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THE FORT OF ST. JOHN'S.*

A TALE OF THE NEW WORLD.

BY H. V. C.

CHAPTER VII.

"Love's smiles are ever mixed with tears,

We meet, then come the parting fears."

DAY after day passed away, and Arthur Stanhope still lingered at St. John's, and each returning day he found it more difficult to break away from the charm which bound him there. A satisfactory éclaircissement had taken place between himself and Lucie, and an avowal of his long cherished hopes and attachment, drew from her a blushing confession that his affection was returned with equal sincerity and constancy. He however yielded with much reluctance to Lucie's earnest desire, that he should not at present ask her guardian's sanction to their union; for she had reason to believe that it would not be granted, and that his displeasure would throw a gloomy shade over the few days which they had yet to enjoy, before Stanhope's departure.

It had long been a favorite object with M. La Tour, to unite his nephew in marriage with Miss De Conroy, and De Valette's rank and expectations would have rendered the alliance equal, and in many respects advantageous. Madame La Tour also entered warmly into his views, from a true interest in her young relatives, and a sincere belief that it would promote their mutual happiness and worldly prosperity. She had no suspicion of the selfish policy which, in that as in most other instances, marked her husband's designing character; and which rendered him so intent on the fulfilment of the marriage, that Lucie dreaded to arouse his stormy opposition by appearing in open defiance to his will, before it was absolutely necessary to declare her choice. Lucie had,

however, invariably discouraged De Valette's addresses, though he affected to regard her coldness as mere girlish caprice or coquetry. Apart from her indifference to him, and her religious scruples, the remembrance of Arthur Stanhope had never been effaced from her mind; and, romantic as that attachment seemed, when time and distance separated them, it lingered in her heart, through every change of scene, and brightened the darkest shades of doubt and difficulty and disappointment. Her firmness of mind and principle had enabled her to resist the wishes of her aunt, and the remonstrances of La Tour; and she believed that De Valette had too much pride and generosity to accept a hand which was forced upon him with an unwilling heart, when fully convinced that such were her feelings toward him. Lucie would gladly have consulted her aunt, on so important a subject, but she feared her confidence might expose her to La Tour's displeasure, if he chanced to suspect it.

Stanhope well knew that Lucie could not legally contract a marriage, during her minority, without her guardian's consent; but a few months would obviate this difficulty, and he was therefore reluctantly obliged to remain satisfied with her injunction of secrecy for the present; but the interdiction was relieved by a promise, given with the fervour of heartfelt truth and sincerity, that no earthly power or circumstance should withhold her hand from him, when he came to claim it, early in the ensuing spring.

La Tour, in the mean time, was likely to find ample employment for his time and thoughts, in continued hostility of M. d'Aulney. Disappointed

* Continued from page 106.

pointed in the result of his meditated attack on the Fort of St. John's, he had recourse to various petty means of injury and annoyance. He had interrupted friendly vessels, trading with La Tour, and detained the crews, subjecting them to much loss and embarrassment, and in various ways endeavoured to injure his rival's interest and reputation.

Father Gilbert returned to the fort, after an absence of three weeks, and with these reports, he brought other intelligence which moved still more deeply the indignation of La Tour. M. d'Aulney had entered into a negotiation with the magistrates of Boston, by which he sought to engage them in his interest, to the exclusion and evident disadvantage of La Tour, with whose colony they had hitherto maintained a friendly intercourse. He had sent commissioners, duly authorised to conclude a treaty of peace and commerce with them, and also a letter, signed by the Vice-Admiral of France, which confirmed his right to the government.—To the same seal was annexed a copy, or pretended copy of certain proceedings, which proscribed La Tour as a rebel and a traitor. Governor Winsthrop, in behalf of the Massachusetts colony, in vain endeavoured to heal the differences which subsisted between the French commanders, in Acadia; M. d'Aulney refused to accede to any conciliatory measures, and his authority now seemed so well established, that they consented to sign the articles in question. They, however, refused to enter into any combination against La Tour, or to debar their people from the usual friendly intercourse with him.

La Tour listened to these details in moody silence, but the dark frown that gathered on his brow, portended a coming storm. He learned from Father Gilbert that the fort at Penobscot was at that time weakly defended, and he instantly resolved to fit out all the force he could command and sail with the greatest expedition to attack the enemy in his strong-hold. Stanhope readily offered his assistance, as a private volunteer, hoping that his own men, over whom he exercised a merely nominal command, would be induced to follow his example. But his protracted stay at St. John's had already occasioned much discontent and repining. Most of his people had become weary of their inactive life, and were impatient to return to the friends and occupations they had left; while the laxity of the French soldiers,—the open celebration of Popish ceremonies within the fort,—the very appearance of a priest, excited indignation, in the more rigid and reflecting.

The zeal, not always according to prudence, of

Mad. La Tour's chaplain, was not calculated to allay their irritated feelings. One of the most austere of the Scotch Covenanters, Mr. Broadhead, had been induced by religious zeal to follow the fortunes of his patron, Sir William Alexander, when, in 1621, he received a grant of Acadia, or Nova-Scotia, and established the first permanent settlement in that country. It was afterwards alternately claimed and neglected, both by French and English, till at length Sir William relinquished his grant to M. La Tour, whose title was confirmed by a patent from the King of England. La Tour's conduct in command, was guided solely by motives of interest and ambition; and it seemed a matter of indifference to him, to what master he owed his allegiance. By the well known treaty of St. Germain's, Acadia was ceded to the crown of France, on which alone it depended, till finally conquered by the English, when, at a much later period, its improvement and importance rendered it worthy of national contest.

Mr. Broadhead, glad to escape the storms of his native country at that unhappy period, remained through all these changes of government and religion, and at last found an unmolested station, in the household of Madame La Tour. His spirit was indeed often vexed by the emblems of Romanism around him, and his zeal for proselytism was unbounded. His own imprudence created a strong feeling of personal animosity among the Catholic soldiers, which would not always have been confined to words, if Madame La Tour had not often interfered, and restricted him to the circle of his own immediate duty. Among the volunteers of the New England vessel, which so long anchored idly before St. John's, Mr. Broadhead found many who listened with sympathy to his grievances. Without intending to injure the interests of La Tour, his complaints naturally weakened the confidence of his allies, many of whom began seriously to repent their engagement in a cause which they had espoused in a moment of enthusiasm, and without due consideration.

Arthur Stanhope, engrossed by his own happy feelings, took no note of their growing discontent, and it was therefore with equal surprise and displeasure that he received from a large majority, a decided refusal to enter into any new arrangements with La Tour. It was the second time that Stanhope had been placed in this awkward position, at an important moment, by the obstinacy of his people. But it must be borne in mind, that the services of La Tour's New England allies were entirely voluntary, that the religious scruples of their sect at that day were severe, and their time

of service had already expired. Though La Tour offered a high reward to those who might be tempted to serve for pay, with a stern, yet virtuous resolution, they declared, that "their consciences could not be bribed, by all the gold of France."

There were a few, however, who stood firmly by Arthur Stanhope, and he generously consented to give up his own vessel to accommodate the remainder, if they would return directly to Boston. La Tour offered him a pinnace then lying at the fort, for the expedition to Penobscot, and it was to be manned by those of his own people who still adhered to him, and some Scotchmen from the garrison. Soldiers and seamen at that period served indifferently on land and sea, and some of the greatest generals of the age were skilled as well in the manœuvres of a sea fight, as in leading an army to conquest. It was at a somewhat later period, that the tactics of the two professions became clearly defined, and the naval service assumed an independent rank.

The various arrangements occasioned some delay; and La Tour's impatience was vented in "curses not loud but deep," on all those, whose conscientious scruples had interfered with his own selfish projects. When all the preparations were completed, an adverse wind set in, which delayed their departure still two days longer; but La Tour's impatient spirit could ill brook delay, and he embarked his men at sunset, hoping that a favorable change might take place in the night, which would enable him to weigh anchor at early dawn, or sooner, if the sky cleared, and the wind shifted to the right point. Stanhope remonstrated against this haste, as his nautical experience led him to apprehend an approaching storm; the clouds indeed seemed passing away, but dark masses still lingered in the horizon, and the turbid waters of the Bay of Fundy, into which the River St. John's emptied, just below the fort, assumed that calm and sullen aspect, which so often precedes a tempest. But La Tour was obstinate in his resolution, and as it was important for the vessels to be in readiness to sail in company, Stanhope repaired to his pinnace, with that dreariness of heart which ever attends the moment of parting from the objects of our love.

What a changed world did that isolated fort appear to Lucie, from the moment that Stanhope left it! She went out in the open air to indulge her feelings, her regret and her hopes, without restraint or observation, and from a spot which love had already marked as a trysting place, to look again upon the tall masts of the pinnace, which still rested on the wave, but before morn-

perhaps, would spread its white sails, and bear *him* far away.

Madame La Tour also, soon after her husband's departure, passed the gate, on a visit of charity to a neighbouring cabin. The long summer twilight was deepening on the hills as she returned, and as she passed near a tuft of trees which grew near the river's edge, she was surprised to observe Lucie standing alone, and half hid by the leafy screen. She approached her without being observed; for Lucie's attention was wholly engaged by a light boat, which had just pushed from the shore, and the person who occupied it, was rowing rapidly towards Stanhope's vessel. It was not difficult to identify Arthur Stanhope as that person, and it was natural to suppose he had been there to seek a parting interview with Lucie.

Madame La Tour had not been unobservant of the good understanding which seemed to subsist between Mr. Stanhope and her niece, but she had observed it in silence, though not without displeasure, for Lucie, usually so warm and open in the expression of her feelings, was reserved on this subject, and sought neither counsel nor approbation. Madame La Tour had always favored De Valette's suit, and, till Stanhope came, had believed that in time it would prove successful. As she now looked at Lucie's glowing face, and tearful gaze, fixed on the receding boat, she felt that Eustace had little room for hope.

"You are abroad at an unusual hour this evening, Lucie," said Madame La Tour, abruptly addressing her; "but I can scarcely feel surprised, since I perceive that Mr. Stanhope has but just now quitted you; once, I should indeed have felt greatly surprised, but of late you have asked counsel only of your own experienced judgment, or of one in whom you would perhaps repose more confidence than in the friend of your earliest years."

"Dearest Aunt," cried Lucie, and her eyes filled with tears, "forgive me, if in this one instance I have sought concealment, or rather acted less openly than my heart prompted me to do. I should have answered you freely and frankly. But I did not wish to involve you in the displeasure which an avowal of my feelings would surely excite against me, and which I confess, I was anxious to avert as long as possible."

"Rather say, Lucie," returned Madame La Tour, "that your feelings were concealed to suit the wishes of your lover; but was it honorable in him, to engage your affections, and seek your hand clandestinely; or to bind you by promises which were unsanctioned by your friends?"

"You are unjust to Mr. Stanhope," said Lucie calmly, "you suspect him of a meanness which he could never practise. I only am to blame, for whatever is wrong and secret. He has never sought or wished to disguise his attachment, and he had the tacit consent, and free approbation of my dear Aunt Rouville, but you know what unfortunate circumstances changed his destiny; my aunt's illness and death, and our separation followed, and I scarcely dared hope we should ever meet again."

"But you did meet," interrupted Madame La Tour, impatiently; "and then, why all this mystery and reserve?"

"I feared, perhaps weakly feared, my uncle's anger," replied Lucie. "I knew that he was bent on marrying me to De Valette, and that opposition would only provoke his resentment; my position as his ward subjected me to his commands, and I entreated Stanhope to avoid any explanation with my guardian, and to defer asking his consent to our union, till he returned a few months hence, when I should have a legal right to bestow my hand as I thought best."

"And it is for this stranger, Lucie," said Madame La Tour, "that you have slighted the wishes of your natural guardians, and best friends, and rejected the love of one whom you have long known, and who is, in every respect, worthy of your choice."

"Those wishes," said Lucie firmly, "were at variance with my duty, and my best hopes of happiness; and De Valette's affection I never could return."

"To me, at least, Lucie, you might have confided your feelings and your purposes; you would not have found me arbitrary or unreasonable, and methinks the advice of an experienced friend would not have been amiss on such a subject."

"I well know your lenity and affection, my dear aunt," replied Lucie, "but I was unwilling to subject you to my uncle's displeasure, which would surely have been the case, had he known you were the confidant of my secret. Believe me, I would take no important step without your advice and approbation, and if I have done wrong, my judgment, and not my heart has erred."

"I am willing to believe you intended to do right, Lucie," said Madame La Tour, more kindly; "but we are now nearly at the gate, and will dismiss the subject, till some other day."

Lucie gladly assented, and the remainder of their walk was pursued in silence.

At day-break, on the following morning, M. La Tour gave the signal for weighing anchor, which

was promptly obeyed by Stanhope, and spreading their sails to a light wind, the two vessels were slowly wafted from the harbor of St. John's. The fort long lingered in their view, and the richly wooded shores of the noble river gradually receded, as they stood out in the open bay, while the rising sun began to shed its radiance on the varied landscape. But the morning which had burst forth in brightness, was soon overcast with clouds; and the light which had shone so cheerily on hill and valley, became like the gleams of departing hope—shrouded in gloom and darkness. Still, however, they kept steadily on their course, and by degrees the wind became stronger, and the dead calm of the sea was agitated by its increasing violence.

The confines of Acadia, which were then undefined, stretched along the Bay of Fundy, presenting a vast and uncultivated track, varying through every shade of sterility and verdure. There was the bold and jutting promontory which defied the encroaching tide, the desert plain, and dark morass; there too were sloping uplands, and broad meadows, green valleys watered by countless streams, and impervious forests, skirting the horizon, with their dark, unbroken outline. A transient sunbeam at times gilded the variegated landscape, and again the flitting clouds chequered it with dark shadows, till a dense mist at length arose, and spread over it, excluding every object from the sight.

Thus passed the day, the wind became contrary and adverse, and little progress could be made; but La Tour's large and well appointed ship held her stately course unmoved, while Stanhope's pinnace, a frail convoy at the best, seemed ill fitted to stem the winds and waves of that stormy sea. Night closed in prematurely and the ships parted company; but La Tour had so often navigated the bay, and the rivers of that coast, that every isle and headland were perfectly familiar to him. Stanhope, on the contrary, had no practical knowledge of their localities; and was obliged to proceed with the utmost caution, fearing they might deviate from the proper course, and strike some hidden rocks, or run into shallow water. Lights were hung out, hoping they might attract the notice of La Tour, or of some fishermen in the Bay, but their rays could not penetrate the mist which had closed so heavily around them. Signal guns were also fired at intervals, but their report mingled with the sullen murmur of winds and waves, and no answering sound was heard on the solitary deep. Stanhope felt that his position was perilous, and resolved to cast anchor, and wait the return of day. Perplexed and anxious, yet cautious to con-

cal his inquietude, for he numbered few expert seamen among his crew, he passed the whole of that tedious night in watch upon the deck.

Morning dawned, and for a brief space revived the hopes of all; but the tempest which had been so long gathering, was ready to burst upon their heads. Clouds piled on clouds darkened the heavens, the wind blew with extreme violence, and the angry waves, crested with foamy wreaths, now bore the vessel mountain high, then sunk with a tremendous roar, threatening to engulf it in the fearful abyss. Still the little craft steered bravely on her course, in defiance of the raging elements, and Stanhope hoped to guide her safely to a harbour, near at hand, where she might ride out the storm at anchor, for destruction seemed inevitable if they remained in the open sea. The harbour lay at an island near the entrance of the river Schoodie, or St. Croix, and was much frequented by the trading and fishing vessels of New England and Nova Scotia. It was necessary to tack in order to gain the channel of the river, and at that unlucky moment, the wind struck the vessel with a force which instantly snapped the mainmast, and the pinnae cast on her beam ends by the violence of the shock, lay exposed to a heavy sea which broke over deck and stern. The crew used every exertion to right the vessel, and Stanhope who had not abandoned the helm, since the first moment of danger, with admirable dexterity succeeded in wearing her off from the dangerous shore to which she was constantly impelled by the wind and tide.

But neither skill nor strength could long contend against the angry elements; a momentary, sullen pause, and then a fiercer blast swept over the devoted vessel, driving it among the rocks, and the rudder torn away by the appalling concussion, she lay a hopeless wreck, surrounded by the foaming breakers.

"The ship is gone," said Stanhope with calm energy, "save yourselves if it is not too late."

A boat fortunately remained to them, and the men began to precipitate themselves into it with such selfish eagerness, that it was soon overladen, and must inevitably have perished, if launched on that stormy sea. Stanhope in vain interposed his authority; but happily some fishermen who found refuge on the island during the storm, and had witnessed their distress, humanely came to their assistance, and in a short time all were safely landed, and sheltered in huts erected by the frequenters of the island.

Stanhope's solicitude for LaTour was relieved by the fishermen, who saw his vessel early on that morning stand out for Penobscot Bay, and though slightly damaged, she had weathered the storm,

which was less violent there, than in the turbulent Bay of Fundy, where Stanhope encountered it. Arthur was desirous of rejoining him as soon as possible; but most of the crew refused to follow him any further. With the superstitious feeling of the times, they regarded their late peril as a signal interposition of Providence, and resolved to obey the warning and return to their respective homes. A few of his own people, however, remained faithful to their engagement, and also the Scots, who were attached to LaTour's service; and with this diminished number, he hired a small vessel which lay at the island, and put it in readiness to sail for Penobscot as soon as the weather would permit.

The storm continued throughout the day; the night also proved dark and tempestuous, and Stanhope, exhausted by fatigue, slept soundly on a rude couch, and beneath a shelter which admitted both wind and rain. He was awake, however, by the earliest dawn, and actively directing the necessary arrangements for their short voyage.

The storm hath passed away; not a cloud lingered in the azure sky, and the first tinge of orient light was reflected from the glassy waves that curled and murmured around the beautiful island they embraced. The herbage had put on a deeper verdure, and the wild flowers of summer sent forth a richer fragrance on the fresh and dewy air. The moistened foliage of the trees displayed a thousand varying hues, and among their branches innumerable birds sported their gay plumage, and warbled their melodious notes, as if rejoicing in the restored serenity of nature.

Stanhope had wandered from the scene of busy preparation, and stood alone amid that paradise of nature, but his heart held intercourse with the absent and beloved, whose image, in all places, was ever present to his mind. He stood amidst the ruins of a fort, which had been built forty years before by the Sieurs de Monts, who on that spot first planted the standard of the King of France in Acadia. Circumstances soon after induced him to remove the settlement he had commenced, across the bay to Port Royal; the island was neglected by succeeding adventurers, and his labours fell into ruin. Time had already laid his withering finger on the walls, and left his mouldering image amid the fair creatures of the youthful world. Fragments overgrown with moss and lichens strewed the ground; wild creepers wove their redundant garlands round the broken walls, and lofty trees struck their roots deep in the foundations, and threw the shadow of their branches across the crumbling pile.

The lonely and picturesque beauty of the scene, combined with associations of the place, for a

brief moment diverted the current of Stanhope's thoughts, but, by a very lover-like transition, Lucie soon resumed her influence over his imagination. Yet a painful impression that he was wasting some moments in a dream of fancy, which should be devoted to action, soon came to break the reverie, and as he felt the airy vision dissolve, he unconsciously pronounced the name most dear to him.

That name was instantly repeated,—but so low, that he might have fancied it the trembling echo of his own voice, but for the startling sigh that followed it, and which struck him, almost with superstitious awe. He turned to see if any one was near, and met the eyes of Father Gilbert fixed on him, with a gaze of earnest and melancholy enquiry. The cowl which usually shaded his brow was thrown back, and his cheeks, furrowed by early and habitual grief, were blanched to even unusual paleness. He grasped a crucifix in his folded hands, and his cold, stern features were softened by an expression of deep sorrow, which touched the heart of Stanhope. He bent respectfully before the priest, but remained silent, uncertain how to address him.

"You have been unfortunate, young man," said the priest, breaking silence, "but it behoves you to bear in mind that the evils of life are not inflicted without design; and happy are they who early profit by the lessons of adversity."

"I have escaped unharmed, and with the lives of all my companions," replied Stanhope, "I should therefore be ungrateful to repine at the slight evil which has befallen me; but you, reverend father were more favoured, in that you reached a safe harbour, before the tempest began to rage."

"Storms and sunshine are alike to me," he answered, "for twenty years I have braved the wintry tempests, and endured the summer heats, often unsheltered in the savage desert. Still am I ready to follow wherever the duties of my holy calling lead, imparting to others that consolation which can never again reach my weary spirit. Leave me now, young man," he added after a brief pause, "your duty calls you hence; and why linger here, and dream away those fleeting moments, which can never be recalled?"

"Perhaps I merit that reproof," said Stanhope, coloring highly; "but I have not been inattentive to my duty, and am, even now, in readiness to depart."

"Pardon me, my son, if I have spoken harshly," returned the priest gently, "but I would urge you to hasten your departure. M. La Tour, ere this, has reached Penobscot; he is too rash and impetuous to brook delay, and your aid may

turn the scale to victory, or your absence to defeat."

Stanhope answered only by a gesture of respect, and turned from him. He proceeded with haste to his vessel, reflecting as he went along, on the singularity of Father Gilbert's sudden appearance, and above all, wondering why he repeated the name of Lucie, and with such evident emotion. But these thoughts were soon chased away by the active duties which awaited him; for his instructions had been promptly obeyed, and all things were in readiness, awaiting only his orders for departure.

The sun had scarcely risen when Stanhope left the island of St. Croix; the wind was fair and steady, and the sea retained no traces of its recent agitation. His vessel was but a poor substitute for the one he had lost, but it sailed well, and answered the purpose for a short voyage; and the remaining crew were stout in heart and spirits, notwithstanding their late distress. Stanhope particularly regretted the loss of their fire arms and ammunition, though he fortunately obtained a small supply from the people at the island. Early in the afternoon they entered Penobscot Bay, and sailed before the fort; and Stanhope was greatly surprised that he had no where encountered La Tour. He continued to beat about, hoping to find him in some secure harbour, till the sun at length sank behind the western hills, leaving a flood of golden light upon the waveless deep. The extensive line of coast indented by numerous bays, which were adorned with a thousand isles of every form and size, presented a rich and varied prospect; and graced with the charms of summer, as it lay reposing in the calm of a glowing twilight, it seems almost like a reign of enchantment.

The serene beauty of such a scene, was an agreeable contrast to the turbulence of the preceding days; and Stanhope lingered to enjoy it, till the gathering gloom warned him that it was time to seek a harbour, where he might repose in security through the night. Trusting to the experience of a pilot, he entered what was called Frenchman's Bay, and anchored to the east-ward of Mount Desert island. Night approached reluctantly, and gemmed with her starry train, she threw a softened veil around the lovely scenes which had shone so brightly beneath the light of day. The wild solitudes of nature uttered no sound; the breeze was hushed, and the waves broke gently on the grassy shore. The moon rode high in the heavens, pouring her young light on sea and land, and the wood-crowned summit of the Blue Hills was radiant with her silver beams.

CHAPTER VIII.

I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise breaker.

— We hate alike.
SHAKESPEARE.

M. LA TOUR, in the darkness of the night succeeding his departure from St. John's, had found it impossible to communicate with Stanhope; for, as we have already seen, the vessels were early separated; and consulting his own safety in view of the approaching storm, he crowded sail, hoping to reach some haven, before the elements commenced their fearful conflict. In his zeal for personal safety, he persuaded himself that Stanhope's nautical skill would enable him to guide his course securely, and that he could not render him any essential service, by remaining with him. In his selfish calculations, he overlooked the peculiar difficulties to which Stanhope was exposed from his ignorance of that intricate navigation, and also that he was embarked in a vessel less fitted than his own, to meet the storm which seemed mustering from every quarter of the heavens.

Perfectly familiar himself with a course he frequently traversed, in an excellent ship, and assisted by experienced seamen—La Tour was enabled to steer with comparative safety through the almost tangible darkness; and early on the following morning he entered the ample waters of Penobscot Bay, and anchored securely in one of the numerous harbours it embraces.

The day passed away and brought him no tidings of Stanhope; and De Valette had too much generosity and real kindness, to feel insensible to his probable danger. But La Tour expressed the utmost confidence that he had found some sheltering port, representing to him, that the whole extent of coast abounds with harbours, which may be entered with perfect security—and the night proving too tempestuous to venture abroad, De Valette was obliged to rest satisfied, with hoping for the best.

It had been agreed between La Tour and Stanhope, that they should meet at Pemaquid, if any accident occurred to separate them during the voyage. La Tour also hoped to obtain some assistance from the English at that settlement, for they maintained a friendly intercourse with him, and were equally interested in suppressing the growing power of so dangerous a neighbour as M. d'Aulney. But he received information from some fishermen—the newsmen of that wild country—that D'Aulney was then absent from his fort, having gone a few days previous with a hunting party, to the small lakes in the interior. His garrison, they added, had been reduced of late, by sending out a vessel to France for ammunition

and other supplies, in which he was greatly deficient.

La Tour instantly changed his plans, and determined to attack the fort without delay. Should he wait for Stanhope's assistance, the favorable moment might pass away; and, though not formidable in numbers, he placed perfect confidence in his men, most of whom had been attached to his service, and followed him in the desultory skirmishes in which he frequently engaged. Impetuous to a fault, and brave even to rashness, he had been generally successful in his undertakings; and though often unimportant, even to his own interests, they were marked by a reckless contempt of danger, calculated to inspire and attach the followers of such an adventurer.

La Tour planned his attack with promptness and decision. He took a guide, embarked his men, well armed, in boats, and landed on the peninsula, since called Bagaduce Point, on which the fort was situated. He designed first to take possession of a farm house, where he was told some military stores were lodged, and then follow an obscure path leading to the rear of the fort, which he knew could not in that quarter oppose any formidable barrier to his entrance, and, in the absence of M. d'Aulney, he believed it would yield slight opposition to his sudden and impetuous assault. De Valette at the same time was ordered to divert the attention of the garrison by placing his ship in a hostile attitude before the fort, and at a given signal, pouring a broadside into the walls.

In perfect silence La Tour led on his little band, through tangled copse-wood, and dense shades; and with measured tread, and thoughts intent upon the coming strife, they crushed unheeded, the wild flower that spread its simple charms before them, and burst asunder the beautiful garlands which summer had woven in their path. The harmony of nature was disturbed at their approach; the birds nestled in their leafy coverts; the timid hare bounded before their steps, and the squirrel screened in his airy bough, chirped querulously, as they passed on, and scared the solitude of their peaceful retreat.

They at length emerged from the sheltering woods, and entered an extensive plain, which had been cleared and cultivated, and in the midst of which stood the farm-house already mentioned. It was several miles from the fort; a few men were stationed there to guard it, but the place was considered so isolated and removed from observation, that discipline was relaxed, and they were permitted to employ themselves in the labor of agriculture. La Tour's party approached almost within musket shot before the alarm was

given; and the defenders had barely time to throw themselves into the house, and barricade the doors and windows. The besiegers made a violent onset, and volley succeeded volley with a rapidity which nothing could withstand. The contest was too unequal to continue long; La Tour soon forced an entrance into the house, secured the prisoners, and took possession of the few munitions which had been stored there. He then ordered the building to be set on fire, and the soldiers, with wanton cruelty, killed all the domestic animals which were found grazing near it. Neither party sustained any serious loss, the few wounded, with the prisoners, were sent back, under a sufficient guard, to the boats, and the remainder turned from the scene of destruction with perfect indifference, and proceeded towards the fort.

The noontide sun was intensely hot, and La Tour halted on the verge of an extensive forest, to rest a few moments in its grateful shade, and quaff the refreshing waters of a stream that rolled through its green recesses. Scarcely had they resumed the line of march, or rather began to defile along the narrow path, when a confused sound, undulating on the still air, met their ears, and directly the heavy roll of a drum reverberated through the woods, and a party rushed out from the covert of tree and rock, and attacked them with overwhelming force. La Tour, with a courage and presence of mind that never deserted him, presented an undaunted front to the sudden foe, and urged his followers to stand firm, and defend themselves to the last extremity. A few pressed round him, with courage equal to his own; but the greater part, seized with a sudden panic, sought safety in flight or surrendered passively to the victor. La Tour in vain endeavored to rally them; surrounded by superior numbers, and their steps impeded by the tangled underwood, submission or destruction seemed inevitable. The proud spirit of La Tour could ill brook an alternative he considered so disgraceful, and left to sustain the conflict almost singly, he still wielded the sword with a boldness and dexterity that distanced every opponent. Yet skill and valour united were unavailing against such fearful odds; and the weapon which he would not voluntarily relinquish, was at length wrested from his grasp.

A smile of triumph lit up the gloomy features of M. d'Aulney, as he met the eye of his proud and hated enemy; but La Tour returned it by a glance of haughty defiance, which fully expressed the bitterness of his chafed and un subdued feelings. He then turned to his humbled

followers, and surveyed them with a look of angry contempt, from which the boldest shrunk abashed.

"Cowards!" he exclaimed, yielding to his indignation, "fear ye to meet my eye—would that its lightnings could blast ye, perjured and recreant as ye are!—ay, look upon the ground which should have drunk your heart's blood, before it witnessed your disgrace; look not on me, whom you have betrayed,—look not on the banner of your country which you have stained by this day's cowardice!"

A low murmur rose from the rebuked and sullen soldiers; but M. d'Aulney fearing some disturbance might take place, commanded silence, and ordered his people to secure the prisoners and prepare for instant march.

"For you, St. Etienne, Lord of La Tour," he said, "it shall be my care to provide a place of security, till the pleasure of our lawful sovereign is made known concerning you."

"To that sovereign I willingly appeal," replied La Tour, "and if a shadow of justice lingers around his throne, the rights which you have presumed to arrogate will be restored to me, and my authority established on a basis, which you will no longer venture to dispute."

"Let the writs of proscription be first revoked," said D'Aulney, with a malignant sneer, "let the names of rebel and traitor be blotted from your escutcheon, before you appeal to that justice, or seek to reclaim an authority which has long since been annulled."

"False and mean-spirited coward!" exclaimed La Tour scornfully, "you dare to insult a prisoner who is powerless in your hands, but from whose indignation you would shrink, like the guilty thing you are, had he liberty and his good sword to avenge your baseness! Go, use me as you will, use me as you dare, M. d'Aulney, but remember, the day of reckoning must ere long arrive!"

"My day of reckoning has arrived," returned M. d'Aulney, and his eye flashed with rage, "and you may well rue the hour in which you provoked my slumbering wrath."

"Your wrath has never slumbered," replied La Tour, "and my hatred to you will mingle with the last throb of my existence. Like an evil demon, you have followed me through life; your treachery blighted the hopes of my youth,—the ambition and interests of my manhood have been thwarted by your machinations, and I have now no reason to look for mercy at your hands; still, I defy your malice, and I bid you triumph at your peril."

"We have strong-holds in that fort which you

have so long wished to possess," said D'Aulney, with provoking coolness, "and traitors who are lodged there, have small chance of escaping to tell their wrongs."

La Tour made no reply, for the soldiers were in readiness to march; he was strictly guarded, and kept apart from the other prisoners, as they proceeded to the fort, but his haughty spirit was unsubdued, and his defeat only added tenfold bitterness to his hatred of M. d'Aulney.

In the meantime De Valette had strictly obeyed the instructions of La Tour. His vessel, which was large and well armed, standing in hostile array before the fort, evidently excited much sensation; and the garrison could be observed in motion, as if preparing for a vigorous defence.—The lieutenant waited with much impatience for the concerted signal to attack; but his illusions were dispelled by the appearance of the returning boats, which brought the few prisoners taken at the farm-house, and the soldiers who had escaped by flight from the fate of their commander, the latter bringing, as usual, very exaggerated accounts of their disaster. Vexed and mortified by a result so unexpected, De Valette hesitated what course to pursue, for La Tour had not thought of providing for such an exigence, as he never admitted the possibility of falling a prisoner into the hands of his bitterest foe. He well knew it would be worse than folly to attempt the rescue of La Tour, with his present force; and he therefore decided to go direct to Pemaquid and seek assistance, as they at first designed; and he also hoped to find Stanhope there, whose services at that crisis were particularly desirable.

Mons. d'Aulney had returned to his fort unexpectedly on the morning of that day. Probably he had received secret information of La Tour's intentions, and nothing could have gratified his revengeful feelings more entirely, than thus to obtain possession of his rival's person. His triumph was of course shared by the rude soldiery who served him; and, as La Tour entered the fort, every eye glanced scornfully upon his altered state. But he met their gaze with stern indifference; his step was as firm, and his bearing as lofty, as if he had entered the gates a conqueror. A small apartment which was attached to the habitable buildings of the fort, and had often served on similar occasions, was prepared for a temporary prison, until his final destination was decided. D'Aulney himself examined this apartment with jealous caution, fearing that any aperture should pass unnoticed, through which the prisoner might escape. La Tour, in the meanwhile, remained in an adjoining passage, strictly guarded, and he smiled scornfully as he obser-

ved, through the door, the superfluous care which was bestowed on his security.

As La Tour thus waited, his attention was attracted by a female, closely veiled, who flitted past him with light and rapid steps, on her way to a flight of stairs, a few paces beyond where he was standing. Her motions were confused and timid, plainly indicating that she had entered undesignedly among the actors of that rude scene. When she had ascended two or three stairs, she paused and looked back; the balustrade screened her from every eye but La Tour's, which was strangely attracted towards her. She cautiously raised her veil, and looked earnestly at him; a deep blush overspread her face, and pressing her finger on her lips, in token of silence, she swiftly ascended the stairs, and in a moment was out of sight.

La Tour stood transfixed; that momentary glance subdued every stormy passion of his soul; early scenes of joy and sorrow, of hope and disappointment, rushed on his remembrance, and clasping his hands across his brow, he remained lost in thought, till D'Aulney's voice again sounded in his ears, and renewed the strife of bitter feelings which had been so briefly calmed. His cheeks glowed with deeper resentment, and scarcely could he repress the bitter invectives that trembled on his lips. But with resolute self-command he entered the prison prepared for him, in silence, and with gloomy immobility listened to the heavy bolts which secured the door, and consign- ed him to the dreariness of profound solitude.

(To be continued.)

MORNING SONG OF FLOWERS.

BY ANNA MARY FREEMAN.

An angel came last night, and bent,
O'er us, and wept.
Because no prayer to Heaven was sent,
Before you slept.

See! on the lily's leaf there lies
A drop, like dew,—
It is a tear those angel-eyes
Let fall, for you!

Oh, let us on our sweet breath bear,
Beyond the sky,
From thy full heart, a grateful prayer,
A heavenward sigh;

So shall that loving angel weep
For joy to-night,
And watch thee in thy peaceful sleep
Till morning-light.

FLORENCE; OR, WIT AND WISDOM.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER VII.

NINA had made no innovations in her first style of dressing, and on Florence's joining her a few minutes previous to their setting out for Lady H—'s; she found her attired precisely as she had been the first night of her introduction to fashionable life; her hair plain back as usual, and no ornament, save the small gold chain which she had worn from the period of her arrival. Satisfied that sarcasms or reproaches would have no effect upon her, she made no remark beyond, "Well! my little Quakeress, true to your colours!"

And they entered the carriage in which Miss Murray was already seated.

Florence had no sooner made her appearance in the room, than she was joined by the Earl of St. Albans, and the unceasing devotion of the latter, seemed to give full sanction to the reports already in circulation, that the young Earl's final choice was made. With the exception of two or three dances, for which he asked Miss Aleyn's hand, he devoted nearly all the time to his betrothed. Nina meanwhile, who felt very lonely, involuntarily glanced round the room, in search of Percival Clinton, but he was not present, and wearied of her neglected position, she rose, and passed into the card room, in search of Miss Murray. Seeing the latter engaged in the silent mysteries of whist, she forebore to disturb her, and advancing to a table, in a far corner, she seated herself comfortably behind it, felicitating herself on her agreeable position. There was something irresistibly lulling in the softened strains of the music, the voices and mirth of the distant ball-room, whilst the quiet which reigned through the comparatively silent apartment in which she sat, was still more soothing. Insensibly she yielded to its influence; her head dropped upon her arm, and at length she was wrapped in profound sleep. How long she remained so, she could not tell, but some sudden noise awoke her with a violent start. On looking up, half bewildered, she saw young Clinton standing beside her, with a smiling countenance, which he vainly endeavoured to render serious.

"I beg a thousand pardons for disturbing you,

Miss Aleyn," he exclaimed, as he stooped to lift the volume whose sudden fall had aroused her. "I unfortunately raised this ponderous edition of Shakspeare too carelessly, and in revenge it fell, covering me with confusion."

The peculiar archness of his look, however, seemed to say the fall was not entirely accidental. Poor Nina, whom the first glance at her companion had thoroughly aroused, was speechless with confusion, and her cheek, to which he had never as yet seen one tinge of colour rise, was now dyed with scarlet. To add to her embarrassment, the gold pin which fastened her long abundant hair, had fallen out during her sleep, and, with her first movement the whole mass fell down on her neck. It would not have diminished her intense annoyance one single degree, to have known that her hair, its glossy wealth fully displayed, and her deepened colour, greatly improved her appearance, in fact, rendered her almost pretty. Clinton, who saw and felt for her evident distress, succeeded in repressing his smiles, and looking over the volume he had raised from the carpet, he passed some careless remarks upon its contents. As soon as his companion had succeeded in re-arranging her tresses, which certainly did not look as faultlessly smooth as usual, he closed the book, guiltily exclaiming.

"Surely, Miss Aleyn, you will reward me with your hand for my perseverance in seeking you out,—and, I assure you, the search occupied me nearly an hour. But perhaps you are engaged."

Nina smiled, and the smile became her well. "Do not fear it, you have not many competitors."

"I cannot believe that," was Clinton's gallant reply; "still, had I even a host of them, I am presumptuous enough to think I deserve precedence for to-night, for I alone have been successful in discovering your retreat."

Nina was silent, for the conversation was fast verging to a strain she detested; and, besides, she looked on his words as mere common-place flattery. Never did her humble heart for one moment admit the bare thought that Percival Clinton, or any other like him, would even turn out of their path for the sake of addressing her, much less find pleasure in her converse. She could not be insensible to the fact that he paid her a

considerable degree of attention; but then, how many causes could she assign for it besides the one alone flattering to herself. At first she had suspected him of a wish to amuse himself at her expense, and when his respectful courtesy and his open frankness had dispelled a doubt which had entirely prompted her early marked coldness, the certainty that he acted so to please Florence, in whom she felt assured he took no common interest, succeeded; and latterly an idea that he was partly incited by generous pity for her neglected situation mingled with her other thoughts. The last supposition was most agreeable to her feelings, and insensibly she commenced to lose some of her former icy reserve, and to converse with more freedom and animation than she had as yet displayed.

"I wonder you have the courage to select me for a partner," she exclaimed, as she rose for the dance. "I should think my brown dress and unfashionable collar, or rather the ridicule attendant upon them, would be sufficient to frighten you."

"If that ridicule does not influence you, it certainly should not alarm me. No, believe me, I honor your noble independence in adhering to your own taste and opinions whatever they may be, in despite of the mockery they might draw down on you from a frivolous and ill-judging circle."

"There is, perhaps, less of noble independence in it than you may imagine," she returned. "I remember reading in one of your English fables of some dark, insignificant bird, who by attiring himself in the brilliant and gorgeous plumage of a superior race, drew down upon himself the contempt of his own equals, as well as of the beautiful birds he attempted to compete with. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, 'tis a good 'one," he carelessly replied, pretending not to see the application; "but, may I ask if you read many of our English authors?"

"Very few, for my deficiency in your language prevents me appreciating their beauties. My reading is mostly confined to French."

"And well, indeed, have you profited by it. Really, Miss Aleyn, I am making wonderful progress under your auspices. In conversing with you, I can fancy myself in the polished circles of Paris, where, with but a few exceptions, such as your case offers, the Parisian language is alone spoken with proper elegance and precision."

"Then, for the sake of my French, you endure my dancing," and Nina slightly smiled.

"Nay, you are too severe," he rejoined, colouring at an imputation of which he was not wholly guiltless. "You must confess, I sought

you out before I knew aught of your gifts or qualities."

His listener was silent, for she remembered with gratitude that he spoke the truth. Taking Clinton's arm, without further remark, they sought the ball-room, the latter evidently in the highest spirits; nor did he soon weary of his partner—and many a dance which the fair and lovely stars of the night would willingly have shared with him, was devoted to her. Still, he was not exempt from the penalty, and showers of witty inuendoes, half suppressed smiles and sneers, during the night, were the reward of his daring.—All of these, however, he treated with his usual careless contempt, and even had he found no attraction in Nina whatever, his supreme indifference to what people might say would have been almost sufficient to induce him to adhere to his choice. Towards the close of the evening, Florence, leaning on the arm of St. Albans, and looking flushed and fatigued, entered one of the smaller sitting rooms in search of Miss Murray. Not finding her there, she approached a mirthful group who were reposing themselves at the upper end, and seated herself on an ottoman near. Her arrival was warmly welcomed, and the conversation grew still more animated, but she did not reply with her usual liveliness.

"I fear you have fatigued yourself, dear Florence," whispered the Earl in an anxious tone. "You seem out of spirits."

"No, 'tis but the reaction, and I am willing to pay the penalty, for I have amused myself more in the last few moments, and laughed more heartily than I have done for a week."

"How? pray tell us!" exclaimed a couple of voices.

"Well! about an hour ago, I was seated alone in the ball-room, completely exhausted from dancing, when a nice old gentleman with an antiquated wig and face approached me. 'May I ask, my dear young lady, if you are not Miss Fitz-Hardinge?' he said, in shrill and piping tones. 'At your service, Sir,' I exclaimed, rising and dropping him a prim courtesy.

"I am most happy to make your acquaintance, for greatly as it may surprise you, 'tis a pleasure I have much desired of late," was his rejoinder.

"You are too good," I replied, and an animated conversation ensued between us, in which I sustained to perfection the character I had adopted, that of a model young lady, professing the liveliest contempt for dancing and all sorts of gaiety in which I was induced to join, solely in compliance with the wishes of my friends, and dwelling on my fondness for domestic duties, needle-work, &c., I was strongly tempted to add

spinning, but even his simplicity might have found that suspicious. He said he was charmed to meet so rare a character in this degenerate age, and threw out some hints that I resembled a sainted sister of his, now no more, who, according to his account, was a shining ornament of the olden school. What a gem she must have been if she resembled him! I quizzed the old gentleman splendidly, but with such cleverness that he never for a moment suspected my good faith."

Had the speaker glanced at St. Albans' face, during this tirade, she would have seen a dark and ominous shadow upon it, but too much engrossed with her subject, to think of him, she continued.

"Before parting, we vowed eternal friendship; he, expressing many hopes that we should meet again; and, I on my part, loudly extolling the happiness I had derived from intercourse with so congenial a spirit."

"But will you not favor us with the name of your last conquest, Miss Fitz-Harding?" asked one of the listeners, when the jests and merriment which Florence's anecdote had created, somewhat subsided.

"I am not exactly certain of it, but of course it is Smith or Brown, a retired cheese-monger or grocer. His snuff coloured coat and elaborately elegant English at once assured me of the fact. Who knows but I have secured myself an introduction to boiled mutton and turnips in Snow Hill, some of these days! I am certain you are all envying my good fortune; but, come, my Lord St. Albans, as I wish you also to get an invitation, I will condemn you to go in quest of my antiquated knight, and ascertain his name."

"There is no necessity for that, Miss Fitz-Harding," he rejoined in an accent of bitterness, such as she had never yet heard him employ.—

"The individual in question is neither Mr. Brown nor Mr. Smith, nor yet a retired cheese-monger or grocer, but my uncle, the Duke of Redesdale, who came here to-night at my solicitation, purposely to make your acquaintance. The sister whom you conjecture as having been so very ridiculous, was my mother."

With a brow dark as night and a lip quivering with outraged feeling, the Earl hurried from the spot, leaving Florence and the group surrounding her, speechless with shame and confusion.— The latter, however, was the first to recover her self-possession, and with affected carelessness, she exclaimed:

"Really, 'tis too bad! How unfortunate it was the Earl's uncle. Had it been my own I could not feel more annoyed."

"I fear he would not have been spared in that

case either," said a witty spirit, who contended with Florence for the palm of saying the greatest number of impertinent things in the politest manner.

"Well, perhaps not, but I might have contented myself with leaving him to the mercies of your wit. In that case he would not suffer much.— However," she continued, "there is no evil without its attendant good. I shall now be invited to a ducal banquet, in lieu of the mutton and turnips. But had we not better return to the ball-room?"

Gay and careless as her demeanour appeared, Florence felt both restless and unhappy, and it was the hope of seeing her betrothed, not a wish for dancing, which prompted her anxiety for change of place. But St. Albans was not in the ball-room, and Florence felt every moment less equal to the trying task she had undertaken, of hiding beneath a smiling brow her devouring uneasiness. How fearfully long seemed the weary moments to pass; how sickening the gay folly of her companions; and, yet, she could not prevail on herself to leave for home whilst the faintest hope yet remained that the Earl might make his appearance. Suspense had yielded to anxiety amounting almost to agony, and, at length, unable to wear the mask any longer, Florence pleaded a severe head-ache, which her pale cheek fully sanctioned, and declined further dancing. After a few moments she contrived to steal unobserved into the next apartment, whose total stillness was a relief to her agitated spirit.

What a crowd of gloomy thoughts rushed upon her—of sad, bitter regrets. She felt it was a chance, uncertain as April sunshine, that she could regain her influence over the insulted and outraged feelings of her betrothed. And yet, how little she had profited by this lesson, might have been gathered from the one passionate exclamation which escaped her:—"Oh! that it had not been Sydney's uncle!"

It was the consequence, the result of her fault, not the fault itself, which awakened her remorse. "If he should refuse to be reconciled!" she suddenly exclaimed, clasping her hands, and with that thought came the recollection of his fearful coldness of look and manner. The bare supposition was dreadful, and to conquer the feeling of gasping terror it inspired, she sprang to her feet and passed out into the balcony, where the pure, fresh air, brought coolness to her fevered brow. Leaning her white arms, which glittered like ivory in the moonbeams, upon the iron balustrade, she bowed her head upon them, unmindful of the loveliness around her. How strange, how unsuited did her light robe, with its sparkling gems,

and the mournful despondency of her attitude, appear to that calm, beautiful scene; but, suddenly a faint cry escaped her lips, and she clasped the iron pillar with a movement of terror, for a slight noise at the opposite extremity of the balcony, which lay in deep shadow, struck upon her ear. A dark figure rapidly approached, and hurriedly brushed past her, apparently desirous of avoiding recognition; but her fear changed to intense delight, for the moonlight streaming full upon him, revealed the high, faultless features of St. Albans.

"Thank God, 'tis you!" she fervently exclaimed. "I had almost despaired of seeing you."

"And what would you with me, Miss Fitz-Hardinge?" was the chilling reply.

"Miss Fitz-Hardinge! Sydney, is it thus you address me? Can you so soon forget that I am your still devoted, though erring Florence?" and she imploringly raised her dark eyes, which shone with so strange a brightness in the moonlight.

"Would that I could forget it!" he rejoined, changing his tone of icy calmness, to one of deep, hurried emotion. "Would that I could forget the feelings you have wounded, outraged, as none has ever done before. And you, too, my betrothed, my affianced wife! Oh! Florence, I fear that the tenderness, the womanly feeling I had hoped to find in her who was to be my companion, my solace through life, is not to be found in you."

Florence replied not, but bowed her head in silent shame, whilst a long pause followed. Suddenly raising her head, she passionately exclaimed.

"But, you judge me too harshly. Oh! had I known, had I even possessed the faintest suspicion, that my foolish jests were directed at one bound to you by ties of friendship, much less kindred, he would have been sacred to me."

"That does not lessen your guilt," returned St. Albans bitterly. "Think you 'tis the circumstance of your victim being connected with me, that has roused my just indignation? No, 'tis the unwomanly heartlessness, that led you to turn into an object of public ridicule, a kind and simple-hearted old man, who even according to your own exaggerated account, had displayed for you nought but benevolent interest. Yes, the Duke of Redesdale came here to-night to see you, and you alone—to look on the one I had chosen to fill the place of my gentle mother. Florence! Florence! how unlike was the faultless, loveable girl I had portrayed to him as my betrothed, to the thoughtless being, from whose cold mockery, even his grey hairs and kind heart could not shield him!"

The taunt was a bitter one, and it stung his listener to the heart, yet it roused no angry emotion, and covering her face with her small hands, she murmured;

"I acknowledge it all, and yet, Sydney, I dare to ask, will you forgive me?"

She had not courage to look up, for in his dark eyes she expected to read nought but anger, or cold denial, when the Earl rejoined in his softest tones;

"Yes, Florence, freely and entirely."

With a feeling of wild delight she raised her head, but there was something in the look of deep melancholy, the compassion that rested on his features, which terrified her more than the sternest frowns could have done, and almost gasping for breath she exclaimed:

"Say again, that you have forgiven me—repeat it, Sydney, repeat it."

"Yes, from my heart,—for we must not part in anger."

"Part! Good Heavens! what do you mean?"

"Yes, Florence, part for an indefinite time—till we have both learned to correct our failings; you to subdue your mocking spirit—I to bear it with patience. The time will be long, uncertain, and if, during its lapse, you should meet with another, for whose sake you would feel willing to make greater sacrifices, to combat more earnestly against your failings, than you have done for mine, you are at liberty to cast me off for him, though I will ever consider myself bound to you, till your own lips have annulled our betrothment."

"You shall not go," said Florence, as she tightly clasped his arm. "Think you, I have confidence in your vain promises of fidelity—that I am senseless enough to believe that time and absence will not efface my image from your heart, if indeed, it ever rested there? And, tell me, where would you go?"

"Abroad:—I must leave England for months, perhaps years."

"Sydney, Sydney, you cannot mean it," she gasped, whilst a sudden feeling of weakness stole over her, and she sank back fainting on her chair.

St. Albans feeling that he dared not await her awaking, that his wavering heart could not stand the test of further prayers or tears, gently disengaged himself from her relaxing grasp, and after pressing her cold hand to his lips, hurried from the balcony, with a pallid lip and brow, which told more forcibly than the most eloquent words could have done, the fearful violence of the struggle he had undergone.

Ere the sound of his retreating footsteps had died away, Florence returned to consciousness

and to misery. The shock had been fearful, and for some time she felt unable to collect her thoughts, to form one resolve. Like a statue, she sat, her hands clasped, her pale lips compressed, but the sudden remembrance of the priceless value of each moment flashed upon her. Bitterly regretting the time already wasted, she sprang to her feet, approached the door, and after a moment's thought, bent her steps to the ball-room. Approaching a solitary side-door, she paused on the threshold, and glanced around in search of Nina. She at last discovered her, seated on a couch, at no great distance, talking with Percival Clinton. Florence dared not encounter the penetrating eye of the latter, in her then state of agitation, and she waited some moments in anxious suspense, hoping that he would go. Sick and disheartened, she had just come to the resolution of abandoning her design, when he rose, and after a few gay words to his companion, left the room by another door. Without further hesitation, she glided in, and approached Nina.

"My God! Florence," said the latter, startled by her death-like pallor. "You look very ill, I will go in search of Miss Murray."

"'Tis not her I want you to seek," was the whispered rejoinder. "Hush! come with me a moment."

Nina instantly complied, and Florence silently, but rapidly led her along the dark passage, till they reached the small chamber she had left.

"Now Nina," she said, speaking with forced, unnatural rapidity; "St. Albans and I have quarrelled, and he has threatened to leave me for a time, to go abroad; which is but another name for abandoning me for ever. Nay, start not, but listen. All this originated in some foolish jests I passed upon an old man, who addressed me without introduction. He was St. Albans' uncle, and the latter cannot forgive me. Nina, if you would save me from misery, seek the old man, and bring him here, I dare not expose my pale tearful face, to the impertinent curiosity of the dancers, or I would go myself. Ask for the Duke of Redesdale. Any one will point him out to you. Oh! hurry, hurry, he may be gone ere this!" and she clasped her hands in agony.

Like a shadow, Nina glided from the room, and with a rapidity which Florence herself could not have equalled, passed from chamber to chamber the Duke, standing near a door-way, in deep converse with a tall figure shrouded in a cloak. The latter however immediately turned away, and with a timid step she drew near. For a moment she paused, and the old nobleman's glance fell upon her. Divining from her manner that she

wished to speak to himself, yet unable to form a conjecture as to the object of her mission, he kindly exclaimed:

"I am the Duke of Redesdale. Do you wish to speak to me, my dear child?"

Nina, gaining courage, approached, and raising her earnest eyes to his, rejoined—"I come to solicit a favour. Would your Grace come but one moment with me—a young lady wishes much to see you?"

"Is her name a secret?" he gaily asked.

"No, 'tis Miss Fitz-Harding."

"Miss Fitz Hardinge!" he quickly repeated. "Oh! I will willingly attend you," and a kind smile lit up his countenance; "but, wait one moment." He turned, and beckoning to one of the domestics who was passing at the moment, whispered something, to which the man replied by a low bow.

"Now, lead on, my little guide, I am certain I can safely trust you."

Her timidity dispelled by his gentleness of tone and manner, Nina more confidently glanced up at him, and as she marked his high forehead, and kind benevolent smile, she wondered much in what Florence had found food for mirth or mockery. Forgetful, however, in her anxiety for the latter, of the age and feebleness of her companion, she was proceeding with her former rapidity, when the Duke exclaimed:

"I would not venture on a race with you, my little friend. I might bet on being the loser."

Nina, recalled to a sense of her forgetfulness, colored, and slackening her pace, rejoined:

"Forgive me, I am very selfish."

"Not selfish, but nobly anxious in the cause of your friend; but, tell me, is Miss Fitz-Harding's purpose a secret. Can you not give me some slight hint about it?"

"It would be better for her to tell it herself," said Nina, looking down.

"Then, if you will not tell me the object of your mission, you will at least inform me of your own name," and he gently passed his hand over her smooth locks.

"Nina Aleyn, my Lord."

"Nina Aleyn," he repeated with a puzzled look—"I have not heard that name before."

"I suppose not," she rejoined with a melancholy smile. "'Tis neither the name of an heiress nor a beauty, but that of a poor dependant; a dependant happy, however, in having as a protector the kindest and best hearted of women."

"Does the Earl of St. Albans know you, Miss Aleyn?"

"Slightly, my Lord."

"I fear it is, indeed, but slightly. Would, he

knew you better!" and he fixed his eyes with a strange look of wistful melancholy upon her childish face. But his companion scarcely marked the words, for as he spoke she had thrown open the door of the room where Florence was lying, her head buried in the pillows of the sofa. Her task completed, she was retiring, when Florence, whom the noise had aroused, suddenly exclaimed—

"Stay, Nina, stay, you will intercede for me; you will aid me to plead my cause."

"But what cause is to be tried?" asked the old nobleman in a cheerful tone. "Why, this is all delightfully mysterious. Are we to have a secret trial?"

"Yes, and you see before you the culprit," she murmured, as she hid her burning face in her hands. "You are the judge, and oh! be a merciful one!"

"There is no fear of that, my dear young lady; but what is the crime? Look up and defend your cause!" and he half playfully drew Florence toward him.

"I dare not," she murmured, whilst the hot tears streamed through her small fingers. "I dare not. How could I bear to witness the change my confession would make in you, to see your kind gaiety turned to contempt and aversion! for how could you look with gentleness, nay, toleration, on one who has mocked and ridiculed you, held you up to public laughter, and that all in return for the kind interest you deigned to take in her!"

"But who has done this, my child?"

"I, I," murmured the young girl. "I am that ungrateful, that heartless, being."

Lord Redesdale made no reply, but whispered a few words to Nina, who glided from the room unperceived by the sobbing Florence.

"Ah! you will not answer, you will not speak. I knew that you would not forgive me."

"My dear Florence, if you will permit me to call you so, your fault has been a very trivial one, and will be forgotten as easily as it was forgiven. Youth, gaiety, must plead for you, and you seem to have suffered enough already."

This unexpected, unmerited gentleness, touched Florence to the heart, and sinking at his feet, she raised his hand to her lips and imprinted a passionate kiss upon it.

"Nay, my dear child," he replied, deeply affected. "You are forgiven and absolved—the penitent's position will suit you no longer," and he endeavoured to raise her.

"No, suffer me to remain till I have told you all. Oh! I am unworthy of your forbearance, your goodness. And say, does it not increase my

guilt ten hundred fold, to know that I am the betrothed wife of the noble and high-hearted St. Albans. Yes, in his very hearing I showered my contemptible witticisms upon you, but, alas! he has not proved as merciful a judge as you have done. We have parted, and——"

"I know it all, my child," said the old man, gently. "He told me every thing himself."

"And did he tell you that he had left me in coldness, in estrangement? Ah! I know how unworthy I am of his noble, generous love, and yet, to lose him would break my heart. My friend, my father, intercede for me, restore him to me again, and the gratitude of a warm, devoted heart, will be eternally yours."

"Intercede for yourself, my dear Florence. Surely your voice will be more potent than mine. Turn to Sydney, ask him as you have asked me, and he cannot refuse your prayer."

Suddenly, Florence raised her head. The Earl was beside her, and his dark eyes, which shone with a strange tearful brilliancy, were bent down earnestly upon herself. And well might that scene have dimmed with gentle drops, even sterner eyes than his. The touching humility of the attitude of his young betrothed, as in her costly robes and gems, she knelt at the feet of the old man, her beautiful brow bowed in such deep, overwhelming grief on the small white arms, whose loveliness the rich wealth of her drooping hair nearly veiled. The heart of the young Earl was deeply touched, and her last passionate words, which had fallen on his ear, spoke loudly in her favour. Florence, overwhelmed with surprise, filled too with a strange sort of timidity, of dread, which she had never known before, spoke not, but after the first quick glance at her lover, covered her face again with her hands. The Duke of Redesdale quickly said:

"Forgive her, dear Sydney, for my sake, for her own. Her deep contrition has more than expiated her venial error."

It was not in St. Albans' gentle, generous nature to resist further, and he kindly raised Florence from the ground, with a whispered assurance, that brought the rich colour back to her pale cheek, and joy and happiness to her heart. The old Duke meanwhile turned, and addressed a few words to Nina, who had been of no inconsiderable service in bringing about the happy reconciliation. She it was who, in compliance with Lord Redesdale's whispered injunction, had sought out the Earl, and brought him back, under pretence of his uncle's wishing to see him, carefully suppressing all mention of Florence, whom he had not even dreamed of, as connected in the slightest degree with the message, till his

startled eye fell upon her bowed and kneeling figure; a position which had softened him more than the most passionate entreaties and tears could have done. Narrow indeed had been her escape. Her betrothed, wrought up to a pitch of stern resolve, had already acquainted his uncle with his intention of leaving England, and delaying at least for a considerable time his nuptials. Faithfully had he related the cause of his indignation, and it grieved the kind-hearted old man deeply, to find, that he might be the unwilling instrument of bringing sorrow and desolation on a young, though thoughtless head. Having vainly remonstrated with the Earl, with whom he had been in conference when Nina approached, he resolved at least to give him time to reflect, and on hearing that Nina wished to speak to him, instantly conjecturing from whom she came, he had sent one of the domestics to St. Albans, with a request "that he would wait for him during a few moments, when they would both leave together." Nina had immediately found the Earl, when sent in search of him, and the latter, though somewhat surprised, had unhesitatingly obeyed the mandate.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT lesson was not without its effect on Florence, and for a length of time she succeeded in repressing the sallies of her thoughtless spirit. The Earl was more affectionate, more indulgent than ever, and he inwardly resolved to bear with patience every folly of his betrothed which did not pass the bounds of reason. He was incited to this by the full certainty of the misery he had been so near inflicting on one who, despite her many errors, loved him not for his rank or riches but for himself alone. The extent of that misery had been fully revealed to him by the scene he had witnessed, the words he had overheard the night of Lady H—'s fête, and condemning himself for his hastiness and severity he resolved to atone for it by increased indulgence. But it was long before Florence needed that indulgence, for she had stood too near the brink of the precipice not to recede from rashly tempting it again. The circumstance, too, of the rapid approach of the period destined for her nuptials, and a dim fore-shadowing at times of graver thoughts and cares than any which had yet marked her sunny life, all tended to subdue in some degree her wild folly and to give her cause for deeper thought.—It was now an event perfectly well known in the gay world, that "the witty and beautiful Miss Fitz Hardinge," to quote the *Morning Journal*, was betrothed to the Earl of St. Albans, and

many a polished flattery and smile was lavished on the happy fair one, who was to rejoice so soon in the lofty title of Countess of St. Albans. Various speculations were rife as to the fashion of her wedding clothes, the setting of her diamonds, before Florence had even thought of them herself, and civil speeches were uttered and compliments paid from lips that dealt not often in such coin, with a view of ensuring cards for the future entertainments at St. Albans' Castle. A stranger meanwhile to all such hopes and fears, Nina pursued her tranquil way, and read, sewed or knitted with her early assiduity. No one felt her presence in the house, her calm voice was rarely, if ever heard in tones of mirth; she issued no commands, gave no opinions, and yet few would have been so missed as herself. Almost unconsciously Miss Murray had yielded up to her the chief burden of household cares; if anything was lost or missing, Nina was applied to; if any unwelcome or prosy guests were to be received, Nina was deputed to entertain them; if a tedious account was to be settled, house articles purchased, a room festooned with roses for a party, Nina of course would see to all that, and yet no individual save herself was conscious of the extent of the responsibility imposed upon her, so quietly did she do every thing, gliding from room to room with her noiseless step and quiet voice. But if any one was sick or suffering, then was her worth felt, though not perhaps sufficiently appreciated. Had Miss Murray a head-ache, who could smooth her pillows or administer her drops as skilfully as Nina. Did Florence, a prey to an attack of ennui or listlessness, fancy herself indisposed, who could wile away her illness as well as Nina, with her unwearying patience and amusing simplicity. The latter was alternately her butt or her *confidante*. One moment she would ridicule her prim ideas, her dress, her customs; the next confide to her, her most intimate hopes and fears without reserve. Her secrets or her sarcasms, her companion ever received with the same imperturbable tranquillity; and, Florence little dreamed of the depth of feeling, the shrinking sensitiveness concealed beneath her passionless exterior. Yet there was one who already understood her unobtrusive usefulness, her humble worth, one to whom her untrammelled fresh converse, her childish simplicity of character, ever proved a refreshing change from the studied words and hackneyed smiles of the daughters of fashion. It was Percival Clinton, the warm admirer of beauty, the extoller of personal loveliness; he who had bowed for a time before the shrine of every star of fashion and quitted all in turn, heart and fancy free. Yes, Percival Clinton, unconsciously to

himself, had admitted into his breast a feeling of whose existence he did not even dream. The charm he found in Nina's unworldliness and gentleness, rendered her society at all times pleasing, whilst the total absence of anything in the shape of a competitor proved to one of his jealous and impatient temperaments an additional charm. She was always free; when he chose to seek her out he was certain of seeing no smiling rival in his place, engrossing the thoughts and attention of one whom, notwithstanding the peculiarity of his feelings, he blindly fancied he looked upon merely in the light of a passing friend. It is more than probable that had Nina become the fashion and gained a train of admirers, the change would have lost her Percival Clinton. The perfect freedom from anything like embarrassment or girlish timidity in one so young and inexperienced, at first astonished him. His compliments never produced the slightest confusion, nor could the warmer words he sometimes ventured on, ever call the faintest tinge of crimson to her pale cheek. Nina met such advances with the same indifference that she would have listened to remarks upon the weather or season. This strange contradiction of character, at first puzzled him, and once or twice, when she had replied to some whispered words, such as he addressed to her, with a coldness, a calm composure, which the most inveterate coquette could scarcely have exhibited, he secretly accused her of want of girlish timidity, of delicacy, but ten minutes further converse in her society, ever dispelled such harsh thoughts. Had he known more of Nina, had he possessed the power of descending into the depths of her pure heart, he would have found it was her perfect, her overwhelming humility, which prompted her strange composure. Yes, Nina Aleyn, with her engrossing consciousness of her own plainness of person, her deficiency in accomplishments or manner, would have deemed it a great presumption to have regarded aught that such a being as Percival Clinton, eloquent, handsome, sought by the rich and beautiful, might say, in any light save that of a common place remark, or idle observation. Had she wished it, she could not have flattered herself with the pleasant conviction that he was ever sincere in his praises, that his assurances of friendship, of devotion, were ever aught else than idle words. Had such a belief for one moment found a place in her thoughts, a glance at the brilliant and lovely Florence, or the high-born companions who rivalled her in beauty, and on whom Clinton ever looked with a cold and careless eye, was sufficient to repress it, and substitute a feeling of sad, though not bitter humilia-

tion. Latterly nearly every day beheld Clinton, as well as the privileged St. Albans, a welcome guest at Miss Murray's. It was just beginning to dawn on Florence's comprehension, that Clinton sought Nina's society, for the pleasure he derived from it, not for the sake of amusing himself at her expense, as she had hitherto supposed, and partly from good feeling, partly from mischief, she encouraged it as much as lay in her power, leaving Nina and Clinton undisturbed in their long conferences, and affecting to be perfectly blind to the state of things. She even refrained, with rare self command, from quizzing Nina on the subject, for she saw with intense amusement, that the latter was perfectly unconscious of the position in which she stood, perfectly unconscious of her being the object of Clinton's open and noted attention, a circumstance which infused additional bitterness into the remarks passed by satirical fair ones, on her absurd manners and ridiculous dress. One flattering balm, however, they always laid to their wounded self-love, and that was the assurance, that "he was only amusing himself with the little oddity." One day, whilst Florence was seated in the saloon, pondering on the miracle it would be, if the high-born, fastidious Mr. Clinton entertained any thing like a real feeling of admiration for her quaint little relative, the door opened, and the individual in question, accompanied by St. Albans, entered. His second question, was for Miss Aleyn, but Nina was indisposed, and Florence inwardly smiled at the look of impatient disappointment which overspread his features, as she informed him of it.

"How have you been amusing yourself lately, Miss Fitz-Hardinge?" asked the Earl, who wished to withdraw her observation from the discontent of his companion, which he also remarked.

"I assure you I have been very busy and done a great deal—embroidered in Berlin wool, a shepherd's crook, painted half a butterfly, learned the first bars of twenty new songs, and finished the sketches I told you I was writing."

"Is it possible? I will have them now, Miss Fitz-Hardinge, will I not; for you promised them to me long since. I am all impatience to see them."

"You'll find the volume in the writing desk beside you. A blue and silver cover, quite sentimental, is it not?—Come Mr. Clinton, listen to this new waltz. Music, you know, is a sovereign remedy for dispelling the sulks."

Clinton catching her meaning, gaily smiled, and advanced towards the instrument, while St. Albans in pursuance of Florence's command, opened

her writing desk. There were two thin manuscript volumes in it, bound in blue, but the upper one, inscribed "Sketches from Life," he necessarily judged to be the right one, and placing it in his bosom, approached Florence, to pay his tribute of admiration to her brilliant performance. Their stay was not long, for Clinton manifested unusual symptoms of weariness and inattention, and St. Albans, who could no longer misconstrue his palpable impatience, rose to go.

"You must return my sketches to-morrow," said Florence, playfully, "for I may be in the vein."

"But may I ask, what are those sketches?" was Clinton's question.

"Only a few random thoughts, written on paper. A specimen I am giving to Lord St. Albans of my talents as a writer."

"Are they sacred to him alone," he gaily resumed, "or may the profane presume to look upon them?"

"I understand you, you wish also to have the privilege of inspecting them. Then, be it so, provided my Lord St. Albans will answer for your discretion and extort from you a promise that you will not pass off any of the good things, the book may contain, as your own."

"*Mille gratie.*" exclaimed Clinton, bowing low, as he passed out, "and, by-the-bye, Miss Fitz-Harding, please remember me most respectfully to Miss Aleya."

"Aye! that's the burden of his song now," said Florence to herself; "however, I will go and give it at once, though I might as well deliver it to a pillar of salt, as to my icy little friend."

With a light touch she asked admittance, and ere Nina replied, threw open the door. The latter, who looked very pale, was seated at a table writing, whilst a long tress of glossy hair, evidently just severed from her head, lay before her; but more surprising than all this, was the fact of the paper being blotted with tears which fell like rain from beneath her long lashes.

"What, you, my stoical relative, Nina, the icy, the impassible, in real downright tears!" exclaimed Florence recoiling in half real surprise. With a hasty movement, Nina gathered up the letter and hair, and thrust them into her desk, whilst a faint flush mounted to her cheek.

"But may I ask," said Florence, "if it is not indiscreet, what subject has drawn tears from so frozen a source? Is it an elegy on some deceased canary, or some fresh delinquency of the incorrigible Florence?"

"'Tis neither; I am writing home."

"Home, is not this your home? But no, you allude to your Alpine one, where you

Hunt the Stag,
On the slippery crag.

A rather exciting amusement it must be confessed, especially if the crags be improved by a thin coating of ice. But, Nina, dearest, look not so stern, your face could never be tortured into resembling a thunderbolt. You cannot surely be angry with me for expressing a surprise as real as 'tis unbounded. Really," and her tone grew graver, "I consider it in the light of a phenomenon. I would almost as soon expect to see huge tears rolling down the furrowed sides of the frozen Alps or from that marble Diana, as down your cheeks."

"'Tis well for me I shed them but seldom, and still better you never witness them, for they gain me but little sympathy."

Notwithstanding the calmness of her tone, Florence felt that Nina was annoyed, and now that "she had said her say," she wished to banish it from her thoughts. After delivering Clinton's message, which was heard with perfect indifference, she launched forth into her usual frivolous though amusing strain, in which she soon effectually succeeded in forgetting, if Nina did not, the annoyance she had so late inflicted on the latter.

To be continued.

SPRING.

BY M.

'Tis morn—the re-Invigorated voice
Of Nature, speaks of the return of Spring:
The feathered songsters of the grove rejoice,
From spray to spray they flit on wanton wing—
Unnumbered boughs are sending forth their buds,
The grass and flowers spring up in new born life,
The Zephyr's breath sounds sweetly through the woods,
And every thing with feelings strange seems rife—
Even man—the lord of the creation feels,
New power within his veins—his eyes more bright,
Beams with a livelier glow, as oft he steals,
A sidelong glance at her—his heart's delight—
New born impulses vibrate through his heart,—
While he—all nature shouts—lo! Spring, thou art.
Montreal, April, 1849.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY R. A. D.

"How blest, my dear brother," said Sylvia one day,
"Should I be, would you quit this bad habit of play?
Do you mean to relinquish it never?"
"When you cease to coquet, I'll quit play," he replied,
"Ah, plainly I see, my dear brother," she cried,
"You're determined to gamble for ever!"

THE STORMING OF FORT NIAGARA.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

(THIS NARRATIVE HAS BEEN PREPARED FROM INFORMATION DERIVED FROM A GENTLEMAN OF MILITARY RANK, AN APPROVED SOLDIER, ONE OF THE STORMERS.)

The Capture of Fort Niagara, on the 19th of December, 1813, was one of the most successful exploits recorded in the annals of military achievement.

The enemy had succeeded on the 27th of the previous month of May, in getting possession of Fort George, (the British military post, on the Niagara river, nearly opposite Fort Niagara,) by landing an overwhelming force under cover of the guns of his squadron; which anchored as near the shore as possible, and swept the plain around Fort George and the adjoining village of Newark, (the present Niagara,) with showers of shot. A most determined resistance was offered by thirteen hundred men, (regulars and militia,) under Major General Vincent, but 'twas of no avail. In fact, the wonder is, that any effort should have been made to repel the enemy on the beach, advancing as he did under cover of an iron shower no rampart of human bodies could resist.

After this, the enemy held possession of the place till the 12th December following, when they crossed the river to their own side, previously destroying the village of Newark; delivering up to the flames the houses and property of the unoffending inhabitants, under circumstances of great and unnecessary cruelty.

The weather had been unusually severe for several days previous to the 10th December, and every one here knows what a Canadian winter is. Towards nightfall on that day, notice was first conveyed to the inhabitants of the intention to burn the village. They could not believe it true, but they were soon convinced, by the appearance of the incendiaries. Men, women, and children, huddled together outside their dwellings, saw the torch of the brutal enemy applied, and their all destroyed;—houseless, they wandered as best they could for shelter, from cold and want. It must have been a dreadful scene; many hundreds of old and infirm men (for all the young and able-bodied had taken arms and were away)—these old and infirm men, and women, with their children and grand-children, wandering from their burnt homes, over snow and in darkness, to the nearest farm-houses.

It was a desperately cruel and wanton act. The commanding officer declared he had orders to destroy the place from the Secretary of War, but the latter denied it. The excuse for the atrocity was, to prevent the British troops, who were then rapidly advancing, from finding shelter, but it is entirely insufficient.

Bitterly did the enemy repent the act, (although it was not the first of the kind he had committed—he had, during the summer, destroyed the village of St. David's) bitterly did he repent it, and dearly did he pay for it. In three short weeks from the night when the flames of Newark reddened the sky, the whole of the enemy's frontier from Erie to Ontario was black with smoking ruins; not a house was left standing: fire and sword swept away both population and habitations; and in August of the following year, when the British army took possession of Washington, Newark was not forgotten.

Major General Vincent, then posted at Burlington Heights, having heard of various wanton acts and proceedings of the American General and forces at Fort George and in its neighbourhood, detached Colonel Murray of the 100th Regiment, with 400 men of his own corps towards the enemy;—who abandoned the ground as he advanced. The following despatch from Colonel Murray to General Vincent, will explain more fully:—

FORT GEORGE, Dec. 12, 1813.

SIR,—Having obtained information that the enemy had determined on driving the country between Fort George and the advance, and was carrying off the loyal part of the inhabitants, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, I deemed it my duty to make a rapid and forced march towards him with the light troops under my command, which not only frustrated his designs, but compelled him to evacuate Fort George, by precipitately crossing the river, and abandoning the whole of the Niagara Frontier. On learning our approach, he laid the town of Newark in ashes, passed over his cannon and stores, but failed in an attempt to destroy the fortifications, which are evidently so much strengthened whilst in his possession, as might have en-

abled General McClure (the commanding officer) to have maintained a regular siege; but such was the apparent panic, that he left the whole of his tents standing. I trust the indefatigable exertions of this handful of men have rendered an essential service to the country, by rescuing from a merciless enemy the inhabitants of an extensive and highly cultivated tract of land, stored with cattle, grain and provisions of every description; and it must be an exultation, to them to find themselves delivered from the oppression of a lawless banditti, composed of the disaffected of the country, organized under the direct influence of the American Government, who carried terror and dismay into every family.

I have the honor to be,

&c. &c.,

J. MURRAY, Colonel.

To Major General Vincent,
&c. &c. &c.

The description given in the last paragraph of the despatch, of the banditti by whom the outrages on the inhabitants were chiefly perpetrated, affords melancholy proof of the intensity of hatred engendered between residents of the same country, and neighbours, by political differences. A portion of the American army consisted of a corps named the "Canadian Volunteers,"—altogether composed of residents of Canada, (but who chiefly had been citizens of the United States.) Many of them, no doubt, considered that the enemy would overrun the country, and joined their ranks under that conviction;—others did so from national predilections; and perhaps not a few from political or social animosities. Their leader was a person of the name of Willcocks, who, at the beginning of the war, was apparently loyal and true, and had combatted the enemy at Queenston; but, either that he thought the country would be conquered, or was false to his colours in his heart, he went over to the enemy, and formed the corps of Canadian Volunteers, accepting the commission of Major. It is understood that he was a principal instigator to the barbarity of destroying Newark, urged on, as is asserted, by personal and political annoyances from members of the loyal families of the neighbourhood (and in those days the disloyal were, as the poet has said of Angel's visits, "few and far between.") The traitor was an Irishman (a Protestant) and had been a magistrate of the Home District. He fought vindictively against us until killed at Fort Erie, and it is gratifying to know that he and the larger portion of the traitorous crew he commanded, were slain during the war. But although Colonel

Murray alluded to that band of villains as the lawless banditti from whom the inhabitants of the country had suffered so much violence and oppression, yet it must not be supposed they were alone in such conduct. The enemy, generally, wherever they appeared in Canada, acted harshly and vindictively. The consequence was, (for even women and children were zealous to defeat and destroy the enemy, as numerous facts can testify,) almost every inhabitant of the country, male or female, was animated against them by the fiercest hostility,—the most deadly animosity.

So intense and burning was the thirst for vengeance, for the wanton barbarities that had just been perpetrated upon them, that the immediate invasion of the enemy's country was determined on.

Colonel Murray,—a bold and enterprising officer,—conceived the project of carrying the strong fort of the enemy at Niagara by a *coup de main*, and arrangements were immediately made for that purpose. The Americans, when they fled from Fort George, had removed all the boats they could collect, and it became necessary to bring others from Burlington Bay.—To conceal the project from the eye of the enemy, who could survey every movement, and all that was doing on the Canadian shore, the boats were not brought nearer than two to three miles from Fort George, and from that point they were transported by land from the lake to the river, or rather, to a very deep ravine about a mile above the Fort, where they were secretly deposited. This service was handsomely effected by Captain Kerby, a militia officer, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and badness of the roads. A sufficient number of batteaux were thus collected for the enterprise. It was the intention to have made the attempt during the night of the 16th, and accordingly the men were under arms at midnight, near the ravine where the boats were,—but after waiting an hour or so, an order was received to turn the men in again. Again the next night, at the same hour, they were again under arms, and after a long delay were a second time ordered to turn in. These disappointments caused a good deal of murmuring among the men. It savoured of great indecision, which soldiers have a strong dislike to, and not without good reason, for men knowing their lives to be in the hands of their Commander, become naturally greatly dissatisfied and out of humour at any symptom of irresolution. It was so on the night in question, particularly the second night, when many observations were made by the men, in an under voice, not very flattering to the chief—about harrassing the men—not knowing his own mind—&c. &c.

It afterwards transpired that the cause of the first delay was, that, at the last moment, it was considered, the number of boats was insufficient, and the second night, General Drummond having arrived at Fort George, wished to inspect personally the arrangements and the force to be employed. The night of the 18th arrived, and again at the dead hour of midnight, the troops were under arms, but this time, there was no order to turn in. The batteaux had been all launched into the river, at a spot directly facing the site of the present village of Youngstown; and the river being little more than half a mile wide at that point, the operation had to be performed with the utmost care, so that no unusual noise should alarm the enemy. It was subsequently ascertained that the Americans had either received an intimation of the intention to cross the river on the night of the 16th or 17th, for on both those nights they had been on the alert, or else that, having recovered from the panic which had produced their hurried flight from Fort George, and considering there was no longer any fear of a visit from the British, they became careless; for, whilst it is certain that they kept good watch and guard on the nights of the 16th and 17th, it is equally certain that, on the night of the 18th, they neglected to do so. It was most fortunate after all, that the men had been turned in on the nights of the 16th and 17th,—although, at the time, it was considered so pestilent a bore.

The secrecy with which the expedition was planned, was not more admirable than the fidelity displayed by every man, regular or irregular, on the British side of the river:—for not a suspicion seems to have been entertained on the night of the 18th, that the attempt was to be made. Not a desertion took place; no inhabitant communicated with the enemy. The desire for vengeance animated every breast, to the exclusion of every other consideration.

The troops destined for the enterprise consisted of a small detachment of the Royal Artillery, the grenadiers of the Royal Scots (the present Royal Regiment,) the flank companies of the 41st, and the effective men of the 100th Regiment, amounting altogether to nearly 500 men.

Colonel Murray's quarters were in a farmhouse near the ravine where the batteaux were launched, and about an hour before the embarkation took place, an officer of the 41st, Lieutenant Bullock, (now Colonel Bullock, late Adjutant General of Militia for Upper Canada,) having occasion to see him, entered the room where he was. Lieutenant Dawson, of the 100th Regiment, the volunteer to lead the forlorn-hope, had entered

a few moments before. The following conversation took place between them:—

“What description of men have you got, Dawson, for the forlorn-hope? Can you rely on them?”

“I can, Colonel,—I know every man of them; they can all be depended on.”

“Yes, yes,—Dawson,—I dare say that, but what I mean is, are they a desperate set. The fact is, I want fellows who have no consciences; for not a soul must live between the landing-place and the Fort! There must be no alarm given the enemy.”

“They are just that description of men, Colonel.”

Murray smiled upon his young officer, and said no more.

At midnight, all the preparations for embarkation having been made, the men moved down to the boats, under strict injunction not to open their lips, or make the slightest noise, and all embarked as stealthily as so many house-breakers. An eddy at the point of embarkation, set up the river, and this was taken advantage of to proceed noiselessly a mile or two up, before using the oars to cross. The oars were muffled, and with scarcely a sound, that body of resolute men sped over the swift waters of the Niagara. The boats touched the shore a little below the Five-mile Meadows, about three miles above the Fort. There the force landed as noiselessly as they had embarked, and formed on the bank, in the following order of attack:—Advanced guard, or (forlorn-hope,) Lieut. Dawson and twenty rank and file, (volunteers from the 100th Regiment,) grenadiers 100th Regiment; Royal Artillery with grenades; five companies of the 100th Regiment, under Lieut. Col. Hamilton, to assault the main gate and escalade the works adjacent; three companies of the 100th, under Captain Martin, to storm the eastern demi-bastion; Captain Bailey, with the grenadiers, Royal Scots, was directed to attack the salient angle of the fortification; and the flank companies of the 41st Regiment, led by Lieut. Bullock, were ordered to support the principal attack. Each party was provided with scaling ladders and axes.

The force was soon in motion towards the fort. The night was dark: the sky pretty much clouded over: no moon was visible, but an occasional star twinkled dimly through the darkness as if to light them to their work. The ground was hard frozen, with a slight sprinkling of snow. Silence! Silence! was the word, and every man trode cautiously and stealthily, as if not to awake a sleeper.

The site of the present village of Youngstown

THE STORMING OF FORT NIAGARA.

was then occupied by a solitary tavern of large dimensions, with its outbuildings. It is distant just one mile from the Fort:—not a soul had been seen up to that point,—but, there, not very far from the tavern door, was discerned, with shadowy indistinctness, the form of a sentry. Up towards him breathlessly crept the leading files of the forlorn-hope;—he neither saw nor heard them,—he was within their reach—he was seized by the throat, whilst “Silence, or you’re a dead man,” was breathed in his ear:—“Give the watch-word,”—(it is said that Colonel Murray had previously obtained the watchword from a deserter, and that the sentry at first gave a wrong word, when commanded to give the watchword, but afterwards the right one.) The stern order “Not a soul must live between the landing-place and the Fort,” was remembered, and, whilst hands clutched the throat and covered the mouth of the victim, to prevent the escape of sound, several bayonets were passed through his body, and his corpse laid on the ground—that over, light and sounds from the house, showed, the enemy’s picquet was there. The men mounted the steps of the door,—it was not locked or bolted,—they entered,—upon one side of the passage, was a capacious room, the full length of the house; a stove was near the end furthest from the door, and around it, some of the picquet were asleep, whilst others were playing at all-fours at a table not far from the stove, by the dim light of a tallow-candle. Slowly and stealthily towards them crept, the desperate men of the forlorn-hope: the sleepers breathed hard in their sleep, (it was the last they took as living men)—the card-players played on,—engrossed by their game. The men of death were within a few yards of them—unobserved,—when one, raising his card as if to play, exclaimed: “What’s trumps?” A dreadful response—“Bayonets are live between the landing-place and the Fort,” was executed on all. The tavern-keeper, a large, corpulent man, awakened by the noise, descended the stairs, and met his death beneath the murderous bayonet, in the passage of the house, falling in a half-sitting posture against the partition.

The work of death being complete at that point, on, as noiselessly as before, crept the force towards the enemy’s stronghold,—then, not more than a mile distant.

Fort Niagara was built by the French: it consists of a large stone edifice, and two stone block-houses within the earth-work and picketing, surrounded by a ditch;—one face fronts the River Niagara; another, the Lake Ontario; and the rear, is on the land-side, towards Youngstown.

The highway runs along the river side from Youngstown, and conducts to the gate of the Fort, which is on the front face.

The forlorn-hope, under young Dawson, led along the high road to the gate—the grenadiers of the 100th following closely, led by Capt. Fawcett,—the rest of the force was destined to escalate the works, front and rear.

The enemy’s strength was nearly that of the assaulting party, and it will therefore be at once perceived how essential it was that the surprise should be complete. Hence the stern necessity of the order that none should live between the place of landing and the Fort; an order which no consideration of lesser magnitude could have justified.

Silently, and with death-like stillness,—the British force approached the Fort. Not a sound was heard by the unsuspecting enemy. Occasionally, a slight crackling of thin ice in a rut of the road beneath a soldier’s foot, would be heard, but that was all. The leading files were close upon the gate—when, singular to relate—as if every incident favoured the attempt, the wicket of the gate was found to be open: there was no sentry outside. The cause of the wicket being open was, that the relief to the sentry stationed by the enemy close to the water’s edge, had but a minute previously passed out. The negligence of the enemy was wonderful.

The leading file looked in at the wicket, saw a sentry a few paces from it; he stepped in—another followed, and another:—the sentry caught sight of them:—alarmed, he discharged his piece, and fled: but faster than he, rushed the destroyer: he was bayoneted before he had run many yards;—but ere this, a shout had arisen, loud as if all the devils in hell had broke loose. The sound of the sentry’s piece had loosened the tongues of the assaulting force, and all was uproar, where, a minute previously, a grave-like silence had prevailed. In at the gate, burst the grenadiers of the 100th:—the scaling ladders were planted, and over the exterior works the assaulting force clambered rapidly with loud hurrahs. Forward they rushed to the block-houses, and the large stone building: the enemy had not time to barricade the doors: the bayonet was soon at its work, and down went the garrison before it. After a brief but ineffectual resistance, the Fort was ours. Resistance having ceased, so did the slaughter. The only officer killed on our side, was Lieut. Nowlan, of the 100th Regiment. He had been among the first to enter, and had rushed to the block-house nearest the gate; a soldier of the enemy hearing the disturbance, had come to the door, but sprung from it on seeing the advancing Stormer. Nowlan lunged at him

as he sprang, and killed him,—when another American, from behind the door, thrust his bayonet through him; he fell, but, in falling, pulled a pistol from his belt and shot his destroyer. Colonel Murray himself was severely wounded in the arm. The total of our loss was 6 killed and 5 wounded; that of the enemy was 79 killed; all with the bayonet—65 bodies were found inside the Fort, and 14 outside, where they had crept and bled to death:—344 prisoners were taken, and many escaped over the picketing.

In twenty minutes from the first shout of the Stormers, all was over, and the British colours floated from the stonae tower of Niagara.

Just then,—day began to break, and the early dawn of a bright winter morning, was welcomed by the joyous shouts of the desperate soldiery, fresh from the performance of their ghastly duty: a large body of them had assembled on the flat roof of the large stone edifice, already alluded to; and, to the music of "St. Patrick's day in the morning," by a young fifer of the "Old Hundredth," they danced in the intoxication of victory.

Soon, the inhabitants, on the British side of the Niagara, descried their own beloved flag floating from the topmost battlement of the enemy's strong-hold; and the faint echo of their cheers fell on the ear, and gratified the feelings of the victorious combatants.—General Drummond shortly afterwards crossed the river, and the troops having been formed in close column, in the centre of the Square, he thanked them for their daring conduct, and admirable discipline.

When the news reached Montreal, Sir Sydney Beckwith, (Commanding the Garrison,) in his delight, ordered, (though it was the dead of night,) the Artillery of the Old Citadel Hill to pour forth its thunder in honor of the event.—The wonder of the good citizens, (not to say their terror,) was great indeed, at the sound of cannon at such an untimely hour; and none for a time knew what to make of it;—but soon the intelligence spread, and they, and their startled wives and children, sought again their drowsy couches, more fully satisfied than ever, that Canada would not be a prey in the talons of the Yankee Eagle, notwithstanding his threatening aspect, and war-like screech.

It was confidently stated at the time, that Sir Sydney got a rap over the knuckles (as a reprimand is commonly termed,) from the Commander in Chief, Sir George Prevost, for the singular military irregularity, of publishing the gratifying intelligence to the inhabitants of Montreal and its vicinity, by the roar of cannon, at midnight.

It exhibited, at all events, the importance attached to the bold exploit.

VERSES

TO A DESPONDING FRIEND.

"Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd—
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow!"

Yes! though thy youthful brow wears ample trace
Of brooding sorrow seated in the heart;
Time yet those wrinkled furrows shall efface,
And probe the poison from the wounded part.
A change must come;—a polar star arise,
To mark an outward path from sorrow's tomb;
And grief, retiring, wipe her swollen eyes,
For blighted youth, to wear its wonted bloom.
As Nature's varied, ever changing still—
An open page of knowledge given to man;
So he may read, and ponder there until
He wisdom find, while learning her to scan.
Oh! that a throb of heav'nly love—how pure!—
Could make thy soul in ecstasy to feel
The good in Nature's world,—it would allure
Thy thoughts away, through brighter spheres to wheel.
The blast that sweeps athwart—in scowling rage,
O'er fertile plains, in turbulence and storm,
Reveals to the philosopher and sage
The pow'r of God;—who there betrays his form.
And goodness, too,—for though the atmosphere,
When calm and pensive, oft engenders death,
Soon from the aerial world in wild career,
The sons of Boreas sweep its baneful breath.
There's change in all things!—see the changeful year,
Revolving varied, as it wheels through time,
In speedy flight, and drawing us more near
To verge eternal—fearful yet sublime!
The balmy sigh of hope-inspiring Spring—
Its partial sunshine, and its vernal showers;
Its feathery fair ones, eager on the wing,
Its buds and blossoms, and its infant flow'rs —
Doth change to Summer, with its cloudless sky—
Empyrean King of day, and short-liv'd night;
Its woodland choir, and streamlets murmur'ing by,
Its flowery meads, and rays of dancing light,
And then to Autumn, with its golden glow—
Its gorgeous sunsets, and its dew-bath'd morn;
Its cluster'd fruits, and fields where plenty flow,
Its humming crowds, and Luna's harvest horn.
Then into Winter with its hoary crest.
Its fretted icicles, and vault of blue,
With northern breezes, wakening hunger's seat,
And frozen lakes where age doth life renew.
So in the Moral, as in Nature's world,
Life there revolves in ever-changing hue —
The buckler'd war hosts with their bans unfur'd,
No more these plains with deeds of carnage strew.
The clattering war hoof,—and the clashing spear,
Are still; nor glitter dalliant i' the sun,
The sweeter sound of labour meets the ear;
War worships Peace, her greatest trophy won.
The listless gaze of ignorance is chang'd,
For look intelligent and smile benign;
And man with man is living less estrang'd,
As learning sets her gems in Virtue's shrine.
From Nature's lips—soft clear, or roaring wild—
Do ever flow pure strains of harmony,
And man, erewhile her least melodious child,
Now joins her song with genial sympathy.
Then tune no more thy youthful voice to sorrow,
'Tis not in unison with Nature's strain;
What tho' she weeps to-day, she smiles to-morrow!
Change gilds her temple, and adorns her fane.

THE PARENT'S CURSE;*

OR, THE ORPHAN OF WINDSOR FOREST.

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD,

AUTHORESS OF THE PIRATE'S PROTEGE, MADELINE, AND OTHER TALES.

CHAPTER VI.

THE day was as fine as any pleasure loving party could wish, and the way taken by our equestrians lay through one of those romantic scenes on which the eye delights to linger.

Lawton assisted Lady Harriet to her saddle, and then sprang lightly to his own, and riding by her side, they moved down the avenue which led to the hall.

"Rather coolly done," remarked Lord Percival, as he took the reins of Lady Julia's horse, from the hand of the footman who held him, and placed them in her own, "if you madcaps do not return with broken necks, they may thank their presiding genii, not their own superior prudence."

By the time the rest of the party had left the hall, Lady Harriet and Lawton had reached the highway, and were pursuing their route as unconcernedly as if they were all of whom the party consisted. Lord Percival, somewhat piqued at the desertion of Lady Harriet, with whose witty vivacity he had been delighted, now rode beside Lady Julia, and as he listened to the rich outpourings of her cultivated mind, he forgot that he had hoped that day to be the companion of her volatile cousin. Sir Edgar Roscoe, a young baronet of twenty years, devoted himself to Lady Ellen; and Lord Frederick and Florence were left to their own companionship.

The distance from the hall to the ruins of the old castle was little more than ten miles, and was soon passed over by the happy party, who, leaving their horses at the nearest farm house, prepared themselves to proceed on foot to the scene of their curiosity, which was situated a little less than a mile away. Lady Harriet was highly delighted at having played a hoax on her companions, and now tripped gayly onward beside the happy Lawton, who seemed by no means inclined to resign his charge.

They reached the ruins a time worn edifice erected in the days of the first Edward, and having passed through the hands of various masters, was now abandoned, and fast hastening to decay

—the wall which had once surrounded the noble pile, though broken in many places, was thickly covered with verdant ivy, which seemed desirous to shield from the idle gaze, the mouldering glory of the friend on whom it had long depended. The fabric itself was clothed in the same rich vestment, presenting an imposing view to the eye of the observer. Around the dilapidated pile, silence reigned, and all nature seemed hushed as in profound repose; noble trees of almost gigantic size, the probable production of many centuries, shaded it with their far spreading branches, while tuft grass overspread the enclosure, through which a wild flower occasionally peeped, as if fearful to expose its beauties, in a wild like this.

As our little party approached, each voice was hushed, as if fearful to break the solemn stillness of the scene. Even Lady Harriet sighed as she passed through the broken gateway, and clung more closely to the arm of her companion. They walked lightly up the ancient walk, now overgrown with grass and shrubs, to the principal entrance of the great hall, and then passed, as if fearful that it were sacrilege to invade its precincts. "Let us return," whispered Ellen in trembling tones. "I fear to enter that dreary place." But Lady Harriet, who but that moment was inwardly wishing herself far away, ridiculed the fear of her sister, and desired the party to enter at once. Still they hesitated, when turning to Lawton, she said:

"You, at least, I hope are not faint hearted, for if so, I shall be driven to the extremity of exploring this fear exciting place alone, for I will not be cheated out of the pleasure I have so anticipated."

"No, no, lady fair" exclaimed Lawton, "I fear not, and while we are feasting our curiosity, with ferreting out the long neglected wonders of the place, we must not fail to witness from some shattered casement, the precipitate retreat of our heroic friends, scared away by the echo of our footsteps, which they doubtless will mistake for hideous ghosts or murderous robbers."

They entered, followed by the others. A ca-

sual survey would have satisfied most of the party—not so, the rogue Harriet, who aided by Lawton, succeeded in visiting every closet, however small, and nothing but the want of lights prevented her from descending into the vaults below, which she proposed doing, even in the dark, and it was with some difficulty she was dissuaded from her purpose.

But after all, they found but little to reward their search; some few mouldering articles of decaying furniture still remained; within the library were some old volumes; while in the gallery were many portraits, of those who had flourished in the olden time, but now had passed into oblivion, leaving nought but those faded and time worn symbols, to tell the idle gazer that they once existed.

As Lord Frederick led Florence through the gloomy corridor adjoining the gallery, he pressed her hand affectionately to his lips and murmured—

“Even this gloomy place, beloved girl, would be blest as Eden, if shared with thee!”

A half smothered sigh escaped from the heart of the lonely orphan, at the thought of her lowly fate rushed across her mind; but she thought of the kindness of the monarch, who had saved her from the beggar's doom; of the friendship of Lady Harriet, and the goodness of Lady Julia, and the ungrateful emotion was subdued, and gratitude, for blessings given, rather than repinings at those withheld, pervaded her mind, and threw a lustre over her beautiful face; and as he gazed on that vision of loveliness, Lord Frederick Villiers felt that for her sake he would resign his brilliant prospects, his large estates and exalted station, and share her lowly lot.

“Florence,” he said, after they left the ruins, and as they were returning to the farm house, “may I without being thought impertinent, ask what are your intentions respecting the future? To what station has his majesty destined you, when you leave school, which now must necessarily be soon!”

“Of his majesty's will concerning me, I am as ignorant as yourself; but there is one, who, if he is content to resign his charge to other keeping, has kindly offered to give in future a home to the lone orphan, to which arrangement I would hope he would consent, as I might then enjoy what for long years I have not done, the happiness of possessing a home, which I may call my own.”

The hand which was held by his lordship suddenly fell from his grasp, and Florence as she raised her eyes to his face, beheld him pale as the monumental marble, while a fearful brilliancy lit up his fine dark eyes, and an expression of deep anguish rested on each feature.

“You are ill, my lord,” she cried in alarm, “permit me to summon our friends to your assistance!”

“No, no!” he answered in a deeply agitated voice, “though I am ill, I wish not the presence of those who might deride my misery. Yes! beloved girl, I am wretched, wretched as my most bitter foe might wish me, and it is to thee, good and gentle as thou art, that I owe my wretchedness. Start not! dearest idol of my heart's purest affection; but listen to my tale. From the day when I followed the royal hunting party to the forest of Windsor, and witnessed that sad scene, the death of your dear mother, your image has floated before my youthful fancy, has inspired even my dreams with thoughts of thee, and thrown a spell over my future life. We met again after two years had passed away; you were if possible more lovely than before, and at each meeting, for though you were in attendance at the death bed of your only surviving sister, I saw you sometimes—you were still more lovely. At length came a fearful moment; late at night as I was returning from a party with the Prince, a sudden cry of fire arrested our attention and we hastened to the spot. You know the rest; but you do not know that in that awful hour, as I pressed you closely to my bosom, and bore you through the fiery flood, that I resolved to win, if possible, a pearl so priceless, and wear it near my heart. The following day I left Windsor, and soon after, my native land; and though during my residence abroad, change of scenes and places, partially obscured the fond remembrance—yet on my return, your very name spoken by my sister, recalled in all its fervor my early love. And now, since you have been with us, as day by day I have gazed upon your unrivalled beauty, the tie that bound my heart has entwined itself more and more closely. Florence, you are dearer to me than my own life! can I then be otherwise than miserable, when I find the treasure I so coveted—the heart mine has so dearly prized—and the hand I had so fondly hoped might yet be mine—were destined to another?”

“Excuse me, Lord Frederick,” said Florence, agitated and surprised, but calmly, “if I say that to me, your language is wholly incomprehensible, I cannot understand your meaning, when you say my hand is destined to be given to another. May I ask from what source the information was derived?”

“From your own words, Miss Oakley! Did you not tell me but now, that you might, if his majesty permitted, accept an offered home—and you hoped it would be his pleasure to consent to the arrangement?”

THE PARENT'S CURSE.

"Yes! but the offer I spoke of was made by your kind cousin, the Lady Julia Gracely, who, fearful that her home will now be lonely, and probably moved with pity for my destitution, has kindly invited me to reside with her."

Lord Frederick again seized the hand he had so hastily resigned, and pressed it fondly in his own, but their arrival at the termination of their walk prevented the further expression of his feelings.

The afternoon was considerably advanced, when they arrived at the abode of the hospitable farmer, and after partaking hastily of the substantial fare provided by the good dame for their refreshment, they mounted again their horses and returned to the hall.

It was already evening, when, gay and happy, they reached home. Though well pleased with the excursion, they were fatigued, and each heart rejoiced, when the proud turrets of the old hall presented themselves to view. One only of that joyous few, had felt a thrill of disappointment in the arrangement of the ride—Lord Percival, who had promised himself much pleasure from the society of Lady Harriet, was disappointed and slightly vexed, when he found the promised distinction was conferred on another; but in the sweet companionship of the amiable Lady Julia, he soon ceased to regret the change—and from that day, notwithstanding the favorable opinion which Lady Harriet entertained of her own fascinating powers, she found her pensive cousin a formidable rival.

When the party assembled around the supper table, which was soon prepared, the Earl turned to Lady Ellen, and asked her to tell them something of the amusement of the day.

"Prythee, don't ask her!" cried Lady Harriet; "for she will conjure up a tale of ghosts and murder, which will play sad tricks with the nerves of even those whose noble souls have never bowed before the tyrant fear. Why, though it may seem incredible as the fables of the olden time, she even begged us to return, ere we had entered the dear old castle, and if I might be permitted to others of our brave comrades, nothing but the dauntless spirits of Mr. Lawton and myself prevented them, doubtless from pure benevolence, complying with her wishes. In fact, our ridicule alone saved them from such an exhibition of cowardice. Oh! forgive me, I would say kindness."

"Your ladyship," said Lord Percival, "might have dispensed with a short clause in the latter part of your very eloquent harangue—it is only necessary to ask forgiveness when injury is done, in honor. May the happiness of your friends be the result of your wisdom."

and all who know the Lady Harriet Villiers, are well aware that none of the party can be affected by her satirical remarks."

"Well!" interposed Sir James Wilmot, before the rejoinder, which sprang to the lips of the young lady, could be uttered; "I fear we shall lose the account of your excursion altogether. If Lady Ellen is incompetent to give it us, suppose we next apply to our fair friend, Lady Julia. Will you not admit that the selection is a good one?"

"Bless me, no! worse, still worse than papa's. Ellen's mental faculties were only somewhat disturbed by fear; but, dear Julia, dearly as I love her, I cannot deny that, in addition to the alarm which, believe me, our friends found to be a very infectious disease, her poor brain is completely distracted and turned by the love-making propensities of the heroic, nay, as you must admit, the gallant Lord Percival."

"Miss Oakley, then! has not she retained her mental powers." The eyes both of Lord Frederick and Florence turned to her with an expression which seemed to ask her compassion, and as they did so, the gay sally which was ready for utterance, died away, and she merely said—

"Oh, yes! she, I think quite adequate to the narration, although I am sure she looked rather pale, when she stood before the old castle."

Though Florence was but little pleased with the task thus assigned her, she thought it better to comply than provoke the ridicule of Lady Harriet, who took good care to embellish the simple description of her friend with various remarks, which though often very annoying to her companions, particularly Lord Percival, nevertheless, added to the interest of the theme, and served to amuse the elder members of the company, while Lawton, safe from all fear of her satire, manifested the greatest delight.

CHAPTER VII.

WITHIN the spacious library of Fitzmorton Hall, some few mornings after the events of our last chapter, were seated beside a small table, the lordly host and his guest, the once ruined gambler, Sir James Wilmot. The subject of discourse was doubtless one in which at least the Earl felt much interest, and as the discourse went on, 'twas evident Sir James began to show symptoms of entering into the feelings of his friend.

"Sir James," said the Earl, after they had been some time seated together; "I wonder much that you seem so well pleased with your solitary life. Is not your home desolate and lonely? and do you not often sigh for a friend with whom to

spend your evening hours—one whose every feeling may mingle with your own—one whose presence may brighten still the brightest hour of life, and soothe to forgetfulness your sorrows. In short, do you not sometimes weary of your state of single blessedness, and sigh for a wife to make glad your home?"

"Certainly, I often wish my home were cheered by a companion, whose happy smile might welcome my return, where now all is bleak, but it is my fate to pass alone through the world, and go unmourned to my last abode, with none to cheer my pathway with the roses of love—with none to feel sorrow when I am no more."

"Why, then, do you not marry? Many men take wives who have numbered more years than you."

"True! but you forget that although your disinterested kindness saved me from ruin, and restored me to a state of comparative independence during my own life—when that life is ended, my redeemed estates are then yours; and think you I would unite myself to any one, and know that if she survived me, she would be left penniless? No, my good Lord! I could not so wrong the gentle being who might bestow on me the rich treasure of her love."

"What think you of Miss Oakley?" asked Fitzmorton, after a short silence.

"She is a most lovely girl," answered the baronet; "and though I know not why it is so, I feel that she has awakened an interest in my long dormant affections, which I had not thought again to feel—believe me, I almost envy the parents of such a daughter."

"What might be your feelings towards the husband of such a wife?" asked the Earl, quietly, as he fixed his large dark eyes on his companion, with a glance which seemed to read his every thought.

"That is an idea which I have never dwelt upon, for as it would be impossible for her ever to stand in that relation to me, I would rejoice to see her the happy wife of another."

"But why impossible that she should become your wife? But tell me, would you wish it might be so?"

"What means your Lordship?" asked the baronet. "This paltry trifling about a mere school girl, but ill becomes men who have numbered more than half their days—so let us think no more of the bright-eyed fairy, and leave this dull room for a turn in the park, or if you choose it, a short ride."

"Stay, Sir James! The subject to me is no trifling one, but one in which, I fear, the honor, nay the happiness of my house are con-

cerned. When fortune in her fickle humor forsook you, and you were left to combat with poverty and want, I alone, of all your former friends, came to your rescue. By an offer which you gladly accepted, I reinstated you in your possessions, and by our compact you well know, that the broad lands which you call your own, are mine, and when you cease to live will be acknowledged to be so. Would you again become in reality the lord of your forefathers' wealth? I offer you the power to do so! Unite yourself to Florence Oakley, and the day she becomes your wife, I swear to restore to you the deeds of your estates, and thus again will you become the master, the rightful master of unencumbered wealth. Agree you to this proposal?"

"Certainly, my lord! But you must remember that Miss Oakley may not accept a man of my years; and her consent will prove an all important item in the business. But why so anxious for my welfare?"

"I will tell you frankly! Florence Oakley is an orphan, the *protégé* 'tis true of the king, but poor and unknown. In an unguarded moment, I permitted Lady Harriet, who attends the same school, to invite her here. A wish to treat with kindness her orphan state, as well as to gratify my daughter in what I thought a trifling affair, led me to grant her wish. Little did I think that she was so irresistibly lovely when I consented to have her thrown thus into the presence of my son. She came, and it is with pain I see that Frederick's heart is not proof against her beauty. Yes! I have marked him as he gazed with admiration on her lovely face, or listened to her dove-like voice, with nought but admiration pictured on his features. Sir James, this must not be! Though beautiful and amiable, she is not the maid whom I shall permit to become the bride of Fitzmorton's heir. No! dearly as I love my only son, and much as I glory in his noble mien and unsullied reputation; proud as I may be of his exalted mind; sooner, far sooner, would I see the only representative of my name, cut down by death, than wedded to that unknown girl. You ask, will she consent? I only ask you to propose to her, and I will move heaven and earth to win her to accept you. The Lady Julia Gracely has offered, when they leave school, to take her as a companion; and I am not quite prepared to say if I shall permit this. At all events she must not become the wife of Lord Frederick Villiers. Now, Sir James, may I depend on your aid in preventing it?"

"You may," replied the Baronet, whose sordid mind grasped eagerly at the prospect of freeing himself from the power of Fitzmorton; and now;

having formed their plot, they left the library, and joined the company who were in the drawing-room, with faces as cheerful as if they had been planning schemes of happiness, and not of misery.

On the very morning on which the conference between the earl and Sir James took place, our young friends soon after they entered the library, left the hall to amuse themselves by a stroll in the extensive park. As they emerged from the doorway in front of the piazza, Lawton hastily drew on his gloves and advanced to the side of Lady Harriet, who received his offered arm with a gay smile, while he directed a triumphant glance at Lord Percival, as they moved away. But not now did Lord Percival regret his success, for as he took the arm of Lady Julia, he thought how much more pleasure he might enjoy in listening to the soft tones of her voice, as it uttered the lofty sentiments of a noble soul, than in taxing his mental powers to keep pace with the wild imagination of Lady Harriet. Sir Edgar Roscoe not much pleased that he was always left by his companions to accompany the Lady Ellen, whom he regarded as a very pretty child, moved forward towards Florence, and was about to offer his arm, when the thought that this might not please Lord Frederick arose to his mind, and passing him he took the hand of Lady Ellen, and followed by Lord Frederick and Florence, they walked after the others.

"Dearest Florence," said the young Lord, as they lingered behind the rest, "I have expressed to you the deepest feelings of my soul; I have confided to you the story of my heart's affection,—beloved girl, may I hope that I have not loved in vain?—Say will you accept this offered heart—will you learn to prize the homage of a heart, whose every thought is thine?—may I look forward to the blest day, when I may hope to call you mine?"

"Lord Frederick," she said in a trembling voice, "to say that I do not feel grateful to you, not only for the distinguishing kindness with which you have treated me while a resident of your father's house: not only for this and a previous expression of your regard, but also for the heroic act, which saved me from the most horrible of deaths, would be to violate the love of truth instilled into my young mind by a mother now in Heaven. But, I do not forget that you are the proud heir to Fitzmorton's Earldom,—I the orphan pauper, subsisting on the kindness of my Sovereign; and although the remembrance of my inferiority may awaken feelings painful at the moment, they prevent the formation of hopes, which my better judgment could not but condemn, and which, by proving illusory, would

shade the happiness of my after-life, for too well I know that your noble parents would scorn an alliance with one so lowly as myself,—and even Florence Oakley, the pauper orphan, is too proud to enter a family which would regard her with contempt."

"But, dearest Florence, when beside the grave of your mother, I heard you speak of your early life, did you not speak of a splendid home; its grounds, its blooming garden, and fine old trees which shaded the verdant lawn, where you sported in infinite joy; its well furnished apartments; and servants who attended your every wish;—say, did you not speak of these things?—and, if once so affluent, what chance wrought the sad change? Florence, I would if I might, learn something of your little history; at least if that might not be, your real name."

"Lord Frederick! beside that grave you heard all that I can reveal, for 'twould be useless to recount to you, the many days and nights of suffering endured by us, ere our dear mother's death awakened the compassion of the King. That fortune's bounties once were ours; that we were deserted by the fickle goddess; that we descended with rapid steps the vale of poverty, until we became houseless wanderers, you then learned; but of the causes which led to this sad change, I am wholly ignorant; equally ignorant am I of my real name, for when as I grew up in years, I asked my mother to explain to me the things of which you would be informed, she always evaded my questions, and when I saw how painful was the subject, I forbore to make further mention of it."

"But your father! do you remember nought of him? Saw you never one whom you might call by that dear name?" said his Lordship.

"Yes; but his memory is as a half remembered dream! but the being whom my infant lips called by that endearing title, dwelt not with us; from him we received occasional visits, and when those visits ceased, we left our happy home, for the scenes of poverty and sorrow through which our after-path conducted us. That his fate was connected with our change of fortune, I am certain,—what that fate was I would suffer torture, nay, death itself to know."

"And you possess no clue by which to unravel the secret of your birth; no hope that the mystery which hangs over you will ever be solved? Yet, dearest, be mine! For your sake will I forego that honor our house has attached to noble birth; for you will I gladly bear the displeasure of friends and the contempt of enemies! Yes, for you, I would, were it necessary, resign Fitzmorton's coronet, and retiring with my heart's best

treasure to the sweet, romantic estate bequeathed by a deceased relative, there 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,' would I glide smoothly and happily down the path of life, and in the enjoyment of nature's rural beauties and the delights of my quiet home, forget that I was born to a higher station."

"Lord Frederick! you mistake," she answered. "I am not without a well grounded hope of yet solving the mystery of my birth. My mother, ere she died, placed in the hands of the King a packet, desiring him to preserve it carefully, and never reveal its contents unless the happiness or welfare of her children rendered it necessary. Should such a crisis ever arrive, I doubt not His Majesty may permit me to know my real history, which doubtless that precious deposit contains; and on that depends my answer to your suit. Should my birth be honorable, at least such as might entitle me to rank in the higher grade of society, I pledge myself that nought but change in you shall separate us; if not,—"

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Florence entered the breakfast room on the following morning, she found the only person who had preceded her was Sir James Wilmot. She was about retiring from the room, when the Baronet arose, and placing her a chair, with an air so kind that she could not resist it, and seating herself she took up a paper with which to amuse herself until the family came down. A half suppressed sigh caused her to raise her eyes to the face of her companion, when she saw his eyes fixed on her with an expression so ardent and admiring, that her own fell before it at the moment, and, she regretted remaining. But no sooner was her glance withdrawn than Sir James approached her, and seating himself beside her, said:—

"Pardon my presumption, dear Miss Oakley, but I cannot forbear, at this favored moment, to confess to you, that your beauty and gentle sweetness have won a heart which never before bowed to beauty. I feel that the happiness of my life is in your hands,—say may I hope that you will bless with your love my after-life? May I hope to obtain this lovely hand?"

"Never," she said, gently but firmly, as she withdrew from his grasp the hand which he had taken. "You would not wish the hand unaccompanied by the heart, and that, much as I might esteem you as a friend, can never be yours."

"Because it is already another's!" he said. "But dear Miss Oakley, listen to the voice of a friend who would shield you from much sorrow.

Hope nothing from the false professions of Lord Frederick Villiers, for are they not vain delusions which would win your innocent confiding heart, and leave you to mourn your own presumption and his heartlessness? Think you that the proud earl has no lofty aspirations for the union of his only son? Full well I know, for he told me in confidence, that he contemplated a union between the lord Frederick and lady Emily Percy, the only daughter of the Duke of N., and the charms of lady Emily are irresistible. Think of, but do not reveal this communication, and when reason has triumphed over the flight of fancy, by which I feel you are now misled, then may you learn to prize the real love of him who would die to shield you from grief, and I trust much happiness may yet be mine."

A light step was heard at this moment, and lady Harriet entered. Florence, whose mind was oppressed by the communication of her companion, found that a new pang would now be inflicted by the remarks of her ladyship, but she returned the salutations of Sir James and herself without one reference to their *tête-à-tête*; and seating herself began to talk of the beauty of the morning—the near approach of the time appointed for their return to London,—and thus she beguiled the time until the family were collected.

During the morning repast, the earl and a friend, who was his guest for a few weeks, were discussing a political question of some importance, when they were suddenly interrupted by Lady Harriet, who exclaimed,—

"Do you know, dear papa, that I have recently made a very important discovery relating to the Fitzmorton estates, which, in my opinion, add greatly to their value?"

"And what may this important discovery be?" asked the Earl, apparently not quite pleased at the interruption.

"I suppose her ladyship has found a treasure, which, beneath the careful lock of some old oaken chest, in some remote corner, has for centuries remained undisturbed, until the penetrating eye of the lady Harriet Villiers fell upon it, and then—adieu to the unmolested peace, so long enjoyed," said lord Percival.

"Different, far different!" cried lady Harriet. "Why your lordship is inexcusably dull this morning! No; it is that (and in what manner I am not prepared to say) it possesses the power of inspiring affection! Do not look so well pleased, my lord, I did not insinuate that any of us poor ladies, was enamoured with your really fine person or vast genius, which so often overflows in such powerful bursts of eloquence. No! I first suspected the truth from the timid glan-

ces and tiresome attentions with which the young lord Percival, distinguished a certain young lady, who I suspect from mere politeness, bore with what she could not but regard as a painful infliction. But the case to which I more particularly refer fell under my own immediate observation this morning! When I entered the breakfast-room, who found I but papa's youthful friend, Sir James Wilmot, and my chosen companion, Miss Oakley, and by the appearance of the parties when they found themselves interrupted, I cannot but infer that, if it pleases her, Miss Oakley may in due time become the Lady Wilmot."

"Harriet! Harriet!" exclaimed the Countess, "I cannot tolerate such rudeness!—Was it to insult and ridicule Miss Oakley that you wished to invite her hither?—I must say that, hereafter, I hope, if not on your own, at least the guests of your parents, may be exempt from your satire!"

"Lady Harriet might just refer to another case, which would assist to establish the validity of her very important discovery," said lord Percival. "She forgets, or perhaps neglects to mention, that our friend Lawton shows alarming symptoms of having been affected by the peculiar charms—not to refer to a certain young lady who might be quoted as another case, were it not in the privilege of the sex to escape from exposure."

"Do we walk or ride this morning?" exclaimed Sir Edgar Roscoe, rising from the table, as he saw that a severe retort was about to be made by the offended lady, which he with characteristic good nature wished to prevent. Come, lady Harriet, tell us what is the order of the day?

"To walk, certainly," she answered. That is if you abide by my decision! for, as some of our party are incompetent to manage a horse, notwithstanding the world would still retain its present share of intellect, I might feel some twinges of conscience if they were brought back with broken backs."

The whole party arose from their seats,—the earl and countess looked confused and displeased, yet each repressed the reproof they felt inclined to give. Sir Edgar saw that his little scheme had failed; while the ladies Julia and Ellen hastily left the room as if fearful that they might at the next moment become the victims of her satire. Florence was following, when the lady Harriet called her to assist in arranging a bouquet of flowers, which she had just taken from a vase, while the earl and countess followed by the elder members of the breakfast party, retired, as if unwilling to hear what they feared

might follow. But, lord Percival, too much irritated to reply, took refuge in a paper; and after arranging her flowers she left the room, saying as she did so, "Now for our walk, good people," and humming a merry air, she ran lightly to her chamber.

"How could you be so cruel, dear Lady Harriet, as to make reference to my being, merely by accident, alone with Sir James?" asked Florence.

"Come, now, don't mind it! I only meant to give Fred a bit of a start; for if he once begins to get to fear a rival, I think it might help him along vastly well, for I fear he is but a slow suitor."

"Do you know the lady Emily Percy?" asked Florence, anxious to turn the thoughts of lady Harriet into another channel.

"Certainly! she was in school the first year I was there, but being some three years older than myself, I had but little to do with her ladyship. Being the daughter of a duke, you could hardly expect she would distinguish particularly the daughter of an earl, who was likely to be still a school girl after she had secured a settlement in life; but thanks to the rapid course of 'father time,' I shall soon be free from the bondage of the schoolroom, and then I shall contest stoutly with my lady the title she has long usurped, that of reigning belle."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"Why, yes! and so were the dolls which amused our days of babyhood. She has a face in which each feature is perfect as if it was wrought in wax, with cheeks well tinged either by the roses of nature or the rouge of the druggist; large blue eyes, and a rich profusion of jetty ringlets. Our dolls had these; and this is all her ladyship can boast, for if the animation of the features be an index of the soul, she must be wholly destitute of that part of human existence. But why do you ask?"

"Sir James was telling me how very beautiful she is, when you made your appearance this morning," she answered evasively.

"Well, you may judge for yourself, for she will be here to-morrow; having spent a few weeks at the house of a relative near Dover, the duke, who escorts her home, now the visit has terminated, has written to inform us that he intends to do us the honor of inflicting himself and daughter upon us for a day or two. Now, this seems an evil not to be avoided, so we must endeavour to bear with them; but notwithstanding the lectures of mamma, if her ladyship does not demean herself to my taste, she must bear a part of the kindness I sometimes bestow on Percival. Stop! do not interrupt me! for I have a little lesson to give

you this morning. I wish you to make yourself as killing as possible, that my pretty Florence may not be outshone by her ladyship; for I should not wonder if she made a violent assault on the attentions of poor Fred, as his expectations are rather better than those of our other gallants, and I am determined she shall either content herself with the Knight of Lincoln, whom you say has so lauded her beauty, or, throwing poor Ellen in the shade, condescend to smile on Sir Edgar Roscoe."

"I shall not enter into any of your schemes," said Florence, whose heart beat painfully; "so you must not rely on me to assist you in your various plans. But you know we are to walk this morning."

They were soon ready for their walk, and lady Harriet as she placed the neat straw hat on the head of Florence, kissed her cheek and led her from the chamber.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN they entered the drawing-room they found their companions awaiting them, and all arose at once to leave the room. As they did so, Florence addressed a slight remark to Sir Edgar, who, as he answered, presented his arm. She accepted not unwillingly, for the remembrance of what Sir James had said, made her wish in some manner to avoid lord Frederick. A dark frown gathered on the brow of his lordship as he drew the arm of lady Harriet through his, much to the discomfort of Lawton, who, as if determined that the change in the formerly established arrangement should be general, placed himself beside the lady Julia Gracely.

"That was rather coolly done for so quiet a fellow as Sir Edgar," remarked lady Harriet, as she began to weary of her brother's silence. "I begin to think he has some of the true spirit after all."

"But, Miss Oakley," said Lord Frederick, "does she think thus to trifle with me! She shall find that I will not submit to become the victim of her coquetry! I had thought her good and amiable, as well as beautiful, but I fear I have been deceived: if she will listen to the flattery of Sir James Wilmet, and encourage the attentions of Sir Edgar Roscoe, she is not worthy the regard of one who has studiously endeavored, in every action of his life, to follow the path of rectitude and honor."

"Brother! dear brother! do not judge too hastily! Could Florence, when Sir Edgar presented his arm for her acceptance, consistently have said, 'Excuse me, but I prefer to walk with lord

Frederick,' and on what other pretence could she have declined him? No, brother mine, you must admit that she is entirely exempt from blame; and if you do not abandon at once all your jealous thoughts, and grant her a free and unconditional pardon, I shall pronounce you devoid of even the common feelings of humanity, and proclaim you to the world as a monster of malignity, who should be seen only to be dreaded and avoided."

"But the affair of Sir James," said his Lordship, laughing. "'Twas you, yourself, that intruded on the flirtation, and how will you excuse it?"

"It was too trifling to need to be excused; it merely was, that they, entirely by chance, were the first to enter the breakfast room, though which preceded the other I know not. When I entered, 'tis true they were conversing, but the subject of conversation could have had but little interest for either, for they were speaking of lady Emily Percy, whom the baronet seems to think a paragon of perfection; so now that Florence is exempted from all the accusations laid to her charge you cannot longer withhold your pardon."

"You are so persuasive an advocate, that it were hard to withhold any thing you please to ask; more especially as my own heart adds its pleadings; but, seriously, dear Harriet, did you believe my attentions to Miss Oakley dictated by affection, would you not have hesitated to vindicate her? Would you not rather have cherished the belief that she was unworthy of my love?—and would you not refuse to acknowledge as the bride of your only brother, one so unknown as she is?"

"Seriously, then, if you wish, permit me to say that the dearest wish of my heart is, that dear Florence may become my sister; the bride of my brother; and you know not how I have rejoiced to mark the attachment apparently springing up between you. And now I have one important request to make of you;—it is that when the Lady Emily Percy is added to our party, your devotion to Florence may not be transferred to her ladyship. Promise me this, dear Frederick, if you love me, for believe me, much may depend on your present firmness. I am well aware that to promote a union between you and Lady Emily, is the motive of the present visit. Do you ask for proof? Then know that I learned it from a private conversation which I overheard between the Earl and Countess. They are alarmed at your apparent partiality to Florence, and think this high-born beauty may detach you from her. Be firm in your purpose, and neither by word or act permit them to hope, for

success in their plan, and you may rely on me to do whatever may be in my power to serve you."

Lord Frederick pressed the hand of his sister to his lips, as he said, "Harriet, do you think our parents will ever consent to the union with Florence?"

"No! I do not think they will! but what then? Are you to sacrifice your dearest hopes, your fondest affections, the happiness of your life, to feed their vanity and pride? Though it is a duty to yield obedience to parents in ordinary affairs, when the parents exercise authority in things that may make miserable all our after-life, obedience ceases to be a duty; at least so I intend to consider it, if they think to influence me. And you, what more can they do than manifest anger?—Are you not possessed of a good estate, the gift of our kind uncle?—Are not the estates and title of our family entailed upon its descendants?—Come, be decided and firm, and when at length they find their anger can avail them not, they will accord to you forgiveness for your disobedience."

"I would that I might speak with Florence for a few moments," said Lord Frederick, "but as I cannot do so this morning, I know not when an opportunity may occur."

"Oh! trust to me,—I will manage it! See our party are grouped together on the bank of the little rivulet, awaiting us! Now, throw aside that woeful look, and put on a joyful smile, or Florence will cling to Sir Edgar from very fear." They joined their friends, now standing together beside the purling stream, which glided gently through its pebbly bed, beneath the shade of stately trees, which intercepted the noontide ray. A profusion of wild flowers peeped forth from the verdure which adorned its banks, as if to add their tribute of beauty to the enchanting scene.

"Be seated, good people," cried Lady Harriet, as she joined them. "We will enjoy a long rest beneath this grateful shade," and as she spoke she withdrew her arm from her brother and seated herself upon the projecting roots of a large tree. "Now, good Sir Edgar," she exclaimed as the young baronet was about to place himself beside Florence, "if you will bring me you saucy looking flower, while we are enjoying our rest, I will give you a lesson on botany."

Sir Edgar, fearful of her kindness, as she termed her satirical remarks, sprang lightly on his errand, and at the same moment Lord Frederick took possession of the place he had hoped to occupy. Disappointed and vexed, he slowly approached Lady Harriet, of whom he felt a secret dread, and presenting the beautiful lily. He was turning away in silence, when she stopped him saying:

"No, no! do not run away! you forget the lesson!"

Sir Edgar, though quite willing to dispense with the lesson, sat down beside her, and watched her every motion, as she tore asunder the lovely flower, and commented on its several parts. After some time spent in this manner, she threw away the fragments of the dismembered flower, and rising from her seat, declared it was time to return home; the whole party arose, and as they did so, Lady Harriet, addressing Sir Edgar, enquired, which of all the various sciences he most delighted in? The young man in some confusion, paused a moment ere he answered, but that moment had sufficed, and Lady Harriet as she saw that Lord Frederick had availed himself of her ingenious plot, accepted the arm, which the confused baronet awkwardly presented, with many apologies for her own heedlessness, in so thoughtlessly detaining him, and some remarks on the rudeness of her brother.

"Do you know, dearest Florence," said Lord Frederick, "that I was a little inclined to be angry, when I saw you so unceremoniously led away by Sir Edgar? but Harriet defended you so eloquently, that any shade of vexation is dispelled, and nought but love remains. Oh! how I sigh for the time when none may dispute my place beside thee—when you will be mine, mine only, and mine forever."

"But that time may never come!" said Florence, sadly yet firmly, "unless the mystery which overshadows me, be dispelled, and it is found that I am honourably descended, we can never be united—never shall you blush to say to whom you united your destiny!"

"Florence, let us clearly understand each other! though I would willingly make you mine, were you the lowliest child of earth; and would prize your beauty and gentle virtue far above rank or wealth, yet will I abide by your decision. You have said that if your birth prove honorable, that nought but change in me, shall separate us, and now by my hopes of Heaven, do I declare, that neither command of my parents, nor ought else, while thou art constant, shall prevent our union."

"But, Lord Frederick, I cannot wed you if your parents are not willing; no! obedience to their wishes is your first duty, and must not be violated. I must not expose you to their wrath!"

CHAPTER X.

The day at length dawned, which was to add the Lady Emily Percy and her father, to the party at Fitzmorton. All anticipated the arrival as an

occurrence which would disturb the rural amusements they had enjoyed, at least, the young people so regarded it. Lord Frederick thought of her only as the principal barrier between himself and his fondest hopes; Lady Harriet considered her a powerful rival to her best loved friend; the heart of Florence beat painfully at the very mention of her name; Lady Julia thought an addition to the present party anything but desirable; Lawton determined not to care, unless her presence interfered with his attendance on Lady Harriet; Lord Percival made a similar resolve; both hoped that the gallantry of Sir Edgar would save them from such an annoyance, although each wished at heart that she had remained away; for well they knew, how different would be this child of rank, who for three successive winters had swayed the sceptre in the circle of the fashionable and gay—from the light-hearted, unsofisticated beings, fresh from the school-room, who had so long been their sole companions; Sir Edgar felt from the position of affairs, that the young lady was pretty likely to be given up to his especial care, and his heart smote him for having murmured at the simple task of leading forth the pretty Ellen, and listening to her innocent remarks; bashful and unpretending, he dreaded the presence of Lady Emily as much as the satire of Lady Harriet; and even Ellen, in her childish innocence, wished she had not intruded on them.

The breakfast passed, and lady Harriet, rising from the table, said:

"Now I suppose that we will neither ride, walk, nor amuse ourselves in any way this morning; the gentlemen no doubt, will spend the morning with their valets; and you, my bonny hoydens, let me admonish you to be upon your best behaviour, that her august ladyship may not be shocked by your rusticity.

"Harriet," cried the Countess, "I am shocked at the unrestrained freedom of your tongue, when not even Lady Emily Percy escapes it; do, I pray you, cease from indulging in treating even your superiors with contempt, or you will acquire the dislike of all who know you."

"Bless me, mamma! I thought I was speaking very deferentially of her ladyship; surely you would not wish me to agitate her nerves by our awkwardness and vulgarity, and as I am by a few weeks the oldest, I thought it a sort of duty to give them a word of warning."

"And I will warn you," said the earl, "not to forget that she is our guest, invited by myself, to spend a few days with us; this bear in mind and demean yourself accordingly."

The young people at the hall, instead of their

usual walk, took a turn or two through the garden, and then resorted to a delightful arbor, where the expected guest became the theme of discourse. Lord Percival ventured to remark that he thought her a beautiful girl, which drew upon him the satire of Lawton and lady Harriet; and so little did the hour thus passed tend to gain her the favorable opinion of her future companions, that when they parted each felt an anxiety respecting their next meeting, at the hour of dinner.

At an hour somewhat earlier than was expected, the splendid travelling carriage of the duke drew up to the door of the hall. The earl and countess, with Sir James Wilmot, met them at the door, and gave them a joyous welcome. A footman was summoned to announce the arrival to the young people; but returned with the intelligence that Ellen alone was in readiness to appear. Lady Harriet, Miss Oakley, and Lambton, still in their morning dresses, were arranging the plants of the conservatory; and lady Julia was writing a letter which she wished to complete for the evening's post. Lord Frederick, lord Percival and Sir Edgar were no where to be found. Provoked and confused, the countess herself led the way to the chamber in readiness for her guest, who, fatigued with her long ride, threw herself on the sofa, and while her maid was unpacking and arranging the contents of her trunks, indulged in no very pleasant reflections on the unpromising reception.

"How I have wished to see the ladies Harriet and Julia again," she thought to herself, "but much I fear the wish was not reciprocal; else would they have been in readiness to meet me at my coming. Why did we accept the invitation of the kind earl? Oh! that we had continued our journey homewards!"

Thus dispirited, the beautiful girl paid no regard to her external appearance; but permitted her maid to consult her own taste in dressing her. That taste delighted in an elaborate display of gaudy colors and numerous decorations, and the consequence was, that when on the summons of the dinner bell, she arose to descend to the parlor, on casting her eye towards a large mirror, she found herself more fitly arrayed for a fancy ball than for a country visit. Her dress itself was of pink satin, richly trimmed and ornamented, while her glossy hair was almost concealed by the mass of flowers entwined among its silken ringlets, while she was literally covered with jewels. There was however no alternative but to appear as she was, for at this moment Lady Ellen tapped gently at the door, and inquired if she was ready to descend. The child gazed first at

the gaudy attire of lady Emily, and then looked down on her own simple white with its sable accompaniments, with an expression so ludicrous that her ladyship almost determined to remain in her room, for she now remembered for the first time that the family were in mourning; but conquering her reluctance to appear, she took the hand of the fair child, and descended to the drawing-room.

The ladies Harriet and Julia came forward to greet her; the former, like the lady Ellen, clad in white, while a black scarf was thrown carelessly over her shoulders, and one small knot of black ribbon ornamented the simple braids of her hair; the latter robed wholly in black,—they presented a striking contrast to the pink satin and profuse ornaments of her ladyship. Though lady Emily was resolved that the meeting should be cordial, yet she shrank indistinctively from the penetrating eye of lady Harriet, and on being presented by the earl to the company, losing that grace of manners which enhanced her beauty, she appeared awkward and confused.

"Where is Miss Oakley?" asked lord Percival, as if to divert the attention of the company, and as if in answer to the question, Florence entered at the moment. She also was arrayed in white; a silken cord of pale blue encircled her waist; a ring of plain gold glittered on her soft white hand; and two sweet rose buds nestled among the braids of hair."

"How transcendantly lovely!" exclaimed the duke unconsciously, as the blushing orphan gracefully returned the salutations of the noble strangers; at that moment dinner was announced, and Lord Frederick, springing forward, drew the arm of Florence through his at the very moment Sir James had reached her side, with a similar intention. The earl frowned; the countess looked horrified; lady Harriet smiled triumphantly, while the discomfited baronet, conscious that his failure had been generally observed, stepped back ashamed, and contented himself with looking daggers at his lordship; meanwhile the earl committting the countess to the duke, himself escorted the lady Emily. The dinner passed in silence; the earl, notwithstanding his usual courtesies, could not banish from his mind the irritation which the manifest partiality of his son for the humble orphan, had given rise to, and this unsocial spirit so effectually pervaded the company, that all felt relieved when the meal was, at last over, and the ladies rose to leave the room.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER EVENING CONTEMPLATIONS.

BY THE REV. ADAM HOOD BURWELL.

I.

The sun descending, rolls his flaming orb,
Beyond the bounds of Huron's ample wave,
That glitters in his parting beams. He goes
To shed his light on western isles remote—
His daily light upon the Isles that spot
The outspread bosom of that mighty deep,
The vast Pacific, in itself a world.
We see it reaching forth from pole to pole
With giant arms; eternal frost abides
On either hand; the burning line between.
Its sunny isles receive their daily meed
Of light and blessing from the solar beams,
While Ocean pours his own profusion round.

II.

But onward rolls the sun. His lingering rays
Brighten the evening clouds, whose ridges, rolled
In rising volumes, fill the glowing east
With floating bills of fire, that seem to rest
Upon some neighbouring land. But deeper sinks
The sun behind the spheric earth, when, lo!
The western sky and zenith all are spread
With broken clouds, whose scattered fragments blush
The red of heaven, skirted with other dyes
Of ever varying shade. Th' empyrean vault,
Behind the scene, presents its dark back ground;
The intermediate tints, bright or obscure,
Imminging soft, into each other run,
And change, and sink, and vanish out of sight.
Or longitudinal, in wavy stripes
That mimic ocean's face, the canopy
Of clouds from north to south, and gives
Alternate crimson facings on a ground
Of purple slate. But soon the vision fades,
And leaves the splendid scene a dusky veil,
That only hides the coming stars, until
The breath of Heaven dissolves it into air.

III.

Oh! have I watched these visionary things
The close of day presents—the various shades
(Inimitable tints) surrounding Heaven
Presents to the beholder; marked their change,
And gazed—but not with philosophic eye;
And mused—but not with philosophic mind;
And thought—but only as the untaught think.
For science ne'er unlocked her stores, nor poured
Her treasures forth to me. But why repine?
Or why the seeming pleasures grudge which might
Have been (but have not) had fair fortune smiled,
And science opened her treasures? Why despond,
As for an irre-mediab!e loss?
It need not be! Short though the present life,
Poor and contracted in its largest bound,
And mean and meagre its attainments all,
And these the seeming favours of a few,
It is not so; and I will not repine
That life is short, and meagre is the stream
Inflowing, the ambitious heart to fill,
And aate capacities that but enlarge
By drinking e'en this stream. Eternity
Stretches beyond the little bound of time,—
Eternity, that never knows an end!
And time is but the introduction brief

To this eternity. The child of Time
Is the beginning of the future man,
And his acquirements but the preface are,—
The introduction to an endless theme.
Eternity shall take this future man,
This child of Time,—and carry forward what
Is now but just begun in him, and train
Him for itself. No more an heir of death,
Clogged with the countless 'cumbrances of Time,—
But freed from these, him shall Eternity
Receive, and fashion to his new estate,
And build him up in everlasting life
With every needful increment, and fill
With healthful pabulum, capacities,
That, growing, shall enlarge as they are fed,
And feeding, shall grow up as trees of God;
To fulness in their measure grow, and be
Forever beautiful in leaves and fruit,
And in their fruitfulness and beauty good.
The Man himself shall be a spreading tree,
And every faculty a fruitful bough,
Largely outbranching from the parent stem,
As branches grace the vine: and Man shall fill
The destiny pronounced at his creation,
And fill it to the glory of his God.

IV.

Bright sets the sun. Thus when the good man quits
This world of travail, life's poor journey o'er,
His sun descends serene. The sting of death
Is plucked for those who die the good man's death;
And they can part with friends as those who part
In sure and certain hope to meet again,
And meet in life. Life is not life unless
'Tis passed forever o'er the bound of death.
'Tis resurrection-power that gives this life,
And then confirms it. Up through death this power
Ascended, conquering Satan, death and hell;
Conquering for man. The dying Christian knows
That death is but a transient sleep, the while
His weary members rest, and rest in hope.
The glorious morn of immortality
Is near; and He, the Sun of Righteousness,
"The Resurrection and the Life," shall call
The dead, and they shall answer with their presence
Where, in the light, the living meet their Head.
And then they come with Him in open sight,
To take dominion o'er that world which erst
Cast out their names as evil from its presence.
And what is their revenge? 'Tis that of God,
Who sends them forth the angels of His peace,
To rule the world in righteousness forever.

V.

Now lingers twilight on the verge of Heaven,
Vested in sober grey. The feathered tribes
Have sung their latest song, and hid themselves
In their night coverts deep. The peeping stars
Shine out and gem the azure firmament
With lamps minute, profusely scattered round
The ambient Heavens, each with its ruddy flame,
Its tiny twinkling light. Clear is the sky,
Nor cloud, nor vapour rests upon its face,
To intercept the ray that passes down,
Unhindered, through the deep blue crystal vault—
The seeming vault of space o'erarching all:
Emblem of heavenly-mindedness, where naught
Of error lingers to withstand the truth,
Where naught of passion unsubdued remains
Antagonistic to the light divine,
Descending from the source profound of light,

For the instruction of the sons of Truth,
O! for that light, which shines to lighten all,
To rise, increasing to the perfect day,
The day of glory, when the Sun Himself
Of Righteousness, with healing in His wings,
Comes forth to scatter all the gloom of night,
And drive the prowling beasts to seek their dens;
And there abide, troubleshooters of earth no more!
O! for that light to lighten every man!
O! for that truth upon the inward parts
To write its living law, and fill the world
With righteousness, and happiness, and peace.

VI.

But evening sighs its latest breeze, and wafts
On silenced wing, the roaring of the surge—
That, restless, beats on Erie's rugged rocks,
Roused by the gale of noon; or tumbles rough
Round the projecting point where Huron's shoop,
Winding away, stretch with indentures deep,
And long protrusions, far into the land;
Or where Ontario spreads his blue expanse
Begirt with rugged stones, or forests dark
That overhang the flood. The listening ear
Pays willing homage to the soothing sound
That breaks at intervals the solemn pause
Of sober evening; first abrupt, then low,
Retreating, dying, till succeeding waves
Waken afresh the melancholy dirge,
Half slumbering on the bosom of the night.
And the hoarse bull-frog from his stagnant pool
Chimes to its murmur, solemn, deep and grave.
And with his note acute the whip-poor-will
Begins his night song 'neath the spreading bush,
And rouses echo from the neighbouring wood
To whistle back his music, sharp and shrill,
That ceases not till morn. The fire-fly starts
Out from the sedgy covert where he lay
Secure and hidden while the glowing sun
His bright effulgence poured upon the earth,
And dies abroad, and lights his tiny lamp,
Ambitious to be seen. Along the stream
Smoothly meandering 'twixt its banks, he shows
His little ray; or where the marshy soil,
Luxuriant shoots its reedy burthen up.

VII.

Brilliant with clustering stars deep night comes on,
And calm and placid all; and undisturbed,
I fain would wend my solitary way
Beside the river's brink, or by the shore
O'erlooking far the broad expanse of some
Of our huge inland seas. The surface smooth
And mirror-faced, reflects the empyrean vault,
And seems a heaven beneath, the counterpart
Of that above, with all its starry hosts:
For now the waters are at rest and peace.
Perhaps Niagars in the distance breaks,
With voice suppressed, the deep repose of night—
Voices of thunder rolling far away,
Subdued and sad, in long continuous peal,
Unbroken as the stream that rushes down
The rocky steep. That everlasting voice!
That noise of many waters, ceaseless roar,
That broke forth with creation! still pours forth
Its thunder in its undiminished strength!
And still the mighty river rushes down
The rocky steep, and boils, and foams, and lifts
Aloft its cloudy banner to the sky.
What is the symbol that huge banner bears?
It is the Bow of Promise and of Peace,

In light proceeding from the source of light,
And backward from the cloudy pillar thrown,
To say that God His covenant remembers,
His covenant with man and with the earth.

VIII.

I love to listen to the dashing oar
That breaks the glassy bosom of the wave,
Ending led by a zephyr, while the barge
Is passing, bye with music, half obscured
Behind the whitish mist that lovers lovel
Upon the placid surface of the stream.
Harmonic numbers swell the trembling air,
That wafts the breathing melody of flute
And dulcet voice—rich, soft, deep, full, and sweet.
The balanced oar keeps time, and marks the bars
With downward stroke vibrating, and the blade
Dips true. Now brisk the bolder numbers rise;
Now sink in cadence sweet; pathetic now;
And now they die away in murmuring strains,
Mellowed by distance, till the attentive ear
Listens in vain. 'Tis audible no more . . .
To me; but musing let me sit awhile,
And in imagination hear, and back
Recall the fleeting pleasure for a space,
And feast in silence on the dulcet strains.
The voice of music spoke: that voice returns,
Borne on imagination's mystic wing,
And echoes through the chambers of the soul,
Which feasts, and rests, and rises satisfied.
For music for a feast was given to man;—
For sober feasting, not for riot given;
But first and chiefest for the praise of God,
That man might worship Him in highest feast,
And drink refreshment from the living fount,
And drink and live, and live and drink forever.

IX.

And now along the regions of the south,
Where the horizon meets the bending sky,
The distant thunder—clouds, in ridgy folds,
Hang on the burthened air with profile dark,
Even as the hills whose rocky sides,
Cliff above cliff, in rugged grandeur rise,
And to the skies heave their enormous heads.
There play the lightnings and the liquid fire,
Flash after flash, enkindles all the south
With sudden bursts of light, and all the clouds
Alternate seem a mountain wrapt in flame,
Or dark and blank. But now the rising moon,
In light subdued, lifts up her waning orb,
Mounting her nightly car to ride aloft
The radiant queen of heaven, and measure half
Th' ethereal circle ere her silver wheels,
Descending low, dip in the western main.

X.

Twilight is fully gone: all Nature rests,
Enjoying sweet repose, the special boon
Indulgent Heaven bestows on all its works.
Sleep kindly soothes the animated part,
Exhausted strength recruiting; while soft dews
Refresh the vegetable tribes that drink
The evening vapours, settled and condensed .
In shining drops upon their thirsty leaves.

XI.

The worlds at rest. But let my wakeful eyes
Close not for slumber: let me stay abroad
For contemplation, while with wing outspread,
Imagination soars among the spheres.

And I would linger out the midnight hour
Beneath that wondrous canopy of stars,
And visit them in thought, remote or near,
That mock the ken of astronomic eye,
Or roll in orbs familiar to the reach
Of optic science. Their unvarying rounds
Fair Science measures, and their ample orbs
True to the eye of Heaven, incessant wheel
In silent grandeur through the mighty void,
Whose boundary is not. Guided by the hand
Of Him that made them, on they journey round,
Bending their course precise. The central sun
Holds all within his grasp, or planet, bright
In borrowed splendour, sweeping on its way;
Or misty comet, whose elliptic arch
Far stretches into space. Harmonious these
Obey the will of Heaven: yet still ascend,
As if to mingle in the stellar groups
That outward lie; and there the glorious sun,
Diminished, sinks into a twinkling star,
And twinkling stars continue twinkling stars,
Mere telescopic dust, and still refuse
To show e'en the minutest magnitude!
But why such thoughts? It is that we may think
Of Him who made and gave to each his place,
Yet condescends to number all our hairs,
And suffers naught to perish through neglect:—
To think of Him "whose presence fills all space:"
Who for His pleasure made whatever is;
Who lighted up the sun, and hung the moon,
Balanced the earth, and named and set the stars,
To serve for signs, and seasons, days, and years.
The rainbow is a sign; the clouds are signs;
The thunder has a voice that man should know;
The rapid lightning he should understand;
The rain, the dew, the grass, the trees, the beasts,
The birds, the fishes, all should teach him truth.
Gold, silver, precious stones, the earth itself,
With all its furniture of mountains, hills,
Valleys, and streams, deserts, and fruitful plains;
The northern cold: the moulding of the snow;
The generation of the hail and storms;
The changing winds, the restless roaring sea,
That casts up mire and dirt;—these man should read,
And "look through nature—up to Nature's God!"
Not so!—He hath ordained another way.
The mystic ladder Isaac's son beheld
Of intercourse between the seen and unseen,
Prefigured naught of Nature. God in manhood,
Th' Eternal Word, made flesh! He is the Way
Up to the God of all. He lifts men up,
And seats them with Himself, and gives them power
Downward to look through all the works of God,
And read them in His light. For man was made
To have dominion over all creation:
So Adam names to all the creatures gave,
Because he saw them in the light of God,
From whom to them he went. God left him not
To grope his way, and win, by long induction,
The precious knowledge that we have a God;
But shewed Himself at once. Lifted is man
Within the sphere of Godhead by the Son;
Nor looks, nor passes upward, but as He
Reveals the Father by Himself, and leads
Heavenward the honored child of dust. The King
For wisdom far renowned, by light divine
Of beasts and fishes spake, of shrubs and trees,
And birds of every wing; and God to him,
That mystery divine imbedded deep
Close hidden in each one, revealed; and One

Greater than Solomon shall open all.
 And where then shall we find the Christian Muse?
 No pagan phantom 'tis, nor made of man,
 No creature, but the living One who spake
 By holy men of old in all the Psalms,
 The Law, the Prophets,—in all Holy Scripture.

XII.

I love the lonely hour of night, but not
 For darkness' sake, nor for its works; nor yet
 Without the precious light of day to tell
 Of persons, things and places. Light was made
 Before them all. Nor would I love the night
 When storms and blackness rule. Night, with its stars
 O'ercanopied, is not the darkness dread
 Which wise and foolish fear alike. 'Twas night
 When eastern sages came to Bethlehem.
 Safe guided by the star, and found the Babe,
 Born in a stable, and their honors paid,
 Their adoration, and their offerings gave
 As to a King divine. 'Twas in the night,
 As shepherds watched their flocks the Angel came,
 From Heaven descending, glory shining round,
 And told them of the wonder God had wrought.
 And then the hosts of Heaven appeared, and sung
 That wondrous song, confirming all His words:—
 "Glory to God on high; and on the earth,
 Peace and good will to men." That wondrous song
 Well might the angels sing! well might the Heavens
 Break forth in anthems of sublimest strains!
 But ah! the world heard not that song! The world
 Profound in darkness slumbered. All its ear
 That open was that time, for other things
 Was vigilant. The murderous jealousy
 Of hell was wakeful in Judea's court;
 And Herod sought to know the place where He
 Was born, with the intent the Child to kill,
 Not worship. And by night the Angel came,
 And warned the sleeping Joseph, who, by night,
 Arose and fled. Chiefly by night the Lord
 Of life prevailed to foil man's foe. By night
 The garden witnessed that deep agony
 Which forced the bloody sweat to flow! All night
 The lifeless body of the Crucified,
 Hopeful in death, reposed. And 'twas yet night,
 When, with a mighty earthquake, Gabriel came,
 In terror clad, and rolled the stone away
 Of entrance to the dead. And then He rose
 Whom death could not detain; and, rising, He
 Became the Resurrection and the Life,
 Destroying death, and him that had its power.
 Such are the uses God hath had for night;
 And so He hath outdone the Prince of Darkness.

XIII.

And it is good to meditate upon
 These mighty themes when night o'erhangs the earth,
 All nature shrouding in her sable pall.
 The night hath had its time; Egypt hath ruled,
 And with its darkness covered all the earth.
 The Prince of Darkness his dominion hath
 Long exercised in cruelty and craft,
 And boisterous ruffian force. But now the end
 Comes swiftly on; and, as the Angel came,
 A son of strength in glory clad, to open
 The sepulchre, and strike the keepers dumb,
 When they the glory saw, the earthquake heard;
 So He shall come to raise the sleeping dead
 From out their graves, and by His presence fill

The hearts of men with fear. And He shall shake
 All nations and all things as then He shook
 Earth by His power. And He shall sit the Judge.
 Judgment and justice shall before Him go,
 And from His face all darkness flee away.

I SAW HER 'MID THE GLITTER- ING THROUG.

"She listened to a flatterer's tale—
 Trusted—and was deceived."

I saw her 'mid the glittering crowd,
 A thing of life and love;
 Fair as cold winter's snowy shroud,
 And pure as saints above—
 A gallant form was by her side—
 Ah!—could such form deception hide!

The music breathed in lofty strain,
 Some old heart-stirring lay;
 To dance, he led her forth again,
 She could not say him nay;
 And words were spoken 'mid the dances,
 That did her simple heart entrance.

And all that night of festive mirth,
 He still was by her side—
 What feelings in each heart had birth!—
 Shall weal or woe betide?
 The parting glance, doth it betoken
 A heart made blessed, or rudely broken?

Next morn—I left my native shore,
 A rover blythe and free;
 I've heard the Arctic ocean roar,
 And sailed o'er ev'ry sea.
 Returned—I sought to know her lot,
 My memory saw in every spot.

They told to me a thrilling tale,
 It still rings in mine ear;
 A tale—to make the cheek turn pale—
 The heart stand still with fear:
 Of flatterer's words—of trusting maid—
 Of hope all lost—a heart betrayed.

I saw her once—but once again;
 And O!—what change was there!
 Her brow now bore the mark of Cain—
 Sin's punishment—despair!
 Reason unseated—honor gone—
 A broken heart, or changed to stone.

Ah! what a dreadful fate was hers!
 Too out of gentle ones the share—
 They list to heartless flatterers;
 Like birds, fall in the trapper's snare!
 Deceived—their's is life's saddest lot—
 Remorse—the worm that dieth not.

BUSH SCENERY.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

WHAT emigrated European is there amongst us, who had ever formed a correct preconceived idea of an American forest?

I can well recall my own ideas on the subject, namely: of vast, huge-trunked, spreading-boughed, patriarchs of the woods, extending gigantic arms over vast plains of green turf, chequered by their shadows with light and shade;—a vision of an English forest of the olden time described to the ears of our childhood in ballads of Chevy Chase, and tales of Robin Hood,—with glades, and lawns, and sunny spots, and nooks of shade under interlaced arbours, where the glancing horn of a deer, or the yellow gleam of a squirrel appeared to give life to the scene. How very absurd and irrational these ideas proved. If one could have but afforded oneself the trouble of a little correct reflection, after experience, as the vision resolved itself into an eternal, unvaried plain, of long, straight sticks, of trunks standing thickly together, each with a shapeless bush at the top—more resembling a forest of gigantic mops, than respectable specimens of the vegetable genus; with eternal night, and a wilderness beneath them, where nothing flourishes but dark fungi and crawling parasites, interlaced so impenetrably, that only wild beasts of the forest and creeping things can pierce them. And, perchance there may be the gleam of a sluggish river, making its way among fallen trunks, rotting branches and sedges, among which it loses itself at its shores, for no bank, in most instances, can be discerned. Or where cultivation, with its axe and ploughshare has admitted some of the light of heaven on these dreary wildernesses—we discover a landscape of rough, wooden-fenced fields, a few rickety wooden sheds clustered here and there, and the whole surrounded as with a shore by the eternal outline of the primeval forest—and we have what is denominated “a clearing.” Yet has “the bush” its sunny places and its charms; and I retain few more pleasant impressions of any scene in the Old World or the New, than of a visit paid in the back-wood township of Beckwith, in Upper Canada, to a place bearing in that district, the designation of

THE BEAVER MEADOW.

There are few townships rejoicing in a more plentiful allowance of swamp, than this of Beckwith. There is no admission into its bounds

without a traverse of the “Long Swamp,” a process accomplished over five miles of “corduroy,” which, for those who have not the heart to dispense with the rough waggons of the country in the stead of their own good limbs, is about as sad an affair as the situation of Dr. Colman’s German culprit, exclaiming:

“Aint I pon de wheel,

“D’ye tink my blot, and bones, and nerfs can’t feel!”

Having attained Beckwith through this delectable pathway, on a visit of a few days to an exiled friend, I began to enquire on the third day after my arrival, just when on the point of a threatening of *ennui*, whether there was anything to be seen in the district, or any direction where one might enjoy a pleasurable walk, or anything at all, beyond this dreary waste of swamp, larches and cedars, which, like some wicked magic circle, seemed to environ our eyes and our footsteps, and irreparably to bar them from the world beyond.

“I know of nothing worth visiting,” was the reply, “but the Lake Mississippi, and that is ten miles off—and perhaps the Beaver Meadow.”

The designation took my fancy, directly—“Oh! by all means let us go then to the Beaver Meadow!”

“But how you are ever to reach it, is the question,” said my friend; “it is barely two miles distant, but every step is through the swamp, and half the way more wading than stepping; and then the mosquitoes—they are in full force at present, and more like a vision of African locusts in this locality, than an ordinary pest of Canadian insects.”

Difficulties are naught, when the mind is bent upon its whim, and accordingly, after dinner, equipping ourselves each in a pair of extraordinary leathern boots, and a branch of foliage to wave off the mosquitoes, we set out, a party of three, for the Beaver Meadow. Now I had not the remotest idea of what sort of place this Beaver Meadow was; but the difficulties of the path which led to it, gave promise of a paradise. It seemed the very mockery of a pathway, being anon a place of mire ankle deep, at one time a series of slippery logs, whose distance from each other, suggested the idea of very ungraceful strides; at times a bridge of frail reeds laid cross-wise, and not unfrequently a puddle of muddy water. After walking for a considerable dis-

tance through this path of gloom, the tall trees almost meeting above us, we came all at once, after a sudden turn in the forest, on a wide opening of light and verdure. I uttered an exclamation of delight.

"This!" said my friend, "is the Beaver Meadow."

There it lay, a large space of emerald, level as the ocean, winding for thousands of acres into the forest like a lovely lake, indenting itself into the form of bays, round promontories and undulating coasts, into the sombre outline of the forest that surrounded it with its dark evergreen shores. A clear stream ran through its centre, whose many curves the wider space of the meadow appeared to follow as it extended itself into the forest, and bright green clumps of hazel and alder and other shrubs appeared here and there on its surface, like islands of the blest; just some such spot of magic as we would have expected, in Fairy Tales or Arabian Romances, to have blessed some travel-toiled hero after long wanderings in weary deserts—a vista of light and shade offering unknown haunts, as it wound its length endlessly into the forest, and secluded nooks for the imagination to rove in, with solitude and silence and stillness over it, like the witchery of a fairy vision! It appeared to me like the very spot for an enchanter's wand to touch and dissolve into nothing; and I could do naught but stand in silence in the opening by which our pathway had conducted us into it through the woods, and gaze. And then it was in a perfect blush of wild flowers, while ever and anon came the clear, short, though inexpressibly sweet trill of the Canadian robin, that haunted the spot like the genuine voice of some spirit of the solitude. As I wandered through the meadow alone, for I left my companions resting on the green grass, I was carried back to some old dreaming child of the forest start from behind some of these alder clumps, with the lofty look and free mien of these lords of the wilderness, ere they knew of another race to turn them from their old customs and their ancient homes. I thought of this romantic imaginative race, with all their wild traditions and poetical beliefs, till shall I confess it, in brooding over the present dreary transition state of this western world, where there is neither the grandeur of savage life nor the beauty of civilization, I half regretted the old days of the wilderness, when a vast forest extended from sea to sea, offering a vision perchance of a solitary canoe on silent waters—a wigwam in some sequestered nook—a hunter on some tangled deer path, or on some spreading meadow under the trees,—a council of grave and

venerable sages. Most of all did I regret the loss of those old traditions in which the new race have no part, and which are dying away with the departure and extinction of the old. And not one of the least beautiful of them is that which regarded such spots as this, which are numerous on the continent, as a sort of Indian Elysian Fields. Surrounded as they usually are by frightful swamps, and only in certain seasons of the year at all accessible, it was natural that the Indians, only seeing them rarely and by glimpses through the woods, should imagine them, with their quiet hues and verdant tracts, paradises of rest for the souls of their departed warriors. To increase the sacredness of the associations, it was supposed death to the living to have viewed or discovered one of these places. True they always vanished, and at a near approach faded into mist; but the doom of the rash discoverer was regarded as sealed. "Wo to the hunter!" says the tradition, "who may catch a glimpse in his wanderings of these far off and shining spots. He returns to his wigwam an altered man—he languishes in the chase, and soon the green haunts of the forest shall know him no more!"

"You will scarcely credit," said my companions as I rejoined them, "that all this is the work of the beavers. Ages ago it was one vast beaver dam which the little creatures formed by blocking up the stream. In process of time the trees rotted, through the influence of the water, and fell—were covered with herbage, and we have now this rich and beautiful meadow which you see. Being the greater part of the year under water, no larger trees will flourish than those clumps of alders and water shrubs, that add such a charming variety to the landscape."

"But where are the beavers?" said I.

"Oh! they are fled far away—vanished before the approaching civilization. There is indeed an old inhabitant of the district who remembers two or three solitary animals—the last of their race—haunting the spot, as if mourning like human creatures over the desolation of the scene which had once, with its thousands of little huts and active, stirring population, been such a flourishing and busy colony.

"If I could but accomplish the drainage of this place," added he, "and deepen the channel of the river a foot or two, what a splendid farm should I not have here in a few seasons."

"And destroy the beaver meadow?"—oh! you utilitarian monster, you would never be so barbarous!"

"All very fine!" returned he, "but the age of romance is past; and if you talk and think in this

way about beaver meadows and such places, you will only get laughed at. Since you have been so gratified to-day, however, I shall reward you to-morrow by a visit in another direction,—our poor 'bush' may possess greater treasures in your line than you wot of."

"Oh! certainly. Whither are you about to conduct us?"

"To a solitary piece of water in the midst of the woods, rejoicing in the designation of

LAKE MISSISSIPPI."

The next morning dawned, an agreeable summer day, with just enough of wind and cloud in the firmament, to moderate the intense heat of a Canadian June. Our party was increased by one, since the Beaver Meadow excursion of the previous afternoon, and we set out two ladies and two gentlemen—a pleasant square number for all purposes of conversation and politeness—in what is called a "lumber waggon," a conveyance always more remarkable for strength and convenience than for elegance or lightness. After being indulged with a drive of a mile over the mail road, we suddenly turned into the forest.

"Whither under the sun are you about to conduct us?" exclaimed I; "I see no road."

"It is the best you shall have to-day, nevertheless," said our *cicerone*; "and what fault do you find?"

There was nothing but a sort of *claire obscure* opening through the forest, where might be discerned a glimpse of a track occasionally, caused by former unhappy waggons, bestrewn with logs, rotting branches and stumps; standing so thickly that no skill in the world seemed sufficient to charioteer us safely through. But nothing dismayed, the driver urged on his cattle, and they, like animals quite at home amongst such obstructions, worked their way through with infinite intelligence. till after one, as I thought, hair-breadth escape from overthrow followed closely by another, I began to breathe freely and imagined there might be a bare possibility of reaching Lake Mississippi with unbroken bones after all. As might be expected, our speed had in it nothing akin to that of a railway, and it was not till nearly two o'clock, after being most painfully tried with mosquitoes and jolting, that emerging from the woods upon a gentle eminence, we saw Lake Mississippi with its islands spread out before us. A perfect lake of the woods was Lake Mississippi, extending like a vast expanse of silver amidst the dark green of the environing forest; now lost to the eye behind some vast wooded promontory or island—again appearing in the far off distance like a river or some lesser lake, till stretching beyond the boundary of view, it

was lost in the horizon, where its azure waters appeared to blend with the kindred azure of the skies.

I longed to launch myself in a canoe and sail amongst these numerous and fantastically formed islands, which rose like patches of emerald on its silver surface, and cast such splendid fringes of shadow, as well as its surrounding edges, wherever their dark green shores met the surface of the mirroring waters. A magnificent diversity of light and shade, of woods and waters, of silence and solitude, did this vast surface now before us present, just as it might have looked hundreds of years before, ere the art of man began to deface the wild savage beauty of uncultivated nature. We dismounted from our car and quickly found ourselves in a canoe. One of our party, who was of a more adventurous or romantic disposition than the rest, got into a canoe by himself and launched forth on the waters alone. But being rather a novice in the art of paddling, after permitting his bark to transport itself a considerable distance into the lake, our adventurer appeared disposed to leave it to the freedom of its own will, and seemed to enjoy himself amazingly, like another Alastor basking amid the beauties of an enchanted lake. But apparently getting tired of this, we observed the canoe making extraordinary gyrations towards different parts of the shore which it was seemingly destined never to attain; as no sooner did it appear on the point of landing, than by some invisible influence it was wafted back again.

"So—ho! What is the matter with your boat?" was exclaimed from ours, as we swept past with two skilful paddlers, on our way to an island that we were intending to visit.

Our friend made no reply, but we began to entertain strong suspicions that he did not know how to effect a landing, a paddle being a most obstreperous instrument in unskilful hands; and that he was doomed like a modern Ulysses to be a wanderer of the waters in search of a port, from which some envious Fate ever appeared to deter him.

Meanwhile our canoe swept on towards the Island, and A, whom my friends consider a little wrong-headed on the subject of the classics, began, as we swept under its green shadows and towards its enamelled turf, incongruously enough to think of Calypso's Isle in the Grecian Seas;—that precisely so might it have looked with its green turf that inclined to the waters, and serpentine path which we discerned now leading from the landing, arbour'd over with wild vines and creeping plants as they stretched from tree to tree. I began to think of this pathway, star'd as it was

with wild flowers, and bordered with wood strawberries—as perchance leading to some grotto of the nymphs, inhabited by forms of superhuman beauty, with celestial grace in their motions and immortality in their eyes. And so, as we swept through a bed of water lilies cradled like stars amid their broad green leaves upon the rocking waters, I was awakened from my reverie by the canoe grounding on the shore. We were received by a nymph, a native of the Island, who however did not look at all like the goddess Calypso, but presented a sturdy pair of rustic unsandalled feet, with curtailed skirts, and welcomed us in a most unmistakable Doric, which was none of the Greek, towards her island domain. We followed to her bower, by the path aforementioned, and found a log shanty with a bedstead, “bunk,” and sundry other household articles, in the single apartment of which it consisted; and for nectar and ambrosia were regaled with oaten cakes and whiskey. After a long talk regarding old Scotland, of which our nymph was a native, “and the hills and the glens and the bonnie braes,” our entertainer, as is customary, expressing her longings for the old country, and anathematizing every thing in the new, “whar the vary bit caten bread itsel’,” as she said, “hadna the same sweetness under the tongue as it used to hae at home,” we took our way to the other side of the island to view the lake from another point of view.

To our surprise we found the sky overcast, and a storm rising; and by the time we reached our destination the wind had amounted to a hurriane, with a suddenness, as we were told, common to the inland waters. The lake looked like a beauty in a storm, the spray driving like mist along its surface which, blackened and agitated, dashed up against the many islands in a thousand tumultuous waves. The rush and roar of the wind among the woods was tremendous, while the crash of falling trees was heard like the crack of sharp rifles above the noise of the storm! More beautiful in storm than in calm, thought I,—oh! sleeping beauty—then sleeping so softly, as if a breath could dissolve thee away like a mirage vision; now so strong and stern in thy wrath, which none of the boldest of us would dare encounter. with black, wrinkled scowls, and patches of turbulence and foam—

“Drives like tears thy spray along!
And the light of stor g emotion
Glimmers in thy dark blue eyes!”

We began to look blank at each other, and to think about home, and the angry lake that lay between us and its shelter, as well as the dreary ten mile drive through inhospitable woods. We

made our way back to the “shanty,” and were pressed by our Calypso, with all the blandishments of which her nature was capable, including a renewed offer of cakes and whiskey, to partake of her hospitality for the night. But the beds looked very unpromising, and that was not to be thought of;—so making our way down to the landing, we resolved to see if we should not attempt our fortune on the angry waters. The waves were by no means so high on this side of the island as on that from which we had just returned; still our canoes were not to be thought of. But our Calypso, who was by no means of such a monopolizing disposition as the Homeric one, to our great surprise appeared presently rounding a small promontory with a stout boat, which she rowed, accompanied by a male assistant. Having undertaken to convey us to the mainland, we stepped in, some of us very loath, and were soon rocking and tossing on the lake. A most unenviable position was ours, for the boat was a perfect shell, and toppled and reeled to such a degree that we appeared as if every moment on the point of being swamped. The oars seemed none of the stoutest—nor our crew of the most skilful, and ever as the fierce winds came in an intenser gust, we heeled and bent over to it as it hissed past us, until it seemed impossible that the boat could ever recover her balance. Though splashed and wetted to the skin, we all maintained a remarkably silent resignation, which I afterwards attributed to the dread of worse evils. There never was such a silent party under the circumstances; the ladies of us even never ventured upon a shriek or scream. After we landed, which we did happily without accident, we were all as bold and brave as lions, and of course none of us had been in the least degree frightened, yet none could help being witty on the subject of his neighbour's late anxiety of feature. I must say, for the credit of the gentlemen, that they seemed quite as anxious and careful on the subject of their lives as the ladies had been; yet one, who quizzed me particularly regarding my terrified face, on being retorted upon, on account of his own, which presented as unmistakable a picture of dismay as one could fancy of a caricature, insisted, as he still does to this day, that his fears were not at all for himself, but, listen, oh! ye contemners of Mammon! amid the splashing of the spray, mainly for the safety of his gold watch.

We returned homewards through the forest by the same road as we had travelled in the former part of the day, and after a late dinner enjoyed a profounder and more comfortable night's rest than I, at least, experienced for many months.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.*

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, when pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

WORDSWORTH.

NO. III.

"NORMAN'S BRIDGE; OR, THE MODERN MIDAS."

BY T. D. P.

WANT of space compelled us, much against our inclination, to break off in the midst of a most interesting extract from "Norman's Bridge," which we now resume. We left the unhappy Michael in extreme peril—we now take up the narrative, and carry it through to the close of the thrilling scene:—

Maturin, in one of his novels, has given the most dreadful description that ever fell from human pen of a man massacred by a mob.

It is too painful for me even to dwell upon this present most degrading, yet most dreadful of all situations. Michael was a brave spirit, and had his good qualities, in spite of his many faults; and you shall not see him dragged about, and pummelled, and beaten, his garments torn to tatters, staggering and dizzy, pushed to and fro, shuffled and knocked up and down, by the rude and savage crowd which pressed upon him on all sides. A crowd, even the most inoffensive crowd, is, when closely jammed and forcing itself onward against any obstacle, a very fearful thing. What is it, then, when enraged and furious!

The High-street led direct to the bridge. It was narrow; but the crowd streamed down it, forced Michael upon the bridge—upon the battlements! A loud, wild huzza!—"Drown him!—drown him! Throw him into the river to search for his musty corn! Fling him in, as ye would fling a dog!" He is raised high in the air by the arms of two or three herculean, half-drunken draymen. Another loud shout, and they hurl him in.

At that moment a shriek, shrill and piercing, rang down the street. The very mob was struck by it. There was a moment's pause—a moment of compunctious silence. The loud shriek of the agonized wife, as she witnessed the spectacle from the top of the High-street, had found a way to every heart.

"He's gone, however," said one or two, as they hung over the battlements of the bridge, and looked down into the water.

They were all too much engaged to observe what next approached. Suddenly there was another cry—"The soldiers!—the soldiers are upon us!"

Through the bushes and osiers which clothed the opposite banks the bright scarlet uniforms and glowing brass of the plumed helmets of a detachment of the county Fencibles were seen galloping down. They were headed by Lord Strathnaer, mounted upon a magnificent black horse. They approached the bridge.

There was a loud, shrill cry of defiance from the crowd, and a shower of stones greeted Lord Strathnaer as he came on; but the men, their sabres drawn and carbines loaded, advanced steadily with all the courage—and proudly we may add, with all the humanity and forbearance which distinguish the English soldier upon those trying occasions—occasions when, surrounded by a rude hostile, abusive crowd of human beings, choking up the ways, impeding his movements, saluting him with every provoking epithet which can be invented or applied, he remains perfectly passive; and, with the generous forbearance of the armed toward the unarmed man, remains, as so many have seen, calm, composed, and master of himself, only intent upon performing his duty with the least possible violence, and the least possible injury, to the misguided multitude with which he is surrounded.

The mob, though insolent at first, showed, as usual, the white feather when opposed to a regular, well-disciplined force—as the soldiers, in close order, making their fine horses curvet and prance in what seemed a very formidable, though a very harmless manner, and waving their sabres over their heads, rapidly bore down upon the bridge.

Curses and abuse were now exchanged for screams and shrieks of women and cries of men. There was a general rush toward the town; and the cavalry had only to gallop among the crowd with their managed horses, striking about with the flat of their sabres, and the populace, like a flock of sheep, fled in one mass to the opposite end of the bridge and thence to the bank above. Here they turned, and confronted their adversaries.

But not all the force of the crowd, pouring down in an opposite direction, could arrest the progress of the wife in the vehemence of her despairing agony, as, followed by her friend and her son, she rushed madly forward, all her usual

calmness and self-possession exchanged for the wild energy of passion, as, screaming out, "Oh, save him! save him!" arms stretched out, and hair streaming from her cap, she rushed like one distracted down the bank, and upon the bridge.

"Oh, save him! save him! I see him! I see him!"

"Who? what? where?" cried one, never deaf to the voice of human misery—Lord Strathnaer—who checked his horse, struck with the wild accents and still wilder appearance of the agonized woman.

"There! there! Oh, I see him! I see him! He is struggling for life! For the love of Heaven!" flinging herself before Lord Strathnaer's horse—"save him! save my husband!"

"Where? where?"

"In the river! There—there!" was the general cry.

The head of the unfortunate man was now seen just above the stream. Now it sinks—now it rises again—as he struggles for life; and the waters roll him forward to the sea.

The river was deep and rapid; for the tide had just turned, and was running out like a mill-race to the ocean. Michael, after the first plunge, had risen to the surface; but though able to keep his head above water, it was impossible for him to stem the force of the stream, which was rapidly bearing him onward.

There was not a moment to be lost. A few incoherent words were enough. Lord Strathnaer turned his horse's head, recrossed the bridge, forced the animal down the steep bank; a plunge—a man and horse are in the river stemming the deep and dangerous torrent.

The fine black charger swam nobly. The light figure of Lord Strathnaer, in his scarlet uniform and bright helmet, was seen making way rapidly toward that small, black object which was still visible above the water. He nears it rapidly; and the spectators from the bridge, breathless with anxiety, now see the head raised higher from the water; next a hand and arm appear; then, a whole body is scrambling up against the horse, assisted by the rider. It rises—it falls again with a heavy plunge. The dread silence upon the bridge—the speechless agony with which this struggle for life was watched—is only vented in one stifled "Ah!" followed by a faint shriek—as he again falls into the water.

The noble horse plunges and strikes forward boldly with his feet. Once more the head, arm, and hand appear. Lord Strathnaer is seen stooping forward toward it.

"He'll drag him into the water. He'll drag him in," is the cry of the excited spectators, who had now gathered together and watched the scene with the most intense interest—all their animosity against the corn-factor lost in sympathy with his generous preserver.

Mary could not speak—her eyes, straining from their sockets, were fixed upon the spot. She saw that figure leaning forward—seizing the out-stretched hand—waving in its saddle.

"He is gone! He is gone! He is gone!" was the cry.

But no, he rises again—his horse, it is evident, has found a momentary footing upon one of the numerous sand-banks in the river. The resist-

ance thus afforded steadies the rider. He pulls—he strains—and see! see! a second figure rises again dripping from the water, with one desperate effort scrambles upon the back of the animal, and is seated safely behind the brave and generous rider.

A loud shout of exultation rung from the bridge and shores, as Mary, closing her eyes, sunk back into the arms of her son. But all is not yet safe. She recovers herself in an instant, and again, stretching over the battlements, strains her eyes toward him.

The river is running rapidly; and the noble, black charger—who has again lost his footing—vacillates, shudders, and yields a little to the stream. With spur and voice the brave young soldier urges and forces him forward. Dire was the contest. Now the stream rolls him forward—now he struggles—now he swims and approaches the bank.

"He is near the shore! He is near the shore!" bursts from the multitude of voices. "Oh, brave horse. Oh, oh! brave rider. Noble young man. Ah! ah! he's gone—he's gone.—No—no!"

One more desperate effort, he reaches the bank. His rider urges him forward with spur and voice. One desperate strain and struggle up the precipitous side—they are safe! and poor, black Paladin falls down, dying beneath them.

"You are safe, sir," said Lord Strathnaer, disengaging himself from the poor animal, and raising up Michael, who had fallen almost under him. "You are safe, God be praised. Oh, my poor fellow! is this your reward?"

A loud, loud huzza rung from the bridge and shores; but Lord Strathnaer heard it not. He was bending over his dying horse. That heart—so affectionate, so loving, so kind—which attached itself to all within its circle so generously and so tenderly, mourned over the animal as a man mourns over his friend.

In the mean time, Mary and her son, followed by the minister, had hurried to the spot, and she arrived just in time to catch her husband in her arms as he reeled and sunk toward the earth.

The hurry, the confusion, the rude buffeting of the mob, the fall from the high bridge had completely exhausted him; the instinctive love of life had enabled him to struggle out of the water; but his brain was all in confusion. He seemed in a mazy, suffocating dream—incapable even of thanking the generous man who had risked his life to save him. He closed his eyes, staggered, and sunk down as dead into the arms of his friends.

Mrs. Grant, as with the assistance of John and the minister, she supported him—endeavoring vainly to raise him—turned her eyes often and wistfully toward his young preserver, who, still bending over his horse, seemed entirely occupied in the vain attempt to recall his poor favorite to life. But she could not speak; she was choked with her various emotions; and after a struggle or two for voice she gave it up, and sitting down upon the grass, motioned for her husband's head to be laid on her lap. She busied herself in chafing his temples and hands, while John and Mr. McDougal, each terribly frightened, ran various ways to seek a doctor.

Lord Strathnaer, still bending over the gasping horse, his face filled with sorrow, was as a beau-

tiful picture, had there been any one there to observe it—but there was not.

Glancing, however, at Mrs. Grant, as she sat there, with her husband lying stretched upon the grass, he seemed to recollect himself, and leaving his dying horse, he turned to her, with the greatest kindness of look and voice, and offering his services, endeavored to assist her in her efforts to restore animation. It was impossible for human being to show more true kindness in so short a space, than in those few minutes was shown by this amiable young man.

Animation at length slowly returned. Some painful gaspings and slight convulsions, and Michael once more opened his eyes. The first object they met was the anxious, tender, though pale and aged face of his faithful Mary, her eyes fixed upon him with an expression of so much sorrow—so much interest—such deep and tender love! Oh! beautiful—above all that is beautiful, is the strong, the serious, the changeless love that has thus grown and strengthened amid the sorrows and trials of many, many years! Beautiful is that beneficent provision for the human heart—that long, long, deep, ineffaceable love, that binds still closer in the hoary winter of our days, than even in the warm, first bliss of life's bright spring! Oh! dear is that trust—precious that confidence—most true and real that affection, which asks no graces, no charms, no powers of intellect to please—no recompense even for its deep devotion, but that return of one other constant heart, equally disinterested and equally true.

They did not find words, even in thought, these feelings with which Lord Strathnaer observed the exchange of deep feeling, as Michael's eyes caught those of his Mary, at that moment so inexpressibly dear. Yes, it was beautiful! And the heart of this generous young man had not been rendered callous to such things by a life of luxury, idle dissipation, and habitual self-indulgence. He was formed to sympathize with all that was genuine; but, above all, with every thing that was loving and true.

So it was with very great additional interest, that, stooping down over the still faint and feeble man, he asked him how he felt himself, and what he could do more for him.

Mary had found voice at last, and though it still faltered and trembled with emotion, she endeavored incoherently, but as well as she could, to express her thanks to the preserver of her husband's life.

"Say nothing—say nothing," said Lord Strathnaer, kindly—"an act of the commonest humanity. But what do you propose to do now? Did I understand rightly that the mob threw your questions. And by the noise and howlings I hear in the town, I fear I shall be obliged to leave the opposite bank. Tell me, can I do any thing more for you? Do you think he is safe here? What can be the cause of this sudden uproar?"

Mary's color rose as she said, in a low voice.

"Corn riots."

"But why attack your husband? Has he had any thing to do with dealings in provisions? There has been a very unreasonable clamor raised,

I understand, in many parts of the country against the dealers in corn. Nothing can be more unjust or unreasonable, in most cases. But to reason with the waves is as rational as to reason with an excited and angry mob. I am afraid there will be some difficulty in putting down this disturbance, as far as I can judge from the appearance on the opposite side of the river. If it be true, for whatever reason, that your husband has excited all this animosity, it can not be safe for him to go into the town."

Michael, faint and stupid as he was, had listened to and caught these few words.

He turned his languid eyes upon his wife, and their expression said, "You see what some men think!"

He then made an effort to sit up; and looking with an assured eye at Lord Strathnaer, said—

"This is my only crime, I can assure you, my lord."

Will such a scene as that just described soften Michael's heart? Will the good angel which ever lurks near, watching unceasingly to impart its lovely teachings, be able to supplant the demons of Mammon, which have taken possession of his once noble heart? No; in vain are the gentle ministrations of his wife, in vain the beautiful example of the good Lord Strathnaer, in vain the sterner lesson of the ruthless mob! It is impossible to dislodge the grasping fiend of avarice, when it has once got possession of a human heart—it grasps its prize tighter and tighter—with an iron hand it crushes out all the sweet affections, the benevolent sympathies, and leaves nothing but a dry shell, a plating of gold, in lieu of the lovely soul of tender, exalting, generous outreachings, sympathizing tendencies, which is the God-given gift of our birth. How strong should be the barriers raised in every heart against such foul ruin. Should not every merchant engaged in active business, as he rushes on, pause, and ask himself—"To what is this tending? For what am I working? Is it that I may bless my fellow creatures? Is it that I may be able to scatter far and wide the seeds of knowledge? That I may feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and aid the blessed institutions of religion and benevolence? Or, am I only labouring, giving the work of the day, and the thoughts of the night, to an accumulation for self? Am I hoarding up only that I may be surrounded with masses of the glittering dust, that I may point to this warehouse, those houses, yonder teaming orchards, and say they are mine?" Mean, inglorious ambition! when will men learn to live not for the present, but for the future, to gather not the riches, which, clutched ever so tightly by the hand of flesh, must slip from the icy touch of death? When will the love of grateful hearts, the humble, blessed, the poor

widow made to rejoice in her solitary home, be more to the man of business than the world's admiration for his financial talents? Would that to every one who stands faltering over the chasm of avarice, and self-interest, would come such a dreamy vision as that presented by Dickens to the hard-hearted Scrooge. If each individual could see written before him the past, present, and to come, could feel the chain which prevents him from rising to heaven, with the weight, not so much of actual sin as of advantages unimproved, poor hearts ungladdened—could they see their own selfishness vividly portrayed before them with its inevitable result; could they read how the hearts of all around them chilled at their approach, when by less self-seeking they could make a genial atmosphere that should warm and elevate all who approached them—how different would the world be to them, what light and gladness would they enjoy! Then they would learn the true meaning of happiness, to dispense to others, to seek out the deserving, to send, without the generous hand from which it comes being known, the small sum which meets the widow's rent, or pays for the little comforts which the aged need, to educate the children of poverty to enable them to start in life with a fair chance of success, to aid the young man just entering on business. These, these are the true pleasures of life, which far outweigh all the mean satisfactions of gain and accumulation.

But, Michael Grant, spite of the bitter lesson he had received, could not open his heart to these blessed truths; money had become his god; money closed his mind against the influence of the wife of his bosom; money made him traitor to the noble man who had saved his life at the imminent risk of his own. Gold! gold! gold! was his idol.

"Gold—gold—gold! Let it be gold!
Asleep or awake that tale he told."

It would suffer no rival; and so he went on. His thirst for gold blasted the happiness of his family. Mary, the high-hearted, high-principled, loved him still, but there was an ice barrier between them, and had it not been for her faith and trust in the power and love of God, she would gladly have laid her head in the grave,—and yet with a woman's heart she ever hoped. She could not see that all the divine light was quenched from her husband's soul; she could not, would not believe but that his nature would be once more rekindled by the heavenly fire; and this hope is encouraged, because she has in him still one pure natural affection, undimmed by his mas-

ter passion, the love for his grand-child,—the common-looking, awkward, but resolute and intellectual Joan.

The development of this child's character is admirably managed, and Mrs. Marsh has drawn in her, one in whom we love to dwell,—who stands out in bold contrast to all around her,—one in whom are beautifully blended the lofty attributes of her grandmother, with the keen sightedness and intellectual superiority of the grandfather—and her whole nature becomes refined by her intimate intercourse with the lovely Strathnaer family. Her kindness to the poor weak Granville, the good influence she exercises not only over him, but also over the impetuous, self-willed Edward, are beautifully described.

There are not many characters introduced into the work; it is simple in its delineation, requiring no violent catastrophes to free the author from the trouble of sustaining his characters,—the two families of Grant and Strathnaer, are the only ones, each types of their class; each perfectly natural; the effect of circumstances upon their various positions, are admirably portrayed; the deep sympathies which are excited as the net draws closer and closer around the gentle earl, those sympathies which by going always towards the good and true, and never with the selfish and hard hearted, show that the heart our good God has given us is right, if we will reverently listen to its promptings.

No one can read this book without feeling the beauty of disinterestedness, without having the better affections quickened, the nobler nature brought out. It were useless to touch upon each point of interest; indeed it is impossible, for there is hardly a page that does not contain something to repay for its perusal. It does not falter at all, but the interest is sustained to the very close; indeed, it becomes almost too deep, as the great work which has linked together Michael and Lord Strathnaer proceeds to its end, and the mind is just relieved of its pressure of anxiety, when, by a sudden convulsion of nature, the hopes of years are destroyed, the fortunes of Lord Strathnaer laid low and his death-blow given.

There is very little of love romance throughout the book, not one chapter hardly a passage given to the sentimental love, which floods our common novels,—for Joan's attachment to Edward, deep as it is, hardly bears the stamp of love; and the letting it flow on naturally as it does, without distorting events to bring about the generally so much longed for conclusion of a happy marriage, is a fitting close to the book.

A POST HORN WALTZ.

Kuffner.

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

The musical score is arranged in six systems, each consisting of two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system includes a 'For.' instruction. The second system includes a 'Ped.' instruction. The third system includes a 'Ped.' instruction and an asterisk. The fourth system includes a 'Ped.' instruction and an asterisk. The fifth system includes an asterisk and a fortissimo 'ff' instruction.

A POST HORN WALTZ.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a repeat sign and contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The instruction "Fine. Ped." is written above the first few measures of the lower staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line from the first system. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment, featuring accents (>) over several chords.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line, including a repeat sign. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line, ending with a double bar line. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The instruction "pp" is written above the lower staff, and "D. C." is written at the end of the system.

OUR TABLE.

MARDI; AND A VOYAGE THITHER—BY HERMAN MELVILLE.

As allegorical romance, from the polished pen of Herman Melville, the author of "Typee" and "Omoo" has just made its appearance, from the press of the Harpers of New York—and already it has created something of what is called a "sensation" in the reading world. Herman Melville, in spite of his romantic name, will be not an unworthy rival of the most celebrated American novelists, and his "Mardi" will lift him at once up many steps of the ladder, which he has stoutly determined to climb. It is, as we have said, a kind of allegory—a fancy voyage into the world, the prominent features of which are portrayed with a racy vigour which is both pleasant and piquant. We have not room to enter into its merits fully, but the following extract, in which the British Isles are introduced, under the name of Dominora, will give a good idea of the character of the book:—

The three canoes still gliding on, some further particulars were narrated concerning Dominora; and incidentally, of other isles.

It seems that his love of wide dominion sometimes led the otherwise sagacious Bello into the most extravagant actions. If the chance accumulated shelf of soil and drift-wood about any detached shelf of coral in the lagoon held forth the remotest possibility of the eventual existence of an inlet there, with all haste he despatched canoes to the spot, to take prospective possession of the as yet nearly sub marine territory; and, if possible, erect the zoophytes.

During an unusually low tide, here and there bearing the outer reef of the Archipelago, Bello caused his royal spear to be planted upon every place thus exposed, in token of his supreme claim thereto.

Another anecdote was this: that to Dominora there came a rumour, that in a distant island there dwelt a man with an uncommonly large nose; of most portentous dimensions; indeed; by the soothsayers supposed to foreshadow some dreadful calamity. But disregarding these superstitious conceits, Bello forthwith despatched an agent, to discover whether this huge promontory of a nose was geographically available; if so, to secure the same, by bringing the proprietor back.

Now, by sapient old Mohi, it was esteemed a very happy thing for Mardi at large, that the subjects whom Bello sent to populate his foreign acquisitions, were but too apt to throw off their yassalage, as soon as they deemed themselves able to cope with him.

But what more of King Bello? Notwithstanding his territorial acquisitiveness, and aversion to stolen nations, he was yet a glorious old king;

rather choleric—a word and a blow—but of a right loyal heart. Rail at him as they might, at bottom all the isles were proud of him. And almost in spite of his rapacity, upon the whole, perhaps, they were the better for his deeds. For if sometimes he did evil with no very virtuous intentions, he had fifty ways of accomplishing good without meaning it. According to an ancient oracle, the hump-backed monarch was but one of the most conspicuous pieces on a board, where the gods played for their own entertainment.

"But here it must not be omitted, that of late King Bello had somewhat abated his efforts to extend his dominions. Various causes were assigned. Some thought it arose from the fact that already he found his territories too extensive for one sceptre to rule; that his more remote colonies largely contributed to his revenues. Others affirmed that his hump was getting too mighty for him to carry; others still, that the nations were waxing too strong for him. With prophetic solemnity, head-shaking sages averred that he was growing older and older; had passed his grand climacteric; and thought it was a hale old age with him, yet it was not his lusty youth; that although he was daily getting rounder, and rounder in girth, and more florid of face, that these, howbeit, were rather the symptoms of a morbid obesity, than of a healthful robustness. These wise ones predicted that very soon poor Bello would go off in an apoplexy.

But in Vivaenza there were certain blusterers, who often thus prated: "The Hump-back's hour is come; at last the old teamster will be gored by the nations he's yoked; his game is done,—let him show his hand and throw up his sceptre; he cutsbers Mardi,—let him be cut down and burned; he stands in the way of his betters,—let him sheer to one side; he has shut up many eyes, and now himself grows blind; he hath committed horrible atrocities during his long career, the old sinner!—now let him quickly say his prayers and be beheaded."

Howbeit, Bello lived on; enjoying his dinners, and taking his jorums as of yore. Ah! I have yet a jolly long lease of life, thought he over his wine; and like unto some obstinate old uncle, he persisted in flourishing, in spite of the prognostications of the nephew nations, which, at his demise, perhaps hoped to fall heir to odd parts of his possessions: Three streaks of fat valleys to one of lean mountains!

THE SEA LIONS—BY J. LENNIMORE COOPER.

ANOTHER novel from the pen of this celebrated author has just appeared. We have not had time to read it, but we have little doubt that it will well pay perusal. Cooper wields a powerful pen, and calls up interest and excitement at his will. We shall probably revert to it more at length, when we have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with its contents.