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THE MISER AND HIS SON.

A TALE.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Continued from our last number.

CHAPTER IV.

“Is this the man I loved—to whom I gave
The deep devotion of my early youth?”

ALGERNON HURDLESTONE, in his forty-seventh, and Algernon Hurdlestone in his twenty-fifth year, were very different men. In mind, person, and manners, the greatest dissimilarity existed between them. The tall, graceful figure, for which he was once so much admired, a life of indolence and the pleasures of the table, had rendered unyielding, and far too corpulent even for manly beauty. His features were still good, and there was a look about him which bespoke the gentleman; but he was no longer handsome or interesting. An expression of careless good humour, in spite of the deep mourning suit he wore for the death of his wife, pervaded his countenance, and he seemed determined to repay fortune for the many ill turns he had received from her in his youth, by enjoying to their full extent the good things which she had latterly showered upon him. He had been a kind, manageable husband, to a woman whom he married more for convenience than affection, and was a fatally indulgent father to the only child which survived a large family, whom he had consigned from time to time to the tomb, during the engaging period of infancy. Godfrey was a beautiful little boy, of two years old, his youngest and his best beloved, on whom he lavished the concentrated affections of a warm and generous heart.

Since his marriage with the rich and beautiful Miss Maitland, he had never given Elinor Wildegrave another thought. He had loved her passionately, as the portionless orphan of Captain Wildegrave; but he could not regard with affection or esteem the wife of the rich Mark Hurdlestone—the man from whom he had received so many injuries. How she could have consented to share his splendid misery, was a question which filled his mind with too many painful and disgusting images, to answer. When he received his brother's message, entreating him to come and make up their old

quarrel before he died, he obeyed the extraordinary summons with his usual kindness of heart, without reflecting on the pain that such a meeting might occasion him, should he behold again the object of his early affections, as the wife of his unnatural brother.

When he again crossed the well known threshold, and his shadow once more darkened his father's hall, those feelings, which had been deadened by long intercourse with the world, resumed their long forgotten sway; and he paused, and looked around the dilapidated mansion, with eyes whose sight was dimmed with regretful tears.

“And it was to become the mistress of such a home as this, that Elinor Wildegrave—my beautiful Elinor—sold herself to such a man as my brother, and forgot her plighted troth, her vows to me!”

So murmured Algernon Hurdlestone, as he followed the parish girl up the broad uncarpeted oak stairs, to his brother's apartment, shocked and astonished at the appearance of misery and decay, which on every side met his sight. He had heard much of Mark's penurious habits, but he had deemed the reports incorrect, or at least greatly exaggerated; he was now fully convinced, by his own ocular demonstrations, that they were but too true. Surprised that Mrs. Hurdlestone did not appear to receive him, he enquired of Ruth if her mistress were at home?”

“At home! why yes, Sir; it's more than her life's worth to leave home. She durst not go to church without measter's leave.”

“Is she well?”

“She be'ant never well,” said the girl; “and the sooner she goes the better it will be for her, depend upon that. She leads a wretched life, the more's the pity; for she's a dear kind lady, a thousand times too good for the like o' him.”

Algernon shuddered, while the girl, delighted to get an opportunity of abusing her tyrannical master, continued:

“My poor mistress has been looking out for you all the day, Sir. But when your coach drove into

the court-yard she died right away; and the Squire got into a terrible passion, and told me to carry her into her own room, and lock her up, till the company was gone. Howsoever, I was too much hurried to think of doing that, for I am sure my dear mistress is too ill to be seen by strangers. He do keep her so shabby, that she have not a gown fit to wear, and she looks as pale as a ghost; and I am sure that she is nearer the death than the cross old Squire."

Algernon possessed too much delicacy to ask the girl if Mark treated Mrs. Hurdlestone ill; but, whilst groping his way in the dark to his brother's room, he was strongly tempted to question her more closely on the subject; but the account which she had already given him of the unfortunate lady, filled his mind with indignation and regret, and he hurried on, till, at the end of a long gallery, the girl suddenly stopped, and, pointing to a half open door, told him that that was the Squire's room, and instantly disappeared. The next moment Algernon was in his brother's room, and by his bedside. Not without a slight degree of perturbation he put back the curtain. Mark Hurdlestone had sunk into a sort of stupor. He was not asleep, but his eyes were closed, and his features compressed and rigid, and so immovably still, that, at the first glance, Algernon started back under the firm conviction that he was already dead. The sound of his brother's footsteps aroused him to animation, and an acute sense of suffering; for some minutes he writhed in an agony of pain, and Algernon contemplated his ghastly attenuated form and face with feelings almost amounting to disgust and horror. They had parted in the very prime of youthful manhood—they met in the autumn of life, and the snows of winter had prematurely descended upon the head of the miser.

"Mark!" said Algernon, "making a strong effort to speak, "I am sorry to find you in this sad state. I hope you are not so ill as you suppose yourself to be—that—that you will yet recover!"

The sick man rose slowly up in his bed, and shading his eyes with his hand, surveyed his brother with a long and careful gaze, as though he scarcely recognized, in the portly figure before him, the Algernon of his former days.

"Algernon! is that you?"

"Am I so much altered that you do not know me?"

"Humph!" said the miser, "time has paid as little respect to your fine exterior as it has done to mine; but if it has diminished your graces, it has increased your bulk. One thing it has not taught you, with all its hard teachings."

"What is that?" said Algernon, with some curiosity.

"To speak the truth!" muttered the miser, falling back upon his pillow. "You wish for my

recovery. Ha! ha! Do you think, Algernon Hurdlestone, I am such a fool as to believe that?"

"Indeed I was sincere."

"Impossible! Human nature is not so far removed from its original guilt. You wish to prolong my life when you hope to be a gainer by my death. The thought is really amusing. But I forgive you. I should do just the same in your place. Now sit down, if you can find a chair; I have a few words to say to you—a few painful words."

Algernon sat down upon the side of the bed, without speaking, for he perceived that time had only increased the bitterness of his brother's caustic disposition.

"Algernon!" said the miser, "I cannot enter into a detail of the past. I robbed you of your patrimony, to gratify my love of money, and I married your love, out of revenge. Both have proved a curse to me. I am dying—and I cannot close my eyes in peace, with these crimes upon my conscience. Give me your hand, brother, and say that you forgive me; and I will make a just restitution of the one, and leave you the undisturbed enjoyment of the other." He laughed—that horrid laugh! Algernon shrunk back with strong disgust, and relinquished the hand, which no longer sought his grasp.

"Well, I see how it is; you cannot overcome the old hatred—say that you forgive me—it is all I ask?"

"If you can forgive yourself, I do most heartily forgive you."

"That leaves the case doubtful! 'Tis no use forgiving nature. We never loved each other; the soil of the heart has been too much corrupted by the leaven of the world to nourish a new growth of affection. We have lived enemies—we cannot part friends. But take this in part payment of the debt I owe you."

He drew from beneath his pillow a paper, and placed it in his brother's hand. It was a draft upon his banker for the sum of ten thousand pounds.

"Will that satisfy you for what you lost by me?"

"No sum of money could do that."

"You allude to my wife. I saved you from a curse by entailing it upon myself—for which service I deserve your thanks."

"What proved a curse to you would have been to me the greatest earthly blessing. I freely forgive you for the loss of my share of the inheritance; but for robbing me of my Elinor's love, I cannot."

He turned from the bed, and was about to quit the room, when the miser again called him back.

"Do not be such a fool as to refuse the money, Algernon. The lady I will bequeath to you as a legacy when I am gone."

"He is mad!" muttered Algernon. "No sane man dare act this diabolical part. It is useless to resent his words. He must answer for them soon."

at a higher tribunal. Yes—I will forgive him. I will not add to his future misery.”

He came back to the bed, and taking the burning hand of the miser, said, in a broken voice:

“Brother, I do not hold you accountable for your actions, and I hope God will view your unnatural conduct to me in the same light. By the mercy he shows to his erring creatures, I forgive you for the past.”

The stony heart of the miser seemed touched. He pressed the hand of his generous brother with convulsive energy, and, without speaking again, proffered the papers. Twenty years back, and the high spirited Algernon Hurdlestone would have rejected the offer with contempt; but his long intercourse with the world had taught him the value of money, though his extravagant habits generally exceeded his fine income. With an air of cheerful good nature he thanked his brother, and carelessly deposited the draft in his pocket-book. After having absolved his conscience, by what he considered, not only a good action, but one of sufficient magnitude to redeem his soul, Mark intimated to his brother a wish that he would leave him—a permission which Algernon eagerly embraced. As he groped his way through the dark gallery that led from the miser’s chamber, a door was opened cautiously by some one, at the far end of the passage, and revealed a figure bearing a dim light, who, without advancing beyond the door sill, silently beckoned to him to approach. Not without reluctance Algernon obeyed the summons, and found himself in the centre of a large empty apartment, which had once been the state saloon. Mrs. Hurdlestone, for it was Elinor, carefully locked the door, and putting down the light on the mantle-shelf, stood before the astonished Algernon, with her head bent down, and her hands tightly pressed across her breast. Yes, it was Elinor Wildegrave; but not a vestige remained of the beauty and grace which had won his youthful heart; and so great was the change that years of hopeless misery had effected, that Algernon, in the haggard and care-worn being before him, did not at first recognise the object of his early love. Painfully conscious of this humiliating fact, Elinor at length murmured out: “I do not wonder that Mr. Algernon Hurdlestone does not remember me—I once was Elinor Wildegrave.” A gush of tears, bitter, heart-felt, agonizing tears, followed this avowal, and her whole frame shook with the overpowering emotions which convulsed her mind.

Too much overcome by his feelings to speak, Algernon took her hand, and, for a few minutes, looked mournfully on her altered face. What a history of mental and physical sufferings was written there! That look of tender sympathy recalled the blighted hopes and wasted affections of other years; and the wretched Elinor, unable longer to

control her feelings, bowed her head upon her hands, and groaned aloud.

“Oh, Elinor!” he said, “you might have been happy with me. How could you, for the paltry love of gain, become the wife of Mark Hurdlestone?”

“Do not reproach me, Algernon,” said the unhappy woman; “my punishment is already greater than I can bear. Money had nothing to do in my unhappy choice—I was deceived—cruelly deceived, and dire necessity left me no alternative. Yet, would to God, that I had begged my bread, and dared every hardship and fatigue, been spurned from the presence of the rich, and endured the contempt of the poor, before I had consented to become his wife.”

“But what strange infatuation urged you to ruin your own happiness, and throw away mine? Did not my letters constantly breathe the most ardent affection? Were not the sums of money constantly remitted in them, more than sufficient to supply all your wants?”

“Alas, Algernon! I never received any letter from you, after the third year of our separation.”

“Can this be true?” exclaimed Algernon, grasping her hand. “Great God! Is it possible that this statement can be true?”

“As true, Algernon Hurdlestone, as that I now stand before you, a betrayed, forsaken, heart-broken woman!”

“Poor Elinor!” how can I look into that sad face, and believe you false?”

“God bless you! my once dear friend, for those kind words; you know not what peace they convey to my aching heart. Oh, Algernon! my sufferings have been dreadful, and there were times when I ceased to know my sufferings. They called me mad, but I was happy then; I thought I was another than myself, and my misery, as Mark’s wife, was forgotten. When sanity returned, the worst pang of all was, the horrible consciousness that you believed me to be a heartless, avaricious, ungrateful woman. I would not have insulted you with my presence this night, or wounded your peace with a recapitulation of my wrongs; but I could no longer live, and bear the imputation of such guilt. When you have heard my sad story, you will, I am sure, both pity and forgive me.”

Algernon listened to the account of his brother’s iniquitous conduct, with feelings of unalloyed indignation; and when Elinor confessed her sad relation, he fiercely declared that he would return to the sick man’s chamber—reproach him with his crimes, and revoke his forgiveness.

“Leave the sinner to his God,” exclaimed the terrified Elinor, placing herself before the door; “for my sake—for your own sake—pity and forgive him. Remember, that, monster though he be, he is my husband—the father of that unfortunate child, whose birth I anticipate with such sad forebodings.”

"Before that period arrives," said Algernon, regarding her with deep commiseration, "Mark will have paid the forfeit of his crimes, and your child will be the heir of immense wealth."

"You believe him to be a dying man," said Elinor, quickly. "He will live—a change has come over him for the better; the surgeon gave strong hopes of his recovery this morning: sinner that I am! could he have looked into my heart, he would have been shocked at the pain which this communication conveyed. Algernon, I wished his death. The awful sentence has been reversed—it is the mother, not the father of the unhappy infant, that will be called hence. God knows that I am weary of life. But I shall be glad to die, could I but take the poor babe along with me. Should it, however, survive its unfortunate mother, promise me, Algernon, by the love of our early years, to be a guardian and protector to my child."

She endeavoured to sink at his feet, but Algernon prevented her.

"Your request is granted, Elinor, and for its dear mother's sake, I promise to cherish the infant as my own.

"It is enough!" said Elinor; "I thank my God for this great mercy, and that I have been permitted to clear my character to you. Now, leave me, Algernon, and take my blessing with you, and only remember in your prayers, that such a miserable creature as Elinor Wildegrave still lives."

The violent ringing of the miser's bell made Elinor start, and, snatching up the light, and hastily unlocking the door, she waved her hand to Algernon, and instantly disappeared. Algernon remained for some minutes rooted to the spot, his heart still heaving with the sense of intolerable wrongs; then slowly descending to the servant's hall, he bade Ruth summon his attendants, and slipping a guinea into the delighted maiden's hand, bade a long adieu to the home of his ancestors.

As Elinor had predicted, the miser slowly recovered; and, for a few months, his severe illness had a salutary effect upon his mind and temper. He was even inclined to treat his wife with more respect; and when informed by the midwife, of the birth of a son, he received the intelligence with less impatience than its sorrowful mother had anticipated. But this gleam of sunshine did not last long. He began loudly to complain of the expences which his long illness had incurred, and proclaimed the necessity of making every possible retrenchment to replace the money. Poor Elinor did not live long to endure these fresh privations. She sank into a lingering decline, and before her little boy could lisp her name, the turf had closed over his heart-broken mother. Small was the grief expressed by the miser, for the death of his gentle partner. To avoid all unnecessary expence, she was interred in

the church-yard, instead of occupying a place in the family vault, and no stone was erected, during the life-time of the Squire, to her memory.

It was matter of surprise to the whole neighborhood, that the young child survived his mother. His father left nature to supply her place; and, but for the doating love of poor Ruth, who came night and morning to wash and dress him, and feed him, out of pure affection for her dear mistress, the little Anthony would soon have occupied a place by his unfortunate mother. As to the Squire, he never cast a thought upon his half-clad, half-famished babe, without bitterly cursing him, as an additional and useless expence. Anthony was a quiet, sweet tempered little fellow; the school in which he was educated, taught him to endure with patience, trials which would have broken the heart of a less neglected child. But, except the kindness which he received from Ruth, who was now married to a labourer, and the mother of children of her own, he was a stranger to sympathy or affection; and he did not expect to receive from others the tenderness which he never experienced at home.

The mind of a child, like the mind of a grown person, requires excitement; and as Anthony could neither read nor write, and the miser seldom deigned to notice him, he sought abroad those amusements, which he could not obtain at home. By the time he had completed his seventh year, he was to be seen daily mingling with the poor boys in the village, with his face unwashed, his hair uncombed, without a shoe or stocking to his feet, and his clothes more ragged and dirty than those of the most indigent of his young associates. In this deplorable condition, he was one day eagerly engaged in the exciting game of chuck-farthing, into the mysteries of which he seemed to enter with all the avidity of a gamester, when a handsome, elderly gentleman, rode up to the group, and demanded of the rosy urchin, if he would run before him, and open the gate that led to the Hall.

"Wait awhile!" cried the young gambler, adroitly poisoning the halfpenny he was about to throw, on the tip of his finger; "if I win by this toss, I will shew you the way to my father's —"

"Your father!" returned the gentleman, surveying attentively the ragged child. "Are you the gardener's son?"

"No, no," replied the boy, laughing and winking to his companions; "not quite so bad as that, either. My father is a rich man, though he acts like a poor one, and lets me, his only son, run about the streets without shoes. But did I belong to skin-flint Pike, instead of one slice of bread to my milk, I might chance to get none. My father is the old Squire, and my name is Anthony Hurdlestone."

"Alas!" sighed the stranger, "who would have

imagined that this neglected child could be the son of the beautiful Elinor Wildegrave, and heir to the richest commoner in England. But the boy resembles my own dear Godfrey, and for his poor mother's sake, I will rescue him from the curse—curse, said I?—the barbarous indifference of such a father!”

Then, informing the bare footed urchin, that he was his uncle, Algernon, and that he should come and live with him, and have plenty to eat and drink, pretty clothes to wear, a pony to ride upon, and a sweet little fellow of his own age to play with, he lifted the delighted child before him on his horse, (who made no scruple of revealing to his new companion, the secrets of the prison house,) and was about to proceed to the Hall.

“The Squire does not live at the Hall,” said the boy, pulling at the rein, in order to give the horse another direction. “Oh, no, he is too poor! (and here he laughed outright,) to live there!”

“What do you mean, Anthony? And why do you call Mr. Hurdlestone the Squire, instead of papa?”

“He never tells me to,” said the boy. “He never calls me son, or even Anthony, or speaks to me as papas and fathers speak to their little boys; but he calls me chit, and brat, and rude noisy fellow, and get away you little wretch! and, don't come here to annoy me! and how can I call him dear father, or papa, when he treats me as if I did not belong to him.”

“My dear child, I much fear that you do not love your father!”

“How can I love him, when he does not love me? If he were kind to me, I would love him very much, for I have nothing in the world to love but poor old kind Shock, and he's half starved; but he does love me, and I give him all I can spare from my meals, and that's little enough. I often wish for more, for poor Shock's sake, for they say he was mamma's dog; and Ruth Candler told me, that when mamma died, he used to go every day, for months, and lie upon her grave. Now, was not that kind of Shock? I wish the Squire would love me half as much as Shock loved my poor mother, and I would not mind being starved, and going about the streets without shoes.”

Had Anthony looked up at that moment into his uncle's face, he would have seen the tears streaming down his cheeks. He pressed the poor child silently against him as they rode on.

“We will take Shock with us, Anthony, and he shall have plenty to eat as well as you.”

“Oh, dear uncle! how we shall love you—both Shock and I.”

“But tell me, Anthony, has your father really left the Hall?”

“Oh! yes—long, long ago—as far back as I

can remember. It is the first thing I can remember since I awoke in this world and found myself alive—the removing to old Pike's cottage. The Squire said that he was too poor to live at the Hall, and there was plenty of room in the gardener's cottage for us there; and there we have lived ever since. See, uncle, we are now coming to it.”

Algernon looked up, and saw that they had entered a long narrow avenue of lofty trees, which he well recollected led to the back entrance to the extensive gardens, at the further extremity of which stood a small cottage, once neat and comfortable, where he had often played with his brother and Grenard Pike, in their young days. The place had fallen into decay; the walls of the building in many places had given way, and the broken windows were filled with pieces of board, which, if they kept out the wind and rain, dimly diminished the small portion of light which found its way through the dusty panes.

Fastening his horse to the broken paling, Algernon proceeded to knock at the door.

“Who's there?” growled a deep voice from within.

“A person who wishes to speak with Mr. Hurdlestone.”

“He's not at home,” responded the former growl, without unclosing the door.

“That's Grenard Pike?” whispered the boy; “you may depend upon it the Squire's not far off.”

“If you please, Mr. Pike, I must wait until he returns,” said Algernon, unclosing the door and walking into the house. “I ought, I think, to be no stranger here.”

A small spare man with sharp features, a deep red face, and thin lank black hair, drew back from the entrance, as Algernon thus unceremoniously obtained admittance, and discovered his partner in penury seated at an old oak table, making arithmetical calculations upon a bit of broken slate.

The tall stately figure of Mark Hurdlestone was at this period unbent by years, and a flush of anger suffused his face at being thus detected in sanctioning an untruth, until his quick eye recognized his brother in the intruder. It was not in the nature of the miser to receive Algernon as a welcome visitor. He was continually haunted by the recollection of the ten thousand pounds that remorse had extorted from him, in the evil hour when death stared him in the face, and the thought of future punishment, for a brief season, triumphed over the madness of his besetting sin. He could not forgive Algernon for this dreadful sacrifice, and but for very shame would have demanded the money from him again, promising to restore it at his death.

“Well, brother, what business brings you here?”

“I came to ask of you a favour,” said Algernon, taking a seat, and still holding the little Anthony by

the hand, "and one which I hope you will not refuse to grant."

"Humph!" said Mark, "I must tell you, without mincing the matter, brother Algernon, that I never grant favours in any shape—that I neither lend money nor borrow money—that I never require security for myself, or give my name as security to others. If such is your errand to me, you must expect what you will find—disappointment."

"Fortunately, my errand to you has nothing to do with money; nor do I think the favour I request at your hands, will cause you to make the least sacrifice. Will you give me this boy?"

The request created some surprise—it was so different from the one the miser expected. He looked from the ragged child to his fashionably dressed brother—then to the child again. The living red skeleton Pike slipped softly towards him, and a glance of peculiar meaning shot from his small grey eyes, into the dark, deep set, searching orbs of the miser.

"What do you think of it, Pike, hey?"

"It is too good an offer to be refused," whispered the avaricious sneak, who always looked upon himself as the miser's heir. "Take him at his word."

"What do you want with the child?" he said, at length, turning to his brother.

"To bring him up as my son."

"Have you not one of your own?" returned Mark, with a sarcastic smile.

"I have—a handsome, noble little fellow. This nephew of mine greatly resembles him."

"He cannot be more like you than this child, whom his mother dared to call mine. For my own part, I never have and never shall consider him as such."

"Brother, brother! you cannot—dare not insinuate aught against the honour of your wife?" said Algernon, the blood burning upon his cheek, as he started from his chair.

"Sit down—sit down!" said the miser, coldly. "I do not mean to quarrel with you on that score. In one sense of the word she was faithful. I gave her no opportunity of being otherwise, but her heart"—and his dark eye emitted an unnatural blaze of light—"her heart was false to me, or that boy could not have resembled you in every feature."

"These things happen every day," said Algernon; "children often resemble their grandfathers and uncles more than their own parents. It is hard to blame poor Elinor for having a child like me. Let me look at your boy," he continued, turning the child's head towards him as he spoke. "Are you so very, very like your uncle Algernon?"

The extraordinary likeness could not fail to strike even him. It seemed to fill the mind of the miser with hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

"Yes, yes—he is as like you as two peas. He is

your own son, and you may keep him. His absence will give me no regret, nor will his adoption into your family be the means of extorting from me one farthing for his maintenance. I warn you, Algernon Hurdlestone, if you take him you do it at your own risk."

"I am contented to accept the poor orphan on these terms," said the generous Algernon. "May God soften your iron heart towards your neglected child; while I have wealth he shall not want—and if I was deprived of it tomorrow, he should share my bread whilst I had a crust."

"Fools and their money are soon parted," muttered the ungracious Mark—though in reality he eagerly embraced his brother's offer. No ties of parental love bound him to the motherless child: he had so cruelly neglected; and the father and son parted with mutual satisfaction, secretly hoping that they never might behold each other again.

"Thank God, we have got rid of that pest, Grenard!" exclaimed the hard-hearted man, as he watched his brother lift the little Anthony into his saddle, and carefully dispose the folds of his cloak around the child, to hide his rags from public observation. "If the child were not his own, would he take care of him?"

"You cannot believe that," said the gaunt Cerberus; "you know that it is impossible!"

"You may think so. You never were married, nor had cause to experience the subtlety of woman, but I have different thoughts upon the subject. I hate women! I have had cause to hate them; and I hate that boy for the likeness he bears to my brother!"

"Tush!" said the living skeleton, with more feeling of humanity than his niggardly patron. "Whose fault is that?"

CHAPTER V.

Oh! what a change—a goodly change—is here! I, too, am changed—I feel my heart expand; My spirit, long borne down with misery, Grows light and buoyant 'mid these blessed scenes.

How delightful was that short journey to the young pilgrim of hope; and he, so lately the child of want and sorrow, whose eyes were ever bent to earth, his cheeks ever wet with tears, now laughed and carolled aloud in the redundant joy of his heart. Oh! he was so happy—so happy: he had never been a mile from home before—had never ridden on a horse,—and now he was told he was to have a horse of his own—a home of his own—a dear little cousin to play with, and a nice bed to sleep upon at night. This was too much for his full heart to bear—it ran over, it was so brimful of gladness and anticipation, and the excited child sobbed himself to sleep in his good uncle's arms.

"Poor old Shock was trotting beside the horse,

and Anthony had been too much engrossed with his own change of fortune to remember Shock; but Shock did not forget him; and though he could not see, he often pricked up his ears and raised his head to the horse and its double burden, as if to be sure that his young master was there.

It was a spaniel, that Algernon had given to Elinor before he left her for India. The sight of the poor, blind, worn-out creature, brought back to his recollection such painful thoughts that his own eyes were blinded with tears. The wife, who had supplanted Elinor in his affections, was dead. The grass grew upon Elinor's nameless grave; and her poor boy was sleeping within his sheltering arms, as if he had never known a softer pillow. Algernon looked down upon his beautiful, but squalid face, and pressing his lips upon his pale brow, swore to love and cherish him as his own,—and well did that careless but faithful heart keep its solemn covenant. The very reverse of the miser, Algernon was reckless of the future, and only lived for the enjoyment of the present, which he often said was all that a man in truth could call his own. Acting upon this principle, he was as much censured for his extravagance as his brother was for his parsimony, even by those persons, who, like Timon's friends, daily shared his hospitality. In adopting the little Anthony, he had followed the reckless impulses of his warm heart, without reflecting whether the separation of father and son would ultimately be productive of good or evil to the child. He meant to love and take care of him. His intentions were good, but his method of educating him was very likely to be followed by very pernicious consequences. Algernon never thought of the future, since the annihilation of his first fond hopes, and he felt certain that the boy would not only inherit his father's immense fortune, but ever continue prosperous and happy. While musing on these things, his horse had turned down the noble avenue that led to his own fair domain, and in a few minutes his journey was at an end. A beautiful boy, of nine years old, bounded down the broad stone steps to meet him—"health on his cheek and gladness in his eye."

"Well, dear papa, have you brought me my cousin?"

"What will you give me for him, Godfrey?"

"Perhaps he's not worth having," said the boy, turning pettishly away. Then, casting his eyes upon old Shock, he exclaimed, "Mercy, what an ugly dog!"

"He was once a very handsome dog," said his father, as one of his grooms assisted him to alight.

"It must be a long time ago," returned the volatile boy; "I hope my cousin is better looking than his dog."

"Why, what in the world have we got here?" said Mrs. Paisley, the housekeeper, who came to the door to see her master alight, and into whose capa-

cious arms the footman placed the sleeping Anthony, enveloped in his uncle's cloak.

"It is a present for you, Mrs. Paisley," said Algernon, "and one that I hope you will take great care of."

"A child!" screamed the good housekeeper. "Why is, Sir, how did you come by it?"

"Honestly," returned Algernon, laughing.

"Let me look at him," said the eager Godfrey, pulling the cloak away from his cousin's face. "Is this dirty, shabby boy, the cousin you promised me, papa?"

"The same."

"And he in rags?"

"That's no fault of his, my child."

"And has a torn cap and no shoes?"

"We will soon wash him and dress him, and make him smart, and then you will be quite proud of him."

"Well, we shall see," replied the boy, doubtfully.

"But I never was fond of playing with dirty ragged children. But why is he dirty and ragged? I thought that he was the only son of my rich uncle—that he would have twice as much money as me."

"And so he will, Godfrey."

"Then why is he in this condition?"

"His father is a miser."

"What is that?"

"A man that loves money better than his son,—who would rather see him ragged and dirty, nay even dead, than expend upon him a part of his useless riches, to ensure him health and comfort. Are you not glad that your father is not a miser?"

"I don't know," said Godfrey. "He would save money to make me rich, and when he died all his wealth would be mine. Anthony is not so badly off, after all, and I think I shall try to love him, that he may give me a part of his great fortune by and by."

"Your love would spring from a selfish principle, and therefore would not be worth having. Besides, you will have a fortune of your own."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the boy, with a sly glance at his father. "People do say that you will spend all your money on yourself, and leave none for me."

There was much—too much truth in this remark; and though Algernon laughed at what he termed his dear boy's wit, it stung him deeply. "Where can he have learned that?" he thought; "such reflections never received their birth in the breast of a child." Then, turning to Mrs. Paisley, who had just entered the room, he said:

"Take and wash and clothe that little boy, and when he is nicely dressed bring him in, to speak to his cousin."

"Come, my little man," said the good-natured woman, gently shaking the juvenile stranger by the arm. "You have slept long enough; come this way with me."

"Whose clothes are you going to put upon him?" demanded the selfish and indulged Godfrey.

"Why, in course, Master Godfrey, you will lend the little fellow some of yours."

"Well if I do, remember, Paisley, that you are not to choose the best."

Anthony rubbed his eyes, and staring from one strange face to another, he lost all his former confidence, and began to cry. Paisley, who was really sorry for the child, kindly wiped away his tears with the corner of her apron, and led the weeper into the servants' hall.

While performing for him the long and painful ablutions which his condition required, Mrs. Paisley was astonished at his patience. "Why, Master Godfrey would have roared and kicked and screamed like a mad thing that he is, if I had used half the violence with him," said the dame to herself. "Well, well, the little fellow seems to have a good temper of his own. Now you have got a clean face, my little man; let me look at you, and see what you are like."

She turned him round and round—took off her spectacles—carefully wiped them, and re-adjusting them upon her nose, looked at the child with as much astonishment as if he had been some rare creature, that had never before been exhibited in a Christian land.

"Well, God forgive me! but the likeness is wonderful—his very image—all but the dark eye, and that he may have got from the mother, as Master Godfrey got his. I don't like to form hard thoughts of my master—but this is strange! Mr. Glen," she continued, hastily rising and opening the door; pray step here one moment."

Her summons was answered by the butler, a rosy, portly, good-natured specimen of the regular John Bull breed, who, in snow white trowsers and blue striped jacket, and a shirt adorned with a large frill—(frills were then the fashion)—strutted into the room.

"Mrs. Paisley, marm, vat are your commands?"

"Oh! Mr. Glen," said the housekeeper, simpering, "I never command my equals; I leave my betters to do that. I wanted you to look at this child."

"Look at him! Vy, vot's the matter vith him, Mrs. Paisley? He 's generally a very naughty boy, but he looks better tempered than usual today."

"Why, who do you take him for, Mr. Glen?" said Mrs. Paisley, evidently delighted at the butler's mistake.

"Vy, this is Master Godfrey, is it not? Hey—vot—vy no, it is he, and 'tis not he! Vot comical demonstration is this?"

"Well, I don't wonder, Jacob, at your mistake—it is, and it is not. Had they been twins, they could not have been more alike, only Godfrey has a

haughty, uppish sort of a look. What do you think of our master now?"

"It must be his child!"

The good woman nodded. "Sich likenesses cannot come by accident. It is a good thing my poor dear mistress did not live to see this day—and she so fond of him!"

"Ay, you may well say that, Mrs. Paisley. But some men are very deceitful; particular them there frank sort of men, like the Colonel. People never think they can be as bad as other folk—they have such an innocent vay vith them. I vonder master vas not ashamed of his old servants seeing him bring home a child so like him as this un."

"Well, my dear, and what is your name?" said Mrs. Paisley, addressing her wondering charge.

"Anthony Hurdlestone."

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Paisley?"

"Anthony Hurdlestone! Oh! shame, shame!" said the good woman. "It would have been only decent to have called him by some other name. Who 's your father, my little man?"

"Squire Hurdlestone."

"Humph!" said the interrogator. "And your mother?"

"She 's in the churchyard," said Anthony.

"How long has she been dead?"

"I don't know, but Ruth does. She died when I was a very little boy."

"And who took care of you, my poor little fellow?" asked Mrs. Paisley, whose maternal feelings were greatly interested in the poor child.

"God and Ruth Candler. If it had not been for them, I must have been starved long ago."

"That 's been the 'oman doubtless that the Colonel left him vith," said the butler. "Vell, my young Squire, you 'll be in no fear of starvation in this house. Your father is rich enough to keep you."

"He may be rich," said Anthony; "but for all that, the poorest man in the parish of Aahlon is richer than he."

"Come, come, child; you are talking of what you know nothing about," said Mrs. Paisley; "I must take you in to see your papa, and your little brother."

"He 's not my papa," said Anthony. "I wish he were. Oh! if you could see my papa—ha! ha! ha!—you would not forget him in a hurry,—and if he chanced to box your ears, or pinch your cheek, you would not forget *that* in a hurry."

"You have got a new papa now; so you can forget the old one. Now hold your head up like a gentleman, and follow me."

Colonel Hurdlestone was lounging over his wine. His little son was sitting over against him, imitating his air and manner, playing with, rather than drinking from, the full glass of port before him.

"Mrs. Paisley, tell Glen to send up some sweet

Madeira—I hate port. Ha! little miser, is that you?" he cried, springing from his chair. "Why, I thought it was myself! Now, mind you don't soil these clothes, for they don't belong to you."

"Never mind, Anthony," said the Colonel. "Tomorrow I will get some made for you. Mrs. Paisley, are not these children very like one another?"

"Why yes, sir; they are too much alike for it to be lucky. Master Godfrey will be able to lay all his mischief upon this young one, and you will never find out the mistake."

"Thank you, Paisley, for the hint," cried Godfrey. "Come here, double, let us be friends."

"I'm sure you look like brothers; aye, and twin brothers too," said Mrs. Paisley.

"They are cousins," said Algernon, gravely.

"This child, Mrs. Paisley, is the only son and heir of my rich brother. I beg he may be treated accordingly."

"Oh! certainly, sir. But I never had a child so like my husband as this boy is like you."

"Very likely, Mrs. Paisley," said the Colonel, smiling; "I have seen many children that did not resemble their fathers. Perhaps yours were in the same predicament."

"Whether they were or no, they are all in Heaven with their poor father," said Mrs. Paisley, whimpering, "and have left me a poor lone woman, with no one to love or take care of me."

"Jacob Glen says that you are a good hand at taking care of yourself, Mrs. Paisley," said Godfrey. "But I dare say Jacob would be glad of taking care of you himself. Here's your good health, Mrs. P——;" down went the full bumper of Madeira.

The Colonel laughed, and Mrs. Paisley said, between laughing and crying, "that Master Godfrey was such a young gentleman, he would have his joke."

"You have no one to love you, Mrs. Paisley?" said Anthony, taking the housekeeper's hand. "If you will take care of me, I will love you."

"And that I will, my dear child," said Mrs. Paisley, patting his curly head, and kissing the rosy mouth he held up to her. "You are a sweet boy, and don't make fun of people like some folks."

"That's me," said Godfrey. "Tony, you are quite welcome to my share of Mrs. Paisley, and in the stead of Benjamin's, you may chance to get Jacob's portion also."

"Will you have some wine, Anthony," said his uncle, handing him a glass as he spoke.

The child took the liquid, tasted it, and put it back on the table with a very wry face. "I don't like it, uncle, 'tis medicine."

"You'll like it well enough by and by," said Godfrey; "I suppose the stingy one at home only drinks Adam's ale."

"What is that?"

"Water. A mess only fit for dogs and felons. Gentlemen, Anthony, rich gentlemen like you and I, always drink wine."

"I shall never like it," said the child. "I love milk."

"Milk! What a baby! Papa, he says he never means to like wine. Is not that a shabby notion?"

"You, you young dog, are too fond of it already," said the Colonel.

"I like every thing that you like, papa," said the spoilt youth. "If wine is good for you it must be good for me. Remember, you told me yesterday that I was to obey you in all things."

"Imitation is not obedience, Godfrey. I did not tell you to imitate me in all things. Wine in moderation may be good for a man, and help to beguile a weary hour, and yet may be very hurtful to boys."

"Well, I never can understand your philosophy, papa. A boy is a half grown man; therefore, a boy may take half as much wine as a man, and it will do him good. And as to imitation, I think that it is a sort of practical obedience. Jacob Glen says, 'As the old cock crows, so crows the young one.'"

"Do not quote my servants' sayings to me, Godfrey," said his father, frowning, and pushing the bottle from him. "I have treated you with too much indulgence, and I am now reaping the fruit of my folly."

"Surely you are not angry with my nonsense, pa," said the wilful boy, hanging upon Algernon's arm, and looking imploringly up in his face.

This was enough to calm the short lived passion of the Colonel. One glance into that sparkling animated face, and all the faults of the boy were forgotten. He determined, however, to be more strict with him in future, and broke his resolution the next minute. His life had been spent in making and breaking good resolutions,—no wonder that he felt such difficulty in keeping this. We must not give ourselves time to think on these subjects: we must act upon the present suggestions. Left to the future, they are certain never to be enforced. Algernon often drank to excess, and too often suffered his son to be a spectator of his criminal weakness. He was his constant companion, both in hunting parties and at the table, and greatly enjoyed the coarse jokes and vulgar hilarity of the roystering, uproarious country squires, who, to please the rich father, applauded all the witticisms of the son. Thus was the disposition of the child corrupted—his tastes vitiated—his feelings blunted—and the fine affections of the heart destroyed. Algernon was so fond of him—so vain of his fine person, and quick parts, that it blinded him to his many faults. He seldom noticed his habitual want of respect to himself, or the unfeeling and sarcastic remarks of the audacious lad, who presented to the observation of a stranger the painful anomaly of the address and

cunning of the man animating the breast of a child. Godfrey inherited nothing in common with his father but his profusion and love of company, and was utterly destitute of that kindness of disposition, and real warmth of heart, which so strongly characterised his too indulgent parent, and pleaded an excuse for many of his faults. He was still more unlike his cousin Anthony, although in person they could scarcely be known apart. The latter was serious and thoughtful, beyond his years—was fond of quiet and retirement, preferring a book and a solitary walk to romping with Godfrey and his boisterous companions. He had been a child of sorrow and acquainted with grief; and though he was happy now—too happy, he was wont to say,—the cloud which ushered in his dawn of life still cast a long shadow over the natural gaiety and sunshine of his heart. His mind was like a rich landscape, seen through a soft summer mist, which revealed just as much of the beautiful as to make the observer wish to behold more. Gentle, trustful, and most winningly affectionate, Anthony had to be known to be loved, and those who enjoyed his confidence and affection never wished to transfer either to his dashing cousin. He loved a few dear, very dear friends, but he shrunk from a crowd, and never cared to make many acquaintances. He soon formed a strong attachment to his uncle, and the love which nature meant for his father was lavished with prodigality on this beloved relative, who entertained for his adopted son the most affectionate regard. He loved, too, the mocking, laughter-loving, mischievous Godfrey, who delighted to lay all his tricks and devilries upon his quiet cousin, while he looked upon himself as his patron and protector, and often gave himself great airs of superiority over him. For the sake of peace, Anthony often yielded a disputed point to his turbulent companion, rather than awaken his boisterous temper into active operation. Yet he was no coward; on the contrary, he possessed twice the moral courage of his restless playmate; but a deep sense of gratitude to his kind uncle, for the blessed change that he had effected in his situation, pervaded his heart, and influenced all his actions.

CHAPTER VI.

“This world has many snares!”

“And many joys!”

But be your prudent zeal you bid me cull
The bitter thorns, and waste the proffered flowers.”

AND years flew on. The trials of school and all its joyous pastimes, and short-lived sorrows, were over; and the cousins returned to spend the long looked for and happy vacation at home. The curly-headed, rosy-cheeked urchins had expanded into fine tall lads of sixteen—blithe of heart and strong of limb,—full of the eager hopes and never to be realized dreams of youth. With what delight were they

welcomed by the Colonel: with what pride he turned them round, and examined the improvement in form and stature of the noble boys—wondering at first which was Anthony, and which his own dear mischievous rogue. They were so marvellously alike he scarcely knew which to call his son; and then how he listened to their laughing details of tricks and hoaxes served off upon cross masters and tyrannical ushers, laughing more loudly than they, and suggesting improvements in mischievous pranks already too mischievous. Poor Algernon! In spite of the increasing infirmities of age, and the pressure of cares which his reckless extravagance had produced, he was perfectly happy in the company of these dear boys. He never enquired into the progress which they had made in their studies. He had put them to school, had paid for their schooling—and if they had not profited by their opportunities, this was no fault of his. Had he examined them upon this important subject, he would indeed have been surprised at the difference between them. Anthony, naturally studious, had made the most of his time, whilst Master Godfrey had wasted his, and brought home with him a small stock of literary attainments, but many vices.

“What will my uncle say when he finds how little you have learned this last half year?” said Anthony to him whilst they were dressing for dinner:

“He'll never trouble his head about it,” returned the other, “without you, Mr. Anthony, put him up to it, to show off your own superior powers of drudgery. But, mark me, Tony, if you dare to say one word about it, you and I shall quarrel, I can tell you that.”

“But what are we to do about Mr. Cunningham's letter? You know he gave me one to give my uncle, and I much fear that it contains remarks not very creditable to you.”

“Did you give it to papa?”

“Not yet. Here it is.”

“Let me look at the old fellow's autograph. What a bad hand for a schoolmaster. I shall spare my dear lazy father the trouble of deciphering these villainous pothooks and hangers. Ha, ha! my good, industrious, quiet, plodding cousin Anthony, heir of Oak Hall, in the county of Wilts,—there lies your amiable despatch!” and he spurred the torn document with his foot. “That's the way I mean to serve all those who dare to criticise my works.”

“But, my dear Godfrey, it is yourself that you injure by this awful waste of time and talent.”

“Talent—fiddle sticks! What care I for talent, without it were those shining, substantial talents, spoken of in the Scriptures—talents of gold and silver! Give me these talents, my boy, and you may profit by all the rest. Wasting of time! How can we waste that which we can neither overtake nor detain when it is ours; and which, when

past, is lost for ever? Miser of moments! In another school than thine, Godfrey Hurdlestone will learn to improve the present."

"Oh! but these wasted moments, dear Godfrey! How will the recollection of them embitter the future! Remember, my dear cousin, what our good chaplain often told us—"Time is but the antechamber to eternity!"

"What, turned preacher! A prudent move that, Tony! I have heard that old Ironsides has no less than five rich livings in his gift. Now, by Jove! I'd turn parson tomorrow if I thought my uncle would be dutiful enough to bestow them upon me. Let me see—How would the Rev. Godfrey Hurdlestone look upon a visiting card?" He wrote upon a card, and held it up before Anthony. "See the address of the Right Worshipful Rector of Ashton! Behold him riding upon a fine blood—living in a fine house—surrounded by sleek, well fed, obsequious servants—his table served like a prince—his wine the best in the country—his parties the most brilliant, and his friends the most obliging in the world—his curate does all the work, and the rich incumbent lives at ease. Oh, Tony! what a prospect—what rare times we would have of it. Tomorrow, when papa asks me to make choice of a profession, now mark me if I do not say the Church!"

"Oh! do it not, Godfrey! You are not fit for so sacred a calling, indeed you are not!" said Anthony, fearful that his burlesquing cousin for once was in earnest.

"I know that," said his companion, "better than you can tell me. But 'tis such an easy way to get a living; I could enjoy such glorious indolence—could fish and hunt, and shoot and play the fiddle, and go to all feasts and merrymakings, with such a happy consciousness of being found in the path of duty. Now don't be envious, my dear demure Anthony, and forestall me in my project. I am sure to gain my father's consent; it will save him so much trouble for the future."

How long this conversation would have lasted I do not know, had it not been interrupted by the entrance of Anthony.

"My dear Anthony, I must have some serious conversation with you. I have thought much upon the subject of late, and have been blaming myself not a little. We have let near ten years pass away without holding the least intercourse with your father. The first year you came to me, I wrote to him twice, informing him how you were, and suggesting your future mode of education. To my first letter I received the following answer—

'To Algernon Hurdlestone, Esq.

'In adopting my son you pleased yourself. Had he remained with me, I should have provided for him; as it is, I neither wish to hear from him nor

you. When you next write, I would thank you to pay the post. Yours, &c.

'MARCUS HURDLESTONE.'

"Now, Tony, I was somewhat discouraged by this ungracious answer. However, I did write to him again, when I put you to school, without taking any notice of the tenor of his letter, and did not forget to pay the post. The reply is here:

'Next to receiving impertinent letters, I detest the trouble of answering them. I have no money to fling: way upon foolscap. Yours, M. H.'

"Now, my dear boy, though I have been so far unsuccessful, I think it only right and prudent in you to write yourself to this affectionate parent, and remind him that you are in the land of the living."

"And that you wish him," said Godfrey, laughing, "well out of it."

Without noticing his cousin's nonsense, Anthony answered, with great simplicity: "Dear uncle, what am I to say?"

"Faith! my dear boy, that's more than I can tell you. Just any thing; the best you can. Tell him that you wish to see him—that you are grown nearly into a man—that you hope never to disgrace him—and that you wish him to name what profession he means you to pursue, as you are about to go to college. But mark me, Anthony, say not one word about love, filial affection, and so forth. He'll not believe it if you do. The more you attempt to court or conciliate such spirits as his—spirits did I say?—the man's all earth—the more they suspect you of sinister motives. The honest bluntness of indignant truth is more likely to succeed."

"I believe you, dear uncle; and without exercising great mental ingenuity, my letter will be a sad hypocritical affair."

"Doubtless!" said Godfrey, roaring with laughter. "I wish, Tony, we could exchange fathers!" A reproachful look from Algernon, and a flash from the calm, dark eye of Anthony, checked the immoral levity of his cousin, who, stepping briskly up to the table, continued:

"Give me a pen, and I will give you a few hints upon the subject."

"This is too serious a subject for mirth, Godfrey," said Anthony, gravely; "I did not love him once—I was a child. He was harsh and cold, and I was ignorant of the nature of those ties which ought to have bound us together. Time may have wrought a great change. I am anxious to feel for him a deeper interest—to pity his unfortunate malady, and to cherish for him the duty and affection of a son."

"Ah! Tony, Tony! You begin to tremble for the shiners, lest old Skinfint should cut you out of Daddy's will. But come, let me write the dutiful letter which is to reinstate you in the miser's good graces. Shall it be in verse or prose? What! silent yet? Well, then, here goes." And with an

air of mock gravity he took up a pen, and commenced :

‘ Dear stingy dad, I long to share
The keeping of your hoarded treasure ;
You, I know, have lots to spare,
And I, your hopeful son and heir,
Would spend it with the greatest pleasure.

‘ Oh, thou most devoted father !
Fill your chests—hide well the key ;
Countless wealth for me you gather,
And I selfishly would rather,
You should starve and save than me.

‘ Must I—must I, still dependent,
On another’s bounty, live?’

“ What do you mean by that, sir ?” said Algernon, in an angry tone, although hitherto much amused by the nonsense of his son. He saw the blush of shame burn upon the cheek of Anthony Hurdlestone—the tears of wounded pride tremble in his eyes.

“ I meant no offence,” returned Godfrey, abashed by the unusual sternness of the Colonel’s manner. “ What I said was only said to make you both laugh.”

“ I forgive him,” murmured the indignant heart-humbled lad. “ He has given me another motive to write to my father.”

“ My dear Tony, never mind his folly.”—But Anthony was already in the solitude of his own chamber. How often had he borne that taunt in school, from Godfrey,—how often had he been told before boys whom he loved, and wished to please, “ that he was dependent upon the bounty of Colonel Hurdlestone, though the only son of the rich miser !” and he had marked the sarcastic smile, the lifted shoulder, and the meaning glance that passed from boy to boy, and the galling chain of dependence had entered into his soul. He became thoughtful and reserved, and applied more intensely to his studies, to shut out what he considered the ungracious, ungrateful thought, that he was a beggar in the house of his good uncle,—that Godfrey already calculated the expense of his board and education, and often hinted to him that when he came in for his miserly father’s wealth he ought to repay him for what his romantically generous uncle had expended upon him. And poor Anthony had solemnly averred that such should indeed be the case, and again been tauntingly answered, “ Wait until it is yours ; you will tell a different tale then.” But now he had dared to reproach him in his uncle’s presence, and it was more than the high-spirited, youth could bear.

“ Father ! cruel, unnatural father !” he exclaimed, as he raised his head from between his

clasped hands, “ why have you subjected your unfortunate son to insults like these ?”

“ Who insults you, my dear Anthony ?” said the Colonel, who had followed him unobserved, and who now stood beside him. “ A rash, impetuous, thoughtless boy, who never reflects upon what he says—and who, in spite of all his faults, loves you.”

“ When you speak, uncle, I am silent. I am sorry you witnessed this burst of discontent. When I think upon all I owe to you, my heart is bankrupt in thanks. I never can repay your kindness ; and the thought—the consciousness of such overwhelming obligations, makes me unhappy.”

“ I read your heart, Anthony,” said the Colonel, seating himself beside him. “ I know all you would say, but cannot utter ; and I, instead of you, become the debtor.”

“ Your goodness, uncle, makes me feel ashamed of myself for being offended with my cousin. I wish I could forget the unfortunate circumstances in which I am placed ; that you—you were my father, instead of him who has disowned me,—that my whole heart and soul could cling to you !”

He arose hastily, and flung himself into the Colonel’s arms. His head was buried in his bosom ; and, by the convulsive heaving of the young heart against his own, Algernon knew that the boy was weeping. His own eyes became moist ; he pressed him warmly to his manly breast.

“ You are my son, Anthony ! The son of my love—of her who received my early vows—of her who ought to have been my wife. Her heart was mine ; and, though another claims thy earthly part, thou art the son of my soul—of my adoption. Henceforth let no sense of obligation exist between us.”

“ I take you at your word, beloved father ; and, if love can repay love, in my poor heart you know no rival.”

“ I believe you, Anthony. But since you talk of wishing to be out of my debt, there is a way in which you can more than repay me for the money your education has cost me.”

He paused. Anthony raised his eager eyes to his face.

“ Not only by forgiving my dear petulant Godfrey, but by continuing his friend. I know that I have spoilt him—that he has many, many faults ; but I think his heart is sound. As he grows older, he will know better how to value your character. Promise me, Anthony, that when I am dust, your love for me may survive for my son ?”

“ Uncle,” said the lad, dropping upon his knees by his side, and holding up his clasped hands : “ I swear by the God who made us—by the Saviour who bled for us—that whatever fortune I inherit from my father, Godfrey shall have an equal part.”

“ This is too much to ask of you, Anthony ; all

I wish from you is, that, in spite of every provocation, you will continue his friend."

Anthony pressed his uncle's hand to his lips, and they parted—Algeron, to counsel his wayward son, and Anthony, to write to his father.

"Father," (he began) "how gladly would I call you dear. Oh! that you would allow me to love you—to feel for you the duty and respect which the poorest child feels for his parent. What have I done, my father, that you deny me your presence, and hold no communion with me? Will you not permit me to see you? You are growing old, and need some friend to be near you, to watch over you, and soothe the growing infirmities of age. Who could better fill this place than your son? Who could feel such an interest in your welfare, or be so firm a friend, as your son—your only son? You will perhaps tell me that it is your wealth, and not your love, I seek. I care not for your money; it has never conduced to your own happiness—how do I know that it will ever conduce to mine? I hate it—for it has shut up your heart against me, and made me an orphan and an outcast. Father, pity me! Pity the circumstances in which I am placed. Dependent upon the charity of my good uncle, I feel, kind though he be to me, that I am a burden—that it is not just for me to live upon him. I have finished my school education, and can show you the most honourable testimonials from my master. I have acquired some knowledge, but I long for more. My uncle talks of sending me to college with his son. For what profession do you wish me to study? In this respect, your wishes shall be strictly obeyed. I shall feel greatly honoured by your answer, and remain, your dutiful son,

"ANTHONY MARCUS HURDLESTONE."

Anthony did not show his uncle this letter. He knew that he would object to the part relative to himself. He duly sealed it, and paid the post, and for several days awaited the reply, in a state of feverish excitement. At length it came, and ran thus:—

"Son,—Your letter, upon the whole, pleased me. I believe that it is sincere. You have been so long a stranger, that I no longer feel any wish to see you; but hereafter, if you wait with patience, you will not be forgotten. Whether my son or no, you will be my heir; you are at any rate a Hurdlestone. I am glad that you have had sense enough to improve your time. As to a profession, the uncle who took you from my protection, had best choose one for his adopted son. There are several livings in my gift. If you should make choice of the Church, they shall be yours. This would make property, which has hitherto been of little value, yield a good interest. As to being dependent upon your uncle, the thought amused me. If he feels you a burden, it was one that he attached to himself, and he must be contented to bear the weight. You need not look to

me for pecuniary assistance—I shall yield you none. An industrious young man can always free himself from a galling yoke. Your father and friend,

"MARCUS HURDLESTONE."

Upon the whole, Anthony was pleased with his letter. It displayed more of human feeling than he had expected from the miser; besides, had he not acknowledged him his heir? It was true that he had forbidden him his presence—had flung back his proffered affection: but, he had spoken of him as his son, and Anthony was grateful. He would one day be able to repay his uncle's kindness, in a more substantial manner than words, and he flew to Algeron's study, with a beating heart, and flushed cheeks.

"What news, my boy?" said the Colonel, looking up from the artificial fly he was manufacturing; "have you caught a trout, or a salmon?"

"Better, better still—I have got a letter from my father!"

"No!" said the Colonel, letting go his fishing tackle; "is that possible?"

"Here it is—read for yourself." And he put the letter into his uncle's hand.

"Well, Tony lad, this is better than I expected," he exclaimed, grasping his nephew warmly by the hand; but stay—what does this paragraph mean? Have you found my love, Anthony, such a galling yoke?"

"My father has misunderstood me," said Anthony, his cheek, in spite of himself, glowing with crimson. "I told him it was not just for me to be dependent upon your bounty."

"'Tis a crabbed old sinner!" said the Colonel, laughing. "I am more astonished at his letter than anything that has happened to me since he robbed me of your mother."

Anthony looked inquiringly at his uncle.

"Come, nephew, sit down by me, and I will relate to you a page out of my own history, and shew to you what manner of man this father of yours is."

With what intense interest, the amiable son of this execrable father listened to the tale which I have already told, of his mother's wrongs. How often did the crimes of the parent dye the cheeks of the child with honest indignation, or pale them with fear. How did his love for his generous uncle increase in a tenfold degree, as he revealed the treachery which had been practised against him. How often did he ask himself, "Is it possible that he can love me—the son of this cruel brother? But then, he was also the son of the woman he had loved so tenderly, was like him in person; and, with sounder judgment and better abilities, resembled him in mind also.

Satisfied that his father would do him justice, in spite of his cold, unfeeling neglect, and bequeath to him the wealth, to obtain which he had sacrificed

every human feeling, and domestic comfort, Anthony no longer suffered the sense of obligation to weigh upon his heart, and depress his spirits. He knew that he should be able one day to repay all these pecuniary obligations; and he cheerfully accepted his uncle's assistance in sending him to college, to study for the Church."

"Five livings," Godfrey declared, were four too many for any incumbent, and he would charitably relieve Anthony from one of them, and study for the same profession. His cousin was grieved at this choice, so unfitted to the tastes and pursuits of his gay companion; but finding all remonstrances vain, he ceased to importune him upon the subject, hoping, that as time advanced, he would of himself abandon the idea of becoming a minister of the Gospel of Christ.

At college, the same dissimilarity marked their conduct as at school. Anthony applied his heart to wisdom, and made rapid progress in mental and moral improvement. Serious, without affectation, and pious, without the least particle of cant, he daily became more attached to the profession he had chosen, hoping to find in it a medium through which he could one day restore to the world the talents that his sordid father had for half a century buried in the dust. But Godfrey's career was one of heartless dissipation, folly, and crime. He wasted his father's means, in the most lavish expenditure; and whenever his cousin remonstrated with him on his want of principle, he tauntingly accused him of meanness, and told him, it sounded well from a dependent on his father's bounty, to preach up abstinence to him. These circumstances threw the young man into a deep melancholy; he felt disgusted with the world, and secluded himself in his own chambers, rarely leaving his books to mingle in scenes in which he felt that his mind could bear no part—in which he found no friends who could sympathize in his tastes, or enjoy his refined pleasures and pursuits. Anthony became a dreamer. He formed a world for himself, and peopled it with beings whose imaginary perfections had no counterpart upon earth; and when he went forth to mingle with his kind, and found them so unlike the creations of his moral Utopia, he determined to relinquish society, and spiritualize his own nature, the better to fit it for another and a higher state of existence. "I would rather die young than live to be old and wicked—to watch over the decay of the warm affections and enthusiastic feelings of youth—to see the beautiful fade from my heart, and the worldly and common place fill up the blighting void. O, Godfrey, dear, reckless Godfrey! how can you enjoy the miserable and sensual pleasures, to obtain which you are forfeiting self-respect and peace of mind?"

"But Godfrey is happier than you, with all your

refined feelings and cultivated tastes," whispered the tempter to his soul.

"It cannot be!" returned the youth, as he communed with his own heart. "The pleasures of sin may blind the mental vision, and blunt the senses for a while; but when the terrible truth makes all things plain, and the dreadful reaction comes—and the mind, like a polluted stream, can no longer flow back to its own bright source, and renovate its poisoned waters—who shall then say, that the madness of the sensualist can satisfy the heart?"

And thus did those two youths live together. One endeavouring, by the aid of religion, and by acquiring the wisdom of past ages, to exalt and purify his fallen nature. The other, grovelling in the dust, and, by mingling with beings yet more sinful and degraded, rapidly debasing his to a yet more fallen and unhappy state.

And here it was, that Godfrey first began to suspect his cousin was superior to himself. He had always been covetous of his wealth; but now he envied his good name—the respect which his talents and virtues entitled him to receive from his superiors.

During their boyish years, he had loved him; but as they approached towards manhood, a feeling of mistrust and aversion, superseded these early impressions. He could not bear to see his cousin courted and caressed by worldly-minded people, because he was the son and heir of the rich Mark Hurdlestone, and himself thrown into the back ground, although, in personal endowments, he far surpassed his studious and retiring companion. His own father, though reputed rich, was known to be in embarrassed circumstances, which the extravagance of his son was not likely to decrease; and Godfrey, who had no resources but in the society of persons whom Anthony despised, was daily annoyed by disparaging comparisons, which the very worldlings he courted were apt to draw between them. Oh, envy! well has it been said by the wisest of mankind, "Who can stand before envy?" Of all human passions, the meanest in its operations, the most fatal in its results—foul parent of the most revolting crimes! If the heart is guarded against this passion, the path to heaven becomes easy of access, and the broad and dangerous way loses half its attractions. Godfrey had forfeited his own self-respect, and he hated his cousin, for possessing a jewel which he had cast away; and this aversion was strengthened by the anxious solicitude which Anthony felt in his welfare, and the earnest appeals which he daily made to his conscience, to renounce his present destructive course, if not for his own, for his father's sake.

Their studies were nearly completed, when, the immense sums that Godfrey had squandered in dissipation and gambling, obliged the Colonel to

recall them home. Algernon, though not a little displeas'd with his extravagant son, receiv'd the young men with his usual kindness; and, as some time must elapse before they could enter into holy orders, Anthony determin'd to prosecute his studies in the country, with the assistance of their worthy Rector, who felt a deep interest in the young gentleman.

"I must introduce you to our new neighbours, boys," said the Colonel, next morning, at breakfast. "But mind, you must not pull caps for Miss Whitmore, our charming young heiress."

"Who the diuce is she?" said Godfrey.

"You know that our poor old friend Henderson, of Hazlewood Lodge, is dead?"

"Dead! Why, when did he die?" said Godfrey.

"You never wrote us a word about it."

"He died two months ago, and his property is heir'd by a Captain in the Navy—a man of small family and substantial means; who keeps a fine stud, and a cross old maid to superintend his house and take care of his beautiful daughter."

"And the young lady?"

"Is a beautiful, simple-hearted, romantic girl—the very reverse of the old maid. Aunt Dorothea is all ginger and vinegar; Niece Juliet, like fine Burgundy, sparkling with life and animation."

"By Jove! Anthony, good news for us! I give you good warning that I mean to pass away the time in this confounded dull place, by making love to Miss Whitmore; so don't attempt to poach upon my manor."

"That's hardly fair, Godfrey," said the Colonel.

"You ought to allow your cousin an equal chance."

"The young lady will herself make the chances equal," said Anthony, with a quiet smile. "For my own part, I feel little interest in the subject, and never yet saw the woman with whom I would wish to pass my life. To me the passion of love is unknown. Godfrey, on the contrary, professes to be the humble admirer of every, pretty face he sees."

"There's no doubt that I shall win the lady, cried Godfrey." It is not your blushing sentimental young gentlemen, that are the favourites of the sex. While Tony there would sit and adore in admiring silence, I should be pouring a thousand pleasing flatteries into Madam Juliet's ears,—nursing her lap dog, caressing her pony, writing love verses in her scrap book—(albums were not then in fashion)—and losing no opportunity of insinuating myself into her good graces."

To be continued.

POPULAR IGNORANCE.

It is only in the ignorance of the people, and in their consequent imbecility, that governments or demagogues can find the means of mischief.—Prof. Austin on Jurisprudence.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES,

WRITTEN EXTEMPORÉ.

"Mother—did no spirit token
Tell thee then the chord had snapped?
That the golden bowl was broken,
And the heart's bright fountain sapped?"

Tell us, is no warning given
When the distant loved one dies?"

AYE, did the spirit come—with whispers loud
And deep—borne on old ocean's stormy blast!
With lightning speed it came—quicker than e'er
The meteor's course athwart the firmament!
And to mine ear it said, with fearful tone:
Thy child is dead! In vain friends rose and said,
"T was but a fancy, love and fear had wrought!"
I knew't was so! How could I doubt the voice,
That God had sent across the briny deep,
To warn my stricken heart to pray for strength,
To bear a widowed and a childless doom!
O, God! these fearful words ne'er struck such dread,
Such certainty, when clothed in human tones,
As thus they did.

'T was long before the dreaded tidings came;
My weary tearless eyes (I could not weep,)
Would day by day watch each white sail that decked
The bright blue sea—yet brought no news to me!
Then night—the lonely night, with fresh'ring breeze,
Would bathe my fever'd brow—my heart
The while grew sadder; and the dull, deep tones
Of the cathedral bell, whose midnight chime
Broke the sad silence, fell on my heart,
And seem'd the knell of hope! Nature at length,
Exhausted, sank to slumber, not to rest;
For dim, unearthly visions rose to rack
The brain—and, worn with troubled sleep, the frame
Scarce could support another weary day!

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Father! I thank thee! Thou didst give me strength
In this sad hour—in this my time of need;
And nerved my soul to bear thy chastening hand,
Though deep the iron entered, and to quaff
The bitter cup, which shuddering nature loathed;
For, at thy bidding, Faith and Hope stood by,
And lent me grace to say, "*Thy will be done!*"
Like Naomi of old, I had gone out
Full, and returned empty!

M. S.

PASSIONS.

A MAN can always conquer his passions if he pleases; but he cannot always please to conquer his passions.—D. B.

(ORIGINAL.)

MARCHING IN INDIA.

BY J. C. H.

MONDAY, 27th December, 1841.—We marched this morning out of Kamptee, to the soldier's favourite march of the British Grenadiers. Few, I imagine, were sorry to leave the cantonment; for though it is considered one of the best stations in the Presidency of Madras, it is, without exception, one of the dullest places I ever was in. As soon as we had got well out of the cantonment, we arrived at the banks of the river Kanaan, when, of course, we were obliged to sound the halt, to enable the officers to mount their horses, and the men to take off their shoes and stockings. The ford was not more than three feet deep, so we managed to cross over without much delay or inconvenience. Our camp was pitched near Sattac, a village about nine miles from Kamptee. We had the light of the beautiful full moon to march by till daylight, which, at this season, does not set in till about six o'clock. The morning was bitter cold, which obliged me to walk the greatest part of the way, to drive away the unpleasant effects it produced. There was little on the road worthy of remark: we passed through a few villages and a cultivated country; the road itself was tolerably good. We reached the encampment at about half-past eight o'clock, A. M., where we found a well spread breakfast table under our mess tent, to which all did ample justice; the bullocks I hired for the carriage of my tent, upset it on this side of the river, so that it was not pitched till about three, P. M. In the meantime I had found shelter from the sun in the tent of a brother sub.

Tuesday, 28th.—The general beating at five this morning unwillingly roused us out of bed to prepare us for our march to Ramteak, only seven miles distant. On approaching our encampment the scenery became extremely pretty,—hills covered with green brushwood surrounded us on all sides: here and there also was to be seen a large lake, (called in this country a tank,) where wild fowl of many species were sailing about; on the extreme point of some of the highest hills were many pagodas, or Hindoo temples, whose dazzling whiteness glittered in the morning sun. On issuing forth from a grove of fine mango trees, we came in sight of the encampment, and none were sorry to see the mess tent in readiness to receive us. After dinner I issued forth to obtain a close view of the pagodas on the tops of the hills, which had so much attracted my attention on the march. My horse was soon ready, and a companion speedily found. I acted as guide, having been that way before. We passed through the town, where the people were pursuing their several vocations in that indolent manner peculiar to the natives of warm climates. We rode under the tops of large

tall trees, where I had once previously encamped, and, ascending a craggy road between two hills, arrived at a large gateway, the antiquated appearance of which announced that it had probably been built when the princes of the country were at their zenith. Nothing could be prettier than the view inside; it consisted of a large tank, surrounded on all sides but the one by which we rode, by tall trees, through whose branches might be seen many pagodas of exquisite architecture, and throwing their graceful shadows on the bosom of the calm water beneath; thus enhancing the beauty of a scene, unrivalled by any but those of the Eastern climes. We passed through another large tope, which brought us to the foot of the steps we had to ascend to gain the summit of the hills; here we dismounted. The steps, which were built of stone, extending for nearly a mile up the hill. When this arduous task was completed, we came up to another ponderous gateway, flanked by two Moorish towers. We entered the fort without opposition, though the natives looked surprised: on we went, looking with admiring eyes on the beautiful country below, of which we had so commanding a view. On approaching the object of our excursion, namely, the pagodas, on the summit of the hills, several natives assembled on the steps leading to the entrance, who refused us admittance—for no Christians are allowed into the temples consecrated to the Hindoo deities. We gazed with astonishment on the splendid domes within, and the light of the glorious full moon, which by this time had risen over the hills, threw on them a pale and even melancholy light, which, with the dismal, though not unmusical notes of the tom-toms playing over the relics of those long since dead, added to the natural gloom of the whole scene. The moon at this time being high in the heavens, warned us not to linger, for fear of being benighted and losing our way. We accordingly retraced our steps down the hill; it was now quite dark, for the tall trees, which grew so thickly around us, totally shut out the light of the moon; at every rustle of the leaves we turned our eyes to the right and left, imagining some terrific tiger or panther might be near, looking for their prey. It indeed seemed the very place where these animals would seek their lairs, though they are never known to come close to a human habitation, unless pressed by hunger, and as seldom commence an attack until molested. We found our horses at the foot of the hill, and rode into camp.

Wednesday, 29th.—This morning we had a long march before us of fifteen miles to the village of Dongerthal, which obliged us reluctantly to

rise from our beds at half-past two o'clock; the whole way after leaving the encampment lay through a thick forest and jungle; the road was gloomy and rocky, and dangerous to travel alone. When the sun had risen it was very delightful walking under the shade of the tall trees, whose branches spread over the way side. Large white monkeys, with black faces, were to be seen leaping from tree to tree with marvellous agility. I was surprised on reaching the encampment, for I imagined we had much farther to go, but so amused had I been with the beauty of the road that hours had imperceptibly glided away. The mess tent was not pitched on our arrival, but we found a table spread under a grove of tamarind trees, which was just as pleasant. Half way between Ramteak and Dongerthal, we got into the Bengal Presidency; we found excellent sport in the vicinity of the encampment, and many of our officers went nearly up to their necks in the tanks to get within shot of the wild fowl, which were very numerous, whilst others mounted the hills to look after the tracks of tigers and bears, and to bring a few pea-fowl to the mess.

Thursday, 30th.—On account of the length of yesterday's march, we halted this day, to enable the baggage left behind to come up. I prepared myself for a walk, and ascended the high bank. The hills all round were covered with trees; and their leaves, rustling to the gentle breeze, and twinkling in the morning sun, as well as the numerous species of web-footed wild fowl which were enjoying themselves on the fine piece of water at my feet, gave to the deep solitude a kind of life and vivacity.

Friday, 31st.—Our march this morning was to the village of Kawassa, distant ten miles. We passed through forests and jungles of the same description as those of the last; but the road was so rocky and bad in some places, as to make it a matter of difficulty to get the baggage over. On arriving at the camp, I was mortified to hear that my baggage had been upset. I immediately sent two bandies to assist, and, in a few hours, had the satisfaction to receive it all safe.

Saturday, January 1, 1842.—After a march of ten miles we passed through the village of Korae; our tents were pitched a short way beyond; the road still lay through the great forest, but more open and not so stony. After dinner I mounted my horse, as I had heard we should be obliged to ascend an immense ghaut, (or pass over the hills). I was not long in reaching the ghaut; at the foot were about two hundred baggage bandies unable to move on, the road being so narrow as only to admit one at a time. The ascent appeared very steep, and I rode back to give information to the Colonel, that unless he sent down assistance, the Regiment would not be able to get through the string of bandies the following morning. In the evening a fine jungle peacock was brought into camp, which had been shot by

one of the officers; it differed little from the tame peacocks at home, except in the more exquisite beauty of its plumage.

Sunday, 2d.—We commenced our march to Mourgaum, at half-past four, A.M. On arriving at the foot of the ghaut we found that not even half of the bandies I had seen the evening before had commenced their ascent; the Colonel was, in consequence, obliged to make a fatigue party of the whole Regiment; the men set to work with right good will, and with their assistance rapidly ascended the pass, which was upwards of half a mile in length. The scenery at the top was very extensive and beautiful: for miles and miles around us, far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but one forest, with here and there a few small curling clouds of smoke, announcing the position of the different villages we had passed through. On our right and left were deep rocky glens, gloomy places, and probably the resort of wild animals. The road, after mounting the ghaut, was still steep and rocky, and it was with the utmost difficulty we could proceed. About two miles from Mourgaum we had to ascend another ghaut, very small in extent, but much steeper and more rocky than the other. The poor men who had been out so many hours later than usual were so much fatigued, that the bandies were left to get up the best way they could, and in the course of the afternoon all arrived safe in camp. Only two accidents happened to the men; one was pitched out of the sick cart, and received a contusion on the head, and the leg of another poor fellow was broken by the fall of a heavy bandy, which tore away the flesh; both, however, are in a fair way of recovery, the latter without amputation. We found our camp pitched ready for us on very good ground; it was past one o'clock when we arrived, so that we had been twenty-two hours without refreshments. So much for an unpleasant march in India. In the evening an unfortunate man was found drowned in a well, he having fallen into it when not sober. At night the camp was greatly disturbed by the howling of jackalls, numbers of which were prowling about. The noise they make is most melancholy, partaking of the dog's bark and the cry of a human being in distress.

Monday, 3d.—On account of the laborious task undergone yesterday both by man and beast, we were obliged to make a halt today to give rest to all; a heavy shower of rain fell in the evening,—but as all tents used in India have a smaller one inside, we experienced but little inconvenience; and the weather, since mounting the pass, has been much cooler.

Tuesday, 4th.—After a march of about ten miles this morning, we arrived at the village Chowrie, where we found good ground for encamping. This march brought us out of the jungle, although we passed under several fine topes of trees, on the branches of which numerous monkeys were going

through their gymnastics. Four miles from our camp lay the civil station seminary; I did not pay it a visit, as I was told there was nothing to see worth the trouble.

Wednesday, 5th.—Eight miles march brought us to Nuella; we crossed the source of the Wynegurya, which was not deep; the road was good, and led us completely out of the jungle.

Thursday, 6th.—Marched about nine miles to Kokerea Jullao; the road was very bad. At night I heard the disagreeable howl of the hyena close outside my tent, attracted, I suppose, by the dogs. The hyenas of this country are small, and of the striped species; they are also very cowardly, and will never show fight until sorely beset.

Friday, 7th.—We marched this morning to Chupara, formerly a capital city of some province. We passed by some very handsome tombs of some antiquity, surrounded by fine cypress trees. Towards the end of our march we crossed the Wynegurya; and, notwithstanding its extremely rocky bottom, managed to get over very well.

Saturday, 8th.—This march we had another difficult pass to ascend; a fatigue party was sent on the evening before, to help up all the bandies. We marched off the ground early in the morning, and were kept out till ten o'clock, when we found our camp pitched near the village of Gumsgury; about eight miles distant, on the opposite bank of a small river, which we were obliged to ford. The whole road was very bad and stony, and we were blocked in on all sides by hills.

Sunday, 9th.—Arrived at Lucknadown, after nine miles march; followed another very steep ghaut; the right wing remained behind to assist the baggage.

Monday, 10th.—We had a march of fifteen miles this morning to Dhooma, a celebrated place for Thugs, a race of robbers who, in the execution of their trade, never omit to make away with those they plunder; indeed, murder forms a part of their religion, or, rather, their superstition; and every life taken they consider as a holy sacrifice to their Goddess, Kalli, who is the Goddess of evil throughout all India. With but one or two exceptions, they have never been known to make Europeans the victims of their merciless practices, either, because they consider them unfit for their religious offering, or, because they would be more surely missed, and more likely to bring the vengeance of the British powers on them. The Thugs dwell in villages by gangs—they travel in companies from place to place, in the execution of their bloody employment. The natives generally move in large bodies, to secure themselves from attack; but, however careful they may be, of whom they admit as companions on the road, the chances are, that the half of those who set forth are Thugs, acting as decoys, and who, being in secret communication with the rest of their gang, find it easy to appoint a fitting time and place for the

execution of their diabolical design, which is generally in a retired spot, such as a dense jungle, remote from towns, or at the ford of some stream. A pretext for delay is found by the betraying Thugs, and while the travellers are refreshing themselves, they are suddenly seized by their hands, at the same time the noose is cast about their necks, and before they have recovered from their surprise, they are at the last gasp. The unfortunate victims are then plundered, and buried a great depth, to avoid discovery. If only one or two have been sacrificed, it is deemed sufficient to cast them into a river or well. Thus the traveller falls an unsuspecting prey to the deep laid scheme of those they considered their bosom friends. Thugs are divided into two classes—those who allure, and those who consummate the deed; the former are chosen from amongst the younger and less hardened, and even from the women, who not unfrequently play a part in the tragic drama; the latter are selected from the most experienced, and who, from their savage inhumanity, are likely to perform their office without flinching.

It has been discovered, that the Thugs have a code of signs or words, by which they recognize one another, as Free Masons are supposed to do, and, I believe, are bound to assist each other in emergencies. They have distinct ranks and stations, and are promoted according to the efficiency and tact they display. Their modes of entrapping their victims are various; but strangling appears to be the most frequent—sometimes they drown, or stab them, then pitch their bodies down a precipice—but this they do unwillingly, and only of necessity, since it is always considered indicative of evil fortune. We found an unfortunate man in a stream close behind the camp, who had evidently been Thugged three or four days before; the fatal noose was still round his neck, on which was to be seen a horrid scar.

Tuesday, 11th.—This day we halted at Dhooma, and heard, to the inexpressible satisfaction of all parties, that an order had come from the Supreme Court, for us to proceed to Agra instead of Cawnpore, as was first intended.

Wednesday, 12th.—Eleven miles march brought us to Raichawal; we ascended and descended a very steep and rocky pass; before we reached the encampment, we had again entered the jungle, though not so dense as the last. In the evening, I accompanied a friend out shooting; we saw several pea-fowl, but the jungle was too thick to enable us to take aim. We perceived also the tracks of several animals.

Thursday, 13th.—The march this morning to Ghat Pipurea, was by far the most laborious of all we had yet encountered—no less than seven passes; the whole road, in fact, was one continued rough pavement of rock. Two companies were stationed at each of the passes to assist the baggage.

Friday, 14th.—A march of thirteen miles and a half through a very pretty country, to the cantonment of Jubbulpoor. The first part of the road, as usual, was all but impassable, for we had to descend a ghaat by far steeper than any previous one, and we were obliged to go arm in arm to prevent stumbling. As we passed through the hollow way, where the old trees twined their huge branches across, and made the road most gloomy, we heard a rustling in the copse—two of the horses snorted, and started violently to the other side, evidently showing that a tiger was close at hand; but I suppose our numbers frightened him, for he did not make his appearance—this became the more certain, for, as two of our officers were following some distance behind, a tiger sprang out on their dog, and ran growling into the jungle again. At daylight we crossed the Nerbudda, a beautiful river with a fine sandy bottom, deep, but fordable; during the necessary delay, occasioned by this obstacle, I waded through with some difficulty, and galloped off to view some very handsome tombs, whose delicate spires and massive domes were to be seen among the foliage of the trees. Near the banks of the river, we had a beautiful road after crossing, and without marching through the cantonments, reached our encampment. When we had breakfasted, I accompanied some of our officers to the Thuggie department—a manufactory where Thugs, who have turned king's evidence, are kept in irons, and employed in various ways. The cantonment struck me as being pleasanter than Kamptee. The garrison is small, consisting of one Regiment of Native Infantry, and two extra companies; the houses are good, and nearly all provided with a fire place. On reaching the manufactory, we were shown round by the Superintendent; it was, indeed, a most interesting spectacle: the number of Thugs employed there, amount to six hundred, and beside these, they employ the whole of their children, capable of working, in the hope that, by teaching them useful trades, they may not follow up in after life, that of their inhuman fathers. We walked round the factory, and were surprised at seeing so many young lads, scarcely sixteen; but these, generally speaking, had only been employed as decoys; some there were, who boasted of their brutal exploits—one in particular, who had enriched himself by committing more than *two hundred murders*. Another old man was brought forward, who had been in the Company's service as Sepoy, for thirty years, and had risen to the rank of Soubadar (a native Captain.) During all this time he had been a Thug, and had, whenever opportunity offered, unflinchingly followed up his cruel trade, without discovery. He showed us on another Thug, how the fatal Kummerbund (or sash,) was adjusted round the neck of his victim, and how, by one slight but dexterous turn of his wrist, he was launched into eternity. The old man

seemed to take pleasure in shewing us this, and to enjoy our looks of interest and disgust. By every Thug there, a gang had been delivered into the hands of justice, and hanged without judge or jury. When there is any rumour of a gang in the neighbourhood, a Thug is sent out from the factory to reconnoitre; if he shrinks from his duty, he is hanged instantly. Previous to setting out on his errand, he is obliged to get some other Thugs as sureties for his return, whom they hang, should he make his escape. This horrid race of human beings, are, in consequence of these measures, fast decreasing; and though many still exist in every part of India, Government, sparing no pains for their detection, will, I trust, soon utterly exterminate them. The works they are employed in, are various—the chief, making carpets, both woollen and cotton, hats, chacoos, and weaving plaids; they were all at work when we arrived, and we returned highly satisfied with what we had seen.

Saturday, 15th.—We halted today to draw the supplies for the Regiment.

Sunday, 16th.—Not having quite drawn all our Commissariat supplies, we were obliged to halt this day also. I took a quiet ride through the native town and Bazaar, most remarkably clean for India; there were many fine sized buildings in it, and a market place that reminded me of Regent's Circus in London—commodities of various kinds were spread out for sale; there was an immense tank on one side of the town, with large stone steps leading down to the water—all around were pagodas and tombs of different shapes and sizes—natives, of both sexes, were washing their many coloured garments, which gave additional life to the scene. The Cutwall paid us a visit, attended by his numerous followers, armed with swords, spears, daggers, matchlocks and pistols. He was very superbly dressed, but perhaps a little too gaudily.

Monday, 17th.—Left Jubbulpoor and pitched our camp at Bugoree ten miles distant—road very good and country cultivated.

Tuesday, 18th.—Marched twelve miles to Ruttingee through a very pretty country; road and encamping ground very good—we crossed the Heron at the end of the march, which we found deep but fordable—in the evening I climbed to the top of the highest hill I could find; it was almost perpendicular, and I had no idea of its immense height till I had arrived at the summit. The country on one side was richly cultivated, and on the other blocked in by hills and open jungle; I was not sorry to descend again, for I observed the marks of a large bear, which had seemingly but just passed—these brutes are of the black species, and great cowards until attacked.

Wednesday, 19th.—This morning we encamped at Singrainpoor, after a pleasant march of eight miles and a half—the road lies between two ranges of high hills and through open jungle—a tiger was

seen near the foot of a hill by some of the soldiers ; two went with guns to the spot, but he had disappeared.

Thursday, 20th.—Today we had an uncommonly agreeable march to Thubera, eight miles and a half. The highest and most picturesque hills surrounded us on all sides—at a distance they resemble huge rampart walls flanked by round towers. A shower of rain fell at night.

Friday, 21st.—Encamped at Hurdooa—road very good ; a slight shower fell before we reached the camp, increasing greatly before one o'clock—the wind, which blew strong, laid down some of the tents—mine, however, stood the weather well.

Saturday, 22d.—This morning we marched seven miles to the village of Ubhana, through a pretty thick jungle ; we crossed the river Bearmee half way, which is by far the most beautiful of any we have seen ; the banks are covered with thick jungle and forest. We went in the evening to an old fort near the camp—the native scoundrels refused us admittance ; so after some little difficulty, we scaled the walls, and found nothing but an elk inside.

Sunday, 23d.—A march of eleven miles and a half brought us to Dummow, the capital of the district ; there are no troops there, but one or two civil authorities. It is the largest place we have passed through, with the exception of Jubbulpoor—some of the stone buildings are very high, and of great age. There is a magnificent Hindoo temple in the town, to which we went up by a flight of stone steps leading to the entrance—we were refused admittance unless we took off our boots, which was inconvenient. They, however, civilly opened the door for us to look in ! large stone pillars occupied a space. All round the walls were covered with hieroglyphics and rude painted figures of their different deities. Afterwards we climbed a high hill situated close to the town ; on the summit was an old tomb, which a fine looking aged Mussulman told us was built six hundred years ago. Such a piece of antiquity did not fail of course to interest us much. We had a magnificent view of the town and country round ; beautiful tombs and temples in the former, rendered the scene most pleasing, and the latter was hardly less so, from the fine woods and sheets of water girdling it. Oriental sunsets are known to exceed by far in splendour those of other climes, and it may be imagined what an effect the dazzling brilliant orb has, on a prospect of this description, when the clouds themselves are one bright mass of gold. We waited till the sun was below the horizon, to descend the hill.

Monday, 24th.—We halted today at Dummow, to change the dromedaries which carry the men's tents, for elephants. I went in the morning to some beetle groves—they are covered in on all sides and on the top—the natives use the beetle nut for chewing, as the Europeans do tobacco. After

dinner I walked over to the place where the elephants were picketed ; there were about thirty of them. I carried some bread with me, which they took quietly out of my hand, and with great apparent relish. I was much amused by seeing a little boy only five years old, mount and dismount one of these large animals. It is wonderful to witness their sagacity, and their obedience to a mere infant. I measured round the sole of the foot of one, and found it just equal to half its height, a thing I could not have believed without self trial.

Tuesday, 25th.—This day's march brought us to the opposite banks of the Sonar, through a most richly cultivated country. We crossed the Ropra Sonar and another large stream, which we found knee deep. I saw in a corn field, what, I imagined to be, a jackall ; I galloped after him full tilt, and drawing near, discovered it to be a large wolf—the speed of my Arab was equal to his own ; but, unfortunately, I had not a hunting spear, otherwise I could not have failed in pinning him to the earth. I had, however, a fine run, and eventually allowed him to escape into some long grass. A large alligator was seen floating in the Sonar ; he was about fourteen feet long. This circumstance, of course, precluded all bathing.

Wednesday, 26th.—We marched this morning to Shapoor, distant ten miles. A large number of beautiful pea-fowl were seen strolling about in the jungle.

Thursday, 27th.—We encamped this morning on the opposite banks of the river Beos, near Sunoda. We had crossed the Saglee during the commencement of our march. Over the Beos river, is a fine suspension bridge, built by an Engineer officer, who dug the iron from the mines in the district. They say nothing brings a suspension bridge down so easily as the heavy simultaneous tread of a large body of men ; therefore, to prevent so dangerous a risk, we were obliged to go over very few at a time, and to keep unequal steps. The remark made by Lord William Bentinck, on his tour to this district, was, that he regretted so noble a bridge had been utterly thrown away in this remote locality.

Friday, 23th.—This morning we marched into the cantonment of Sangor, which is a large straggling place. We encamped near the churchyard, in which pretty tombs, erected in the oriental style, showed where the ashes of deceased Europeans were deposited. There was a tomb in the shape of a tabernacle, with a Hebrew inscription, which must have been placed over the grave of a Jew. * * * * The garrison at Sangor consists of two or three Native Regiments of Infantry, one of Irregular Horse, and two Brigades of European Artillery. Our officers had received an invitation to a dinner, ball, and supper ; I went with * * * *

Saturday, 29th.—This day I spent most pleasantly with —, who I found most kind and attentive.

After dinner, we found ourselves comfortably seated around a blazing wood fire, which brought to our recollection our dear native land. It was bitterly cold when we returned to our camp, but the keen bracing air re-echoed our merry laughs.

Sunday, 30th.—This morning I attended Divine Service, in the Chapel; it was a very nice one, and more like an English church than any I have seen in this country. The rest of the day I spent as usual at ———, and returned to camp at night. The only thing which attracted my special notice at Sangor, was an immense lake close to the cantonment—this must, I imagine, prove unhealthy, on account of the quantity of brackish water it contains. * * * *

Wednesday, 2d February.—I left Sangor this afternoon, after bidding adieu to my kind friends * * * * * Crossed the river Dussaun, and reached Barole, where our camp was pitched.

Thursday, 3d.—This morning's march brought us to the village of Dhamonee, distant about eleven miles. The road was very bad and stony; an immense number of monkies were seen leaping among the branches of the trees.

Friday, 4th.—We marched this morning to Jerai, which conveyed us out of the Company's territory, into that of the Rajah of Shagurh. Part of the village was defended by a high fort, of stone work, built about thirty years ago; it appeared capable of sustaining a heavy siege, if properly garrisoned and provisioned.

Saturday, 5th.—Arrived at Sydepoor, ten miles march over a moderately good road.

Sunday, 6th.—I went in the morning to see several carved figures and statues; some were partly buried in the ground, and appeared of great antiquity.

Monday, 7th.—This morning, after a march of thirteen miles and a half, we crossed the river Jumnar, and encamped on its banks. This brought us out of the Rajah of Shagurh's territory into that of the Rajah of Tekree. The fort there is very strong, and kept in good repair. The Vakeel, who was dressed in a handsome pink cloth tunic, embroidered with gold, gave orders to the people of the fort to admit us, which they did. They did not possess more than three pieces of artillery, and these were very inferior. There was a bomb proof magazine, and a granary inside; an old Soubadar gave us an account of how many years ago, they defeated Secunder, a general of the Rajah of Gwalior, and forced him to relinquish the attempt of taking the fort; they showed us also the spot from whence the enemy commenced the assault. As we have now arrived into the territories of independent Rajahs, we are obliged to double the guards, and plant more sentries around the camp at night. The men are ordered to be in readiness to turn out at any time, if required; I should think, however, their High-

nesses possess too much sense to give us any trouble.

Tuesday, 8th.—We marched into Tekree, the capital of the Rajah's territories; he was not there at the time, so we did not receive an invitation to visit him. His palace is composed of a superb pile of stones. Our band, playing through the city, attracted crowds of natives, both on horse and foot. Our camp was pitched about a mile beyond. In the evening we rode all through the city, accompanied by the ———, or Minister of State; he would not take us inside the palace, as the ladies of the Rajah's Zanana, were enjoying the cool of the evening air on the battlements; he, however, conducted us to the gardens—there we saw a handsome stone bath, with verandahs all round, and a terrace on the top,—the favourite resort of his Highness in hot weather. Many other handsome buildings stood in different parts of the garden, which has a stone wall, with superb pillars, placed at intervals. Several robberies were committed in the camp at night. I was awakened about two o'clock in the morning, by a stunning noise, occasioned by at least five hundred camp followers, who were running after some thieves; but the rascals escaped. My first impression was that the camp had been attacked: more sentries are now posted.

Wednesday, 9th.—Arrived at Bilgong, nine miles and a half; we passed a bath similar to, but much handsomer than the one we saw in the gardens of Tekree. Fires were kept blazing all the night, to enable the sentries to keep away robbers.

Thursday, 10th.—Arrived at Bhumonree, twelve miles and a half. There is a very large lake there, which furnished the mess with plenty of game. Two robbers were caught at night.

Friday, 11th.—This morning we encamped at Perthepoor, twelve miles; where the two thieves received each a hundred lashes, and were besides sentenced to two years' imprisonment. This march brought us into the territory of the Rajah of Thansi.

Saturday, 12th.—Arrived this morning at Burwa Sageer. Before reaching the ground, a note was put into my hand, containing an invitation from Captain ———, of the Bundulkund Legion, to remain his guest during the stay of the Regiment at Thansi. I accordingly mounted the horse he kindly sent me, and proceeded to his house, a fresh horse being stationed for me half way. I crossed the Baineer and Batira, and on drawing near Thansi, passed the Cavalry Guards of the Bundulkund Legion; they were fine looking men, dressed in long blue coats, red trowsers, and yellow girdles. Found my way to Captain ———'s house, who politely invited Colonel ———, and the officers of the force to meet me at dinner; he is a most agreeable and gentlemanly man.

Sunday, 13th.—I rode out to meet the Regiment

marching into Thansi, this morning; and on returning with it to the encampment, we were met by his Highness, the Rajah. He was mounted on a most superb elephant, with scarlet trappings; while his nobles, seated on others, accompanied him. The Rajah is renowned for having the finest elephants in the country; two were pointed out to me for which he had been offered fifteen thousand rupees—there was one with green trappings, nearly twelve feet high. After dismissing the men to their breakfasts, the bugle sounded the officers' call, when we all repaired to the tent of the Commanding Officer. We found the Rajah's elephants outside, and within, his Highness himself, covered with jewels and cloth of gold of scarlet—his ministers standing behind him. Colonel B ———, commanding the Bundulkund Legion, acted as interpreter. Compliments of all kinds were paid; and, shortly after, the Rajah rose to take leave, requesting we would do him the honor of paying him a visit at his palace in the evening. He was conducted out of the tent, by Colonels W ——— and N ———, each holding a hand. At half past four, P.M., the elephants came to convey us to the palace. I mounted the one with green trappings, the largest of all, though not considered by the natives of so high a caste as the one which the Rajah rode—his was reserved for the field officers. We passed through the town, and came to the place where his Highness awaited us. Here a salute was fired. We were then conducted to a spot, half veranda, half tent—neat and roomy, but not so handsome as to attract any special attention. The Rajah led Colonel W ——— to the chair of state on his right, taking a plain one himself; chairs were placed all round for the officers, while the ministers of the Rajah occupied seats in the rear. Three dancing girls, of about fourteen years of age, were brought forward, most gaudily, though not ungracefully attired. These performed a dance, peculiar to this country. Their figures were exquisitely moulded, and the face of one was most pleasing; it is almost impossible to look upon these beings without pitying their total want of the knowledge of virtue—that blessing most inestimable in woman. After some time, fruit and perfumes were handed round to the field officers by the Rajah himself, who then gave them to his ministers to hand to us. This over, we went to see a young tiger, which had just been caught; and then returned on the elephants, to camp, amidst the thunder of a salute.

Monday, 14th.—This evening I was taken to a large fort in the city by Captain B. The grand palace of the Rajah is within it, but he is not allowed to enter it; for although the Bundulkund Legion, (which consists of a Regiment of Cavalry and Infantry, each one thousand strong, besides some brigades of Artillery,) is nominally called his force; they were raised by Government to prevent the Rajah being troublesome, which he might prove,

could he get into the fort. Government takes care of his territory, out of the produce of which they pay his troops, and allow him one hundred thousand rupees per annum for his amusement. The fort is of immense extent and strength, and no native force could take it from a European Garrison without cutting off all supplies. Large guns turned in every direction on pivots, were placed on all the most commanding posts of the battlements, among which was one nearly as large as the great Bhurtpore gun at Woolwich. A sepoy with pride related to us an anecdote concerning it, that many years ago a chief of the Rajah of Thansi rebelled, and, with his followers, stormed and took a fort at some distance from the city. The Rajah sent a force to turn him out, which returned after having received a good drubbing. He then, at the expense of fifty thousand rupees, dismounted this large gun, and had it conveyed to the fort, where the rebel chief had entrenched himself. The first shot had such an effect on the walls, that the rebels surrendered without waiting for a second.

The palace is a fine looking building outside, but rapidly falling into decay from not being inhabited. We went through the apartments where the old Ranée used to sit with her women; the walls are painted in a most curious way, and beautifully executed; but the subjects were not very chaste.

Tuesday, 15th.—Marched to Elmbaba, eight miles and a half. Some of the officers of the Legion, amongst whom was my friend Captain B. accompanying us, to spend the day, and returning to Thansi at night.

Wednesday, 16th.—This morning we marched into Dutteah, the capital of the Rajah bearing that name. In the evening his highness sent six elephants with his salaam, requesting we would visit him at his palace. I was on the quarter guard, but fortunately got my duty taken by another. The palace where the Rajah held his Durbak was situated in a handsome garden, and in front of the chair of state clear water was gushing forth from a large fountain. The Rajah was a vulgar looking young man, and very awkward; he was dressed in white, with handsome gold bracelets set with jewels on his wrists and ankles, and similar ornaments round his neck. We were requested to sit down, when his nobles brought some rather handsome weapons, consisting of Damascus swords, spears, and matchlocks; these he distributed as presents amongst the senior officers; I thought I might as well submit my claim as officer of the guard, seeing no chance of my title of Lieutenant Sahib being successful,—so I pointed out to his highness, through Major B., that I was the officer entrusted with the safety and security of the camp, a most important responsibility. I was therefore presented with a handsome spear, ornamented with gold, and made my best salaam to the Rajah, my conscience telling

me that I was a great humbug. After the otto was handed round we adjourned into the garden, when the Rajah, who had severely sprained his foot, resumed his seat, asking the advice of our doctor, which he promised to adopt. He had a fine stud of horses, one of a light blue colour, so exquisitely dyed that had we not been aware that it was unnatural we could scarcely have detected it. After this we took our leave, and returned to camp, the fort guns firing a salute. Strict orders were issued for the guards to be on the alert at night; for, though there was little to be apprehended, yet treachery has been too often concealed under civility.

Thursday, 17th.—Arrived at Ooprai, after a march of eight miles. We saw flocks of pea-fowl walking about under the trees, but were not allowed to shoot them, as they are considered scarce by the people of this part of the country.

Friday, 18th.—This morning we marched to Dubra, twelve miles distance into the territory of the Makar Rajah of Gwalior, an independent and powerful Prince, possessing an army of twenty thousand horse and thirty thousand foot—we crossed the Tind, a fine looking river.

Saturday, 19th.—This morning we had a long march of fourteen miles and a half to the village of Antree, which we got over very quick. The jungle pea fowl are as domesticated here as the barn door fowl at home. I must have seen at least two hundred strutting about the long grass and roosting on the trees.

Sunday, 20th.—Encamped near Sinsee, a large cantonment, where troops of Scindia are stationed—forded the Oomai.

Monday, 21st.—This morning we marched into the city of Gwalior, which is of great extent. The natives were preparing for the festival of Mahorum; the shops displayed gaudy representations of the tombs of their ancestors. We encamped near the Presidency, about four miles from the city, and were met by several of Scindia's officers, many of whom are of French extraction—crossed the river Tonwunreka, which we found nearly dry. The Makar Rajah was indisposed, and consequently was unable to see us at his palace; but the Resident promised to send elephants to convey those to the fort who wished to see it. We dined at the Residency.

Tuesday, 22d.—We mounted the elephants, which conveyed us to the fort. It is situated on a hill of immense extent; the approach to the top is by a flight of stone steps partly cut in the solid rock; this is defended by strong loop holed walls and ponderous gateways, which, winding in many directions greatly prohibit the use of artillery. Its strength is vast, but the natives have lost all confidence in it from its having been twice taken by our troops, who, unable to make a passage by breaching, did so by escalade. Inside are the remains of a handsome stone palace, curiously and beautifully worked, with that kind of polished

chunam of various colours, which the natives of the present day know not how to compose. We saw several beautiful Tain temples, some of which we were informed were two thousand years old. The Tains, in building their temples, never used plaster but made one stone fit into another. The immense height to which enormous stones were lifted, is incredible, for they were ignorant of the use of cranes. All their architecture was composed by manual labour. We saw also figures about thirty feet high, and smaller, cut in the solid rock of the side of the hill. After this we went to take leave of the Killidar, or commandant, out of the fort, who begged us to sit down, and ordered his servants to bring otto and pawn and baskets of fruit.

Wednesday, 23d.—This morning we crossed the Sank river, which was quite dry, and encamped near a village called Dunaila.

Thursday, 24th.—About eleven miles march after crossing the Koharee we reached Hingouah. The weather, which has been getting very hot for the last week, has become almost unbearable, and we long to get from under canvass where the thermometer is 104°.

Friday, 25th.—This morning we entered the territory of the Rajah of Dholpoor, and marched through his city. The greatest obstacle we have experienced during the whole march was the passage of the Chumbul, near Dholpoor. A great deal of baggage, together with a strong fatigue party, were sent on last night; the Rajah had prepared several boats for us, into which every thing was put, and all reached the other side in comparative safety. I saw a large alligator floating down the river a short distance from the boat; a poor bullock had lost his leg by one the night before. It was a most interesting sight to see the whole regiment crossing—the horses and camels in boats, the bullocks swimming, and the elephants, wading through, with but two inches of the trunk visible above water, the whole remaining part of the body underneath. The Rajah sent his grandees to congratulate us on our arrival into his territory. These, mounted on elephants covered with scarlet shabracks, and the noise of the fort guns, firing in honor of the regiment, added to the grand effect of this lively scene. On reaching our encampment, to my mortification I found that my bandy, containing all my valuables, had been upset in the river and had remained unpacked all night—every thing was soaked with water, nearly all my books spoiled, except my fortification and drawing books which fortunately were packed in trunks, and carried by bullocks. The Rajah presented us with several large supplies of fruit and sweetmeats, which we divided amongst the children of the regiment.

Saturday, 26th.—This morning we did not march, but turned out to receive the Rajah, who had promised to come in state to see the parade. At about seven o'clock he appeared in sight, preceded by a

strong guard of infantry and another of cavalry, some of whom were very handsomely dressed. The kettle drums beat, and his highness drove past in a carriage and six horses. He was surrounded by a body guard, dressed in scarlet and jack boots, mounted on camels. He drove the carriage himself, and his principal officers occupied the outside, the inside being left vacant. A large body of horse guarding another personage, who I imagined to be the next heir to the throne, brought up the rear. It was altogether a showy sight, and the many long streaming banners of silk, fluttering gaily in the air, added not a little to its beauty. We received the Rajah in line with presented arms, which compliment he returned by a salute from his camel battery, consisting of small guns mounted on the backs of camels, trained for the purpose. The Rajah then dismounted, and the officers fell out, receiving him and his suite in a large bungalow, when the usual ceremonies followed in due form. His people were handsomely, perhaps gaudily dressed—but he was attired in white, with jewels enough to make one's fortune. On each arm, half way between the shoulder and elbow, appeared garters of gold, each containing six brilliants of considerable value; the pearls on his ears, we were told, were valued at ten thousand rupees. Several large strings of these, placed alternately with emeralds, ornamented his neck; the bangles round his feet were composed of gold set with different precious stones. He was not handsome, but pleasing in appearance, and wore the turban, which denoted him to be a Maharatta, as also were many of his followers. After a short time Colonel W. handed otto and pawn to the Rajah, and to those of his suite who were pointed out by the Prime Minister. He then rose to take leave, requesting we would visit him at his palace at five o'clock in the evening, and promising to send the necessary conveyances. After his departure I went out to see some gardens which he was laying out. I was much struck with the beautifully carved stone work surrounding a superb bowrie; we descended several flights of steps: verandahs, supported by exquisitely carved pillars of red stone on each side, till we came to the level of the water. The gardens were extensive, and possessed many European flowers; the Rajah was building a palace in one of them, in the style of a good European house. At half-past four o'clock the elephants came, and great was our astonishment on seeing a carriage, the size of which may be easily imagined when it required eight elephants to draw it. It had two compartments, one above the other; the top was covered with scarlet cloth, embroidered with gold and silk. This was in the shape of a dome, and lined with pink satin. We ascended it by means of two flights of steps, and found it would contain at least forty people; there was another small carriage without a top, drawn by four ele-

phants, besides other elephants with howdahs, some of solid silver. I went in the large carriage, for the sake of the novelty. We soon reached the palace, a fine building. A salute was fired, and a guard of honour drawn up to receive us. We were conducted by the ministers into a large room, well lighted up with chandeliers; the walls of the room were covered with red polished chunam, which reflected the light. Several dancing girls, gorgeously dressed, came forward, and performed the nautch. Sherbet was handed round, and the Rajah presented each of the ladies who accompanied us with gold mokurs. The usual ceremonies having been gone through, we returned on the elephants to the camp.

Sunday, 27th.—Marched to Muneeah, nine miles distant, through a flat country, pretty well cultivated, and here and there covered with very long grass; the roads were very heavy from the dust.

Monday, 28th.—Marched fifteen miles to Tehara, through a similar country.

Tuesday, 1st March.—This morning we marched into Agra, with flying colours and fixed bayonets; the men went at once into barracks, and I set off to choose a house. The next morning we were reviewed by Sir R. Arbuthnot; after which I mounted my horse, to pay a visit to the renowned Taje Mahal. No words can express its beauty, for it seems scarcely to have been built by the hands of mortal man: it was raised by command of Shah Jehan, "The King of the World," for his Queen Nour Jehan, "the Light of the World." The most remarkable thing is, that it is as fresh and almost as perfect as when it was finished two centuries ago. It is composed of one large central dome, with smaller towers at each angle. This is on a large wide pavement, at the corners of which are high minarets. The whole of the workmanship is of pure white marble, the joining of the slabs being so close and compact that not a fibre of vegetation appears between them, nor has the rain any effect in staining its polished surface. Another striking feature in this building is the admirable finish given to every thing about it—every device is chaste and appropriate; and the arches of the doors are neither pure Saxon nor Gothic, but allow of greater breadth than either, yet are equally susceptible of strength; under the central dome is a kind of palisade or screen, richly fretted; and within this are the tombs of the Emperor and Empress—both exceedingly beautiful, and covered with a profusion of flowers, composed of various coloured stones; these are chiefly agates, cornelians, and blood stones; underneath the tombs is a vault, where they are interred. Here are two other tombs of a plainer construction; on them garlands of flowers are constantly placed, and generally a light kept burning. On the panels, or lower parts of the walls, which are of pure marble, are carved flowers, very naturally executed. The natives must indeed be proud of this unique

specimen of the fine arts. The garden is also an object of great attraction; it is intersected by wide paths, paved with flag stones, and over them are arranged fanciful devices. The avenue of cypress trees, with a row of fountains between, is particularly fine. There is, besides, in the centre of this avenue, a marble reservoir, forty feet square, in which there is one fountain in the centre, and one also at each corner. There are a collection of noble trees, of gigantic height, affording a delightful shade, and admit of a pleasant walk, even in the middle of the day.

March 9th.—This morning I rode into the fort; it may indeed be called one of the grandest in India. It is built of red sand stone, and occupies a large space of ground on the banks of the river Jumna, and within its lofty embattled walls are the palace, the Motee Musjid, the Arsenal, and numerous compartments for all the paraphernalia of war; the remains of the palace, with its gilded cupolas, and the rich tracery in blue and gold enamel on the walls and roofs of the different rooms, show what they must have been when occupied by royalty. In some of the rooms the walls are covered with small pieces of looking glass, and the floors with fountains; when lighted up must have surpassed all description. The arsenal and armoury are very tastefully adorned with warlike instruments; there is a broad wet ditch, with drawbridges at convenient stations round the outer wall of the fort; there are also two terraces of considerable breadth, where a large body of troops may be paraded. The Motee Musjid is one of the most unique things of the kind I ever witnessed: it is very like a lofty cathedral with a fine terrace all round. The whole workmanship is of pure white marble, which has a most dazzling appearance; the floor is paved with rows of slabs, each of which constitutes an altar, on which the faithful sons of Mahomet present their offerings of praise. We were led under the dark gloomy passage of the palace through which they used to conduct prisoners for execution. After traversing these for some time, we came to an aperture in the wall, about the size of a spacious chimney; this was the place up which the unfortunate wretches were pushed, when an unseen hand from above adjusted the noose, securing it to a thick beam, and thus left them to their fate. Outside the fort there is another immense pile of buildings—the Jumna Musjid; the architecture of this building possesses much merit; it has three domes of nearly the same size, and the terrace is surmounted with towers and minarets, in the centre and at the corners,—but the whole is rapidly decaying, and immense blocks of stone appear ready to fall from their giddy heights.

Thursday, 10th.—This day we made a party to spend it at Tocundra, about seven miles from the city of Agra, and which forms a part of its suburbs.

The road to it from the river Tumna has a picturesque appearance; the houses are chiefly built of red sand stone, which is procured in great abundance in the neighbourhood. There is one fine broad street, running through the middle of the city—some of the houses three and four stories high; the other streets are narrow, but clean. The main street was thronged with passengers, and there appeared much business going forward. While breakfast was preparing, we walked out to see the mausoleum, Ackbar Shah, the most celebrated of all the handsome buildings. This remarkable edifice is in a high state of preservation; the foundation is supported on large massive arches—the ground floor rests on a plinth of immense area, and a piazza of prodigious strength runs all round the building. Above the terrace, two others, diminishing by degrees, are constructed. All have galleries and towers, and on the summit of one, which is surrounded by an enclosure of fretted marble, is the chaste and delicately carved tomb of the great Ackbar—the marble, one solid piece of immense size, and as free from flaws and shades as ivory. Below this vault, the spot where the Emperor was interred, is marked by another tomb, the counterpart of the one above, but perfectly plain. There is a long dreary passage leading to this vault, in which there is no light, but the feeble rays admitted from above, and the flickering lamp which is usually kept burning. The vault is circular, and crowned by a lofty dome, that causes a reverberation of every sound, in deep and solemn tones. In visiting this lugubrious place, in the midst of the most profound stillness, save the occasional flapping of the leather winged bat, one's mind can scarcely resist the force of melancholy, when one reflects that the dust over which he is treading, was once the greatest Emperor of the Mogul dynasty. Alas! so much for human grandeur, when separated from the light that gleams for ever—(revealed religion.) The tombs of the Emperor's daughters, and grand daughters, beautifully carved in white marble, occupy vaults in different parts of this spacious building. The garden is laid out in the English style, and contains flowers of every description; it is a large quadrangular, bounded by a high embattled wall, with towers at each corner, and immense gateways, facing the four cardinal points. Over the principal of these, are the remains of four lofty minarets, which, however, have been greatly shorn of their fair proportions; they say the Maharattas are the spoliators. The garden is amply stored with noble trees; raised walks, paved with stone, lead to the gateways. There are several fine wells that pour forth their copious streams, to nourish the flowers and trees. We breakfasted under a spacious colonnade, and afterwards went to the asylum, where the orphan children of those who died in the famine of 1837 and 1838, are taught various trades, and to read and write. It is a splendid institution, and well managed. We staid some time there, and dined at two o'clock, returning to Agra in the evening.

ORIANA.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Some of the readers of the Garland may have already seen the following ballad, which is not now published for the first time: but we are sure they will not quarrel with us for giving them another opportunity of admiring it. Those to whom it is new, will admit that it would be no easy task to fill up a page with any thing more worthy:]

My heart is burdened with my wo,
Oriana ;
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dull wolds are ribbed with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana.
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.
Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana,
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana,
And the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.
In the yew wood, black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears obscured my sight,
By the starshine and moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.
She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana ;
She watched my crest among them all,
Oriana ;
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stepped a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.
The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana,
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana ;
The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana !
Thy heart, my love, my life, my bride,
Oriana !
O narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana ;
Loud, loud rang out the bugle's brays,
Oriana ;
O deathful stabs were dealt apace,

The battle deepened in its place,
Oriana ;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.
They should have stabbed me where I lay,
Oriana ;
How could I rise and come away,
Oriana ?
How could I look upon the day ?
They should have stabbed me where I lay,
Oriana ;
They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.
Oh, breaking heart, that will not break,
Oriana ;
Oh, pale, pale face, so sweet and meek,
Oriana ;
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana ;
What wantest thou ? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana ?
I cry aloud ; none hear my cries,
Oriana.
Thou com'st atween me and the skies,
Oriana ;
I feel the tears of blood arise,
Up from my heart into my eyes,
Oriana ;
Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana !
O ! cursed hand ! O ! cursed blow !
Oriana !
O ! happy thou that liest low,
Oriana.
With night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter wo,
Oriana ;
A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.
When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,
I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana ;
Thou liest 'neath the yew wood tree,
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana ;
I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

IMPORTANCE OF TIME.

Those who know the value of human life, know the importance of a year, a day, and even an hour; and these when spent amid the full enjoyment of the vital functions, of how much importance to our whole existence! It is therefore an eternal and irreparable loss, when time is not enjoyed as it ought.—*Struwe*.

(ORIGINAL.)

A LEGEND OF THE APENNINES.

BY E. L. C.

PART I.

A being of those arduous energies,
Strong aspirations, graspings undefin'd,
Tumultuous thirsts and passions, that of man,
Make Fiend or Angel.

Rev. H. H. Milman.

A LONG summer's day was fast drawing to its close, unheeded by a young man of singularly interesting appearance, who sat perched upon a projecting point of the mountainous range, that overlooks the wide-spread and beautiful valley of the Apennines. He was conscious only, that a cooler breeze fanned his cheeks, and lifted with a gentle touch the dark masses of hair from his brow, and that the shadows of the tall trees and overhanging rocks, lengthened gratefully around him, softening to a just degree the light which fell upon his sketch-book, wherein, with an artist's love, his hand was intently tracing the exquisite picture that nature unrolled to his enraptured gaze.

Tivoli and Palestrina sparkled in the distance; and between them was seen the white walls of Poli, perched upon dark grey rocks, cradled in woods and mountains, and crowned by the ancestral castle of its lordly Dukes; and, far away, rose the Marcian hills, and the bright stream of the Anio, wound like a silver thread through the rich valley, which it fertilized and clothed with boundless beauty, luxuriance, and life.

The youth, oppressed by the heat, which a balmy breeze that had upsprung with the falling of the dew, was now rendering more endurable, had flung his hat and mantle on the turf, and, unclosing the collar of his dress, thrown back the rich pointed ruffle from his throat, baring to sight its exquisite form and hue, and leaving exposed a face of uncommon beauty, scarcely yet darkened by the down of manhood, and a head of classical contour, round which clustered in thick curls, hair of the richest and most glossy brown. His portefeuille was open before him, and with a graphic pencil he had transferred to its pages, the beautiful features of the landscape, combining them with rare skill and taste into an exquisite gem-like picture, worthy of a prince's cabinet.

And now he had given it the last finish of his art; his pencil was cast aside; and, as if satisfied with his work, he folded his arms, and leaning back against the broad trunk of the chesnut, at whose foot he sat, he gazed up with intense earnestness into the blue Italian sky, that spread its glorious canopy above him; and as he gazed, a deeper glow

suffused his cheek, his lips moved in low murmurs, his eyes swam in tears of rapture, every nerve thrilled with extacy, and with a deep, yet silent joy, which only he can comprehend, whose wont it is to worship at the inner shrine of nature, he abandoned himself to the sweet and holy influences of her mysterious beauty, and quaffed, as from a living fount, the blissful and healthful spirit which she breathed.

Gradually, other and even softer thoughts mingled with those which his intense love of nature had kindled in the mind of Annibal Murano. A deeper glow of feeling brightened his brow, and his large dark eyes, still moist with pleasurable emotion, turned with tender sadness towards distant Poli, as it hung like an eaglet's nest upon the mountain side; a minute's silent gaze, a smile, a sigh, and his trembling fingers had again grasped the pencil, and bending over the outspread sheet, his hand, almost with the rapidity of inspiration, traced a face so beautiful, that Guido might have blotted out the features of his angels in despair, could it have been given to his gaze.

The youth lingered over the lovely image he had evoked, adding a new grace with every magic touch, and yielding to the sweet enthrallment of delicious memories which its loveliness awoke, till he failed to remember that the evening shadows were fast deepening around him, and that it behooved his safety to quit that solitary spot, before the day had wholly closed in. Only a few months had passed, since that region of the Apennines was the haunt of lawless banditti, led by a chief, whose very name was a sound of terror and dismay; but though this was known to Annibal, he suffered no uneasiness, for he was also aware that the Pope's edict, backed by a strong body of his holiness' troops, had driven the brigands from their strong holds in those parts, to find refuge and plunder in some region more remote, and that it was now some time since their depredations had created alarm.

He was, too, naturally fearless, and free, almost to recklessness, from personal apprehension; and now, lost in the fond reverie, which the occupation of the moment inspired, and burnished with such golden hues as ever gild a lover's dream, he thought not of

departing, till suddenly, a deeper shade than that of the gathering twilight fell across his sketch, and he looked up to see from whence it could proceed. And then it was, he first became aware of his imprudence; for, bending over him, he beheld a tall athletic figure, whose peculiar and picturesque costume left him in no doubt that he was surprised, if not by the formidable chief of the Apennine brigands, at least by one of his scarcely less formidable followers. And yet, the dress of the intruder differed in some points from that worn by those outlaws; instead of the high conical cap, ornamented with party coloured ribbons, which usually distinguished them, he wore a hat with a broad brim, looped up on one side with a costly jewel, while from the other, drooped over his face, the graceful plume of an eagle. His dress was rich, and heavy with embroidery, and fitted closely to a shape of the finest and most symmetrical proportions. A silver horn, which, from its tiny size, and exquisite chasing, might have been that used by Oberon in his revels, was suspended by a chain of massy gold from his neck; a brace or two of pistols, with a dagger of elaborate workmanship, and a couteau de chasse, protruded from a girdle of crimson silk that encircled his waist, the long ends fringed with bullion; a carabine slung across one shoulder, and a short cloak depending from the other, completed the equipment of the wild but strikingly handsome and elegant figure, whose appearance so abruptly dispelled the glowing visions of the mountain wanderer.

Annibal sprang to his feet, startled by the unlooked for intrusion; and when he marked the dark eye of the stranger fixed with intensity upon the lovely sketch that had grown beneath his touch, by a spontaneous impulse he closed, and turned the key of his porte-feuille. The stranger smiled calmly but sternly, at the act.

"Keep thy treasure," he said; "I ask thee not for it, though it is well and fairly done for so rough a sketch, as I doubt me not the Lady Viola herself would be fain to allow, could she see it beside her own fair image in a mirror."

Annibal started with surprise, and his tone was haughty, and the blood burned upon his lowering brow, as he demanded:

"And how knowest thou aught of the lady? or, knowing, how ventur'edst thou, with lips, which, if I truly guess, many a harsh word has polluted, to breathe a name so sacred and so chaste as hers?"

"It matters nought to thee, young sir, whence comes my knowledge or my daring; it is enough, that I have made no idle boast, as I will prove to thee, if thou wilt honour my forest dwelling with thy presence this night."

"I give thee thanks for thy courtesy," said Annibal, striving to conceal his uneasiness, as he met the bold look, and sinister smile with which these words were uttered; "but it is already time that I

had left these mountains, and now I must depart quickly, lest my protracted absence give alarm to those who care for my safety."

"Hadst thou looked well to that," said the other, "thou wouldst not have strayed hither at all; or, having done so, departed, before the shadows lengthened across thy path. Now it is vain to speak of going, for my way in this forest territory is absolute, and I would not have reproach cast upon my hospitality, for suffering thee to depart without such courteous entertainment as it becomes me to show."

"Nay," said Annibal, his alarm increasing with every word, which, in a tone of quiet sarcasm, the stranger uttered; "I pray thee not to detain me—a brief hour's walk, and I shall reach my home, and that too, before this glowing twilight has faded into the sober grey of evening."

"Thou art over hasty, fair sir, or knowest not, perchance, that those who trespass on our mountain realms, are not wont often to quit it at the mere volition of their own will; and of thee, in especial, we would know more, ere we bid thee God speed."

"There is nought for thee to know, other than that I am a simple artist, and have wandered into these wild solitudes, to feed among them my love of the beautiful and picturesque; therefore, by detaining my person, thou wilt but bring upon thyself the charge of a troublesome and profitless guest."

"But if I mistake not, thou art in the service of one who lacks neither wealth nor power to redeem thy liberty, at whatever price we may see fit to demand."

"True—the Duke du Conti is my patron, and he hath been a kind one; and the more unwillingly for that, and, seeing that I have no natural claim upon him, would I tax his bounty, even for the preservation of my life."

"I am not so scrupulous; and though for the ransom I care little, yet, this proud lord of Poli is my direst foe, and to do him despite, would afford me deeper joy than to sack of their treasures the princely halls of the Vatican."

Annibal receded a step or two at this vehement declaration, and the truth flashing vividly upon his mind, he exclaimed:

"I see before me, then, Manfredi Aretino, the terrible chief of that terrible band, whose deeds have so recently spread terror and dismay through Italy."

"Ay," returned the fierce bandit; "whom the Pope's thunders failed to annihilate, his arms to quell, or his vigilance to trace to the secret haunts where their plans are matured, and where they hide from the greedy clutch of avaricious power, the wealth, of which they have relieved the overburdened rich, that they might lavish comforts on the starving poor. Come, thou shalt abide with us, till thy noble patron, from his overflowing coffers, sees fit to pay the ransom we may find it our pleasure to

demand for thee ; and, perchance, thou wilt become so enamoured of our forest life, as to bind thyself to us, by the oath which we require."

"Thou canst not be in earnest," said Annibal, now seriously uneasy at the prospect of his capture. "I swear to thee, thou wilt be the greater gainer by letting me depart ; for whatever thou demandest shall be paid for my freedom—if not by the Duke, by myself, when I shall be at liberty."

"Thou ! thou, pay the sum we shall demand ! Thou, a poor artist, dependent on thy craft for the bread that sustains thee," exclaimed the bandit, with a strong mixture of contempt and irony. "Not so, I prithee, for it is against the rules of our community to take advantage of the poor and needy in order to enrich ourselves. We are the bestowers of bounty to them, and not extortioners, to strip them of their little all ; therefore, the Duke shall win thee back, if he would have thee again—and, in the mean time, if thou lovest the picturesque and bizarre, thou wilt find thy sojourn with us a pleasant passage in thy life, and I warrant thee, thou shalt be as well and daintily regaled as ever thou wert at the sumptuous table of the Duke."

"I cannot yet think thou designest me this injustice," said Annibal, drawing back from the nearer approach of Manfredi, "since my detention would avail thee nothing."

"Thou knowest not that," sternly interposed the brigand ; "and mayst marvel, when I tell thee that it doth avail me much, involving matters of deeper import than thou dost even dream of now. But with time, all shall be unfolded, and thou wilt then understand why it is that I persist in retaining the prize which I have captured. Come on, then ; resistance is vain, as thou wilt be made to know, if I but wind the lightest blast on this small horn," touching that which hung upon his breast as he spoke.

Annibal, chagrined, beyond the power of concealment, cast around him an anxious glance, almost hopeless of escape, yet keenly scanning the precipitous ledge, on the summit of which he stood, pondering within himself, if it were a possible thing to elude his fate, by a sudden plunge over its brow, and thence, clinging by the brushwood, make a quick descent, and gain the valley below. Manfredi seemed to read his thoughts, rapidly as they passed through his mind ; for, instantly, as the fairy horn was at his lips, and a shrill, clear, piercing sound, like that of a prolonged whistle, from lusty and well accustomed lips, yet bearing with it more of sweetness and of music, rang through the green-wood.

The sound had not yet died away, when, as if by magic, a score of stalwart and ferocious looking men started into sight from the green coverts, where they lay perdue, habited in a similar manner with their chief, but displaying more of finery, and

less of tasteful richness in their attire. By a commanding gesture, Manfredi motioned them all back, except two, who advanced in silence, and placed themselves, one on each side of Annibal.

"Deal with him gently, my men, or it will fare ill with ye—but do not let him escape," said the chief. Then turning to Annibal :

"Thou seest, young sir, we are lords here ; therefore, constrain us not to use force, but make a virtue of necessity, and yield thee submissively to thy fate. Thou must consent, moreover, to have thine eyes bandaged, before we conduct thee to our stronghold ; for we would not leave it in the power of any who belong not to our fraternity, hereafter to betray us !"

At a signal given, as he ceased speaking, one of the brigands unfastened the girdle which he wore, and bound it over the eyes of Annibal, who, in passive silence, submitted to that which he was powerless to prevent. He was then led forward by the two robbers ; Manfredi, in silence, preceding them : for nearly an hour, they walked without pausing, penetrating, as it seemed to Annibal, into the very heart of the mountains—forcing their way among tangled branches, over irregular surfaces, and often scaling rugged rocks, in which attempt, deprived as he was of sight, his conductors were compelled almost to carry him. At length, Annibal was conscious of a great change in the atmosphere around him ; it became cooler, and more moist. The ground, too, over which they walked, seemed strewn with fragments of stone, intermixed with patches of wet moss, and the voices of the men, who conversed in a sort of technical jargon, occasionally varied with snatches of rude songs, sounded smothered and hollow, as though uttered within the walls of a cavern.

Still they moved on and on, without pausing, often compelling Annibal to stoop, as though passing beneath some low archway, and he was actually beginning to feel as if he should sink to the earth with weariness and anxiety, when, suddenly a murmur of voices surrounded him ; then he heard the stern command of Manfredi, imposing silence, and a moment after, they began to ascend a long flight of steps, narrow, for he was left to the care of one of his conductors, and very precipitous, which terminated in a broad landing place above. From thence, he was guided onward a few paces, when the bandage was taken suddenly from his eyes, and he found himself standing in a blazing light, for so it seemed to him in contrast to the utter darkness, in which he had so long groped, though the illumination in fact proceeded from an antique iron chandelier, which was suspended from the ceiling of the lofty, yet desolate looking apartment, into which he had been ushered.

He glanced his eye rapidly around, and felt, indeed, that he was in a den of freebooters, as it fell upon the desperate and fierce looking men, who, with

the marks of reckless crime and hardihood stamped indelibly upon their swarthy brows, stood clustered in groups about the room, their picturesque, and in some instances, rich costume, many of them wearing jewels of price, and chains of massy gold, the spoils of some luckless traveller, lending a strange and wild splendour to the scene. Arms of various kinds, and in abundance, were suspended from the walls, and the few high and narrow windows, which appeared at intervals, and were intended to admit the light of heaven, were so screened from within, as effectually to forbid its entrance; and, also, to preclude a solitary ray from escaping, to betray the haunt of those, who had made the ruined old tower, their temporary abode.

A table, well covered with substantial viands, stood in the centre of the apartment; showing, by the rich vessels of precious material and unique form, which mingled with drinking cups of horn, and platters of wood, how unscrupulously these lawless brigands appropriated to themselves, whatever of costly or valuable, they could wrest from the rightful possessors.

At a signal from their chief, the brigands, whom he seemed to sway with a look, gathered around the tempting board, and then, approaching Annibal, Manfredi said, in a low voice:

"Young man, I bid thee welcome to our rude home, and to such cheer as our wild lives permit us to enjoy. Thou art in my power, and before thou quittest it, there is much which I have to accomplish; yet, though thou may'st chafe at thy evil destiny, if thou submittest gracefully to thy fate, I pledge myself that no personal ill shall befall thee—still I shrink not from declaring, that I have no love for thee, and if thy body escape me unscathed, I have tortures for thy mind, that shall avenge the sufferings of which thou hast been the cause."

"I!" exclaimed Annibal, in surprise; "I the cause of suffering to thee—to thee, whom, till this hour, I have never in my life beheld!"

"But thou hast! Anon I will tell thee when, and what I owe thee for the night's encounter. Come now, and gather strength from the wine-cup, to hear the revelation which I shall presently make to thee."

"He moved towards the board as he spoke, and taking the seat reserved for him at its upper end, placed Annibal beside him, and heaped upon his plate food that might have tempted a more fastidious appetite, to gratify its cravings. But Annibal's mind was too ill at ease to permit the consciousness of any physical want,—he could not eat, and Manfredi observing his abstemiousness, said, with a sort of surly courtesy:

"Thou hast sat too long at the tables of princes, young sir, to do justice to our humbler viands; but I warrant I can tempt thee to drink, for we can match the proudest of them with our delicious

wines, which are in truth of their own vintage;" and seizing a golden goblet, the stem and handles of which were encrusted with gems, he filled it to the brim, and pushing it towards Annibal:

"This cup," he continued, "has been kissed by princely lips, before the vulgar clay of ours polluted its gold, and the bright Rosolio that sparkles within it, lay for many a long year ripening for our use, in a patrician crypt of Tuscany. If thou art wise, thou wilt not fail to drain its last rosy drop, since thou wilt find it a draught for which, could he but taste it, Jupiter would forswear his boasted nectar."

Annibal, with a slight gesture of acknowledgment, raised the glittering cup to his lips, and, incited by thirst, as well as tempted by its delicious odour and exquisite flavour, he did drain a long and deep draught, and replaced the goblet empty on the board.

"Ha! this is well!" said Manfredi; "I see thou art like to be no stubborn neophyte, and if it chance that the proud old Duke fail to disgorge his coffers at our demand, thou may'st deem it wiser to cast thy lot with us, than sue again for the bounty of one, who chooses to leave thee to our tender mercies, rather than redeem thee by a single particle of the gold with which he pampers his luxury and ambition."

"The Duke, I doubt not, will act justly," said Annibal. "He knows, too, how to be generous; but he will not submit to imposition. Therefore, if thou hast a hope of obtaining the price of my ransom, the sum demanded must be a reasonable one, and if it fall short of that which thou desirest, I pledge myself, upon the recovery of my liberty, to make up the deficiency to the utmost farthing which thou shalt exact."

"I have told thee already," said Manfredi, "that it is not our wont to grind the face of the poor; for, however lawless may seem to thy ignorance our mode of life, we are in fact ministers of justice and benevolence, since we do but relieve the overburdened rich of their superabundance, to feed the starving and clothe the naked,—ourselves, it is true, living upon the fruits of our bold deeds, but hoarding no treasures to gloat over in secret and selfish joy. Neither do we exact from the rich, save as a penance for their crimes, and cruelties, and extortions, more than their just tribute to the treasury of the indigent, and to ours, who are their stewards. But this haughty Duke du Conti is under our ban, and we deal too mercifully with him in demanding only the sum of four hundred Roman crowns for thy ransom."

"Thou surely can'st not deem such a sum moderate!" said Annibal, in a tone expressive of chagrin. "Were I his own son, thou could'st not be more exorbitant, nor even then, scarcely do I think he would yield to an exaction so unjust."

"Unjust or not," retorted the bandit, perempto-

rily, "it is the price of thy freedom. One hundred crowns of it are to apportion a peasant girl in marriage on Michaelmas day, whose father was ruthlessly stripped of his little all, for daring to give shelter to one of our band when pursued by the merciless soldiery. The remainder will not subserve less charitable purposes; and if it be not paid on the day specified, the demand shall be doubled, and extorted by such means as the proud noble dreams not of, and that, too, without hindrance or delay."

"Thou art summary in thy proceedings, friend," said Annibal, "more so, methinks, than is consistent with the benevolence of which thou makest such boast."

"Not a whit more! Promptness is the soul of business; and since in this instance no one, except him whom it is our purpose to annoy, can reap any benefit by our delay, I know not wherefore we should use it. Yet I look not for a speedy answer from him; therefore, I would fain bid thee content thyself awhile with us—nor needst thou be idle; for I love thine art, and, perchance, may furnish some bold groups for thy pencil, and for thy labour thou shalt not be left without a recompence."

"God forbid that thou shouldst long hold me in durance!" said Annibal, passionately; "for sooner would I die than abide in this place. Nor can I conceive, bold outlaw, how thou, who, if I mistake not, wert born for better things, canst love a life like this—stirring as may be its many scenes, and bright the passing gleams that transiently relieve its deep and fearful shadows, I can imagine no wrong so terrible as to induce me, as thou hast done, to sever every tie which binds me to the world of men, and shut myself out from the pale of its joys, its sympathies, and interests."

"Thou think'st so now, young man," said Manfredi, a cloud darkening his superb brow, and casting an undefinable expression over his kindling countenance—"Thou think'st so now; but let the golden cord that holds thy heart in willing yet slavish bondage, be snapped asunder by a ruthless and relentless hand, and thou too might become the wretch that such a wrong hath driven me to be. Thou marvellest at my knowledge, even while thou sufferest thy face, like a mirror, to reflect the secret emotions of thy soul. But had I not read them before, they would have been revealed to me by the sketch which grew beneath thy touch, when I first found thee sitting on the bald crag of yonder mountain,—thy straining gaze fixed with all thy soul's intensity upon the far off eyrie where the young eaglet of thy love is tended with gentle nurture in her princely nest. Yet beware, beware how thou nurtur'st a hope which shall prove to thee deceitful as the golden apples that the Dead Sea feeds with its sulphurous waters: beautiful are they to the eye, but poisoned ashes to the taste; and better

were it for thee to seek thy lair in the wild dens of the forest, and snatch thy morsel from the hungry traveller at his evening meal, than calmly take thy rest upon a couch of down, and be sed with dainties from a luxurious hand, if the Lord of Poli but once suspect that the stranger whom his bounty feeds and shelters dares, even from his secret heart, to raise one tender aspiration towards the bright effulgent star, that glitters in a sphere so far above him."

"I thank thee for thy caution," Annibal replied, bending down his face to conceal the sudden glow that overspread it; "but as the lowliest being may rejoice in the light and glory of the sun that blesses and gladdens the earth on which he dwells, so the heart may expand to rapture beneath the influence that pierces even like the grateful sun-light to its hidden depths, and feel, though it seek not a near approach to the bright source of its life and joy, that uncheered by its gentle radiance, all to him would be like the darkness of a deep and starless midnight."

"I have o'erpast my days of poetry, and even its language now is strange to my ear," said Manfredi, with a smile of sad yet proud disdain. "But well I can remember, when in the grateful joy of my heart, my lip uttered its burning words, and when the very atmosphere around me seemed radiant with the glow of hopes that lent a glory to my life. Shall I tell thee how they were all crushed? aye, to the very dust—shivered to a thousand atoms, and scattered to the winds of heaven! Yet, one passion rose up with a giant's strength upon their wreck, and that one, cold and dead as I may oft-times seem,—yet that one, like the secret fire of the volcano, burns restlessly within, and ever will, till it bursts forth in deadly vengeance on the object of its wrath! Aye, on him who has made me what I am,—an outcast—a wanderer—the brand of Cain upon my brow—outlaws my companions—dens and caves of the mountains my dwelling-place—banned, hated, pursued—a price set upon my life,—and the torturing wheel, or the ignominious scaffold the end of my career! Dost thou not marvel that one made for better things can bear the burden of such an existence, and that he wills not, by a subtle draught, or a prick of this sharp poignard, to end his miseries and his disgrace together? And if thou judgest so, thou knowest nought of that master passion which once aroused, sleeps never till its purpose is fulfilled!"

Frenzied by the violence of feelings, to which he seldom gave indulgence, Manfredi started from his seat, and with a hurried, yet lofty step, stalked through the apartment. Terrible as he looked in this moment of overwrought passion, Annibal, with an artist's love of the grand and beautiful, gazed admiringly upon his splendid figure; his fine head thrown back in scorn; his nostrils dilated with emotion; his step of stately pride,—which all con-

joined, he looked, indeed, "not less than proud archangel ruined!" The wild fraternity around the board, already deep in their carouse, paid no regard to what was passing at its upper end, and were besides too familiar with the emphatic utterance and passionate gesticulations of their leader to forget the pleasures of the banquet in their observance of his deportment. Suddenly, however, checking the wild torrent of passion, which, for a moment, he had permitted to overflow its usual boundary, Manfredi turned to Annibal with a countenance of stern composure:

"This is the foolery of boyhood," he said, in a voice which, notwithstanding his assumed calmness, shook with inward emotion. "I will no more of it; the night wears on apace, and it is time for action. Let us leave these beasts to their cups," casting a look of contempt over the dark faces which glowed with the ruddy juice of the grape they were so freely quaffing. "Bertaldo, do thou see that there be no undue rioting in my absence, and hold thyself in readiness to set forth, when we shall have prepared our despatches for Poli. This ransom must be demanded by early dawn, and thou knowest by what means our mission may, without endangering our safety, reach the hands of the Duke."

Making a sign to Annibal to follow him, the chief moved towards a low door at the opposite extremity of the apartment, which opened into a narrow and dark passage beyond. Through this they groped their way to the foot of a flight of stairs, which they ascended, and, crossing a narrow platform, Manfredi paused at a door on one side, which he opened with a key that hung from his girdle, and they entered a room situated in an angle of the tower, and illuminated now by a broad stream of moonlight, that flowed in through a single window, pierced in the thick and substantial wall. Carefully drawing a screen across it, and also securing the door, Manfredi then struck a light, whose rays revealed to Annibal's gaze the interior of the apartment.

It exhibited, however, very little worthy of note, unless the withdrawal of a curtain, which hung before a distant recess, might reveal some object strange and unexpected. The few articles of furniture which it contained, were rich and cumbersome, but as antique, seemingly, as the dilapidated building itself. Two or three grim portraits, frowned from the walls of black and polished oak, and, in the centre of the room, stood a table, on which were piled a few books, together with writing materials; and in their midst were drinking cups of precious metal, with several bottles, some unbroached, and others quite emptied of their contents.

Manfredi placed his lamp upon the table, and throwing himself into a chair beside it, motioned Annibal to one opposite. Filling a couple of the goblets with sparkling wine, he pushed one towards

him, and raising the other in silence to his lips, quaffed it off at a draught. Then placing a pen in his captive's hand, he spread before him a sheet of paper, and bade him write to the Duke for the sum which had been specified as the price of his ransom, directing that it should be deposited in the hollow oak, behind the ruins of St. Catherine's chapel at the entrance of the mountain pass, which led from the lower end of the valley, before sunset of the following day—accompanying this injunction with a threat of violence, should the money not be found within the appointed time, at the above mentioned place.

It was in vain that Annibal protested against demanding, from one on whom he had no right to call for any aid, a sum so extravagant. Manfredi was sternly resolute, not even permitting him to soften the harsh terms in which the menace was couched,—interdicting him, also, from any expression of personal courtesy or respect, and bidding him beware how he gave the least clue by which his present position might be known, and the retreat of the brigands discovered.

Thus constrained, Annibal had no choice but to obey; yet, he would almost as soon have died, as been made to sign so arbitrary and insolent a mandate; and when to his own, was superadded the terrible name of Manfredi, he scarcely could control his agony of spirit. The thought of all the fear, and mystery, and suffering, which the certainty of his having fallen into hands so stained with crime, would awaken in one gentle and tender heart, filled him with inexpressible anguish and regret. The fierce brigand seemed to read what passed within his soul, and to luxuriate in his sufferings, for, as he dropped the melted wax upon the letter, and stamped it with the wolf's head and gaping mouth, which was cut upon the end of his dagger hilt, he cast a smile of malicious triumph upon Annibal, saying in a taunting accent:

"Thou art languishing for the beams of that sun of which thou held discourse some brief time since; yet, trust me, it is well for thee that it is shrouded for awhile from thy idolatry, inasmuch as thou wilt be all the better prepared for the final eclipse, which must ere long blot it from thy horizon. Comfort thyself now, with a cup of maraschini, while I haste to charge a trusty messenger with this missive. I will be with thee anon." And so saying, he disappeared from the apartment, and Annibal heard him lock the door on the outside, and then descend the stairs to rejoin those whom he had left below.

The brief term of his absence was employed by the young man in a strict survey of the room in which he was left a prisoner, prompted by the earnest hope of discovering a hidden door, or secret aperture, through which, if not then, at some early and favourable opportunity, he might effect his

escape from the den into which his imprudence had so unhappily betrayed him. But no outlet any where appeared—no door, no pannel of the dark wainscot, that seemed designed to slide back, and open a passage from the apartment, and he was turning away disheartened from his brief and hurried scrutiny, when his eye fell upon the curtain which veiled, as he supposed, some object from his sight, and had on his first entrance, attracted his transient observation.

His curiosity was again aroused, and taking up the lamp, he approached the place where it hung, and raised up the heavy folds of drapery that fell upon the floor. What was his astonishment, partaking less of joy than terror, when the light flashed full upon the lovely life-like portrait of the Lady Viola du Conti! He started back in dismay at seeing that gentle image in such a place, and thoughts and surmises rushed fast upon him, filling him with deeper apprehensions for his own safety and that of his noble friend and patron, than had yet disturbed his mind.

Wholly absorbed by them, he failed to remember that Manfredi's absence would probably be short; and he still remained transfixed before the picture, when he was startled from the sweet, yet painful contemplation, by the sudden entrance of the bandit, gently, and before he had time to drop the curtain, which he still held back from the painting.

"Ha! thou hast forestalled me in thy banquet!" said Manfredi, fiercely striding towards him; "and thou art presumptuous to pry into secrets of mine, however lightly thou mayst remove the veil that hides them—yet, gaze on her! that picture will unfold to thee somewhat of the past, which thou mayst not care to remember, and give thee glimpses of the future, which, knowing into whose hands thou hast fallen, thou mayst well shrink from beholding."

"Wherefore, should I?" furiously demanded Annibal. "If I have seen thee before, it was in ignorance of who thou wert, and if I would have wrought thee ill, it was in defence of one for whom—"

"Ay, thou know'st me now, then," interposed Manfredi—"thou hast not forgotten the pilgrim who sat with thee at the board of thy lordly patron some brief months since,—thou hast heard, too, of Gulio Lorenzani—and now I have to tell thee, that the lowly pilgrim, the scorned and outcast Gulio, and the fierce Manfredi, the terror of the Apennines, are one and the same, differing in outward aspect, but single in purpose, and resolved on its dread fulfilment, at whatever cost or risk. Tell me, now, what hast thou learned in yon proud household, of the despised and wretched Gulio?"

"Nought, nought, save that he once dwelt there; but the cause of his departure has never been revealed to me, for seldom is his name mentioned, and

the mystery that seemed to gather around it, I sought not to penetrate."

"Ha! is it so? Thou hast much then to hear before thou canst comprehend thy position and mine; and I somewhat to learn, which thou perceive must unfold. But we have time for all in the long hours that intervene between this and dawn, and there is no fear that sleep will weigh down our eyelids. Come—but first let us veil this image from my view; I cannot bear, in the wild whirlwind of passion, to meet the silent rebuke of those calm and gentle eyes. Yes, thou may'st marvel at my words, but they are truth; and I, strange as it may seem, even I, scared by guilt, blasted by misfortune, maddened by contumely and scorn, even I, who once as thou dost, drank life and love from the dark eyes of Viola du Conti, gaze not ever, on that breathing canvass, without an inward and fearful shrinking of my soul, as of a thing loathsome and polluted, from the presence of immaculate purity and brightness. And then it is I feel, that darkness is indeed around me; the fires of fell revenge, of deadly hate, become extinct within me, and I shed tears of agony, that the light which might have lured me upward to the height which it gilds with its serene and lambent glory is quenched to me for ever—quenched, and left me hopeless and guideless, to be buffeted with the mad waves of passion and of error, and sink at last amid their wild tossings, down—down—down, to the lowest gulf of perdition and despair."

Annibal was appalled by the terrible vehemence and excited countenance of Manfredi, while he, breathless with his impassioned utterance, strode rapidly to and fro, striking his clenched hand against his breast with wild and fearful energy. In an instant, however, the storm having spent its violence, passed away; yet still left in his blood-shot eyes and pallid visage, some traces of its recent fury. Turning with enforced calmness towards the artist:

"Thou dost despise me," he said, "for this paltry shew of passion,—it is weak, beneath my manhood—I know it is, and I pardon thy contempt. Yet, there are moments when it bursts forth, the quenchless flame within me, spite of my reason and my will: and this is one of them;—for that picture, and thy presence, have awakened slumbering, but ever-living remembrances, and called forth from their dark cells, hidden thoughts, and stern resolves, and fearful purposes, which have lain dormant only, till circumstances should ripen them for action. Nay, I will not have thee interrupt me," he continued, as Annibal made an effort to speak; "I shall be more coherent now—for I have to speak of the past and the future,—thou shalt know my history, ay, and my designs too,—for I have the heart of a demon in my hate, and how can I do other than detest thee, who art my rival—a favoured, and

a potent one—although thou woo'st in humble guise, I know thee—and that thy pride urges thee as a lowly suitor to win for thyself the love, which thou wilt reward with a proud name, and the splendour of a princely fortune. For more than this, too, am I thy foe. Thou hast baulked me in my purpose, even when success was about to crown my daring—thou didst it with insulting words, and a hand raised in the insolence of power to strike; had the blow fallen, thy blood should have washed out the ignominious stain before I quitted thee, but secure in thy position, thou didst vaunt a courage that belongs not to thee, for had we then stood face to face, and alone, on the open heath, or with only that weak creature on my arm, I feel that I could have expelled thee from my presence, by the single terror of my glance."

"'Tis thou, who art an idle boaster," exclaimed Annibal, fired by the bandit's taunt. "Thou, who with the coveted prize already in thy grasp, fled at the first alarm, with a precipitation that baffled all pursuit."

"But not from fear of thee, or all whom thou might summon to thy aid. I have met death in fearful fields, and quailed not; and should I shrink from thee, dost thou believe? 'Twas freedom that I prized—and wherefore, thou knowest well—for though defeated once, the time is near when the task shall be again essayed, and doubt me not, less vainly than before."

"Not if I again am there to cross thy path," said Annibal, his blood boiling with indignation against the reckless being from whose companionship he shrank with loathing. "Think not I fear thee, powerless as I am, and completely at thy mercy; and I would shew thee that I did not, were the bright form which yonder curtain veils, in truth the living Viola, whom thou hadst basely stolen, as thy purpose was to do. Would not her presence give me the courage, and the strength of hosts! Aye, would it! and singly as I stand with thee in this infernal den, thy crew around us, and——"

"Cease thy empty babbling, I prithee," said Manfredi, sternly breaking in upon the unfinished words of Annibal; "I will give thee an opportunity sooner than thou think'st for, to make good thy vaunt; and if thy courage bide the test of all that may chance to thee in the meanwhile, thou wilt prove thyself somewhat less of a boaster than I am fain to believe thee now. I would have thee know likewise, with whom thou dost purpose to wage this desperate encounter, for humble as thou doubtless deemest my parentage, learn, that I spring from a race as illustrious as thine own, since the blood of the proud Du Conti courses in my veins, and had not my father failed to leave some proofs of my legitimacy behind him at his death, I should still have remained the pam-

pered minion of luxury and wealth, instead of becoming the dreaded outcast that I am.

"My father was by many years the junior of his brother, the present Duke du Conti, to whose guardianship the death of his parent consigned him in boyhood, and to whose haughty and grave character, his own, as it approached maturity, presented a striking contrast. He was gay, elegant, magnificent in his tastes, and lavish to profusion in his expenditures, yet the Duke loved him very truly, although he failed not to bestow severe censures upon his many faults and foibles. He was killed in a bear hunt, while I was an infant, and though my existence was at that time unknown to my patrician relatives, yet, when the tidings of his death reached my peasant mother, who lived upon the estate of the Duke, she rushed to the palace, and, in a frenzy of grief, threw herself with me in her arms, at the feet of the Duchess, declaring me to be the offspring of Count Gulio, and as such claiming for me her favour and protection. She was a noble and tender hearted lady, and moreover a childless mother, for the babes that had been granted to her prayers, one after another withered and faded from her arms, and her heart yearned towards me with gentle sympathy and love.

"The Duke, too, saw in me a miniature resemblance of the brother whom he mourned, and he took me with kindness to his heart; I seemed in some degree to fill the void created by the blight of his paternal hopes, and when a few months afterwards, my mother died, of grief as I have heard, I was transferred to the house of my noble uncle, where gentle nurture awaited me; and soon I so gained upon the love of my protectors, as to be admitted to the privileges of a child. As I grew older, masters of various kinds attended me, and no pains nor expense were spared to bestow on me all the knowledge and accomplishments, possessed by the young nobility around.

"So passed on eight years—eight years of intense and sun-bright happiness, and then, when many promises had proved but vanity, and the fond hope of children to gladden their lives, and inherit their vast possessions, had well nigh expired in the hearts of the noble pair, the Duchess gave birth to a daughter, beautiful as the day, who, contrary to all foregone experience, and present expectation, grew and thrived, blessing her grateful parents with her rosy smiles and sweet caresses, and turning their stately lives into a dream of love and joy. She came in the spring time, this child of many prayers, when earth, as if to welcome her, was filled with harmonies and odours,—and they called her Viola, for the sweet and fragrant flower, which lifted its azure eyes to heaven, when her's also opened to the light.

"But from the hour of her birth, my place in the princely household was a fallen one. The same

kindness was still shewn me, the same care lavished on my comfort and instruction; but it was plain to see that the hearts of the parents, bound up in the life of their child, no longer poured themselves out upon me. I was still an object of their bounty, but had ceased to be a recipient of their profound love. Bitterly I felt the change, and the innocent being who unconsciously usurped my rights, for such I had learned to feel them, became the object of my deep and bitter hate. Her birth had crushed bright hopes, and proud aspirings, long nurtured by the knowledge of my affinity to the Duke, and the consciousness, that I was the sole living descendant of his ancient house; and, although the vain babbling of a priest had not entitled me to inherit its honours, yet none could take from me the right to bear its noble name.

"Hitherto I had been called Gufo Lorenzani; it was the name of my father, but I had not been permitted to add to it; that of Du Conti, belonging to his family. Boy as I was, I now demanded permission to assume it, and was denied; and stung to the quick, I complained loudly of my guardian's injustice, and boldly avowed my purpose, the moment I was freed from his authority, to claim, and prove to the world my right to bear it. I met only with stern displeasure and rebuke, for my arrogance, nor from that hour did I ever regain the place I had before held in the Duke's affections.

"He treated me with studied coldness and severity, as if to impress upon me the vast distance existing between us, till my proud spirit shrank from its dependence upon one, whom I was beginning to hate, and the bitter feelings which wrought within me, often upon the slightest provocation, burst forth, into wild and ungovernable passion, or shewed themselves in fits of sullen gloom and silence. The Duchess loved me—truly, I believe,—and with gentle sweetness she strove to reason and persuade me from these moods. Long and patiently she bore with me; but her lord, chafed by my imperious temper, and angered by the proud insolence of the beardless boy, whom his compassion had fostered, withdrew from me the last gleam of his favour, and rendered my once peaceful home so distasteful, that I voluntarily quitted it, and entered as a page the household of the Prince del Cossiano:

"In his service, new scenes opened to me—gaiety and splendour reigned throughout his establishment, the more dazzling to my senses, as in contrast to the grave and stately magnificence which I had been accustomed to behold in the palace of the Duke. But though a lover of pleasure, fond to excess of the dance, the banquet, and the chase, the prince was brave and chivalrous, loving the tented field for its dangers and excitements, and making arms a pastime, by lending voluntary aid to foreign princes, whenever he could do so consistently with his duty

to his country. I had been two years in his household, and during that time had maintained no intercourse with my noble relatives, nor, as the prince resided in Florence, had I seen any individual of the family since I quitted it. I had become a favourite with my new lord, for I possessed personal accomplishments, boldness, and a talent for intrigue which was often of service to him, and I was admitted to a post very near his person, and entrusted with much of his confidence.

"I possessed also, great ardour for military achievements, and when he proposed with a thousand followers, marching to aid the King of Naples in quelling a revolt that had broken out in his dominions, I was enrolled among the number destined to accompany him, and, burning with a passionate desire to add new glory by my deeds, to the name, which in spite of menace and prohibition, I had dared proclaim as my own, I mingled with the armed train, buoyant with hope and joy.

"A new life seemed now to dawn upon me, a new world to open gloriously around me, whose constantly changing scenes, full of splendour, novelty, and excitement, were so consonant to my nature, that for the first time in my brief but stormy life, stormy with the tempest of inward passion, I tasted the intoxication of unalloyed happiness: There I found unceasing action for my restlessness, and my fierce ambition was fed with a constant stimulus, that urged it on to higher and nobler aspirations than it had ever known before. I wanted not courage, nor need I say that it gained me distinction and reward. I courted posts of danger, and astonished the bravest by my acts of desperate valour. In short, I won the distinction which I coveted; I was crowned with wealth and honour by the sovereign whom I had signally served, and I gloried in the anticipation of my triumph, when even the proud Duke du Conti should be forced to accord praise to my deeds, and confess my right to bear the lofty name, around which, notwithstanding my father's sin, they had cast a new and lasting splendour.

"We remained long in Naples, after our arms had aided in restoring its quiescence. Its splendid gaities were congenial to the prince's tastes, nor was I averse to the delight which every where allured me. I plunged recklessly into every excess, I rioted in pleasure till I wearied of it, and it seemed to me that satiety was written on all its enticing joys. I was roused from this state of apathy, by a new impulse: The prince had become enamoured of a beautiful actress, and I was on one occasion, the medium of communication between them. She was a bright, passionate creature—an improvisatrice, with a soul as fervid as her genius. I saw her, and loved her to madness, and I was not one to avoid her, because another deemed her his

own. I sought her again and again, and under presence of serving the prince, I won her wholly to myself.

It is a long story and full of dark passages—why should I dwell upon it? My treachery, her faithlessness, were discovered, and in a moment of ungovernable rage, I saw the prince's poignard pierce her heart. But I was not slow in avenging her. With the same weapon, he met his fate from my hand, and leaving them both weltering in their blood, in the garden of her villa, where the tragedy was acted, I escaped through a private gate, and that evening was the gayest and most brilliant among the revellers at the banquet of a Neapolitan noble. The first beam of morning revealed the terrible transaction; and but one, and that the most natural solution, was put upon the mystery. His passion for her had become a matter of notoriety, and it was at once supposed that, in a fit of jealous rage, he had first stabbed her, and then himself to the heart; and this belief received confirmation from the circumstance, that the poignard, which was found lying beside him, where I had cast it, and which bore on its hilt his cypher, had also been the instrument of her death, since one of the jewels which encrusted it, had loosened from its setting, and was found hid among the folds of her dress, where it had doubtless fallen when the fatal deed was committed.

(To be continued.)

THE VOICE WITHIN.

BY S. LOVER.

You ask the dearest place on earth,
Whose simple joys can never die;
'Tis the holy pale of the happy hearth,
Where love doth light each beaming eye!
With snowy shroud
Let tempests loud
Around my old tower raise their din;
What boots the shout
Of storms without,
While voices sweet resound within?
O! dearer sound
For the tempest round,
The voices sweet within!

I ask not wealth, I ask not power;
But, gracious heaven, oh, grant to me
That, when the storms of Fate may lower,
My heart just like my home may be!
When in the gale
Poor Hope's white sail
No haven can for shelter win,
Fate's darkest skies
The heart defies
Whose still small voice is sweet within!
Oh heavenly sound!
'Mid the tempest round,
That voice so sweet within!

THE REAPER'S SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The harvest is nodding on valley and plain,
To the scythe and the sickle its treasures must yield;
Through sunshine and shower we have tended the grain;
'Tis ripe to our hand!—to the field—to the field!
If the sun on our labours too warmly should smile,
Why a horn of good ale shall the long hours beguile—
Then, a largess! a largess!—kind stranger, we pray,
We have toiled through the heat of the long summer day!

With his garland of poppies red August is here,
And the forest is losing its first tender green;
Pale Autumn will reap the last fruits of the year,
And Winter's white mantle will cover the scene.
To the field!—to the field! whilst the summer is ours
We will reap her ripe corn—we will cull her bright flowers.
Then, a largess! a largess! kind stranger we pray,
For your sake we have toiled through the long summer day.

Ere the first blush of morning is red in the skies,
Ere the lark plumes his wing, or the dew drops are dry,
Ere the sun walks abroad, must the harvestman rise,
With stout heart, unwearied, the sickle to ply:
He exults in his strength, when the ale-horn is crown'd,
And the reapers' glad shouts swell the echoes around—
Then, a largess! a largess!—kind stranger, we pray,
For your sake we have toiled through the long summer day!

SPECULATION AND PRACTICE.

It is not difficult to conceive, that, for many reasons, a man writes much better than he lives. For without entering into refined speculations, it may be shown much easier to design than to perform. A man proposes his schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear, and is in the same state with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth, and the wind prosperous.—*Johnson.*

THE POOR.

'Twould be a considerable consolation to the poor and discontented, could they but see the means whereby the wealth they covet has been acquired, or the misery that it entails.—*Zimmerman.*

(ORIGINAL.)

ROSE MURRAY; OR, THE RIVAL FREEBOOTERS.

BY RUSSELL.

Continued from our last number.—Conclusion.

CHAPTER VIII.

As he shut the door behind him, all hope but in God died in the heart of the afflicted Rose. We shall not attempt to describe her feelings during that fearful night. Destitute of feeling must that heart be, and dull the imagination, which cannot feel or picture the utter desolation of her thoughts, the agonies of spirit she endured.

Colonel M., on leaving the scene we have just attempted to describe, stationed a guard before the door of what may be called the prison of Rose, and ordered the attendance of Pierre. To him he related his success, and the only manner in which he had been able to move the daughter, through fear for her father's life. Each word fell like honey on the heart of Pierre, who saw in the obstinacy of the daughter a means of gratifying his own revenge on the father; and, by affected condolence and pity at the bad success of Colonel M., he inflamed his passions, and blasted the few flowers of compassion which had sprung up in his breast, as well as quieted the gnawings of remorse. One feature displayed in the character of Rose, perhaps, touched Colonel M's proud spirit more than her mere personal charms, because it had appeared in striking contrast to all he had before seen in his experience of woman. Her apparent calmness during all the scene, and a reliance on her own purity, had perplexed and astonished him. He almost forgot that shrinking sense of inferiority he had felt in her presence, bitter as it was, when he thought of the passionate feeling and anguish she displayed for the safety of her father.

"Perhaps, he! he! he!" suggested Pierre, "you had better, he! he! he! send her home again with Sir William, and tell your companions that you had not the heart to press your suit with a girl who appeared so fond of her old father. They will doubtless praise you for your virtue and tenderness of heart—he! he! he!"

"I verily believe you would find reasons for sending myself to the devil," answered Colonel M. peevishly. "I am often tempted to send you there, did I not believe there is little danger of his gaining you in good time."

"He! he! he!" replied Pierre; "I am rather too much of a republican to desire the honour of intimacy with his majesty, my noble patron. But indeed I am serious in my doubts whether it be worth your pains to attempt subduing this haughty beauty, especially as I myself have some experi-

mental knowledge—he! he! he!—of how she can use her tongue."

This was said in a manner which left the Colonel in doubt whether he really referred to his own previous rejection, or to Pierre's dismissal from Sir William's family,—and the thought that Pierre was playing upon him, galled him to the quick.

"By G-d! I shall subdue her!" thundered the Colonel, as he struck his hand on the table before him. "For that very haughtiness I shall humble her."

"You are the best judge whether you can do it or not, he! he! he! Sir William need not know any thing about it," added Pierre.

"He will have cause to know it and rue it too," said the Colonel, if his daughter exhibits any more of her stubbornness and dignity."

"She must be hard to please," insinuated Pierre, "if she should CONTINUE to reject—he! he! he!—one who has had so much experience—he! he! he!—in bringing beauty to his own terms."

"What do you mean, Sir?" thundered Colonel M., now thoroughly excited. "What do you mean, Sir, by rejection and long experience, as applied to me? By H—n, Sir, even you may go too far!"

"My dear Colonel," said Pierre, "I meant only that I had not the slightest doubt that you, who had gained the love of so many beauties, could, if you pleased, easily bring this haughty beauty to your own terms. Your continued successes, I should imagine, would lead you to like the difficulties apparently attending this."

"Have you attended to the wants of Sir William?" said Colonel M., changing the subject, "and seen that he lacks nothing?"

"Every thing has been attended to," answered Pierre; "and notwithstanding his passion, he has tonight applied him to his supper, and done justice to the wine to boot."

"It is more than I can say for the daughter," said Colonel M.; "she has not eaten a morsel since we started; nor could her servant, she told me, prevail upon her to taste any thing. How does Sir William bear his confinement?"

"As a tiger newly caught would his cage," answered Pierre; "he has roared and dashed against it so much, as to have wearied himself out; now he seems more calm, and when I left him at your summons he was asleep."

"Tomorrow," said Colonel M., "the wall

must be put in repair, and our situation strengthened in case of a surprise."

We return to the pursuers, who, after again coming together, had proceeded as far as they were able to distinguish their route, when they halted till the first light should again enable them to resume the pursuit. Though more than once at fault by the precautions Colonel M. had taken to conceal his route, they had always at last been able to search out the true path. For the last hour Squire Harry, who had accompanied Colonel M. before to his cottage of the lake, as he called it, had assured them they were drawing near the end of their journey, and when they approached the place where Colonel M. had caused the ladies to dismount, they halted, to devise measures of attack, should the conjecture be found true, and resistance offered.

The first question to be decided was whether they should make an instant attack, or send out spies to watch the movements of the band, and wait to make the attack by night. The greater part were in favour of the latter proposition, inasmuch as they might then be surprised when asleep, or, at all events, off their guard. This was, however, overruled by the impatience of Captain George, as well as by his representations as to the fear of previous discovery—the danger to those they came to save, as well as the risk they ran of being either sacrificed or carried away in the darkness. The attack being then to be made instanter, as Squire Harry expressed himself, the next question was the surest means. This was referred to the prudence of Squire Harry, as best acquainted with the ground. He then proposed to divide into two parties, and that the one, under Captain George, should proceed by the longest though easiest path to the camp; when, after sufficient time had been allowed to have neared it, he with the other party would advance to attack this side, and thus throw the enemy into confusion by assaulting them on both sides at once.

Captain George, followed by half a dozen, swiftly, yet cautiously, advanced, with the design of securing the sentinels, should any be stationed in their path. In the mean time Squire Harry, having instructed his men how to proceed, turned, and, addressing himself to Cato, observed:

"Fortuna favit fortibus, my prince of brave men. I will explain what it means afterwards, if you remind me of it. See that you keep near to me, for blast me if I don't owe you a good turn for sticking by me when better men left me. See that you take good aim, and don't shut your eyes when you pull the trigger."

Squire Harry proceeded cautiously to the right, until he came in full view of the lake aforementioned. Stretching for a mile and a half to the south, it lay in glassy stillness, reflecting on its

pure bosom the calm summer sky, over which were sailing gently a few scattered clouds, such as were of old supposed to be the vehicles from which blessed and benign spirits look down, and watch the varied scenes of this lower world. The dark overhanging mountains, with their rocks and trees, throwing their strong roots upward to the sweet sunlight were seen stretching far down 'neath the clear and polished surface to where the earth's strong foundations rest. A new heaven seemed opening beyond, with its calm, blue, and flakey clouds, tinged with richer hues, and sweetly opening to the mind a picture of the mysteries it longs and struggles to know, and which await us in another state of existence. By Squire Harry and his men the calm beauty of the scene was unheeded. To the right partially appeared, through the trees, the encampment of their enemies, immediately behind which rose a kind of mound, almost on a level with the walls, to which Squire Harry was directing his men.

"Gently, my men, we must give our Captain time. Here, Cato! get a cord ready. The sentinel who is leaning against that tree yonder, whistling Hail Columbia, deserves a shot, but we cannot waste it on such as he." Stepping softly towards him, keeping in shadow of the trees as he advanced, he clasped his arms at once around the sapling and the body of the sentinel above the arms, with the admonition—"Speak and you are a dead man." The sentinel, taken off his guard, was in an instant bound hand and foot by Cato; and, being laid on the ground, was accommodated, as Squire Harry expressed it, with a cud to chew, in the shape of a stick put transversely across his mouth.

"Now, Mr. Cato," said Squire Harry, advancing, "there is little danger of Tom's wearying the rocks by his lamentations, as the poet has it, till we come back. Hurrah! Yonder is our Captain's piece!" exclaimed Squire Harry, at the report of a pistol. "Now, follow me!" Starting into a run, in a moment they were within sight of the fort, and in another moment Squire Harry saw that the enemy had been alarmed and drawn from the repairs, which they were in the act of making, by the fire of Captain George.

"Give it them!" shouted Squire Harry, as he fired. "Follow me!" and rushing forward, under cover of the smoke, he was soon under the wall, followed by his men. Captain George, in the meantime, having no advantage in the nature of the ground, and uncertain as to the courage of those who followed him, was obliged for some time to keep behind the trees, marking every man of the besieged who showed himself from above the walk. At the first fire of his companions, on the other side of the fort, while the enemy wavered, calling upon his companions to follow him, Captain George bounded forward, and was already within the fort, as Squire Harry mounted the wall on the

other side. Discharging his pistols, he threw himself on the first that opposed him, and felled him to the earth. Turning, he shouted his well known cry of attack, calling loudly for Colonel M., while Squire Harry, in the meantime, followed hard by Cato, was plying his sword right and left. The contest could not have remained long doubtful, as several of the enemy were firing from out the houses on the defenceless assailants, (whose shot they had no power to avoid or retaliate,) had not the Captain's repeated calls at last brought Colonel M. before him. His countenance swollen with contending passion, and his sword reeking with blood, he exclaimed :

"Perish in your folly, you beardless boy!" exclaimed he, as they closed with each other. "Your blood be upon your own head!" A thrust from Captain George taking effect, increased his passion, and again rushing forward, Colonel M. dealt a blow with so much power that it broke his guard, and the sword turned in its descent, and struck flatly with so much force on his head, that it caused him to stagger and reel backwards. Both parties seemed by consent to have suspended the fight, watching the issue of the combat of their leaders, as the presage of victory or defeat. Captain George, again rallying from the blow, advanced, and, parrying a thrust directed at his breast, again was successful in inflicting a wound. Colonel M. finding, from the repeated wounds he had received, as well as the loss of blood occasioned by them, that he had found his match, grew more cool and wary, and was more than once successful in drawing blood from his antagonist. The issue was as yet doubtful, when Colonel M. again failed in a desperate lounge, and his antagonist succeeded in disarming him, driving his sword to a considerable distance. A shout arose from Squire Harry and his men at their Captain's success, who pressing his advantage, had compelled his antagonist to beg for life. Yielding to his entreaties, he had half turned to order one of his men to secure the prisoner, when the latter, regardless of his late preservation, rushed upon him, and both fell to the ground together.

A cry of indignation followed this cowardly advantage, and the fight again became general. Several, however, of Colonel M.'s men continued to stand neutral, or merely to defend themselves; while some of them, headed by Gentleman John, who at the beginning of the fight had been engaged in looking to the safety of the prisoners, openly espoused the side of the Captain. In the fall, Colonel M. was uppermost; but, by a dexterous turn, Captain George had got the Colonel under; yet, by the superior personal strength of the latter, although severely wounded, it was with the utmost difficulty he could retain the advantage. Colonel M., with his arms passed around the body and over

one shoulder held (as in the grasp of a vice) his antagonist, whose right hand being free, was in turn grasping his throat, while both were struggling with their legs intertwined together, by the greatest muscular contortions—the one to become uppermost, and the other to retain his advantage. Captain George, feeling that his power of endurance could not last, while his enemy relaxed his grasp previous to a last desperate struggle, seized the opportunity to pull a short dagger from his belt, and holding it upward for a moment, exclaiming: "Thrice traitor and coward, receive the reward of treachery!" plunged it into his breast. The grasp of Colonel M. relaxed, and the deep groan that followed betrayed that a mortal wound had been given.

Such of the Colonel's followers as still kept up the fight were soon overpowered and disarmed by Squire Harry, and placed under a guard of his men in one of the cabins. At the beginning of the struggle, Gentleman John had stationed himself at the door of the cottage in which Rose was confined, fearing that, in the confusion of the fight, any of the creatures of Pierre, whom he knew capable of any villainy, should, by his direction, make her a sacrifice to his diabolical thirst for revenge. He had opened the door of her chamber, and inspired her with hopes of rescue, by friends whom she least expected, and promised in the mean time to insure her safety at the risk of his life.—He had also stationed one of his companions, whom he could trust, to keep a strict though unconscious watch over the movements of Pierre, to whose charge Sir William himself had been given. In the beginning of the fight Pierre had led a number of men, more especially under his command, with the fury of one inspired by a hatred of those who had come between him and revenge. Managing, by his dexterity as a swordsman, to escape all the blows aimed at him, his sword had drunk the blood of many of his assailants. During the personal combat between Captain George and Colonel M. as above mentioned, he had, with the others, awaited the issue. Supposing it no longer doubtful, when he saw his patron so unexpectedly disarmed, the passions of hate and revenge, which he had so long nursed in secret against Sir William, raged tenfold in his breast, as he saw them thus snatched from him at the very moment he looked upon success as his own. Rushing, as if driven by furies, to the cabin in which Sir William was confined, he attacked him defenceless and unarmed. The very intensity of his passion in part frustrated his desire. Rushing upon him as he stood at the side of the cabin opposite the door, endeavouring to gather the success of the day through the window, he made a desperate plunge, with the intention of pinning him to the wall. Half turning as the door opened, his intended victim started aside, and the weapon,

slightly grazing his arm, was shivered to pieces on the wall. Foiled in his cowardly attempt, and gnashing his teeth in the bitterness of hate and disappointment, he hurled a horse pistol snatched from his belt, at Sir William, while in the act of stooping for a weapon to defend himself, and killed him to the earth. Sure of his prey, with a diabolical laugh of gratified revenge, he again rushed forward, and, snatching his pistol from the ground, was raising it for a second blow, when a stroke from an unseen hand laid him by his victim.

Gentleman John at the moment had fortunately approached to view the success of the day, and seeing the movement of Pierre, immediately rushed after him, and, in the eagerness and blindness of his passion, was able, undiscovered, to frustrate his cowardly purpose. Securing Pierre, who had only been stunned by the blow, he raised Sir William, and seeing he was yet alive, carried him to the open air, which almost instantly restored him to consciousness. Leaving him in the hands of his companions, he openly espoused, as we have said, the side of his Captain. After the struggle was over, he had again returned to Sir William, and found, on examining his wounds, that, though a large gash had been made by the pistol, extending from the temple transversely behind the ear, there was no imminent danger to be apprehended.

There is one more scene we would gladly omit attempting to describe. For some time Colonel M., after his fatal wound, had lain in a kind of stupor, without apparent signs of life. Captain George, supporting his head, had ordered his wound to be examined, and, if possible, the blood to be stopped. With great difficulty this had been accomplished, and, in attempting to lift him up, with the intention of removing him into the cottage, his eyes languidly opened, as, with a deep groan, he called on them to forbear.

"Is Captain George here?" faintly muttered the Colonel.

"Here I am," said the person addressed, as he still supported his head.

"Thank you! This is indeed kind—more, much more than I deserved. Order Sir William and Pierre to be calked. I have much to say, and I feel here (attempting to lay his hand on his breast,) that it is all over with me! I have much, (continued Colonel M., addressing Captain George,) for which to ask your forgiveness. From the first I attempted to deceive you, and this is my reward. I deceived you on entering the band, and, during the whole of the time you endeavoured to restrain us from blood, I secretly worked against you, when I could not with success oppose you openly. Nay, let me speak on: do not interrupt me," continued he, as Captain George expressed his readiness to forgive him. "I repaid the man who saved my life with treachery. I attempted to blast his hopes; for la-

terly I knew who you were. I had almost repaid his kindness by murder!"

"From my soul I forgive you!" exclaimed Captain George, moved deeply by the anguish of the miserable man. "Allow us to carry you into the cottage?"

"Never!" exclaimed the dying wretch, as if stung by a viper. "THERE has been the scene of much of my guilt; it is misery enough to die in sight of it! There I have destroyed virtue, and left the miserable victim of my passion to perish. I have sworn and lied in my heart. I have despised the prayers and entreaties of those I had ruined—laughed at the anguish I had caused—mocked the purity I had trampled upon! Lord God, have mercy upon me! My punishment is greater than I can bear! It is false! it is false! I swear I did not murder her! Off—off!" exclaimed he, struggling in a paroxysm of agony, as if to free himself from something grappling with him. "Ask Pierre; 'twas he that did it! I swear by all——" and the tortured man sunk back exhausted, and apparently lifeless.

The spectators, horror-struck at the fearful exhibition of remorse, stood gazing in breathless terror at the body, while even the most hardened of his creatures felt the blood curdle around his heart.

In a few minutes he again revived, and gazed fearfully around him, as if awaking from some horrid dream.

"Where am I?" asked he—the first words he uttered—a convulsive shudder passing over his whole frame.

Captain George attempted to soothe him, and he apparently listened until awakening consciousness brought back the fearful reality.

"I thought it was a terrible dream!" muttered he, and as he observed Sir William, he added: "Let this be an answer to what I would say. Thank God, that at least I was not able to accomplish all my designs against you. My crimes have been greater against you than you imagine. I dare not hope for your forgiveness, did you know all. And yet I would confess all, but I am faint and feel myself unable."

Sir William forgot his injuries at the sight of so dreadful a punishment, and kneeling down beside him, freely accorded him his forgiveness, and endeavoured to calm him by offering him his thanks for the many services he had done him.

"Speak not of thanks!" cried the Colonel. "They were my greatest crimes! Righteous God! I feel thy hand has taken hold of me. But how is this?" said he, after a moment of silent agony, as he noticed the blood unwashed from Sir William's face. "By the Almighty! he dare not!" muttered the Colonel.

At the moment Pierre, who had at first refused to

see the Colonel, was led forward by Gentleman John, who, in answer to the last question, said :

"Here is the cowardly villain, who did his best to murder a defenceless and unguarded old man."

At the sight of Pierre, as if the energies of life had revived anew, the face of Colonel M. glowed with the intensest hate. His eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets; his lips quivered; his hands became clenched; while his whole body was shaken with the fierceness of the passion raging within. Accusing him as the instigator of all his crimes, he invoked such curses upon him as made the bystanders shrink back in horror. Pierre remained unmoved, or only sneered at the storm of now impotent passion which shook his master. That anger at which he had so often before trembled, he now seemed to take a hellish pleasure in exciting by expressions of mock pity. Each groan of agony that escaped from Colonel M. appeared as if wiping out the remembrance of some insult he had suffered, but had lacked the power to avenge. As he saw the energies of life giving way, he approached, and, stooping downward, muttered in his ear—*Coward!* As by the shock of lightning, the last flame of life seemed concentrated in the effort of the dying man to arise. Imprecating one dire curse on the soul of his tormentor, he fell back and expired, with the sneering laugh of his bosom friend ringing in his ear.

For some time after the termination of the fearful scene we have attempted to describe, a dead silence prevailed, which was at length broken by orders from Captain George to remove the body into one of the cabins. When the feelings of horror, which had for the time bound all the faculties of the spectators, had subsided, it was with the utmost difficulty they could be restrained from sacrificing Pierre to their just indignation. It may, perhaps, be as well to mention here, that the desire of Sir William to reserve him for the justice of his adopted country, was frustrated on an attempt made to escape from his guards, by their hanging him up to a tree by his saddle girth in the course of their journey home. Captain George was informed, on enquiring, that although they had given him an hour to prepare for death, he died as he had lived; his last words being a regret that he had not succeeded in satiating his revenge on Sir William and his daughter for his fancied injuries.

When the body of Colonel M. had been removed at the order of Captain George, he had turned to Sir William to congratulate him on his fortunate escape from the hands of his intended murderer, and the happy termination of the struggle that restored him to his liberty. Sir William stopped short in the thanks he had begun to bestow on his gallant preserver, as he called Captain George, and gazed long and stedfastly in his countenance.

"How very like him!" he at length exclaimed.

"Pardon me for this strangeness of behaviour," continued he; "but your countenance reminds me so strongly of a dear friend I lately lost, that I almost believed you were he."

"Do you not know me, dear uncle?" cried Captain George, throwing himself at Sir William's feet. "Do you not know your unhappy nephew?"

"How!" exclaimed Sir William, "Are you my nephew George, we have so long mourned as dead. Rise," said Sir William, "and tell me how you escaped, and where you have been, and how you came here. Rise!"

"Not," said Captain George, whom we shall still continue to call by this name, "till you first grant me your forgiveness."

"Up, foolish boy!" or you will make your old uncle play the woman; or else compel him, in his turn, to ask forgiveness for his treatment of you. Rise! I forgive you with my whole heart, of all but causing me so much sorrow in mourning you as dead."

Captain George began to excuse himself by pleading his ignorance of the change in his feelings towards him.

"Enough of this!" interrupted his uncle, Sir William. "We will have sufficient time to talk over all this at our leisure. But now tell me how you escaped from the battle in which we heard you were slain?"

Sir William continued to put a hundred questions to his nephew, without allowing him an opportunity to answer one, till, recollecting himself, he said, with a smile, "I protest you have made me forget that there is another who is equally interested in hearing your answers as myself. Come and I will catechise you together!"

Captain George excused himself by pleading his appearance as being unfit to see Miss Murray.

"Nonsense!" answered Sir William. "Tell her the blood was got in defending and rescuing her, man!"

His other objections were met with like answers, till at length he hinted that perhaps it might be best to prepare Miss Murray for his appearance, which would be so unexpected to her.

"True, true, my boy!" answered Sir William; "you have made me forget myself altogether. I will myself inform her that her cousin is yet alive, and has preserved her life and that of her old father, and you may in the mean time make what changes in your appearance you please."

The interview between the cousins we are unable to give, as they met alone; and it was not till Sir William, wondering what detained Captain George so long, determined to see for himself, when, on entering, his daughter met him with a sweet smile of happiness on her countenance, which betrayed, nevertheless, the traces of recent tears. That night was spent at the cottage by Rose, Captain George,

and Sir William in mutual enquiries, answers, and congratulations, and by the two former in certain passages of too tender and delicate a nature to be here set forth, but such as every married man and woman is supposed to know; and which all unmarried, we doubt not, either know, if they would confess, or, at least, can form a pretty correct idea of, without great stretch of imagination.

The following morning they committed the body of Colonel Morgan to its parent dust, and found also that the band had escaped.

On their route homeward, during the darkness of the night, Sir William expressed a desire to learn some of the particulars of Gentleman John's life, adding, it would afford him the greatest pleasure to be able to show a sense of his gratitude by any service in his power.

Gentleman John mentioned his family, which Sir William knew to be one of the most respectable in Virginia; that his parents had been wealthy, and had afforded him the advantages of the best education the colony afforded, and that they had afterwards sent him to England and the Continent, for the purpose of finishing his studies. He had been bred to no profession, though latterly he had served in the army as a volunteer. After the peace, he had joined the band, a few months before Captain George, but for some time he had been intending to forsake it forever, and would have done so had it not been for the acquaintance and friendship he had formed for his nephew.

"My nephew," answered Sir William, "has told me of the friendship that subsists between you, and I have to thank you both for the letter which he informs me you wrote to warn us of the threatened danger which has thus ended so happily, and for your efforts to save us since that time. It is natural, therefore, that I should feel interested in your happiness. Deem me not then impertinent in seeking to know the reasons which led you to join such a band."

Gentleman John, after some hesitation, answered: "I am afraid it would weary you to give you all my reasons for that most foolish step."

"Nothing," answered Sir William, "could afford me more pleasure."

"My father," said Gentleman John, (whose reasons, many and intricate, we can sum up in one very short and intelligible.) "My father, from affluence, was reduced to comparative poverty, by unfortunate losses in the war, as well as by speculations he had entered into, and I being bred up to no business and accustomed to expensive habits, was not very likely to render him much assistance. I had engaged myself, previous to his reverses, to a young lady, with the consent and satisfaction of all parties. This, at that time, was broken up by her father. I then joined the army, and, on the peace, I found him still more opposed to the match which his daughter was still perhaps no less desirous than myself to have accomplished, chiefly, or, as he said, entirely, on the ground of my poverty. Colonel M. having learned my situation, and having been acquainted during the war, offered to put me in a way of gaining what I required, and, in a

fit of desperation, I was mad enough to listen to his proposals. I soon found I was deceived, and, as I told you, should have left the band for ever before this time, had it not been for the friendship I formed for your nephew."

"If that is all the difficulty I shall be happy to remedy it," said Sir William. "No thanks—not a word—I am not yet done questioning you. Will you still further grant me your confidence by telling me who is the fair object of your affections?"

"Better and better!" exclaimed Sir William. "I hardly think her father, who is under no slight obligations to me, would be inclined to deny me my request in this matter, were we unable to arrange it otherwise. Set your mind at rest, therefore, on that matter. You shall be married, if you and your fair one can agree, at the same time with your Captain and my daughter, who, I suppose, have both by this time persuaded themselves that they cannot be happy without each other. Not a single word of thanks: I understand you, and that is enough." And Sir William was as good as his word.

We have now but to mention the fate of Squire Harry to close a simple story, except indeed we mention our black friend Cato, who accompanied him to his final location, and who died in attempting to save his master in the same battle in which his master fell. Squire Harry waited till he saw his friends Captain George and Gentleman John married, and was then called upon to give an account of his fight in the cave and the manner in which he freed Captain George from his chains, by his fortunate return to the place of rendezvous, where we first met with the band. But no entreaties or offers could make him remain near his friends. He proceeded to what is now Kentucky, and was greatly distinguished for his feats of daring against the Indians, who still continued to harass the new settlements. In a severe contest with a body greatly superior in number, both he and his faithful servant Cato fell.

Perhaps our readers expected to have a description of the splendour, beauty, and happiness of the double marriage so happily consummated. To the married—we bid them look back upon their own, and to those who are looking forward to this interesting and important event, we bid them imagine what their own will be. We never intended writing for either old bachelors or old maids.

In parting we appeal once more to the memories of the former and the hopes of the latter; old bachelors and old maids being nothing better than cyphers in existence and plagues to society.

Half a dozen years after the marriage we ought to have described, we will introduce you into the parlour of Captain George. On a sofa in an elegant room was seated Mrs. Murray, hardly less youthful and beautiful than the lovely Rose, her head leaning on the shoulder of Captain George, who was seated beside her with his arm encircling her waist. The eyes of both were resting in smiles on a hale old man, seated opposite, with a girl apparently between two and three years old, sitting on one knee, her little hands entwined in his thin snowy locks, which were bent down towards her, while a large chubby boy, of apparently four, was seated on the other, and a third, still older, pulling his coat tail through behind his chair. "Rose, my dear," said Sir William with a smile, "I really wish you would make that rogue Bill be at peace. I believe he is as bad as ever his father was when he used to plague me to death to promise him a kiss of his little cousin Rose."

(ORIGINAL.)

EMMA DARWIN; OR, THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE HEATH," "JUVENILE TRAVELLER," &c. &c.

Continued from our last Number.

AFTER the arrival of his brother, the dear little invalid gradually became more feeble; the slight and delicate frame was evidently sinking, and it gave way at last. Yet to the last the spirit was at peace, resigned, cheerful; nay, rejoicing through faith and in hope. In the midst of death his mind retained the vigour of full health: he talked of his approaching dissolution as a happy exchange from bodily suffering to a life of eternal bliss.

"Weep not, dearest mamma," he would say, as he kissed her tearful eyes, and fondly drew her to his bosom. "Oh! you are indeed kind, my own dear mother—so very, very kind! Oh! how happy you would make me could you banish those tears. Perhaps another day and there will be only a cold, cold corpse in thy child's chamber; but then," he added, seeing how sorrowful she was, "then his spirit—himself—thy own Charles—will be in those blessed abodes, 'where the weary are at rest.' Therefore, mourn not thy son's departure from a world fraught with so much sorrow; the exchange will be happy to him,—rejoice that he is spared the trials and temptations inseparable to our nature, and let your consolation rest in the heavenly hope that 'we shall meet again.' Oh! my dearest mamma, how much gratitude do I owe you and dear Miss Darwin for those happy feelings I now enjoy. You have both so often prayed with me, and read such beautiful portions of scripture, and explained them so clearly, that I no longer think of death with terror, but hail the approaching summons with joy, confidently trusting in the promises of our Blessed Redeemer; through His mediation I shall be eternally happy. The only pang that now disturbs my peace proceeds from the apprehension that you and my dear father will too deeply mourn my departure. By such grief your own health may suffer. Oh! dearest mamma, I again entreat you to banish those tears, and cheer my dying moments with the smile of love I have so often fondly shared."

It was after one such sweet exhortation, that the dear child, reclining his head on the bosom of his mother, and placing his little wasted hand in hers, a smile seeming to irradiate his countenance, was feebly heard to articulate "We shall meet again." His eyes were closed, his mother thought in sleep—but, alas! the spirit had flown!

Poor Lady G— was inconsolable at her bereavement: the amiable disposition of her departed treasure had completely entwined itself around her fondest affections; and the recent sufferings which he had borne with such angelic patience and

resignation had excited so much sympathy and compassion, that she had lately thought of him more as a being of another world than of this. During the last ten days of his life, her ladyship had not left the sick chamber for more than a few minutes at a time. The strength of maternal affection had supported her through the most trying fatigue, which those who knew her delicate frame were astonished at;—but no sooner was the fountain of her hopes dried up, and she saw her beloved boy a lifeless corpse, than her physical strength yielded to mental agony, and, like an autumnal leaf, she fell before the bitter blast of sorrow, and never again quitted her chamber until borne thence to be placed in the same tomb with her darling child! Her ladyship's death, however, had not been sudden; for several weeks she remained in a state of no extreme suffering, but under a gradual decay of nature, in full consciousness that her end was fast approaching. Nothing could exceed the grief and anxiety of Sir Lionel, who seldom left her chamber, except when his heart, bursting with sorrow, sought relief in tears. Then he would fly to his apartment, and, in sweet communion with his God, indulge his feelings in the outpouring of his soul. One beloved image had passed away from his dwelling, and another still more dear, he too well knew, was about to depart. Emma was the faithful attendant of Lady G—; ever ready at her post of duty, she administered consolation in every way; while her affectionate heart sympathised with her surrounding friends, it felt its own griefs almost insupportable! She had long looked up to her benefactress as her best and dearest earthly friend, endeared to her by the strong ties of respect, admiration, and affection, and by a bond even more imperative—that of gratitude. She could not contemplate an event so mournful as that of the death of her friend, which she feared was inevitable, and rapidly approaching, without feeling that her own cup of sorrow was filled to the brim.

So truly was Lady G— beloved by her family, that the gloom of despair pervaded every countenance. One exception only was wrapped up in its own selfishness, and, shocking to reflect upon, that exception was her own son. We have already mentioned that Lieutenant G—, upon his first arrival, noticed Emma in an impertinent, ungentlemanly manner, which was succeeded by a frequent intrusion upon her retirement. This, however, she resented with such perfect modesty, and, at the same time, decision of character, as left him not

the slightest hope of success in any proposal he might make. Mortified, humbled, and disappointed at conduct so opposed to any thing he had anticipated from one whose humble condition in life he falsely imagined would feel honoured by his preference and attention, he became sullen, and, for a short time, showed the most marked indifference to Emma; in short, his manners towards her were often ungracious and rude. But he knew not the individual whom he thought to annoy by such ungentlemanly conduct: the only feeling which he had power to create was that of contempt—mingled, however, with regret at the perfect destitution of every feeling of sensibility which he evinced in his duty towards a dying mother, whose qualities of the heart and tenderness towards her children, entitled her to his most endearing and fond attentions; but selfishness and vanity so completely predominated over every other feeling, that he thought only of himself, and of his own gratifications. Finding that Emma was nothing moved either by his late conduct, or former professions of admiration, only avoiding every opportunity of meeting him alone, he resolved to follow another course, which he imagined could not fail of success, and immediately sat about addressing her by letter, filled with protestations of the most ardent and honourable pretensions, which we do not think it necessary to recapitulate, but which concluded by proposing a secret marriage and immediate elopement to England. Poor Emma perhaps had never felt half the indignation with which she was roused upon perusing this epistle, which she considered to be the vilest insult that could possibly be offered to her judgment and principles. She regretted that she had been so thoughtless as to break the seal and not return the letter unopened; but it had been delivered by a stranger, and she could not conjecture its contents.

Had Lady G— been in a state of mind to receive the communication, the circumstance would not have been kept from her one moment; but all that this world could have offered, would not have induced Emma to disturb the calm and heavenly tranquillity which now reigned within her well-regulated bosom. She also deeply regretted that any thing in which she was concerned should add to the already troubled mind of Sir Lionel; yet she could not submit to the possibility of an additional insult from his son, and therefore inclosed to him, with a very proper note from herself, the letter she had received; in consequence of which, the young man was severely reprimanded by his father, with an order from him to join his regiment immediately.

If any act on the part of Emma could increase the respect and esteem already felt for her by her benefactor, it was her present noble and consistent conduct, so perfectly in unison with her general demeanour.

The circumstance was entirely concealed from

Lady G—, who imagined that her son's sudden order originated from the Horse Guards; and, as his leave of absence had already nearly expired, she did not think the summons at all extraordinary, but bore the parting with that fortitude which had so distinguishedly marked her character since her illness. She did not, however, fail to give her son such advice as the heart of a dying mother would dictate; but, by dissipation, he had become so unprincipled—so callous to every proper feeling,—that it is much to be feared the impression was but of short duration.

We have lately made but slight mention of Emma's pupils; but they do not deserve to be neglected even by the historian; for they were lovely in person, amiable in manner, and accomplished in mind. Between them and their exemplary governess existed the most perfect friendship and regard. They were seldom separated, and never so rejoiced as when their united efforts were contributing to the happiness of each other, and the circle in which they moved. Their mother's illness was to each a source of unutterable grief; if it had been permitted, they would never have left her chamber: by turns they were constantly in attendance, supplying her wants with the most scrupulous and endearing attentions. If the least shadow of improvement beamed on her countenance, their young hearts filled with grateful joy; but when the hue of death resumed its former place, their grief was great indeed! Frequently, when unable to suppress their feelings, they would retire to their chamber, and, with mingled tears, devoutly offer up their prayers in behalf of their dearly loved parent. Emma had taught them where to look for consolation, and they did not seek in vain.

The long pending cloud of sorrow at length broke heavily upon the family. It came not unexpectedly, but when it did arrive it came with a heavy shock, and brought with it a weight of sorrow which their weakened energies could scarcely support. They had all hoped that Lady G— had been for some days a shadow better; but, alas! it was a fallacious hope! Sir Lionel and Emma had successively been reading to her for several hours during the day. In the evening she expressed a desire that they should assemble to family prayers in her chamber; he read the appropriate service, and feebly but fervently she joined in many of the responses, until her eyes closed, and it was believed she had fallen into a slumber. As her daughters rose from the posture of devout supplication, they gently approached her pillow, in order to imprint on her lips the kiss of devotion and love, when, to their unutterable grief and surprise, they perceived that the breath of life was for ever gone. Who will attempt to describe the scene that followed? Our readers will more justly imagine than our pen can portray the anguish of such a moment.

As soon as the last solemn rites of interment had been performed, Sir Lionel prepared to quit a soil in which were buried his greatest share of earthly happiness. His marriage had been one of sunshine and bliss. The virtues and amiable qualities of her whom he so deeply mourned, were indelibly engraven on his heart, and he felt that life without her society would be to him a source of desolation and despair! Emma and his girls fully participated in his sorrows. The deprivation they had suffered was one general misfortune to the family, and so intense was their grief that not one could offer the soothing language of consolation to the other. With what altered feelings did they prepare to revisit their native land to those which occupied their attention when they left it. One darling individual had then been the sole object of their anxiety and solicitude: he was now for ever gone, and one still dearer had quickly followed after. Alas! how transitory and uncertain are our joys in this life! With Blair we may truly say "To man on earth it was never granted to gratify all his hopes, or to persevere in one track of uninterrupted prosperity." The blow had fallen heavily on Sir Lionel, who, since the death of his lady, appeared to have lost all mental energy, so as to be perfectly incapable of making the ordinary arrangements necessary for their journey.

Fortunately, Mr. Montague was still a resident in the family. Since the death of his pupil he had been retained as a guest, and now most truly proved his value as a friend. All settlements consequent upon giving up their large establishment in Italy, as well as the arrangements for their journey, devolved on him, and most judiciously were they executed.

Emma had already communicated to Sir Lionel her intention of resigning her important trust, as soon as convenient to him after their arrival in England. She stated, that she considered that neither her years nor her judgment were sufficiently matured to warrant her continuing so weighty a charge as the education of his daughters, since she had no longer their excellent mother to look up to for advice and direction in the fulfilment of her duties towards them. She sincerely hoped that her endeavours hitherto had been crowned with success, and that her dear pupils would continue to think of her with the same affection as they now hourly evinced. She assured Sir Lionel that her regard for them could never be diminished, and that she should most thankfully reflect upon the vast debt of gratitude due from her to him, and to the memory of her beloved benefactress. Sir Lionel felt the propriety of Emma's suggestion, yet he deeply regretted that his daughters would be deprived of her praiseworthy example. Her virtuous precepts were, he trusted, already piously engrafted in their hearts; and he assured her she might depend on his friendship and esteem, and, that while he lived, he

should never cease to remember with grateful pleasure her devotion towards those whom he had so much cause to lament, and who were themselves truly attached to her.

Upon their arrival in London the parents of Lady G—— requested that her lovely girls might be consigned to their care—a proposal that was joyfully accepted by their father, who in his own amiable wife had found sufficient proof of their judgment in forming the mind. He, therefore, felt no apprehension of mismanagement in the finish of their education: he also knew that they could not be brought out under any auspices more to their advantage than that afforded them by their excellent grandmother, who expressed the greatest desire that Emma should remain with them. But an event soon occurred to that amiable girl to obviate any necessity for her accepting the proffered kindness.

Mr. Montague had not resided so long under the same roof with Emma without learning how to appreciate and admire her surpassing qualities; in fact, he had long loved her with the most ardent devotion, but had formed the determination that the secret of his affection should never be acknowledged until he could offer with his hand and heart a comfortable home. It now happened that an old incumbent, who had long enjoyed a benefice in the gift of Sir Lionel, "paid the debt of nature," and the Baronet most generously presented the living to Mr. Montague, who lost no time in confiding to his friend the secret of his heart. Sir Lionel applauded his choice, requesting that he should be present at the wedding, and that his daughters might be allowed to be bridesmaids, promising that they should prepare suitable presents for the occasion. To all these arrangements Emma was yet a stranger; for as soon as she had resigned the charge of her pupils, she immediately quitted London to visit the scenes of her youth, her cottage, and her faithful Margaret, who, it may be unnecessary to state, was in an extacy of joy at the idea of seeing her beloved mistress, whose long absence she had so much regretted, and who she now fondly believed was coming to remain with her. The first joy of their meeting was hardly over, and Emma had scarcely had time to express the gratification she experienced in finding every thing about her in such perfect order. The cottage was the picture of neatness—the furniture, bright as a looking-glass—not a weed to be seen in the garden—every flower in full bloom, and every tree dressed in its summer garb. The feathered songsters were warbling forth their joyful lays; the little favourite spaniel was evincing by every possible means its pleasure, and recognition of its mistress, when the postman opened the wicket gate, and proceeding up the path towards Emma, presented to her a letter. As her eye glanced towards the address, she recognised the writing of Mr. Montague. Had Margaret been

a strict enquirer, she would probably have observed that the expression of Emma's countenance denoted more than her little palpitating heart might have chosen to express! But the good old soul was no physiognomist: she contented herself by slowly taking out her purse to pay the postage, allowing Emma ample time to peruse undisturbed the effusions of her correspondent, which we will not attempt to say were unwelcomely received; for if Mr. Montague loved and admired Emma for her numerous virtues, she had not felt less estimation for a character which she knew to be formed of the noblest qualities. Opportunities plentifully had displayed themselves before her observation, by which she had been able to judge of the mind and disposition of Mr. Montague, whom she considered in every respect worthy the sacred profession he had chosen; and, upon the strictest investigation of her own heart, she firmly believed that she could be more happy with him than with any other person she had ever known. From such a confession we may naturally suppose that the conclusion was favourable to the aspirant. Having resided three years under the same roof, and meeting every day during that period in society, it was unnecessary, after the declaration had taken place, that any lengthened period should elapse previous to the marriage.

We will pass over the intermediate time, and behold Emma, at the expiration of three months, the happy wife of Mr. Montague. Sir Lionel and his daughters had been present at the wedding: the latter presented the bride with many valuable gifts, while Sir Lionel, not less munificent, desired that he might be permitted to contribute some articles of furniture towards fitting up the parsonage, which, in reality, was a very snug, delightful place. Margaret, of course, was added to the establishment, and the cottage let to a friend of Mr. Montague's, an aged lady, who promised it should be kept in the same good order in which she had found it.

For some few years nothing could exceed the happiness of the worthy clergyman, and no less worthy wife. Piety, virtue, and contentment reigned within their peaceful dwelling, while all around them participated in their joy and shared their happiness. Emma was adored by the neighbourhood: rich and poor loved and admired her; towards the former, her conduct was truly amiable, disinterested, and kind. The breath of calumny never passed her lips,—her heart was too pure to admit either envy, hatred, or malice, or any other vice, which may be deemed a provocative to evil speaking. To the indigent she was a sincere friend; for she not only clothed their nakedness, and satisfied their hunger, but she taught them to be content in their station, and to prepare for a happier change in another and a better world. Her husband was in practice as well as in precept an excellent man.

The second year of their marriage, Emma presented her husband with a son, and the succeeding year gave birth to a daughter; they were both promising children, and the delight of their parents, who could anticipate no pleasure equal to that, of watching their growth, and training their infant minds.

The eldest had just attained his seventh year, when an unexpected calamity, involved Emma and her husband in deep affliction, and gave a sudden adverse change to their prospects. It might with truth be said, that Sir Lionel G—— had never recovered the loss of his wife; he had long been subject to occasional fits of abstraction, which would frequently induce him to retire from the world, and for months live in perfect seclusion. On one of these occasions, he was seized with brain fever, which carried him off before medical attendance had been procured, and unfortunately before his will had been properly signed. This was particularly unlucky for Mr. Montague, for Sir Lionel had specified in a codicil to his will, an order to his son, that the living then held by the Rev. Divine, should remain his benefice, so long as he should continue to perform the duties attached to it as he had hitherto done. This was followed by a request, that he would befriend that gentleman to the extent of his power. The unfortunate nonsignment of the will, however, was pleaded by the young Baronet as sufficient excuse for the non fulfilment of his father's wishes.

The demon of revenge still lurked in his bosom, and hurried him onward to commit the most disgraceful act of injustice that imagination ever conjured up! Repeated instances of Emma's happiness, her attachment to her husband, and her surpassing virtues, had reached him by means of his sisters, who still loved her with unabated affection, and were frequently her guests at the Parsonage, which by this time was converted into a perfect little paradise.

The remains of the heart-broken parent were scarcely deposited in the grave, when the undeserving son, in open violation of every principle of justice, and in direct opposition to the well known wishes of the dear departed, from whom he now inherited not only a title, but a large fortune, alike callous to the dictates of conscience, as to the tears and entreaties of his sisters, sent his steward to Mr. Montague, with a written order to quit the Parsonage within a month, as another incumbent of his own appointing would take possession at that time. Mr. Montague had, in by-gone days, seen sufficient of the young man's disposition to believe that he would not hear remonstrance; he therefore submitted tacitly to an act which he felt to be cruelly unjust. Poor Emma was nearly heart-broken; her residence at the Parsonage had been one of undisturbed happiness, which she had been taught fondly

to imagine stood in no chance of diminution or change! She could not dwell on the certainty of a removal from a spot endeared to her by so many delightful reminiscences, without feelings of the bitterest sorrow: she had also another powerful cause for regret; the principal means of their support would cease to exist, whenever Mr. Montague resigned his duties in the Church: fortunately, they had been prudent in prosperity, and had never suffered their expences to equal their income, so that they possessed sufficient means to preclude any immediate inconvenience from so unexpected a stroke of adversity.

At this period a mania for emigration was raging in England; thousands were flocking to the new world, as the soldier would say, "to better their condition." Mr. Montague had not entirely escaped its influence; his prospects in his native land had been blighted by an act of cruel tyranny and injustice from one who in all probability would seek every opportunity to annoy and distress him. The young Baronet had evinced so rancorous and malignant a spirit, that, with his rank and power, there was no doubt, he thought, but at some period or other, the demon of mischief would again rise to destroy his tranquillity and repose. He now felt himself totally destitute of interest or patronage.

A curacy was the extent of his prospects, and that he knew to be inadequate to the support of his family. In addition to a competent knowledge of theology, and classical acquirements, Mr. Montague was master of several of the modern languages; his residence in Italy, like Emma's, had been profitably employed. He thought, therefore, that in the United States, these combined advantages would be the means of introducing him to a living in the Episcopal Church, and would enable him to support his family with that respectability and comfort to which they had been accustomed, and which he feared he should have difficulty in accomplishing in England. With these imaginary views, in the following spring, Emma, with her husband, accompanied by Margaret and her two darling children, bid adieu to their native land, and from London embarked in a packet ship for New York.

They experienced the usual varieties of weather, foul and fair, with genial zephyrs, and prosperous gales, an occasional storm, and then a calm—nor were they exempt from the uncongeniality and discomfort of an Atlantic passage, its weariness and sameness, with the consequent eagerness in search of every trifle to relieve and divert them. The first glimpse they had of trans-Atlantic land, filled them with delight. As they entered the bay of New York, they thought they had never witnessed a scene more picturesquely beautiful, or more animating to the spirits; the day was divinely bright, the sun shone in all its richness, diffusing its lustre over the various little islands crowned with batteries which

seem to rise out of the waters. The Bay was crowded with shipping of every size and description, the colours of every country flying at their masts' head, affording ocular demonstration of the extensive commercial intercourse held by New York with all the world.

Sorel, Canada East, June, 1842.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ECHO.

Hark! hark! the soft bugle sounds over the wood,
And thrills in the silence of even;
'Till faint and more faint, in the far solitude,
It dies on the portals of heaven!
But echo springs up from her home in the rock
And seizes the perishing strain;
And sends the gay challenge with shadowy mock
From mountain to mountain again,
And again!
From mountain to mountain again.

Oh! thus let my love, like a sound of delight,
Be around thee while shines the glad day,
And leave thee unpaired in the silence of night,
And die like sweet music away.
While Hope, with her warm light, thy glancing eye
fills,
Oh! say, "Like that echoing strain,—
Though the sound of his love has died over the hills,
It will waken in heaven again,"
And again!
It will waken in heaven again!

SELF ADVICE.

FROM CHABOT, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE—A TRAGEDY, BY J. SHIRLEY, 1639.

—another's knowledge,
Applied to my instruction, cannot equal
My own soul's knowledge how to inform acts.
The sun's rich radiance shot through waves most
fair,
Is but a shadow to his beams i'th' air;
His beams that in the air we so admire,
Is but a darkness to his flame in fire;
In fire his fervor but in vapor flies
To what his own pure bosom rarifies.
And the Almighty wisdom having given
Each man within himself an apter light
To guide his acts than any light without him,
(Creating nothing, not in all things equal.)
It seems a fault in any that depend
On others' knowledge, and exile their own.

SCHOLARS.

SCHOLARS are frequently to be met with, who are ignorant of nothing—saying their own ignorance.—
Zimmerman.

OUR TABLE.

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE—BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

A NEW novel, by the Countess of Blessington, has recently made its appearance. It is a quiet story, shewing the fickleness of fortune, and the freaks the unstable dame plays with her votaries in this incongruous world of ours. The story is not as good as the heralds of the press had led us to anticipate, but it is a good story nevertheless. It has already been published in a cheap form by the publishers of the New World in New York, and through this medium has been extensively circulated. As a pleasant pastime, it may be read, and, if the moral be applied by those who read it, to themselves, it will not be without profit. It teaches that the path to honour is open to all who worthily pursue it, and that ill-regulated conduct and unstable principles will bring even the highest in rank to a very low place indeed, in fortune's wheel.

THE FOUNTAIN, AND OTHER POEMS—BY W. C. BRYANT.

AMERICA is treading fast upon the heels of her great parent in the paths of literature. Many of her sons have won for themselves positions of eminence among the great men of the age, and no one has better earned his laurels than William C. Bryant. The volume before us bears evidence of this. Within the depths of "the Fountain," lie the pearls of truth and genius, while on its surface sparkle the gems of poesy and beauty. We are altogether prohibited from extracting any thing from the volume by the want of space, and to the same cause must be attributed our very brief recommendation of the work to the admirers of exquisite poetry.

THE CROFTON BOYS; AND, THE PEASANT AND THE PRINCE—BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

SOWING AND REAPING, OR WHAT WILL COME OF IT?—BY MARY HOWITT.

THESE are pretty little books, each one containing a very interesting tale, principally designed for the amusement and instruction of the young. They form a portion of a series which is now in press in England, and which is also re-printed in America. They will materially assist in the developement of the "young idea," and may have some effect in correcting the errors which naturally belong to youth, and, if permitted to grow and strengthen, mar the beauty of the mind for ever. The moral inculcated in each is excellent, and will be easily comprehended by the expanding intellect, which has begun to search beyond the surface, and reason upon the grave results which flow from simple and seemingly trivial causes. We cheerfully commend them to the perusal of the young.

POEMS—BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

TRUE poetry is rare in these degenerate days. The world is deluged with what the authors probably imagine will entitle them to rank with the mighty magicians of the past. But months roll by, and they find that they have already outlived their fame. Not so with Tennyson. His lays, though not endowed with the gigantic power of some of our noble bards, possess a grace, richness and imaginativeness that will ensure them an abiding place among the literature of his age and country long after the words of praise shall have ceased to fall upon his ear. The volume now before us is filled with gems of exquisite beauty, almost any one of which would be sufficient to stamp his mind as one of no common mould. We have not room in this number to refer more particularly to them; but a ballad in another page will shew that our encomium is not undeserved.

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN—BY HARRY LORREQUER.

THE story of the Guardsman grows more interesting as it progresses. It is evident that its author has lost none of the power by which he impresses his own mirth-loving spirit into his readers. Still, there are appearances which indicate that he is not totally unacquainted with the art of book-making, and that if the new story rival the former ones in excellence, it will also rival them in length. The family resemblance which Jack Hinton bears to Charles O'Malley increases with his years, but this will rather be a recommendation than its reverse, as the reader will doubtless rejoice to be occasionally reminded of one who was a pleasant companion in days gone by. Jack Hinton will not be less a favourite than his predecessor.