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(ORIGINAL.)

MARY OF ENGLAND.

BY E. L. C.

Continued from our last Number.—(Conclusion.)

The noise of her intended nuptials soon spread throughout the country, and the national pride was flattered at the idea of an English princess ascending the throne of France. In the meantime, the most splendid preparations were making for her departure, all of which she witnessed without an emotion of pleasure. She was publicly affianced by the Duke De Longueville in the name of the king his master, and when the day of her departure at length arrived, Henry and Catherine, with a brilliant train of courtiers, accompanied her to Dover. Her personal attendants were numerous, and gorgeously attired, and her retinue was swelled by a host of volunteers, anxious to express their loyal admiration, or perhaps, hoping to advance their fortunes by adherence to the royal bride. Hitherto Mary's grief had been silent and restrained, but when, for the last time, she felt herself clasped in her brother's embrace, it burst forth with a passionate violence, which it required all his efforts to soothe, and as he tenderly caressed her, and whispered words of hope and enduring affection, his conscience smote him with the keenest pangs of remorse, and he inwardly cursed the ambition which had led him to sacrifice a sister so beloved. But it was now too late for repentance, and reiterating his assurances of future protection, should circumstances ever occur, to render it desirable, he led her himself to the beautifully decorated yacht, in which she was to embark. The crowd pressed eagerly around them, and as Mary raised her tearful eyes, to cast them for the last time on the happy English faces of those who were calling down blessings on her head, she was startled by the fixed gaze of one among them, who stood regarding her with more than common earnestness. The view which she obtained of his figure was indistinct, and his features were half hidden by the folds of the cloak, which he crowded round his face; but their eyes met, and never yet did she encounter that speaking glance, without a thrill through every

fibre of her heart. In an instant after he was lost among the crowd, but Mary felt that she had seen Suffolk for the last time—that he had stood to witness the agony with which she tore herself from that dear spot of earth where he still dwelt, and there was a soothing power in this conviction, that calmed, but could not quell her sorrow. But at length the last word was spoken, the last embrace given, and yielding her hand to the Duke of Norfolk, he led her on board the vessel, waiting to convey her to her dreaded destiny.

Their passage across the Straits was short, though stormy—but Mary endured no terrors—the depths of the ocean seemed to her a quiet haven of repose, and but for the impiety of the thought, she would have wished that the tossing waves might engulf her in their bosom. The royal yacht was driven into the harbour of Boulogne, where the waves rose so high, that the princess might long have been confined to the narrow limits of the vessel, but for the knightly courtesy of Sir Christopher Cornish, who, with that same spirit of gallantry which afterwards distinguished the illustrious Raleigh, when he spread his cloak beneath the feet of the virgin queen, “stood in the water, took her in his arms from the boat, and carried her to land.” She was here met by a numerous cavalcade, composed of the flower of the French nobility, at the head of whom, rode the Count D’Angouleme, afterwards the gallant and warlike Francis the First.

This prince was the husband of Claude, the only child of Lou’ she had been permitted to assume the title of Dauphin, and long to consider himself as heir presumptive to the crown. It was therefore not to be wondered at, that he should contemplate with dissatisfaction the unexpected event of the king’s marriage to a youthful princess; and through respect for his sovereign, and the habitual courtesy of his nature, induced him to head the band of nobles, who hastened to welcome her to

the shores of France; he went, dwelling on the probable disappointment of his long permitted hopes, and almost wishing, that the storm which drove her upon the coast, had proved fatal to her, and all her followers. But such feelings could not long withstand the sight of Mary's loveliness, and at the termination of their first short interview, he would almost willingly have exchanged his youth and hopes, for the age and infirmities of the king, who was to possess her. In presence of her future subjects, Mary felt the necessity of forgetting the woman in the queen—of wreathing her lip with smiles, albeit her heart was bleeding from the past, and aching with a thousand fond and sad regrets. She was not used to dissemble, but in this, her first attempt, she succeeded beyond her expectations. Her versatile conversation, the richness of her mental resources, the sweet playfulness of her manners, blended as it was with enchanting modesty, and gentle dignity, her youth and her exquisite beauty, awakened the most passionate admiration in the heart of the elegant and accomplished Francis. It shone forth in the eloquent beams of his dark and sparkling eyes, and as they rode side by side towards Paris, Mary, mounted on a snow white palfrey, trapped with cloth of gold, and he on a stately steed, as richly caparisoned, again and again, arose in his heart the fruitless wish, that it might have been his happy fate, to devote his life to this young and lovely creature. More than once he sighed heavily, as he contrasted her with the princess Claude, to whom he was espoused—with whom he possessed no sympathy in common, who was destitute of personal attractions, and to whose many virtues, for she was a model of piety and goodness, he was insensible.

It was during their second day's progress, that Mary and her retinue approached the city of Abbeville. She had been insensibly beguiled from many sad and corroding thoughts, by the fascinations of the Count D'Angouleme, and was listening with pleased attention, to some court details of interest, which he was narrating, with a grace and ease peculiarly his own, when suddenly he paused, and looking with eager surprise, towards two or three horsemen, who were seen approaching, made a gesture as if he would dismount. While Mary was vainly striving to comprehend his motives, her ears were saluted by loud shouts of "Vive le Roi," which burst from the train of French nobles who formed her escort. "It is the King," cried Francis; at the same moment he threw himself from his horse, and seeing that Mary also was endeavouring to alight, he hastened to assist her efforts. But her rich and cumbrous robes, together with the embroidered trappings of her palfrey, so impeded her attempt, that Louis, noting her design, and solicitous to prevent it, bowed with a smile, that seemed to say, "the half of her beauty was not told me!"

and immediately wheeling round, struck into a cross road, and with his two attendants, disappeared. Mary's confusion and mortification were extreme—but Francis, by the gaiety of his humour, succeeded in dissipating her chagrin, though nothing could erase from her mind the unpleasant impression left upon it, by this first brief sight of her royal lord. Though in reality, but a little past fifty, he seemed a man of fourscore, bent down by age and infirmity, and the very desire which he had shown to behold her, served to increase her disgust towards him. Her thoughts reverted with inconceivable tenderness, to the graceful Suffolk, and a gloom settled upon her spirits, which neither her own efforts, nor the assiduities of Francis, had any longer power to dispel.

But her fate was not to be averted. She arrived at Paris without any further incident—the marriage was duly solemnized, and with becoming pomp, in the Abbey of St. Denis, and the day was fixed for the imposing ceremony of her coronation. Yet amidst the pomps and rejoicings of the occasion, Mary found it a hard, and often a hopeless task to wear an air of composure. Her sadness was apparent to all, and it deepened and hallowed the interest which her beauty and her sweetness had awakened in the heart of the Count D'Angouleme. He strove by every art to minister to her happiness and enjoyment, and was perpetually devising some little fête, or pleasant surprise for her amusement; and it was only when beguiled by the charm of his manners and conversation, that she was alive to any pleasurable emotion, or displayed for a brief space, the playful animation of happier days. At the count's instigation, the king proclaimed a tournament, to be held immediately after the coronation, challenging the knights of England and France to appear at the same, and enter the lists against all who presumed to dispute the peerless pre-eminence of the new queen's beauty. Mary looked forward with a feeling of awakened interest to this tournament. The nobles of her own country, would, many of them doubtless, be present, and though she dared not hope that Suffolk would be among the number, she looked for some, who might bring her tidings of him, and by whom, at least, she might hear his name spoken.

The day appointed for the coronation arrived, and Mary, notwithstanding her dejection experienced a sensation of noble pride, and conscious dignity, as she reflected that the diadem which had graced the brows of her exalted predecessor, the beautiful Anne of Brittany, was also to encircle hers. But she was too much accustomed to magnificence, to be dazzled by it now; too little desirous of a crown, to feel one emotion of triumph at its attainment; almost her only thought was, of how she should be able to maintain herself through this trying day—and her struggles for calmness and self possession were rendered

well nigh abortive, by intelligence that a train of English Knights had arrived on the preceding evening, to be present at the coronation and the tournament. With more than woman's fortitude, she suppressed her deep emotion, and bore herself throughout the ceremony, with such a lovely union of majesty and sweetness, as captivated every heart. The Count D'Angouleme's soul shone in his eyes, as with rapt gaze he watched her graceful motions and the ever changing expression of her beautiful and speaking face, and when she knelt to receive the crown, ponderous with gold and gems, he took it from the consecrated hand that would have placed it on her brow, and with indescribable grace held it suspended above her head, as though he feared its weight might crush so fair and delicate a flower.

At length the tedious ceremonial ended and as the new queen rose from the embroidered cushion on which she had knelt to receive the final benediction of the archbishop, her eye accidentally rested on the band of English nobles, who occupied a conspicuous station near the altar at sight of so many dear familiar faces, her heart beat high, her colour deepened, but in an instant more, both lip and cheek were of a marble paleness, for amidst that group stood Suffolk, and as she met his sad but tender gaze a thrill of mingled joy and agony shot through her heart. Deep and overpowering as was the strong emotion of that moment, it was instantly subdued—yet did it not escape the notice of the watchful Francis, but awoke in him a pang of jealous fear, and an eager desire to discover the object who could thus ruffle the before tranquil demeanor of the lovely Mary—for he could not attribute her disorder solely to the pleasure of seeing her countrymen, of whose presence she had been apprised. Nor was he long in suspense, for at a splendid banquet, which succeeded the coronation, many of the English nobles were invited, and among them Suffolk, as one of the most distinguished. Francis marked her, as with frank and cordial smiles, she received and answered their greetings, and he saw nothing to confirm his suspicions, but when, last of all, Suffolk approached her—he read in the glow that mounted to his temples, and in Mary's downcast eye, her trembling lip, and low and faltering voice, the secret of her deep despondency and gloom. The count, for the moment, felt impelled to detest the man, noble and prepossessing as was his exterior, who possessed the affections of the captivating Mary; but as he turned away with a bursting sigh, he encountered the mild eye of the Princess Claude, and read in its gentle beams, the reproof which his conscience told him he deserved. She had been no indifferent observer of his devotion to the new queen, but she was too much accustomed to his neglect to complain of it, and however deeply she might feel wounded by his indifference, she ever endured it without a murmur of reproach. In the pleasures of maternal love, and

in the strict performance of religious duties, and beneficent acts, she found ample occupation, and a sweet, if not an adequate solace for the coldness and alienation of a husband whom she tenderly loved.

On the succeeding day the tournament commenced. The fame of the Duke of Suffolk as a chivalrous and gallant knight, was familiar to Francis, and solicitous, in presence of Mary, to attain the glory of a victor, and already from motions of the deepest interest, desirous to cultivate a friendship with the Duke, he selected him as one of his aids, and appointed the Marquis of Dorset, another English nobleman of redoubted bravery, also to that honour. On a balcony erected for the purpose, and superbly ornamented, were stationed the king and queen, with their court and attendants, though Louis, fatigued by the pomps and gaiety of the preceding day, reclined on a couch, too ill to enjoy the splendid spectacle, at which he obliged himself to be present, only in compliment to his young and beautiful bride. But Mary more awake to pleasure than she had been since her departure from England, stood in front of the balcony, magnificently attired, attracting all eyes by her unequalled beauty, and winning all hearts by the fascination of her lovely smiles.

The tilting field presented a gorgeous and imposing shew. The triumphal arch at its entrance was emblazoned with the arms of France and England, and surmounted by the blended colours of the two nations, whose amity Mary felt, had been bought at so dear a price. The knights were arrayed in splendid suits, embroidered with fanciful devices, and mounted on proud steeds, whose trappings blazed with gold. Francis displayed his well known badge, the Salamander, with the expressive motto, "*I nourish the good, extinguish the guilty,*" while, the Duke of Suffolk, surpassing even the French prince, in the tasteful magnificence of his equipments, exhibited the delicate device of a rose, encompassed with the words, "*Thy sweetness is my life.*" Mary's heart too well understood the secret meaning of these words, nor was Francis slow in comprehending their significance. At length the lists were opened—a herald proclaimed aloud the challenge of Francis of Valois, Count D'Angouleme, and Dauphin of France, and the several combatants sprang into the barriers, eager to break a lance with the appellants.

It is not ours to hold the wand of the Scottish magician, who summoned at his will the beings of past ages, and who, whether he told of "tournaments and deeds of arms," or recounted the simple actions of a peasant or a beggar, threw over all the warm hues of his own rich and beautiful fancy, and gave to every look, and word, and gesture, the vivid colouring of life, touching the minute links that formed the rare and exquisite whole, with a graphic skill, that none have equalled. We therefore leave

it to the imagination, or to the curiosity of such as love to search the chronicles of ancient days, to read in their quaint pages, the deeds of chivalry performed on this occasion.

Every where Suffolk was triumphant—neither strength nor skill, availed the opponent who encountered him—from all he won the victor's wreath, and if his humbled foe escaped with life, he owed it only to the mercy of his conqueror. Mary could scarce conceal the joy with which she marked his prowess. Francis beheld it in her radiant eye, her glowing cheek, and bright electric smile, and fired with emulation, performed such feats of valour, as drew forth long and reiterated bursts of applause. But less fortunate than his envied and gallant rival, he was not destined to leave the lists unscathed. In a resolute encounter with a stubborn knight, the lance of his adversary pierced his sword arm, and so severely wounded it, as to disable him from further combat. Chagrined and deeply mortified, he was forced to quit the field; but no sooner had the surgeon bound up his wound, than, in spite of his injunctions, he repaired to the royal balcony, to soothe his vexed and disappointed mind, with the society of the fascinating Mary. But he was annoyed to perceive she betrayed no emotion at his approach; in a voice of only friendly interest, she expressed her concern for his accident, paid him a well turned compliment on the valour he had previously displayed, and then yielded her whole attention to the jousters, or rather to the meritorious Suffolk, by whom alone her whole soul seemed to be engrossed.

The duchess Louisa, the artful and intriguing mother of the count, noticed her son's chagrin, and her thoughts were busy to devise some method by which to be revenged on the detested Mary. This princess had regarded the queen with jealousy and aversion, ever since her appearance at the French court—she viewed her as the plunderer of her son's presumptive rights, and she determined to make her abode in France so wretched, as, if possible, to drive her from its shores. With watchful and penetrating eye she had read the secret of Mary's heart, and in order to mortify her, she now hoped to find some opponent, who, by superior strength, since none could rival him in skill, should humble the pride of this invincible Duke. In the suite of a foreign nobleman, recently arrived, there was a German of prodigious size and muscular power, and the idea instantly presented itself to her mind, of matching this giant with the English duke, who she was persuaded must yield to a physical force, which was said to be unequalled. But she was compelled to defer her evil purpose till the morrow, as the sports of the day were drawing to a close; though it was strengthened, by the annoyance with which she listened to the deafening shouts of triumph and applause that greeted the victorious Suffolk as he retired from the lists.

The hasty resolve of an angry moment was confirmed by Mary's deportment at the evening ball. Never before had the duchess seen her beauty so radiant, her movements so free and graceful, her smile so captivating as now, while, with winning courtesy, she received the homage of her noble countryman, or led the dance with the gallant victor of the day. The Count D'Angouleme was unable to partake the gaieties of the evening, still suffering from his wound, and chagrined by the indifference of the queen, but still more by her evident enjoyment of Suffolk's presence; he reclined on the same couch with the invalid king, totally unable, notwithstanding his native suavity, and the courtly polish of his manner, to hide the gloom and bitterness of his feelings. The duchess marked his disturbance, and promised herself sweet revenge upon the morrow.

It came—the lists were again opened, and again the undaunted Suffolk breathed forth his proud defiance. It was answered by the appearance of the gigantic German, mounted on a coal-black steed, and exhibiting a front of such herculean height and breadth, as seemed to promise destruction to all who might oppose him. Suffolk beheld this new adversary with wonder, but without dismay, and instantly placing his lance in rest, prepared for the encounter. The adversaries met, and such was the fury of the onset, and so overwhelming the physical force of the German, that at the shock, Suffolk reeled in his saddle. At this sight Mary grew pale, she faltered, and was near falling. The duchess marked her disorder with malicious joy; but Francis, though aware of its cause, sprang forward to support her. In an instant, however, she recovered, for Suffolk, with inimitable grace and skill, immediately regained his seat, and with unrivalled adroitness, quickly unhorsed the German, whom, “after the first attack,” says the chronicler, “he beat with the pommel of his sword, till the giant had enough of it.” At this unlooked for termination of her petty and revengeful scheme, the Duchess D'Angouleme abruptly quitted the balcony, burning with rage toward the innocent objects of her hate.

The remainder of this day, and the one that succeeded it, were a continued series of triumphs for the Duke of Suffolk—and whether in tilting, in the wonderful achievements of the two handed sword, or in the other feats of chivalry practised at that period, he was alike victorious. The prize of valour was adjudged to him, and with a throbbing heart and mantling cheek, the hero of the tournament knelt before the agitated Mary, while her trembling hand clasped round his neck the splendid collar of jewels which was awarded as the guerdon of his valour.

Again came the banquet and the ball, and many days of gay and festive amusement, made the court a scene of splendour and rejoicing. Suffolk was

always present, but he sought to hold no private conversation with Mary; and she had too much self respect, too much regard for the chaste decorum of her sex, for the obligations of religion and virtue, and too much reverence for the station which she filled, and which had been so adorned by the purity and goodness of the beautiful Anne, to listen to words of regret or tenderness from him, even had he been disposed to utter them. She felt, that they were no longer fit for her ear—but there was a sad pleasure in seeing around her the nobles of her own dear land, and of meeting amidst the fatiguing and splendid ceremonies of her new home, the subdued tenderness of that glance which had been dear to her from childhood, and of hearing the saddened but gentle tones of that beloved voice, whose accents awakened a thousand fond memories of the past, and carried her back to the green and silent woods of Havering Bower, where her heart had first whispered to her that she loved.

No wonder then, when the court festivities were for the present ended, and the band of English nobles prepared to take their leave of France, that Mary's heart should sink within her, and a deeper gloom again settle upon her spirits—deeper in contrast to the few bright rays that had shone for a transient space upon her unhappy destiny. She received the adieus of her countrymen with tears—but when she heard the low and agitated words, in which the kneeling Suffolk uttered his farewell, and felt the pressure of his trembling lips upon her hand, she sank upon her seat, and hid her beautiful face in the folds of her mantle. When she looked up, he was gone—they had all departed; but she met the fixed gaze of Francis of Valois, and she turned away with a burning blush, fearing he might have read the treasured secret of her heart.

Time now wore heavily away with the unhappy Mary. The increasing illness of the king forbade her partaking those amusements which might have diverted her melancholy, and it was only in the society of Francis and his accomplished sister, the Duchess of Alenson, that she found any relief from ennui and discontent. The count, now without a rival in her favour, had recovered his health and spirits, and seemed to exist only for her pleasure.—His favourite pursuits of hunting and hawking were abandoned, and under pretence of attending the sick-ness of Mary. Yet so delicate was the passion with which she had inspired him, that he shunned every gallantry which might subject her to the ill natured remarks of the courtiers, and often neglected opportunities of conversation, or attendance upon her, lest he might provoke for her the censure of levity or imprudence. He even sought to create a friendship between her and the Princess Claude, the purity and correctness of whose principles and deportment, he well knew would shield her from all re-

proach, and it was with unmixed pleasure, he marked the daily increasing affection that united her and the Duchess of Alenson. Louisa of Angoulême, saw, with discontent, the influence which Mary, by her sweetness, her unaffected dignity, and the lovely qualities of her mind and heart, was acquiring at court—but with especial disapprobation, she remarked the devotion of Francis to her person, and augured the most disastrous consequences from the indulgence of a passion, which, with all his caution, was too ardent to escape detection. Her remonstrances, her entreaties, and when these failed, her angry menaces, were alike ineffectual—the count persisted in his attentions to Mary, declaring that he could never offend such heavenly purity as hers, by the avowal of his unhappy passion, and that so long as he confined it to his own breast, it could neither wound her peace, nor sully her unspotted reputation.

Mary indeed suspected not the nature of those feelings, that prompted the assiduities of Francis. Accustomed from her infancy, to the adulatory homage of the great, she viewed his attentions as the spontaneous offering of the refined gallantry for which this accomplished prince was remarkable; and they were so delicate and unobtrusive, so indicative of an elegant and generous mind, that she received them with unaffected pleasure, and prized them as she would have done, had they been rendered by a brother, or a long tried friend.

Things were in this situation, and the whole court were waiting with different hopes and views for the issue of the king's illness, who, since the tournament, had been rapidly declining, when suddenly he expired, and Mary, who had been but three short months a royal bride, was freed by the inevitable shaft of death, from those unwilling bonds, which, odious as they were, she had worn with a truly queen-like and submissive dignity. Yet, sweet as were the thronging hopes that now filled her heart, she could not forbear a few tears to the memory of him, who had been to her a kind and indulgent lord, and who, when he made her the partner of his throne, had doubtless looked forward to many years of life and happiness. The retirement, authorized by decorum, was a luxury to her, and though her youthful charms were shrouded in the weeds of widowhood, they were but the external emblems of woe, and covered a heart, where hope was springing gladly up from the very ashes of despair, and whose gentle thoughts and fond memories clustered around the living—not lavished themselves with vain and idle sorrow on the dead.

As yet, Francis had paid her but one short visit of ceremony, to offer the customary condolence on her bereavement, for though he deeply felt how hard it was to deny himself the luxury of her society, yet, as the acknowledged King of France, he could not assume the dignity of his exalted station, without giving all his time to the many responsible duties,

which, in the first hours of his accession, claimed his attention. But he looked forward with impatient hope—hope which he hardly dared to analyse, to a renewal of constant intercourse with Mary; and no sooner was the ceremonial of the king's interment over, and the court restored to tranquillity and order, than he seat to request an interview with her. It was immediately granted, and with a beating heart the young king prepared to enter her presence.

She heard him alone, in an apartment hung with black, and which, but for a ray of sunshine that streamed through a narrow painted window of stained glass, would have required some artificial aid to render the objects it contained discernable, amidst the doubtful gloom. Mary herself, dressed in the deepest mourning, her beautiful hair unornamented, and wreathed in simple and becoming braids around her head, was seated at a table covered with papers and implements of writing. Her page was in waiting, but she dismissed him to the ante-room when Francis was announced, and rising, advanced to meet the youthful monarch, with such a winning air of majesty and grace, that the enamoured prince involuntarily bent one knee to kiss the offered hand that she extended towards him. Mary blushed at this unlooked for and impassioned homage, and said with slight embarrassment:

"Your majesty, in doing me this honour, forgets perhaps, that my transient reign is ended, and that the simple Mary of England, is no longer entitled to the homage yielded to the queen of Louis."

"That homage which it has been the delight of all hearts to render her," said Francis, "was the voluntary tribute of an admiring people to her virtues and her beauty, and still, under whatever title she is henceforth known to them, she must retain the undivided empire of their love and admiration."

Mary was touched by the fervour and sincerity of his tone, and after a momentary pause she said:

"Your majesty has ever judged me with indulgent kindness, and I have to thank you, which from my heart I do, for many, many instances of your considerate friendship and regard. The remembrance of all I owe to your generous efforts, for cheering my hours of gloom, and promoting my happiness, during my constrained residence here, will ever dwell with me, and I pray heaven to grant me some opportunity to express by acts the undying gratitude of my heart."

"I ask but one expression of it, if indeed I am entitled to such an emotion from her to whom I owe the happiest moments of my life," said Francis with animation—"I have sought your grace at this time, to receive from you instructions respecting your future arrangements. Since the death of his late majesty, you have intimated to me your intention of returning to England—but permit me to deprecate that step—to intreat, as a proof of your friendship—your gratitude—if that word, misapplied as it now

is, will win you to my wish—that she, who for a brief space has lent such unequalled lustre to our court, will still remain to form its ornament and boast, to infuse into it the elegance of her accomplished mind, and lead its rising beauties, to imitate the model of all that is most lovely and attractive in their sex."

"The youthful beauties of your majesty's court," returned Mary, "can have no models worthier of imitation than your virtuous and exemplary queen, your talented and witty sister—women in whose society I have reaped instruction and delight, and whom I shall ever remember with affection and regret."

"May I not then name their united wishes, as another motive for your remaining with us?" asked the king, to whom, however, the praises of his queen sounded like a reproach to himself,—and from whom he would willingly have parted forever, could he have found any pretext for doing so, and have been assured of winning Mary in her stead.

"Did all the ladies of your majesty's court resemble the queen, and the Duchess of Alençon," answered Mary, "and were there no duties, and no attachments to call me elsewhere, I would wish for no happier asylum than this, nor feel a wish to quit the protection so courteously proffered me. But many reasons urge my return to England—my brief absence has but strengthened the ties that bind me to it, and I have already written to my brother," and she pointed to the letters lying on the table, "to claim his promise of welcome and protection, pledged me with his last farewell, in case I should survive the king."

As he listened to this steadfast announcement of her purpose, Francis could not conceal his agitation; when she alluded to the ties and attachments that bound her to England, he thought only of Suffolk, that envied rival, who might now win the peerless prize for which he would almost have surrendered his crown. He had hoped to retain the beautiful Mary as the ornament of his court,—to live still in the sunshine of her presence, to bask in the radiance of her smiles, and feast upon the hope of one day possessing her, and restoring her again to that regal height which she had so lately adorned with her beauty and her virtues. The delicate state of Queen Claude's health furnished natural ground for this hope, and he could not conceal from himself the happiness which he should feel to be released from a princess, who constantly immured herself in her apartments, to pursue her quiet and sedentary avocations, and who formed, in her habits and personal appearance, so striking and disagreeable a contrast to the brilliant and intellectual Mary. Cherishing such feelings as these, the bare idea of forever losing her whose taste, whose mental acquirements, and whose natural grace and elegance, rendered her so desirable a companion, so alive to his wishes,

and so in unison with his sympathies, was one which occasioned him the most exquisite pain, and in the surprise and disappointment of the moment, he passionately exclaimed :

"You will leave me then ! leave me forever ! you, who have opened a new existence to my enjoyment, and in whose presence I have almost learned to forget the hated ties which bind me to one, with whom my heart can know no fellowship !"

Mary grew pale at this abrupt avowal of feelings, whose existence she had never till that moment suspected ; but she replied with admirable composure, and a dignity of manner chastened by native gentleness,

"Surely in thus addressing me, your majesty compromises your princely honour,—forgets what is due to the delicacy of my situation, and what you owe to that exemplary princess whose virtues entitle her to your entire respect and affection. For myself, were not my purpose firmly fixed before, your grace must be aware that I could hesitate no longer."

"Nay punish me not beyond endurance for this my first offence," exclaimed the king, in a voice of deep emotion ; "if I have dared to love, it has been humbly and at a distance, even as the poor idolator, who in reverent silence worships the bright luminary from whose effulgent rays he derives the light, and joy and hope of his existence. Depart not then, and I will speak to you as I have ever done till now, in the cold, calm, passionless accents of friendship and respect."

"It cannot be," said Mary, agitated and offended ; "I have no longer a choice, and it behooves me to depart, and that too with speed. For what safeguard have I in the protection of a prince, who has already abused the friendship I professed for him ; and what confidence can I repose in his honour, when in a moment of doubt and desolation, he has voluntarily wounded my pride and my delicacy, by an avowal which I must ever feel myself degraded to have heard ?"

"Madam, I acknowledge the justice of your rebuke," said the penitent and humbled Francis ; "but the fountain which hidden springs have filled to its very brim, must sometimes overflow—yet hear me pledge the word and honour of a prince, that sooner will I forfeit life, than permit my lips so to offend again. Grant me then your pardon, full and free and unconditional, and permit me the happiness of once more occupying a friend's, a brother's place in your affections. This is all I ask—it is all to which I can or dare aspire ; and this, even you, so tremblingly alive to rectitude and virtue, need not fear to grant."

"I do not, cannot fear," she said, her lovely face kindling with animated pleasure,—“and I offer your majesty this hand as a pledge of my returning confidence, my warm unalterable friendship—let all

that may have pained us in the past be buried in oblivion, and the future rivit still closer the bright chain of amity, that has hitherto united us."

Francis, deeply touched by the grace and softness of her manner, received the proffered hand with an air of humble deference, and tremblingly touching its unsullied whiteness with his lips, relinquished with a sigh the beautiful and coveted prize.

"And you will not leave us then ?" he asked timidly, but with an anxious look and voice—"you will remain here at least till I have proved to you the sincerity of my repentance, and won from you some proof of your renewed confidence in my good faith and honour ?"

Mary looked embarrassed and irresolute ; she cast her eyes upon the ground, and a vivid blush overspread her features. Francis read her thoughts, and in trembling agitation awaited her reply ; at length she spoke and her low unsteady voice betokened strong inward emotion.

"I fear," she said, "I cannot comply with your majesty's request, yet believe me when I say, that no lingering doubt of your sincerity, urges me to negative it ; happy should I be to remain under the protection which you graciously proffer me, were there not many, and cogent reasons which render my return to England expedient and advisable. That land is the home of my affections, the scene of my early joys, and there dwell all whom love, or nature, have knit in closest bands to my heart. Your majesty is doubtless aware of the reluctance with which I came to this country, although it was to be invested with the dignity of its queen—but my royal brother persuaded me the alliance was one of consequence to his realm,—his wishes were ever a law to me, and I yielded my consent—the more readily, as at that time some private disappointments, rendered me almost indifferent to my fate. But now, the tie which bound me here is severed—my task is done—my duties all fulfilled, and—and"—she hesitated and her eye sought the ground, as she added—"should my brother sanction my wish, and your majesty no longer oppose it—I would return to England."

Francis understood the cause of her embarrassment, and knew full well what object filled her thoughts, and wooed her, with a thousand fond anticipations, back to her native shores. His tortured feelings almost spurned control ; and while he hastily traversed the apartment, contending and tumultuous passions fiercely struggled in his breast, but the contest, if a painful, was a brief one and soon the nobler feelings of his nature triumphed. Anxious to atone for the error into which an impetuous passion had betrayed him, he resolved to sacrifice every cherished hope to the happiness of Mary, and lend, if it were needful, all the weight of his influence to bring about the consummation of her wishes. But for the present he dared not trust himself to speak

upon so delicate a subject, even had decorum authorized it, and knowing it was not her intention to quit his court till the period of her mourning had expired, he approached the table at which she sat, with her head resting on her hand, and said in a voice, which, in spite of his efforts, was less calm and steady than he wished.

"I yield my pleasure wholly to your majesty's, and, painful as is the sacrifice which I am compelled to make, shall no longer oppose your departure, but on the contrary use every effort to facilitate it, whenever you shall signify your wish to quit my court."

Mary thanked him warmly and gratefully, and their interview ended. After this she seldom saw him alone,—the many claims upon his time demanded by his new dignity, fully engrossed him, and fortunate was it for him that the constant occupation of his mind left him but little opportunity to cherish vain regrets, and muse upon the fascinations of the beautiful Mary.

Weeks and months rolled away—Mary had received the assurance from Henry of a glad welcome back to his court, and the period was near at hand for her departure from France, when a rumour reached her ear, that her brother was again contemplating for her a more ambitious marriage than that of which she had already been the victim—alarmed and agitated, she resolved not to place herself within his power, till assured she was not a second time to be sacrificed to his policy, and without a moment's delay she wrote to inform him of her determination, and to inquire concerning his purpose respecting her; the letters were signed and sealed, and she sat alone in the same apartment where the interview with Francis, which we have just recorded, took place, when he was again announced. He had been absent for a week on a hunting excursion at Chantilly; as he now hastened to greet her his eye beamed with tender pleasure, and his accents trembled on his lip—almost immediately, however, he alluded to the rumour in circulation, expressed his concern at the uneasiness which it had occasioned her, and his disbelief of its authenticity; but lest the ambitious mind of Henry should harbour such a project, either now or at some future day, he suggested the expediency of her remaining in her present safe asylum; and renewed his intercession that she would make his court her permanent abode. Yet when she once more said nay to his request, and made answer, that she must dwell free in England, or bound by religious vows in the cloister, he urged her no further, but with sad, yet gentle earnestness, proffered his aid in her sorrow, and spoke at last, with the frankness of a privileged friend, of the attachment existing between herself and the Duke of Suffolk.

"Not only," he said, "will I exert my intercession with King Henry, in behalf of your unrestrained freedom of person and will, but if it can avail you

aught in a course so delicate,"—he hesitated, but almost instantly resumed—"if, as rumour has whispered, a tie more tender than even those of country and kindred, impel you to forsake us, my influence with my royal brother shall be exerted to accomplish the fulfilment of your wishes."

Mary was touched by the generous interest he manifested for her happiness, and by the delicacy with which he alluded to an affair that involved her peace, but of which she had never spoken, and tears filled her beautiful eyes, as she raised them full of eloquent gratitude to his face—his own sank beneath their melting expression, more dangerous even, than when they sparkled in the full effulgence of their splendour.

"I have not words," she said, "in which to thank your majesty for this unbounded goodness, but the grateful remembrance of it will dwell forever in my heart—nor shall the unreserved confidence to which it justly entitles you, from an excess of female delicacy, be longer withheld; I will not seek to conceal from your majesty, that there does exist a tie, which binds my heart indissolubly to one, worthy its tenderest affection, and it was this that rendered my marriage with the late king more repugnant to me, than were the circumstances of his age, and daily increasing infirmities. Yet, though I have really sacrificed my dearest wishes to what I conceived the call of duty, I cannot a second time consent to have restraint put upon my inclinations. I have my royal brother's promise that it never should be so again, and if he is resolved to break his plighted word—to make me still the victim of his ambitious schemes—I will, I must perforce, rather than thus be sacrificed, pronounce the vows of some religious order, and forsake the world forever."

"Never shall your grace be forced to this alternative," exclaimed Francis with vehemence; "if the King of England violates to you his solemn pledge, and refuses my intercession in your behalf, then shall my power protect you from his designs, and in my realm there shall none dare to thwart your freedom of choice, or say nay to the final consummation of your wishes—and if my brother of England sees fit to resent my interference, he can but cast his gauntlet at me, nor will he find me slow to grasp the gage, and battle for the right in fair and open field."

"It must not come to this," said Mary, "nor do I think it can. Let us at least await an answer to my letters, before we even think of hostile measures—and I trust my brother's love for me and for —"

She stopped, blushing, and confused at having so nearly uttered the name forever in her heart. Francis faintly smiled.

"Your majesty," he said, "may proudly name the gallant victor of the tourney, the boast of England's chivalry, the friend and favourite of his king,

as one whom all must envy for the peerless prize his valour and accomplishments have won. For these letters, I will myself take charge of their safety, and entrust them to a special messenger, who shall deliver them with speed and care to the hands of your royal brother."

Mary thanked him, and their conference ended; but long after his departure she sat busily recalling all that had passed between herself and the noble Francis, during their brief acquaintance. All his generous devotion to her happiness and wishes, the delicate solicitude with which, in the midst of a censorious court, he had sought to avert from her every breath of censure or reproach, and the manly forbearance, the magnanimity of soul, which he has shewn in stifling his growing tenderness, submitting with a child's docility to her gentle rebuke, and striving to atone for a momentary error, by devoting all his energies to promote her happiness, though it involved that also of his rival. She felt, indeed, that she owed him a deep and mighty debt of gratitude, and long after she sought her couch, her thoughts still dwelt upon him, and when sleep at length visited her eyes, it was to revive the conversation of the evening, strangely blended with that which she had last held with Suffolk, on the balcony of York House, and disturbed by the angry countenance of King Henry, which seemed at every point to meet her with a menacing aspect.

A few days succeeding her last interview with Francis, as she was sitting with her ladies, one bright afternoon on a balcony that overhung the palace garden, her page announced a messenger from England, bearing despatches, which he was directed to deliver in person to her majesty. She instantly arose, and attended only by her page, reentered the apartment which opened from the balcony, and where the English messenger already awaited her appearance. Her heart beat quickly as she glanced towards him, and before she could still its throbbings, he had advanced, and was kneeling at her feet, with an air of humble deference, due to her queenly dignity.

"Brandon!" exclaimed Mary, with low yet thrilling emphasis—then recollecting the presence of the page, she checked the warm gush of feeling that was bursting from her heart. "Rise, my lord," she said, in a tone that struggled for calmness, "I understand you come to me the bearer of my brother's will, and I would learn if rumour has for once told truth, and if it is still his purpose to impose on me new duties, and require yet further sacrifices, than those I have already made to pleasure him."

"My sovereign made no mention to me of such designs," said Suffolk, as he rose, and with a courteous gesture declining the seat to which she motioned him, remained standing before her. "True, it is whispered abroad, that Henry has in contemplation a foreign union for your majesty—but this

I am not authorized officially to communicate, nor can I say whether these letters, which I have now the honour to deliver, contain any intimation of such a purpose."

As he spoke, he drew forth the packet, and presented it on one knee. Mary received it with a graceful gesture of acknowledgment, saying, as she broke the seal, "By your leave, my lord, I will glance over the contents of his majesty's letter, and learn if he still thinks to sport, as though it were an idle plaything, with my happiness," and rising, she retreated to a window, apparently for the benefit of the light which streamed through its narrow panes, but in reality to hide the deep emotion, the wounded pride, caused by the cold and studied demeanour of him, towards whom her heart leaped forth with all a woman's fond and gushing tenderness. She thought some fearful change had come over him, and remembered not, that he stood before her in an official capacity, and that never had he dared to betray the trust reposed in him by his sovereign—the fear lest she, who had sat upon one of the proudest thrones in Christendom, might spurn the renewal of a suit, to which, as the princess of England she had deigned to listen, would have deterred him from the expression of one impassioned thought, with which his heart was bursting.

As Mary moved towards the window, Suffolk followed her with a sad and tender gaze, that expressed all, and more than all, his trembling lips longed, yet feared to utter, and when she turned again towards him, she met that beaming look which told how fondly and how truly she was still beloved. Her eyes, which had been raised to his with a cold and haughty expression, drooped beneath the fervent gaze which they encountered, and a bright carnation suffused the cheek, which an instant before might have outvied the Parian stone, in its quiet, colourless beauty. Aware that feelings might be revealed, which she would not that any stranger eye should gaze upon, she motioned her page to the ante-room, and, advancing with the open letter in her hand, to her former seat, said, with all the calmness she could command:

"I am happy to find no intimation in his majesty's letter, of the designs which rumour has imputed to him—nor do I think, knowing me as he does, and having pledged me his promise to the contrary, he can harbour such. No, I have been once the reluctant but obedient victim of his policy—so obedient, that I have earned the right in future, to consult alone the wishes of my heart, and this right I am resolved, with God's aid, stoutly to maintain."

Their eyes met, and it was as if an electric spark of joy were struck from the hearts of each, and obeying its impulse, he would have precipitated himself at her feet, but instantly checking himself, he drew back, with a subdued and saddened air.

"I pray your grace will pardon me," he said,

"if for a moment I forget that I stand in your presence only as the messenger of my king—the queen of——!"

"Suffolk! what mockery is this?" interrupted Mary, no longer able to struggle against her rising tenderness—"is the empty title of queen, bought with a price more precious than Golconda's gems, and worn, as the wretched galley slave endures his chains—is this hollow and unmeaning sound, to exalt me so far above the sister of Henry the Eighth, the gay, unfettered Mary of England, that I must be forever doomed to the vain display of heartless ceremony, and condemned to hear the chilling accents of courtly homage, from lips that have ever addressed me in the language of friendship and affection. I pray you then, cast off this robe of state, and speak to me as——"

She paused abruptly, and averted her glowing face from his eager and delighted gaze.

"As when?" he asked in accents, animated as his own, and bending his knee before her as he spoke—"as on that ever memorable night, when beneath the canopy of heaven, and in presence only of its silent host, I poured out my secret soul at the feet of the princess Mary, and heard that cruel sentence, which, till this blessed hour, has robbed my heart of peace, and quenched in utter gloom the fondest of my cherished hopes?"

Of Mary's reply, and of the impassioned fervour with which Suffolk, thus privileged, plead his suit, our limits do not permit us to treat—suffice it to say, in that brief hour of confidential intercourse, the hearts of both were unveiled, and every hope and fear, lost in the full and perfect communion of tender and undoubting love. When at length they parted, it was with glad and buoyant hearts, with smiling lips, with plighted faith, and united resolves, to resist the machinations of king and prelate, and stand by each other as firmly and unshrinkingly as though the church had already ratified their vows. The duke delayed not an instant to seek audience of the king, and relate to him all that had passed in the interview with Mary—and though Francis had not yet been able to conquer his attachment for the beautiful queen, he generously expressed his pleasure at the happy prospects of the lovers, and promised, and magnanimously resolved, to lend the whole weight of his influence to their cause.

In the meantime Suffolk interceded with Mary for an immediate marriage—he feared the ambition of Henry, and gave more credence than he chose to avow, to the rumour which still gained ground, of a contemplated marriage with a reigning prince, for which it was asserted, the King of England was even then in treaty. Mary caught the alarm, and the more readily, as Francis himself allowed there was strong reason for fear. Therefore, without longer deliberation, she yielded her consent, en-

treating only that the ceremony might take place with as much privacy as possible.

How different were these auspicious nuptials, from that gorgeous and heartless display of pageantry which attended her epousal with the King of France. No crowd now followed her steps—no sumptuous canopy was borne above her head—no splendid escutcheons, blazoned with the united-arms of France and England, met the view—but all was inward peace and quietness,

"The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."

But few of all that bustling throng, who, a few short months before, had crowded to behold the triumphal progress of that royal bride, now stood around her, as with heightened beauty, for happiness had made it radiant, she knelt before the altar, to plight her willing vows to the first and only object of her love. Neither waving banners, nor draperies of crimson, nor cloth of gold, hung from the lofty walls and arches of the chapel, but, with that rare and exquisite taste, that ever so distinguished him, Francis had ordered it to be adorned with flowers, in honour of the nuptials, and every where the choicest and the sweetest, met the eye, among which, ever predominated the lily and the rose, closely entwined, and vying with each other in beauty and fragrance. Mary was attired with as much simplicity as became her rank, and the only ornament that adorned her beautiful hair was a wreath of orient pearls, that had been the gift of Francis. The principal ladies and nobles of the court were present at the ceremony, and the king himself gave away the bride.

Mary had written to declare her intentions to Henry, and a few days after the marriage had been solemnized, letters were received from him, forbidding the union, and commanding them both to return immediately to England, where his royal pleasure should be made known to them. It was too late, and Mary immediately wrote again to her brother, intreating forgiveness for the step she had taken, with the generous self-devotion of her sex, exculpating the duke from blame, and imploring that his wrath, if fall it must, should descend wholly upon her.

It did indeed burst forth with all the violence of Henry's most impetuous nature; but fortunately the objects of his anger were not present to feel the fury of the tempest, and as its first fierce gust subsided, the force of that affection, which from early childhood he had borne them both, gradually revived and softened his resentments. To this innate and kindly feeling, their supplicating letters, and the earnest appeal of Francis, added strength, and at length succeeded in conquering every angry emotion, which their disobedience had awakened. He even began to view the connection with pleasure and approbation, and cordially invited the youthful pair to

return to England. They lost no time in complying with his request, when to evince his satisfaction at the union, as well as to gratify his love of ostentation, Henry gave orders that the marriage should again be solemnized, with becoming pomp, at his palace at Greenwich.

Mary acquiesced, though she felt that this external splendour and parade, could not increase her pure and heartfelt happiness, and when the pageantry of the day was ended, she gladly returned to the calm and quiet enjoyment of that rare felicity, which continued to be her portion to the latest period of her brief, but happy life.

Montreal, March, 1839.

TYROLEAN HEROISM.

THE bravery displayed by the Tyrolese, in resisting the armies sent by Buonaparte to subjugate them exceeded anything narrated in the records of history. It was of the loftiest and most devoted kind, and since put forth in the holiest of causes—the cause of freedom—worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance. No instance, that ever we read of, can equal in determined heroism and contempt of death, many of those actions exhibited in that unsuccessful resistance to their detested enemies, which for some time fixed the eyes of all the nations of Europe upon this gallant people, and unless Napoleon's softer qualities had been altogether deadened by his career of fire and blood, he must have felt that the curse so fearfully denounced by the poet, had alighted upon him.

“To be awakened of Divinest thoughts,
Father and founder of exalted deeds,
And, to whole nations bound in servile straits,
The liberal donor of capacities
More than heroic ! this to be, nor yet
Deserve the least return of human thanks ;
Winning no recompence but deadly hate
With pity mixed, astonishment with scorn !”

The following particulars of one expedition against the Tyrol, were made known by a Saxon major who escaped from the destruction of those terrible days :—

“We had penetrated to Inspruck without great resistance ; and although much was every where talked of the Tyrolese stationed upon and round the Brenner, we gave little credit to it, thinking the rebels to have been dispersed by a short cannonade, and already considering ourselves as conquerors.—Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner was only opposed by small corps, which continued falling back after an obstinate, though short resistance. Among others, I perceived a man full eighty years of age, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death amongst our ranks with every shot. Upon the

Bavarians descending from behind to make him prisoner, he shouted aloud, hurrah ! struck the first man to the ground with a ball, seized hold of the second, and with the ejaculation, *In God's name !* precipitated himself with him into the abyss below. Marching onwards, we heard resound from the summit of a high rock : *Stephen ! shall I chop it off yet !* to which a loud *nay* reverberated from the opposite side. This was told to the Duke of Dantzic, who, notwithstanding ordered us to advance ; at the same time he prudently withdrew from the centre to the rear. The van, consisting of 4000 Bavarians, had just stormed a deep ravine, when we again heard halloed over our heads—*Hans ! for the most Holy Trinity !* Our terror was completed by the reply that immediately followed : *In the name of the Holy Trinity—cut all loose above !* and, ere a minute had elapsed, were thousands of my comrades in arms crushed, buried, and overwhelmed, by an incredible heap of broken rocks, stones, and trees, hurled down upon us. All were petrified. Every one fled that could ; but a shower of balls from the Tyrolese, who now rushed from the surrounding mountains, in immense numbers, and among them boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age, killed or wounded a great many of us. It was not till we had got these fatal mountains six leagues behind us, that we were re-assembled by the Duke, and formed into six columns. Soon after the Tyrolese appeared headed by Hofer, the innkeeper. After a short address from him, they gave a general fire, flung their rifles aside, and rushed upon our bayonets with only their clenched fists. Nothing could withstand their impetuosity. They darted at our feet, threw or pulled us down, strangled us, wrenched the arms from our hands ; and, like enraged lions, killed all—French, Bavarians, and Saxons, that did not cry for quarter ! By doing so, I, with 300 men, was spared and set at liberty. When all lay dead around, and the victory was completed, the Tyrolese, as if moved by one impulse, fell upon their knees, and poured forth the emotions of their hearts in prayer, under the canopy of Heaven ; a scene so awfully solemn, that it will ever be present to my remembrance. I joined in the devotion, and never in my life did I pray more fervently.”

THE GAME OF LIFE.

“LIFE,” said one who had much of it, “is like a game of backgammon ; the most skilful make the best use of it. The dice do not depend upon us in the one case, nor do events depend upon us in the other ; but it is the manner of applying them that occasions the difference of success.”

One victory over one's self is worth ten thousand over others.

To err on the side of feeling and humanity is never a disgrace.

(ORIGINAL.)

SONG OF THE EARLY CROCUS.

Long, long have we slept in our cells deep and dark,
While o'er us his vigils so cold,
Stern winter has kept, and clutch'd us as fast,
As e'er clutch'd the miser his gold.

But gaily we laugh'd as we heard the soft fall
Of the feathery snow o'er our heads ;
And little he thought as he buried us so,
How warm we all lay in our beds.

The proud boasting aster that stood till he came,
And dahlia that flaunted so gay,
Grew pale at his touch, and trembled with fear,
While he kiss'd them, and pass'd on his way.

We heard the loud tramp of his icy-shod heels,
As swift o'er the earth he careered,
Enchaining the streams, and shrouding in snow,
The lawns, and the trees he had scared ;

And folding close round us our mantles of silk,
We scarce, save in whispers, dare speak,
Lest the tyrant should hear us, and pause in his
course,
To tear us from out our retreat.

But now, sisters, come, for forth I have peep'd,
And weak and recumbent he lies
His nerves all unstrung, his giant strength gone.
And death and despair in his eyes,—

While ever him dances the gay laughing spring,
Strewing buds on his cold pallid brow,
And calling us forth with her own gentle voice,—
Come, sisters, delay not, come now !

Peep forth through this crevice and see the bright
skies,
And hear the glad rush of the streams ;
Hark, hark to the song of the cuckoo and jay,
And look where the butterfly gleams.

I scent the rich breath of the violet's lips,
On the gale that has kiss'd her young flowers ;
And I weep that *they* first, should have burst into
bloom,
When tó herald the spring has been ours.

Come forth then, faint-hearted ! come, follow my
steps,
For see, I have pierced the dark mould,
My petals expand to the zephyr's caress,
And the honey-bee pilfers my gold.

Then up from their couches that bright bevy sprang,
And round them like sentinels bold,
In liveries of green, the young leaflets stood ranged
To guard them from danger and cold,

And joyous they danced on their pale trembling
stems,
And blithe was the lay that they sung,
But none, save the ear of the tiniest fay,
Might catch the sweet notes as they sung.

Montreal, April, 1839.

E. L. C.

THE LINDEN TREE.

OF every tree connected with rural economy, per-
haps the linden is the most valuable. In Russia,
its properties are so well understood that we see it
growing in every hamlet and village, possessing a
soil capable of nourishing it. The wood is not only
manufactured into furniture, but into a variety of
domestic utensils. Cords and matting are made from
its inner rind, while its aromatic blossoms not only
perfume the air and feed the bees, but make an agree-
able tisane for the invalid. The Circassians feed their
bees on the blossoms to produce the fine green honey,
aromatic in odour and delicious in flavour, esteemed
so rich a delicacy by the rich gourmands of Constan-
tinople and Teheran. In order to ensure its good
qualities the honey is removed from the hive previous-
ly to the blossom changing its colour. The young and
tender sprigs, with their foliage, serve to mix with the
fodder during the depth of winter, being highly palat-
able to the cattle. I have already, in my previous
works, more than once alluded to this very useful
tree, with a desire to promote its cultivation in this
country ; for, independent of its utility, it is ornamen-
tal, and may be seen adorning nearly every public
garden and promenade in Germany.—*Spencer's
Travels in the Western Caucasus.*

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

Thy thoughts are heavenward ! and thy heart, they
say,

Which love—oh ! more than mortal, failed to move,
Now in its virgin casket melts away,

And owns the impress of a Saviour's love !

Many, in days gone by—full many a prayer,

Pure, though impassioned, has been breathed for
thee,

By one who once thy hallowed name did dare,
Prefer with his to the Divinity !

Requite them now ! Not with an earthly love ;

But since with that his lot thou may'st not bless—

Ask, what he dare not pray for from above—
For him the mercy of forgetfulness !

C. F. H.

—*New York Mirror.*

Bashfulness has as little in common with modesty,
as impudence has with courage.

Relatives are not necessarily our best friends ; but
they cannot do us an injury, without being enemies
to themselves.

(ORIGINAL.)

AUNT MARY'S NOTE BOOK.

BY E. M. M.

THE next evening which was devoted to reading, Aunt Mary, with a look of importance, and a smile of pleasure, called forth by the kind encouragement she had received, unclasped her Note Book, and read from its pages the following story of

THE MAIDEN OF ST. MARGERETS;

OR, THE PROMISE.

ON leaving the peaceful, happy retreat of the wilderness, I proceeded to the coast as the autumn was fast chasing away all the beauties of summer, and changing her rich green foliage into the mellow tints which precede the decay of nature. A garden to me, at this season, is full of melancholy; its pathways strewed with withered leaves, its trees and shrubs stripped of all their verdure, while the prim pale Michaelmas daisy alone is to be seen, triumphing over all the wrecks of loveliness, near which, in their brief day of sunshine, it dared not have raised its head. My chastened feelings of regret were changed as I approached in sight of the sea, and heard the rushing of its blue waves, as they dashed in feathery foam over the sands. I gazed around me, and clasping my hands exclaimed, "behold God is every where, and His image over all His works. His spirit moves on the face of the waters, His footsteps may not be seen, yet o'er the storm he rides and rules, forgetting not, in the grand, the lofty, and sublime, the meanest, and the most humble of His dependent creatures."

I drove at once to St. Margerets, the name of Mr. and Mrs. Harrington's delightful residence, distant about seven miles from the town of P——, yet commanding a fine prospect, from its windows, of the sea. Mrs. Harrington was an old school acquaintance of mine, but from a dissimilarity of tastes, we had been long estranged, until I accidentally met her, while staying with her daughters in the house of a mutual friend, when our early acquaintance became renewed and led to my present visit. St. Margerets was finely situated, on a gentle rise; it was a handsome stone building, adorned with porticos, round which wreathed in summer the passion flower, the clematis, and the sweet scented jasmine; the rich plantations of evergreens in its shrubberies afforded to it a freshness even at this

season, which was very pleasing, while the opening to the sea, from various points, increased its interest, and its beauty. On arriving at the hall door, I was warmly welcomed by Mr. Harrington and his youngest daughter, Belinda, who came out to meet me, and lead me to the drawing room, where I was received with politeness and cordiality by Mrs. Harrington, and her elder daughter Marion. This room was tastefully and elegantly furnished, the walls were entirely hung with chintz drapery, and the sofas and ottomans covered with the same light material, gave it the appearance of a tent. There were musical instruments, tables strewed with handsome books, fancy works, and bijouterie of every description—but to me, the weary traveller, the most grateful object, at that moment, was a bright clear fire, which in the month of October was indeed welcome.

"You have been anxiously watched for today, Mrs. Mary," said Mr. Harrington, who was a plain unpretending country gentleman, devoted to the improvements of his place, and to the important duties of a magistrate. "No sister Anne looked out from her turret with more anxiety, than Belinda has for hours been looking from her window for you."

I turned to the sweet girl as he spoke, and thanked her with a smile, which she answered by pressing my hand.

Belinda Harrington was not a decided beauty, but there was a grace, a gentleness in her demeanour, which attracted at once, and when more known, the feeling she created ripened into affection—her large hazel eyes—soft as the gazelle's, her fair complexion, and a very sweet smile formed the charms of a face, which was not moulded in Grecian precision; her light brown ringlets fell in natural luxuriance round her brow, except when she would carelessly fasten them back if they impeded her sight. Not a trace of vanity was perceptible, or the slightest affectation, all was nature unsophisticated and pure—she had been educated by the mother of Mr. Harrington, with whom she had resided from her earliest childhood, until the good lady's death, which occurred the preceding year, and for whom Belinda was still in mourning—this loss was her first grief and one which she heavily felt, and it was the sympathy I had shown her under her bereavement, which

drew her young heart towards me on our early acquaintance and had produced a reciprocal warm regard.

Marion was totally different from her sister; she was considered eminently handsome, and if regularity of feature alone denoted perfection she possessed it; but to me there was nothing winning, nothing touching in her beauty, it was a fine outline without any softening shades to render it pleasing—her dark eye seemed to penetrate your inmost thoughts, quick and rapid as it was in its glances,—she had a brilliant complexion, and wore her hair *a la grec*; you could not behold her without admiration, but this faded before the retiring modest graces of her sister. Marion was the idol of her mother, who devoted to the world, had come most unwillingly to reside at St. Margarets, on the death of the old lady, when it devolved to her eldest son; it was then modernized and changed from its pristine simplicity to suit the fashionable tastes of its present occupants; and poor Belinda had witnessed with pain the removal of many articles of furniture, endeared to her by some fond association, to give place to the more elegant refinements of the day.

Mrs. Harrington in her youth had been a very lovely woman, courted and admired in all the circles which she had frequented—but this constituted her whole charm, for her mind was weak, vain, and frivolous; she had married when very young, and was the chosen one of her husband for her beauty. Poor man he met the reward which his indiscretion deserved; for when years had passed, and flatterers ceased to offer their homage, the faded beauty became irritable, discontented and peevish; the hours she spent at her toilet were now only repaid by that cold applause, “what a lovely woman Mrs. Harrington must have been,” poor meed for woman’s vanity like hers. She watched the growth of her daughters with dismay, beholding in them two powerful rivals—Belinda was early banished from home, and, happily for her, intrusted, as we have already stated, to the care of her grandmother, while Marion was educated under the immediate superintendance of Mrs. Harrington, who insisted on taking her to Paris for that purpose. No two young people, therefore, could be more opposite in character—in tastes—in pursuits than these were.

I confess I did not anticipate much satisfaction from my visit at St. Margarets; but I had been induced to accept the invitation for the sake of Belinda, with whom I was anxious to become more intimately acquainted, and I found ample cause, during my stay, for rejoicing that I had done so.

The morning after my arrival I was shown over all the beauties of the place, which were many; I then retired with Belinda to her favourite apartment adjoining her bed room, where I found collected various relics of departed days, which she had preserved from being banished; there was the old fashioned

high-backed chair in which her revered relation used to sit—the little round table before it, whereon still lay her well worn bible and an Indian cabinet, once the pride of the good old lady, filled with many cherished offerings sent by her sons from foreign lands. The view from the windows of this pleasant room, was particularly fine, commanding as it did an opening to the sea, far more extensive than was afforded by the rest.

“I love to sit here of an evening,” said Belinda, as we stood together admiring the prospect, “and watch the noble vessels as they glide on the waters, when I cannot forbear breathing a prayer for the outward bound, and one of thanksgiving for those returning.”

“You have an uncle in the navy, have you not?” I enquired.

“Yes, he was the second of grandmamma’s sons; her youngest and her favourite, was in the army;” here the voice of Belinda faltered.

“And where is he now, dear Belinda;”

“Alas, gone! he fell a victim to climate only two years ago, and this it was which eventually caused her death;” and tears filled the eyes of the sweet girl as she spoke; “nor can I wonder at her grief,” she continued after a brief pause; “for he was a fine creature, so cheerful, yet so truly pious and good. As a child I was his especial favourite, and the companion of all his sketching or fishing rambles. At times I can scarcely believe St. Margarets to be the same which it was in those happy days; but their remembrance is still left to me, and that is very sweet, and I have besides many, many mercies for which I cannot be too grateful.”

There was one privilege I enjoyed at St. Margarets, which was to do exactly as I liked; Mrs. Harrington and Marion were very fond of gaiety, and constantly frequented the balls and parties in the neighbourhood, seldom could they induce Mr. Harrington to accompany them, and Belinda, since her loss, had not ventured into society; my evenings were therefore spent most agreeably, in wandering with her over all her favourite haunts, for the season at the sea side was not yet too advanced to deprive us of this enjoyment. One evening we had strolled some distance along the sands, watching the sea mews skimming over the surface of the waters, and listening to the deep and sublime rushing of the mighty waves as they dashed past us, when we perceived the approach of a young man, whose garb denoted him a clergyman; he held by the hand a little girl apparently about six years old; there was something in his appearance very prepossessing, he was slightly formed and the cast of his countenance mild, pleasing and full of benignity; his cheek flushed on our approach, as he held out his hand to Belinda, who greeted him with kindness and cordiality, presenting him to me as Mr. Lindsay.

“I would join you in your walk,” he said; “but

my little companion is, I fear, tired; are you going far?"

"We were already thinking of retracing our steps when we met you," replied Belinda; "perhaps you will return with us and take tea; mamma and my sister are absent, but papa is at home."

Mr. Lindsay accepted her invitation with a smile of pleasure, and we turned towards St. Margerets.

If I had been pleased with the appearance of this young man, how was I delighted by his conversation, which was enlightened, intellectual, and replete with the spirit of the mild evangelist; he told us that he had just been to visit a poor woman whose husband, while at work under the cliff near which their cabin stood, had met his death by a part of the crag falling upon him,—he said that in the piety and resignation she displayed under her bereavement, he had received a lesson which he hoped never to forget; when he urged her to leave her miserable, isolated abode, and move with her children nearer to the town, she replied:

"No, Mr. Lindsay, I cannot do so; my husband formed this hut with his own hands, and he always told me, that should I be deprived of him I might continue to dwell here in safety; that the same God who sent the ravens to feed the prophet Elijah at the brook Cherith, would watch over me and mine, and I will believe him. No, no, poor as this place may be, for his sake it is dear to me,—God will not forsake me in my necessity, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

"I confess," continued Mr. Lindsay, "that I was much struck by her consistent faith, which, in so dark an hour, failed not, to be grateful for mercies received; to pour the incense of praise and thanksgiving is delightful, but to kiss the hand which chastens, requires the more advanced and practised Christian, and such I found this poor untutored woman."

"How happy is it for us," said I, "that no deep learning is required to understand religion; that it is so simple, so clear, that even a little child may receive its blessed truths."

"Aye, happy would it be if all received Scripture as a little child," returned Mr. Lindsay; "believing all things on the written word of God; but how frequently has human reason opposed itself to divine wisdom, cavilling at its mysteries, questioning even the justice and mercy of its laws, because unequal to pierce with man's vision through the glass darkly; forgetting that He who could fathom the Almighty, must be infinite as He is; enough for our salvation is clearly stated; hereafter he shall know more; then will the perfections of our blessed Lord's decrees be made manifest; and the sceptic tremble; then will the man of science, who has dared to doubt because God gifted him more highly than others in all human knowledge, cast down his vain speculations, and own how utterly worthless are the highest attain-

ments, when they carry not their hopes beyond the grave. Bright exceptions to these have appeared, and the example of such must ever be most valuable since their influence will be great in proportion to their talents."

The little girl who accompanied Mr. Lindsay, had now run some distance from us, and was busily engaged in gathering the small shells which strewed the shore, she was a delicate, fairy-like creature on whom it was impossible to look without interest. I observed that he watched her movements anxiously and with affection.

"That sweet child is yours, I presume," was my enquiry.

"She is mine now," he replied, in a tone slightly mournful; "but I possess not the happy right to call her so in reality. She is an orphan, the only child of a very dear departed sister. Gertrude, dear, come hither," he continued to her; "you will fatigue yourself too much."

The child flew towards him, exclaiming:

"See, my Lindsay, what treasures I have found," and she held up her hands, filled with the shells and sea weeds. He caught her in his arms, and fondly kissing her, said to me, smiling:

"When Gertrude has learnt to love, she always makes use of the possessive case in addressing the object. Who is this?" he added, slightly touching Belinda's arm.

"My Belinda, to be sure," said the child, inclining towards her.

"You sweet creature," replied Belinda, caressing her; "I could be happy in a wilderness with you alone."

"And would you not admit one other to share your solitude," asked Mr. Lindsay, in a voice scarcely audible.

Belinda deeply blushed, but made no reply.

On reaching home, we found tea prepared, and Mr. Harrington sitting by the window, studying the corn laws from an overgrown newspaper. He welcomed Mr. Lindsay with much apparent pleasure, and we formed a very happy little group.

After tea, Belinda was prevailed on to sing to us, and to produce her portfolio, filled with many beautiful drawings. I took up one most exquisitely finished landscape.

"Is this yours," I enquired with surprise.

Belinda's cheek blanched to the hue of death, as she replied in the negative.

On looking at the corner, I now perceived the name of "Harvey Blanchard." I laid it down immediately, and turned my attention to others.

Mr. Lindsay remained with us, until the increasing weariness of his little charge, warned him that it was time to depart; when Belinda, folding her shawl round the child carefully, and giving her into the arms of the servant, desired him to carry her home. Mr. Lindsay pressed her hand, with a look

of grateful affection, and cordially accepting the one I offered him, took his leave.

Before retiring to my own room at night, I was sometimes induced by Belinda, to spend half an hour in hers; when she would talk over past happy days, and tell me stories connected with her grandmother or her uncle Harrington. We were sitting this night, as usual, by her fire side, where she had placed me in the old arm chair, when, in alluding to our pleasant walk, I said:

"Have I not discovered a little secret, dear Belinda?" She looked surprised.

"Indeed, I know not," she replied; "if you have, do tell it me."

"Can a companion and friend like Mr. Lindsay be so well known without creating a warm interest," I enquired smiling.

"He is one for whom I feel the highest respect, and esteem," she answered; "I have a right to value him, since I owe him more than I can ever repay."

"But is regard and esteem all you can afford to give him; I much question his being satisfied with such expressions, gratifying though they may be."

Belinda became agitated as I spoke; her cheek crimsoned, and then turned pale alternately, when suddenly bursting into a flood of tears, she threw herself on my bosom.

"My dear girl," I exclaimed, much distressed; "if I have pained you, believe me it was unintentional."

"I know it was, dear Mrs. Mary," she replied sobbing; "but, oh, you have indeed touched a tender chord; poor Lindsay, I have often tried to believe that he only felt for me as a brother, and yet a few words occasionally have shaken that belief. Worlds would I give were it in my power to return his affection as it deserves, and to be a parent to that dear little motherless girl; but it is impossible; it would be sinful."

I confess I gazed on her with astonishment—it seemed to me so inexplicable, that a being so superior, so gifted, as Mr. Lindsay, could not be loved.

"I see your surprise," continued Belinda; "nor can I wonder at it, but a few words will remove it; my affections are not now in my own power; they are given to another."

"Ah, that, indeed explains but too well, dear Belinda," I replied; "yet why this agitation, these tears; with your sentiments, I am convinced you could not bestow them on an unworthy object."

"Unworthy, certainly may not be applied to one of the most noble minded beings; yet, wanting as he is in the religion which constitutes my happiness, he can never be any thing more to me than he is at present. I do not mean to say that he is without religion," she continued on seeing me start; "but then it is only that of the nominal Christian; its

forms without its deep and fervent practice; therefore it has no life, no endurance."

"Dear Belinda, how you have excited my sympathy," I returned; "and how happy I should feel if you deemed me worthy of your confidence; since my arrival I have observed a depression in your spirits which I could scarcely attribute to the loss of your aged relative, since you must have been duly prepared for that event by her age—I fancied there must be another cause superadded, and, alas, my fears are but too correct. I have numbered more than double your years, I continued pressing her in my arms, yet can I enter into every feeling of your heart; aye, and tenderly too, fear me not, therefore, my dear child, my experience may help you, and my sympathy at least prove a solace. Will you trust me?"

"I have often wished to open my heart to you," replied Belinda, whose sweet face rested on my shoulder; "I have none here who could understand me, and if you will have the patience to listen, I will narrate all that preys on my mind, my spirit, and my health."

Gently did I soothe and encourage her, and after a pause, during which she seemed collecting her thoughts, she gave me the following brief history which I shall repeat in my own words:

From the period that Belinda went to reside with old Mrs. Harrington, she saw little of her own parents, beyond an annual visit, which they paid at St. Margerets, consequently her affections were much estranged from them, and placed on her grandmother, who was devotedly attached to her. Her mode of life was very retired, as the old lady cared not for society, but she enjoyed many innocent and healthful recreations, particularly when either of her uncles were at home, and great pains were taken that her education should be such as would strengthen her mind and lead her to place her chief happiness on things above. She gleaned much advantage from the cultivated society of her youngest uncle, Colonel Harrington, and became his constant companion, whenever he returned to St. Margerets. He was perfectly idolized by his mother, whose parental pride was gratified by the high estimation in which he was held by all his military friends, and her first heavy trial was this dear son's being ordered with his regiment to India. Their parting was a sad one, for she felt that her hopes of ever meeting him again on earth were slight. Five years after his departure the news of his death reached her, and the health of the old lady never recovered the shock. At this trying period, Belinda was a great treasure to her, and from the religious consolations of Mr. Lindsay, who had recently been appointed curate in the neighbourhood, she derived strength and resignation. He visited her daily, and his gentle sympathy soothed, and by degrees restored tranquillity. He spoke not as one who had felt no sorrow, for, except the little Gertrude, none near and dear were left to him; con-

sumption having cast her sable mantle over his domestic circle and swept them one by one from his hearth. About four months after the news of Colonel Harrington's death had reached England, Belinda was walking with her grandmother in the shrubbery, which was divided by a park paling from the road; when suddenly a military band was heard playing the grenadier's march, accompanied by the firm tread of soldiers. The old lady wildly started, a thrill of agony convulsed her frame; she clasped her hands exclaiming: "ah, my poor boy!" Belinda would have led her away, but she remained rooted to the spot. Who has not felt the power which some well known air possesses to recall emotions, either of pleasure or of pain, to bring back scenes in which we have borne a part, or beloved forms gone, or perchance divided by distance; we may have heard it sung by them, when it becomes so interwoven with their image, that to hear it again when far away creates a pang indescribable. Oh, yes, there are sounds in music, there are peculiar perfumes in flowers, which can touch the inmost chord of our heart, and awaken it in tearful ejaculations to God. Absence is indeed full of sorrowful, yet most sweet memories; who would be without them?

When again Mrs. Harrington re-entered the house, a slight paralytic seizure affected her, from which she only partially recovered; her fine mind never regained its former vigour. Beautiful it was to behold the amiable unwearied attentions of Belinda, to her suffering relative, who became after this, at times, wayward and capricious; she strove in every way to mitigate her trials, nor would she leave her even to the care of an attached and faithful servant, but constantly slept in her room at night. Hers was now a melancholy life for one so young—yet it the better prepared her to cope with the disappointments and sorrows, which were to be her portion. Happily, she possessed a very buoyant spirit, which rose against each wave, and enabled her to extract many a pleasure, from a source simple in itself—and she felt it highly consolatory to repay the care and kindness she had received from her excellent grandmother, in cheering and supporting her in the last days of her earthly pilgrimage. She was sitting near her one evening, when a double knock was heard at the door; both started, for at that hour it was an unusual sound—presently the old female servant, who attended upon Mrs. Harrington, entered, to announce that a strange gentleman was below, who desired to see her.

"A strange gentleman," repeated Mrs. Harrington, "who can he be?"

"I think he is an officer, he is so tall, and so handsome," returned the servant.

"Is that imperative, Bertha," enquired Belinda, smiling.

"Indeed, Miss Belinda, there is something about

him which tells me he is in the army—he looks so grand, so like——" Here she paused.

"My son," sighed Mrs. Harrington, mournfully. Belinda laid her finger on her lip as she looked at Bertha.

"I know of none who would come to see me," continued Mrs. Harrington, in a querulous tone; "nor do I wish to see strangers. Belinda, child, go to the person, and ask him what he wants."

Belinda immediately rose to obey her, though she naturally felt timid at the idea of meeting one so perfectly unknown. She took a small lamp, and descended the stairs to the dining room, into which he had been shown. The stranger was standing near the door, on her entrance, and the impression his first appearance made, was almost startling. Bertha had called him handsome, but that feebly expressed the matchless beauty of his face and form; his deep blue eyes, full of animation, glanced rapidly towards the door, as it opened—the expression of his noble countenance might have been considered too stern, had it not softened into a smile the most bland, as he stepped forward to meet the now embarrassed girl. He took the lamp from her hand, and laid it on the table, apologising at the same time for his late visit, by saying, that duty had detained him until now.

There was something in the tone of his voice, peculiarly winning—Belinda almost fancied that some bright vision stood before her, who would vanish as suddenly as he had appeared.

"Grandmama is, I grieve to say, very much an invalid," she replied to his first salutation; "her nerves are sadly shaken—I almost fear, that tonight she cannot have the pleasure of seeing you—may I convey your wishes?"

The stranger produced a small packet from his bosom, as he said:

"I was desired by one, dear to Mrs. Harrington, to deliver this into no other hands but her own; I received it as the last request of my commanding officer, Colonel Harrington, with whom I served in India."

Belinda, on hearing these words, became much agitated; she trembled violently, and rested her hand on the table for support.

"Were you then indeed with my beloved uncle in his last moments," she said, gazing earnestly in his face, which expressed the utmost sympathy for her. "Oh how will she be affected on beholding you—how may I dare tell her?"

"Possibly the sight of one by whom her son was much regarded, may rather tend to soften, than to aggravate her sorrow," returned the stranger; "prepare her for my presence, since my orders to see herself were strict, and *must* be obeyed."

Belinda sat down for one moment to compose herself—she pressed her hands over her eyes, while

tears gushed forth. The stranger looked distressed, but remained silent; at length she started up, saying:

"I beg your pardon for detaining you; if you will kindly wait here, I will go to grandmama, and then return to you—what name am I to announce?"

"Captain Blanchard, Harvey Blanchard," repeated the stranger, who accompanied her to the door, where he remained watching her light graceful figure as she retreated.

Most gently and cautiously did Belinda disclose the name of the stranger, and the purport of his visit; yet its effect on the old lady was alarming.

"Did you say my son was here," she demanded, in a piercing voice; "do not deceive me, girl—why does he tarry. Oh! bring him to my arms, that I may behold him once again ere I die."

Belinda knelt down by her side, and endeavoured to explain as clearly as a voice now choked by sobs, allowed her. By degrees Mrs. Harrington comprehended the truth, when falling back in her chair, she fainted.

Belinda uttered a loud scream, which instantly brought the stranger into the room, while Bertha flew for some restoratives, which were applied by him on her temples and her forehead. The first object which presented itself to the old lady, on again unclosing her eyes, was the kneeling form of the young soldier. She looked intently on him for a moment, then throwing her arms wildly round his neck, she wept tears over him of the bitterest agony. He seemed powerfully affected—he allowed her to yield entirely to her feelings, without moving. When she became more calm, he rose, and sat down in the chair which Belinda had placed for him near her, when he gave the packet into her trembling hands, detailing all that was interesting for her to know relative to her son, with a caution and delicacy worthy of more matured years, sparing her as much as possible during its recital. She listened to him with rapt attention, making many affecting enquiries, which he answered with the kindest attention, and patience. A full hour thus past, when he said that he must reluctantly take his leave.

"You are not going away tonight, my dear," said the old lady, who from the interview so associated him with her son, that he appeared to her as one long known.

"I am quartered at P—," replied Captain Blanchard, smiling; "the regiment into which I have been promoted, arrived there a few weeks ago. I only joined it yesterday, having been on leave in Ireland, since my return from the East."

"Then you will come to see me again," returned Mrs. Harrington, pressing his hand.

"Most happily."

Refreshments were now offered to him, which he

declined, and Mrs. Harrington then desired Belinda to show him down stairs—he would have remonstrated, but the good old lady's word was a law not to be disregarded.

"It is raining, I fear," said Belinda, when the servant had opened the hall door, before which his horse stood awaiting him. "How kind in you, to come so far at this late hour."

"A league is but a short distance," replied Captain Blanchard; "were the distance fifty miles instead, I would traverse it in the darkest night to serve you;" and he pressed her hand between both his as he left the house. When vaulting into the saddle, he bowed low, and galloped off with the speed of an arrow.

An introduction under such exciting circumstances, could not fail to create an interest of no common kind for Captain Blanchard. His extraordinary personal endowments might have attracted the admiration of Belinda in a ball room, but (with her) this never would have ripened into a warmer feeling, had he not been presented to her in so peculiarly touching a manner, and in a scene which had called all the fine emotions of his nature into notice. From this eventful night, his visits at St. Margerets became frequent. Mrs. Harrington only seemed satisfied and tranquil in his presence, when she would talk to him incessantly about her beloved son. Had her mind retained its former strength, she would have felt the evils arising from Belinda's being so constantly and familiarly associated with a young man like Captain Blanchard—but this was gradually becoming more weak and imbecile, while her health declined in proportion. She never had the courage to unclose Colonel Harrington's packet, which was carefully put away in her Cabinet.

Mr. Lindsay beheld with pain the intimacy of Captain Blanchard—no feelings of jealousy assailed him, but his concern for the welfare and happiness of so interesting a creature as Belinda, was very great; and his discernment having led him to a better knowledge of his true character, made him tremble.

Amongst his companions, Captain Blanchard was an especial favourite—full of life and spirits—he was generous to a fault,—his principles were naturally honourable, but more perhaps from pride than strict rectitude. He was subject to violent bursts of passion, which had never been duly restrained—for, (as the idol of a young and widowed mother, whose gentle controul he soon cast aside, although he dearly loved her,) he could brook no restraint, no denial, no disappointment. He wanted the graces of religion, the influence of God's Holy Spirit, to subdue, to soften, and to guide him. Such was the being, who, daily by the side of Belinda, soon entwined himself round her young affections. His attentions to old Mrs. Harrington

were most amiable—he would wheel her about the grounds in her garden chair, and never seemed to weary with her garrulity upon that subject which formed her only solace. He gave Belinda lessons in drawing, he wrote for her in her album, and lent her books of fiction, which filled her mind with romance—in short, his presence seemed to weave a web of enchantment around her, replete with happiness, and which had but one regret attached to it; this was a most singular prejudice which he had taken to her valued friend, Mr. Lindsay. She ventured to notice it to him, when the light and impatient answer he made, forcibly struck her. That night, on retiring to her room, she began to meditate on all the occurrences which had transpired since his introduction at St. Margerets, when she became much alarmed and distressed, at the powerful ascendancy she had allowed him to acquire over her, to the exclusion of many holy, many happier feelings. She felt, that since he had grown dear to her, she had neglected higher duties—her thoughts had become wandering and distracted, and she did not experience that internal peace which had once been hers. On her knees she acknowledged all this in heartfelt contrition to her Heavenly Father, and besought Him to vouchsafe to her grace and strength, to rise against the sin of suffering any creature to usurp so dangerous an influence. On recalling many slight circumstances, she now for the first time, discovered that Harvey Blanchard must be very defective in his religious views. Had Mr. Lindsay been an older man, she would have confided to him her anxieties, and prayed him to advise her; but this she felt to be impossible, and she wept bitterly the losses she had sustained in her excellent uncle, and the total incapacity of old Mrs. Harrington to guide her.

“Yet let me remember the beautiful precepts she used to inculcate, ere the days of her power had departed,” exclaimed the poor girl, clasping her hands; “would she not have led me to the foot of the cross, there to cast my burden—and there to look for help, which never was denied the penitent and contrite sinner. Behold me then, oh, my Saviour—pity me, pardon me, and lead me back to the peaceful fold, from whence I have wandered.”

After this salutary self examination, Belinda became more reserved in her manner towards Captain Blanchard; he soon noticed it, and gently reproached her. She evaded his enquiries, and he angrily attributed the change to Mr. Lindsay—he expressed himself with so much bitterness, that the timid Belinda shrank dismayed from him, when he abruptly left the house.

An hour after his departure, Mrs. Harrington was seized with another paralytic affection, while sitting in her chair. She was immediately conveyed to bed, while the physician and Mr. Lindsay were

sent for—but she never spoke more—towards midnight she expired.

Alas, poor Belinda, what a situation for her, and how terrible were the feelings with which she awoke on the following morning, after a few hours of broken slumber, which the kind hearted Bertha had prevailed on her to take. The utmost kindness and sympathy were evinced for her among the small circle of her acquaintance, but, except Mr. Lindsay, she would see no one.

Her father, at this time, was residing in Paris, but he promptly obeyed the melancholy summons he received, and although not a man of much refined sentiment, he possessed those solid qualities which in such a season, were to her invaluable. She felt that in him she had a protector and a sincere friend, and the affectionate manner with which he folded her to his heart, proved a comfort beyond all words. He proposed, after every necessary arrangement had been made, and the last solemn duties towards his departed mother performed, that she should join Mrs. Harrington and her sister, until St. Margerets underwent all the improvements and alterations which were deemed requisite to induce their making it a future home. Belinda, however, felt so great a reluctance to leave a spot, endeared to her by so many fond recollections, that her father consented that she should remain with him, and assist his taste in all the changes he wished to have made.

Mr. Lindsay daily visited them, while the engaging society of little Gertrude, proved a delightful solace to Belinda, with whom she constantly was, either wandering on the beach, or in the favourite haunts of her beloved St. Margerets.

Captain Blanchard had been constant in his calls, to inquire after her health, but they had not met since her loss. She was strolling one morning with her little companion, in the shrubbery, a few weeks subsequent to this event, when suddenly the light form of Harvey Blanchard sprang over the low paling, and stood before her. Thus taken by surprise, she screamed, while the child clung in terror to her dress.

“I beg your pardon, for alarming you,” he said; “but I despaired of seeing you in any other way, and I was anxious to say farewell. We have received a sudden order to march from P— tomorrow morning.”

On hearing this announcement, so abruptly given, Belinda became much agitated.

“Would it not have been kind to prepare me more gently for this?” she replied, in a tone scarcely audible.

“Most certainly, if I had conceived it would have given you a moment’s pain.”

“Oh, Harvey!” was all that Belinda could utter, ere a violent burst of tears came to her relief. These at once subdued the proud heart of the intractable

young man—he led her to an arbour and placed himself by her side, when he strove to soothe her with all those expressions of affection and solicitude which were the most likely to have the effect. He had felt hurt and offended at being so constantly refused admittance to see her. And it was difficult to make him understand all the delicacy of her motives.

“As the friend of your uncle, had I no claim to being made known to your father,” he enquired reproachfully.

“I intended to do so in a little time,” replied Belinda; “but just now he is scarcely ever at home, and I almost feared to see you often. Oh, you know not all I have lately suffered from self-reproach, nor can you ever know or comprehend, until your heart opens to religious impressions.”

“Until I am more like your lackadaisical friend, the parson, I suppose,” said Blanchard, with a slight curl on his beautiful lip.

“Harvey, I may not listen to such words,” returned Belinda, rising; “Mr. Lindsay is my most valued friend, and worlds would I give that you were more like him—while from him I derive strength and peace, from you I experience remorse and care—I beseech you leave me.”

“Thus then we part,” said Blanchard; “and the companion of many happy hours is cast off without a sigh.”

Belinda gazed on him, her whole countenance convulsed with agony—she fervently clasped her hands as she replied:

“Harvey, my constant prayers shall be offered for you, that God will change your heart—never, never shall I forget you—for are you not linked with recollections of those most beloved, those now gone—particularly her to whom you proved as a son, in the kindness and attentions you afforded her in the days of her helplessness. Heaven bless you, and preserve you.”

Blanchard folded her in his arms, and pressed his lips on her fair brow.

“Farewell, dearest,” he exclaimed; “God knows when we may meet again.”

“Yet stay one moment,” said Belinda, sobbing; “you have not yet told me where you are going.”

“We proceed tomorrow to —, our destination will be D—, for at least a time.”

“Then you are not going out of England—I am at least thankful for that—will you keep this for my sake, and promise that you will occasionally look into it,” and she gave him a small volume, which had been the companion of her walk.

“This is one of your good books, I suppose,” said Blanchard, smiling, as he received it; “yes, dear Belinda, I will preserve it carefully, in remembrance of you,” and he placed it in his bosom.

“How much I now regret that you are unknown

to my father,” returned Belinda, still lingering; “had I thought you would so soon leave P—, I would not have been so tardy—but it may not be too late even now—will you come with me to the house and we will seek him.”

“Not now, Belinda, for I have more to do this day than I have time I fear to complete it in—accompany me to the end of the shrubbery, and then I must leave you.”

Most sorrowfully was this short walk performed, Belinda hung on his arm, while little Gertrude ran before them. The gate leading to the road appeared in sight, when they paused; a few more words were spoken, another fond embrace, when Blanchard, without daring to look back, hastened from the spot, and was out of sight in an instant.

That evening Belinda communicated to her father, her knowledge of Blanchard, and gave into his hands the sealed packet, which had been entrusted to his care by Colonel Harrington. On opening it, an enclosure for Belinda was discovered, with directions that the contents should not be disclosed, until she had attained the age of nineteen. It contained also the watch and seals of her uncle, with a few other valuables—a small testament, which he had constantly carried in his bosom, and a letter addressed to his mother. In this he stated that Harvey Blanchard was the only child of a particular friend of his, who had been killed at Waterloo, leaving him at the age of five years to the care of his young mother, who had made every sacrifice to give him the best education in her power. She possessed a small property in Ireland, left to her by her husband, which it was her pride to improve for her son, who now became the sole object for whom she cared to live. Colonel Harrington expressed a great affection for the boy, and his interest it was that had obtained for him a commission in his own regiment, previous to its going to India. He described him as possessing many fine qualities, but which had been overrun by numerous weeds, owing to the false indulgence of his mother. During his residence with him at Calcutta, he had taken great pains to instil religious principles into his mind, but he always evinced impatience and dislike to the subject. “As he is,” continued the letter of Colonel Harrington; “I behold in him but a splendid meteor, which may any day set in darkness.” The concluding page was written only a few days before his death, and was thus expressed: “Harvey Blanchard has been constantly with me, during my trying illness; I have been unable to prevail on him to leave my bedside, even for a few hours rest. May the Almighty God hear the prayers which I shall offer for him. He is promoted into a regiment in England, and will shortly sail—I entrust him with this, and a few trifles for you; the packet addressed to Belinda, she will open as I have

desired. For my sake, be kind to Blanchard; I have sometimes indulged a wish which I dare not now express. Heaven bless you, I can write no more to day."

"And now, dear Mrs. Mary," continued the weeping Belinda; "I have confided to you all my cares. My father blamed me for not sooner acquainting him with the story of Harvey; and you may easily imagine how much my regret was increased, after reading my uncle's letter. Many were the tears it cost me, but I acted for the best—I did what I thought was right, and I left the consequences to God."

"And rest assured, my dear girl," I replied, affectionately embracing her as she ceased speaking; "you will not eventually go unrewarded by that gracious God—none ever made a sacrifice to duty and repented it. Have you ever heard any tidings of Captain Blanchard since his departure?"

"Only from the public papers; he is so light and volatile that he may long ere this have forgotten me, but stationary as I have been, wandering over all the same dear spots, and surrounded by a thousand reminiscences, his image remains fixed in my memory, in my heart; not, I trust, as it once did, to the neglect of higher duties, but as a cherished friend, for whom my humble prayers are constantly offered. Within the last week I have learnt that his regiment is again expected here immediately, previous to its embarkation for foreign service, and the agitation and conflicting feelings with which I reflect upon our meeting under such circumstances, I find a heavy trial. Most thankful am I that you are here, my dear Mrs. Mary, to strengthen me by your advice, and aid me by your experience, should my fortitude fail me."

"My sweet girl, rather place your entire dependence on the same blessed rock which has hitherto proved your support," I returned; "yet what poor help is mine to give, most freely shall you receive."

We remained conversing until the return of Mrs. Harrington and Marion from their party, warned us of the late hour, when we separated for the night, with mutual increased feelings of affection and friendship.

I descended to the breakfast parlour at a late hour on the morning following, when I found only Belinda and her sister; Mrs. Harrington not having yet made her appearance. Marion looked fatigued from her midnight revels, but appeared in charming spirits.

"I fear that I am a delinquent," said I. "Whose empty cup reproaches my idleness?"

"Only papa's," replied Belinda, smiling; "his morning engagements usually call him out early; I am going to send mamma's coffee to her room, so you have no need to accuse yourself."

"I almost envy your fresh looks this morning," Belinda, said her sister; "my head aches sadly

with the heat of the room last night; it was crowded to excess."

"I hope you found the ball a pleasant one, dear Marion."

"Oh, most agreeable, we had the band of the—regiment; I forgot to tell you that your Adonis, Captain Harvey Blanchard, was there. Nay, you need not start, and turn so pale; pray hand me my cup, child, else I shall lose my coffee, and I am quite longing for it."

Poor Belinda was indeed agitated by the intelligence.

"Did you speak to him Marion, do you know when he arrived?" she enquired in a faltering tone.

"Only the evening before, dear."

"And how does he look?"

"A most captivating creature, I can assure you; mamma was quite taken by surprise, she had always supposed your description overdrawn; but when he entered the room last night, the impression he made was quite extraordinary. Even the old ladies laid down their cards to gaze upon him, and I overheard the remark made by one: 'What a splendid young man, who can he be?' 'My dear,' replied the husband, who was her partner at whist; 'that is very strongly expressed, I do not see any thing so very remarkable in his appearance.' 'I dare say not, Mr. Tobin,' replied his lady, with some little asperity, 'heart is the trump card, my dear.' Then, had you seen the eagerness of the young ladies to be introduced to him, it would have made you quite jealous. Nor did he think it necessary to assume a brusque manner towards them, to show his indifference; he was courteous and affable to all. In the course of the evening he was presented to mamma, by whose side he remained a considerable time; she was so captivated with him, that she has invited him, with two other of the officers, to dine here to-morrow."

"Oh Marion, is it possible," exclaimed Belinda, clasping her hands, and resting her sweet face upon them; "would that I had been more prepared for this."

"What a silly girl you are—take care that I do not prove a dangerous rival, for I can assure you I waltzed with him, and made myself so charming, that he would scarcely leave me for any one else. Do not look so alarmed, my dear, for I have no ambition to become the slave of a bugle, or to be marched off at a moment's notice, heaven knows where. No, no, military men are delightful people in a ball room, but when the dim outline of the frigate is viewed in the distance, or worse still, some horrid old transport, with a leak in her, added to the terrible words "under orders" ringing in our ears; then reality, like Ithuriel's spear, dispels the enchantment, and the vain delusion vanishes."

"Marion, you are a light hearted being," said

Belinda, smiling; "yet answer me this one question—would you not encounter many things evil in themselves, for one you loved?"

"I cannot answer you until experience teaches me," replied Marion, laughing; "at present my love has never passed the sensible boundary of a handsome house, with carriages, horses and pinmoney; nor do I think it will ever leap the line. What say you to my resolve, Mrs. Mary?"

"That I sincerely trust you may keep it," I replied; "since I do not conceive you formed to buffet with the storms of life."

"You think Belinda has more heroism than I have?"

"I think, my dear, that Belinda, having built her house on a rock, will be better able to resist the waves than you, who have founded yours upon the sands."

"Ah, you like to speak in metaphor; but to answer you in the same, believe me, dear Mrs. Mary, I have placed my house on solid gold, and imagination has enriched it with every costly material."

"Which time will destroy. Better garner up your treasure, 'where no moth or rust can corrupt, or thieves break through and steal,'" I returned smiling.

"So, good old granny used to tell me; but do, dear Belinda, give me some more coffee; I am determined I will never tell you any news before breakfast again, it makes you so inattentive. Captain Blanchard asked if the pretty nun of St. Margerets was as serious as ever."

"My name was then mentioned," said Belinda, with hesitation.

"Oh, yes, many times, but I quite forget all he said. Indeed, I felt so angry with Mrs. Fortescue for running away with my handsome partner, to dance with her, that I did not heed some message with which he intrusted me for you. What right have married ladies to dance, or at least, if they do, surely they ought to content themselves with the *caro sposo*, of another; but, *au contraire*, these worthies always select us unhappy belles. Only conceive, last night, a subdued looking man, who seemed as if he had been a benedict for at least twenty years, adorned, with a pair of green spectacles, being led up to me by that little mischievous Mrs. Lucas. Imagine, Mrs. Mary, a creature in green spectacles and odious paste buckles in his shoes. I killed him with a look."

"Marion dear," said Belinda laughing; "finish your breakfast and release me, for I cannot afford to lose my time in listening to you."

"I beg you ten thousand pardons, my pretty nun; I had quite forgotten the duties of your cloister."

It was the custom of Belinda to spend one hour each morning quite alone, and to devote that time to the perusal of her bible, and the works of other well

selected pious authors, which she had found to be a most beneficial practice, as it strengthened her for the duties or the trials of each day. None can fully understand the many blessings, the mine of happiness, discovered in a habit like this, save those who have followed it, and we can only say that if but one should be tempted to try the experiment, their reward would be more than commensurate to what they might at first consider arksome. We address not those whose hearts are devoted to the gaities and frivolities of the age, since they must be entirely indisposed for meditation; we pity them, as responsible beings, and we pray for them; but our advice is given to the awakened christian who has felt the importance of those words: "what must I do to be saved?" and, God be praised, many fair young blossoms may be now numbered among these over whom our hearts yearn with tenderness and holy love; may more be added to the vineyard. When again Belinda joined me, I beheld on her countenance that calm serenity which told me how she had been occupied. "Dearest Belinda," I said, "you do not look as if you had so lately received agitating intelligence."

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Mary," she replied, "I have indeed need to renew my strength, for the trial of tomorrow; I long, yet dread to behold Harvey; I fear, from my sister's sketch, that he is the same light creature as ever; and if so, how much will my fortitude be required, for I feel that he is still too dear to me."

I embraced the dear girl affectionately, for I deeply sympathised in all her feelings, while I grieved for the sorrows which I foresaw would be hers. "And yet none will overshadow her," I mentally said; "save those sent in mercy; for is it not promised that 'all things shall work together for good to those who love God?' We sat down together at our work table, conversing pleasantly and cheerfully until the hour struck which we had fixed on to visit the poor woman at the cliff. When we sallied forth, the day was fine with bright sunshine and we felt, as we proceeded, that elasticity and buoyancy of spirit which a fresh autumnal day usually produces.

"How much my sister loses by her late hours," said Belinda, the rich healthful bloom of exercise mantling on her cheek; "who would exchange this delicious air, this fine open prospect, for the heated atmosphere of a ball-room? How thankful I feel that the pleasures my dear grandmamma led me to prefer are so simple; how independent they have made me of all fictitious amusements."

"You have, indeed, cause to be grateful, my child, since yours increase and improve religious impressions, while those to which your sister is devoted, weaken and eventually destroy them, rendering the mind listless, discontented and unsettled; it then requires constant fresh excitement to rouse it

exhausted energies. I once knew a lady, a beautiful creature she was, who devoted, as I have described, to the gaities of the world, was in the habit of keeping laudanum on her toilet, which she would take as a stimulus before she went to a party. Alas, death was in all her smiles, and the painted victim of pleasure, sank into an untimely grave."

"But my dear sister is gay, is happy in reality," returned Belinda; "although I fear, she has never spent any one hour in serious meditation in her life; she inseparably unites religion with gloom, and its tenets with austerity; she attends church regularly and conforms to its ceremonies, but they engage not her heart; she escapes from them with a feeling of satisfaction that they are over, and an idea that she has been performing a meritorious act; yet I have rarely seen her spirits depressed, unless a very gloomy wet day, has, perhaps, deprived her of some promised pleasure."

"Has Marion ever been tried in the furnace of affliction?" I enquired.

"No."

"Then, we must pause until then, ere we can decide upon the merits of her philosophy."

"Oh, I trust I may never behold my dear gay-hearted sister unhappy," said the affectionate girl, warmly.

"Not if it were to prove the means of leading her to her Heavenly Father, my child?"

"Forgive me, I spoke in haste. Yes, to insure so happy a result, I would even be thankful for her tears. Yet, oh, my father," she continued fervently; "spare her as far as it is possible. Lead her SURELY, yet lead her gently."

On reaching the cabin of the poor widow, we found her all that Mr. Lindsay had described; resigned and patient, though heavily afflicted. She maintained her resolution to remain where she was; we endeavoured to show her the greater advantage of a removal; but when we found that by so doing we only added to her distress without changing her determination, we desisted. The view she had taken was, that it would seem to imply a want of faith in the Almighty, and would be a departure from the expressed wishes of her husband, and who could gainsay such reasoning. She expressed herself most grateful for our visit, and on our leaving her, besought us to repeat it, which we faithfully promised we would do.

On our return home, Belinda found the card of Captain Harvey Blanchard on the hall table; she carried it into the drawing-room.

"Dear Marion, has he then been here?" she asked with emotion.

"He has," replied her sister, who was practicing on the harp; "and until I saw his card, I quite forgot that the message he gave me last night for you was, that he would call to see you today."

"Oh, Marion, how could you be so unkind," said

poor Belinda, sinking into a chair, and bursting into tears; "how cold, how ungrateful he must think me. He did not then come in?"

"No, he galloped off immediately; but pray do not disturb me. Belinda, I am just surmounting a most difficult passage; what folly to weep for such a trifle, when you will see him tomorrow."

"Heartless girl," I could not forbear murmuring in a low tone, as I led the distressed Belinda from the room and retired with her to her own.

And now the morrow, the eventful morrow arrived. I confess I felt some curiosity to behold one of whom I had heard so much; but this was absorbed in my interest for dear Belinda, who came to me in a state of great agitation, as the hour approached for the expected arrival of the guests; we descended together to the drawing-room where we found Mrs. Harrington reclining on a fauteuil, looking as bewitching as a profusion of blond lace and rouge could make her. Mr. Harrington was pursuing his interminable study of the corn laws with his back to the fire, while Marion, beautifully dressed, sat at the table penning some pretty little note to one of her dear friends.

"Belinda, child, you look like a black crow amongst us," said Mrs. Harrington; "when do you mean to throw off that sable garb?"

Mr. Harrington raised his eyes from the newspaper and fixed them on his daughter.

"Never mind her dress," he returned, drawing her affectionately towards him; "she is a good and a kind girl, and I think is most becomingly attired."

Belinda pressed her lips on his cheek, while the tears which rose to her dove-like eyes expressed her thanks. A few strangers were now announced, to whom I was presented; among them Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue, whose names I had heard frequently mentioned. Each time that the door opened Belinda cast an anxious glance towards it; at length the clatter of swords resounded on the stone floor of the hall; her cheek turned so pale that I almost feared she would have fainted, when again the door was thrown wide, and Captain Harvey Blanchard, with two other officers, entered. His appearance, I had heard described as startling, and indeed no other word could so well express the effect it produced; so commanding, so beautiful was his face and mien, my gaze became rivetted. Most graciously was he received by Mrs. Harrington, who introduced him to her husband, and the reception he met from him was kind and cordial in the extreme; he addressed him upon the subject of India, and expressed his regret that he had not earlier made his acquaintance.

"But you must blame my little Bell for it," continued the good-natured man; for I never heard your name until the day after your departure."

Captain Blanchard smiled as he turned from him and looked round the room, when he perceived the

trembling form of Belinda, who had drawn her chair as far behind mine as possible. He instantly approached her. She rose, holding out both her hands, then sat down again unable to utter one word, and scarcely knowing what she did. He seemed to feel for her, as he took her hand and pressed it, saying, in a deep mellow voice :

"Miss Harrington is well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, very; I was so sorry yesterday;" here she paused.

"You were sorry that you were from home when I sent you word I was coming to see you—is that what you would say?"

"No, no, Marion forgot to tell me that such was your kind intention; I felt quite grieved when I found your card on my return.

His countenance expressed gratification as she spoke. He then turned his eyes on me, and Belinda presented me. To add to her reviving courage I addressed a few words to him, which he replied to with much courtesy and politeness. I could not help mentally praying that a being so formed to be admired might yet possess those Christian graces which would survive when the spirit had left its beautiful earthly temple mouldering in the dust, to soar beyond the skies.

"Courage, my dear girl," I whispered to Belinda, near whom I contrived to be placed at dinner; "you behaved admirably, and now that the first interview is over, you need have no more fears."

I perceived the gaze of Captain Blanchard frequently fixed on her, during the repast, and whenever he met hers he returned it affectionately; but, as he sat next to Mrs. Harrington, he was removed some distance from her. This was the room in which they had first met. He repeatedly looked round him, as if in search of some familiar object. Mrs. Harrington talked incessantly, but I fancied that his lively answers and his laugh were forced. I was glad, for Belinda's sake, when we returned to the drawing-room, although I was then doomed to listen to all the gossip of the neighbourhood; to hear the faults and foibles of others descanted on with all that asperity which morality, when untinctured by the charities of religion, too often possesses. Mrs. Fortescue was in raptures with the beauty of Captain Blanchard.

"He is a most divine creature," she exclaimed; "he has promised to lend me his pony, which, he says is so gentle and tractable that a child might manage him; you are fond of riding Miss Belinda Harrington, are you not; I think I have seen you mounted?"

"I am very fond of it," replied Belinda; "but papa has so many engagements, that he cannot often spare the time to accompany me."

"And you are too pretty behaved to ride with any one else, I suppose; my sposo has his engagements also, but they do not interfere with mine; we

are quite independent of each other; he is shut up for hours in his counting-house, poor man, while I am obliged to seek amusements for myself. My dear Mrs. Harrington, what should we married ladies do without the counting-house or the office; they are menageries which keep quiet many an intractable animal, who would be insufferably in our way at home. But pray Miss Harrington, let me hear your harp; I doat upon music."

The gentlemen rejoined us early. Mrs. Fortescue was expatiating on the splendour of the moon on their entrance, and expressed a wish to stroll on the lawn, to contemplate its reflection on the waters; but as no one felt disposed to indulge her romance, on a cold autumnal night, she was obliged to relinquish it. Captain Blanchard approached Belinda, and I heard him say to her :

"Am I really in some of Margetrets—I have been vainly seeking for some object to assure me of its identity, and I can find none."

"Not one?" asked Belinda, smiling.

"Yes one, and only one," he returned in a lower tone; "is she in all things what she was?"

"With the exception, perhaps, of a little more experience, I think she is."

"I fear that experience will not prove in my favour; Belinda, where are your favourite walks now?"

"You know them well, I have never changed them."

"Do you ever walk alone?"

"Never beyond the grounds."

"And who is usually your companion?"

Belinda mentioned my name, and he glanced quickly in the direction where I sat. I now felt an inclination to move, and involuntarily half rose from my chair; but a beseeching look from Belinda; changed my intention. He then bent his head low, and whispered a few words, at which she shook hers; and he made an impatient gesture. After a short pause, he enquired :

"Where is the old high-backed chair, and the round table, which I used to see?"

"They have been long since banished, as unsightly objects—I have them in my own room; with other dear relics. But tell me, Harvey, have you any idea how long you are to remain at P——?"

"Not the slightest—we may be here a month, or we may not stay five days; we are only waiting for the ship. Are you aware that it is the *Bellona*, Captain Harrington, which is to take us out?"

"No indeed, I was not—how very singular—alas, it will be the first time that I shall feel no pleasure in the arrival of my dear uncle," and Belinda heavily sighed. "Have you visited Ireland since we met?" she continued.

"No, I grieve to say that I have been unable to do so, particularly as the health of my mother is not

so good as it used to be. Belinda, I wish you were with her, to cheer her solitude."

Belinda faintly smiled, while tears filled her eyes.

"You expect to remain abroad for some years, I fear," she enquired, in a faltering tone.

"We do—surely you will not refuse to see me, once and alone, ere we part, perhaps for ever."

"Alas! for what purpose—if, as you say, we may meet no more—the less we see of each other in the meantime, the better."

Ere he could address her again, he was called away by Mrs. Harrington, to look at some beautiful engravings, and he came not near her again.

"Heaven be praised, that this most trying day is over at last," exclaimed Belinda, on our meeting at night in her own room; "dear Mrs. Mary, but for you, I know not how I should have gone through it. Now do tell me truly, what your opinion is of Harvey?"

"My dear Belinda, it is quite impossible for me to decide so hastily, but the little that I may say, is in his favour. Light and thoughtless as you have considered him, he has still remembered you with affection, and in many slight instances has shown a warmth of heart, which to me is full of promise—permit me to ask has he ever proposed to you seriously?"

"Not exactly," replied Belinda with a deep blush; "but he has constantly expressed the wish that I was known to his mother, of whom he always has spoken with deep affection."

"I wish we could avert this going abroad," I continued, after musing awhile; "it appears most unfortunate at this time, and yet let me feel humbled for my haste. Has not God willed it? therefore it must be right. How many links, which connect the chain of events, are unscen by us, and which, were we to behold, would display to us the goodness of our Heavenly Father—the things we murmur at may spring from the greatest mercy, while those we would desire might prove our ruin. Oh for more faith, to trust Him in all our anxieties."

"Is it not strange that my uncle's ship should be the one selected to take out the troops, and that Harvey should be so constantly associated with our family," said Belinda; "may we not trace the Divine hand in this also, dear Mrs. Mary?"

"Assuredly we may, my dear girl; is there aught which His power has not decreed? and how frequently, from causes trivial in themselves, the greatest consequences have arisen; the meanest instrument, when guided by Him, might alter the destiny of nations—we have only to look around us to behold this truth daily. Let us not, therefore, tremble when mountains rise between us and our hopes—for the same God who commanded the Israelites to go forward, when the dark waves dashed around them, and made a path-way through the

deep waters, so that they sank not, is still watching over us and all whom we love. It is infidelity to confine His means within the compass of our poor imaginations—let us rather humbly spread our hopes and desires before him in prayer, and if He approves them, we are assured that He will grant them at that time which he considers best for us."

A few days after this, Mr. Harrington announced that Aaron Feldbach had written to accept an invitation at St. Margerets.

"I am happy to hear it, my dear," replied Mrs. Harrington, complacently.

"And we shall have another guest," continued Mr. Harrington, with a slight hesitation in his manner; "my brother Samuel has arrived off P—and will be with us today."

Belinda started and turned very pale, while Mrs. Harrington, exclaimed:

"Your vulgar sailor brother—how extremely provoking—what a charming companion for Baron Feldbach."

"I have not seen him for four years, and I confess the idea gives me pleasure," returned Mr. Harrington, evidently hurt; "Belinda, my dear," he added to her, as he rose to leave the room "I am sure you will kindly give orders about arranging your uncle's apartment. I am going into P—to meet him."

"I will see to it immediately, dear papa," replied poor Belinda, who, with difficulty restraining a flood of tears, was glad to make her escape.

"Is it not annoying that Captain Harrington should just arrive at this time, Marion," said her mother.

Marion shrugged her shoulders, but returned no answer.

"It is one of the evil effects of marrying when very young, and not having the whole family reviewed before me," continued Mrs. Harrington; "my dear Mrs. Mary, picture to yourself a perfect sea monster, who has scarcely ever been in ladies' society—his voice alone shatters my poor nerves; he always speaks as if he were commanding his crew."

"My dear friend," I replied, laughing; "I regret that I have no sympathy to spare for your distress—and I trust it may not be called upon in any heavier misfortune—you cannot appreciate your many blessings until you have experienced their loss."

"I have surely experienced enough already, in being obliged to leave my charming abode in Paris, and such society, for this solitude; and so fond of pleasure as I am too, it is really very, very trying."

"Poor lady, I pity you," said I; "not for the losses you enumerate, but that you should prefer pleasure to happiness."

"Are they not the same?"

"Most decidedly not. While pleasure consists in

a round of dissipation, which fatigue and pall upon the senses, happiness arises from the fulfilment of our duties, in contentment, and in peace."

Towards noon, Mr. Harrington returned, accompanied by his brother. Belinda flew to meet him, and was most warmly felicitated in his arms.

"Ah my little Bell," he exclaimed; "always the first to welcome old uncle Sam; "why, what a fine blooming lass you are grown my girl, and who is this kind and smiling lady with you?"

"This is Mrs. Mary Selwyn, uncle," replied Belinda; "a very dear friend."

"Is she so," said Captain Harrington, pressing both my hands; "then she must be mine also— but where is my sister, and Miss Marion?"

"They are in their rooms, I believe," returned Mr. Harrington; "you will see them presently at dinner—would you like to adjourn to yours—I will show you the way."

"I know the way well enough, changed as it is since the days of my good old mother; bless my heart, what finery," he continued, springing up stairs, and gazing round him, and his stentorian voice was heard as he proceeded down the gallery in a kind of discontented *groul*, until it died away in the distance.

"That is a natural character at least," said I, turning to Belinda.

"And yet under his rough exterior, is concealed one of the kindest, one of the softest hearts," she replied; "my uncle Sam, I am sure, could not harm the worm that crawls in his path."

On entering the drawing room, a few minutes before dinner, I found Captain Blanchard added to the family circle, Mr. Harrington having invited him in the morning to meet his brother; and, to my further gratification, Mr. Lindsay was announced soon afterwards. I marked his sudden start on beholding Blanchard, and an expression on his countenance almost indefinable, but he checked it instantly, and advanced towards him, holding out his hand, which the other, instead of receiving, drew himself haughtily up, and bowed in the coldest manner. It was the first ungracious act I had witnessed in him, and I felt sorry. Belinda looked much distressed, while the hectic of a moment passing over Lindsay's interesting face, he turned away. Captain Harrington talked for every one during dinner, and amused us by narrating many sea stories, with infinite humour and drollery. He was evidently pleased with Blanchard, whose conversation interested him, from his having travelled over scenes familiar to himself.

"How soon do you think you will sail, uncle," asked Belinda, in the lowest tone, as she sat next him, her voice trembling as she spoke.

He turned to look at her ere he replied.

"My child, how soon? is it for the sake of uncle Sam you put that question so fearfully, or is he go-

ing to run away with one of your sweethearts? Nay, never blush so, my girl," he continued, patting her on the head, for in an instant his penetrating glance which Blanchard cast upon her; "I spoke but in jest, I scarcely think we shall get off for some weeks, as the Bellona has to go into dock to undergo repairs."

These were glad tidings for Belinda, but she dared not raise her eyes to thank him.

Captain Blanchard engrossed so much of the attention of our little party, that I devoted mine entirely to Mr. Lindsay, who was evidently depressed in spirits. While conversing with him, I could not help regretting that the afflictions of Belinda had not rather been placed on him, whose mind and tastes, and pursuits were so completely her own, added to a soundness of judgment rarely to be met in one so young.

"United to him, what peace, what happiness would have been hers," I mentally said; "while now, nothing but trials appear to await her."

Short sighted mortals that we are, how constantly we would err, and rue the hour, if we were left to guide our own destinies.

The evening proved so very beautiful, that on retiring from the dinner table, I induced Belinda to accompany me in a walk; we tried to prevail on Marion to join us, but were unsuccessful.

"My sister is afraid that the sea breezes might be rude to her tresses," said Belinda, laughing, as she tied on her neat straw bonnet; "she has a horror of appearing in the character of a Blouseabelle."

We proceeded in our favourite direction of the cliff, and our conversation gradually became so interesting and absorbing, that we were not aware of the distance we had gone, until we found ourselves near to the poor widow's cabin.

"Shall we go on and visit her," asked Belinda; "it would detain us but a very little longer."

I assented, and we proceeded with quickened steps; on entering the humble abode, we perceived her seated with her children round her, at tea. She started up immediately, saying:

"Dear ladies, this is very kind in you, but I fear me you are late for the tide, it has been rising some time."

We looked out, and to our dismay discovered that it was indeed the case.

"Belinda, my dear child," I exclaimed; "we had better hasten back with all speed, for they would be miserably anxious at home, were we to be detained here; I wish we had been more ob-serving."

"We have not far to retrace our steps along the sands," replied Belinda; "I have repeatedly done it in less time than we have now to spare."

The woman gazed without anxiously.

"This is a poor place for ladies like you," she said; "but I wish you would remain awhile."

I felt almost tempted to accept her offer, for I knew that her experience in the tides must be far more correct than ours could be; but Belinda urged me so strongly to lose no more time, that I yielded my desire to hers, and placing our little offering on the table, and receiving the widow's benediction, we retreated in haste, while she continued gazing after us as long as we were in sight. For some time we pursued our flight with rapidity, when I was obliged to pause for breath.

"Belinda, my dear girl, hasten on," I said, panting; "you are young and agile, and will soon round the point; but if I die for it, I cannot run another step."

"And do you think I would leave you, dear Mrs. Mary," replied Belinda; "Heaven forbid, that I should be so selfish, so ungrateful—lean on me, and I will help you."

In the meantime the bounding waters came nearer and nearer, roaring and dashing their spray over the sands. We looked at each other fearfully—the cliff was by no means high, but so perpendicular that to ascend it was impossible, though in many parts there were rugged stepping stones and branches of stunted shrubs growing out from its rude sides. At this moment we heard voices above us, and on looking up, we beheld Harvey Blanchard and Captain Harrington walking leisurely along the heights; we immediately called to them.

"Bless my heart," exclaimed uncle Sam, leaning over the cliff; "if there isn't my niece Bell, and the old maiden lady, showing signals of distress."

"Good God, and the tide rushing in," cried Blanchard, who, without an instant's hesitation, began scrambling down by the fragile supports afforded him in the way, followed by Captain Harrington. Belinda screamed as she watched their perilous descent, which was happily achieved in safety. Blanchard waiting not to utter one word, raised Belinda in his arms and dashed forward with rapidity, while Captain Harrington in like manner assisted me. Every wave that now approached us, wetted us with its spray.

"Oh, Harvey, why have you thus endangered your own life," almost shrieked Belinda, as her arms wildly clasped his neck; "for mercy's sake leave me and fly."

"Compose yourself, my beloved," replied the agitated young man; "we may yet be in time, and if not, we will die even thus together."

"Oh no, no, no—most dreadful—most awful."

"Has death then such terrors for Belinda?"

"I think only of you; if you were but safe, I should die in peace."

He pressed her affectionately, but I saw that his strength began to fail under his fair burden, and he

was obliged to lean against the cliff for support—it was a fearful moment for us all.

"I remember there used to be a cave near this spot," said Captain Harrington, who, from having braved constant dangers, was perfectly calm and composed. He commenced a strict search, and at length discovered the aperture, which was ingeniously concealed by a collection of stones and loose fragments.

"Now, God be praised, we are safe," he exclaimed; "Blanchard, can you carry the child so far; if not, give her to me."

But Blanchard would not relinquish his interesting charge, whose sweet pale face rested on his shoulder. With tottering steps he ascended the stairs, if such they might be termed, and gained the interior of the cavern. Here he deposited her in safety on a block of stone, and then turned to assist us. When again Belinda beheld me by her side, she fell upon my bosom and wept floods of tears, while we both returned thanks, in broken accents, to the giver of all good, for our miraculous preservation from a frightful death.

"Bless my heart, I never had such a chase before," said uncle Sam, panting, and applying his handkerchief to his face; "Mrs. Mary, my dear, you are no feather, I can assure you; and really for a sage maiden like you to bring us into such a scrape, there is no excuse. Aye, I never knew it otherwise in my life, wherever mischief is in the wind, a woman has been sure to raise it—her insatiable curiosity turned us out of Paradise, and methinks she has given us many a sour apple since then to chew for our sorrow. Bell, what are you whimpering for, you silly girl, that won't mend matters, since here you must remain till the tide ebbs again."

Blanchard now examined the cave more minutely, as he was anxious to find a more sheltered nook for Belinda. In his search he discovered a deep recess, whither we adjourned, while uncle Sam continued to scold, half in jest, half in earnest. Our situation was certainly by no means promising—yet we had too much cause for gratitude to repine. Blanchard placed himself by Belinda, and strove to soothe her agitation.

"No harm can reach you here," he said; "if you have only patience to bear with the present discomfort—but I fear you are cold," he continued, taking her hand; "shall I try and collect materials for kindling a fire?"

"Oh, no, no, leave me not, I beseech you," she replied, clinging to him; "I am only happy when I know you are safe."

Most tenderly did his deep and eloquent blue eyes rest upon her as she uttered this, for in such a moment her feelings could not be controlled—she beheld in him her preserver, and every fault for that time being was forgotten.

It was indeed impossible to behold this young man without interest—his great personal endowments, his winning manners, his voice, and the easy grace of his whole deportment, rendered him at all times an object of attraction; but now the total forgetfulness of self which he had displayed, the solicitude he evinced, not only for Belinda, but even for me, a stranger, during our tedious sojourn in this cold and comfortless abode, could not fail to find its way to woman's grateful heart—and from this night I remembered him more fervently in my prayers.

At length the period for our release drew near—Captain Harrington had been constantly watching for the last hour at the mouth of the cavern, and now came to announce to us the glad intelligence that in a short space we might venture to proceed in safety. We were preparing to leave our recess, when the sound of rude voices met our ears—Captain Blanchard held us back and laid his finger on his lip.

To the utter dismay of Belinda and myself, five or six desperate looking men entered the cave, one of them bearing a lantern; they expressed surprise and anger at the aperture being disturbed, and he who held the light, raised it to examine the interior. Happily for us, we were completely concealed by a huge cragg which divided the nook, where we stood from the outer excavation; their language was dreadful in the extreme, and they were all armed with cutlasses and pistols. At this moment, so terrific had the waves of the sea been flowing over us, we would have hailed them with gratitude. I looked fearfully on Captain Blanchard, and never shall I forget the expression I beheld in his fine countenance—it was actually awful in its stern determination—one arm clasped the fainting Belinda to his bosom, while in his other hand he grasped his drawn sword. I dreaded, from all I had heard of his impetuosity, that he would have rushed forward, and I laid my hand on his arm, as if my slight hold could have had power to stay him; but I had no need to fear; for Belinda's sake a hair would have then bound him. I turned from him to Captain Harrington, who stood with a large cudgel upraised, his eyes and cheeks distended, exactly in that position I have seen one painted, who has been watching the appearance of some unlucky rat from its hole—ludicrous as he certainly looked, to have smiled was indeed impossible.

The men, apparently satisfied that the cave was unoccupied, now walked to the further end, and to our astonishment, unclosed a door which had been concealed by a large stone.

"We must make haste my lads," said one, in a coarse harsh voice; "the vessel will be round in less than an hour, and if we don't make sharp work of it, we may have the coast guard upon us."

"Aye, aye, we are prepared for them if they do

come," exclaimed another, with a most horrid oath; "I think we did for that youngster last week."

Oh, how my knees smote together as his words reached me. They all now entered the inner cavern, and closed the door.

"Now," said Captain Blanchard, in a whisper; "we must be quick and most wary—Harrington, guard the ladies, and for God's sake let no one speak."

He gave Belinda into her uncle's arms as he spoke—when she found that he was leaving her, she would have screamed, but he pressed his hand firmly over her mouth, while his dark frown awed her into silence and obedience. He then stood before the door which closed upon the ruffians, with his sword held across it, while Captain Harrington carried out Belinda, who had fainted, and conveyed her in safety down the rugged declivity; I followed as well as my trembling limbs would enable me, and when we found ourselves again on the sands, we looked up for our noble companion—he stood at the entrance waving his hand for us to proceed. How dreadful was the idea of his being sacrificed in our defence, but to have paused, would only have added to the danger, and we hurried forward with our insensible charge. Night had closed in, but fortunately a bright moon guided us on our way, and by the time we cleared the point, Captain Blanchard had descended from his perilous post, and hastened to rejoin us. How my heart rose in thanksgiving, when I beheld him in safety—I would have spoken, but words were denied me, and I was grateful for the tears which relieved my oppressed heart. The air had revived Belinda, who now looked wildly round her, calling on the name of Harvey. He sprang to her side.

"You are then safe—they have not murdered you?" she shrieked in a tone of terror, when she beheld him. "Oh, if you leave me again I shall die."

"Belinda, dearest, do not thus alarm yourself," replied Blanchard, taking her outstretched hand as she hung over her uncle's shoulder as helpless as an infant. "All is well now, and in a few more moments you will reach your own home."

"For mercy's sake, who and what are those desperate men?" I inquired, while with feeble steps I endeavoured to keep pace with the rapid strides of my companions. Captain Blanchard offered me his arm, as he replied:

"They are smugglers. Their haunt has been long suspected, and it is extremely fortunate they have been discovered. I have no doubt, that is their craft which we now see laying off yonder," and he pointed in the direction as he spoke, when I clearly discovered the hull of a small vessel.

On entering the gate of the shrubbery, we perceived lights moving within the house. We had all been suffering too much ourselves to reflect on

the anxiety our lengthened absence must have caused, but we now hastened forward, while Captain Harrington's loud voice proclaimed our safe arrival to the anxious father, who met us at the hall door.

"There is your child," said he, as he placed the exhausted Belinda on the sofa; "and thank God that you behold her again, for only half an hour since, and I would not have given that for any one of our lives." And he emphatically snapped his fingers.

Mr. Harrington looked aghast.

"Your absence has caused us all great uneasiness," he said, turning to me; "and I have sent people in every direction to seek for you. Poor Lindsay is with them. I was on the eve of mounting my horse, which is waiting at the door, when I heard your voices. In the name of Heaven what has detained you?"

While I briefly endeavoured to explain, I heard Blanchard address a few words to Captain Harrington, who nodded, when he would have left the room had not Belinda called to him.

"Whither would you go tonight," she said anxiously, as she endeavoured to raise herself; "I am sure my father will not suffer you to depart. Pray, pray, remain until tomorrow."

He leant over her, affectionately smiling, as he replied:

"Belinda, dearest, I have a duty to perform which your own good sense must feel to be necessary."

"You are not going amongst those dreadful looking men again. Oh, Harvey, tell me!" she exclaimed, with agony depicted on her countenance.

"No, no, fear not; good night," and he turned hastily from her; at the same time Captain Harrington informed his brother of the smugglers' retreat, adding, in a low voice:

"Blanchard intends giving notice to the coast guard, and will guide them to the spot."

I shuddered while Mr. Harrington, pouring out a goblet of wine, which stood on the table, approached him with it, saying:

"Harvey, take care of yourself. My horse is at your disposal. Let us hear from you tomorrow."

Blanchard hastily drank off the wine, thanking him by a look; and ere another word was spoken he had disappeared, and we heard the clang of his horse's hoofs down the pathway, a few minutes afterwards.

"That is as fine a fellow as ever stepped—be the other who he may," said Captain Harrington; "and I hope he may live to be a general. Bell, my girl, he has saved your life, this night; may you never forget it. Come, cheer up my lass, what ails thee now?" and he sat down by her.

"Oh, dear Uncle, I fear he has returned to the cliff," returned Belinda, whose tears were flowing copiously; "I know him so well—he is so determined—so desperate."

"He is just what a soldier ought to be, child, and if you dared keep him from his duty, by any of your puling woman's fears, I would—" here he paused for an expression, as his voice rose in anger: "I would throw you over the cliff myself."

"Nay, spare her, my dear sir," said I, smiling at his vehemence; "and reserve all your scoldings for me, as the elder of the two; my want of observation has been the cause, I fear, of all our distresses this night."

"Very true, very true; I daresay your tongue was running nineteen to the dozen, and the waters would have swept you off with the last new fashions, or the character of your neighbour hovering on your lips, had not Blanchard, to our cost, proposed our going out to meet you; but you behaved very well, I must say," he continued, pressing both my hands, "and, for a woman were wonderfully quiet and silent, while necessary."

Mr. Harrington was now engaged in bathing the temples of Belinda with restoratives, and in endeavouring to soothe and console her. I was surprised that her mother and sister were absent in such a moment; but I learnt that Mrs. Harrington had been affected by violent hysterics, in consequence of her alarm for her daughter, and that Marion was with her. I strove to conceal my own fatigue, that I might be useful to others; and I would not leave the dear Belinda until I saw she was more composed, and had consented to retire to bed. I then most gladly adjourned to my own room, where my heartfelt thanksgivings were offered up in prayer and my earnest petitions breathed for the preservation of our gallant deliverer, whose danger was not yet over.

(To be continued in our next.)

SOURCE OF PERPLEXITY.

THAT which makes our view of the present state of the world a source of perplexity and horror, is the consideration that every human heart bears in itself a type, more or less distinct, of those powers and that happiness which have been the portion of the most exalted minds. There is, perhaps, no spot on earth, however dreary, in which the germs of many plants, and the larvæ of shining and light-winged insects are not hidden, though for thousands of years undeveloped, and still expecting the warm breeze that shall call them out into life and beauty.

SAILOR'S WIT.

A lady at sea, full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out among other pretty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bottom: mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

(ORIGINAL.)

ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE GREAT.

BY A. R.

O blessed letters ! that combine in one
 All ages past, and mark one line with all :
 By you we do confer with who are gone,
 And the dead-living unto council call !

DANIEL'S MUSEPHILUS.

THE story of the poor weaver contains an excellent moral, who, when accused of vanity, because he claimed acquaintance with a celebrated poet whom he had never seen, pointed to the shelf which contained his little library, and replied ; " There are his works, I have had them for many years, and have read them over and over, till I can repeat them all from beginning to end, and surely he and I must be pretty well acquainted by this time." Admit the claim of the weaver to acquaintance, and what a double force is there in the old maxim " that a man is known by the company he keeps ! " Admit it, and how wide may be the range of our acquaintance ; an acquaintance not limited to the little circle in which we ourselves move, but wide as the extent of civilization, and stretching backwards to the remotest periods of history.

Admit it, and what becomes of complaints of dull and ungenial society—of associates exclusively devoted to petty gains, and destitute of relish for all who are not, like themselves, of the earth earthy ? Admit it, and the humblest cottage may be irradiated by the wisdom and converse of the great, equally with the splendid mansion and the palace. There are great men around us every day, " warriors and statesmen, and prophetic bards." It may be they speak not to us in an audible voice, but there is a language which needs not to be articulated ; there is a mute eloquence which thrills the innermost recesses of the delighted spirit ; there is " society where none intrudes ; " there is a communion of soul with soul over which time and space have no power. There are thousands now living in quiet corners of the land—not a few acting in the whirlpools of business and anxiety, whose sympathies with the great master spirits of antiquity is no less real than if they had trod " the olive grove of Acadamé," and listened to the living voice of Socrates,

" Whom, well inspired, the Oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men."

There are thousands for whom the rocky, though not unfruitful isle of Ithaca, is invested with all the charms of home, who can see the godlike hero consuming his heart in unaccompanied sorrow, on the sea shore, and hear him bewailing his cruel fate in all the melody of charmed words.

But turn to a very different age, and to a much more extended class of readers, and it will be easy to perceive the very same sympathy, manifested in a way equally unequivocal. Look at the tie which connects Sir Walter Scott to his readers. Is it not as close as the tie of common acquaintance ? Is it not rather an intimacy, a friendship, a relationship, founded on admiration and respect, and gratitude ? No wonder that Christendom bewailed the loss of such a man. No wonder that every man felt as if he had lost a personal friend. His unaffected simplicity, his kindness of heart, his never-failing fund of anecdote and tradition, his unwearied application, the very minutiae of his domestic arrangements, all are known almost as well as if he had been our next door neighbour ; nay, it needs but little effort of the imagination, as we look upon the last and best of the thousand portraits which the respect of the age has called forth, to bring up in living breathing form, the hale and vigorous, though somewhat antiquated gentleman, with his fine Scottish face and expanded brow, who, for so many years, was the life and soul of a highly cultivated circle in the metropolis of his native land.

It is said that friendship cannot exist along with a sense of obligation ; if the remark be true, certainly in regard to Sir Walter Scott we must plead an exception. Thousands felt themselves under the deepest obligation to him, who yet admired and loved him. How many a solitary and desponding heart has been irradiated by his cheerful and submissive temper ! How many slumbering souls have been awakened, and their whole powers of admiration and love called into action, if not into existence,

by the magic of his genius. He discovered regions of surpassing beauty, and peopled them with beings of like passions with ourselves, possessed of human loves, and human hopes, and aspirations. And men from all lands came to hear and see and admire. They went back with him in spirit to the regions of romance, and the lands of Palestine were once more alive with mailed warriors, fighting under the blessed cross, to rescue the holy sepulchre from the pollution of the infidel. Old France again echoed to the step of the Scottish knight, as he went forth in quest of fame and fortune; and the blue mountains of Scotland sent back the holy psalm of the Covenant, or the shout of the plaided mountaineers rushing to the battle. It needed but a touch of the enchanter's wand, and they were in an instant transported into England, as she once was, to look, with beating hearts, on the lists, all ready for the strife, and dazzled by the ladies of overcoming beauty, the banners, the impresses, and the combatants, whose fame had been carried by the minstrel from far lands.

Another touch of the magician's genius created a lovelier and a holier picture. The peasant's cottage is in the foreground, and near it and all around, are the tokens of industry and content. It is the abode of intelligence and morality; the nursery of firm-hearted patriots. All that elevates and refines, and softens, in domestic life, all that tends to raise above self, and to incite to a uniform quiet discharge of every day duty, in Scott's writings we find personified and recommended. Familiar sympathies, willing reverences, and habits of subordination, are almost naturalized into instinct; naked hills and bleak wastes are beautified, nay sanctified, by the power of his matchless genius, which interfuses human sympathy and affection into the very rocks and inanimate clouds. In a word, Scott loved his race and was repaid by their affection. Philosophers who read, or tried to read, his works, as they would the dullest volume in a monkish library, and who judged of them only by their tendency, were charmed equally with the young and enthusiastic. The authors of the present day deluge the world with fiction in all its thousand varieties, and too often deprave the public taste and morality. These authors grow up in a night and perish in a night. If they seek for immortality and love and gratitude let them with Scott,

“Urge Freedom, Charters, Country, Laws,
Gods and Religion.”

Scott is but one example of that mental gravitation of readers towards authors, which may be seen in many other instances. He was the universal favorite and drew all men unto him; others depict the feelings, and speak the language of a class, and consequently their adherents are but few. But every one has his favorite authors—to them he turns with eagerness, and cherishes their opinions and prepossessions and prejudices as sacredly as his own.

They are his advisers in perplexity, his comfort and solace in distress, his crown in the day of his rejoicing. He considers it a species of insult to speak slightingly of his favorites, and is ready and anxious to defend them at all times.

It is not necessary to enquire into the origin of this feeling, and perhaps it might be no easy task to discover it; but every one has felt the attraction whose opinion on the matter is worth seeking for; those who have not felt it, would be no wiser after reading a volume on the subject. There are friendships for the *living*, which have originated we know not how, springing up and expanding silently and unperceived, gathering strength perhaps from a word, a look, a kind deed done in secret, until they have become parts of our very being. Our attachments for the *dead-living* in like manner spring up, in many instances alike unnoticed. Perhaps they have been our teachers, the parents from whom we drew our intellectual life, the silent monitors who rescued us from a temptation, or who propped our decaying virtue. Perhaps their words were imprinted on our hearts when we were young, and they may be as links in the mysterious chain of sympathy which binds us to the past. Converse with them may serve to bring before us in vision, realities which were once cherished and which are not yet entirely forgotten amid the cares of riper years.

But it is in vain to speculate further on the origin of this attachment, let every one see to it, that he does not diminish it by coolness or neglect. Cultivate intimacy with the great, *in your libraries*. You will find them silent but delightful companions. Friends who will not drink your wine, nor increase your butcher's bill. They keep not fashionable hours, nor will they refuse to feast you because you have nothing to offer in return. It is unnecessary to dress to receive them, for they stand upon no ceremony, and do not despise you even in your night gown and slippers. They will allow you to consult your case in any posture you like, and are never offended at the fumes of a cigar. They will joke when you are merry, and be grave when you are sad. They are no tale bearers, neither are they vexed when you do not enquire after their health.

Cicero may read you, now and then, a lecture on morality, but you cannot fly into a passion, for he never scolds. Horace never stays too long, nor does his satire make you wince, for he is too well bred to be personal. Your Greek friends will furnish you with any quantity of wit, and elegant extracts, which you may retail at the dinner table without fear of being found out. Greek fire warms but does not scorch. Attic salt loseth not its flavour in the parlour, and you can lose yourself among the most beautiful creations of Grecian art, without catching cold, or being shot at from behind a pillar. If you like French wit, Molière will wait on you in an instant. Madame de Stael will talk sentiment by the hour, Cousen give a fine lecture on philosophy,

and Berenger a good song. French patriots you can find in scores without going to France, but I should advise you to eschew them.

Wit, simplicity, pathos, energy, sublimity, all these you will find in Shakespeare; Milton will charm you with the delicate richness and harmony of his language, and the magnificent grandeur of his conceptions. What a rich banquet, what a combination of sweets, in the conversation of elegant and polished Pope, or of Burns, the favourite child of genius and misfortune. Byron will astonish you to learn by the wild fierceness of his genius, and make you weep not in sympathy with him, but in pity for his prostituted talents, and untimely end. And what a long, bright list you may have on your visiting list, from Chaucer, the fountain head of English undefiled to the living geniuses of your own age! A morning call from Tasso, or half an hour's ramble with Ariosto, is surely equal to a shopping excursion with Lady D. or a consultation with Tom Smith, that elegant judge of horse flesh.

No matter how fastidious your taste, you will find sufficient variety without being obliged to go from home. Marryat will crack his practical joke, and make you laugh either at him or with him; Irving will make you warm within with mild provocatives to smiles and good humour. Bulwer will now and then be a little too artificial and brilliant, but you can place him side by side with Richardson or Smollet. Science you will find with the *savans* of the last century; art, with Dr. Kitchener. Physic you can obtain from Dr. Jennings, and Blackstone will give you plenty of law, without taking away any of the profits. If you incline to theological speculation, Hooker and Taylor, and Moore, and Fuller, will come and bring with them a host of their cotemporaries, and entertain you with words like pictures, and long sermons that are not dull. If you are fond of travel you can go towards the North Pole with Back, and not freeze your toes. Herschell will take you to the stars gratis, and you may be wafted into Utopia any day in the year, by laying' hold on the skirts of Miss Martineau. You may sail round the globe with Cook or the Captain of an "East Injeman," and even get a shipwreck or two without being soaked in salt water, or obliged to listen to "the wolf's long howl on Onalooka's shore."

If you sigh for military achievements, you may have them in a twinkling, and without the perils of "th'iminent deadly breach." Men of war will visit you at all hours, and of all descriptions, from Macedonia's madman to M'Kenzie. Aristotle and Joseph Hume, Burke and Roebuck, will give you lessons in the sublime science of politics, that is, if you are foolish enough to neglect your own business to mind that of the nation.

If you love the quiet pleasures of the country, you may even from an attic in Notre Dame Street,

saunter forth with old Isaac Walton, by the side of a clear river, not too broad and rapid, and without the entanglements of trees, and brambles upon its brink; or take your rod and pinn, or your double barreled Joe Manton, and there is Christopher North all ready for a start into the Highlands, and the longest day will be short in his company. Besides, the "shepherd" is with you, and hark! he is telling you about that eagle "sailin' about in circles now narrowin', now widenin', with sweepy waftage, that seems to carry its ain wind among its wings, now speerially wihding up the air staircase that has nae need o' steps, till you could swear he was soarin' awa to the sun; and now divin' doon earthwards, as if the sun had shot him, and he was to be dashed on the stanes into a blash o' bluid, and then suddenly slantin' awa across the chasm, and through the mist of the great cataract, to take possession of a new domain in the sky."

A day's sport with the "Shepherd" and old Kit would be a day consecrated and embalmed for ever in the sunniest of memory's quiet retreats, and would be marked with a white stone, even if you bagged no game. * * * * *

But it is needless to multiply examples, which all enforce the same advice—to cultivate the acquaintance of the truly great and truly wise, to study their characters, to receive and profit by their teachings. He who does this, will not long have his admiration fixed on unworthy objects, nor will the rock of his spirit be worn away by the endless beatings of the waves of the world.

TO A BELLE WHO TALKED OF GIVING UP THE
WORLD.

You give up the world? Why, as well might the Sun,
When tired of drinking the dew from the flowers,
While his rays, like young hopes, stealing off one by
one,

Die away with the Muezzin's last note from the
towers,

Declare that he never would gladden again,
With one rosy smile, the young morn in its birth—
But leave weeping Day, with her sorrowful train
Of hours, to grope over a pall-covered earth.

The light of that soul, once so brilliant and steady,
So far can the incense of flattery smother,
That, at thought of the world of hearts conquered
already,

Like Macedon's madman, you weep for another?
Oh! if sated with this, you would seek worlds untried,
And, fresh as was ours, when first we began it,
Let me know but the spot where you next will abide,

And, that instant, for one, I am off for that planet
—New York Mirror.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ROYAL QUIXOTE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER I.

"For of the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love or thrones without!"

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, King of Sweden, terminated his early wars with Denmark and Poland gloriously for his country; and returned to Stockholm, crowned with success, and justly proud of the military fame he had so nobly earned.

The world, astonished at the rapid conquests which a mere stripling had gained, over his powerful hereditary enemies, predicted from his fortunate outset in life, the brilliant career which in after years, won for him the epithet of the Great King of Sweden. Perhaps, this title was never more justly bestowed than on this amiable prince, who was as remarkable for his clemency, as for those splendid military talents, which rendered him an object of terror and admiration to surrounding nations. His ambition sprung from an insatiable love of glory, an ardent desire to be ranked with those mighty conquerors whose names had operated like a spell upon the minds of men; and over the records of whose greatness, his young heart had caught the first glow of martial enthusiasm, and his spirit acquired that enterprising tone, and fearlessness of danger, which formed at all times a striking trait in his character.

Germany presented a wide field for his ambitious speculations. The states were dissatisfied with their Emperor, the cautious, cold hearted Ferdinand II. and all the petty principalities at open variance with each other.

But a scheme of far less importance than that of subjugating a mighty empire, was floating through the brain of the young monarch. The interest of his country was at stake, and he was daily urged by his ministers to choose a royal consort, and secure the victory he had gained over his enemies by forming a powerful alliance with one of the neighbouring states.

Capable of owning the most generous and exalted passion for the softer sex, the Swedish monarch viewed with sovereign contempt those royal alliances, formed without any previous knowledge of the parties concerned, who never beheld each other until they met as man and wife; and he entertained the enthusiastic hope of winning incognito, the affections of some high born female, who would prize him more for the virtues and talents he pos-

sessed, than for the crown he had to offer—and he determined that in a choice which so nearly concerned his domestic happiness, he would choose for himself.

A few days after his coronation, which was performed with great pomp at Upsal, the chancellor Oxenstiern, his faithful friend and steady adviser, placed before him the portraits of several of the most beautiful princesses in Germany, and strenuously advised him to consider the welfare of his country, and yield to the wishes of the people, by choosing from among them a royal bride.

The king examined the pictures with a critical eye, and for some minutes returned no answer to the grave chancellor's exhortation. Most of the portraits were handsome, and two of them, eminently beautiful; but Gustavus objected to them all—one was too dark, another too fair—one had no expression, was a perfect idiot, and the countenance of a third was proud and ill tempered.—Such a woman would infringe on his prerogatives and expect to wear his crown. The worthy chancellor, who had not expected to find his youthful master so fastidious, listened to his remarks with no small degree of impatience, and as he saw no necessity for those virtues and talents in a queen, which the king so much desired, he cut short the monarch's eloquent harangue on the perfections he required in a wife, by gravely assuring him—that as it was impossible to discover the mental endowments of the fair candidates for royalty, he would save himself much unnecessary anxiety, by choosing the lady whose countenance best pleased him, and who was most likely to bring him an heir to the crown.

"Your majesty is not quite such a despotic and powerful prince as Ahasuerus, of whom we read in holy writ," continued the chancellor; "you cannot pass a decree, that all these fair young virgins should be brought before you, that you might choose from among them a second Esther. It is useless to consult the heart in alliances of this nature; a good and wise monarch should always sacrifice his private feelings for the welfare of his people."

"If my private hours were rendered miserable by domestic strife," returned the king, hastily rising, and pushing the portraits from him; "it would destroy all my energy with regard to public affairs. If I cannot claim the same privilege, which every peasant in my realm enjoys, I will remain single!"

"But your majesty's inclinations are at variance

with this determination," said the chancellor; "will you suffer a boyish caprice to mar the glory of your reign, and let the crown which encircled the brow of Gustavus Vasa, be worn by a stranger?"

The king resumed his seat and sunk into a deep reverie. The respect he felt for the chancellor made him diffident of avowing his romantic determination of wooing one of the fair originals of the portraits before him, in his own person. Yet his resolution was taken, and, after a few minutes of intense deliberation, he determined to abide by it.

"Oxenstiern!" he cried; "I have ever considered you more in the light of a father and friend than as a subject whose services I could claim as a right. Listen to me—the land is at peace, the sound of joy is in every dwelling, and, for some months to come, our enemies are not in a condition to make head against us. My presence at Stockholm is only required to see justice properly administered, and to form plans of future conquest, to add to the glory of my country; but these affairs are of little importance at the present moment, and can be regulated as well at a distance, through the medium of a faithful friend like you, as if Gustavus were himself on the spot."

"What are your majesty's intentions?" exclaimed the chancellor, in a tone of considerable alarm, and very unceremoniously breaking in upon the long speech, with which the young monarch prefaced the disclosure he was about to make.

"I do not wonder at your want of courtesy," said the king, bursting into a hearty laugh; "by St. Herbertus! I should be tired of the prologue to such a farce myself. In matters of love, as well as of war, it is the best plan to come to the point at once,—as we did with the Poles at the storming of Raunsborg, but as I had to lay siege to the wisdom and experience of forty years, for once in my life I thought it best to be wary, lest the enemy should force me to abandon the trenches. Nay, do not look so provokingly grave, my dear Oxenstiern, I have a mind to act the part of a lover as well as that of a soldier, and woo a bride for myself, without the interposition of a third person, who in nine cases out of ten, wins the heart he is sent to secure for his master. It is my royal intention to leave Stockholm incognito tomorrow evening, and commence my travels in search of a wife."

"Sire, you will never gain my consent to take so rash and ill advised a step," returned the chancellor; "you are still a minor, and must forgive the boldness of a friend, who dares warn you against the danger of such a hazardous enterprise."

"It is useless to oppose my wishes," replied the impatient prince; "if the journey be fraught with danger, the satisfaction of overcoming it will enhance the pleasures of success. I feel confident that heaven will prosper my undertaking, and that I

shall return to Stockholm, the happy husband of a lovely bride."

It was in vain that the chancellor used all the arts of persuasion of which he was master, to dissuade the king from following the bent of his own wishes; he found him inexorable; and at length, not only yielded to his importunities, but entered into his plans, and finally suffered the enterprising prince to leave Stockholm, with no other attendant than a favourite page, the heir of a noble and distinguished family, on whom the king had conferred many marks of his esteem and friendship.

Gustavus found the state of affairs in Germany much as he had predicted. The poorer class of people were writhing under the tyranny of their petty princes, without the power of bettering their condition, or any hope of emancipation from a state of slavery. On the other hand, these oppressive lords of the soil were equally discontented with the emperor, and ready to shake off their allegiance the first opportunity that offered.

While slowly urging his steed through gloomy forests, and over long tracts of uncultivated ground, the mind of the Swedish monarch was entirely employed in arranging those mighty plans of conquest which in after years he carried effectually into execution.

Under the title of Count Dahl, he visited every court in the empire, boldly plunging into scenes of dissipation and pleasure, to gain a greater insight into the morals and manners of the princes and nobles of the land.

His elegant manners and perfect knowledge of polite literature, and the grace and fluency with which he spoke the French and German languages, made his company eagerly sought after by men of taste and learning, and rendered him an object of envy to the gay and thoughtless votaries of pleasure.

The haughty and apathetic indifference the ladies of rank evinced for worth and genius, when unconnected with immense wealth and very exalted station, so completely disgusted our royal adventurer, that he was on the point of giving up his romantic enterprize, and had come to the notable conclusion that love in Germany was still confined to their amatory songs and fables, when he caught the rosy god in the very act of directing his keenest arrows from the dark eyes of the sprightly and beautiful Sophia of Mecklenburg.

Diminutive in stature, but exquisitely formed, Sophia possessed every requisite charm to make a finished beauty, and her personal advantages were aided by a quick wit and lively engaging manner. When she sang, the most apathetic bent forward to listen—when she danced, a graceful carriage only acquired greater ease by increased rapidity of motion. Her laugh was irresistible, and the opening of her lips displayed a double row of pearls set in a casket of rubies. Gustavus was dazzled with her

beauty, and, on a second interview, was finally caught in the net of the enchantress.

Equally captivated by the knightly bearing and courteous manners of the noble stranger, Sophia displayed all her accomplishments to rivet his attention, and exerted with her usual success all her talents to please, in order to secure the conquest she had already begun in his heart—nor was the proud beauty satisfied, till she beheld the youthful monarch a suppliant at her feet.

The court of Mecklenburg was the most dissipated among the petty German principalities. Morality was more talked of than practised by either sex; and Gustavus found the apartments of the princess easy of access, and herself not at all displeased by the length and frequency of his visits, though her brother Otho viewed the intimacy which existed between his sister and the gay young foreigner, with a jealous and watchful eye.

The king's passion, merely confined to externals, could scarcely deserve the name of love; yet he considered the lively coquet as the sole object of his affections, and she gave him every reason to believe that their feelings were reciprocal.

While seated by her side, and listening to the melodious tones of her enchanting voice, all his ambitious speculations were forgotten. His love of glory yielded to a more absorbing passion, and he hung enraptured on the smiles of a capricious woman. One evening, after having received the most flattering demonstrations of the princess' regard, the whim suddenly entered the king's head, that he would try the strength of her boasted affections. Pursuing this idea, he wrote a letter, addressed to Count Dahl, as if from the king, commanding his instant return to Sweden, and having sealed the epistle with the royal signet, he proceeded to the apartment of his mistress.

Reclining on a low couch that fronted an open balcony, and commanded a fine view of the adjacent country, Gustavus beheld the object of his fondest wishes—one snowy arm, half concealed by flowing drapery, supported her head, the other rested on a small lute. Without rising, she motioned to the king to take a seat near her.

"You look ill and out of spirits, my dear count; tell me the cause of this unusual dejection. Perhaps I can discover a cure for your malady?"

"What man could enter the presence of such beauty with a gay heart, when he came to bid farewell forever to the heavenly vision?"

"Adolphus!" exclaimed the princess, half rising from her recumbent posture, and regarding him with a steady glance of eager enquiry; "you are jesting?"

"I am in no mood for mirth! I have received peremptory orders from my sovereign to leave Germany on the receipt of this letter."

"The princess started to her feet, all her languor

had fled; her dark eyes, that had scarcely glistened through the melting softness which a few minutes before had overpowered her, now fell on the countenance of her agitated lover with flashing brilliancy, as hastily shaking back the ebon ringlets which the breeze had scattered over her blushing face, she said in a hasty tone:

"Impossible, Count Dahl! you will not, cannot leave me!"

"My sovereign's commands are absolute, and must be obeyed," returned the king, hardly able to conceal the rapture he felt at this unequivocal avowal of her love; "the restless prince is already in the field, and I have pledged my knightly honour to return."

"I have heard your young monarch celebrated as a brave, generous, and romantic prince—a perfect knight errant with regard to the fair sex; write to him, noble Dahl—tell him love laughs at royal mandates, and will not obey even the summons of a king, and you need not fear his displeasure."

"I fear nothing but the angry glances of those eyes," exclaimed the king.

"Ah, flatterer! I possess little influence over your heart if I cannot tempt you to stay with me—but let me read the royal mandate of this turbulent boy—this star of the northern hemisphere, that threatens to eclipse all other luminaries."

After carefully reading the letter, and examining the seal and superscription, she flung it carelessly beneath her feet, and snatching up the lute, said with a playful smile, (while she well knew the power her enchanting voice had over her impassioned auditor,) "thus will I answer the young conqueror's summons." She then sung, with more than usual pathos, the following stanzas:

Oh, wilt thou in the battle field,
The heavy standard bear—
Resign love's wreath for sword and shield,
And leave thy lady fair?

The gloomy tent will ill supply
The silken couch and tap'stried hall;
And every softer melody,
Be banished in the trumpet's call.

When hurrying to the fatal plain,
Where death his iron gauntlet rears,
Then o'er thy soul will rush again,
The home that kindred love endears.

Upon thy hot and weary brow,
The helm will press with double weight;
And thou wilt sigh—"Ah, happy now
Could I enjoy that bless'd estate."

The lute fell from the hand of the princess, the strain died away upon her lips, and she burst into tears. The next moment the king was at her feet.

"You love me, Sophia!—say that you will be mine—mine forever!"

"Am I not thine already. What more do you require?"

"This lovely hand, in confirmation of your vows," exclaimed the king, respectfully pressing it to his lips; "I will not leave your feet Sophia, till you promise to become my bride."

"Madman!" cried the princess, starting from her seat; "your king could not demand more. Think you, Adolphus, that Sophia of Mecklenburg will stoop to a coronet, when she might wear a crown?"

Surprise, vexation, and disappointment, were strongly depicted in the countenance of the king. The mask slowly dropped, and his once adored Sophia appeared in the hateful light of an artful and intriguing woman. He stood on the edge of an abyss covered with flowers, the chasm yawned at his feet, and he shuddered at the gulf beneath.

Sophia beheld her power nearly at an end. If ever she had loved, it was the high spirited youth before her, and re-seating herself, she tried to assume a composure ill suited to the generally vivid display of her feelings—but it was her last resource.

"You look surprised, Count Dahl—reflect a moment calmly, and you will cease to condemn me."

She paused and covered her face with her hands, as if anticipating his answer, but he was silent and she continued:

"My country demands my hand as a political sacrifice, and my unresisting person becomes the property of the highest bidder. I shall receive for my husband a man whom I never saw, and one whom in all probability, when seen, I shall despise. But the unbought affections of the heart, no state interest can chain; they are at least my own, and can you, noble Dahl, blame me for bestowing them where inclination prompts me?"

She ceased speaking, and held out her hand to the king, accompanying the action with one of her most bewitching smiles. He took it passively, but the pressure was unreciprocal. The expression of his countenance was changed towards her—a stern serenity had superseded the animated glow of passion—he looked the king, and spoke like the judge of a hardened and offending criminal.

"Is it possible, Sophia, that you, who possess talents and beauty of no common order, would sacrifice your honour to the man you love; and for the sake of power, (which you could never enjoy,) sell your person to another. Ah, believe one who speaks from experience, that the love of a true and honourable heart would have rendered you happier than the possession of a diadem!"

"Count Dahl!" returned the princess, with a scornful laugh; "you have suffered passion to deceive you—ambition may conquer love; but when," she continued with bitterness, "did love ever conquer ambition?"

"Tonight, madam," replied the Swede, in a tone equally haughty, "when the representative of one of the most ancient kingdoms in Europe offered you his hand in honourable wedlock. I have visited every court in Germany, in the vain hope of meeting with a noble female, who was capable of feeling a disinterested passion. Such a heart I thought I had found in the person of the beautiful and accomplished Sophia of Mecklenburg. But what can I say of the woman who would accept the man and refuse the husband. Madam, had I unseen offered you my crown, I should have succeeded better."

He turned, and was gone.

"It is the King of Sweden! the hero of the north, the brave high-minded Gustavus!" exclaimed Sophia, flinging herself back on the couch and bursting into tears; "and I have lost him for ever!"

CHAPTER II.

Deserted, trampled, and alone

My spirit caught a sterner tone;

My brain was fire!—on man I turn'd,

And stung the tyrant who had spurn'd,

And with vindictive fury hued

My stormy passions on the world!

Agnes Strickland's Worcester Field.

DISGUSTED with the unfortunate termination of his first love adventure, the king quitted Mecklenburg early the next morning, and proceeded towards Brandenburg, which was the last court he meant to honour with his presence. His passion for the lovely and ambitious Sophia ended in strong contempt; and his journey was spent in melancholy reveries on his late disappointment; and he often vented his indignation by railing aloud at the inconstancy and deceit of woman, to the no small amusement of his page, a laughter loving stripling, whose merry blue eyes and rosy cheeks, proclaimed a light heart, and an inexhaustible fund of mirth and good humour.

"Why, your majesty bears your disappointment with as little fortitude as a love lorn damsel of sixteen. By this light, you could endure a defeat in the field much better than being crossed in love; my leige lord, if you go on at this rate I shall expect to see you shame your doublet and hose by shedding tears like a woman."

"In truth my pretty boy, I deserve your censure," replied the king, putting his horse on to a brisker pace; "to let such a trifle disturb my peace,—but were you old enough to understand the nature of these things, you would find it no laughing matter to be out witted by an artful woman."

"Heaven comfort your majesty under all afflictions," said the provoking boy, laughing at the tragic air with which the young hero of the north concluded his speech; "and send you a bosom companion

in the star of Brandenburg, in the praise of whose beauty my lord Otho's page was as eloquent as you could reasonably expect such an animated log to be."

"And what did he say of the Princess Eleonora?" asked the king, leaning forward with an air of curiosity and interest.

"A great deal for a youth of such few words," returned the page. "One of the men at arms commending the beauty of yon black haired flirt, who has cut such a hole in your majesty's heart, and inhumanly left, you to close up the wound at your own discretion, and in the plenitude of his eloquence, he compared her to Cleopatra; and I in my own mind thought that your majesty was acting the part of Mark Antony in disguise, when Nicholas Linfelt, who had never unclosed his lips during the evening, except to empty the contents of the hirkles down his own throat, suddenly became animated, and growled forth. "By the mass; you may talk as you like of the fair face of the lady Sophia, but she is an Ethiop when compared with the star of Brandenburg, who is as beautiful as Mariamme the wife of Herod, and as chaste as the celebrated Lucretia, which is more than can be said of the haughty mistress of the moonstruck Antony!"

The king bit his lips, and putting spurs to his horse, he rode on for some hours without uttering another word, till he beheld the white spires of the city of Brandenburg glittering in the golden beams of the setting sun, and his reveries were dispelled by the cheering blasts of the horn, which were wafted by the echo through the green glades of an immense forest that skirted the high road.

"A royal hunt is held here today," said the king, springing from his horse and flinging the rein to the page. "Hark! they are calling home the stragglers, proceed, good Eric, to the city, and provide a lodging for the night, while I reconnoitre the Elector and his party on foot."

So saying he entered the forest.

He had not proceeded many paces, before the sound of a horse, approaching at a furious rate, made him start out of the path, as a white steed with flying mane, dilated eyeballs, and disarranged housings rushed by.

The thundering din of its hoofs had scarcely died away before two cavaliers, well mounted, rode up and demanded if a lady had passed that way, mounted on a white horse?

"I saw the steed even now," returned the king; "but woe betide the rider, who lost saddle during its frantic career."

The cavaliers exchanged looks of alarm, and the foremost rider exclaimed with some warmth.

"Poor Eleonora, I fear some dreadful accident has befallen her; such an event would kill my father; the bare mention of her being missed has nearly stupified the senses of the Elector. Fly to him Ber-

nard!" he continued, turning to his companion, and endeavour to lull his apprehensions, while I search this part of the forest. Perhaps," he said, gracefully raising his hunting cap and addressing himself to Gustavus, "this courteous stranger will assist me?"

The king readily complied with his request, and Prince George, (for it was the Elector's eldest son,) proceeded to inform him, that his sister's horse had taken flight at the moment when the stag was brought to bay, and had fled towards the most intricate part of the forest, and all search for her at present had proved fruitless.

The path which Prince George and his companion had taken, at every step became narrower, and was so thickly studded with trees, and intersected with brushwood, that the prince, unable longer to force a passage for his horse, was obliged to dismount, and giving his steed his liberty, proceeded with the Swedish monarch on foot, carefully examining every thicket and glen they passed, till the path suddenly branching off in different directions, left the prince in doubt which course to pursue.

"We had better divide company," said the king, seeing him irresolute, "you go to the right, and I to the left, should you be successful in discovering the princess, wind the horn which is suspended from your baldric, and I will instantly rejoin you."

"Your plan is reasonable, but we cannot adopt it without personal danger."

"How!" exclaimed Gustavus, beginning to entertain strange doubts of his companion's courage; "what have we to fear? The shades of evening are deepening through these gloomy woods, but I should not suspect you, noble prince, of starting at shadows."

"The apparitions that haunt these vast forests, appear towards nightfall in very substantial forms," said Prince George; "and should the moonbeams chance to gleam on barred helms and coats of steel, you will find to your cost, you had no immortal foes to contend with. To speak plainly, Sir Knight, for such, from your bearing, I take you to be, the ground we are upon, is infested with robbers."

"Do the men of Brandenburg lack courage that they suffer such a nuisance to exist so near a populous city, without attempting to extirpate it?"

"Every possible means has been used to destroy them, or discover their retreat; immense sums have been offered for the head of the Captain, who is known by the name of Wolfenstien, or the Black Wolf of the Forest, but to no purpose. With a handful of men, he continues to set the laws of the land at defiance; and those who have dared to encounter him never returned to relate the event of the combat."

"I wish it were my chance to meet Wolfenstien alone in any part of the forest," returned Gustavus, the colour mounting to his cheek; "were he the

devil, and we had fair play, I would not turn my back on him."

"Many have talked in the same strain, who were not able to make good their words," replied the prince, more attentively surveying the kindling brow and bold bearing of his companion; and struck with the fearlessness of his demeanour, more than once suspected he was conversing with the dreaded bandit himself. But the king considering his scrutiny as an implied doubt of his courage, answered with some indignation:

"Now, by St. Herbertus! I am no vain boaster; and will make good my words before the moon which glimmers so brightly on our path is an hour older. I swear on the honour of a true knight, to restore the princess to her father, or bring the head of Wolfenstien in lieu of the lady!"

So saying he plunged among the trees, leaving Prince George confounded at his rashness, and not very well pleased at finding himself solus in the depth of the forest.

"This Wolfenstien, must be a brave fellow," said the king, as he forced his passage through the trees, "who can thus contend with a whole nation, yet keep the place of his retreat unknown. By heaven, I should esteem his friendship of more worth than that of half the court sycophants with whom I have lately herded."

While busied in these reflections he descended a rugged path between two hills, which terminated in a lonely valley, through which a small but turbulent stream poured its slender waters. Wearing both in mind and body, the king sat down on a large stone, and began seriously to revolve on the perils of his situation, and the unpleasant prospect of spending the rest of the night with the wild beasts of the forest.

The romantic enterprize he had undertaken began to wear a more serious aspect; and for the first time he calmly asked himself, "what business a king, the father of a brave and loyal people, had so far from his own dominions, and engaged in such a wild adventure?" From these unpleasant reflections he was roused by a female voice, speaking near him in the tone of earnest supplication.

He sprang to his feet, and grasping his sword as three armed men, leading a lady in a hunting dress, emerged from the rocky defile through which he had entered the glen.

"I do not plead to you as robbers whose trade is to kill," she said in a persuasive voice; "for in that case I should have small hope of obtaining mercy at your hands; but I appeal to you as men, as fellow creatures, possessing human hearts and human feelings, and liable to all the ills and sorrows that afflict mankind; pity my present sufferings, restore me to an aged father, by this time overwhelmed with grief for my loss."

"Lady, we are not insensible to your tears, or

deaf to your entreaties," said the foremost robber. "we are men whom circumstances have rendered desperate but not cruel."

"If such be the case," returned the weeping girl; "you will grant my request; I will secure you from all punishment, and the Elector will amply reward you for the mercy you extend to me."

"Your supplications, noble maiden, must be addressed to our captain—we are his followers, and you are his prize."

The princess shuddered, and covered her face with her slender fingers, as if she already encountered the glance of the dreaded Wolfenstien, when Gustavus, springing forward and brandishing aloft his sword, exclaimed in the voice of one used to command obedience:

"I will dispute your captain's claim—resign the lady, or dread the vengeance of this arm!"

"We have much to fear from one man against three, and that one a beardless stripling," said the former spokesman, with an ironical laugh; "are you my lady's page, or my lord's squire? or which do you think, young sir, most likely to be proof against a steel bullet, your gay riding cloak or our coats of steel?"

"Many a soft garment covers an iron heart!" retorted the king, laying with a side blow, the man that held the princess insensible at his feet; "my masters, how like you this rough play?"

Exasperated at the sight of their comrade's blood, the robbers resigned the fainting Eleonora to the bosom of her mother earth, and were in the act of closing with the intrepid prince, when a stern voice from behind called loudly upon them to desist.

The robbers drew back with a low discontented murmur, as a tall man in a dark hunting dress, with pistols in his belt and a carbine across his shoulder, joined the hostile group.

"How! two to one, on that unarmed stripling!" he cried, sternly surveying the party; "is this according to our rules? Away to the south—you will find more powerful foes to contend with—leave me to cope with this stranger."

The men slowly and sullenly retired, and Wolfenstien, (for it was the bandit chief,) turning to the king, said in a gay and careless tone:

"Sir Knight, shall we try our skill, and run a fair tilt for the lady?"

"You have anticipated my wishes, brave outlaw," returned the king; "I have pledged my knightly honour to restore the princess to her father, or bring him your head in lieu of the lady."

The robber started, and for a few seconds surveyed the youthful monarch with an air of troubled interest.

"You have resigned too much on one stake, young valour—yet 'twere almost a sin to quench in darkness this gallant dawning of a glorious day," he continued in a thoughtful tone; "return, noble

youth, nor provoke me to an unequal combat—few ever encountered the Black Wolf of the Forest without feeling his fangs.”

“But you and I, brave Zuski, have met before.”

“When, and where?” exclaimed the robber chief, springing forward, and grasping the arm of the king with convulsive energy; “who calls upon me by a forgotten and dishonoured name? Your form,” he continued, relaxing his hold, with a heavy sigh, “is familiar to my eyes, your voice to my ears, but memory only alive to my wrongs, has long since obliterated from my mind all other impressions.”

“We measured the length of our swords in the breach at the storming of Raunsburg,” returned the king; “in the passage of the Nagutz, on the bloody plains near Sturm—you were then a suppliant at my feet, but I disdained to take the life of a brave and fallen enemy.”

“Heroic prince!” exclaimed the robber; “again behold me at your feet. I pleaded for life then, I had a wife and child, and they were very dear to me—but now,” he continued, in a voice hoarse and broken with the anguish which the recollection of those beloved objects occasioned him,—“Zuski has no living tie.”

He passed his shaking hand along his brow, while memory seemed to collect an age of misery in that brief moment of time. The king was deeply affected, and raised the robber from his feet.

“Unfortunate Zuski! by what strange fatality do I find a brave soldier, and an experienced general, the leader of a band of lawless men?”

“Your question, sire, can be answered in a few words,” returned the Pole; “I served an ungrateful master—my want of success, and the mercy extended to me and my family by your majesty, ruined me with Sigismund; I was accused of treason after the truce was concluded, my goods were confiscated, and I was sentenced to be broken on the wheel. With the assistance of a few faithful friends, I effected my escape, but the vengeance of the enraged monarch fell upon my wife and child. They were closely confined in the fortress of Raunsburg, and perished with the severity of the season, being unable to procure garments to protect them against the cold. The tidings of their death, which was conveyed to me by an old domestic, for a time affected my reason; and steeled my heart against every tender feeling. Wandering hither, I fell in with these brave men, and following the rash impulses of a mind, smarting from the remembrance of a thousand wrongs, became the general enemy of mankind.”

“You will not continue this wretched mode of existence?” said the king, whose interest was strongly excited.

“I have no other resource.”

“Serve me, brave Zuski—I will not prove my-

self an ungrateful master—you would find a beardless stripling knew both how to command and value his followers.”

The Pole pressed the king’s hand to his lips, and his kindling eye spake unutterable thanks. But anon the hand was relinquished—the joy that had lighted up his fine energetic features passed away, and a deep and settled gloom overspread his countenance. The king marked the sudden change with surprise, and said in a reproachful tone:

“You reject my offer, Zuski—I am not worthy then to be your friend?”

“It were an honour too great to be bestowed upon a degraded wretch like me,” returned the robber, greatly agitated; “never shall it be said to Sigismund, that Theodore Zuski accepted a place in the army of Sweden, or raised his hand against his country—and these brave fellows, who have fought and bled with me, how can I abandon them? I have cast my lot among them, and will not desert my trust!”

Before the king could answer his impetuous speech, the robber plunged among the trees, and instantly disappeared, leaving the astonished Gustavus alone with the princess.

CHAPTER III.

And such the colouring fancy gave,
To a young, warm, and dauntless chief,
One who no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored,
For happy homes and altars free;
His only talisman the sword—
His only spell-word, liberty!

Moore.

DURING the king’s conversation with the robber, Eleonora recovered from her swoon; and when, upon glancing round the lonely glen, recollection slowly returned, the horrors of her situation pressed so forcibly upon her mind, that, shrouding her face in her garments, she became totally unconscious of what was passing round her, and only alive to her own fears. It was not till Gustavus took her hand, and assured her of her safety, that she was able to overcome her fears; and dispel the terrors of her waking dream.”

“Are those stern men indeed gone?” she murmured half aloud, as raising her head from the folds of her mantle she gazed timidly around her.

“You have nothing to dread from them, Eleonora of Brandenburg, they will not return to trouble you.”

“I would fain thank you, generous stranger, for the service you have rendered me,” returned the princess; but words would poorly repay you for the preservation of my life and honour, both of which I owe to your courage.”

"The trifling service I rendered you has been the means of introducing me to one of the loveliest princesses in Germany," returned the king, with an air of careless gallantry; "and this fortunate circumstance more than repays me for the danger I encountered with the robbers. I esteem this moment the happiest in my life."

"I perceive that my brave preserver is a knight well versed in the language of courts," replied the princess. "Had I not recently received such an obligation from him, I might place a harsh construction on that speech. But it is useless," she continued, half checking a sigh, "to expect the simple language of nature, the unsophisticated sentiments of the heart, to proceed from the lips of a courtier. Sir Knight, I thank you sincerely for the service you have rendered me."

This gentle reproof was not lost upon the king, and he instantly restrained the levity of his manner. His recent disappointment had made him conclude that all women were like Sophia of Mecklenburg, and to win their favour he must address them in a strain of flattery. The modest and dignified appearance of the young female before him, called forth his respect and admiration, and he continued to examine the slender form and delicate features of the princess, with an air of curiosity and interest, long after she ceased speaking.

Eleonora of Brandenburg was not a sparkling beauty, but she possessed an elegance of figure, and a grace and majesty of deportment, truly noble. No one could behold her without interest, but her complexion was too fair and pale to strike the spectator at a first glance with admiration. Her features were cast in the mould of faultless beauty, but they were as colourless and pure as those of a marble statue, save the ruby lip, which still trembled with agitation, and the deep azure eye, in whose long dark silken lashes the large tears lingered like dew-drops on the half closed buds of the violet. The profusion of fair unbound tresses, that floated over her shoulders, and waved round her face, served to increase its naturally pensive expression.

With unaffected ease she accepted the arm of the king, and was on the point of leaving the glen, when the trampling of horses, and the frequent blasts of the horn, proclaimed the approach of friends; and the Elector and his sons, heading a large party of nobles and gentlemen, arrived on the spot.

On beholding the dead robber, and his rash companion supporting the princess, Prince George, was convinced that he had made good his promise, while the Elector dismounted from his steed, embraced his daughter with strong emotion, and turning to the king, expressed in warm terms the gratitude he felt for the service he had rendered her.

"How shall a father repay you for the life of his child?" he said, grasping the king's hand; "a life

which you so bravely purchased at the risk of your own."

"An hour ago I should have deemed your highness thanks, and the honour of succouring a noble lady in distress, a sufficient recompense for my poor services," returned the Swede; "but now, I have a request to make which deeply interests me."

"Any favour which it is in my power to grant, I demand freely and it is yours."

"Publish tomorrow, a free pardon to the outlaws who range this forest, and I am satisfied," replied the king.

The Elector who had anticipated an application of a very different nature, cast on his son a doubtful and enquiring eye.

"It is the leader of the band! It is Wolfenstien himself!" said Prince George in a low tone, but which was distinctly heard by all parties.

"Tis false!" exclaimed a deep voice from among the trees, whose thrilling tones awoke the lonely echoes of the forest, and carried alarm and dismay into every hearer's bosom; each man glanced fearfully around, and instinctively grasped his weapon. The king alone was calm, while the princess uttering a faint scream, flung her arms round her father and buried her face in his bosom, as she whispered in broken accents.

"Tis he! 'tis the voice of that dreadful man! 'tis Wolfenstien. He it was who stopped the frantic course of white Theseus, and gave me into the charge of his stern followers. Oh grant the noble stranger's request, my father! pardon the outlaws and leave this frightful place."

"I must first learn by whom this grace to a band of lawless freebooters is required?" said the Elector, sternly surveying the king.

"Not by the Captain of a band of robbers," returned the king, hardly able to suppress the smile that played round his lips; "my sword has hitherto been employed in honourable warfare. A Swede by birth, I bear the ancient name and title of Dahl, and am well known as the friend and follower of the young Gustavus!"

This frank avowal succeeded in restoring a perfect confidence among the parties.

"Your fame has reached us, brave count," said the Elector; "you are welcome to our court, and we shall feel ourselves honoured by the friendship of so accomplished and brave a cavalier. Yet marvel not that I hesitate in granting your strange request; surely," he continued glancing round the glen, "we have tracked the wolf to his lair. This place, so completely fortified by nature, must be his strong hold? What say you gallants shall we to horse, or lay in ambush here, and charge in person on the enemy?"

"To horse!" returned Prince George. "You have passed your word of honour to the count, to grant any favour you had in your power to bestow;

and he has well earned so poor a recompense for the dangers he encountered."

"And the scandal his good name has received, in being classed among thieves and vagabonds," said the king, indulging in a hearty laugh.

The prince coloured deeply, but remained silent, for naturally of a gay and joyous disposition, he was angry with himself for having acted so uncourtously. The princess having been accommodated with another horse, the king accepted the same favour from a young nobleman, who resigned for his use a fine hunter, while he mounted a steed belonging to an attendant.

Gustavus left the princess to recount her past perils to her father, while he entered into conversation with Prince George and his brother. The former was anxious to make some apology for his hasty decision.

"We have given you an uncourteous welcome, Count Dahl; but when a brave knight travels abroad in disguise, he must not be surprised at meeting with strange adventures."

"Or of arriving at the honour of becoming a bandit chief," returned the king, who loved humour, and would pursue a joke till he wore it to tatters.

"Was it from my fair complexion and diminutive stature you anticipated such terrible things?"

"It could be from no personal disadvantage," said the prince, glancing as he spoke at the slight but finely proportioned figure of his provoking companion, "that such an odd whim entered my head."

"Let me assure your highness, that my personal advantages are small indeed when compared with the fine form and noble bearing of Wolfenstien."

"You have seen him, then?" exclaimed both princes, leaning eagerly forward.

"I have, and conversed with him. He is a brave and unfortunate man, whom I have met before under very different circumstances."

"How!" exclaimed Prince George, in a tone of surprise. "He is not a stranger to you then, who and what is he? where did you meet with him previous to your encounter tonight?"

"In the field of battle, fighting gloriously for his country. He then bore another name—yes gentlemen," continued the king, with emotion, "this man, who is now the leader of a solitary band of outlaws, gave the word of command to thousands; you have heard of the brave General Zuski—this is he!"

Struck with the solemnity of the king's manner, and well aware of the military talents of the unfortunate Pole, the princes rode on in silence. Each appeared communing with his own thoughts, and both were deeply interested in the fate of the outlaw, till the younger turning to the king first broke silence.

"You are a Swede, Count Dahl, and this circumstance will, in the mind of Eleonora, greatly enhance the service you have rendered her. She is

enamoured with the rising glory of your northern star, and I doubt not that you will be duly catechised to give an exact description of his person, manners and pursuits."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the king, an indistinguishable feeling of delight fluttering at his heart; "what can have given rise to such an extraordinary prepossession in favour of our youthful monarch?"

"My sister is a romantic girl," said Prince George; "her imagination is lively, and her feelings partake of the vivid colouring of her mind. She turns from scenes of dissipation and pleasure, to pore over the pages of antiquity, to weep at the fall of some favourite hero, or to triumph in his success. You will therefore cease to wonder that the enterprising Gustavus should attract her attention—in him she fancies she sees fulfilled all her visionary ideas of greatness, and during his late wars with Denmark and Poland, her eagerness to hear the dispatches, often drew upon her the raillery of the whole court.

"Dear, noble girl!" sighed Gustavus; "here is at last a mind in unison with my own—I must endeavour to win this young ardent heart, so capable of love, and so worthy of being beloved."

The king was so highly flattered by this trait in the princess' character, that he sank into a pleasing train of reflections, from which he vainly essayed to raise himself, till the hollow trampling of the horses' hoofs striking on the stone pavement of the court, reminded him that he was before the electoral palace.

The king followed an obsequious attendant through a long suite of splendid apartments, which were to be appropriated to his use, without regarding a passing object, so completely were his thoughts engrossed by the fair Eleonora and the events of the day. At length, remembering that it was just possible that the princess might appear at the banquet, which the Elector gave that night to the nobles of his court, he dispatched a messenger to the hostelry for his page, who arriving with his portmanteau, assisted in arranging his royal master's dress, to the best possible advantage. The king's adventures in the forest had travelled to the city before him, and master Eric was very loquacious in enumerating the foes he had encountered, and the dangers that had beset him.

The king was at first highly amused by the monstrous exaggerations of the affair. According to Eric's account, he had slain six robbers with his own hand, and taken Wolfenstien prisoner. At length, tired with the repetition of these wonders, he said:

"Prithee, peace good Eric, I am fatigued both in mind and body, and not in a humour tonight to listen to your prattle."

"No wonder," returned the persevering page; "your majesty's labours would have fatigued Her-

rules himself—St. Herbertus never performed such a miracle, in the days when miracles were in fashion, and Sweden still bowed beneath the yoke of Rome. Six men, armed cap-a-pie, they were enough to have eaten your majesty."

"Nothing less than an ox would have appeased the hunger of such doughty champions as you describe," said the king, laughing; "I should have proved a very unsubstantial repast to these Goliaths; but I pray thee, dear boy, have done with thy foolery and assist me in adjusting this sword-knot."

This important affair settled, the king, with some perturbation of mind, joined the revellers in the banquetting hall; but as no females appeared, he rightly concluded that the rest of the night was devoted to the orgies of Bacchus.

The song and the jest went round with the wine cup, and Gustavus being loudly called upon by Prince George, to give the company a specimen of his national poetry, he readily complied with the request, and sang, in a fine manly voice, a war song, which, in the days of his great predecessor, Gustavus Vasa, had echoed from vale and mountain, had been chaunted in the halls of kings, and resounded in the gloomy depths of the mines of Dalecarlia.

THE WAR SONG OF THE DALECARLIANS.

The war trump has sounded—the word has gone forth,

To rouse from despair the brave sons of the north;
Thy children, O Sweden, have broken their chain,
And the summons is pealing from mountain and plain.

The earth in her bosom no more shall confine,
The free-born of heaven in the depths of the mine:
We will burst their stern prison and bring to the light,
The exiles who languish in bondage and night.

We have sworn to avenge on the murderer's head,
The blood of our kindred, inhumanly shed;
When the infant and mother were hurled in the wave,
And found in the ocean a refuge and grave.

Awake ye who slumber! the hour is at hand,
When freedom shall smile on the war-wasted land;
A prince is your leader, who never will yield,
While a grave can be won in the breach or the field!

As Gustavus concluded the triumphant strain, his eyes sparkled, a noble enthusiasm overspread his countenance, and the eyes of all present were intently turned upon him.

"I no longer wonder that your monarch is always victorious," said the Elector; "when he leads such hearts as thine, brave Dahl, to the field."

The first broad rays of the summer sun flung their red light on the marble pavement of the hall, before the Elector rose and broke up the party, and

Gustavus retired to rest, with a mind too much excited to expect any favour from the drowsy god.
(To be concluded in our next.)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CHILD'S LAMENT.

Who called me once his "darling boy,"
His pride, his hope, his future joy,
And made me many a pretty toy?

My Father.

And who would take me out to ride,
And place me by his own dear side,
And soothe me, when from fear I cried?

My Father.

And who would go with me to play,
And toss me on the new mown hay,
And laugh and sing so very gay?

My Father.

And when we met a strange poor lad,
So pale and wan, and meanly clad,
Who gave him bread to make him glad?

My Father.

And when I stroked thy gallant grey,
And saw thee ride so swift away,
Ah, little thought I of today,

My Father.

But soon those hours of glee were o'er,
And all looked sad who smiled before,
When thou could'st ride and play no more,

My Father.

And many a tear for thee was shed,
And many a word of sorrow said,
When it was known that thou wert dead,

My Father.

Yes, thou art gone, and others stray
Around those pleasant fields, they say,
Where you and I were wont to play,

My Father.

But oh, I never can forget
To think of thee, with fond regret,
Whose proudest hopes on me were set,

My Father.

And when at night I bend my knee,
I'll pray to God that I may be
All that was fondly wished by thee,

My Father.

I will not cause my mother pain,
Nor let her cares all prove in vain,
And then in Heaven we'll meet again,

My Father.

EDUCATION.

To educate a man is to unfold his faculties, to give him the free and full use of his powers, and especially his best powers. It is first to train the intellect, to give him a love of truth, and to instruct him in the process by which it may be acquired. It is to train him to soundness of judgment, to teach him to weigh evidence, and to guard against the common sources of error. It is to give him a thirst for knowledge, which will keep his faculties in action through life. It is to aid him in the study of the outward world, to initiate him into the physical sciences, so that he will understand the principles of his trade or business, and will be able to comprehend the phenomena which are continually passing before his eyes. It is to make him acquainted with his own nature, to give him that most important means of improvement, self-comprehension.

HOW TO GET ON.

"Don't you see?" said Bob; "he goes up to a house, rings the area bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining parlour; master opens it, reads the label, 'draught to be taken at bed-time—pills as before—lotion as usual—the powder. From Sawyer's, late Nockemorf's. Physician's prescriptions carefully prepared;' and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife—she reads the label; it goes down to the servants—they read the label. Next day the boy calls: 'Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver—Mr. Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemorf.' The name gets known, and that's the thing, my boy, in the medical way; bless your heart, old fellow, it's better than all the advertising in the world. We have got one four-ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet."

PRAIRIE SCENES.

I never saw isolation, (not desolation,) to compare with the situation of a settler on a wide prairie. A single house in the middle of Salisbury plain would be desolate. A single house on a prairie has clumps of trees near it, rich fields about it; and flowers, strawberries, and running water at hand. But when I saw a settler's child tripping out of home-bounds, I had a feeling that it never would get back again. It looked like putting out into Lake Michigan in a canoe. The soil round the dwellings is very rich. It makes no dust, it is so entirely vegetable. It requires merely to be once turned over to produce largely; and at present, it appears to be inexhaustible. As we proceeded, the scenery became more and more like what all travellers compare it to, a boundless English park. The grass was wilder, the occa-

sional footpath not so trim, and the single trees less majestic; but no park ever displayed anything equal to the grouping of the trees, within the windings of the blue, brimming river Aux Plaines."—*Miss Martineau.*

WANT OF SYMPATHY.

If people would but consider how possible it is to inflict pain and perpetrate wrong, without any positive intention of doing either, but merely from circumstances arising through inadvertence, want of sympathy, or an incapability of mutual comprehension, how much acrimony might be spared! half the quarrels that embitter wedded life, and half the separations that spring from them, are produced by the parties misunderstanding each other's peculiarities, and not studying and making allowance for them. Hence, unintentional omissions of attention are viewed as intended slights, and as such are resented; these indications of resentment for an unknown offence appear an injury to the unconscious offender, who, in turn, widens the breach of affection by some display of petulance or indifference, that not unfrequently irritates the first wound inflicted, until it becomes incurable. In this manner often arises the final separation of persons who might, had they more accurately examined each other's hearts and dispositions, have lived happily together.—*Lady Blessington.*

LONG BREAKFAST

A farmer observing his servant a long time at breakfast, said, "John, you, make a long breakfast." "Master," answered John, "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you would think of."

REVENGE.

A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

EARLY RISING.

Richardson, the author of "Clarissa," &c. used to encourage diligence and early rising among his workmen, by leaving at night, sometimes money and sometimes fruit in the letter boxes.

When mutual love is not attainable, it may be a question whether, on the whole, it be better to love or be loved. I would say that both sexes are equally worthy of being loved; but that man is more especially formed to love—woman to be loved.

There is nothing so absurd or unreasonable in itself, as may not be reconciled to our minds by the magic influence of fashion; while, on the other hand, there is nothing so reasonable as may not become ridiculous, if it receive not the sanction of the same omnipotent chief.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SEVENTH HUSSARS' MARCH.

(A LA GALOP.)

BY J. CLARK.

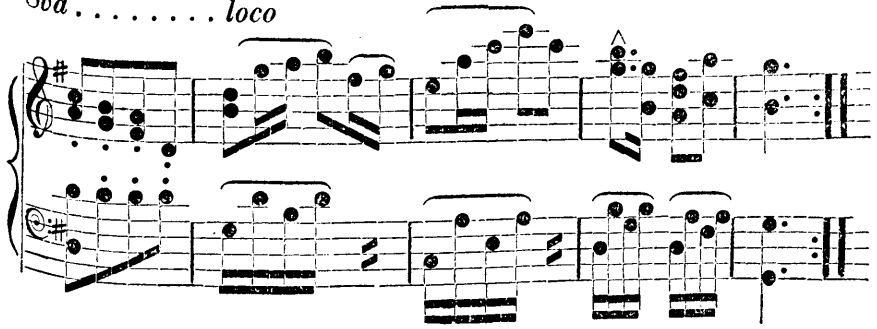
The first system of musical notation consists of two staves joined by a brace on the left. Both staves are in the key of D major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lower staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The tempo marking *mezzo* is placed above the lower staff. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with various rests and accents.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. It maintains the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The notation includes various rhythmic values and rests, with some notes marked with accents.

The third system of musical notation features two staves. The tempo marking *Sva* (Svato) is placed above the upper staff. The music continues with complex rhythmic patterns and rests.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The tempo marking *Sva* is placed above the upper staff. The lower staff includes a dynamic marking *ff* (fortissimo). The system concludes with a final cadence.

Sua loco



(ORIGINAL.)

IMITATION FROM CAMOENS.

How oft when fancy wings her flight,
I wish that I could be
Some guardian spirit of the light,
To watch thee through the day and night,
And cheer thy destiny.

How sweet, when evening shades were near,
To hover round thy bed,
And through the hours of darkness drear,
To breathe unheard by mortal ear,
Kind blessings on thy head.

But oh, (than this) far dearer still,
If power to me were given,
To save thee from each earthly ill,
To teach thee God's most holy will,
And lead thy steps to Heaven.

E. M. M.

THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

My own sweet child! my own sweet child!
I never more shall see
That eye of innocence, so mild,
Look up in love to me!

Thou wert my pretty bird of joy,
The linnet of my breast,
Whose silver tongue so sweetly sung
Thy mother's cares to rest.

My own sweet child! my own sweet child!
I saw the worm of death
Coil clammy round thy pallid brow;
I drank thy dying breath!

My boy of hope, my bird of spring!
To heaven thou hast flown,
With angels thy sweet notes to sing;
My beautiful! my own!

J. W. L.

THE ANGEL'S WING.

BY J. S. LOVER.

When by the evening's quiet light
There sit two silent lovers,
They say, while in such tranquil plight,
An angel round them hovers;
And further still old legends tell,—
The first who breaks the silent spell,
To say a soft and pleasing thing,
Hath felt the passing angel's wing.

Thus a musing minstrel stray'd
By the summer ocean,
Gazing on a lovely maid,
With a bard's devotion:—

Yet his love he never spoke,
Till now the silent spell he broke:—
The hidden fire to flame did spring,
Fann'd by the passing angel's wing!

'I have loved thee well and long, !—
With love of Heaven's own making !—
This is not a poet's song

But a true heart's speaking:
I will love thee, still untired !'
He felt—he spoke—as one inspired—
The words did from Truth's fountain spring,
Upwaken'd by the angel's wing!

Silence o'er the maiden fell,
Her beauty lovelier making;
And by her blush, he knew full well
The dawn of love was breaking.
It came like sunshine o'er his heart!
He felt that they should never part,
She spoke—and oh !—the lovely thing
Had felt the passing angel's wing."

THE PULPIT.

There stands the messenger of truth—there stands
The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
His office sacred—his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.

OUR TABLE.

CHEVELEY; OR THE MAN OF HONOUR,—BY
LADY LYTTON BULWER.

Clever as this work undoubtedly is, we cannot award to it a high share of praise. Containing much that is interesting and truth-like, it is so blended with improbability and exaggeration, that its moral character is lost. Properly speaking, indeed, it is not a novel; but a fictitious narrative, founded upon the family broils of the lady and her husband, towards whom she evinces so much of pique—may of revenge,—that she sometimes forgets the delicacy most becoming in her sex, and frequently indulges in displays of acrimonious feeling, which mar the interest of the book by drawing the thoughts of the reader towards the private wrongs or errors of the fair author.

Sacred, indeed, must be the ties which link two trusting beings in loving fellowship together, and though discussions creeping in, may burst asunder the golden bands, the heart must be truly cold and callous, which can bury all the sweet remembrances of the glorious past—the unforgotten hours of sunny youth and love. If every hallowed feeling be not entombed, memory must “sometimes rekindle the star,” and point to these “greener spots” in life’s dreary waste.

Poets of all times have sung these hallowed loves, and too many there are who have felt, with Coleridge, that

“To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain;”

and the beautiful words of the same author will well express the undying character of the regrets which must track the course of those who, having once loved, are torn from each other.

They stood aloof, the scars remaining;
Like rocks which had been rent asunder
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away I ween
The marks of that which once hath been.

It is vain to imagine that pride will conquer love, and teach the “widowed-living” to “let the past as nothing be.” The brow may be wreathed with gladness,—the lip may speak only of bliss,—and the ear may drink tales of flattery and fame, but “’tis a sad mockery all.” Apart from, nay even when mingling with, the glittering throng, the soul is gnawed by the “worm which dieth not.”

The cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile, Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

There is no “story of the heart” which does not tell how indelible are these affections—which does not prove that the poet poured out the words of truth when he said that,

“Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

Byron was proud, haughty to a fault—yet even his proud spirit bent to her with whom he had once drank the brimming cup of bliss, and whom he could not renounce and live—for, to a soul like Byron’s, existence is not life. There are many of us who may be too selfish to regret that the affections of the noble bard were so early and so cruelly blighted, for nothing else would have called forth the stern wild, and dreadful, but splendid and beautiful creations of his mind; yet even his mighty name was dearly won. Sad must have been the heart which the following stanzas picture.

“Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not,
Love may sink by slow decay,
But, by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

“Still thine own life retaineth,
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth,
Is—that we no more may meet.

“These are words of deeper sorrow,
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live, but every morrow,
Wake us from a widowed bed:

“Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now;

“But ’tis done—all words are idle,
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle,
Force their way without the will.”

It may be that the unforgiving spirit which characterises the work of Lady Bulwer, is prompted by a desire to hide even from herself the “undying thought which paineth.” We can scarcely believe it otherwise; nor can we suppose it possible that she can do less than mourn deeply in secret the ruin of early loves—the hopeless blasting of the heart’s choicest treasure. Let her be kindly judged, for evidently the pen which produced the work before us did not obey the impulse of a happy or cheerful spirit.

The principal interest of the story is founded upon the loves of *Mowbray*, the man of honour, and the *Countess de Clifford*, a lady of surpassing beauty, whose husband degrades himself by treating his fair young bride with brutal harshness. They meet in Milan, where *Mowbray* has gone upon a pleasure tour, accompanied by a friend named *Saville*, who loves a sister of the *Countess de Clifford*. The portrait of the beautiful *Countess* is well drawn, and is in the following words:

“Lady De Clifford was taller than her sister; her beauty was altogether of a different kind: her head and the manner in which it was placed upon her shoulders, was quite as classical as *Fanny’s*; but then the contour was more that of *Juno than of Psyche*. Her features, too, were small, yet perfect; a little—a very little less Greek than her sister’s, but more piquant, with a nose that I can only describe

by calling it epigrammatic: it could not have belonged to a fool, or even to a dull person. There was something queen-like about her, but then it was her air only; for though dazzling was the word every one felt inclined to apply to her appearance, yet she had quite as much prettiness as beauty; that is, she had all the feminine delicacy and fascination of a merely pretty woman, with all the dignity and splendour of a perfectly beautiful one. In short, prettiness might be said to be the detail of her features, and beauty their effect. Her eyes were "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," and the long dark fringes that shadowed them, gave a Murillo-like softness to her cheek when she looked down; her complexion would have been brilliant, had it not changed almost as often as the rose clouds in an Italian sky; for it varied as though each passing thought reflected its shadow upon her face;—her mouth and teeth would have baffled the imagination of a painter, or the description of a poet; and her smile was bright,

Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon.
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.

"To the greatest strength of character she united the mildest disposition, and withal was what her sex so rarely are, "though witty, wise." Few women could boast her solid and almost universal information, yet was there nothing of the "precieuse" about her—no attempt at display—no contempt for the ignorance of others; in short, good sense did for her manners what religion did for her character—blent, purified, and harmonized each separate or opposing quality without the main springs ever ruggedly or obtrusively appearing to taunt others with their lack of them."

The unkindness of the husband naturally increases the love of *Mowbray*, and predisposes the wife to permit his "delicate attentions" without reproof. The chivalrous honour of the wooer and the stern virtue of the dame, however, prevent any intercourse beyond what is permitted by the world, and the lovers escape from the furnace of passion, without having, as the world goes, greatly sinned: albeit, *Mowbray* avows his love, upon an occasion when the Earl has gone to a masquerade, which some of his brutality prevents the Countess from attending.

While these scenes are enacting on the continent, another somewhat similar, but immeasurably more sad, is going on in England. *Mary Lee*, a beautiful peasant, has fallen a victim to the arts of the Earl, who endeavours to obtain a husband for his miserable victim by offering a dowry with her hand, to a kindred spirit in the neighbourhood. Poor *Mary* is driven beyond "reason's utmost goal," and the Earl consummates his villainy by repudiating her offspring. The picture is a sad one, and although somewhat overstrained, contains much eloquent and beautiful language.

In the course of this unholy episode, the reader is introduced to a gypsy tent, during the progress of an incantation. There is in this the due apportionment of skulls and coffins, with slain birds and beasts, and all the paraphernalia requisite for the "cantrips" of the dark magician. The magic circle, as a matter of course, is tenanted by "*Mary Lee* and *Madge Brindal*, the former in the black dress

and Quaker-like cap she always wore; her fair hair parted on her high, clear forehead; her cheeks colourless, but still with that sort of pale bloom that is seen in a Provence rose; her mouth was the only citadel that health had not deserted—it was full and rich as ever; the beautifully curved, short upper lip, gently parted like a twin cherry, from the red pouting under one—yes, health seemed as though it clung to

—Those yet cool lips, to share
The last pure life that linger'd there.

Her small, white, and almost shadowy hands were crossed upon her bosom, and she peered into the mysterious depths of her companion's wild prophetic eyes, as though time and eternity were to be read within them. Through the almost Ethiopian darkness of *Madge Brindal's* cheek was a rich red glow, like that of fire against a midnight sky; her profile was chiselled in the most perfect Greek outline; the mouth was handsome, but somewhat sensual—but then the teeth within it were so pearl-like and costly, that no wonder it seemed like a little epicurean; her eyes were large, dark, and lustrous in the extreme, and would have been fierce, but that they were curtained with lashes, so long and so soft, that they almost made one sleepy to look at them; the brows above them were low, straight, and intellectual; her hair, which was of that purple black, seldom seen but on a raven's wing, was braided back beneath a red handkerchief, put on after the fashion of an elderly Roman Contadina; not much above the middle size, her full and voluptuous figure might have been heavy had it been less perfectly moulded. She wore a short green, glazed, stuff petticoat, with a short bedgown of bright red striped calico, the sleeves of which were now turned up, displaying a beautifully rounded arm, singularly white compared to her hands, which were brown, and rather coarse—this being rendered the more apparent by being covered with very showy, but trumpery looking gold and silver rings, glittering with colored stones; on her feet were bright blue worsted stockings, without shoes; and just before them was placed a small brazier, from which issued a thick, dense smoke, as ever and anon *Madge* threw into it with her left hand some mystic powder, while with her right she waved over it a green cypress branch, repeating at the same time some low, unintelligible words."

This may, however, be considered a digression from the main plot, except as illustrating the character of the Earl. We must now return to the narrative.

Mowbray is the heir of a nobleman, the *Marquis of Cheveley*, by whose death he succeeds to the title and estates. By this event he is necessarily compelled to tear himself away from the fascinations of the *Lady Clifford*, to whom he addresses a letter, explaining his situation. Her answer, in which she urges him to depart, is not without delicacy and

beauty. We cannot do better than extract her letter :

"Do not suppose that in returning your letter I do so in anger. No, it contains nothing to warrant any feeling of displeasure on my part, beyond, perhaps, the abstract circumstance of its being addressed to me—for which, after all, I can only blame myself; on the contrary, your truth and candour deserve and demand a similar return from me—and they shall have it.

"Know then, weak and culpable as the confession may be, that my utter inability to destroy, alone induces me to return it—keep it I dare not—not because it will be imprudent, but because it would be sinful. Would I could divest myself of all remembrance of you, as easily as I resign these outward tokens. But, alas! the very effort to forget only rivets afresh every link in the chain of memory—but all that rests with me to do, *shall be done*. The little leaf which betrayed you to the secret with which it had been entrusted, I now return; *do not destroy it*—to do so would be useless, for the inscription on it is but a copy, the original is engraven on my heart. I have not stooped to the subterfuge or affectation of denying what accident divulged to you, for I feel that with a nature so generous, so honourable as yours, to show you all the frailty and weakness of my heart is the best way, not only of securing your forbearance, but of obtaining your protection and assistance against myself.

"You talk of remaining with us during the rest of our journey, of being of use, of being a defence to me;—alas! this would be cruel kindness, 'false reasoning all.' Now that the veil has been rent from our hearts, and the film has fallen from our eyes, what would become of our firmest resolve? how would all our struggles end, were we eternally in each other's society? of what avail would it be to pray with our lips not to be led into temptation, if we allow our free will to spur us into it on all occasions? No, no, it cannot, must not be—we must part, and that immediately. After what I have written to you, how could I speak to you? Paper does not blush—does not tremble—does not feel. Mowbray, spare all that does; tears that cannot efface guilt would not satisfy love, and they are all I could give you.—Your friendship I accept and reciprocate with my whole heart. Before you is a brilliant and honourable career. The Japanese have a tradition, that birds of paradise are transmigrated doves that have died for love; and though their mates never see them again in their transformed state, yet when they hear their notes in the sky, it inspires the deserted dove with such intense delight as to make it unable to cease flying in circles through the air for several hours. So it will be with me; I may never see you again, but as your name soars, my spirit will hover round its fame with the only delight it is now capable of knowing. And now, farewell! I do not ask you to burn this, I only wish that you would. That God may ever bless you, will be the constant prayer of your sincere friend.

JULIA.

Mowbray returns to his native land, and is honoured by an invitation to join the ministry, declining which, he takes refuge in the clubs and at his country residence, against the wiles of political intriguants.

We now approach the denouement, and the tale reaches its close. The *Earl de Clifford*, becoming weary of certain importunities of *Mary Lee*, and de-

sirous of casting her entirely off, conveys his mother's watch into her dwelling, and accuses her and her father of robbery. Suspicion is so strongly excited that they are arraigned and tried. They are, however, ultimately acquitted, and the treachery of the Earl discovered. He, on the same night, breaks his neck by a fall from his horse, and the Countess, now free, becomes a second time a wife, but now a happy one, as the *Marchioness of Chevelley*.

There are many characters in the book upon which we have not touched, and among them several clever caricatures. We have, however, presented an outline of the plot, which will suffice to place the reader in possession of its leading points. Were it not for the vindictive spirit which characterises the volume, we should be inclined to look upon it as worthy of a high place among tales of fiction.

OUR correspondents, whose favours have been postponed, will have the goodness to accept the only excuse we can offer, and which will be found in the vast length to which several of the tales in the present number have extended. We have been, from this cause, reluctantly compelled to defer the publication of "The Gold Medal," by Mrs. Moodie; "Leaves from my Portfolio," by W. S.; "Mr. Octavius Skeggs," by E. L. and some other excellent articles, which we shall have much pleasure in presenting to our readers at a future day. In the meantime, we feel satisfied that the contents of the *Garland* for the present month, will afford general satisfaction, enriched as it is, with the offerings of some of the best writers whose productions have graced our pages. The conclusion of "Mary of England," by E. L. C. and the commencement of the "Maiden of St. Margarets," by E. M. M. with the eloquent article entitled "Acquaintance with the Great," and the powerful and spirit stirring romance of "The Royal Quixote," by Mrs. Moodie, present attractions beyond what any one number has hitherto contained.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Although we beg to decline the acceptance of the lines of "Maria," we must express our conviction that the pen which produced the latter piece, requires only a little practice to become an ornament to our Canadian literature. We have a fancy for the boldness which characterises the spirit of the captive monarch. The fair young author has our thanks for her kindness in favouring us with a glance at her stanzas.

The verses of "L." are declined solely on account of their obviously personal character, which necessarily excludes them from the *Garland*.

"G. G." will receive his "Tale of the Woodlands," on calling at the publisher's office.