on earth? Obtain this as you value peace, dear Katherine, and silence every unfaithful doubt of God's unspeakable goodness and mercy in all His dispensations."

Fortunate was it for Katherine that she possessed a Christian friend such as Mrs. Bruce, for east as she was, so young and inexperienced, on the billows of life, she did indeed require the guiding hand and the wise counsel of one more competent to help her amid its struggles, than he who she had in ignorance made her choice. It was the aim of this valuable friend to lead her from the vanities of the world to seek happiness and peace in a better knowledge of divine things; and who so competent for the task as one who had suffered affliction, and experienced the unbounded consolations to be derived from the religion of Christ.

"If we desire to be happy for time and for eternity," she would say, "we must look from the creature to the Creator; all things below are imperfect, and therefore can afford only imperfect joy, often interrupted by cares and anxieties and disappointments. It is true we are called upon to love those who by nature are bound to us, but if we suffer them to become our sole thought, our engrossing care, our chief desire—our peace flies, disquieting fears arise, and a whole legion of evil passions bind and fetter us to the earth."

The truth of this was exemplified in our poor heroine, who as yet ignorant of vital religion,

looked not beyond this world for happiness; consequently, when sorrow overtook her, she was unprepared, confounded, and in utter darkness.

Since her return home she had experienced more than usual kindness and affection from her husband, and she had just begun to feel that in him, at least, she was repaid for all her young sorrows, when one morning she received a visit from Mrs. Black, who came to welcome her on her return, and to condole with her upon the loss she had experienced in her brother.

"I heard it with regret from Captain Warburton, at Mrs. Hamilton's ball," said the widow, in a tone of mock feeling.

"At Mrs. Hamilton's ball!" exclaimed Katherine, her eyes dilating in astonishment. "Surely Captain Warburton did not go to a ball at the time of my dear Ernest's death?"

"He had accepted the invitation some days before your letter reached him," returned Mrs. Black with a sweet smile; "he would have sent a refusal afterwards, I know, but Selina Dashwood said it would be such a disappointment to Mrs. Hamilton, who wished to collect all the handsome men at her party, that he yielded his wishes to hers."

With what feelings of indignation did Katherine hear this! Her heart throbbed, while she literally trembled with jealous passion. Her countenance betrayed her emotion to her wily companion, who proceeded,

"I assure you he did not stay late. I think he only waltzed once with Selina, for, poor girl, she sprained her ankle, and he was so kind as to drive her home. I am certain he did not return again; but, dear me! how pale and ill you are looking, my dear Mrs. Warburton! I am really quite concerned to see you."

"I am never well in this horrid place; I hate and detest it," replied Katherine, with a vehemence she could not control.

"Horrid! do you call it? Why,—— is considered one of the most charming spots in Kent; I am quite surprised."

"Charming as it may be, I wish I had never entered it," and Katherine's little foot beat rapidly on the floor, while tears sprang to her eyes.

"That is not very complimentary to Captain Warburton, at all events," returned Mrs. Black. "There are very many beautiful girls who would gladly take your place; he is so much liked and admired."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Katherine, who was saved the humiliation of making a most indignant reply, by the entrance of Captain Beauchamp, who, bowing slightly to her companion, approach-

ed her with much feeling in his manner, expressing a hope that she was better; the agitation of her beautiful features could not escape his notice, and he involuntarily looked from her to Mrs. Black to discover the cause; but the widow, who felt for him an invincible dislike, immediately rose to take leave, saying as she did so,

"I am sorry I cannot stay to benefit from the discourse of your visitor, my dear! but I really forgot to bring my prayer-book, and having caught a cold, I am not in voice for psalm-singing. Captain Beauchamp, I am sure you will excuse me."

A stiff, cold bend of the head was all the reply he gave as she tripped past him and left the room.

"Poor creature!" he then murmured, taking the seat she had quitted.

"Thank goodness she is gone!" exclaimed Katherine, her tears now gushing forth. "I never see her that she does not tell me something to make me miserable."

"Has she so much power? if so, I would not admit her to my presence," replied Captain Beauchamp.

"I never do when I can help it, but it is difficult at all times to be denied."

Katherine paused and then enquired in a faltering tone,

"Were you aware that Neville went to Mrs. Hamilton's ball at a time when I was in so much affliction at home?"

Captain Beauchamp reblenched. It was an awkward question; but he instantly answered it.

"He told me he was going, but I think he had not received your letter when he said so."

"How unkind! and I away, and thinking so much about him. Would you have acted so, Captain Beauchamp?" and the beautiful girl looked earnestly in his face.

"You know I never go to balls," he replied, evading the touching enquiry. After a moment's hesitation, he added: "This, I imagine, is the intelligence Mrs. Black pained you by giving; if Warburton has not mentioned it, shall I be pardoned for advising you not to reproach him for what, in all probability, he has since regretted. Remember he is very young; ten years hence he might act very differently."

"Ah! he is old enough to have acted with more feeling. I wish he thought as you do on most subjects."

Katherine paid this compliment in perfect simplicity, and really wishing what she said, from love to her husband; but it pained and confused Captain Beauchamp, who, faintly smiling, replied,

"You are very kind, but you forget, I fear,

that if I am exempt from Warburton's particular faults, I must have many of my own. We are fallible beings, prone to err and dependent on God's grace alone for support against them."

"Few have reason to know that more than myself," observed the ingenuous Katherine; "I who have so seriously offended."

"It would be well, Mrs. Warburton, if all our actions were founded on the only sure base," returned Captain Beauchamp, his interest for the sweet girl increasing, as her mind displayed itself. "Religion alone has the power to direct and guide us wisely; our own blind wills ever lead us wrong. But I beg your pardon," he added, rising; "I am saying to you what experience in my own failures has taught me; a hard lesson, which, had I never known sorrow, would not have been so easily learned," and the deepest melancholy overshadowed his countenance as he spoke.

The sympathy of Katherine was instantly called forth; Mrs. Bruce had once told her that to some early affliction Captain Beauchamp owed, under God, the change from a very gay and thoughtless young man to being what he now was, and as she gazed on him, silently and with eyes full of tears, she wished she knew his history. He seemed to read her thoughts, for he said,

"I seldom dare trust myself to dwell on a subject so replete with painful recollections, and yet, but for that check to all I then called happiness, what should I now have been? Yes! it was the loving correction of a Father to lead me from the paths of error into those of peace. Were God to suffer us to glide smoothly down the stream of life, every object, every trifle would attract us and impede us on our way; but He sends lowering clouds and threatening skies that we may lose no time, but hasten while it is yet day towards that haven of rest where an ample recompense awaits us."

"But how terrible are these to bear while bending under their violence," said Katherine, sorrowfully, as her thoughts reverted to the sad scenes she had so lately witnessed in her father's house. "I have tried to submit myself to the will of God, to think that all he does is right, but when my mind wanders to the cold grave of my dear young brother; then all my resignation is gone,"—and she shaded her face with her hands, her tears trickling through them.

Captain Beauchamp thought as he beheld her thus, "what a thousand pities that a creature so promising should be sacrificed, to one insensible and heartless as Warburton!" But he said, "Time is required to soften the poignancy of our trials, dear Mrs. Warburton! nor does our Father ex-

pect that we should rise above them at once. Nature *must* weep; it is good that she does so, our hearts are improved by such displays of feeling. Were they made of stone what impression could they receive? Mine has scarcely yet healed, though many years have passed."

"Then you must have lost a relation dear to you as my darling Ernest was to me?" said Katherine, softly, and almost fearing to ask the question.

"I have!" was the answer, in a voice choked by emotion; "another time I may tell you more."

"Forgive me if I have recalled painful recollections," returned Katherine, distressed by the agitation she had produced.

"How freely I need not say," replied Captain Beauchamp warmly pressing her hand; "and now I must away, else I should add to, and not relieve your cares. Yet one word before I go: may I, as a friend, beg you will not reproach Warburton; I know his disposition well; forbearance is a quality you will do well to cultivate; I think it is no stranger to your breast."

"When we love much we can endure much," murmured Katherine, faintly smiling.

"God bless you! may He be your guide! Fare you well!"

And Captain Beauchamp hurried from the room; while Katherine said to herself,

"Yes! I do indeed wish that Neville possessed your sentiments, and those of kind Sir Henry Woodford. But how differently he tries to comfort me! when I weep he is impatient, and often as I forced to conceal my feelings to escape his reproaches; I had no idea until lately, that religion was required to make us capable of performing our duties to each other, as well as to God. How mistaken, and how ignorant I have been! May Heaven help me!"

Poor Katherine! the discovery that her husband was not the perfect being her ardent imagination had conceived him, was bitterness to her soul; while the comparisons she was beginning to make between him and others, were dangerous to her peace, as they were wrong to be indulged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EPICHRAM

FROM THE ORIENT.

Oh, how I loved, when like the glorious sun,  
Flinging the orient with a blaze of light,  
Thy beauty every lesser star outshone!—  
Now o'er that beauty steals the approach of night—  
Yet, yet I love! Though in the western sea  
Half-sunk, the day star still is fair to me!

# HINDALLAH.

## A METRICAL ROMANCE—IN THREE CANTOS.

BY ANDREW L. PICKERS.

### CANTO THIRD.

#### THE VALLEY OF SCHIRAZ.

Oh! who, from El-wend's purple heights, has looked  
down

O'er the valleys of light, when the sunny lake shone  
Like a *Houri's* young breast, which we've looked on nigh  
In our dreams, shining out from her emerald seymar,  
Mid the bowers of aeneia and sweet *souharie*;

Where the day-winds stoop laughing to steal as they  
fly,

With their still viewless wings, o'er the lake, o'er the  
bower,

Every note of the bird, every balm of the flower;  
Nor felt, 'mid those riches of nature alone,

Could their bosoms be wean'd from the joys that are  
down?

'Tis said that the fair girls look down in the night,  
From the portals of Eden, with eyes of delight,

O'er the men that must love them in regions of day,  
When the loves of the earth are, like dreams, past away;

That they sing to their sleeping ears songs of the sky,  
And give odours to winds that must o'er them pass by.

But ah! if they gazel o'er those valleys of sweets,  
Where the blue gliding wave with the stooping flower

meets;

And the parrot sits, dressing his plumes, on the bough,  
Where the dark-mirrored waters lie sleeping below—

If they gazel on the tall maids, with foreheads of light,  
That come forth like the Perss of summer, all bright

With the sunshine of innocence, music of mirth,  
Could they think that such links could be broken on  
earth?

Oh! who from El-wend's purple summits could gaze  
O'er the gardens of Schiraz, where antelopes graze,

Where the lemon-trees over the still fountains lean,  
With pale flowers peeping from garbonds of green;

And the high soaring columns and tall minarets,  
Where the sun leaves his last fleeting smile as he sets,

Are lifting their white arms aloft, as in mirth,  
That the brightest of heaven and the greenest of earth

Might forever be link'd in a lover's embrace,  
That nor winter divides, nor tomorrow betrays,

When the kiosk is gladdened with faces of love,  
And theobroos are sounding from lattice and grove.

Oh! who from those bright sunny highlands could gaze  
O'er those gardens, with lips that are cold in their praise?

But now the Persian's eye would quail,  
If once it glanced o'er Schiraz' vale;

For there the robber's poisonous playet,  
And there his dark tents stood arrayed.

And where the lizard erst would class

The summer flies o'er blade and bough,  
His restless camels widely graze,

And fly and reptile shun them now.  
And where the blue-bird's hymn has been,

Is heard the Arab's wild *nuazzia*,  
Awakening with a sudden sound,

From which night shrieks, as from a wound;  
Yet when it melts along the bine

Night heaven, it takes a lovelier tone,  
Such as 'tis said the kangaroo

Sends forth at evening, and alone,  
That wall all querulous and sweet.

For hours of stillness seemeth meet.  
And where the flower was wont to gem

The shepherd's foot-track, as he strayed,  
Are wither'd leaves and broken stem

Upon the verdure laid.

And now the sweet-toned mandolin  
Is hushed the barem bower within;

And now no playful fingers dress  
The kiosk's curtained lattices

With vases rich and garbonds fair,  
To lure the blue fly from the air

Or woo the humming bird to light  
One moment from its twinkling flight.

The odalisques were wont to gaze  
Down from their green verandahs then,

To hail the glad reflected face  
That from the fountain smiled again.

But now those forms and smiles are gone,  
And birds and insects wander on,

From flowers that yield nor balm nor glow,  
Unnoticed and neglected now.

And, shrunk within its marble bed,  
The fountain's gleam is vanished;

The ghats' burst, the ledge is wrenched,  
The humps—even in the tanks—are quenched.

Walloweth that such bitter wail  
Should echoes find in that bright vale!

O'er Persia, like the snuff blast,  
The Helouin and his hordes have passed,

And where his feet of ruin fell,  
In its own fires the shrine is red,

And where was heard his desert yell,  
The khorm-chamters wall the dead;

And dreading still, and unpursued,  
O'er Schiraz' vale his tents are strewn,  
As if he had descended there



Allah's avenging minister !  
 And through the city's lonely streets  
 The homeless dog is prowling,  
 And many a sudden echo greets  
 His fierce and laugry howling.  
 No gay bazar—no welcome porch—  
 Invites his wistful eye,  
 And 'neath the long piazzas' arch  
 He wanders wearily.  
 Where is the khan's glad laughter fled,  
 And where the pale pink lights,  
 That through the painted windows shed  
 Their glare on summer nights,  
 And showed the groups that trowled so well  
 Their horns of rosy muscade ?  
 Where are the boys of fava and war  
 The almé poured o'er her lidar ?  
 And where those bells, so soft and sweet,  
 That tinkled at the glazier's feet ?  
 Doth the muezzin dream o'er his holy heads,  
 That the mosque's high minarets are dark,  
 Nor sound from his spiral wicket speeds,  
 That Allah's slaves may hark ?  
 Doth the fakir sleep in the tekkid's coil,  
 That he sitteth not by the sacred well ?  
 These—these were no dreamers in times of old ;  
 But now—oh ! their slumbers are deep and cold !  
 They have vanished all, like a summer beam,  
 Or the shadowy forms of an infant's dream ;  
 And the city is left in her solitude,  
 To the prowling hound and the carrion brood !

The spoil is shared—the slave is sold—  
 The Bedouin reckons o'er his gold,  
 And many voices mingle there  
 In long and wild carousal. Where  
 Is young Hindallah, that his voice  
 Is silent now, when all rejoice ?  
 Nor joins, amid the laughing throng,  
 The barthen of the choral song ?  
 He meets not where his warriors are  
 Along the file—his squire  
 Gleams not ; and yet to miss it there  
 Might seem as death had stricken down  
 The limb that blade was wont to bear,  
 Or age its strength o'erthrown,  
 The bow is passed in glad career,  
 Their flushed lips o'er the crimson cheer  
 The robbers lean with long caress,  
 As life were in the brim they press.  
 They rest beneath the popoul tree ;  
 But young Hindallah—where is he ?

Go seek him where the fig-trees lean  
 Above his tent their boughs of green,  
 Fending with every breeze to wet  
 Their tresses in the rivulet,  
 'Mid flower-beds, winding silently  
 And lightening, when the boughs wave by,  
 Beneath the watchful sunbeam's stroke,  
 Yet gliding on—yet gliding on,  
 Without a trace, where sunbeam woke  
 The meteor smile, that now is down :  
 As we have marked our young hours fleet  
 From every joy that seemed most sweet.

There must ye seek him ; there he rests at eve,  
 When summer winds his tent's close curtains heave ;  
 From all away, as if the very look  
 Of mirth in them his cold eye could not brook.  
 Their laugh was hateful ; and the drowsy chant

Walked in the watches of the still night, when  
 Some warbler's footfall, verged towards his tent,  
 Drew muttered curses from his heart, though then  
 Both eye and ear crouched, serpentine, to track  
 Those steps again their measured distance back,—  
 Bent till the lessening murmur faded there,  
 And nought remained to charm his watchful ear :  
 Then, like a watch-hound 'neath some turret-keep,  
 He sunk back on his mat, but not to sleep.  
 Not always thus : the change his Arabs meet,  
 With stern surprise, is wondrous, but complete.  
 The war-whoop once within his wild red eye  
 Had roused a fire that matched the lights on high ;  
 But now, half closed, and quivering at the sound,  
 It shrinks aside, or pores upon the ground,  
 Till each that lightened at the cry is gone,  
 And he is left rejoicing and alone.  
 Say, what has quenched his bosom's martial fire ;  
 What new-born feeling watched its urn expire,  
 Pouring its dreamy influence, like a spell,  
 O'er schemes of carnage, Eblis watched so well ?

Ah ! who has gazed on woman's grieving eyes,  
 Nor felt her spell of tears, her charm of woe ?  
 'Tis then the heart's dark tides within us rise,  
 Like ocean to the moon ; and then the sighs  
 That recollection treasures as they flow,  
 Brood in our bosoms, with that kindly thrill  
 We felt in youth, and fain would cherish still.  
 Then come they like the tunes that death has hushed,  
 Or flowers, by Time's relentless footstep crushed,  
 Breathing mysterious gladness through our frame,  
 For which earth has no equal, words no name !  
 Even though the serpent tempter twined his fold  
 The heart around, and from his covered hold,  
 With cruel eyes, looked forth upon the world,  
 And its fair plants, as if he would have hurled  
 A steeking midew over aught that smiled ;  
 One glance through woman's tears had sure beguiled  
 The dark one of his wrath, and roused the while  
 The imprison'd heart to burst his iron coil.  
 And so 'twas with Hindallah, while he gazed  
 Down on the dark heav'n of his captive's eyes ;  
 Those eyes that oft towards his visage raised  
 Their speechless questions, till the sad surprise  
 With which they lightened first, came less and less ;  
 And long wild looks of maniac tenderness  
 Grew in their burning glances, if but once  
 They lingered on the Bedouin's countenance.

And she had learnt, in playfulness, to lean  
 Her cheek upon his shoulder, as they stood  
 Together 'neath the fig-trees' leafy screen.  
 'Twas then the mere trick of madness ; but it wooed  
 The Arab's heart to softness, and he pressed,  
 At those sweet times, the maniac to his breast.  
 Poor girl ! she recked not, but the first fond kiss  
 Bared from his lips her zeal of wretchedness.  
 He never left her ; yet, at times, his eye  
 Dwelt on her aspect long and pensively.  
 As if the secretodings of his heart  
 Brooded o'er perils, which he might avert  
 But with the love-forbidden sacrifice  
 That rent eternally their destinies.  
 They haunted him for ever. While she sung  
 Her native measures, at the calm of eve,  
 Some word he feared to utter, on his tongue  
 Trembled like sounds of music on the wave,  
 Ere dark-bronzed silence o'er their viewless wing  
 Her cold and petrifying mantle flung.  
 And then his head sank forward on his chest

Despairingly; while, o'er his midnight brow,  
An inward cloud its gathering shadows prest,  
And every pulse throbb'd languidly and low.  
What was his fear? Alas! his bosom knew  
The dark remorseless jealousy that grew  
Around them; like the upas, 'neath whose away  
Aught that is lifelike shrinks into decay,  
From out whose boughs the summer zephyr's breath  
Comes armed with desolation and with death.  
And his eye turned, in utter hopelessness,  
Darkening and bloodshot, from her weak caress.  
She seemed a flower, around whose stem of grace  
A snake had twined its poisonous embrace,  
All gently dying in the ruthless coil,  
Greeting its murderer with its latest smile.

The Arabs murmured that those hours he gave,  
Due but to them, to dalliance and a slave;  
And some with handjars clenched and sideward eye,  
Glanced at his low-roofed wigwam threateningly,  
As if their hands could rend the charm away  
That love had woven from adversity.  
Ah, no! the heart where such treachements press  
Shrinks from its heritage of loneliness,  
And chilled and changed, although their aspects gloom,  
Clings even to the shadows of the tomb.  
Oh there were hours when sad Hindallah's thought  
Rounded o'er that future loneliness of lot,—  
Hours when the thought his prisoned heart would swell,  
As if to burst his bosom's citadel.  
Though Leah's dark and shining ringlets graced  
The arm half bent around her sylvan-like waist;  
And her bright cheek, and many a scattered tress,  
Leant downward in confiding happiness;  
And her large eyes rose smilingly to his,  
As if they wooed the rapture of his kiss.  
Even then, if that cold shadow fell athwart  
The sunny-phoedon day-dreams of his heart,  
Affection's restless blandishment was chilled;  
And every fairy bulwark hope had built  
Sank 'neath the leaden pressure of despair,  
Who fixed instead her lonely temple there.

"Away!" he cried: "better thine arms should hold  
The desert upas in their angel fold;  
Better its tears of death upon thy head,  
Even when thy clasp was fondest, should be shed;  
For there no pang would rend thy heart the while,  
Decay would fall so gently on thy smile,  
The fair earth shrink so slowly from thine eyes,  
That death would seem to borrow slumber's guise;  
But like a plant, whose tiny arms are thrown  
Around some ruined fane or pillared stone,  
So hath thy clasp its softness twined around  
A form whose fall must crush thee to the ground."

The pale girl sought his dark averted eye,  
And gazed with long and wistful scrutiny:  
While gathered tears seemed struggling with a smile,—  
A moody mirth, just faltering to beguile  
The labour of her heart, that felt as if  
'Twere breaking 'neath its deep mysterious grief,  
And meaning; that but mocked her frenzied look,  
Breathed in the tone her words and actions took.

"Thou bidst me fly, in shades to hide  
My head from misery:  
What love were mine to turn aside  
From danger and from thee?  
Be mine thy bliss,—be mine thy care,  
The wanderer's tent, the wanderer's fare,  
The wanderer's bier.

And trust me, love! the burning glow  
Of shame will drink the coward flow  
Of every tear.

And when, by sundown's cooling shade,  
Even when thine arm shall rest its blade,  
Thou turn'st to smiles that cannot fade,  
'Till all thy fall deplore,  
My hand shall wipe thy weary brow,  
My kiss shall sweeter be than now,  
When danger's past and o'er.

The voice of storms in midnight heaven  
Sinks to the softest sigh;  
The fiercest bolt that e'er was driven  
Were scorned if thou wert nigh.  
Like thee, the cedar on the wold,  
Like me, the ivy's shaple fold,  
Around thee thrown;  
The stroke that hys thee low  
Must lay the ivy too  
Beside thee down.

If in the sweep of storms,  
Are left our clinging forms  
To wither,

But once can come that call,  
And when we fall, we fall  
Together!"

She leant her flushed cheek on his broad capote,  
Whose long white fleeces waved beneath her sigh;  
And smiles his ardent gaze had oft-times sought,  
Danced on her lip, and revelled in her eye.  
And then her soft arm, fondly, fearfully,  
With timid pressure, pressed around his waist;  
And he gazed down, and blest her while he gazed,  
While his look brightened, as from her's he caught  
The light of happiness with which 'twas fraught.  
Just then a parrot started from the bough  
That canopied their heads, and sailed away,  
First with wild wings, then measured-like and slow,  
As ears turn to the sea-boy's roundelay,  
As if the calmness of the lake below  
Had stilled the fears that urged its upward way.  
But the long shriek it left upon the ear,  
To those half-muttered tones that sounded near,  
Seemed melody more true than maiden's lute  
Ere gave to night when all its winds were mute.  
They turned: It was Zohak! What voice but his  
Could wither, as they sprung, the shouts of bliss;  
Could paralyse the cherub wings of love,  
Even as he hung their upward looks above!

"Right, right," he said; "thy words are sooth;  
And though in treacherous guise they flow,  
Conceal not now the serpent's tooth,  
Whose gathered poisons lurk below.

The tree, whose high and lordly form  
Thou givest to that soulless worm,  
The cedar, whose resplendent leaves  
Are fanned by Hours' handkerchiefs,  
When down from Paradise they lean,  
Beckoning to the sons of men,  
As heart or eye could there unite  
Resemblances so opposite.  
Full oft that forest monarch feels  
The creeping clasp—the spreading fang,  
That hourly—yearly—round it steals  
And with it brings no present pang.  
Too well the false plant's smile conceals  
The barbed tooth, whose cureless smart  
Eats inward to its victim's heart!  
Up, up the poisonous tendrils crawl;

The tree's pale leaves in summer fall;  
And winter comes with brow of gloom,  
And scattering land, and freezing breath,  
To rage but on the cairn's tomb,

And rend the ivy's garb of death!  
Son of the wackilo Belouin,  
Thine such inglorious fate had been,  
But that the firm, unbending soul,  
That held o'er thine its first control,  
Can charm the Siren's evil eye,  
And ward its pointless arrows by—  
Shall tear the false one's arms away,  
That round thee twine but to betray.  
Oh, wary slave! in vain thy wile;  
The snake that nestles in thy snail,  
Can leave no sting, can brood no charm,  
But Zohauk may defy its farm,  
On others be its influence wrought;  
But not on him,—he trusts it not!  
Thy withered air, thy wandering eye  
May cheat the fools of the Serai;  
For madness, in that fell retreat  
Of captive hearts, is tenant meet.  
There, if a new day rise for thee,  
'Twill greet thy long captivity.

There may'st thou mark, at evenfall,  
Its dim departing shadows crawl,  
Such after such, away—away;  
And wish, but feel thy wish is vain,  
That thou, like each declining ray,

Might pass that harem porch again!  
Might feel again thy heart expand  
To breezes of thy native land,  
And, winnowed by their angel wings,  
Forget the prisoner's sorrows.  
Such step alone can now reclaim  
That changeling's foul degraded name  
Behold from yonder sheltered creek,  
The harem Xeriff's light caïque  
Glides like a eggnet from the shore,  
With breasted sail and turning oar;  
Behold the foam-white shawls, that rise  
O'er sable brows and Afric eyes,  
Like beauty's fingers o'er a lump  
That flickers on the evening lamp.  
Behold! nor doubt what these may be—  
Slave of the Khan! they come for thee!"

The maniac's fingers wandered o'er  
Her gathered forehead thoughtfully,  
With look like that which Alram wore,  
When, driven from Eden's sanctuary,  
He gazed bewildered o'er the waste,  
Where Heaven his dreary path had traced;  
And there was sickness of heart  
Faltering her fixed look athwart:  
A half forgotten sense of pain  
Scented labouring in her ruined brain,  
Like some worn pilgrim who returns  
To weep above his kindred's urns;  
To roam their silent dwellings near,  
And shriek for them that cannot hear.  
But though her eager hands she drew  
Athwart her forehead, to subdue  
The feverish yearnings there that grew,  
She could not shake that strange distress  
Of wring thought from forgetfulness.  
Until upon Hindallah's face  
Slowly she turned her liquid gaze;  
And then she felt white'or. The ill  
Her flying steps that haunted still,

Through him alone could come the smart,  
No other shaft could reach her heart.  
And, with that thought, her arms she wound  
His half inclining neck around,  
And rose, with hurried lips, to print  
Love's signet upon those that leant  
Half way to meet the fond caress,  
With stifled sobs of wretchedness.

"Fly to the mountains, love! with me;  
The hunter's life is wild and free;  
But 'mid his sleep there is a thrill,  
That care-worn bosoms never feel;  
And many a pleasant dream hath he  
Beneath the night-wind's lullaby.  
The first faint light, in morning shed  
Above the mountain's misty head,  
Down through his open lattice streams  
To rouse him with its gentle beams.  
Oh! who could sleep when morning's eye  
Looked on his pallet sturdily?  
And I will watch thine evening shell,  
Athwart our roof in echoes borne;  
A silent kiss my sole farewell  
Shall be, when thou goest forth at morn.  
And not a tear, and not a sigh,  
Shall wound thy heart, or meet thine eye.  
The pilgrim joy delights to stay  
At those quiet dwellings, where decay  
Lays not its hand on love, and where  
Young hope hath formed a bowery lair,  
Made up of all the fairest things  
That dawn on man's imaginings,  
And weaves from every flower that glows  
A chaplet for her radiant brows.  
And such, ah! such our home shall be!  
Young hope shall watch our early flowers,  
And joy will laugh so mirthfully,  
That all our years shall seem like hours,  
Fly to the mountains,—fly with me;  
'Tis there alone that love is free!"

"Ah hear!" Hindallah cried, and prest  
The pale girl to his labouring breast,  
As there he could have hid away  
The Persian's slave—the Serai's prey.  
"Ah, hear! ah, hear! And wilt thou doom  
To wither in that living tomb  
A form so loved, a face so fair,  
A voice whose tones could charm despair.  
Unclasp thy lips, and bid me die;  
Glance but on this handjar thine eye,  
And I will guide it to my heart,  
With fearless hands and fatal thrust.  
'Twere easier for the soul to part  
From its wife's load of worthless dust,  
Than still to bear a gnawing chain,  
And find no sympathy for pain.  
Thy silence is not merely now—  
That gloomy eye, and gathered brow,  
More aptly than thy lips, betray  
Obedience due is yet to pay;  
Although its dreary tasks must seal  
A doom thy lips can ne'er repeal.  
But be it so; and thus, and here,  
My heart! renounce thy craven fear,  
Quail not beneath the scornier's eye;  
'Tis better that we both should die!  
Speak not! Alone I would not pine  
For Allah's smile, or India's mine;  
I would not, though my fate should be

*The blackest in faturity!*  
The Indian's faith is taught to slum  
The orb that's nearest to the sun :—  
That hottest hell in flames afar,  
With blood upon my scimitar,  
And murder graven on my brow,  
With all its pains I'd rather know,  
Than feel through life what I feel now !”

The harem bark had neared the shore,  
The silent rover hung his oar,  
And on the prow, before the sail,  
The Xeriff, with the fatal veil,  
Stood like a minister of night,  
Whose finger shuts the lids of light.  
Each brawny slave, with castan white,  
Sate spectrelike, with oars in rest,  
And downward eyes, and head depressed,  
As if the robber's glance alone  
Had chilled the rowers into stone ;  
While, gathered round the hoary chief,  
Eying Hindallah's desperate grief,  
Mutely the scowling Arabs stood,  
With blades that seemed to thirst for blood.  
In that fierce group there was not one  
To whom his dark beseeching eye,  
In that wild moment, had not flown ;  
But there was none—ah ! there was none  
Who turned not from its ngony ;  
And his vain glance fell back, in pain,  
Upon his parched and throbbing brain.

“ Spare her !”

“ Arab ! as well you may  
Turn back upon its source, the stream  
That issues from the rock away ;  
As well the sun's meridian-beam  
Fold up against the shining heaven,  
As shake the oath my lips have given.”

“ Look on her, chief ! Our hearts are knit  
By every tie in life that's sweet.  
She clasps me with a fainting hold,  
The pressure of her lips is cold,  
A breaking heart is in her eye ;  
Oh ! can you doom such youth to die,  
Even like the captive nightingale,  
That from its prison pours no wail,  
But dies in silence ! Cut thy tongue—  
Doom her to death like this,—so young—  
So young and yet so beautiful ;  
To die ere yet her years are full :”

Coldly the hoary miscreant turned,  
With heightened lip and lowering eye,  
And heart that pity's suppliancy spurned  
And ears that shrunk from mercy's cry,  
His haughty hand in mute disdain,  
Like Azrael's wing o'er battle plain,  
Waved stern denial to the prayer.  
“ 'Twas reason's blight—'twas hope's eclipse.  
Hindallah turned in dumb despair,  
And sound died on his parted lips.  
Hail what emotion can it be  
That dawns with such ferocity ?  
What lightens in his rascless eyes,  
Like beacon fires o'er midnight skies ?  
He grasps his handjar. Powers of ill !  
Directed ye that fatal steel  
To deepen on his blood-stained blade  
Each hue of slaughter there that spread,

Glaring against his glance of pride,  
As if each stain for vengeance cried !

“ Leah ! beloved and lovely one,  
Our cord of hearts is now unique ;  
Love's brightest moments fled too fast,  
To leave one beam to yield the last.  
We part ; and years of silent pain  
May pass, ere time dissolves the chain  
That round thy broken heart shall cling,  
To crush thy young hopes as they spring.  
There is but one way, love ! Would'st shrink,  
If this blade find one breaking link ?  
Say, wouldst thou spurn the name of slave,  
Though all thy refuge were the grave ?  
Then die ! my heart—my hand obey  
The dream of thy destiny !  
One last kiss—one—ere stem death's hues  
Among thy roses. 'Tis not, dear !  
Such bitter anguish thus to lose  
Thy beauties in the mouldering bier,  
As know they withered hopelessly  
In life, and yet apart from me.  
Thy lips are ice—my cries—my cries  
Will reach thee yet in echoing skies :  
My hourly prayers shall rise to thee,  
Bride of the grave ! Remember me !”

He looked upon her as she lay,  
Like a crushed flower, in summer's path ;  
The flush of life had passed away  
But there was beauty even in death.  
Though death had frozen her eye's dark spell,  
Though on her cheek his finger fell,  
With a blasting touch on the rose's sheen,  
And the snow lay white where the flower had been ;  
Oh ! there was all that the heart could seek  
To love on that pale and changeless cheek ;  
And there was a dream in the glazing eye,  
That shone with the mark of reality :  
And that eye unclosed, and that cheek yet warm,  
Lay motionless on the Belouin's arm :  
And the gathered locks of her long dark hair  
Fell down with a gentle motion there ;  
And some round the lifeless arm had twined,  
And some were tossed by the wandering wind,  
Like ivy tendrils, fitfully  
Streaming from some blasted tree ;  
And some all heavily hung down,  
With blood-drops oozing, one by one,  
Through the long wreathes, to the ground,  
With a stilly trickling sound.  
Once and but once—he raised a tress,  
To brush the death-damps from her brow.  
It left upon its ashliness  
The blood it had imbibed below :  
And fearfully he flung it by,  
With haggard lip and straining eye.

“ Arabs ! the time is come, and now  
Between us must the torrent flow.  
The blood that welters at my feet,  
The soul that left a smile so sweet  
Yet lingering on the whitening lip,  
Hath made a gulf all dark and deep,  
Broader and broader its flood must be,  
Till its waves are the waves of eternity,  
And we are decided on earth, for ever,  
By the silent billows of that dark river.  
And when your mounting souls shall spread  
Their wings upon a sea of light

That martyr's blood, with weight like lead,  
 Shall hang upon their upward flight,  
 That soul at Mercy's gate shall stand,  
 To mock their impotent demand;  
 And if they turn not, howling, then  
 May my heart's curses reach them there.  
 Though lashed by waves of bitumen,  
 And shadowed by despair,  
 'Tis mine to shriek with vain remorse,  
 Yet may they feel my curse—my curse!"

He springs away with one wild bound,  
 As springs the tiger on his prey,  
 And shrub and thicket closed around  
 The wanderings of his desperate way.  
 But his loud curse ascended still,  
 Like vulture's shrieks, all wild and shrill,  
 Lessening as he journeyed on,  
 With a long drawn, mournful tone,  
 That ceased at last.—

Away—away,  
 Like locust clouds, the Arabs past,  
 And where their fleecy wigwags lay,  
 The summer flowers are springing free,  
 Like prisoners who are breathing free  
 The blessed air of liberty.  
 And where their steeds and camels fed  
 O'er wide savannahs, fearless grown,  
 The adder lifts its golden head,  
 Like a sunny flower that blooms alone.  
 And there the yellow lizard plays,  
 And there the wild ass comes to graze.  
 One trace alone can there be seen  
 Of the destroying Bedouin!  
 It is a grave! The hillock rude  
 Lies in a bowery solitude.  
 And there a lonely myrtle blooms,  
 Above the fern that earth consumes,  
 And there the wandering sunbeams smile,  
 As if their shining could beguile  
 The heart of that memorial.  
 That death's the destiny of all!

## I'LL COME, MY LOVE, TO THEE.

BY J. DUNLOP.

When lovely day, like maiden coy, sinks blushing in the west,  
 Before the frown of night, who comes in sable armour drest;  
 Like mighty conqueror gazing o'er a field which he hath won,  
 So from a bed of glory gazes forth the evening sun,  
 Surrounded by a halo bright—a shroud of golden spray—  
 And halls of gleaming porphyry, all waning fast away,  
 Into the far-off depths of heaven, or in the glowing sea—  
 It is, it is a witching hour—I'll come, my love to thee!

When night assumes its crown of stars, and winds are breathing low,  
 And winding rills afar are heard with sweet melodious flow;  
 When in the shades of forests deep, on green bough perched alone,  
 The owlet, through the night, sends forth a melancholy moan,

Inviting to his home of leaves the rapt enthusiast, who  
 Thence roams, the spirit of the night into his breast to woo;  
 When little elfin bands career in gladness o'er the lea,  
 Be thou a guardian spirit there—I'll come, my love, to thee!

A breathless calm, a dream-like state, descends on nature now,  
 The semblance of this holy hour shall sit upon thy brow;  
 The world is sleeping undisturbed, in floods of lunar light,  
 That o'er the rapt soul pour a rich and dreamy soft delight;  
 Sweet perfumes are ascending from the little slumbering flowers,  
 The breath of birds is audible within their dewy bowers;  
 The high expanse of glowing heaven from cloud or speck is free;  
 Thou shouldst behold this lovely sight—I'll come, my love, to thee!

Thy form shall lend a radiance to the beauty of the night  
 And this sweet hour shall ever be remembered with delight;  
 What boots the glory of the stars, high in their azure throne,  
 Or yet the rich smile of the moon—I gaze on them alone;  
 They cannot give a rapture to the soul, nor yet illumine  
 The life of man, when shrouded up in thick impervious gloom.  
 'Tis thy sweet smile that wakes my heart, and makes it bound with glee;  
 That cheers me through life's labyrinth—I'll come, my love, to thee!

## THE BURIAL ON THE DEEP.

Nor where the gay church cast its shade  
 The infant's breathless form was hid,  
 It slept not 'neath the valley cloud  
 Until the trumpet-call of God.

But in the blue Atlantic's wave  
 It found a boundless ocean grave;  
 Above it pealed no funeral bell,  
 But bounding surges rang its knell.

And should we mourn for those who die  
 Ere time has dimmed the radiant eye,  
 Or sorrow with its gloomy plough  
 Has furrowed o'er the aching brow?

Better thus pass in youth away  
 Than live, yet feel our life decay,  
 Thus in youth's morning sink to sleep,  
 Rocked by the everlasting deep.

Rest, slumberer! on thy glorious bed  
 Until the sea shall yield her dead,  
 Then, from unfathomed deeps arise,  
 And open thine eyes in Paradise.

# LOVE'S REVENGE.\*

## A PASSAGE FROM A FRIEND'S LETTER.

BY E. L. C.

Alas! the love of women! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
And, if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring  
To them, but mockeries of the past alone.

*Byron.*

"THAT truth is often stranger than fiction to one can deny, I think—at least in the course of my own experience it has often been my lot to find the events of the wildest tale, surpassed by the almost incredible incidents of actual life," said Everard Peyton, as he laid from his hand the sheets of a voluminous letter, which for the last half hour he had been intently perusing.

"And pray, may I ask, what marvels are unfolded in that closely written missive, which furnish another proof of the real romance of these our prosaic lives?" asked his friend Arundel, who sat on the opposite side of the library table looking over a pile of newspapers and letters that had arrived by the last foreign mail.

"A strange adventure indeed," replied Everard, "which I will read to you. It relates to the young Count D'Estura of whom you have often heard me speak. In fact I was most intimate with him while in Rome; we saw each other daily, for his hotel was the resort of all strangers resident in the city, and their society would have attracted me thither, even had his mother and sister not been two of the most charming women in the world—the former quite a Corinne—the latter as beautiful and gifted as Sappho."

"Yet you came away heart-whole," said his friend smiling.

"Heart-less,—you might rather say," returned Peyton—"but you shall shrive me some other time—at present this affair of D'Estura's absorbs me."

"Was he not betrothed to some fair and lovely lady of the land?"

"Yes, to the lady Claudia Di Guercini—the wealthiest heiress in Rome—and lovely enough too, one would have thought, to fix the roving inclinations of any reasonable man. But listen

\* The following sketch is founded upon an actual occurrence of facts, which the imagination of the writer has very slightly embellished.

and you shall hear Moreton's letter, which cannot be void of interest even to one unacquainted with the parties concerned."

And resuming the sheets which lay before him, he commenced reading aloud as follows:—

"An affair has recently occurred here, which has caused the greatest excitement in the imperial city, especially among the higher class of the community, to which privileged order, its principal actor, the Count D'Estura, belonged. You were on intimate terms with him during your stay here, I believe, and knew, of course, that he was regarded as one of Fortune's prime favorites, on account of his betrothal to so fair, wealthy, and virtuous a lady as the daughter of the old Marquis Di Guercini—the lady Claudia, whom doubtless you have seen.

"The circumstances which have, as it were, grown out of this connexion, form now the one topic of discourse, and create an interest which renders even the pageants and amusements of the carnival insipid in comparison; while the endless variety of shapes in which the tale is repeated is equal only to the number of listeners it obtains—I will give you but one of them, which is, I believe, the authentic one—and which, as I have read it in the manuscript of a friend familiar with its minutest details, has been thrown into the form of a miniature romance—I copy it for you, *verbatim*.

"Conrad D'Estura had but just attained his fourteenth year, when he was betrothed to Claudia Di Guercini, only two years his junior. Being an orphan and an heiress, she was placed in a convent to be educated, but at the age of eighteen she was to leave it, in order to receive the hand of her youthful bridegroom. He, in the meantime, was to complete his studies at Padua, and then to spend a year or two in travel before the period fixed for his marriage should arrive. The rank of the count was equal to that of his

intended bride, but his fortune had been greatly impoverished through the prodigality of his father—who to repair in some measure this injury done his son, and likewise to preserve for his countess and daughter the state, and luxury in which they had been bred, projected in his last hours, this match with the heiress of almost untold wealth.

"It can scarcely be supposed that any very strong attachment existed between the young people at the time of their betrothment, and as the next five years passed away without their once seeing each other, or ever exchanging any word of intercourse, when, at the appointed time, they once more met, it was as strangers—for during that long term of separation, such a striking change, through the influences of time and education, had been wrought in the persons and characters of each, that neither, had they not been forewarned, would again have recognized the other. Yet both seemed well pleased with the fate which had decreed their union, for Conrad's fine figure, his handsome face, his polished manners, and spirited conversation, achieved in a brief time the entire conquest of his fair fiancée's heart,—while, he appeared in no way loth to resign his, to the gentle and sensitive girl whose soft eyes told him plainer than her basiliad whispers, how fondly and freely she surrendered to him her young and guileless affections.

"As there was no cause for deferring the important event, an early day was named for the marriage of the youthful lovers, and preparations to celebrate it with becoming magnificence were already commenced, when Claudia was seized by an alarming illness, the issue of which was considered altogether doubtful by her physicians. Bright anticipations and joyful hopes were of course overshadowed by gloom and doubt, while the friends and lover of the suffering girl awaited in anxious suspense the important crisis, which was to revive or blight their cherished expectations. It came and passed—Claudia struggled through it, and in a few days was pronounced out of danger.

"But, when in the deep gratitude and love of his heart, D'Estura spoke of the event which would shortly make her all his own, she chilled his glowing hopes by declaring that during her illness she had made a vow, if her life was spared, to re-enter the convent of St. Marie, and for six months, devote herself solely to the service of the Virgin. During the years she had spent in this religious sanctuary, a secret and wary influence had been exerted by all the sisterhood to win her to themselves, but still without effect,—for a vivid remembrance of the gay and beautiful world which she had quitted in childhood, and a know-

ledge of the brilliant destiny that awaited her when she should return to it, shone ever on her backward and her onward path, rendering less attractive, and darker in contrast, the tame and waveless seclusion of a conventual life.

"Still there were times and circumstances frequently occurring, of which the nuns knew well how to avail themselves, when her tender conscience almost yielded to the conviction that she was called upon by heaven to devote herself by solemn profession exclusively to its service. But these appeals her bright and hopeful mind resisted, till they ceased to be made, and she escaped at length from such warnings and temptations, buoyant with the hopes of that sunny future which opened cloudlessly before her.

"When, however, in the midst of her rejoicing, the chastening hand of affliction smote her almost to the gates of death, the errors and faults of her short life, arose before her magnified into enormous sins. Again she heard the homilies of the abbess and nuns of St. Marie on the love of the world, the sinful indulgence of the flesh, and the wilful disregard of that heavenly voice which calls the soul to flee from temptation, and devote itself in holy silence and contemplation to its maker. These confused remembrances, aided by the whispers of the wily priest, who coveting her wealth for the church, muttered his ghostly counsel at her bedside, conspired to impress her disordered mind with the conviction that she was chastised in anger, and to wring from her a vow, to devote herself for half a year, should God restore her to health, to the exclusive duties of religion.

"This vow the priest carefully registered, rejoicing that he had extorted it, and secretly hoping that if she re-entered the convent, circumstances might occur, which should lead to her voluntary choice of that asylum for life. It was in vain that Conrad remonstrated, and prayed her to forego the execution of so absurd a purpose—she denied him firmly, yet, with bitter tears, for with returning health she had awakened to feel the full extent of the sacrifice she meditated—and though she softened her denial with tender words and fond caresses, yet guided in all things by her confessor, and influenced by the superstitions of her country and her religion, she remained inexorable, and her lover left her in a paroxysm of mingled disappointment, grief, and anger. On the following day she again took up her abode within the dark walls of St. Marie, leaving the stately palace of her ancestors once more to solitude and silence."

"Ill indeed did Conrad D'Estura brook this act of voluntary penance on the part of his mistress, and though permitted to seek her at his pleasure, in the parlour, or the garden of the convent, yet

it was many days before he turned his steps thither, so deep was his chagrin, so sore his vexation at beholding nipped in its very bud the opening blossom of his hopes. But love is a learned casuist, and he was not long in persuading Conrad, that however mistaken Claudia might be in the course she had pursued, she was not the less deserving of his affection for persisting firmly in her self-sacrifice to what she conceived to be the call of actual duty.

"And so he sought her, and she welcomed him with such a lovely April face, half smiles, half tears, and with such tender words of greeting, that he left her only to feel more deeply the pain of the long separation to which she had doomed him. Yet shortly these interviews produced rather an irritating than a soothing effect upon his mind. It seemed to him as if Claudia was too contented in her retirement—he fancied she felt no impatience for its termination, that she did not sufficiently appreciate his devotion, or sympathise with the disappointment which she had inflicted,—and more than once, his heart accused her of a coldness and insensibility to his affection which she was far from deserving.

"It was after one of these visits, and when the calm and quiet contentment of her manner occasioned him more than usual annoyance, that he one day joined a party of tourists, who in search of some rare plants, were about to visit the conservatory, of a Neapolitan florist in the environs of the city. This man, whose name was Pedro Baudello, had for the last twelve months cultivated a garden comprising about an English acre, in one corner of which was a small lodge, where he dwelt, and extending from it the whole length of the upper wall, a conservatory filled with such plants as were elsewhere seldom to be seen. Not only the splendid productions of the tropics there flourished as in their native clime, but the vegetable wonders of the extreme zones, and the curious and unknown tribes of the furthest isles that gem the green bosoms of strange and distant oceans, had each a representative in Pedro's bizarre collection—many of them obtained at vast labour and expense from regions inaccessible, except to a spirit of indomitable energy and enterprise.

"With rare skill, he knew also, by the cunning mixture of diverse moulds, by the careful selection of perfect seed, by the judicious culture which pruned at the proper moment the rich foliage and superfluous shoots from the parent stalk, by blending among plants of the same genius the delicate farina, and by the valuable art of inoculation, to aid nature in adding to her exquisite varieties new specimens, that were the marvel and delight of the lovers of the beautiful and rare.

To possess themselves of some *lusus nature* in this choice collection, or to gaze upon and admire its unique splendour, was the object of many who often came to visit the Neapolitan in this his floral kingdom.

"And yet there were some lured thither by an attraction still more potent, for rumour whispered that Pedro nurtured at his domestic hearth a human blossom more exquisite than had ever before unfolded to the wondering eye of man. This was a young girl, the florist's only child, who with an old female domestic, composed all his household. But his choicest flowers were not more jealously guarded from their evil influences of the atmosphere, than was the lovely Zoé from the observation of all who entered the precincts of the garden. Once or twice some visitors had accidentally caught a glimpse of her as she hastily retreated to the lodge at their approach, but that glimpse, transient as it was, had been enough to reveal to them her surpassing beauty, the fame of which they failed not to spread far and wide, awakening a curiosity, which for a time swelled the number of those, who, in vain expectation of beholding her, sought the garden of Pedro.

"The count was one of those who had heard these reports; but, absorbed by his new prospects and engagements, he had listened to them as to other idle words, and let them pass unheeded by, nor now did they at this time once recur to him, for he was by no means in a tranquil or happy frame of mind, and when he entered the grounds, he left his party admiring a splendid Hibiscus Syriacus, which to him was no novelty, and walked leisurely away. The door of the conservatory stood open, and ascending the steps, he was met by an overpowering gush of fragrance, and allured onward by the magnificent display of blossoms its interior presented. His foot fell noiselessly on the turf floor as he advanced, and he had nearly measured the whole length of the building, before perceiving a young girl, who was intent upon forming a bouquet of Ciresian roses, which she plucked from a tall bush beside which she stood.

"Screened by an intervening stand of plants, D'Estura paused to observe her, and then rushed to his recollection all he had heard of the florist's daughter, whom he doubted not, he now saw before him. But all—all, fell far short of the beautiful reality; for beautiful as a dream she was,—and so youthful, that but for the lovely maturity of her figure, she would have seemed still a child in years. Perfect as those of the Medicæan Venus were, her faultless features, and as graceful the classic contour of her small head, round which her hair was twined in shining braids,

\* Whose glossy black to shroud might bring

\* The plumage of the raven's wing.



The glow upon her cheek was like that shed by a rosy sunset upon a wreath of snow, and her full ripe lips vied in beauty with the bursting rose-buds which she wore upon her bosom.

"A falling leaf rustled to the earth, and turning quickly at the sound, she raised her long fringed eyelids, and gazed anxiously abroad, with such eyes as could only have caught their lustrous glory from the mel low light of an Italian sky. Obeying a sudden impulse Conrad stepped from his concealment; blank astonishment expressed itself on her sweet face at his appearance, yet with one foot raised to fly, she lingered, and looked back upon him. He leaned towards her, and the words "Go not!" burst in an earnest whisper from his lips; but he had scarcely uttered them, when quick as thought she disappeared, and he had only time to gather up the roses she let fall in her surprise, and hide them in his vest, before his companions, conducted by Pedro, entered the conservatory.

"Yet though seen but for a brief moment, the lovely vision did not fade from his remembrance; it haunted him in solitude and in crowds, and came in the stillness of night to hover in dreams, around his couch. A sudden passion for flowers possessed him, and he became a daily loiterer in the florist's domain, seeking information respecting their different properties and modes of cultivation, and adding to the old man's treasures by the gift of seeds, and curious plants, which it cost him no little pains and labor to obtain. Delighted to meet an individual who entered with such enthusiasm into his favorite study, the florist soon learned to take great pleasure in the society of the young man, who with the name of Cyprian Gherardi, assumed the character of an humble artist, and as such only, was ever known to his new friend.

"Pedro with his love of horticulture also united that of painting, and as the Count was really a proficient in the art, he could talk upon it learnedly, and greatly to the edification of the florist, who delighted at the sympathy of their tastes, felt the day pass heavily on which the Count failed in his usual visit, and soon began to treat him with the warmth and familiarity of affection. He did not, however, invite him to enter the lodge, but often they sat together for hours in a green bower, over which the clematis threw its snowy blossoms and its delicate foliage; and there, when left to himself, Conrad sat idling over his book, yet watching through the quivering leaves for a glimpse of the fair girl, whose beauty lured him so often to this spot. It was long, however, before he again beheld her; but one day as Pedro was earnestly explaining to him some vegetable phenomena, he saw her mov-

ing among the plants in the conservatory, and he could scarcely conceal his emotion, when a moment after she came forth and walked slowly down an alley of the garden, looking intently on each side, as if in search of some particular flower, which having found, she plucked it and re-entered the house.

"Her father seemed not to notice her appearance, and when the next day, and the next, she came again, he expressed no disapprobation at her presence, for his entire confidence in Conrad, and the affection he had imbibed for him, made him apprehend no evil to his daughter from the knowledge which the young stranger must thus obtain of her extraordinary beauty. And so by degrees she was seen more frequently in the garden walks, and when there came no visitors to frighten her away, she would busy herself in training the falling vines over their light trellices, in binding up the slender stalks that drooped with the weight of their clustered flowers, and in such other light and pleasant tasks as suited well the small and delicate hands that fulfilled them.

"Conrad's heart throbb'd with secret delight as he saw her light form flitting bird-like among the flowers, 'herself a fairer flower;' for though he affected not to regard her movements with any peculiar interest, his furtive glance followed her every where. By seeming chance too, he contrived to meet her in the walks, and though at first he passed her with only a silent greeting, yet soon a courteous word of salutation was exchanged, and then was shortly added others, touching the occupations of the garden, the beauty of the parterres, the sunshine, the rain, or whatever might at the moment furnish a brief topic of converse. Imperceptibly this slight intercourse became more frequent and familiar; they walked together through the shaded alleys of the garden; they lingered side by side amid the fragrance of the green house, and Zoë when wearied by her light toils, sat on the steps of the clematis bower, while Conrad read aloud to her the impassioned poetry of Petrarch. The father saw all this, yet uttered no word of remonstrance or reproach, and thus left to themselves, the Count's eloquent eyes told a sweet and flattering tale, which the girl's deepening blushes soon showed, was neither misread nor unheeded.

"And so autumn came, and found Conrad false to his plighted faith, estranged from his betrothed wife, to whom now, his visits were few and far between, and yielding himself a willing captive to the fascinations of the artless Zoë. Circumstances too, shortly occurred, which, by making him her only friend, deepened the interest with which she had inspired him, and increased the indiffer-

ence which had sprung up in his heart towards the lady Claudia. The old horist, unaccustomed to the damps and miasms which at certain seasons of the year render the neighbourhood of Rome so unwholesome, began, as the cooler weather approached, to experience the ill effects of constant exposure to the open air, yet loath to forego his pleasant labours, he pursued them in sunshine and storm, till, regardless of serious threatenings, he was one day seized with a fit of apoplexy, and suddenly expired.

"The wild and agonized grief of Zoë when this terrible event befel her, it is impossible to describe. Conrad was her soother and support; but for him she would have been desolate indeed, and touched to the soul by the fond expressions of her deep and confiding tenderness, he inwardly vowed never to abuse the trusting innocence that cast itself with such sweet reliance upon his love and honour. Alas! that such a vow should have been written upon sand, to be obliterated by the first wave of passion that overflowed his heart; but so it was, and for this treachery and falsehood he was doomed to make a fearful and fatal expiation.

"Pedro's whole worldly wealth consisted in his garden and conservatory, on the purchase and planting of which he had lavished the earnings of years, and as they would now be only a burden to Zoë, they were disposed of, by her desire, to a gardener who had long regarded them with envy. Through the care of Conrad new lodgings were provided for her and the old servant, who promised never to forsake her, in a quarter where he could with ease preserve his invognito; for still his real rank was a secret to the unsuspecting girl, who listened without a thought of evil to his fervent protestations, nor shrunk from the avowal of her own affection, but laid bare to him with the most artless tenderness, her young heart's secret depths. In these moments of free and fond confession her whole face, lighted up by the intense emotions of her soul, would wear a beauty so seraphic, that it seemed impossible its beaming brightness could ever be quenched in the sullen darkness of angry and tempestuous passions.

"But Zoë possessed not only the external characteristics of her country; she was in soul too, an Italian, with all the restless ardour, the fiery impulses, the vindictive feelings of her race, and her lover had yet to learn, that dove-like and gentle as she seemed, she could, urged by a fearful energy, arise in her might to avenge her cruel wrongs upon the head of her betrayer.

"Yet at this period of his connexion with the young Neapolitan, it was his sincere and earnest wish to be able to marry her. Notwithstanding the superiority of his rank, and the brilliant pros-

pects which an alliance with Claudia opened to him, he would willingly have disregarded all to have atoned for his sin to that trusting girl, by sheltering the youth and innocence he had sullied, in the clasping arms of a generous and unchanging love.

"But obstacles offered themselves to this purpose which he could not overcome. Claudia's entire affection for him, and the solemn vows of fidelity which they had mutually registered, scarcely less binding than those of the marriage covenant itself, called loudly upon him to fulfil to her his sacred pledge. The reparation of his fortune by her wealth was also another motive; though for himself he heeded not poverty; he had enough for the support of that simple life, which he could lead happily with Zoë in some quiet and sequestered home; but the image of his mother in her declining years, of his sister in her budding womanhood, reared in luxury and clinging in fond love to their domestic altars,—the image of these beloved ones, driven forth from the stately walls which had sheltered them, to meet the cold blasts of poverty and misfortune, he could not bear to contemplate. For their sakes, then, it was thus he reasoned, he must sacrifice the peace of an innocent heart, and at the cost of his own truth and happiness, purchase the riches which were but as dross to him, in comparison with the love of her, whom he was about so cruelly to desert.

"In the meantime, Zoë all unconscious of his true position, rested with implicit faith on his love, and undoubtingly looked forward to the fulfilment of the promises which in the intoxication of passion he had involuntarily uttered, and which, by making her a wife before she became the mother of his child, would save her, if not from her own reproaches, at least from becoming an object of contumely to the world. Still week after week passed away, month succeeded month, and the promise, under some trilling pretext, was constantly evaded; and whenever she pressed him on the subject, he exhibited such deep disturbance and emotion, that she sometimes trembled even for his reason, and with the self-sacrificing spirit of her sex, stifled her own great anxiety, confident that as her name was dear to him, he would ere long redeem it from shame, by linking it in honorable union with his own. But wo for the trusting love that built upon so false and weak a foundation—even then was it crumbling beneath her, and too soon was the fair structure of her hopes destined to fall in ruins to the earth.

"The term of the lady Claudia's self-imposed penance drew to a close, and she left the convent to take upon herself the duties of a wife. The long suspended preparations for her marriage

were renewed, and that event was now to be speedily consummated. The Count, through many struggles, had nerved himself to act decisively, and with much of his former spirit, he superintended the necessary arrangements for his nuptials. Indeed the heightened beauty and tenderness of his promised bride, would have done much to reconcile his fickle mind to this alliance, but for the affection which he bore to Zoé, and the bitter remembrance of her wrongs. Viewing the step which he was about to take, however, as inevitable, he strove to soothe his conscience by every sophistical argument in his power. 'She had known him,' he reasoned, 'only as a humble artist, and she would shrink from a union with one so much her superior in rank.' Still, as the lowly artist, would he be true to her,—still shield her with his affection, and guard her and the helpless object of their love, from poverty and danger? But little reeked he of that proud and passionate spirit, whose best and holiest affections he had called forth, to cast again aside, and trample into dust beneath his feet.

As the period fixed for his marriage drew near, a consciousness of the deceitful part he was playing towards the injured Zoé, lent a coldness and embarrassment to Conrad's manner, which he could not control, and though sometimes her caressing words had power to soothe and calm his tortured feelings, they more frequently added sharpness to his bitter self-reproach, and sent him forth from her presence, frantic with the thought of all the misery, which, pursue what course he might, must be the result of his wrong doing. His last visit of this kind had been particularly trying to poor Zoé—his mood was so fitful, and he had left her in a manner so strange and abrupt, that when day after day passed, and he did not return to her, a terrible presentiment of evil filled her mind, and too restless to remain within, she left the house and walked forth in the direction whence he usually came, in the hope of meeting him.

Many passed her, but not him she sought, yet still pressing onward, she found herself in the very heart of the great city before she was aware how far she had wandered from her home. Crowds passed and re-passed her, but among them not one familiar face met her inquiring gaze. Wearied and sad, and oppressed with a deeper sense of solitude than if she stood alone in the unpeopled desert, she turned from the busy street, and obeying an impulse of devotion, ascended the steps of a church, the door of which stood open. Seeing many people enter, she too passed through the portal, but found it so thronged within, that she could not make her way to the altar, and she remained

standing beside the benitier, where, from the whispers of those around, she heard that a marriage was being celebrated at the upper end of the church,—that the parties were noble, and that as the ceremony was nearly ended, the bridal retinue would shortly, on their departure, pass near the spot where they stood.

Zoé was not in a frame of mind to enjoy gay spectacles, but a strong and unaccountable desire seized her to look upon those happy beings, who at God's altar had just consummated their virtuous love by the holiest of earthly unions. In a few minutes there was a movement of the crowd in the centre of the church, and white plumes and bridal favours betokened the advance of the wedding party down the spacious aisle, Zoé grey pale as they approached—her breath was well-nigh suspended with expectation, and when they drew near, a mist clouded her vision, and prevented her distinguishing any individual in the gay group. But ere they passed from view her straining sight riveted upon one figure alone, saw every well known lineament of her perjured lover's face, clearly revealed to her astonished gaze.

He met that flushing glance, and he recoiled from it trembling in every limb, and pale with conscious guilt. But he mastered his outward emotion and moved on, leaving the helpless victim of his perfidy leaning almost deprived of life against a marble pillar. No sound escaped her lips, but it was a marvel to herself why her heart did not burst in twain in the deep, unutterable misery of that moment. Instead of breaking, it changed to a stone, and when she heard some one say near her: 'The Count D'Estura has wedded a fair and wealthy bride, and to-night there are to be great rejoicings at the Guercini palace,' she said to herself, 'I will not fail to be there, and let who dare, baulk my entrance,' and turning away she left the church, and walked with the firm step of one who cherishes a settled purpose, towards her humble abode.

She looked so changed when she entered it, that the old servant gazed at her in alarm. Her cheeks, her very lips, were colorless, but her eyes shone with a fierce, unnatural lustre, and her wild and restless glances indicated a mind hovering on the very verge of insanity. She shook her head in reply to the anxious inquiries of the woman, but to soothe her fears, partook lightly of the refreshments she prepared for her, and then saying she was weary, and would retire to bed, left her, begging to be disturbed no more that night. \* \* \* \* \*

A brilliant throng of the gay and the great assembled that evening in the sumptuous palace of the Count and Comtess D'Estura, to do honor

to the nuptials of the youthful pair. The new-made bride, in all the splendour of her marriage robes, received the cordial greetings of her friends with blushes of mingled joy and bashfulness, but the Count, pale, absent, abstracted, scarcely seemed to hear the kind wishes and congratulations pressed upon him, but moved restlessly among his guests, with a darkened brow and wandering eye, that seemed as if it saw some object invisible to all beside.

"The hours wore on, and merrily with all, save the sullen bridegroom; when suddenly a murmur and a stir was heard near the door of entrance, and as the crowd divided a female closely veiled was seen making her way towards the centre of the grand saloon. Pausing when she reached it, she cast a rapid glance around; it rested on the Count, who, paralyzed by strong emotion, stood watching her movements with eyes that had grown fixed and glassy with the very intenseness of their gaze. She made a step towards him, when some one who noted his disturbance stepped forward to prevent her nearer approach. Observing this, he roused from the spell that momentarily enchaind him, and said in a voice of command,

"Let none interrupt her purpose, for she possesses a right above all others, to speak to me whatever she will upon this evening."

"A slight shudder was observed to convulse her frame at the sound of his voice, but thus permitted, she advanced towards him, and throwing back her veil, displayed to him that beautiful face upon which his eyes had so often revelled with unsatisfied delight, distorted with the agony of intense suffering, and ghastly as the face of the dead. Instinctively he recoiled at the sight—frozen with horror and amazement by the fearful change which had been wrought since last he beheld it in that lovely countenance. Her lip curled scornfully and her eye flashed with a wild and vengeful light, as she marked his emotion. Leaning towards him she said in a low voice,

"Cyprian, it is conscious guilt that teaches you to shrink from me thus; but only one last word have I to utter, and I pray you have patience till I have breathed it in your ear;" then in a clear and thrilling tone she added,

"Betrayer of my innocence—author of my misery and shame, it is this,—this word of death which now my just revenge speaks to your guilty heart!" and quick as thought she drew a stiletto from her bosom, and plunged it to the very hilt, deep into his breast. He fell instantly, and without a groan, expired at her feet.

"Immediately a scene of wild confusion and dismay succeeded to the mirth and music which a minute before had filled the lofty halls with their heart-stirring melody. The young bride,

with a wild and ringing shriek, burst from those who would have held her, and fell lifeless beside her lord, her jewelled arms clusping his bleeding body, and her bridal robes stained with the gushing tide that flowed from his wounded breast. Amid tears and wailing cries, the hapless pair were borne from the apartment, while the murderess gazed after them with a look of mingled triumph and agony, till the crowd shut them from her view. Nor sought she then to escape from the circle which had closed around her, and in the centre of which she stood a wretched but a dauntless captive. Casting the glances of her flushing eyes upon them,

"Do you ask why I have done this deed?" she said,—*Because I would not let him live to triumph in his falsehood, nor would I live myself, to bear this load of aching misery—to hear my child curse its father's baseness, and reproach its mother for its heritage of shame. Fear not,"* she said, contemptuously as they drew closer around her,—*fear not—I cannot escape you if I would—but you shall not detain me long—the draught was subtle, and see you not the death-damps already glittering on my brow—here where the bridal ———*"

"Her voice failed before she could finish the sentence; her trembling limbs would no longer support her, and she sank gently upon the floor, her head pillowed upon her outstretched arms, and her long hair falling over her face, veiling from all eyes the fearful agony of its expression. One convulsive shudder, one deep drawn sigh, and all was still in that impassioned breast; the spirit of the guilty and injured Zoë had gone to its last abode.

"The life of the young countess nearly fell a sacrifice to the terrible catastrophe of her bridal night—but, health once more returned to her, though not with it, as before, the sunny hopes and happy buoyancy of youth. Clouds and darkness had settled down upon her earthly prospects, and once again she fled to the shelter of St. Marie, where at the appointed time, she will take the vows of the order, and remain there a veiled nun for life."

## TO A LADY,

WHO DREW THE STEEL FROM HER BOSOM IN A THUNDER STORM.

CEASE, Eliza, thy locks to despoil,  
Nor remove the bright steel from thy hair,  
For fruitless and fond is thy toil,  
Since nature has made thee so fair.

While the rose on thy cheek shall remain,  
And thine eye so bewitchingly shone,  
Thy endeavours must still be in vain,  
For attraction will always be thine.

## THE MORNING SUN.

BY DR. HASKINS.

How glorious is the morning sun,  
That gilds the world with light;  
How like a monarch doth he run  
In proud, imperial might :

And toward heaven behold him bound—  
Beneath his burning eye  
A flood of splendour all around  
Enkindles earth and sky :

Majestic, free—high o'er the hills  
He lifts his lustrous brow :  
Yon azure arch with glory fills,  
With light the world below.

Morn, rosy, blushing, meets his glance,  
With cheek of crimson hue ;  
Magnificent, heav'n's wide expanse  
Ten thousand tints bestrew.

The rivers rush with gladning voices  
To greet him on his way ;  
Earth's universal realms rejoice,  
And bless the King of Day.

Lo—the broad sea uplifts in love  
Its curling billows high,  
To welcome to his throne above,  
The Sovereign of the sky.

Its whispering tones the forest blends  
With music of the sea,  
And song of birds, that sweet ascends  
Like angels' harpmony.

The silvery streams that thread the grove,  
Bright glittering to his ray,  
Utter sweet voices as they rove—  
Soft music as they stray.

Their forms sublime the hills unfold,  
Wrapt in ethereal fire ;  
Crown'd bright with light of living gold  
Their heads to heav'n aspire.

The lakes, slight rippling to the breeze,  
Calm wake from gentle rest ;  
Morn's spirit stirs among the trees  
With vernal blossoms drest.

Laugh the blithe flowers, with sportive glee  
The wild herds bound along ;  
Fields, forests, mountains, land and sea,  
Burst forth in one glad song.

Dend matter smiles ; beside the stream  
The cold rocks, stern and grey,  
With looks of love embrace his beam,  
And revel in his ray.

A boundless blaze of living light  
Bursts from the glowing east ;  
Fled are the frowns of cheerless night,  
Earth's dreary dreams have ceas'd.

Nature exults :—"Wake—world !—awake,  
To life and love," she cries ;  
"Brief—during Morn—thy sleep forsake,  
With joyful heart arise."

"Wake—Morn !—awake ! it is the hour  
When gates of heav'n unfold ;  
When Paradise, in beauty's pow'r,  
May mortal eyes behold."

## TO THE RIVER TRENT.

BY DR. HASKINS.

Noble river ! rushing on,  
Deep and broad, and bright and free,  
Winter's rage hath come and gone,  
But no bounds he had for thee.

Strong, unfetter'd, bold and deep,  
Here, in majesty, thy tide  
Rushes with resistless sweep,  
Pours along in stately pride.

Blue thy breast, with billows bright  
Sparkling in the fervid ray ;  
Glorious is thy stream with light,  
Gilt with gold of vernal day.

Green thy banks, with budding groves  
Bordering the meadows fair ;  
Still thy shore the cedar loves,  
Shoots the tan'rack high in air.

Cedars white and alders grey—  
Circling many a lordly pine ;  
Giant oaks their forms display,  
Firs, whose silvery leaflets shine.

Hangs the mighty maple o'er  
Trunks upturn'd and rocks around ;  
Hark—I hear a sullen roar—  
'Tis the rapid's thund'ring sound.

Hell the foaming torrents through  
Rocks, that fain would check their rage ;  
See—the monarch stream anew  
Calm pursues his pilgrimage.

Calmly, through the forest glade,  
View his peaceful current glide ;  
Solemn, now, through deep'ning shade  
Dark, yet tranquil, is his tide.

Onward—on—the goal is nigh ;  
Glorious lake ! \* thy form I view  
Blending with th' ethereal sky—  
One bright tract of boundless blue.

Noble river—fare thee well !  
As thy current, strong and deep,  
Onward—irresistible—  
May my soul its progress keep.

Heav'nward to its peaceful home,  
In the world where live the blest ;  
Past the rocks, the rapids' foam,  
Thus may speed—there gladly rest.

## SCENES ABROAD.

No. 10.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

Thus we from the banks of the beautiful Loire, where the Reader of these Sketches last parted from the Writer, to the domain, which the trident-sceptred God has transferred to Britannia:—turn we to the Ocean, firstly, and next, to a description of Old England's chiefest bulwark, abroad;—Gibraltar, and the adjoining parts of Spain.

It was on the anniversary of famous Waterloo that my eye first rested on the blue outline of the Old World. A sailor at the foretop-mast head, about the hour of ten A. M., loud shouted "Land, Ho!" What an exciting cry that is, after having for several weeks, been cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd to a ship's deck; all around one, the wide waters,—all above one, clouds and sky! I mounted the rigging impatiently to catch a glimpse of Europe,—a sight of the firm-set Earth, after so long a restriction to the watery waste. I discerned it, like a fog-bank, on the horizon. It was the land of Trafalgar. Knowing our latitude precisely, we could pronounce what land it was, to a nicety; it was the Cape, rendered so famous by the greatest sea-fight known in history. The waters near were the scene of England's crowning naval triumph. Time was, methought, when the atmosphere around this very spot, vibrated to the victorious cheers of British tars; when the sea was covered with battered and dismantled hostile hulks, each wearing the red-cross, either above the tri-color of France or the gorgeous flag of Spain. This great battle was fought on the 21st October, 1805. Sixty line of battle ships contended that day. Never before was there such a contest; perhaps there never again will be its equal.

What a sight it must have been! The British Armada in two divisions bearing down on the crescent line of France and Spain! The noble Collingwood leading one; the sea-king, Nelson, the other. When within a mile of the foe, the memorable signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty," was displayed from the Victory, the ship of the great captain. It was welcomed enthusiastically by each vessel of the fleet; it ran like wild-fire through the veins of our hearts of oak; the roar of lions was not louder than their cheers. The crews of France and Spain grew pale as they heard those prognos-

tics of triumph. How simple the words, and yet how electrifying! Glorious England, well wert thou served that day by thy glorious sons! But Nelson fell! and the joys of victory were dashed with lamentation.—And yet, what death-scene so fitting for the hero! Amid the cheers of his gallant followers, his great heart ceased to beat; amid fire and flame spouting from the sides of half a hundred volcanos of the deep, his sun of victory went down!

Beneath the quiet dome of great St. Paul's, have slept for now forty years, the mortal remains of the hero. His ship, the Victory, is visited by thousands annually, who contemplate the mark upon her deck, that designates the spot where fell his shattered frame,—shattered in his country's cause! Oh! so long as the meteor flag of England shall brave the battle and the storm, so long shall his name and his fame be fresh in the minds and the hearts of Englishmen!

To return to my first glimpse of the Old World! The day was beautiful; 'twas a summer's day— a gentle wind, so soft as scarcely to ripple the swelling billows, wafted us on. In a few more hours, a lofty cape was in sight to the south east. It was the land of Africa. Cape Spatel, the northernmost point of that continent. Europe and Africa were seen at once. Gradually, the long line of coast became visible to the naked eye. We entered the straits that separate the two continents:—'tis a narrow gut of some fifteen or twenty miles. A strong current flowing constantly from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, assisted our progress greatly.

The spy-glass was now in eager request; every object was interesting. It was all fairy-land to him, whose reading for some twenty five years had been about the Old World and its wonders; its heroes and their deeds. Imagination had done its work, and I gazed through its glass of astounding magnifying powers, at every object. From forth these straits, methought, the adventurous Phœnician issued, to visit what was then the Ultima Thule of navigation, our own fast anchored isle. It may be, a portion of Hannibal's veteran Carthaginians crossed these narrow straits to carry war across the Pyrenees and Alps, to the very gates of Rome. From that shore came the

Arab host, whose cry was and yet is, "There is but one God and Mohammed is his Prophet." They came with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other; they conquered and they converted. The sword is the most convincing of arguments; a missionary, there is no disputing with. And long previous to the Hejira, the Ostrogoth, after subduing Hispania, reached these shores. He beheld Africa, the Roman provinces, once the Carthaginian; he, too, crossed these waters to overrun new countries. Multitudinous memories such as these, rose up before me as I paced the deck, and gazed on the distant shores.

Tangier on the Moorish coast, and Tarifa on the Spanish, are the first towns of the Old World that meet the eye. As we were in mid channel, and the gut not more than twenty miles wide, the spy-glass brought them under view distinctly. The houses in this part of the world are chiefly white, and are thus rendered very conspicuous. A popular writer describing the appearance of Tangier, says, "it shows like a white dove brooding on its nest." Though these opposite shores, are inhabited by beings formed after God's own image, yet is there no resemblance between them, but their common form. Each would consider it ineritorious in the sight of God to destroy the other; each is disturbed at the presence of the other. The Mohammedan gnashes his teeth when he sees a Christian, ejaculates the name of Allah, and utters no kinder expression than, "Thou Christian Dog!" The Catholic Spaniard, on the other hand, crosses himself at sight of the turbaned Moor, and indulges in some equally complimentary expression.

Tarifa is a walled town. There is an island in front of it, on which is a light-house. Tarifa is one of the hundred names emblazoned on the colors of British Regiments. A force from Gibraltar occupied it during the war of Napoleon, and defended it against some very fierce assaults.

The word "tariff," so familiar among merchants, is derived from the name of this small town. When the Moors held it, they exacted duties on merchandize passing through the straits; and these being levied here, the name of the town was applied, in the course of time, to the scale of duties.

The coasts of the two continents are lofty. The breeze and current soon brought us in sight of the celebrated Pillars of Hercules, as two mountains, one on each coast, nearly opposite each other, are denominated. The highest pillar is the African. Its Roman name, Mons Abyla; the Moors call it *Gibel Muza*, or the hill of Muza; as they term the Rock of Gibraltar, *Gibel Tarick*, or the hill of Tarick. Muza, it seems, was a holy man, or warabout, whose bones lie in the hill; Tarick

was a warrior, and seized the rock. Gibraltar is derived from those two Moorish words. Its Latin name is Mons Calpe. Apes Hill is the name we English have given to the African mountain from the circumstance of there being a multitude of those animals on it. A writer thus describes it:—"Gibel Muza is an immense shapeless mass, a wilderness of rocks, with here and there, a few trees and shrubs nodding from the clefts of its precipices; it is uninhabited, save by wolves, wild-swine, and chattering monkeys,—on which last account it is called by the Spaniards, *Montana de las Monas*, (the hill of the Baboons); whilst, on the contrary, Gibraltar, not to speak of the strange city which covers part of it—*a city* inhabited by men of all nations and tongues,—its batteries and excavations, all of them miracles of art, is the most singular looking mountain in the world—a mountain which can neither be described by pen nor pencil, and at which the eye is never satisfied with gazing. It lies like a huge monster stretching far into the brine."

In an hour or two more, we rounded Cabrita Point, and entering the Bay of Gibraltar, were shortly at anchor in front of the town. The mate of the vessel, seeing me surveying the Rock attentively, observed, "people say it looks like a lion." I must confess it had not reminded me of the resemblance to the monarch of the woods, but after hearing the mate's observation, it did appear to me. (in the words of the writer just quoted) that, "if it resembles any animal object in nature, it certainly has something of the appearance of a terrible couchant lion, whose stupendous head menaces Spain. Had I been dreaming, I should almost have concluded it to be the Genius of Africa, in the shape of its most puissant monster, who had bounded over the Sea from the clime of sand and sun, bent on the destruction of the rival continent, more especially as the hue of its stony sides, its crest and chine, is tawny even as that of the desert king." History has shown that we have a Lion's hold of it, and as the Lion is the crest of England, there could not be a more fitting resemblance.

A Pratique boat soon visited us, and we were at liberty to land; but it was then late; after "gun-fire," to adopt the phraseology of the Rock, when the gates are closed, and ingress and egress denied, save to persons having passes. "Gun-fire" is a frequent mode of calculating time at Gibraltar. "I will call on you after gun-fire," or, "it must be done before gun-fire," and such like expressions, are commonly heard. The morning and evening guns are fired from the signal-house; and, where does the reader suppose the signal-house to be? On the height of the mountain, some fourteen hundred feet above the Sea! The

rising and setting of the sun are the signals for the application of the match. At this elevated point, the first appearance of the luminary above the horizon of the vast Mediterranean Sea, is caught by the watchful sentinel;—and in the evening, as the orb of day dips into the vaster Atlantic, the same watchful soldier catches the last glimpse of his glorious disc;—and, at the instant, the loud report sounds in the ears of the busy multitude at the mountain's base, proclaiming sun-set.

I paced the ship's deck till past midnight, listening to the sounds and noises from the shore; the tolling of bells, the martial drum, and the hum of the thronged mart; and gazing at the deep shadows cast on the waters by the mountain fortress or at the lights from every house, until they one by one disappeared, and the silver moon alone shed its radiance on the scene.

I was up betimes in the morning, to feast my eyes on the celebrated stronghold, whose name is a synonyme for impregnability. Gibraltar looked not as my fancy had pictured it. Viewed from the Bay its batteries have by no means so frowning an aspect as those of Quebec and Cape Diamond viewed from the River St. Lawrence, or from Point Levi. The batteries of the latter are on the summits of lofty precipices; whereas the principal batteries of the former, as visible from the water, rise from, and run along the sea line or beach. On the Mediterranean side of "the Rock," however, the idea of impregnability must strike every beholder; for on that side a precipice rises almost perpendicularly from the sea, some fourteen hundred feet. Viewed from the narrow isthmus that connects the Rock with Spain, the impression of impregnability will scarcely be less perfect; for there, too, it abruptly rises to the same elevation, with the exception of a small space between it and the Bay, which affords entrance to the town; and this space is so defended, that the idea of attacking Gibraltar at that point could never enter the head of a sane man. The isthmus referred to, is a mere tongue of sand; a low narrow bank, connecting Spain with the Rocky precipice. But, if Gibraltar does not look, from the Bay, so formidable as Quebec does, from the River St. Lawrence, there can be no question, that it is vastly a prouder stronghold. With a competent garrison, plenty of provisions, and abundance of the implements and munitions of war, Gibraltar may deride the efforts of all the armies and navies of the world. With the exception of the narrow isthmus referred to, it is surrounded by the deep sea. The mountain's perpendicular heights, sufficiently protect it against an enemy on three of its sides; and on the other, there is the Sea, (for the Bay may be called the Sea, being three leagues across,) and massive

batteries rising to a considerable elevation from the water's edge, flanked by bastions; and all along the mountain's face wherever there is lodgment for a cannon, one sees its protuberant mouth. Forlorn indeed would be the hope of successful assault on that side; and as to all other points, militia soldiers are furnished with wings, and soar by brigades like eagles, they need never attempt hostile entrance into this fortress.

About mid-day, I stepped into the boat to go ashore; all alive and on tip-toe with expectation and excitement. As may be supposed, one cannot land where he chooses. There is only one point of entry into the garrison from the water, for civilians. This is at the New Mole, as a long projecting wall of solid masonry is termed. This wall, which stretches out into the Bay from the shore some hundred feet, is known, in military phrase, as "the Devil's tongue battery;" and a most appropriate designation all will admit it to be, who glance at the "iron pack" that show their teeth on either side, and fancy them in "full cry." One of its broad-sides overlooks the approach to the Rock from Spain across the narrow sandy isthmus, already alluded to,—the other commands the Bay. Sentries paced up and down this wall, their bayonets glistening in the sun's rays.

A busy scene met the eye as the boat rounded the extremity of the Mole. It had been previously concealed from view by the vast length of the projecting breakwater; behind it, scarcely lay hundreds of lighters, small craft, and sail-boats; whilst at the landing place there was a market thronged with a mass of human beings, in dresses as numerous as those of a "Fancy Ball," vociferating in all the known, and to judge from the uproar, in some of the unknown, tongues, also.

There were crowds of swarthy Spaniards, Italians, and natives of the Rock (known as Rock scorpions or lizards,) reminding me strongly of our scarcely less swarthy, Jean Baptiste; great numbers of women, chiefly in real cloaks and hoods trimmed with black; soldiers and soldiers' wives and children, sailors of all kinds, from the stylish man of war's man, to the dirty lighter man; citizens of the town; numbers of Barbary Jews in their long black gowns, their beards reaching to their breasts, resembling so many goats or orang-outangs; Moors from the opposite coast, with turbaned heads and slippered feet; the Catalan with his scarlet cap, and the Greek in his fancy dress. The noises proceeding from forth this multitude could not well have been exceeded by the confusion of tongues at Babel; whilst to make the noise "confusion worse confounded," there were hundreds of donkeys (they call them boricos at the Rock) bray-



ing away in all the notes of jackass salutation, courtship, joy, and desperation. I more than once instinctively closed my ears, making way as fast as I could to the entrance into the garrison. Crossing the drawbridge, a permit to reside thirty days at the Rock, was procured for me from a person in authority having an office near, signing himself, "Rombado, Inspector;" and passing through a long gloomy archway, under the rampart, I found myself within the walls.

From the circumstance of the space between the acclivities of the mountain and the Bay, being very restricted, there is scarce room for more than one street; and as the current of population is compressed into this channel, the crowd in it, as may be supposed, was very great. Every glance around, showed I was in a military stronghold. Soldiers were marching to and from the relief of posts, or were lounging about, in every direction, their gay scarlet rendering them more conspicuous. I have been in places where the garrison has been much larger than at Gibraltar, but, owing to the difference of costume, the military display seemed less.

There is certainly no place in the British dominions where so great a variety of the human family is to be seen, as at Gibraltar. Jew, Turk and Gentile, meet one at every corner. All the languages of Europe, and the Arabic to boot, may be heard in one twenty four hours by a lounging in the thoroughfares.

For a week after my arrival, I did little else than luxuriate in the agreeable change, from sea to shore life. During the day I amused myself sauntering up and down the streets, along the batteries, or on the Alameda, examining with curious eye the animate and inanimate peculiarities of the place. Of an evening, the most attractive spot I found, was a Café on the Square. The assemblage there was always great and multifarious. The officers of the garrison patronized it greatly, and there was no lack of Lieutenants and Middies from the numerous vessels of war, of all nations, then in the Bay. Civilians of the Rock, and a host of strangers from all parts of the world, thronged the place. It was a never failing source of amusement and curiosity to scan the manners of all these people, and note their speech. Here, one heard a group discoursing about the Brazils or Buenos Ayres; there, the conversation touched on the North of Europe; in one corner, it was about North America,—in another, concerning Asia. All the sounds and dialects of English, as used by Irish, English, Scotch and American, were mingled with the guttural, German and Dutch, the sonorous Spanish, the birdlike Italian, and the vivacious French. Strange tongues there were, too, unknown to my

Canadian ears, those of the Greek and the Mohammedan.

Another agreeable lounge of the evening, was the Theatre: the "Teatro Principal" as it was termed. The splendid language of the Spaniard is heard in all its sonorosity, richness and grandeur, on the stage. Well might Voltaire call it the "language of the gods." It was delightful to sit and listen to it, falling like pearls from the lips of practised dramatists. Besides the language of Spain, there was the dancing of Spain; the Bolero and the Fandango with its cracking castanets. There was beauty of person too, to add to the charm. The principal actress had been one of the chief ornaments of the Madrid Stage. The cause of her being at Gibraltar, was politics; the lady was a warm Constitutionalist; and *la Constitución* was then a proscribed thing. The Serviles compelled all its supporters to fly, or filled the gaols with them; and the Donna in question made her way to Gibraltar. Report gave out that she was the wife of a Grandee's son, and that the Grandee's family were mightily incensed against her in consequence. However this may have been, there can be no doubt she was, so far as personal attraction went, worthy of any Grandee.

Riding on horseback is a great pastime at Gibraltar, but, to enjoy it, one must go by the Neutral Ground into Spain. "The South," as the space between the Alameda and the Southern extremity of the Rock is called, is too restricted for the exercise; although what there is of it is extremely agreeable to the equestrian. It is the "Country" portion of the Rock. The civilian fashionables, (for Gibraltar has its fashionables, like all other places) many of them reside here. It is, however, chiefly inhabited by the military and their families. Scattered over it are numerous country-houses surrounded by gardens. The Governor's cottage is at the extreme end, facing Africa, and there are many other snug little cottages, after the English style, to add beauty to "the South."

The Peninsula, or Rock of Gibraltar, extends north and south three miles, and is half a mile in breadth. The population is about 12,000, exclusive of military. Even in these piping times of peace, the garrison is considerable. At the period I write about, there were no less than five regiments of infantry, and the force of artillery in such a place, as may be supposed, was considerable.

The town is at the base of the Rock, or Mountain, at its Northern end. The principal street is level, well built and paved, and about half a mile long. There are some narrow streets parallel to it, which are crossed by lanes, that climb the mountain side. The distance

from Landport to the gate at the Southern end of the town, may be about two thirds of a mile. Here, a wall called Charles the Fifth's wall (why or wherefore I didn't discover) separates the town from what is styled "the South." Beyond the South Port is the Alameda, the public Promenade. A beautiful spot it is—tastefully laid out into walks, skirted with trees and shrubs and flowers. There, are to be seen many of the flowers which adorn our windows in Canada; geraniums, aloes, &c. Two pretty summer houses on elevated plots of grass and flowers, ornament the spot, and benches invite the languid passer-by to rest, and the while enjoy the prospect. Before him is the wide expanse of the Bay with its shipping. The white walls of Algezirar are seen beyond it; to the left, the broad straits, exhibiting the white canvas of many a barque; and rising high above them, the towering crags of Africa. If he cast his eye behind him he beholds the fortified and rugged mountain rising abruptly to the height of 1400 feet above the surface of the sea at its base. The Alameda presents likewise a statue of the celebrated General Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, who commanded during the memorable siege. We English have had possession of it, now, a century and a half. It was in 1704, it was taken by surprise. It is said that after our fleet, under Sir George Rooke, had thrown some 15,000 shot into the place without producing any visible effect; a party of our Jack-tars, having got merry with grog, rowed close under the Mole, and perceiving the garrison did not mind them, they were encouraged to attempt a landing. They accordingly mounted the Mole, and, when there, hoisted a red jacket as a signal of possession. This being observed from the fleet, a force was sent to support them. Thus reinforced, they mounted the works, drove the enemy out of one battery and pursued them to another, till in full possession. For a *coup de main* of that description, there is no force like seamen. They throw themselves against an enemy in a devil-may-care undisciplined and irregular way, which is a thousand times more effective than all the *en-chellou* and columnar movements of the stiff and formal soldier.

A combined French and Spanish naval and military force tried hard to re-take the Rock, some sixty years ago. For nearly four years, from 1779 to 1783, they were before it, throwing hundreds of shot into it, almost every day. Finding shells and shot ineffectual, a grand attempt was made to approach the sea-line in ships and floating batteries, crowded with soldiers, with the view of landing them to storm the place. The enemy believed these vessels to be fully protected against red-hot shot, but they

were mistaken. These were poured into them in such quantities, that they were soon in flames. Crowded with human beings as they were, the scene may be imagined. The historian of the siege describes their shrieks of despair and agony to have been fearful. Down they went, and with them, went down all hope of carrying Gibraltar by storm. The siege was converted into a blockade, but this proved equally ineffectual, and they gradually left the heroic garrison in peace. A large tower, which forms a prominent object on the face of the mountain, called the Moorish Castle, even to the present hour bears evidence of the tremendous cannonade and shelling of the enemy.

Having procured a pass to visit the excavations, as the batteries scooped out in the solid rock are termed, I sallied forth after breakfast, one morning, for a thorough "overhaul" of the precipitous portions of "the Rock." I have compared my observations respecting these excavations with those of the writer already quoted from, and, on the whole, prefer them. I shall therefore use his language in describing them.—"We ascended a precipitous street, and soon arrived in the vicinity of what is generally known as the Moorish Castle, a large tower, but so battered by the cannon-balls discharged against it in the famous siege, that it is at present little better than a ruin. Here, at a species of hut, we were joined by an artillery sergeant who was to be our guide. He led the way to a huge rock, where he unlocked a gate at the entrance of a dark vaulted passage which passed under it. We arrived close to the stupendous precipice which rises abruptly above the isthmus called the Neutral Ground, staring gauntly and horridly at Spain, and immediately entered the excavations. They consist of galleries scooped in the living rock, at the distance of some twelve feet from the outside. They run the whole breadth of the hill in this direction. In these galleries, at short distances, are ragged yawning apertures, all formed by the hand of man, where stand the cannon, each with its pyramid of bullets on one side. Every thing was in its place, every thing ready to seethe and overwhelm the proudest and most numerous host which might appear, marching in hostile array against this singular fortress, on the land side. There is not much variety; one cavern and one gun resembling another. As for the guns, they are not of large calibre; indeed, such are not needed here, where a pebble discharged from so great an altitude would be fraught with death. On descending a shaft however, I observed, in one cave of special importance, two enormous cannonades, looking with peculiar malignity down a shelving rock, which perhaps, although not with-

out tremendous difficulty, might be sealed. The mere wind of one of these huge guns would be sufficient to topple over a thousand men. What sensations of dread and horror must be awakened in the breast of a foe when this hollow rock, in the day of siege, emits its flame, smoke, and thundering wind from a thousand yawning holes; horror, not inferior to that felt by the peasant of the neighbourhood when Mongibello belches forth from all its orifices, its sulphurous fires."

It struck me very forcibly as I passed the rocky galleries, so graphically described in the preceding quotation, that were I a gunner, I should greatly prefer an open battery to these granite-cased passages. I suspect there would not be half the risk from the enemy's shot, as from the concussion of a cannonade tumbling the rock on one's head. Besides, what an atmosphere one would breathe in these confined galleries after an hour's firing!

Having emerged from within the stony ribs of the mountain, we found ourselves about two-thirds the distance to the summit, and toiled up the zig-zag path until we attained it. It was the North Point; the pinnacle of a perpendicular precipice 1400 feet high. We overlooked Spain to a vast extent. The Alpujara mountains bounded our vision, but the plains seemed to be at our feet with their towns and hamlets. The Bay was on one side, the vast Mediterranean on the other. To the south were the Straits and Africa; Mount Abyla reared its hoary head, and Ceuta and Tangier could be discerned on the coast.

At this great altitude there is a battery, but as our guide, an artilleryman, observed, it was more for curiosity than use. A short time previously, the electric fluid struck it, and did considerable injury to the platforms and gun-carriages.

We turned our steps to the south, and continued along the crest of the mountain till we reached the Signal House. From this spot, signals communicate with the Garrison below. In war-time it must be an invaluable post. The enemy can conceal nothing from an observer perched on these heights. A sergeant and three artillerymen were stationed here, and had very comfortable quarters. We were asked to put our names in a register, and in glancing over the list, I found people from all parts of the world had been here. There were a great many names of American Officers belonging to the squadron our Republican neighbours constantly keep in the Mediterranean. There were also names of French Officers, from their army in Spain, and, what struck me as peculiar, the names of the private soldiers who accompanied them were inscribed. The private soldiers of our army would not dream of inscribing their

names in a Register of the sort, after those of their officers, but the genius of the two nations will account for the contrast.

One name interested me not a little; it was thus inscribed: "Major A. Gordon Laing, Royal African Corps, on an expedition to the interior of Africa." Poor fellow, he went, and soon shared the fate of the hundreds who had preceded him. He was murdered far in the interior. What a thing is this thirst for fame! Death only can quench it. Experience has shown that it is almost certain death to attempt discoveries in Africa, yet almost annually, some brave fellow persists in hoping for success. And all this is to obtain a name!—to be famous! I looked at the writing of poor Laing with melancholy interest.

At the Signal House we exchanged our guide for an old veteran gunner, who had fought at Talavera and Vittoria. There is much to fascinate in the modest conversation of a sturdy old soldier, who has stared death in the face a thousand times. It inspires one with respect to gaze upon a man who has no fear of the gaunt old monarch, and such evidently was the grey-headed veteran who piloted us to the celebrated St. Michael's Cave. The entrance to this far-famed cavern is about eleven hundred feet above the sea. Many pillars of stone have been formed in it by the dropping of water, which has petrified. When one has penetrated as far as prudence authorizes, without a light, and looks back towards the entrance, he sees pillars, columns, and stalactites pendant from the roof, through the gloom of the cave. Some are scarcely distinguishable; on others the rays of light fall more abundantly, and beyond all, he sees the clear day-light of the entrance. "It is very dangerous," says the writer already quoted, "to enter this place without a guide well acquainted with it; as besides the black pit at the extremity, holes which have never been fathomed present themselves here and there, falling into which the adventurer would be dashed to pieces. Numerous have been the individuals who have ventured down to immense depths, hoping to discover an end; and indeed, scarcely a week passes without attempts being made by officers or soldiers of the garrison. No termination has ever been reached, nor any discoveries made to repay the frightful danger incurred. Indeed, from what I have heard, I have come to the opinion that the whole hill of Gibraltar is honey-combed, and I have little doubt that, were it cleft asunder, its interior would be found full of such abysses of Erebus as those to which St. Michael's Cave conducts. Only a few weeks before my visit, two sergeants—brothers—perished in the gulph on the right hand side of the cave, having, when at a great depth, slipped down a precipice.

The body of one of these adventurous men is even now rotting in the bowels of the mountain, preyed upon by its blind and noisome worms."

At the entrance of St. Michael's Cave, we bade adieu to our old soldier guide, and made our way to O'Hara's Tower. On this, the very highest point of the rock, there are the lightning-struck walls of a round tower, erected by a former Governor of Gibraltar, of that name. Our party amused themselves rolling stones from this height down the mountain's side. We descended to Europa Point by steps cut in the rock, called the "Mediterranean steps," from being on the eastern face of the mountain and fronting that sea. We passed round by the Governor's Cottage and got back to the Hotel, about five o'clock P. M. after a journey over the entire rock, consuming upwards of seven hours.

A few days after this I joined another party to visit St. Martin's Cave. Its mouth is on the south face of the rock looking at the African shore. The features are similar to those of St. Michael's, but not on so grand a scale.

Monkeys are said to be numerous on the mountain, but I saw none of them. They remain chiefly on the inaccessible side of the rock, and only come to the town side, when a Levanter (as an east wind is called there) is blowing. I observed considerable numbers of goats playing about, and climbing among the precipices. What certain-footed animals they are, to be sure! I noticed them quite at their ease, on the face of the sharpest inclivities. They find sufficient foothold, it would seem, on the rough face of the rock.

Campbell, in one of his splendid lyrics, has sung,

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep,—  
Her march is on the mountain wave  
Her home is on the deep,

But it will be admitted, if, as the Poet has sung, Britannia needs them not, she takes especial care to have them, and Gibraltar is only one of numerous strong evidences of this care.

[The remainder of this article will appear in the next number.]

#### GEMS FROM THE OLD POETS.

HERRICK, ON HIS GREY HAIRS.

Fly me not, though I be grey;  
Lady, this I know you'll say,  
Better look the roses red  
When with white commingled.  
Black your hairs are, mine are white;  
This begets the more delight  
When things meet most opposite;  
As in pictures we describe  
Venus standing Vulcan by.

TO . . . .

BY W.

Dear \*\*\*\*\* still the same you see  
This heart—as when first bared to view,  
So fondly, wholly given to thee—  
Was, is, and ever must be true.

For all must love thee who behold,  
Then marvel not that I adore thee;  
Ah! \*\*\*\*\* deem not earth can hold  
A fonder heart than bows before thee.

When first I saw thee, gentle, kind,  
In life's all cloudless morn I found thee,  
With all that heart to heart could bind,  
And all thy sex's charms around thee.

Thy beaming eye and sunny smile  
In fancy's visions shone before me,  
And hopes that could all cares beguile,  
In dreams of bliss came stealing o'er me.

For then I saw thee by my side,  
(In dreams our fate was link'd for ever)  
My lovely, loved, and loving Bride!  
Beyond the power of fate to sever.

Yet oft my thoughts would sadly roam  
With hope's glad ray no longer beaming  
And ah! dark clouds of care would come,  
Across the sunshine of my dreaming.

For oh! such thoughts were fraught with woe  
My bosom's transports darkly gliding,  
To think no kindred flame might glow,  
Like mine, thy heart and soul pervading.

For oft with cold and distant mien,  
And look no hope for me revealing,  
Thou'dst turn away, nor seem to deign  
One kindly glance of kindred feeling.

Ah! \*\*\*\*\* why such cold distrust?  
For though to me no hope were given,  
I'd love thee still, till dust to dust,  
Should yield this fleeting soul to heaven.

And here or there—alive or dead—  
Pray God to shower—with care paternal—  
All mortal blessings on thy head,  
And last—make thine His home eternal!

B —, April, 1845.

#### AN ENIGMATICAL ACROSTIC:

IN ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA PUBLISHED IN THE "GARLAND"  
APRIL, 1845.

Though dark your Enigma—its gloom I'll dispel,  
Having measured its depth, which I find is an ell.  
Each blush must possess it on beauty's fair cheek;  
Love claims its assistance before it can speak.  
E'en sages in wisdom would fall far behind it,  
The fool in the midst of his folly would find it.  
The beginning of lies, and the end of all evil,  
Eternal connexion it claims with the devil.  
Rejected from Heaven, it ever must dwell,  
Like Satan himself, at the bottom of Hell.

Allanburgh, April 20.

A. J.

## MEDEA MATER.\*

BY E. T. F.

Beautiful dreamers! Oh! sleep on, sleep on!  
There is no sound or stir on earth or sky,  
And blessed influences from on high  
Descend like dew. Thou Bay Saronian,  
Dimly afar, with moonlight overstrewn,  
I see thee now. Almost I am at peace:  
All misery and anguish seem to cease,  
Beneath this holy time's dominion.

Smiles! eye, and lute-voiced laughter. In your sleep,  
Beloved sons, what glowing phantasies  
Are thronging now around you? Do your eyes  
Feast, in imagination, on the sweep  
Of those great hills, where gods their vigils keep?  
Or, haply, on fair valleys, which the hours  
Bless with perennial, incense breathing flowers;  
Such vales as bloom beneath the Olympian steep.

It was a day to be remember'd ever,  
The day that saw us floating down the stream  
Of ancient Peneus. With the moon's first beam,  
And where, with scarce perceptible endeavour,  
Solemn and slow, the sacred waters sever  
Mount Phœstus from the hills of Thessaly,  
We launch'd our bark. There were none others by,  
Save those beloved ones who left me never.

O the glad freshness of that summer dawn!  
The thrilling song of birds, the rich perfume  
Of thousand, thousand flowers, the dim seen bloom  
Of wild Pagan rose, thickly strewn  
O'er hill and dell, green glade and glossy lawn,  
And, over all, the blue immensity,  
The kindling east, the star-lit western sky,  
Day, as a god, advancing slowly on!

Elysium of earth! the awed content,  
That over all my happy soul had grown,  
Rose not from thy magnificence alone;  
But there was one—one who beside me bent  
With murmur'd words, of love and worship blent,  
And therefore was I happy. Human love,  
A magic mightier than my own had wove,  
A spell that silenced all presentment.

Thus, silent with deep joy, through Tempe's vale  
We drifted on. But now the dreamy calm  
Of gorgeous noon was past, and grateful balm  
Refresh'd the air, and fann'd the drooping sail.  
So evening shadows found us. Silvery pale,  
The moon arose o'er Pelfon, and the sun  
Behind Olympus went serenely down,  
Whose awful shadow wrapt us as a veil.

Would I were mortal! Men are born and die:  
And with them dies the memory of their woes:  
The wearied spirit unrequiring goes  
To rest, to renovation. Misery  
Is mine for ever. As the stars on high,  
That change not, grow not dim, so I must reign,  
A fixed despair,—immortal in my pain,  
Fill'd with one thought, a thought of joys gone by!

\* In the older Theogonies, Medea always appears as a divine person. Hesiod expressly names her as one of the "immortals wedded to mortal men."

By the deep love with which I honour'd thee,  
By the wild worship, and surrendering  
Of my whole being, all that I could bring,  
And offer'd thee with rapt humility:—  
By the old days which weeping memory  
Still holds enclasp'd, a hoard of treasured pain,  
By all that has been, may not be again,—  
Bitter, most bitter, shall thy nuptials be!

And these—these are thy children;—they must die!  
Let none dare question me—let no soft wind  
Whisper me aught! I would not—would not find  
Weak pleadings in the mother-thoughts that ply  
So fondly at my heart-strings. Thou, oh sky!  
Look not so pitifully. ———

All is past:  
I am alone. They were too bright to last,  
Those glorious dreams of fond humanity!

So passes from me earth: and I return  
To my Olympian home. Daughter of gods,  
Must I re-enter those serene abodes  
Reluctant and regretting?—Must I mourn  
At passing once again the shadowy bourn?  
Aye! with a heart all desolate and cold,  
Medea fallen comes. Immortal, hold  
Your looks of pity, spare your frozen scorn!

Farewell, bright land wherein I loved to dwell!  
Thou blue Proponitid lake—thy cloud-veiled dome,  
Strobilus hoar—and thou, my Grecian home,  
Land of the ilex and the asphodel!  
And oh! far more than these,—thou rapturous swell  
Of human fondness,—mother-love, that grew  
The holier for its sorrows,—life, that knew  
Such weeping joy and pain,—Farewell! Farewell!

## THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

BY DR. HASKINS.

Love to you, lovely birds! and your wild lay,  
Sweet sung beneath th' approving smile of May,  
Glad heralds of delight! your angel voice  
Thrills through my heart, and bids my soul rejoice;  
How exquisite your notes unto mine ear,  
Long stunn'd by howling storms of winter drear:  
How wildly glad, amid the unfolding leaves,  
They tell a tale the willing heart believes!  
They tell of bliss, of beauty, and of flow'rs;  
Of paradisaal green ambrosial bow'rs;  
Of odours breathing from the enamell'd field;  
Of scents and sweets the painted gardens yield  
Of buds and blossoms waving to the breeze;  
Of tassell'd wreaths that crown the verdant trees:  
Of golden days, when summer's light shall be  
Shed as a glorious flood o'er land and sea;  
Of blushing morn, and gentle eventide;  
Of the bright moon, bedeck'd in silvery pride;  
Of gorgeous noon,—night's majesty,—the deep  
Hour, when the eyes of Nature close in sleep;  
And, oh! far more than these, they tell of love,  
Nestling within the bosom like a dove!  
Blest love—that makes the jarring wheels of life  
Roll smoothly on, and heals our inward strife.  
Sweet birds! oh! may your hours in bliss be pass'd  
Nor cloud nor storm their sunshine overcast.

# THE PEARL-FISHER:

## A TALE OF THE BUCCANEERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMMANUEL GONZALÈS.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

### XXVI.

#### PORTO DE LA PACA.

It was with a feeling of unutterable anguish that the unhappy companion of Fray Eusebio set foot on the soil of Porto de la Paca, and gazed on the mad orgies with which the buccaneers were celebrating their triumph, and preparing for the partitioning of that booty of which she formed a part. The prisoners were conducted to the tent of M. du Rossey by the Leopard, and as they reached the entrance, he turned to the negress, who was by the side of the monk.

"Halt here, my young Ebony-skin," he said, addressing her by the name which the buccaneers had conferred upon her.

She obeyed without lifting her eyes from the ground, on which she had kept them sadly fixed.

"The poor child dreams of her native country," muttered the Leopard, "a country which she will never more behold."

"A fine country!" interposed a buccaneer who had overheard him; "composed of burning sand, snakes, mosquitoes, and fever."

"And of bridegrooms," added Michel le Basque, "who one day gladden their wives' hearts with a necklace of glass beads, and the next, sell them to the slave-dealer. A honeymoon in Guinea seldom lasts more than three days."

These remarks seemed to pass unheeded by the negress, who remained motionless, only raising her eyes to seek comfort in the countenance of Fray Eusebio, or to cast a terrified glance on the scenes of wild revelry around. On one of these occasions, a cry escaped her lips as she caught sight of one of the buccaneers, who, idly leaning on his long carbine, gazed on his rude companions as if he saw them not—as if his mind were wandering in far other scenes. She had recognised Joachim, and from that moment her heart seemed lightened of half its load. Her destiny appeared less alarming; the buccaneers themselves appeared less dreadful in her sight; for amongst them was a soul whose generous devotion she had experienced, a voice which she had

heard in humble and submissive accents, and she no longer felt herself alone and unprotected. But when she saw the start with which Montbars heard that cry, faint and stifled as it was, the expression of joy that lighted up his sombre countenance, and the eager glance he cast around, a new fear entered her breast. This young man loved her; and if the humble pearl-fisher had dared to speak his passion, what would be the language of the hardy buccaneer? Her Spanish pride revolted at the thought.

Whilst these reflections agitated her bosom, Joachim had advanced eagerly to the group of prisoners, and in the trembling negress at once recognised, with the instinct of love, her in whose presence he most rejoiced, and yet whom, of all others, he least wished to see in that spot.

"Do you know me, Senorita?" he asked in a low, trembling voice, as he reached her side.

The poor girl still hesitated. She cast a glance of humiliation on her miserable costume, and blushed at thus appearing before her former servant, in the habit of a slave.

"Speak—speak!" continued Joachim; "I need not pronounce your name; my heart has recognised you."

Carmen comprehended from the voice of the young man, that his love was unabated; and she knew that a woman is ever queen over the heart of him who truly loves her, whether she display on her brow the regal coronet, or on her neck the collar of slavery.

"Is it among these brigands that I find you, Joachim?" she at last replied with hesitation.

"Your reproach is unjust, Senorita," rejoined Montbars, in a tone too low to be overheard by Fray Eusebio. "Have you forgot that Spanish blood has been shed, and that this dreaded society alone offers a refuge to the criminal?"

"You are right, Joachim! I was heedless and unjust; but you will forgive me, and will protect me against these cruel men?"

"I have already suffered for you, Donna Carmen! proudly and willingly suffered; but now, even the sacrifice of my life would be useless.

"Yet, stay!" he added suddenly, "there is still one means of saving you."

A ray of hope lighted up the features of the young girl, as with clasped hands, she implored him to explain himself. Joachim paused for a few moments, and when he did reply it was in broken and murmured accents.

"No one would dare to insult the wife of Joachim Montbars," he said.

Donna Carmen smiled disdainfully, but unnoticed by Montbars, who continued with increasing boldness, and heedless of the presence of the monk;

"To me it would be the realisation of a bright dream, seldom absent from my thoughts. Here we have nought to do with the prejudices of rank and birth and fortune, that perplex and embroil the world. In some shady forest retreat will I build your bower, surrounded by the loveliest flowers and richest fruits of this sunny clime; and my ardent untiring affection would make amends for the troops of slaves that have hitherto numbered instead of saving you."

"I never thought to hear such conditions proposed to me by Joachim the fisherman," interrupted Carmen coldly.

"The pearl-fisher exists no longer, *Senorita!*" replied Montbars. "I am now free and unfettered."

"You call yourself free," interposed Fray Eusebio, and yet you cannot even protect a woman from distress and insult."

"Here all are equal," returned Joachim. "Alone and unaided I can do nothing against the common laws, the common will. Without this do you suppose that I would ever have offered to Donna Carmen such an alternative as I have now done? Reflect, *Senorita!* that thus alone can you escape the chances of the approaching partition of the spoil."

"I await my fate," she replied firmly.

At this moment they were interrupted by impatient cries from the buccaneers for the partition of the spoil, and all drew around their chiefs, who placed themselves in readiness for this most important incident in the life of a corsair. Each class might readily be distinguished, less by costume, than by manner, and expression of feature.

The adventurers themselves might be distinguished into two bands. The buccaneers were generally employed on land, and were as often engaged in the hunting of wild cattle and in preserving the meat thus obtained, as in predatory expeditions. These might be seen, for the most part, patiently awaiting the event, leaning on their long carbines and with their dogs couched at their feet. The *flibustiers'* life on the other hand, was principally passed at sea, and their cou-

stant warlike occupations rendered them more stern and pitiless than the former. Their costume displayed a strange mixture of meanness and magnificence; in some cases a coarse linen shirt was looped with a splendid diamond, in others a rich plume hung from an old tattered *sombrero*, in others again the clumsy wooden handle of a cutlass was seen emerging from a jewelled scabbard. The flibustiers formed a restless crowd around L'Onnais and Vanhorn, two of their principal chiefs.

Behind these were grouped the colonists—agriculturists and traffickers, who had been drawn to the spot, by the prospect of gain. These had no direct interest in the partition now about to take place, but three-fourths at least of the spoil was sure to find its way into their hands before another expedition was entered upon.

The back-ground was occupied by the attendants, a class of men generally hired by the colonists in Europe to serve them during three years. The adventurers also had their attendants, either those whose first term of service had expired, or prisoners taken in their expeditions. These poor creatures were under the absolute command of their masters, and if death should follow excessive punishment in any case, a hole was dug, the corpse thrown in, and no more thought of the matter. In more than one instance, however, when the attendant was kindly used, he served his master with a life-long fidelity and attachment. Such was the case, as our readers must have noticed, with the Leopard and his attendant Balthazar.

## XXVII.

## THE COMPROMISE.

At a signal from the governor, M. du Rossey, who had taken his place on a slight elevation, supported by the Leopard and L'Onnais, a profound silence succeeded to the previous tumult.

"You all know," he cried aloud, "that before allotting the several shares, you must all bring into the general stock whatever you have retained, were it to the value of a single livre?"

"We know it!" was the answer.

"Then, Leopard!" said the governor, "commence the roll."

"Joachim Montbars, approach!" said the old buccaneer.

As Joachim moved in obedience to this appeal, a soft voice murmured in his ear.

"You go to denounce me then?"

"Fear nothing from me," he answered; "you might have known me better."

"When he advanced before M. du Rossey, the

governor was surprised at his agitation, but encouraged him with a few kind words.

"Joachim Montbars!" he then said, "you here publicly assert that you have not retained for your own use any portion of the spoil?"

"I do," he firmly replied.

"And further, that you have not willingly concealed the value of any object, or the name of any prisoner?"

"Dare you assert this?" whispered a voice in the young man's ear.

He raised his head, and meeting the glance of Michel le Basque, returned a look of defiance, and exclaimed aloud,

"I do!"

"You may retire," said M. du Rossey; "Leopard! call another."

As Joachim returned to his former place, Michel le Basque kept by his side.

"Do you hope to save this woman—she who has just treated you with such contempt?"

Montbars started at this intimation that Michel had discovered Donna Carmen through her disguise; but he made no reply.

"I too have recognised that Spanish girl," continued Le Basque, "I have yet a vow of vengeance to fulfil."

"Be silent!" cried Joachim, fearing that these threats might reach the ear of Donna Carmen, near whom they had now arrived. "If you seek a quarrel, you shall not seek in vain; but first let the partition of the spoil have an end."

"What madness is this?" replied Michel aloud: "do you not know what awaits you, should you endeavour to snatch this Spaniard from our hands?"

"He will have the glory," interrupted the monk, who had lent an eager ear as they approached—"of saving the victim and disappointing the executioners."

"Not so," replied Michel, sternly; "but the disgrace of being regarded by his brethren as a forsworn traitor."

"Let him fly with us," continued Fray Eusebio, "and he will have riches at his command, without having to rob or murder for them."

"Let him try it," rejoined the buccaneer, "and the Brethren of the Coast will pursue and punish him as a base deserter—a *maroon*!"\*

"It is never too late to forsake a life of crime," replied the monk. "Joachim! save Donna Carmen."

"There can be no excuse for treachery," said Michel. "Montbars! be faithful to your engagements."

Joachim turned his eyes towards his uncle, whom all the adventurers seemed to regard with a sort of veneration; and Michel, noticing the direction of his glance, continued:

"Your uncle would renounce you—he would be inconsolable for your disgrace."

The monk saw that he was losing ground.

"Consider, Joachim," he said, "that all these pirates are condemned both in this world and the next, and that it is only by abandoning them that you can avoid their fate.

"Think what would be your own fate," rejoined Michel Le Basque; "the little children at Rancheria would salute with stones and hootings the lion who had allowed his claws to be cut—the slaves would avoid the company of the renegade—the rich planters would stare at you haughtily and contemptuously when they met you, and if you did not get out of their way quick enough, have they not their hunting whips to hasten your speed? Yes!" he added, with a savage laugh; "on that point you have the benefit of my experience."

Joachim listened to him with a bitter smile, and when he had finished, he indignantly addressed the monk and the buccaneer:

"You must think me weak and despicable indeed, since you thus, in my presence, dispute possession of my will—of my very soul. You have spoken long enough, my masters! it is now my turn. I would sooner have imposed silence on you, but that you have thus unwittingly revealed to me your designs. You, Fray Eusebio, have dared to think that a foolish and dangerous epipity would engage me to rescue Donna Carmen; and you, Michel le Basque, have thought me base enough to be deterred by puerile fear from thwarting your revenge. Ah! did the dangers of such an attempt threaten myself alone, the more terrible they were, the more eagerly I would court them."

"Well, Montbars! what is your intention?" said Michel, impatiently. "Decide at once, for my name will be called immediately."

The young man racked his mind for some expedient to save the poor girl from her threatened lot, but he could seize none which presented any chance of success. He was like one pursued in a dream by some savage beast, using his utmost endeavour to escape; at each new effort his step becomes weaker, his breath more exhausted; at each bound of the approaching animal, his nerves become more powerless, till at length his knees sink beneath him, and he feels the fiery breath of his pursuer scorching his frame.

"Should the name of Donna Carmen be once

\* This term, derived from the Spanish word signifying "a wild beast," was applied to a servant, or slave who fled from his master and sought refuge in the woods.



pronounced," resumed Fray Eusebio, "her last hope is gone."

"If you will engage your honour," said Michel le Basque, "to employ neither force nor stratagem to deliver this Spanish girl, but leave her to the chance of the partition, I will not name her, when now called."

The eyes of Joachim Montbars sought those of Donna Carmen, for counsel in this terrible alternative, but in vain; the dark painted countenance betrayed no emotion, gave no signal of her wishes. At this moment the Leopard called out the name of Michel le Basque.

"Decide!" said the latter, hastily, to Joachim.

"Promise—promise at once," urged the monk; "we must gain time at all risks."

"But remember, Fray Eusebio," returned Joachim, "that my word of honour once given, is sacred and binding."

"As such I trust to it," said Michel.

"Michel le Basque!" again exclaimed the Leopard, whilst all eyes were turned towards the group.

Michel slowly advanced towards the three presiding chiefs.

"A common slave might easily escape," said Fray Eusebio, with renewed earnestness; "but the Brethren of the Coast will guard with the utmost jealousy the mistress of Rancheria."

Joachim again glanced to Donna Carmen, but though he met there the same disdainful apathy, he stepped hurriedly forward and rejoined the buccaneer before he had reached the governor.

"I engage to use neither force nor stratagem," he whispered in his ear.

Michel le Basque advanced, underwent the usual examination, and retired, without having denounced Donna Carmen.

## XXVIII.

### THE PARTITION.

When each adventurer had passed this examination, the Governor handed to the Leopard a parchment sealed with three large seals, saying at the same time,

"Before proceeding to the partition of the spoil, read aloud the agreement signed by the chiefs before the departure of the expedition, that all may know its provisions."

The adventurers crowded round the Leopard, who, breaking the seals and unfolding the parchment, read the agreement aloud.

"Article 1. The master buccaneer, chief of the expedition to Port Margo, shall be entitled, in addition to three lots of the booty, to all the slaves of rank or condition captured during the expedition."

"I have been cheated like a fool," said Joachim to himself, catching the smile of Michel le Basque. "Had Donna Carmen been discovered she would have been allotted to my uncle, and I could then have saved her—now I have caused her destruction."

In the mean time the Leopard continued:

"Article 2. The captains of the galleys shall have the first vessel that is taken, besides two lots each.

"Article 3. He who first discovers a prize shall receive a hundred crowns.

"Article 4. Any one losing an eye shall receive a slave or a hundred crowns; for the loss of two a triple recompense shall be given.

"Article 5. He who loses his right hand or right arm shall receive two hundred crowns or two slaves —"

"Alas!" thought Montbars; "I have not even been wounded. Would that I could have bought her liberty at the price of my blood!"

The Leopard having finished the 5th Article, now commenced the next.

"Article 6. The adventurer who shall signalise his courage and devotion, by being the first to board a vessel, by accepting a mission which exposes him to almost inevitable death, or in any other way, may claim a high reward, proportioned to his deeds."

"I have then the right to claim such reward," cried Joachim, rushing forward to his uncle: "you know whether I have seen death close at hand or not—you yourself have snatched me from the hands of the executioner; have I not a claim?"

This interruption was received with murmurs by the by-standers, while the Leopard continued, as if he had not heard his nephew's address.

"Article 7. For the loss of a foot or leg, two slaves or two hundred crowns."

"Why do you not answer, uncle?" resumed Joachim, impetuously. "I only ask what you have signed to. It cannot surely be refused, M. du Rossey?"

The Leopard continued:

"Article 8. Any one losing the use of a limb shall receive the same recompense as if entirely deprived of it."

"Uncle, uncle! have you become blind or deaf?" cried Montbars, impatiently.

"Article 9. The persons thus injured shall receive each his lot along with the other adventurers."

"And now that we have finished the reading of the agreement," continued the Leopard, "let us hear the claim of Joachim Montbars, who is so eager to receive the price of his danger."

"I demand these two slaves," replied the young adventurer, pointing to the monk and the pretended negress beside him; "the hazard of my life is at least worth this."

Astonishment was depicted on every countenance around; from the pertinacity with which

he had urged his claim, all were prepared for some most exorbitant demand. After a moment's silence M. du Rossey turned to the chiefs beside him, and said,

"There can be no hesitation to grant——"

"First listen to me," exclaimed Michel le Basque, who had attentively watched this scene.

"Speak!" said M. du Rossey, while the adventurers pressed around in eager expectation.

"This is all a lie and a mockery, brethren!" said Michel, seizing the trembling girl by the arm and dragging her before the governor.

"What mean you," cried the Leopard. "Can Joachim——?"

He paused, afraid to give utterance to the doubt that trembled on his lips. Michel le Basque hesitated for an instant as he remarked the anguish of his old comrade; but Joachim, recovering from his surprise, pushed him aside, placing himself in front of Donna Carmen, and Michel's heart again hardened within him.

"This negress whom you were about to give to Montbars," he said, "is a lady—a noble Spanish lady."

"Who is she?" asked the Governor, amid the imprecations and threats of the surrounding buccaners.

"Montbars asked a negress for a slave—let him have one if you choose," was Michel's reply. "I have an equal right to a reward, and I here claim this woman. Donna Carmen de Zarcates, mistress of Rancheria."

"A Spaniard! treason! treason!" cried the adventurers.

"Is it thus you deceive your brethren, unhappy boy?" said the Leopard to his nephew, in a tone of deep reproach.

"Yes, uncle!" answered Joachim, resolved to meet the danger boldly; "and every heart here that ever experienced a single kindly feeling must acknowledge that I was right. There she stands before you, this terrible foe! You surround her, numerous and fully armed; is it the part of courageous men to make a feeble woman tremble and weep as she now does?"

"She is a Spaniard," muttered the inflexible Leopard, whose hatred to that nation has already been recorded.

"Let Michel le Basque have the Spaniard!" cried some voices around.

"'Tis true," resumed Joachim with energy, "that she is the mistress of Rancheria, but she is innocent as an infant. What crime has she committed? or do you punish her for the crimes of others? Look at her! Would you load with disgraceful bonds these feeble arms, these white hands, which have so often dressed the hurts of

her suffering slaves? Often have I seen her, a mere child, raise her little voice on behalf of some unhappy culprit; and shall there be none to intercede for her, who interceded for every one?

Ah! were you to question the *ajonjas* of Rancheria, a thousand voices would issue forth to bless her—not one to accuse; and the very sight of her gentle compassionate countenance could make the hard-wrought pearl-fisher forget his toils!"

"You seek in vain to move us to pity for this girl," interrupted the Leopard; "we must be guided by our statutes, and they know no pity."

"Proceed with the partition!" cried an impatient voice.

The rest were silent, but none encouraged Joachim by word or sign.

"Thus," said he dejectedly, "you will redder with bitter unaccustomed tears the eyes of this noble senora—you will wound these small tender feet with the rough thorns of the forest—you will load her feeble shoulders with your heavy burdens, and inure those delicate hands to daily increasing toil! But why use a sword to destroy a flower that the slightest breeze breaks on its stem? Donna Carmen will have perished ere you can carry to her lips the rations of your slaves, or clothe her in their rags! But it is impossible," he added wildly—"this can never be!"

"Silence, boy!" cried the Leopard, seizing his hands as in a vice, while impatient murmurs rose every moment louder among the buccaners; "abuse not our patience longer. The adventurers of Toringa will not cast their statutes to the wind merely to please a foolish youth. Listen to me! This woman is of a cursed nation and must undergo her lot. When I became a buccaneer, I swore to have no pity on the Spaniards, and I have kept my oath. In their eyes we are but wild beasts, to be hunted to the death—why then should we be gentle and generous to these our implacable enemies? They hunt with their savage dogs the poor Indian women—let the Spanish women in their turn experience the woes of slavery!"

"But this one, my uncle!" murmured Joachim, in a voice, low and almost inarticulate, "do you not comprehend that I love her?"

"Love her!" repeated the Leopard in the same low voice, but with a start of astonishment; "you—the son of my brother, Melchior, whom they have so lately slain—love one of that tyrannic race! Beware, Joachim! You know what your father gained by that fatal passion. Michel!" he added aloud, "you have demanded that woman as your slave; take her!"

## XXIX,

## THE SLAVE.

THE adventurers loudly applauded this decision and then turned to proceed with the partition of the booty, leaving Joachim as if struck by a thunderbolt, motionless and almost senseless. At the thought of his own utter inability to aid Donna Carmen against the whole body of the association, the courage which had hitherto maintained him bowed down, and two large tears rolled down his cheek.

These tears were noticed by Donna Carmen, who had been removed a few paces off by her new master, and they probably touched her heart more than all the generous devotion he had shown on her behalf. As he looked up she met him with a grateful but melancholy smile, and would have spoken, but at that moment the voice of the governor was heard, calling upon Montbars to choose what he would of the booty.

"Choose instead of me," said Joachim to Michel le Basque, "I offer you all my portion as the ransom of Donna Carmen. Slaves, money, goods—take all!"

"You are a fool!" said Michel abruptly, "to fancy the whole booty together would cheat me of my revenge."

"Fool!" repeated Montbars, "I regard as a base coward any one who would thus revenge himself on a woman."

The eyes of Michel flashed, but with an effort he recovered his self command.

"You are the nephew of my comrade," he replied coldly, "and I pass this over for the present; but if, when you have recovered your reason, you still stand by your words, we can finish the quarrel according to our usage."

A renewed call from M. du Rossey drew Joachim away, and he chose his portion of the spoil, scarcely conscious of what he did; then turning aside, he threw himself on the grass at the foot of a rock, careless of every thing around. And yet the scene was one, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have excited much interest. M. du Rossey, having disposed of the preferable claims, divided the buccaneers and filibustiers into companies of ten each, and then distributed the spoil into as many lots as there were companies. Each company gave as its mark a danger, a bonnet, a powder-flask, or some such object, and a boy whose eyes were blind-folded, determined the destination of the lots by throwing these tokens on the several piles. Each pile was then divided amongst the ten to whose lot it had fallen, and the adventurers soon formed a confused busy crowd, exchanging their acqui-

sitions or selling them to the colonists who now mixed among them.

All at once the sad reverie of Joachim was lighted up as if by a sudden flash of hope, and rising, he joined the crowd of buccaneers, and shared in the laugh and joke that went freely round.

The heart of Donna Carmen sank within her at this abandonment by him who was her last hope. Human weakness does not permit, even in the firmest mind, of resignation so complete, of so absolute an overwhelming of misfortune, that the mind may not suffer still more keenly by some trivial evil that comes upon it unexpectedly. The man who allows himself to be conducted to the stake or the scaffold, calm and unmoved amidst the storm of insult and reproach, may burst into tears at the averted look of some old friend whom he by chance encounters. It was with similar feelings that Donna Carmen looked to Joachim, as he joined in the boisterous mirth, and gaily emptied his goblet, without a single compassionate glance towards her.

The attendant of Michel le Basque, who had been untying the hands of the slaves allotted to him, that they might the better bear the burdens which were to be consigned to their care, now unloosed those of Donna Carmen. At the same moment Michel himself passed before her, and impelled by the madness of despair, she snatched his dagger from its sheath, and directed its blade against her breast. But the buccaneer, quick as thought, arrested her hand and snatched the weapon from her grasp, exclaiming coldly and impassionately:—

"Take care, my little queen! you will hurt yourself."

The hands of Montbars were involuntarily stretched towards her, and his lips half opened; but by a violent effort he repressed his emotion, and moved not till Michel had departed to a little distance. He then gently approached Donna Carmen, and said, in a voice inaudible to those around,

"Be calm, *Senorita!* There is yet hope. There is another passion still more powerful in the heart of Michel le Basque than revenge, and by which we may yet conquer it."

"What do you design to do?" asked Carmen anxiously; "risk not your life for me, Joachim!"

"Would that I could!" exclaimed Montbars; "but that were now useless. My last hope lies in this, that Michel le Basque is one of the most inveterate gamblers among all the Brethren of the Coast. My portion of the booty, which I but now regarded with so much contempt, affords me a stake to lay against him, and I may yet by this

means win your freedom. You may already hear the rattling of the dice on the heads of these barrels, about which the adventurers are so eagerly grouped; these paltry dice are worth more to us at this moment than steel or gold."

"I fear, Joachim! 'tis but a vain and groundless hope."

"You know not Michel le Basque, Senorita! He would laugh at a drawn sword; threats with him would be of no avail. I offered him my share of the spoil, and he only shrugged his shoulders. But when he loses his booty, bale after bale, piastre after piastre, as I trust will be the case, every throw of the dice will madden him the more, and I may lead him to stake what I please. But hush! he approaches."

Joachim then advanced to Pitriani, who was seated amongst a group of boon companions.

"You must be tired of drinking by this time," he exclaimed, "what say you to a rattle of the dice for variety's sake, my old sea-dragon?"

"No! no!" said the buccaneer in reply, "it would be only robbing you. You are not cool enough to play, after that wild prank of yours."

"Tush, man!" replied Joachim, "I am but the fitter for it; you know the proverb—'Good luck in play follows ill luck in love.'"

"Have with you then for a throw," rejoined Pitriani, and the dice were soon rolling on a table placed between them.

But the buccaneer was not in the vein, and after losing about a hundred crowns, he rose up, exclaiming impatiently.

"This stupid work this, the wine-cup for me, boys!"

"Who will take his place?" demanded Joachim.

During all this scene, the attention of Michel had been fixed upon Joachim, and he slowly drew near.

"I have refused this young fellow's share as a ransom," he thought, "but might I not gain it and still keep my slaves? Will you play with me?" he said aloud to Montbars, "or do you still bear me a grudge?"

"I was a fool," answered Joachim, "as you told me a few minutes ago; but that is all past. I would play with you were you Lucifer himself."

Michel's suspicions were completely lulled by this reply, and with a loud laugh he took the seat which Pitriani had just vacated.

## XXX.

## A LAST EFFORT.

The adventurers crowded round the antagonists with eager interest, for gaming was their predominant passion, to which they devoted them-

selves heart and soul. It was a kind of mimic war by which they kept up the excitement of their usual occupations. The richest became destitute in a few minutes; one hour he might equip a fleet—the next he had to beg his supper.

"What stake do you play for?" asked Michel.

"What you will," replied Joachim, with a seeming carelessness that belied the burning impatience within.

"Five hundred crowns?"

"Five hundred crowns be it!"

"Play then."

The hand of Montbars trembled as he shook the dice; and when he had thrown he had not the courage to look at them.

"Eleven," cried the by-standers, and re-assured by this high throw, Joachim again took courage.

Michel threw seven, and of course lost.

"I stake the rest of my lot," cried le Basque, impatiently.

"And I the same," replied Joachim, and the dice again rolled on the table.

The event was the same, Montbars again throwing eleven, while Michel only had six. Le Basque rapidly drank off, one after the other, two cups of Xeres brought him by his attendant, gave a kick to his hood, which scudded off with a howl, and threw a look around in search of a smile, a glance, or a gesture which he might interpret as an insult. But none such met his view—all were silent. At length he turned to Montbars, who maintained the same careless and indifferent air which he had at first assumed, and said in a low suppressed voice:

"Suppose I were to stake my slaves," (he put an emphasis on the word), "against all that I have lost?"

If the least flash of joy and hope had lighted up the eyes of Joachim, Michel would at once have risen and departed with his slaves; but Montbars, by a strong effort, suppressed his emotion, and replied with a smile:

"Your slaves against all you have lost! Why! they are not worth a hundred crowns! Come, who takes the place of Michel le Basque?" he continued, seeing that the buccaneer still hesitated; "I will stake against any one whatever he pleases."

"Let us try another chance first," rejoined Le Basque; "my slaves against six hundred crowns!"

"As you please," replied Joachim, "be it so!"

Donna Carmen with returning hope drew near the players, unobserved even by Joachim, who regarded fixedly the dice thrown by Michel le Basque.

"Nine," cried the buccaneer.

The young man grew pale, but hastily seizing the dice, he threw "five." The chance was now reversed. Joachim endeavoured in vain to maintain his presence of mind and to play calmly; at every throw he lost, and his gain melted away like snow beneath the summer's sun. He staked his share of the prize, his arms, his dogs; Le Basque gained everything, until Joachim had not an article to stake against him.

"You are now satisfied, I hope," said Michel with a triumphant air. "Come," he continued, rising and addressing Donna Carmen; "let us depart!"

"Depart—and with him!" muttered Joachim to himself; "and I can do nothing to prevent it. I have lost everything, even to the arms with which I might have avenged both her and myself!"

All at once a new idea lighted up his eyes with fresh hope.

"Stay!" he exclaimed, seizing Michel by the arm; "sit down and continue our game."

"For what can we play?" replied Michel, with a laugh; "you have nothing left to stake."

"Have I not?" returned Joachim. "Hark ye, Michel; do you consider me active and indefatigable? Have you ever seen reason to doubt my courage?"

"Never," replied Le Basque, who began to think that Joachim sought a ground of quarrel with him.

"Are my limbs robust enough?" continued the latter: "Is my aim true and my hand steady? In a word, am I worth having as an attendant?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Michel.

"I mean to propose another stake: against all your share and mine—money and slaves—I place three years of my life, during which I will serve as your attendant."

Carmen did not comprehend the full meaning of this proposition, but she saw by the countenances of the by-standers, that it was considered something dreadful; and indeed, as we have already explained, the condition of an "attendant" among the buccaneers was little better than slavery. The Leopard himself was moved from his usual stolid indifference, and exclaimed,

"Beware, Joachim!"

All awaited with anxiety the reply of Michel le Basque. He considered for a few moments, and then said,

"You jest, my lad! Am I to risk losing ——"

"I take you all to witness," interrupted Montbars, "that Michel le Basque is afraid to continue the game. Did I refuse him his revenge, when I had won? or does he think that I am not

worth two or three bags of crowns and a few slaves?"

Michel saw that this bold and strange proposition had pleased the buccaneers, from its very rashness: all seemed to admire Joachim, and many encouraged him by word and sign. He therefore unwillingly resumed his seat.

"Let the terms be well understood," said Joachim. "If I gain, all that is now yours becomes mine. If I lose, I am at your disposal for the next three years, to obey your commands truly and faithfully. My life or death will be at your award."

"I accept," said Le Basque, with an agitation he could not conceal.

He seized the dice-box, shook it nervously and threw.

"Three," he exclaimed, with an oath, as the dice rolled on the table.

Joachim next threw, but had not the courage to look at the result. Not a whisper was heard for a full minute, and then Michel le Basque rose from his seat.

"Come, Joachim, follow me!" he exclaimed.

"It cannot be possible," cried Montbars, glancing at the table.

He had thrown two.

Without a word further he rose, and staggered, rather than walked, towards the group of prisoners that Michel le Basque was now engaged in marshalling.

"You see, Joachim!" said Donna Carmen, mournfully, "that I am fatal to all who love me."

"Still," replied Joachim, "your master is also mine; and the attendant of Michel may, perchance, be of more service to his slave, than the free adventurer could have been."

"But will this compact be really executed?" asked Carmen.

"It is a voluntary engagement," returned Montbars, "from which only death or the term of our agreement can deliver me. From this time forth I am the attendant of my former companion. When I follow him to the chase I must carry his carbine and the game that he slays. He has the right of chastising my idleness, my disobedience, nay, even a word or a look that may offend him, without any one daring to pity or defend me."

"Poor Joachim!" murmured Donna Carmen.

"But Michel le Basque will not dare ——"

"To strike me with his lash, perhaps, to deprive me of food and sleep, or to torture me as he would others; but my sufferings will not therefore be the less. An imperious order, an insulting gesture—humiliations which I must in-

cessantly undergo—these will be my real punishment."

When the party began to move off, the Leopard advanced to Michel le Basque, and said to him,

"The lad had need of this lesson, but do not push it too far, comrade! forget not that he is the son of my brother!"

"Do not be afraid, Leopard!" replied Michel; "you know that I have always liked the lad, and will spare him as much for his own sake as yours. But as for the damsel, I cannot forget the manner in which our acquaintance first commenced—she shall pay for it now!"

And whistling a lively air, the buccaneer waved his hand in token of adieu to his comrades, and followed the party.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO THE

## MEMORY OF GENERAL BROCK,

WHO FELL CHARGING UP QUEENSTON HEIGHTS,  
AUGUST 13, 1814.

Rest, warrior, rest, 'mid the ruins around thee;  
What matters it where sleep the bones of the brave?  
Since Fate, with a chaplet of laurel hath crowned thee,

And Britons with pride mark the spot of thy grave.

Our children for ages shall tell thy proud story,  
Though miscreants have dared to dishonour thy tomb;

Thy name shall live on in the pages of glory,  
When those who defamed thee are buried in gloom.

Fierce, fierce was the strife—and the cataract's raging  
Was drowned for a while by the roar of the gun,  
And the deafening crash of the squadron's engaging,  
When Brock led the way—and the battle was won!

But sadly Niagara's far distant moaning,  
Was borne on the air like a dirge for the dead;  
When warriors around thee in anguish were groaning,  
And thou wert consigned to thy last narrow bed.

Yet rest thou in peace—though the hand of a coward,  
Who dared not have faced thee ere parted thy breath,  
Hath robber-like crept, when the night-cloud had lowered,

To break the repose of thy chamber of death.

Though the tomb which a gratified nation raised o'er thee,  
Were scattered that none its position might trace,  
There lives in the hearts of the friends who adore thee,  
A spot which the spoiler can never efface.

While Queenston's dread precipice brings back the story,

Of those who were hurled from its heights to the wave;

It rears not a pillar to tell of thy glory,  
Or point out to Britons the spot of thy grave!

A. J.

## ONTARIO.

BY C.

Ontario, Ontario, how bright thy waters flow,  
How joyously they dance along, how music-like they go!

The western winds have heard thy song, have sigh'd thy passing thence!

With joy old Ocean's bosom swells to greet thy coming hence.

Ontario, Ontario, thou beautiful mimic sea,  
Thine entrance here, how grand, sublime, how dashing,  
wild, and free;

A thousand anthems tun'd their voice, a thousand thunders roll'd,

As on thy surge-like billows swell'd in burnished sheets  
of gold.

O'er thee, o'er white man's foot had press'd thy banks of verdant green,

Or on thy bounding billows while the whiten'd sail was seen;

The sun's bright rays of golden tinge fell on the frail catine,

Which bore the sovereign of these glades swift o'er thy waters blue.

Along thy banks, while in his pride, the red man's dance and song

In savage triumph, stern, and wild, rose from each victor throng,

As proud defiance to their foes through the green forests rung,

Or keenest anguish, tearless grief, their stony bosoms stung.

But where are now the dusky chiefs, that haughty warrior band,

Who long a mighty sceptre sway'd o'er all this forest land?

Where are those dauntless spirits now, those heroes of the past,

And where is proud *Tonawita* gone, thy bravest and thy best?

From thy deep caves no answer flows, no wish'd response is borne,

Save the low murmur of thy waves, as they unceasing mourn,

And ever chaunt a dirge-like strain, a solemn requiem slow,

For chiefs who ever fearless met, nor blanch'd before the foe!

They're gone, bright Lake, yet still in pride thy dancing waters flow,

As when thy free born forest-sons first drew the hunter's bow,

And now, while o'er thy glittering wave, and billowy crest of snow

The Star and Meteor banners float, thou'rt still Ontario!  
Cobourg, April 1815.

\* A celebrated Indian Chief.

## DELAWARE SONG.

BY H. J. K.

We've passed the rapid, endless river  
Far in the wilderness to dwell,  
And to our woods and streams for ever  
Have had a last and sad farewell.  
The white man's freedom would enslave us,  
His customs with us disagree,  
So leave the land that nature gave us,  
The hunting grounds of Tennessee.

The sunny waves of Susquehanna  
By us will ne'er again be broke  
Nor trod the hills, nor broad Savannah,  
By Potomac or Roanoke.  
We seek far West, in land assigned us  
An undisputed right of chase,  
And there his laws no longer bind us—  
We live as suits the red-man's race.

The pale-face yet disease is bringing  
And liquors that the heart deprave  
To those still near with fondness clinging  
Their fathers' council, lodge, and grave.  
And thus Micmac and Mingos fading,  
Their fate the once proud Huron shares;  
While wild woods of the west are shading  
The remnant of the Delawares.

## YE COWE A'!

BY W. MILLER.

AIR—"Covin' thro' the Eye."

I wiled my lass wi' loving words to Kelvin's leafy shade,  
And a' that fondest heart can feel wi' deepest fervour said;  
But nae reply the lassie giv'd—I blam'd the water'n—  
It's deavin' soun' her voice might drown: O it coves a'!  
O it coves a'! quo I; O it coves a'!  
I wonder how the birds can woo; O it coves a'!

I wiled my lass wi' loving words to Kelvin's solemn grove,  
Where silence, in her dewy bow'rs, hush'd a' sounds; but  
O' love;  
Still frae my earnest looks and vows, she turn'd her head  
awa,—  
Nae cheering word the silence heard; O this coves a'!  
O this coves a'! quo I; O this coves a'!  
O wootn' there's some ither way; O this coves a'!

I wiled my lass wi' loving words to where the moonlicht fell  
Upon a bank of blooming flow'rs, beside the Pear-tree  
Well;  
Say, modest moon! did I do wrang to gie her head a  
thraw,  
And steal ae kiss o' honied bliss? O ye cove a'!  
O ye cove a'! quo she: O ye cove a'!  
Ye might hae speer't a body's leave; O ye cove a'!

I'll to the clerk, quo I; my lass! on Sunday we'll be  
cried,  
And frae your father's house next day ye'll gae a dear  
lo'ed bride;  
Quo' she, "I'd need anither week to make a gown mair  
braw."

"The gown ye hae we'll mak it do;" "O ye cove a'!  
O ye cove a' quo' she: O ye cove a'!  
But wilfu' fock maun ha'e their way; O ye cove a'!"

## THE DREAMER'S RESCUE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY VALENTINE SLYBOOTS.

Mysterious Sleep! how doth the spirit start  
Into new life, when thy dim shadow spell  
Stills every sense, and seals the outward eye;  
How disenchant'd doth Fancy spread her wing  
Of many hues—how fly from grief to joy—  
Now brooding over caverns full of death,  
Now skimming gaily over scenes of love,  
In the soft light of Beauty's dwelling-place!

Methought I lay, sicken'd and sad at heart,  
In a deep dungeon of despair—no beam  
Of light disturb'd the horrid gloom—nor voice  
Of living creature bless'd my longing ear—  
An icy coldness chill'd my very blood,  
For well I knew the day was waning fast:  
And on the morrow I must die! And still  
No sound of sorrow pass'd my shrivell'd lips—  
Mine eyes were dry as dust—and yet my spirit  
In silent anguish, wept within itself,  
That I must die so soon! All the fond looks  
Of loving eyes, that fed my young heart's hopes  
Shut out: so suddenly—and the bright flow'rs  
Of life, trampled, and withered away!

The shroud of black despair encircled me,  
When suddenly a sound of melody,  
Lengthen'd, unearthly, stole upon mine ear—  
And voices of much sweetness, in full chorus,  
Floated around, from many bright-eyed Ones  
Throning my dark and lonely prison-house:  
Methought the dungeon open'd, and a flood  
Of streaming sunlight banish'd all its gloom—  
And I was borne away upon the air,  
I knew not how nor whither—till the spell  
Was broken, and I lay upon a bank,  
Luxuriant with flow'rs, and shaded o'er,  
By the green summer boughs of many trees,  
Artlessly intertwined. It was no haunt  
Of men—but Beings clothed with loveliness—  
There made their home—some dancing in the beams  
Of the still lin'ring Sun; their graceful forms,  
Mirror'd in beauty on the sleeping lake,  
That spread its waveless waters at their feet.—  
While others, striking harps of many strings,  
Filled the still air with music, blended too  
With many a song of thrilling tenderness—  
And as they turn'd and met my helpless gaze,  
Methought a softer measure swept the chords,  
As smilingly they sung—

"Sleep, Son of Earth! from the dungeon dark  
Our hands have set thee free,  
We have borne thee hither on wings of love,  
For Spirits of Mercy are we!"

## ON BEING EXPELLED A LADY'S COMPANY.

Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driven,  
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven;  
Like him I go, though to depart I'm loth;  
Like him I go, for angels drove us both;  
Hard was his fate; but mine still more unkind:  
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

# BALLET DANCE.

BY AUBER.

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

The musical score is presented in five systems, each consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The notation includes various rhythmic values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several instances of slurs and accents throughout the piece. The score concludes with a double bar line and the instruction *D. C. al F.* in the bottom right corner of the final system.



## OUR TABLE.

"LOOK TO THE END! OR THE BENNETS ABROAD."

BY MRS. ELLIS.

THE idea of this work, as we learn from the preface, was impressed upon the talented authoress during a journey through Italy, and will be more satisfactorily explained in her own language than in ours:—

"I amused myself," she says, "by imagining a plain English family, emerging from the very centre of all that is contracted, common-place and familiar, in a London life of business, and looking for the first time upon a world stretching far beyond their own locality, and wholly unconnected with their personal interests. That the elder branches of such a family would be too much the creatures of habit to experience much enlargement of thought, from so wide an expansion of vision, was perfectly natural; and I therefore indulged myself with the agreeable addition to my imaginary party, of a young and perfectly unsophisticated mind, hitherto almost a blank as to outward impressions; yet capable, in no ordinary degree, of that deep sense of the beautiful, which I believe to be associated with all our highest and most refined enjoyments. With such a being, the silent companion of my thoughts, I looked upon the earth, the sky, the mountains and the sea, as they alternately glow and melt in all the varying tints of an Italian atmosphere; and with such a being—endeavouring as far as possible to make her feelings my own.—I contemplated those celebrated works of art, both of ancient and modern times, by which the idea of beauty as an abstract quality is transmitted from one generation to another."

To illustrate, in short, the influence of the beautiful, in refining and elevating the mind, and to depict the union and dependence on each other of the physically and morally beautiful—to *kalon kai to agathon*—is the principal design of Mrs. Ellis, and admirably does she fulfil it. The story itself is very simple, too simple perhaps, for the ordinary romance reader, but a constant interest is excited by the characters delineated, more truly pleasing than could be afforded by the most lavish accumulation of incident.

As may be surmised from the title of the tale, "the Bennets" are throughout the most conspicuous personages; the father, a plain, worthy London merchant, with a good share of English prejudice against foreign lands and foreign people, and a confirmed preference for "the useful" over "the beautiful;" the mother, a would-be invalid, full of fuss and whim; and the daughter, a being of sweet and gentle character, and of fine natural taste, the gradual development of which forms, as we have intimated, the leading idea of the story. The lover, Mr. Clarence Mowbray, (the tale, of course, would be incomplete without such a personage) is a very fair average character, a little flighty and romantic at times, but with good sense enough to prefer a wife in whose composition the *utile* is mingled, in fair proportion, with the *dulce*.

Several other characters are incidentally introduced and skilfully delineated. Such are Julia Wentworth—an intense worshipper of "the beautiful;" her pretty, petted, capricious sister, Flora, and the cold-hearted philosophic Sir Charles

Leigh. Among the best drawn characters in the book, however, are the Manchester manufacturer, George Walker, and his shadow, Mr. Phipson, whose whole aim in travelling is to get over the ground quicker than any one else has ever done before them, and who set to work to walk through the *Museo Borbonico* at Naples (it could be little else than mere walking) in one day, because the guide-books asserted that it required three to visit it properly.

In the descriptive portions of the work Mrs. Ellis is eminently successful, presenting pictures of the glowing scenery of Italy, at once vivid and accurate. Such is the following glimpse of Tivoli:

"I never could be fired of gazing upon that distant plain, seen as it is at intervals through this deep olive wood. I have sometimes thought the cold green foliage of these trees had some share in producing the wonderful effect you now behold. At the next turn of the road you will look down upon Hadrian's Villa. There—there it is. Now mark the gradual melting down of the rich green in those damp gardens—the cypress and the pine illuminated and glowing in tints of gold—mark the gradual melting down of all this into the intense and almost living blue of the distant plain, gradually shading off into a clear horizon, where colour becomes lost in light. It is this transparent atmosphere softening all things with a medium of its own, and yet revealing all, from the gold of the orange grove to the hoary crag of the ruined tower—from you white thread of silvery water, winding through the valley, to the gable of the goatherd's solitary habitation on the hills—it is this purple haze—this mist of beauty—this atmosphere of light, which the painter loves so much—and, may I not say, which haunts the memory of those who have once gazed upon it with the eyes of youth and love."

Contrast this with the crater of Vesuvius.

"We were now looking directly into the burning crater, our position on a precipice of rock being higher than the opening at the top of the cone of ashes, from which the volume of smoke and flame arises. Beneath us, at a great depth, and at the base of this cone, lay a black lake or floor of solid lava, having all the appearance of being very recently in a liquid state, slightly ribbed across the surface as water is sometimes seen, broken here and there into deep hot crevices, occasionally varied by the remains of small craters now extinct, and interspersed with beautiful incrustations of yellow sulphur of the most delicate and brilliant tints, varying from the palest primrose to the deepest brown and purple.

"Out of this dark lake, then, whose thick waves seemed to have flowed and heaved together until they settled down into one level mass, rose the present burning cone, black also, and huge, and terminating in an open roaring mouth, red-hot and sulphurous, and sending forth a volume of yellow smoke, with a sound like distant thunder. Around this red-hot mouth are the broken edges of the crust which forms the cone, and which being black and distinctly seen, give to the fire within a more furious aspect; while the jets of steam and red smoke add to the thundering detonations a hissing and angry sound, and thus render the whole scene more tremendous. The volumes of thick smoke, too, are tinged as they rise to a great extent with a lurid light from the fire below; but more frightful still were the showers of red-hot stones or lava, sent up to a great height, and then falling down upon the cratered cone with a crashing and yet hollow noise, as if the whole would fall in together. The sound for which I was least prepared, however, was a constant working or labouring within the crater, as of some vast machine, which seemed to shake the body of the mountain, and which found vent only in those thundering explosions which took place almost every moment."

All who would have the information of a book of travels with the interest and excitement of a novel, would do well to read this admirable work, and they would do better still to follow its excellent advice, and "Look to the End."