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THE  
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THE FIRST DEBT.

A TALE OF EVERY DAY.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

*Continued from our last Number—Conclusion.*

CHAPTER XXII.

Low moan the waters, the white crested wave  
Is rolling its strength to the shore ;  
Oh, that its depths were this moment my grave,  
That this troubled existence was o'er—  
Rave on fitful blast,  
Angry waters dash high ;—  
When I think o'er the past,  
I could cheerfully die!—  
Why should I shrink from my watery bier,  
And sigh when the wind whistles loud ?  
Perhaps she may shed o'er the sad tale a tear,  
And weep for the dead, in his billowy shroud—  
Then Ocean uncover,  
Thy dark heaving wave ;  
Receive the sad lover,  
Who longs for the grave!—

“What a mad performance is this !” said Amelia Ogilvie, to Miss Watson, in the early part of the evening of that eventful day, as they stood together by the piano forte. “Where did you find this ?”

“He dropped it out of his pocket last night on the lawn, before the Vicar’s parlor window. The servant found it this morning, and gave it to Lucy, and she lent it to me. Lucy thought it very pretty, and imagined herself the lady referred to. What say you ?”

“That she deceives herself, like many others in her situation,” said the heiress. “It is evident that it is Alice Linhope to whom he alludes. I wonder Lucy can for a moment so far demean herself, by trying to attract the attention of that girl’s discarded lover.”

“It is very foolish. But I am sure she loves him.”

“Nonsense ! I will not hear you say so. It is an insult to the whole family. Where is Philip this evening, and the Count ?”

“Did you not hear ?” said Harriet, blushing deeply.

“No. What is it ?”

“Only a party of pleasure formed by Lucy and her brother, without our concurrence. Mrs. Austin, too, has lent herself to the thing, I think, in a most unhandsome manner.”

“Don’t be so prolix,” said the heiress, impatiently. “What sort of a party is it ?”

“A picnic to the ruins of C—— Church. Captain Ogilvie accompanies the ladies in the boat, with Lieutenants White and Marsham ; and Count de Roselt, Miss Linhope, on horseback. I think it is a well arranged scheme to insult us both.”

“They knew that I would not go at any rate,” said Amelia, with a frown. “But were you, Miss Watson, not asked ?”

“I can’t say that, exactly,” returned her companion, hesitating ; “for all the gentlemen asked me to accompany them, as did Mrs. Austin and Lucy. But do you think, Miss Ogilvie, that I would go to play the second to that puritanical Miss Linhope ? Indeed I am so little satisfied with Count de Roselt’s flirtations in that quarter, that I have serious thoughts of discarding him altogether.”

“Don’t be too rash,” said her friend, with a bitter laugh. “Men will please themselves, and I find that the more we interfere with them, the more it increases the evil we seek to avoid. Husbands like Count de Roselt are rather scarce articles, even with young ladies of fortune.”

This was said in a manner that convinced the Doctor’s niece, that the heiress wished it to be felt. The truth was that Amelia, tortured by jealousy herself, and too proud to acknowledge it, was glad of finding some one on whom to vent her own disappointed and malignant feelings. Miss Watson writhed beneath her sarcasm, but was too mean-spirited to resent it.

At this awkward moment Sir Philip entered the room, and without perceiving Miss Watson, flung himself into his superb easy chair, and thus addressed his daughter.

“This is a dreadful piece of business, Mill. The Count de Roselt has been murdered by young Mar-

sham. What will your friend Harriet say to this? she will not easily get such another husband."

The heiress held up her finger, in order to check her parent. Miss Watson had fainted. Though not really attached to the Count, she was shocked beyond measure at his awful fate.

"How did you learn this, sir?" said Miss Ogilvie, after having seen her friend conveyed to bed. "It appears to me too dreadful to be true."

"It is true though," said the Baronet. "I had it from Philip himself, who was upon the spot, and though he did not see the deed done, yet he assisted in carrying the dead body of the Count to old Robinson Crusoe's hut. How is your friend? Is she much affected by her loss?"

"She'll soon get over it, as far as her feelings are concerned," said his daughter. "But her pride has received a severe shock."

"Oh, that's but natural," returned the unfeeling Baronet. "But this young Marsham—what will be done with him?"

"I suppose he will be tried for his life."

"Yes, when they get him. But no one knows what has become of him."

"How did it happen?"

"Nobody knows. Some jealous freak about one of those girl Linhopes. They have turned the heads of all the young fellows in the place. It will be a good thing if Philip be not drawn in by one of them. Hey! Amelia, why, what the deuce! are you going to faint too?"

"No, sir," said the heiress proudly. "Philip is not an Ogilvie if he could condescend to mate himself with a beggar. I know the old family falling too well. He may love the girl—flirt with her—pay her attention in public, and make love to her in private—but, he will never marry her."

"I hope not," said the Baronet. "Philip is so like me—he is quite a lad after my own heart. I should be sorry to be obliged to disinherit him."

"You will have no occasion," said Amelia—and there the conversation dropped. Philip made his appearance, for once sad and dispirited, and entered into a minute detail of the murder, which so engrossed the attention of his auditors that nothing else was thought of until they retired to rest.

We will leave the inhabitants of the Hall, to sleep off the grief and surprise that variously affected them, and return to Alice, and watch with her beside the bed of the unhappy maniac. When left to the silence and solitude of night, she had leisure to think over the past, and tears, those blessed softeners of human woe, came freely to her relief; she sank down upon her knees, and wept and prayed, both for the mother and the son: until a holy calm was gradually stealing over her mind, and she could murmur without a fresh gush of tears—"O, Lord, thy will be done." Her head was still buried in the coverlid, when a slight rustling of the curtains start-

led her, and a voice as from the grave, whispered near her. "Mother, dear Mother! I behold you once again."

She raised her head. It was Marsham. With hands bloodstained, and pale and haggard mien, he stood beside the bed, gazing upon his sleeping parent with such a glance of unutterable grief that Alice was spell bound, and continued to look upon him without the power of speech or motion. He neither saw nor regarded her. His whole soul seemed occupied with one image—one thought. He had stolen thither, at the dread and solemn hour of night, to take a last farewell of that mother, who, in spite of all his faults, was now the dearest thing to him beneath the skies. Every other passion and feeling was lost but that—and there he stood gazing upon her sleeping face, with tearless and blood-shot eyes, the living image of despair.

"Poor mother!" he continued, "sleep on. Happy is it for you that you can sleep. Never more will prayers for me disturb your rest. I go, my mother, to expiate my guilt. I go, and we two shall meet no more. Mine has been a life of guilt and sorrow. I have sinned. I have shed blood. A fire is kindled in my soul which all the waters of the ocean would never quench. I have defied the living God, and he has left me to perish. For myself I weep not—but for you, dear mother! Oh, that I could relive the past, and, for your sake, could be a better son."

He bent over the bed. His hot tears fell fast over the unconscious face of the poor sleeper, as he kissed with devoted tenderness, her cheek and brow, and pressed her small white hands to his heaving breast. His eye at this moment fell upon the upturned face of Alice, who, pale as a marble statue, still continued to gaze upon him, with hands tight clasped, and streaming eyes.

"Alice," he said, in a whisper. "You here! What brought you here?"

"Compassion for both mother and son. Oh, Roland, if you could look into my heart, and see how sincerely I pity you—how deeply I feel for both her and you—how truly I forgive you for all the past, you would not ask what brought me here, in an hour like this."

"Angelic girl! Your kindness reconciles me to my fate. You weep for me. You pity me. Me—the murderer. Oh, Alice! It was madness hurried me to commit that frightful deed. I knew not what I did."

"I believe you—indeed I do."

"It was not until I heard his dying groans beneath the cliff, that I was aware of the dreadful deed I had committed," continued Marsham. "I was jealous of him, Alice, but I did not hate him. I did not wish his death. He came to me in an evil hour, and met an evil fate. It was the devil working within me did the deed. I had no power to

withstand the fearful temptation. Oh, God! how earnestly I wish the deed undone. And does *she* know it, Alice?" he said, pointing to his mother.

"She does."

"How did she bear it?"

"A horrible consciousness of the dreadful reality struggles with her mental malady. She is mad—but in her delirium still raves of you."

He shuddered. "Poor thing! It is better that it should be so. Her brain will not bear it long. Oblivion will soon cover all her woes."

"And you, Marsham—what will you do?" You risk your life by remaining here," said Alice.

"My life," he said with a bitter smile, "is no longer worth a thought. I have hoarded it for one hour, to look once more at my poor mother. I have been doubly blest—I have seen you, and now I go hence for ever."

"Where shall we hear of you again?" asked Alice. "Give us some clue to discover your retreat, for your poor mother's sake."

"You perhaps may hear of me too soon," he replied, in the same mournful voice. "Think of me kindly Alice, when I am gone. Think how madly, how passionately I loved you. Could you have returned that love I should have been a different creature. But let me depart with the blessed assurance that you forgive me."

Alice placed both her hands in the red grasp of the unhappy man. "May God pity and forgive you, Roland Marsham, as freely as I do, and efface from your soul the foul stain of blood."

"Amen!" ejaculated her broken hearted companion; and pressing her hands to his lips and brow, he once more bent over his mother, and burying his face in the pillow, wept passionately for a few moments, then left the apartment with the same noiseless steps he had entered.

"Is it all a dream?" said Alice, when an hour after, she still found herself kneeling on the same spot. Have I really seen him? It cannot be. I have been sleeping. He never dare seek this spot."

She rose up softly, and stole along the passage to the old man's apartment, and rapped gently at the door. It was instantly opened by Stephen Norton, who enquired if Mrs. Marsham needed assistance.

"She is still sleeping?" said Alice. "But did you see Roland Marsham, he has been here?"

"Impossible. Dear Alice, you have been dreaming. I do not believe that he is in life."

"Then I have seen his apparition," said Alice, turning very pale. "For he has been here and I have both seen and spoken with him." Sitting down in the old man's easy chair, she faithfully related all that had passed, as well as the choking tears and sobs would permit her.

Stephen listened to her in silent astonishment, until the painful pause was broken by the old Captain, who had been awoke out of his sleep by the

entrance of Alice, and who remarked in a hollow voice, that the child *had* seen him—whether living or dead, he knew not. But that either he or his spirit was surely hovering about the house, for at the moment Alice entered the room, he dreamed Roland came up to his bed, and knelt down at his feet, and implored his blessing. "Poor lad," continued the veteran, "it does affect me greatly now, that I ever was harsh and unkind to him. 'Twas a fine boy too—a very fine boy—and but for that dreadful calamity would have made a fine man. Poor Roland! I loved him better than I thought I did. It is not until we lose a despised blessing, Mr. Norton, we know the real value of it. I would now give all I possess in the world to hear the sound of his voice again."

The night waned slowly into day, and Alice returned to her post by the bed of the sleeper. As she re-entered the apartment, she was struck by the deathlike stillness that reigned around. That solemn consciousness which strikes upon the heart, and reveals without the aid of language that the shadow of the destroyer had been there. She approached the bed with faltering steps. The light of the early day rested sadly upon the ashen face of the dead.

"Poor mourner!" said Alice. "God has laid his hand upon thy broken heart, and hushed all its griefs to rest. I almost envy you this blessed release from earth, and all its cares." As she left the room to apprise the household of what had happened, the sound of many feet approaching the house attracted her attention—she stepped to the window, and beheld, borne upon a rude kind of bier, the body of Roland Marsham. After leaving her, he had thrown himself into the river at the bottom of the garden, where his body had just been discovered by some labourers going to their work. Heart-sick with sorrow and anxiety—tired out with mental agitation, and the fatigue of night watching,—the nerves of Alice Linhope could bear no more, and she sunk senseless to the ground.

Weeks passed away. The grave had closed over the Marshams. Grandsire—mother—son—all were gone. The village had settled into its former tranquillity. The gay and thoughtless had resumed their usual spirits, and were as gay and thoughtless as before. Harriet Watson had put on deep mourning for the Count, and was beginning to weary of her sables, before Alice arose from the sick bed to which these startling events had long confined her. With a memory only too acutely alive to the past, the present almost appeared a blank, and she turned from the world and its vanities, with the deep conviction that sorrow alone could be obtained in its crooked paths. Even the love she had cherished for her cousin Arthur lay dormant in her breast. She dared not indulge in a single passion or feeling

which at that solemn period of trial and affliction, appeared to win her thoughts from heaven. And poor Lucy Ogilvie, how had it sped with her? On the evening when Alice was borne to her home, in a then supposed dying state, Stephen Norton, who remained to comfort and pray with the afflicted old veteran, was aroused from these melancholy duties, by old Rachel informing him that a young lady wished to speak to him. Thinking that it might be Jane Featherstone, he hastened to the adjoining room, and beheld, to his infinite surprise, not the person he expected, but the vicar's daughter.

"Mr. Norton," she said—"I have come to ask of you, a great favour. May I see poor Marsham?"

"My dear Miss Lucy, are you aware of the awful circumstances which have occurred?" returned the missionary, kindly taking her hand.

"Oh yes, I know it all—and I must see him. Do not deny me this, Mr. Norton,"—she continued bursting into tears. "There are feelings which are beyond our control. Feelings, which I cannot explain, but which you may comprehend. If I could but see him, it would relieve this burning weight upon my heart and brain. Oh, do not refuse me this mournful satisfaction?"

Stephen Norton silently motioned her to follow him, and led the way into the parlour, where the bodies of both Marsham and his mother lay in their grave clothes. The shutters were partially closed, and the deathlike silence, and the melancholy subdued light, were in unison with the solemn scene.

Lucy approached in silent awe; and looked long and tenderly upon the face of the man she had secretly and devotedly loved.

"Leave me, Mr Norton, for a few minutes," she said, calmly, though the tears streamed down her pale cheeks over the paler features of the dead. "I wish to be alone."

The young missionary hesitated.

"Go," she said imploringly. "Let no eye witness my grief, but that of the searcher of hearts. Mine is open at this moment to his gaze." With feelings of deep respect and compassion, Stephen obeyed, and Lucy Ogilvie was alone with the dead.

There is a holy majesty about death, which strikes the most worldly and unfeeling heart. How solemn then is the impression produced upon the mind, when we stand in the presence of those whom we once loved, who now unconscious of our love, or grief, are stretched before us in the silent mystery of death. A change has passed upon them, which we feel, but cannot comprehend. The tie which bound them to the earth is broken—they belong to another world, they are no longer of us.

Long and earnestly the poor bereaved maiden gazed upon the marble features of the suicide. He had not loved her—but he had been to her all that the world contained of bright and beautiful,—the shrine on which she had offered up the incense of

her young and innocent heart—and there he lay, mute and motionless before her: the lamp of life extinguished by his own hand, had gone out in obscure darkness, and all beyond was doubt and agony. He heard not the bitter sighs which burst from that heaving bosom. He felt not the burning tears that fell like rain over that still form, or the passionate kisses which she imprinted upon that sad and rigid brow. He was hers now. No rival could rob her of her love. No cold repulsive word deprive her of the jewel she treasured in her breast. "Roland, dear Roland!" she exclaimed; "You are mine—mine for ever. Alice cannot come and steal you from my heart. That heart is all open to your gaze. Its inmost thoughts are known to you now. I need not tell you how I loved you. You know it all. My first, my only love, here by your cold form I swear that no other image shall ever obliterate thine."

Again with passionate fondness she flung herself upon his breast, and wept. A slight tap at the door aroused her from the luxury of woe. Severing one of the large, dark mossy curls, which clustered about his haughty temples, she hid it in her bosom, and turned with sad and dejected mien from the chamber of death. Months after, when Rome, Naples, France, and the South of England, had been tried in vain to restore the fading girl to her wonted health and spirits, and she returned in the last stage of consumption to her native village to die, that lock of hair, and the branch of wild flowers, dropped by the poor maniac, and fondly cherished by the devoted girl, she requested might be suspended round her neck, and buried with her.

Oh, human love! thy yearning heart,  
In all things vainly true,  
So stamps upon our mortal part,  
Its passionate adieu!\*

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

A twelvemonth had passed away. The summer was again bright upon the earth. The voice of joy and gladness was heard on every side, and the names of the unfortunate Count de Roselt and his murderer were forgotten, or only occasionally remembered, in the tale of some village gossips. Sophia Linhope was as gay and still more beautiful than formerly, and Alice, though paler and more thoughtful, had resumed some of her former serenity.

Stephen Norton had removed his affianced and her mother to the beautiful estate that had been left him in Devonshire, and poor Alice had lost the only friends who could sympathize in her sorrows, or share her labours of love. When distributing tracts round the village, her walks generally terminated at the graves of Lucy and Marsham, who slept side by

\*Hemans.

side, with his mother and grandsire, beneath the shadow of the great yew which darkened the chancel window of the old gothic church. Those silent mounds and the broken hearts they covered, conversed more eloquently to her soul than ten thousand homilies. Often was the green turf moistened by her tears; and often, in spirit, she held communion with the dead, and relived the hours of their short and troubled pilgrimage on earth. There were times when the image of Fleming would intrude upon her solitude, and she wondered as she wiped the tears from her soft, gentle eyes, if he too had forgotten her. To her mother he sometimes wrote—to her never; and Alice was still doomed to experience, from day to day, the hope that keeps alive despair.

After the removal of the Featherstones from B—, Captain Ogilvie's visits became more frequent, and he generally spent his mornings in flirting with Sophia, while she worked or drew. Mrs. Linhope, with the vanity so natural in a mother, was pleased with his attentions to her daughter, and for some time encouraged his visits to the house, greatly to the annoyance of old Mrs. Fleming and Alice, who were seriously alarmed at the familiar manner in which he addressed Sophia, and the freedom with which she answered all his sprightly sallies.

"His visits here must be discontinued, Alice," said the old lady, as they sat one day at work in her bed-chamber. "If your mother is so imprudent as to suffer them daily to take place, I will not. Sophia's character is at stake, and that heartless libertine shall not rob her of her fair fame, if I can prevent it."

The next morning, Mrs. Linhope was absent on business in the neighbouring town of S—, and Mrs. Fleming requested the two girls to execute a trifling commission for her in the village, as she felt certain that the Captain would call during their absence. If Sophia had been previously informed of her grandmother's motives for sending them out of the way, she could not have been more obstinately determined to stay at home—and it was not until Mrs. Fleming enforced her request with a positive command, that she reluctantly consented. Shortly after the sisters left the house, Captain Ogilvie called.

"I thought you told me that your young ladies were at home?" he said to the servant, as he entered the parlor, and only met the formally polite bow of the old lady, whose company at all times he considered an intolerable annoyance.

"Miss Sophia and Alice are just gone for a walk; but Mrs. Fleming is at home, sir."

"In which direction are the young ladies gone?" said the Captain, without noticing the old lady or the latter part of the Abigail's speech.

"Up the town, sir."

"Oh, very well. I shall soon overtake them. It is a beautiful morning for a stroll."

"Captain Ogilvie," said Mrs. Fleming, rising, and motioning him to a seat; "I wish to have a few minutes conversation with you?"

"Really, my dear madam," said the Captain, with a slight elevation of his shoulders, "I have so many engagements this morning, that I am afraid I must defer the pleasure of a *tête-à-tête* with you until another opportunity."

"I will not detain you long," said Mrs. Fleming, who did not choose to admit the Captain's excuse; and he, perfectly aware of the subject on which she was going to speak, secretly execrated the impertinent interference of meddling old women in all love affairs, and very ungraciously for so polite a gentleman, took the proffered chair. In a few brief words, Mrs. Fleming represented to him the necessity of his discontinuing his visits to the cottage, as their frequency gave rise to unpleasant surmises among the neighbours, not at all creditable to her young relatives; that their characters were too precious to be trifled with; and that she must insist on his declaring his motives for constantly spending his hours in their company; that he must henceforth be considered in the light of a mere passing acquaintance.

The Captain looked rather foolishly, as he rose hastily from his seat. "Your wishes, madam, shall be obeyed. Upon my honour, I scarcely know what brought me so often here. The place is confoundingly dull, and your grand-daughters are charming young women—but as to my having any particular motive in visiting them, beyond passing the time; the thing is quite impossible, when you consider the difference between my rank and theirs. I should really be extremely concerned if I thought that my idle chit-chat could have occasioned my fair young friends the least uneasiness, or have given rise to hopes which could never be realized. Surely, madam, an officer may be allowed to pay a few compliments to a pretty young woman, without being forced to give an explanation of his conduct to any of her relations who may think it their duty to catechize him on the score of gallantry. Besides, madam, it is well known in the neighbourhood that I am an *engaged man!*"

"I had formed a correct estimate of your character, Captain Ogilvie," said the old lady with dignity, and perfectly disgusted by his unfeeling assurance. "I will therefore wish you a good morning, and hope that you will trouble us with your presence no more."

"Provoking old hag!" muttered the Captain, as he left the house. "But I will be revenged."

In spite of his affected indifference, Captain Ogilvie left the cottage with regret. He did not love Sophia, for that passion is not worthy of the name of love that demands a victim in the object of its

regard. He was desperately enamoured with her personal charms ; and though he rejected indignantly the idea of making her his wife, he entertained hopes of obtaining her affections on less honourable terms—so confident was he in his own strength, and Sophia's weakness.

"Has Captain Ogilvie called during our absence, mamma?" were the first words Sophia uttered, when she returned from her walk.

"He has been, and is gone," replied Mrs. Fleming, "and, in all probability, will never enter these doors again."

"What do you mean, grand-mamma?" said Sophia, sinking into a chair, and turning very pale. "He surely has not left B——?"

Mrs. Fleming related the conversation that had passed between them. Sophia's countenance underwent many changes, and several times she smiled disdainfully to herself—but to the surprise of all present, she made no comment on the Captain's conduct, but snatching up her hat and veil from the table, cast a hurried glance upon the mirror, as she left the room, and sought the solitude of her own apartment. When alone, she gave way to a passion of tears, and bitterly reproached her aged relative for her interference. "But I am sure he loves me!" she cried. "He has told me so a thousand times—and as to his being engaged, it is an invention of Mrs. Fleming's, in order to mortify me more deeply. I do not believe that he could mention me with such coldness—such indifference. She has exaggerated the matter, and put words into his mouth which he never said. Yes—yes. I see through it all. Alice has contrived this scheme that I may not laugh at her disappointment, with regard to that methodical, and most disagreeable piece of formality, my saintly cousin Arthur."

The tears still hung on her beautiful eyelashes, when she was aroused from her indignant reverie, by the entrance of the servant, who, with a cautious and hurried glance, slipped a note into Sophia's hand and disappeared. It was from the Captain, and contained a few hurried words, in which he briefly informed his fair young friend of his unceremonious dismissal from the house. "If it was not at her own request, he said, he earnestly entreated her to allow him the pleasure of sometimes sharing her evening walks." Sophia's heart again fluttered with joy ; her vanity blinded her eyes to the impropriety of granting such a request ; and she found a thousand excuses in her own mind for conduct which, on his part, she should have considered as perfectly inexcusable. But Sophia fancied herself into heroine of romance, and the Captain a persecuted and injured lover, who dared not offend his proud family by openly declaring his attachment for her. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the extravagant and visionary speculations with which fancy cheated a mind, unfortified by religion, to

combat against its deluding sophistries. A person totally ignorant of the faults and weaknesses of their own character, is not able to form a very accurate estimate of the mental qualifications of another. Sophia had been insensible to the real worth of Arthur Fleming, yet she suffered the common-place chit-chat of a trifler like Philip Ogilvie to make a deep impression on her heart. His rank and fortune at first attracted her attention ; and while he remained an object of personal indifference, she was a shrewd calculator on the advantages which would accrue from these envied possessions. A more powerful spell was now operating upon her mind, which, aided by ambition and her love of display, made her insensible to the dangers which surrounded her. Whilst selfishly seeking to gratify her pride she hardened her conscience and yielded to the criminal self-indulgence, which urged her to sacrifice, without a sigh, the peace and happiness of her family.

To please her gay lover she thought it absolutely requisite to dress in the height of the fashion, and she ordered several expensive dresses of Mrs. Lawrence, on the same terms as she procured the last. When she entered the room a few days after the Captain's dismissal, dressed in an elegant lilac silk gown and pelisse, Alice asked her, in great agitation, how she had obtained them. Sophia answered with a smile, and in the frankest manner imaginable—

"Is it not a handsome addition to my wardrobe? I was sure you and mamma would admire my taste. Uncle sent me the money, in his last letter in return for my pretty hand-screens. I said nothing about it at the time, because I wished to surprise you."

There was nothing improbable in this statement. Alice knew the generous turn of her uncle's mind ; and never for a moment suspected that her sister was capable of uttering such a falsehood. Yet there were times when a vague misgiving would flash over her mind, particularly when she saw how many little ornamental articles of dress Sophia protested she had procured with this donation from her uncle. You would have imagined that these ten sovereigns were as inexhaustible as the widow Zarephath's barrel of meal and cruise of oil, for Sophia's purse never appeared empty. Alice was rather surprised that her sister never offered to repay her the five pounds she had lent her to settle Mrs. Lawrence's account ; but forbore to mention it, from motives of delicacy.

There was a family of the name of Newton, who had lately settled in the vicinity of B——. The mother was the widow of a naval officer, with two grown up daughters, and three sons—the eldest of whom was studying the law in a solicitor's office in B——. A few ceremonious calls had passed between the Linhopes and the Newtons ; but Mrs. Newton was such a mischief-making gossip, and her daugh-

ters, though young and pretty women, so censorious, that their most intimate friends were not exempted from their ill-natured animadversions.

Directly Alice discovered these qualifications in their new neighbours, she gradually discontinued her visits—but Sophia refused to be warned by her sister's experience, and suddenly contracted, with the girls, a great intimacy, and scarcely a day passed without her taking her work to spend her afternoon with the dear Newtons.

"I don't like this over intimacy between Sophia and the Newtons," said Mrs. Lishope to Alice, as Sophia left the house, under the ostensible reason of paying them a visit—"particularly, as the girls never come here in return. I wish, Alice, you would inform your sister that I do not approve of her spending so much of her time at L——."

When Alice made known to Sophia their mother's request, she received the injunction with the most violent burst of indignation. "It is very hard," she exclaimed, "that I must always have these tyrannical restrictions put upon my actions. How would you like, Alice, to be denied the society of your friends?"

"If mamma thought them eligible acquaintances, dear Sophy, she is too kind and indulgent to thwart your wishes. But you know that Mrs. Newton is a very censorious woman.

"But the young people are not answerable for the faults of their mother," returned Sophia fiercely.

"True, Sophy, it is not for faulty beings like us, to visit the sins of parents upon their children, if we did not see them following in the same course. The girls are to be pitied. They have been educated by a woman who is ignorant of her duty, and therefore incompetent to instruct her children in their's. If they had been brought up in the fear of God, they would in all probability have proved good and useful members of society."

"If they are not so self-righteous as some people," said Sophy, spitefully, "that will be considered no disqualification by their friends. The Miss Newtons are charming and amiable girls, though they do not subscribe to foreign missions, and half a score of other ostentatious charities for the benefit of the heathen, whose happy ignorance of the dogmas of Christianity afford the godly a glorious opportunity of gratifying their spiritual pride and self-conceit."

"When you feel the importance of these despised duties, Sophia, you will recal this speech with remorse and sorrow," said Alice sternly. "I know the character of the Miss Newtons well, or I should not venture to express my opinion of them so freely. But though we are taught in holy writ, to forgive our enemies, (and cruel enemies Sophy, they have been to me, accusing me most unjustly of being the cause of that unhappy affair between poor Marsham and the Count de Roselt,) we are not com-

manded to associate with irreligious and worldly minded people."

"Alice," returned Sophia, angrily. "I do not mean to give up my friends, to satisfy your whims."

"But the duty you owe to your mother?"

"Will not be increased by an act of injustice," returned the offended Sophia, casting a hurried glance on the time piece on the mantle shelf. The hand pointed to half-past five. The colour rushed to her face, and dyed her neck and arms of a lively red, and hastily adjusting her hat and shawl, she left the house, quite regardless of the tears and entreaties of Alice.

"What pleasure can Sophia find in the company of those worldly gossiping Miss Newtons?" thought Alice, as she watched her with a sigh take the road to L——

Nor did Sophia feel any pleasure in their company, although she had defended them so fiercely, to answer her own purpose. They were people whom she despised, whose threshold she rarely crossed. Her evenings were spent in the company of Captain Ogilvie, and not as Alice supposed, with the Miss Newtons. She had named their house as the usual termination of her evening rambles, because she well knew that neither Alice nor her mother would ever seek for her there, or be very ready to offer to accompany her thither. There were times when her dangerous correspondence with Captain Ogilvie, and the pressure of the debts she had contracted in order to make herself more agreeable in his eyes, goaded her almost to madness, particularly as her lover had made no positive offer of marriage. He professed to entertain for her the most ardent attachment, and if a being so cold and selfish as Philip Ogilvie could love any thing in human shape besides himself, it was the beautiful, weak girl, he endeavoured to seduce from the paths of virtue by his specious flattering and artful promises.

It was a clear bright evening at the latter end of September, and the Captain had appointed Sophia to meet him in a lonely romantic lane that skirted L——wood at five o'clock in the afternoon, as his hurried note imported that he had something of the utmost importance to communicate. Sophia's vanity soon concluded what that important communication must be, and she believed the blissful moment was at hand which was to terminate all her anxious hopes and fears. That day appeared the longest in her existence. She thought the hours would never move onward, or the tardy sun decline in the horizon, so long his beams lingered on hill and vale. She watched with feverish impatience the motion of the time-piece. Its evolutions seemed to have made a sudden pause and the violent beatings of her heart alone proclaimed his unerring progress towards eternity. Just as the long anticipated hour arrived the entrance of Alice and their conversation together, made her outstay the eagerly expected moment, and



with ruffled temper, quick irregular steps, glowing cheeks, and eyes bent upon the ground, she took the oft frequented by her and the Captain, but solitary path, that led to L— wood.

For the first time during her long series of stolen visits thither, the narrow and thickly wooded lane, appeared desolate and lonely. The pitiful sighing of the autumnal blast, and the creaking of the lofty branches of the forest trees that met over-head and cast their broad shadows along the sylvan path startled her. The distant report of a gun made her creep closer to the hedge, and when a wounded hare bounded suddenly into the lane she so far yielded to her nervous fears as to utter an involuntary scream. The next moment some one called her by name.

She turned quickly and joyfully round, expecting to welcome her lover; but was greatly disappointed in beholding at her side—not Captain Ogilvie, but a tall fine looking old man, of that peculiar aspect and complexion which denotes a foreigner or one who has spent the greater part of his life abroad. Sophia had frequently met him in this lane, when walking with her lover, and he always regarded her with such a severe and scrutinizing glance that his presence always gave rise to the most unpleasant sensations of fear and self condemnation; for she felt convinced, after the first encounter, that their meetings were not accidental, but that whoever he was, (and she felt certain that he was a gentleman,) that he watched all her motions. Twice she observed to Captain Ogilvie—"Who is that strange man—and why does he always haunt our path?"

"Oh, never mind him," was the Captain's general reply; "he is a stranger to us. He looks like some travelling artist. It is probable that he is sketching the neighbouring scenery from the picturesque opening in this lane. I dare say he concerns himself just as much with our courtship, as the handsome spaniel does, which keeps so close at his heels." But this answer did not satisfy Sophia's doubts, and the sudden appearance of this mysterious stranger, when so much depended upon her meeting that evening with the Captain, made her turn pale, with secret dread and vexation.

"A fine evening young lady. You have chosen a beautiful spot for your rambles," said the old man, raising his hat, and displaying to his terrified companion a countenance dignified and prepossessing, even in old age. "Have you no brother or sister to share your solitary walks?"

Sophia looked very indignant, but returned no answer—and he, without apparently noticing her displeasure, continued: "Do you think it prudent, Miss Sophia Linhope, for a lovely young female to meet a gay young officer, night after night, in an unfrequented path like this? Permit me to see you home, for you cannot remain here without compromising your character; and drawing upon yourself

the ill-natured remarks of all the gossips in the neighbourhood."

"Sir!" said Sophia, drawing proudly back, and rejecting his proffered arm. "You are a stranger to me. Good evening."

She passed him, and walked rapidly forward. A sudden turning in the lane hid her tormentor from her sight. She quickened her pace; and soon reached the stile, where the path terminated in an entrance to the wood, overarched by a gigantic oak, under whose broad shade she and her lover were wont to wile away the evening hour. As she approached the trysting place, she heard the hall clock strike six—and all chance of seeing her lover that night was at an end. She leaned upon the stile, and wept bitterly. Her reveries were abruptly dispelled by the same warning voice, that had sounded so ominously in her path. "Return to your duty, misguided girl. The trifer you seek will not be here tonight. He has left his love-token on yonder thorn. That white glove that flutters in the breeze will tell you that the betrayer of innocence has kept his appointment."

Without regarding the unwelcome presence of the stranger, Sophia eagerly seized the white kid glove, and examined it with a critical eye. In the interior of it she found a card, on which was traced with a pencil, the following words. "Cruel Sophia, not to grant me a parting interview. I received orders this morning to join my regiment, without a moment's delay. When you read these lines, I shall be far on my road to London. Your devoted lover,  
P. O."

Whilst the disappointed girl, read the Captain's hurried note, her heart beat violently, and the surrounding landscape undulated before her eyes, like the waves of the sea. She raised her clenched hand to her head, and was about to curse her evil destiny, when she once more encountered the eagle glance of the stranger. Thrusting the glove and billet hastily into her bosom, she turned proudly and sorrowfully away. The old gentleman again intercepted her path.

"Sophia Linhope," he said. "Let this disappointment serve as a warning to you for the future, and before we part, take with you an old man's advice. Never place any reliance on the flattering speeches of men, or carry on a criminal correspondence with a heartless man of pleasure, unknown to your family. You may not escape the snare so easily a second time."

"Sir!" said Sophia, suddenly stopping before her mysterious monitor, and fixing upon him her beautiful but at this moment tearful eyes, while the colour flushed her hitherto pale cheeks, with a glow which almost rivalled the roseate tints of the expiring day. "Who are you, who dare to intercept my path and question my conduct?"

"One who has compassion upon your youth and weakness," said the stranger, with quivering lips, whilst he regarded the beautiful creature before him with a kind and pitying glance. "One who would have saved you from destruction this night, in spite of yourself. But a mightier arm than mine has been extended over you. Return, deluded girl, to the bosom of your peaceful home. Return and sin no more."

Sophia trembled at these words,—the solemn manner in which they were pronounced sent through her heart the envenomed arrow of remorse. She turned suddenly from the stranger, and left the spot, and from that hour her visits to the Newtons were discontinued.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

DURING Sophia's absence old Michael Causton called upon Alice, to entreat her to walk up to his cottage, and speak to his grand daughter, as he feared the complaint under which she was labouring was likely to have a fatal termination. "Dear heart!—she is mortal bad," said the old peasant. "That cough kills her; and she is wasted to a skeleton. It is impossible for her to hold out much longer. Will you, Miss Alice, just step up and look at her? It will comfort the poor thing under her sufferings, and smooth her passage to the grave."

"It is too late to visit her to-night, Michael, but rest assured that tomorrow I will come and read to her, if nothing prevents me. I have some nice lozenges which I will give you for her cough."

"God bless you, Miss Alice!" said the honest old man. "May the Lord comfort you under every affliction—but you have a kind heart."

Early the next morning Alice set off on her charitable expedition to Caustonia, as Sophia humourously called old Michael's little colony. It was a beautiful, bright, autumnal day, and her path lay through upland meadows, full of majestic oaks, that skirted Sir Philip's park. Nature threw a glow of farewell splendour over her perishing works. The rich tints of the landscape—the mellow brightness of the sunlight, and the deep blue sky flickered over with white fleecy clouds, were so beautifully contrasted and blended together, that Alice paused beside the stile described in the last chapter, to contemplate for a few moments the enchanting scenery. Her heart expanded with devotional fervor, and the incense of unuttered, but sincere prayer, was offered on the shrine of nature, to Nature's God. A slight rustling among the fallen leaves disturbed the calm glow of hope that was stealing over her mind, and she was suddenly addressed by a man in the decline of life, who, raising his broad brimmed beaver, asked her in a deep, but remarkably fine toned voice, the road to L—. He spoke with a decidedly foreign accent; and there was something in his look and manner that demanded respect.

Alice, cast a timid glance on his aquiline features, and the striking resemblance they bore to one very dear to her, made her heart flutter, and the colour flush her cheeks.

"You must cross this stile," she said, "and keep the footpath before you, and it will lead directly to the village. I do not think that you can possibly mistake the way."

"Does your path, young lady, run in the same direction?"

"Only for a few paces. The first of these little picturesque cottages on the edge of the common will terminate my walk."

"A very distressed family that," said the stranger. "The poor young creature is in a deep decline, and there are four little sickly children—the eldest not six years old. I fear they will soon be left orphans."

Alice started and turned her eyes upon the old man, with a look of troubled interest. "My visit is to her. I am sorry to hear such a bad account of poor Amy Townshend."

"She expects your coming with impatience," returned her companion. "If I mistake not, I have the honour of speaking to the benevolent Miss Linhope?"

"My name is Linhope—but I do not deserve the title you are pleased to affix to it."

"That prefix was not given by me, Miss Linhope. I am a stranger in these parts. All the knowledge that I have acquired of the inhabitants of the place is from others. I hope," continued the odd old gentleman, with a scrutinizing glance, "that it is not with a view to gain the applause of the world and a name for superior sanctity, that Alice Linhope instructs the children of the poor, and visits the sick and needy?"

"If I know myself," returned Alice, "my actions are uninfluenced by such selfish motives. But who can know the weakness of their own heart, or bring to the bar of truth all its sins and vanities—its self glorious and presumptuous thoughts. I may deceive myself when I imagine that I perform these charitable offices for the love of God, when all the while I may only be seeking the praise of men."

The stranger looked earnestly in his companion's candid face, with the tender and approving smile with which a parent contemplates a beloved child.

"Alice Linhope, you are too frank and confiding to be insincere. Heaven has written in legible characters upon your brow the humility and benevolence of your innocent heart. Happy girl, you have early chosen the good path, that shall not be taken from you. Farewell. May the God of all truth bless and preserve you."

"Farewell!" murmured Alice. "May the same rich blessing attend you, my unknown friend."

This was said in a voice only audible to herself; and she continued to lean upon the stile, and to watch with a degree of interest, almost inexplic-

ble to herself, the retreating figure of the stranger. "He looks like a foreigner, though he speaks English remarkably well. I wonder who he is?"

Something glittering upon the ground caught her eye. She stooped to raise it. The stranger had dropped a green and gold silk purse of curious workmanship, and heavy with sovereigns, at her feet. She took it up and hastened after him. His tall figure was no longer visible. Alice quickened her pace, and again caught a glimpse of him amongst the trees, and being little of stature, and light of foot, she soon overtook him, though quite out of breath with the speed she had used. She presented herself before the old man, with such a lovely glow upon her fair cheeks, that had Sophia been present at the moment, she must have yielded the palm of beauty to her sister.

"This is your purse, Sir. You dropped it by the stile."

"It is mine no longer" said the stranger. "Keep it for yourself."

"Sir," said Alice, blushing deeply; "if I had not formed a favourable opinion of you from the short conversation that had passed between us, I should be at a loss in what manner to interpret your offer. I believe that your intentions are good. But, perhaps, you are not aware that it is not a customary thing in England, for young ladies to accept money of strangers."

"You take me for a foreigner. I do not wonder at your mistake, for I have been absent from this country for upwards of thirty years. I am an Englishman."

"I certainly took you for a native of France or Spain," said Alice, casting rather a sceptical glance on the bright olive complexion, and piercing dark eyes of the old man. "But though you are my countryman," she continued with a smile, "I cannot accept your purse. Besides, I do not need it."

"Perhaps not. Neither did I for a moment suppose, my little philanthropist, that you would expend the contents upon yourself. You have many poor pensioners in this parish, and your own means are small. Nay, I know that you do actually deny yourself many little comforts which others would deem absolute necessities, to relieve their wants. The contents of that purse would gladden many a sad heart, and wipe the tears from many a heavy eye. Will you not accept it, now. I am rich. I do not need it."

"No," said Alice. "I will not take it. I feel too much pleasure in performing a charitable action to deprive you of the same enjoyment. If my alms called forth no self denial, they would no longer deserve the name of charity. I cannot consent to be thought generous at another person's expense. Take your purse, Sir. If you wish to pour its contents into the lap of misery, you will not travel far

without meeting too many of her houseless victims, to excite your commiseration."

The stranger received the purse with a trembling hand. "Alice Linhope, you have won my esteem. I hope one day we shall be better friends. In the mean time, take this piece of gold," and he slipped a sovereign into her hand, "the poor dying young creature you are going to visit will thankfully receive this small donation, nor question the source from whence your bounty flowed."

"In whose name will I present it?" said Alice, with a smile of real pleasure.

"Aha!" said the stranger, laughing, "a real woman after all. My name is of no consequence, present it in your own."

"That cannot be," said Alice, rather amused by the quickness with which the old gentleman defeated her natural curiosity. "I have already given you my reason for not wishing to be thought charitable with money that is not my own."

"Well you must have your own way—and I must tell you my name after all," said the stranger, with a mischievous smile. "Give it in the name of Richard Granger. Good bye. We shall meet again."

He walked quickly forward, and Alice pursued her walk to the cottage. "There is something extraordinary about this person," said Alice. "He knows me and speaks to me, as if we had been acquainted for years. I wonder whether we shall ever meet again?"

When Alice entered Michael Causton's cottage, she found that the object of her solicitude had just fallen asleep, and unwilling to disturb her, she gave the old man the lozenges and arrowroot she had brought for her, together with the money she had received from the stranger. All were thankfully received by the honest peasant; and Alice promised to call again, and left the house. Michael followed her into the little garden, carefully closing the door after him, lest the sound of their voices should disturb the poor invalid within.

"So, Miss Alice," he said, "that good old gentleman's name is Granger. How my mother and I have tried to find it out. But no one could tell us. He has been here several times this week, and has been quite a father to my poor Amy. He never comes empty-handed—not he. He is none of those that keeps a saying they are very sorry, and hope you'll soon get better, yet never takes their hand out of their pocket, to try what effect something better than words would have upon the patient. These are a sort of Job's comforters that are very common all over the country. Its not pleasant to have ones poverty and misery exposed to the like of them. But my dear Miss Alice, this old gentleman has asked a most o'-questions about you."

"About me, Michael?"

"Yes, and about Miss Sophy too. And he wanted to know if your mamma was well, and if old Mrs.

Fleming was still alive. Aye" said the old peasant, drawing close to her and lowering his voice to a whisper. "Miss Alice, and he did ax me if you had a sweetheart."

"That was rather an impertinent question, Michael," said Alice, colouring. "And what answer did you make?"

"I knows," replied the old man, with a shrewd nod of his head; "but I'm not a going to make other folks as wise as myself. Be sure, Miss Alice, I gave him a cunning answer—and then he lapped his arms together, and sythed so loud, that my poor Amy did say as how she thought the old man had a mind to you himself!"

"Michael," said Alice, gravely; "This is a conversation from which I can neither derive pleasure nor improvement. In truth, my good old friend, it savours a little of folly. So pray dismiss the subject."

"Why, Miss Alice, I must confess that it's no proof of wisdom. But an old man will have his joke, so I hopes you'll forgive me. I mean no offence. But as I was going to tell you, it was quite a pleasure to my daughter and me to see how the good stranger took to the little ones. The rogues all got round him. He kissed Bill, and took Johnnie on his knee; and gave them sixpences apiece—and when the babe cried, nothing would satisfy him but he must quiet the child himself—and a better nurse for a man I never seed. I warrant he has been well used to that job. None but a father could have handled the little one so cleverly as he did."

"You do not know who or what he is?"

"No, Miss Alice, there's the pity. He's a stranger in these here parts. Our neebors will have it that he's a foreigner. One of them there folk who run away from France and Spain, because they can't live in them. Ragga-muffins I thinks they call em."

"Refugees," said Alice laughing.

My old dame says that he's lodging at the Abbey Farm; and whether he be a raggamuffin, or a refugee, Mrs. Hazlewood would have no disrespectful folk to lodge with her."

Never was Alice Linhope's curiosity so deeply excited. During her walk home, her thoughts were entirely occupied by the stranger. On her return, she found her mother in Mrs. Fleming's sick chamber, the old lady having for many days past been confined to her bed. She faithfully related to them all that had passed between her and the stranger; and their surprise far exceeded her own. Mrs. Fleming, in particular, was much interested; and made Alice minutely describe the dress and person of the mysterious old gentleman; but when she mentioned the name of Granger, her grandmother sighed deeply, and sunk back upon her pillow, evidently disappointed and out of spirits.

"Where is Sophy?" said Alice. "I suppose she has gone to the Newtons?"

"No," said Mrs. Linhope, "she told me this morning, that if I wished it she would never go there again."

"I am glad of it," said Alice; "she could derive no pleasure from their society."

"She went to the Abbey Farm," continued her mother, "to carry up a message from me to Mrs. Hazlewood. On her return the servant brought her a note, which appeared greatly to agitate her. I asked—an unusual thing with me—to see its contents; but she threw the paper hastily into the fire, declaring that it was not worth seeing—that it was a nonsensical invitation from Matilda Newton, which she considered as an insult, which required no answer. Shortly after she quitted the room, and has been in her own chamber ever since. Perhaps, Alice, she may inform you of its contents."

"Alas! mamma, there is no confidence between us. Since my cousin's departure, still less than there used to be formerly. Sophia will not listen to my advice on any subject, and experience, I fear, will teach her many bitter things."

Alice left her mother, and went to seek Sophia, thinking that she would be amused by the strange adventure that had happened to her, during her walk. She found her sister in her own apartment, seated at her writing desk, in a dejected attitude, with her head resting upon her folded hands. At the sound of approaching footsteps, she hastily rose, locked up her desk, and appeared to be busy about some lace work. Her face was very pale, her eyes red with weeping, and the whole countenance betrayed a troubled air of disquietude, almost amounting to desperation. Alice tried in vain to read in its perturbed expression what had happened to annoy her. Sophia perceived her aim, shifted her position, and affected an air of indifference, which instead of reassuring her sister increased her uneasiness.

"Dear Sophy," said Alice, taking her cold and reluctant hand; "something must have happened greatly to distress you, or you could not look thus. Do not attempt to hide your grief from me. Tell me candidly what is the matter?"

"Nothing," returned her sister, in a sullen voice.

"I cannot be satisfied with that answer; are you ill, my dear sister?"

"No."

"Can I render you any assistance?"

"None; do not trouble me—I will not answer any impertinent questions."

"But are you sure—quite sure—that I cannot help you?"

"Yes, quite sure," said Sophy, her lips quivering and the tears filling her eyes, as she added, in a softened tone, "My malady is in the heart——" Alice laid her hand upon the Bible.

"No, Alice, no; there is no consolation there for me—or if there is, I cannot bear it now. Shut the

book; do not speak to me; do not look at me. Leave me—leave me to myself.”

“To your worst enemy——”

“You have said truly, Alice. I have been a bitter foe to myself—and not to myself alone, but to you also. But do, there’s a kind, good sister, leave me; I shall soon regain my spirits. But when the heart’s sore it will ache.”

Thinking that she alluded to the sudden departure of Captain Ogilvie, and convinced that Sophia was not indifferent to him, and that she deeply regretted his absence, Alice forbore to ask another question. Folding the weeping girl in her arms, and imprinting a fond kiss upon her rigid brow, she said, “May God give you comfort, my dear sister, and enable you to bear with fortitude the disappointment of your fondest hopes.”

“You are mistaken,” murmured Sophy; “Captain Ogilvie loves me. His absence has nothing to do with my present grief,”—and leaning her head upon her hands, she relapsed into the same gloomy silence.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

COULD Alice Linhope have guessed the cause of her sister’s distress, her agitation and grief, though produced by very different feelings, would have equalled, if not surpassed, Sophia’s. For some time past, the latter had been harassed daily by Mrs. Lawrence for the payment of her bill. Sophia had solemnly promised to liquidate it in a month, for she entertained the most sanguine expectations of Captain Ogilvie making her his wife. But when three months had elapsed, and she was not any nearer the fulfilment of her wishes, and no money was forthcoming, Mrs. Lawrence, who began to suspect that all was not right with the young lady, and that the Captain was more a man of the world than she had anticipated, and was not so easily forced into marrying a portionless girl, became clamorous for her money. When she perceived with what alarm Sophia listened to her insolent threats, she sent up a note on the preceding evening, enclosing an extravagant bill, amounting to upwards of forty pounds, for which she demanded instant payment, threatening, in case of a refusal, to inform Mrs. Linhope of the debt, as she was certain that that person was not aware of her daughter’s proceedings.

Had Sophia acted wisely, and as I would advise any imprudent girl in the same unfortunate circumstances to act, she would have carried the bill and Mrs. Lawrence’s insolent note immediately to her mother, informed her of her past imprudence and folly, and entreated her forgiveness and assistance. But guilt is ever timid. Sophia wanted the moral courage to do this; and the false pride, which had betrayed her into error, was not backward in suggesting the necessity of concealment. She was thunderstruck at the amount of the bill, but she

knew that to remonstrate with such an unprincipled woman was fruitless, and although fully aware that she had not ordered all the articles placed to her account, she perceived that she would be compelled to pay for them.

She wrote a very humble note to the milliner, begging her forbearance for a few weeks, couched in the most abject terms, and she passed the rest of the night in a state of restless anxiety, useless tears, and bitter self-upbraidings. The sudden departure of her fashionable lover, and her mysterious encounter with the strange old gentleman, rendered her misery complete. How the money was to be procured she could not form the least idea. She was too proud to confide to Alice her distress, lest it should draw upon herself a severe reproof. After many hopeless conjectures, she at length resolved to write to her cousin Arthur, inform him of her past folly and present distress, and ask his advice and assistance. She had just opened her desk in order to carry this scheme into practise, when her mother entered her apartment, and told her to walk as far as the Abbey Farm, and order some new-laid eggs for her grandmother. Glad of escaping from herself, Sophia tied on her bonnet, and not wishing to encounter any of her gay friends in the town, took an unfrequented path to the Abbey, which lay through the wood-lane, which we have so often described. Shortly after Mr. Granger had parted with Alice, he overtook Sophia, who turned away her head, in order to avoid being recognized by a person whom she both feared and hated.

The old gentleman raised his hat, and gave her the usual salutations of the morning, as she passed, when the thought suddenly struck him that he would try if Sophia was as proof against temptation as her sister; and, when at some distance, he dropped his purse in her path, without attracting her observation. He was nearly out of sight when Sophia reached the spot where the tempting treasure lay. She took up the purse, and eagerly examined its contents. Enclosed she found twenty sovereigns, and several pounds in silver—and the idea of appropriating its contents, and satisfying Mrs. Lawrence for a time, instantly darted into her mind; she knew that the purse must in all probability belong to the stranger, or he would have picked it up, as it lay directly in his path; but he was no longer present, and this circumstance favoured her design. She suddenly stopped, and, with a beating heart and a hurried glance around her, began to revolve in her own mind the important question, “Shall I take it—or shall I not—and free myself from my present dangerous situation?” Once to deliberate on the commission of any crime is almost a certain sign that we shall yield to the temptation; familiarizing the mind to dwell upon the possibility of doing aught that our conscience disapproves, is in itself criminal; and no person of upright principles will

even in idea place himself in a questionable situation. For some minutes, Sophia was irresolute which course to pursue. She counted the money again, and argued thus—"He may be rich: this sum may be nothing to him, while it will save me the painful exposure of my folly. It is not theft; for I found it in my path. Besides, it may not belong to him, after all, or, if it does, he may not remember when and where he lost it. She dropped the purse into her pocket, and walked a few paces forward. Her mind misgave her—conscience loudly warned her not to commit so base and dishonest an action; her better feelings for a few moments prevailed, and she determined to walk after the stranger, and restore to him his property. With this intent she drew the purse from her pocket, and with it the fatal bill which had caused her so much uneasiness. The sight of it overturned all her good resolutions; thus does one crime ever lead to the perpetration of another. "That hateful bill must be paid," she muttered to herself. "This money appears sent to me by Providence to free me from this worse than Egyptian bondage—the consciousness of debt, without the means of satisfying a cruel and remorseless creditor. The stranger cannot detect me. He did not see me take it up. Gold and silver cannot be identified like paper. I will keep it!"

She thrust the purse hastily into her bosom, and hurried on—so easily does the tempter beguile the deluded victims that listen to his subtle arguments. She had not walked far, when, at a turning in the lane, she encountered the old gentleman.

"Miss Linhope," he said, hastily addressing her by name, "I have lost my purse in this lane. I suppose I dropped it in pulling out my handkerchief. Have you picked it up?"

"No, sir," returned Sophia, with a calmness that surprised herself—"what colour is it?"

"Green, wrought with gold twist, and it contains twenty sovereigns in gold, and three pounds seven and sixpence in silver—rather too large a sum for me conveniently to lose," said the old gentleman, regarding his companion with a peculiarly searching glance. But, from a child, Sophia had been an adept at disguising her feelings; and never had she felt the necessity of practising that speciousness of look and manner, against which her virtuous father had so earnestly warned her, as on this occasion.

"Twenty sovereigns?" she said, "is a serious loss. Are you sure, Sir, that you dropped the purse in this lane?"

"Quite sure; I had it in my hand a few minutes ago. If you have not seen it," he continued, again fixing upon her the piercing glance of his eagle eye, perhaps you will be so kind as walk a few paces back, and help me to look for it?"

"Willingly," said Sophia, and they commenced their search?"

Again she felt in her mind the fearful struggle of good and evil. One moment, she was strongly warned to restore the purse; the next, to drop it by the side of the hedge, and pretend suddenly to discover it glittering among the fern and grass; and once—when the fierce arrow of remorse more forcibly struck into her heart—she felt inclined to 'dash the fatal treasure' at the stranger's feet, and abandon the path. Well had it been for Sophia had she yielded to the latter suggestion. But the tempter came and whispered, in mocking tones, "will you expose your dishonesty? will you submit to the disgrace of being considered a thief, by this stranger—as a liar, by your mother and sister—when Mrs. Lawrence makes known your delinquency? How will you then appear? What excuse can you frame to conceal your guilt? It is impossible to retrace your steps—you must plunge boldly on!"

Whilst these thoughts were passing rapidly through Sophia's mind, she acted her part so well, that no one could have suspected her of secreting the purse.

"I perceive that our search is fruitless," said Mr. Granger, with the same severity of look and manner. "Those who have detained it, have yet to learn that money so ill gotten will never prosper."

Sophia replied to this insinuation with an indignant glance, as though she were not only innocent but the injured party, and walked proudly away. The conviction that the stranger suspected her honesty, filled her mind with uneasiness and alarm. When she reached the Abbey, to her increasing annoyance, she passed the old gentleman again in the avenue. He never raised his hat, as she glided by, but regarded her with a look of pity and contempt. Mrs. Hazlewood was absent at a neighbouring house. Sophia left the order with the servant, and returned home. As she passed through B—, she stepped into the milliner's, and paid the half of the bill, promising the rest in a few weeks. Mrs. Lawrence was all smiles and politeness, and Sophia, for a few minutes, felt the intoxication of spirit which sometimes follows successful wickedness. Such joy is ever of short duration. She had scarcely informed her mother of the result of her visit to the farm, when the servant slipped a note into her hand. As it was written in a very beautiful hand, she expected that it was a tender communication from Captain Ogilvie. She eagerly tore it open, and, to her utter dismay, read, in a strange hand, the following billet:—

"The money you have so dishonestly appropriated is yours. I give it to you to save you from the perpetration of a greater crime. If your heart is not entirely callous to the voice of conscience, repent and sin no more.

"R. GRANGER."

This note produced an electric effect upon the

mind of the wretched girl, and opened her eyes to the full extent of her guilt. How gladly now would she have restored the money, but it was no longer in her power.

While Alice continued to watch at a distance the almost distracted expression of her sister's countenance, her foot struck against something, and, stooping down, she took up the curious purse which Mr. Granger had proffered her in the morning. In spite of her usual calmness, she uttered an exclamation of surprise. Sophia raised her head. The colour rushed in a crimson tide to her hitherto pale face.

"Why, my dear Sophia! by what mysterious coincidence do I find this purse in your possession? I am sure I returned it to the strange gentleman in the morning."

"That purse was given to me by Captain Ogilvie," said Sophia, fiercely—"you never saw that purse before."

"If it were not this identical purse, it was one so nearly—so exactly resembling it—that curious as the workmanship of it is, I should have pronounced it in a court of justice, the same."

"Then your decision would have been false," retorted Sophy: "and where, and in whose possession, did you see a purse like this?"

Alice answered by relating the adventure of the morning. Sophia listened to the recital with expanded eyes, and when she concluded, she involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh! that you had accepted it."

"And wherefore, my dear girl?"

"I don't know—I wish you had—I think you were very foolish not to close with such a liberal offer." Then fearful that she had betrayed too much, she snatched up the purse from the table, hastily locked it up in her desk, and hurried from the room, leaving Alice bewildered and perplexed at her strange conduct. Her thoughts were soon diverted into a different channel, by the alarming illness of her grandmother.

"Do not weep, Alice, at my departure from an evil world," said the old lady, after receiving the sacrament with her daughter, and niece, from the hands of their venerable pastor. "If you knew, my child, what a blessed thing it is to die, after a weary pilgrimage of eighty years, you would rather rejoice than mourn."

Towards noon, the next day, the old lady became more feeble and almost speechless. Alice perceived that the hour of her departure was drawing nigh. "I have but one wish left ungratified," were almost the last words that escaped her lips, "I could have wished to have died in the arms of my dear son, but the Lord's will be done." After uttering these words, she fell into a calm sleep, the gentle fore-warner of an everlasting one. Alice continued to watch and pray by her bed side, while Mrs. Linhope went down stairs to have a few minutes pri-

ate conversation with Dr. Watson. It was a gloomy wet day. Sophia took her seat by the window, and continued to gaze with a mournful air on the trees in the grove opposite, as they bent to and fro beneath the wind,—several times she wiped the tears from her eyes and sighed heavily.

The old lady had slept about an hour, when Alice was roused from her mournful meditations by Sophia exclaiming in a low, but agitated voice! "Good heavens! it is him, and he is coming here." Alice followed the direction of her sister's eyes, and to her great surprise beheld Mr. Granger enter the garden, and approach the house. But how, or in what way Sophia had become acquainted with this eccentric man, she had yet to learn. A heavy step sounded upon the stair. Sophia left her seat, and seeing no possibility of a retreat, shrouded herself behind the drapery of the bed. The door opened, and her mother entered the chamber, followed by the very being she most dreaded to behold.

Without regarding the girls, Mr. Granger slowly approached the bed, and drawing back the curtains, with a trembling hand, he continued to gaze for a long time on the face of the sufferer. At length large bright drops gathered in his eyes and bathed his swarthy cheeks. "My poor mother!" he murmured in a broken voice. "Thirty years have indeed made a wreck of thee!"

"Low and indistinctly as those words were pronounced they dispelled Mrs. Fleming's slumbers. "Who called me mother?" she asked in feeble tones.

"Your son!" returned Mr. Fleming, folding her in his arms, as she raised her wasted form to meet the loved embrace. "It is your voice, my Richard! The merciful God has granted my prayers, and I depart hence in peace!"

There was a deep silence, a long and solemn pause, while the spirit released from its shattered tenement, soared upwards on angel wings to meet its God. Slowly and reverentially Mr. Fleming unclosed the stiffening hands of his insensible parent from around his neck, and resigned her inanimate form to the pillow, then turned to his sister, and said:—

"Anne, our beloved mother is at rest; her last moments were happy—and now she is happier still."

"I trust, dear soul, she is at peace," said Alice, kissing with tenderness the cold brow of the dead! "Oh that I may die the death of the righteous, that my last hour may be like hers."

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

IT would be no easy task to pourtray Sophia's feelings, on discovering that her mysterious monitor and her uncle were one and the same person. What she had suffered on the preceding evening was light when compared with the pangs she now endured. When the family retired from the cham-

ber of death, and Alice and her mother gave their generous kinsman a sad, but sincere welcome, to their abode, Sophia's voice alone was mute, her lips refused to greet her good uncle, though there was a peculiar degree of tenderness in his voice and manner when addressing himself to her. The miserable culprit shrunk from his glance like a detected liar and thief, who expects every moment a public announcement of his crime. Mrs. Linhope and Alice attributed her extraordinary silence to the grief she felt for the loss of her grandmother, as her tears continued to flow without intermission. Mr. Fleming read in her dejected looks the real state of her heart. He perceived that her sin had found her out—and he pitied her sufferings. Perhaps even a little self reproach mingled with his pity, when he reflected that he had caused her to err. He had exposed her to temptation, though he had witnessed several of her interviews with the Captain, and knew how unable she was to stand the trial.

His son Arthur's unexpected return to Holland, when his father had allowed him a year's absence, had aroused the old gentleman's suspicions, and led him rightly to conclude that something was wrong. He soon read in Arthur's melancholy expression, and dejected spirits, that he had not sped well in his wooing; but was a prey to secret care. The utmost confidence existed between the father and son, and it was not long before the latter made known the cause of his uneasiness.

"If you love Alice Linhope," he said, addressing his son, "what hinders you from making her your wife? You have my consent,—I am sure your aunt would not withhold her's, or place any bar between you and the object of your affections."

"True sir—but,"

"But what?" interrupted the old gentleman, somewhat hastily.

"The consent of a third person is required."

"How! what! Is the girl mad?" exclaimed the father, surveying the fine person of his son with parental pride. "You must have been a dull wooer, Arthur, if you failed in obtaining the good will of your cousin Alice! Is she so very hard hearted—perhaps you never put the question to her?"

"Her affections are already engaged, sir," replied the son; "have been engaged for years."

"Tush boy! engaged! Alice Linhope engaged, and her uncle know nothing about it? Do you imagine three women capable of keeping such a secret without revealing it in some sly postscript or other. My sister Anne keeps no secrets from me,—I should have known the whole affair, if there had been any truth in it, years ago. I tell you what boy, its all a fancy, a mere jealous whim of your own. But there are two young ladies; if you failed in winning the affections of Alice, why did you not prevail upon the beautiful Sophia to have compassion upon you."

"Sophia is a very fine girl," said Arthur, with an ominous shake of his head; "but she is not Alice! Her mind does not correspond with the elegance of her person; I could never esteem her sufficiently to make her my wife, neither could she love me."

"Arthur!" said the merchant, suddenly rising from his easy chair; "I will go to England, and see the girls myself. I have long wished to embrace my sister, and dear old mother again; I will court Alice for you; or at least learn the truth of the business. I never like to depend upon the little tattle of a country village. It has severed many a loving couple before now?"

The following morning Mr. Fleming, senior, embarked for his native shores.

From Arthur he had received a minute description of the two girls; and he was not long in recognizing the originals of the highly finished portraits drawn by young Fleming; but the father was a very eccentric man, and he determined to visit B—— incog. and introduce himself accidentally to the young people. By adopting this plan, he thought it would afford him a better opportunity of gaining a real knowledge of their character. His being a stranger to the place favoured his design; and years had so altered her brother, that Mrs. Linhope passed him several times in the streets without a recognition. The first night of his arrival in B—— Mr. Fleming took up his abode at the principal inn, and requested the landlord to recommend him some quiet retired farm house in the neighbourhood; where he might obtain a neat airy lodging, such as might suit an invalid travelling for the recovery of his health.

Mine host surveyed the athletic form and fresh complexion of his guest with a sceptical grin; and secretly wished that his own sudden face could boast such an appearance of health. "To be sure," he said, "some people's complaints are hard to be guessed. The gentleman must be the best judge of his own constitution. But for his part, he never saw such a hearty old buck in his life." As his visitor paid well, and gave very little trouble, Jacob Newbeggin wisely forbore to express any farther doubts upon the subject; and taking him for a person of some consequence, by the truly respectable appearance of his wardrobe, he recommended the Abbey Farm, as the most eligible lodging for a gentleman of his description.

From Jacob, Mr. Fleming learned all the news of the village; and after patiently listening to all his prolix details, concerning Sir Philip Ogilvie and Captain Ogilvie, and Squire Onslow, and Mrs. and the Miss Onslows, his auditor demanded if there were not a family in the neighbourhood of the name of Linhope?

"Oh, aye Sir; but we don't go for to reckon up the like of them with the country gentlesfolk. Mr.



Linhope was our curate for several years, and a better preacher I'd never wish to hear; but he met with a bad accident, as put an end to his preaching, and forced him to keep a school; but his family could scarcely make both ends meet. They were very poor, sir, very poor indeed, and poverty's a thing which never meets with no great notice; so for some years, nobody visited with the widdy and her two daughters. Mrs. Linhope had a rich brother in foreign parts, a man worth a most o' money, and he did something to help them; bought them a house and paid all their debts, and now they are reckoned genteelish by every body."

"Mr. Fleming's son was down here last summer, was he not?" said the old gentleman carelessly.

"To be sure he was, a very fine, handsome, young man, something about him quite remarkable. They do say that he had a mind to Miss Alice; but she had no fortune, and the old man would not give his consent to the match, and commanded his son to return home. A hard thing that, sir, but rich men are very hard hearted in love affairs. The young chap left B—— all in a hurry, and their maid servant told my wife that it was piteous to see the tears Miss Alice shed at the parting. Miss Alice, though she is poor, is a good young lady, and a clever young lady; there is not her like in all Suffolk, aye, or Norfolk either,—you should see how nicely she manages the children in the Sunday school. She has no unbecoming pride about her—not a bit."

"There are two young ladies—are there not?"

"Oh, yes. Miss Sophia is a proper beauty. The prettiest girl in the town, and has turned the heads of all the young men in the place; but she cares for none but the dashing Captain. She wishes to ride in a carriage, and be called my lady. The Captain is mortal fond of her; and his valet told me that he should not be a bit surprised if his master was to make a runaway match of it." Mr. Fleming rose and hastily paced the room. But observing the eyes of his companion were upon all his movements, he resumed his seat, and continued with an air of indifference.

"Is Mrs. Linhope acquainted with the intimacy between the Captain and her daughter?"

"He has been forbidden the house, sir, but the lovers meet every evening in the wood, quite unbeknown to the old lady, or Miss Alice. They would not countenance such goings on; for they well know that Captain Ogilvie would not marry a girl let her be ever so pretty, that could not bring him a large fortune. And all the world knows that the Captain is to have his rich cousin, the heiress."

Mr. Fleming bit his lip, with secret vexation; but anxious to extract all the information he could, from his loquacious host, he did not attempt to restrain his garrulity.

"Miss Alice is engaged to marry a missionary of the name of Norton, is she not?"

"Indeed, sir! well, this is the first I've ever heard of it," said Jacob, eagerly grasping at such an important piece of news. "So, so, that's the way the land lies—well—well, that's the reason then, of Mr. Fleming going off in such a devil of a hurry. Its all very natural, sir. The young people were brought up together; its no wonder they should take a fancy to each other. He's a queer subject that Stephen Norton. He has spent a fine fortune in missionarying, and buying Bibles for heathen folk, who can't read them. He'd better stay at home, and help Miss Alice to teach his own people, instead of wasting his money on strangers! So he's to marry Miss Alice! is he?"

"I did not say that," returned Mr. Fleming, pettishly, "I only asked if the report were true."

"Oh yes, sir, your information is perfectly correct; I now remember hearing our baker's wife say something of the kind. In fact it is the common talk of the place."

"Pshaw," muttered his companion, impatiently committing his half burnt cigar to the flames, and rising to depart. "This is the way so many scandalous reports get circulated as true. I may have done the poor girls a serious injury, by listening to the idle prate of this gossiping fool."

What he had heard respecting Sophia had made a deep impression on Mr. Fleming's mind. He determined to watch the parties narrowly; and warn the deluded girl of her danger. With this intent he daily visited the spot where Sophia's meetings with her lover were said to have taken place; nor did he long direct his steps thither in vain. He constantly encountered his niece and the Captain, and had frequent opportunities of overhearing their conversation together, from the tenor of which, he discovered, with increasing uneasiness, that the infatuated girl trembled on the very brink of ruin. To save her from infamy was his first thought; and with this end in view, he haunted her path, and kept a watchful eye upon all her actions. The night Captain Ogilvie departed for London, to join his Regiment, he had appointed Sophia to meet him at the accustomed spot, and he felt confident that he possessed influence enough over her to induce her to elope with him to town; and with this design he had ordered a carriage and four to be in readiness at the corner of the wood. His cruel scheme, however, was frustrated; a chain of unforeseen events happened to detain Sophia an hour beyond the time appointed for their flight. The Captain was obliged to leave B—— a quarter before six. He lingered at the stile until the latest moment, listening in vain for the light step of his victim among the fallen leaves. She came not—and the heartless libertine was forced to abandon his enterprise. Had Sophia been true to her engagement,

Mr. Fleming was at hand to rescue her from her perilous situation, and restore her to her friends. His conversation with Sophia that night greatly affected him, and awoke in his breast a painful interest for her future welfare. Whilst busily engaged in watching the movements of his youngest niece, he was not forgetful of Alice; and he often looked in upon her while employed in teaching her little scholars at the church; but Alice was too deeply engaged in her occupation to notice the stranger, who regarded her with such affectionate interest. Mr. Fleming was so much pleased with her personal appearance that he was very desirous of introducing himself to her acquaintance. For this purpose he visited the cottages of the poor, in the hope of meeting his little niece; but, unfortunately, his calls were made at an hour when Alice was generally engaged at home with her domestic duties. His patience was nearly exhausted when chance directed him to Michael Causton's cottage. The worthy peasant gave him such an account of the virtues and benevolence of his niece, that he resolved to remain a stranger to her no longer. The following day his curiosity was gratified. He no longer wondered at his son's admiration, but was as anxious to obtain Alice Linhope for a daughter as his son could possibly be to make her his wife.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"DEAR uncle," said Alice, a few days after Mrs. Fleming's funeral, "I wonder I did not recognize you when you first spoke to me by the stile. You are so much like Arthur."

"I am sure you discovered the resemblance," returned her uncle; "when I raised my hat I observed you start, and you perused my features so attentively that I began to anticipate a discovery."

"What joy your unexpected visit to B— would have given us all, if it had not been clouded by the loss of our beloved grandmother," said Alice. "When you approached her bed, I wondered that I did not recognize you before; but I was too much affected by the awful scene, to welcome you then. Believe me, dear uncle, my heart was eloquent, though my lips were silent. From the first moment we met, I could not look upon you as a stranger."

"But one of my young relatives views me in that light still," said Mr. Fleming, turning to Sophia, who was leaning against the window frame, her eyes bent upon the ground, and bitterly ruminating on the past. She started at the sound of his voice, as he affectionately held out his hand to her. "Why do you shun me, Sophy? Come hither, dear girl, and tell me why I appear so formidable to you?"

This unexpected kindness on the part of Mr. Fleming quite overcame Sophia. She stepped forward, without uttering a word, and gave him her hand.

She trembled exceedingly. He drew her to him, and affectionately kissed her pale cheek. She burst into tears, and flinging herself upon his breast, hid her face upon his shoulder, and wept passionately. Mr. Fleming put his arm gently round her waist, and led her into the garden.

There was a pause of some minutes—no sound was audible but the deep sobs which burst from the oppressed heart of the agitated girl; and the merry ringing of the village bells, whose lively tones wafted by echo through wood and vale, seemed to mock the melancholy voice of grief. Mr. Fleming at length broke the painful silence.

"Sophia, are you sorry for the past?"

Her tears flowed faster than before, as she murmured, "Oh yes—I loathe and despise myself for my base and dishonourable conduct. I feel that I can never, never be happy again."

"I have forgiven the crime you committed against me, Sophia. Let this restore you to peace."

"Alas, dear uncle, this goodness from one whom I have so deeply injured, adds fresh bitterness to my grief. You may forgive me—but I cannot forgive myself. When I look back upon my misspent life, my mind is filled with despair."

"God has promised forgiveness and remission of sins to those who sincerely repent," said her uncle. "He who forgave the weeping Mary, and had pity upon her tears, will not despise the deep sighing of a contrite heart, or withhold his mercy from you."

"Uncle, I can only feel at present the horrible consciousness of guilt. It presses upon my heart. It sears my brain. It mocks my tears. You do not know me, uncle: you cannot imagine the depths of guilt that I have practised for the last six months, or the rapid progress I have made in wickedness. You have witnessed an act of great dishonesty; but that appears less heinous in my eyes than the dishonesty of my words and thoughts. There was a temptation—a strong temptation—which induced me to take your purse; but I have done acts, to which the appropriation of your money appears a mere trifle."

"Unhappy girl! whom else have you defrauded?"

"My sister! To gratify my selfish vanity, I basely traduced her to my cousin Arthur; and when, in spite of my cruel insinuations, I found that he preferred her company to mine, I assured him that she was engaged to Stephen Norton, though I well knew that he was betrothed to another; and thus I succeeded in robbing Alice of her peace of mind; for I knew that she loved Arthur, though she carefully concealed her attachment from us all. Yes, uncle, I was inhuman enough to feel a savage pleasure in the success of my stratagem; though I saw Alice declining day by day, I could actually witness her misery without a tear. Nay, I felt an-

gry and disappointed that she never murmured even her disappointed hopes; that she controlled her feelings, and kept on the even tenor of her way—calm and collected with a breaking heart. But God is just! The arrow I remorselessly planted in her bosom, has pierced my own. Uncle," she continued, grasping his arm tightly as she spoke, "How can I expect forgiveness for sins like these?"

Mr. Fleming was silent.

"I see you condemn me, uncle; how can you do otherwise. But I have commenced a confession of my guilt, and bitter as the task is I will not shrink. I will tell you all."

Mr. Fleming assured her that she might rely upon his honour, and she faithfully related to him the events of the past twelve months, from the hour she contracted her first debt until the moment when, in order to free herself from its debasing thralldom, she was tempted to steal his purse. Mr. Fleming was greatly shocked by the humiliating recital. But when she mentioned her attachment to Captain Ogilvie, and the manner in which she had deceived her friends, in order to meet her lover privately in L— Wood, he suddenly relinquished her arm, and gazed upon her for some time, with aversion, amounting to horror. Sophia covered her face with her hands, to shut out the piercing glance of her uncle's eye. It seemed to look into her soul, and brought back many bitter recollections to her mind.

"Sophia Linhope," he said, sternly, "you have given me such a dreadful picture of human depravity and guilt, that it makes me shudder; but experience, in some instances, cannot be too dearly purchased. Those who scorn advice will always learn many bitter lessons in her school. The first debt you contracted was the first step towards dishonesty—persons who contract debts for things they do not want, and which they have no means of liquidating, are guilty of a crime little inferior to swindling and shop lifting. Extravagant people are generally the most selfish, as well as the meanest people in the world. They gratify their own expensive whims, and are reckless of the misery they occasion others. They borrow money of their friends in the same manner in which they obtain their finery, without ever meaning to repay them. It would be a good thing for these harpies, who live at the expense of the public, if they would sometimes call to mind the import of the sacred proverb—'The ungodly borroweth, and payeth not again; but the righteous is just in all his dealings.'"

"Indeed, uncle, I have been severely punished for my folly! I have neither waking or sleeping enjoyed one happy moment since I ordered that odious hat. Had I not been driven to desperation by the exposure Mrs. Lawrence threatened, I should never have been tempted to take the purse."

"Your taking the purse, Sophia, bad as it was,

did not grieve me half so much as the deceitful manner in which you denied having seen it—your unblushing cheeks proved to me that you were hardened in guilt."

"Then you saw me take it up?" said Sophia in a hurried voice.

"I dropped it purposely in your path, to try your honesty. I have sincerely blamed myself since for making such a dangerous experiment, particularly when I knew that, in the affair with Captain Ogilvie, you had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. I attributed your correspondence with him to youthful indiscretion, and was willing to believe that you would not commit so mean and base an action as to appropriate money which was not your own; but so fast does the perpetration of one crime lead to another, that when the first step is taken, and the barrier between virtue and vice is thrown down, the road to destruction is so broad and easy of access, that the sinner plunges boldly on, without pausing to examine the gulfs and pitfalls that lurk beneath the flowers that pleasure scatters in his path—but you have yielded, Sophia, to a greater temptation than this."

"In what respect?" said Sophia, with a sudden start.

"When you listened to the flattering speeches of a heartless libertine, and deliberated on the commission of a crime, which would have plunged you into the lowest gulf of infamy."

"Uncle! I was unfortunate, but not guilty," sobbed Sophia.

"Not guilty? when I heard you compromise your virtue by listening to proposals, which should have called forth the utmost scorn and indignation!"

"Captain Ogilvie knew that I would never yield to such proposals. They were made as a trial of my virtue."

"You are mistaken, child; you would have yielded to them, as easily as you yielded to the temptation of secreting my purse. Circumstances alone prevented you from becoming the dupe of a scoundrel; a lost, degraded, miserable creature!—an object of scorn to the betrayer of your innocence—the guilty destroyer of the peace of a worthy and amiable family! Do not deceive yourself, Sophia; Captain Ogilvie will never make you his wife."

The colour mounted to Sophia's brow, as she replied with some warmth, "But I am certain that he will."

"On what security?"

"His word, his solemn word!"

"It is not worth a rush," said the old gentleman. "If such were his intentions, what prevented him from asking you of your mother? He was certain that she would not oppose his wishes. A man of honour, at least, would have made the trial."

"Uncle," said the weeping girl, "I cannot for a moment doubt Philip Ogilvie's sincerity. I know that he is devotedly attached to me; that on the death of the Baronet, he will make me his wife."

"You may have thirty years then, to wait for that event, Sophy. The Baronet is only fifty, and a heartier haler man for his years I never saw; but did the Captain ever ask you to marry him?"

"He promised me that, if I accompanied him to London, he would marry me privately."

"And you believed him! Silly girl! It was only a base subterfuge—a snare laid to betray you. Was it in order to make you his wife that he persuaded you to forget the duty you owed to God and your family? Was it in order to make you his wife that he taught you to despise the useless ceremony that superstition and bigotry had invented to enslave mankind? When he railed at the holy ordinance of marriage, and bade you trust to his love and honour, do you think that he was very anxious to lead you to the altar he scorned?"

Sophy was silent.

"When you listened with such eagerness to his demoralizing arguments, and leaned with such confidence on the bosom of the destroyer, did no feeling of remorse touch your heart? Had you no compassion on the mother who bore you—no pity for the sister, the companion of your youth? No respect for the memory of the excellent father, who had so tenderly placed before you the opposite paths of good and evil? No, Sophy; you thought not of their grief—of your own disgrace. You would have filled their hearts with unutterable anguish, and bowed them to the dust with shame. Alas! what happiness could you anticipate in their tears?"

Sophy shuddered, but she replied with firmness, unwilling to admit the possibility of having been deceived: "Philip Ogilvie will not forfeit his word; he will never cease to love me!"

Before Fleming could reply to her eager asseveration, the old gardener approached, wheeling a barrel of roots. He took off his hat to Mr. Fleming, and said, with a smile, "The bells ring blithely this morning, yer honour, and seem to chime to the tune of strong ale and good cheer. 'Tis a fine morning for the wedding—and you know, sir, the old proverb, 'Happy is the bride that the sun shines on.'"

"And who is married to-day, Robert?" asked Mr. Fleming.

"What, sir!" returned the loquacious old man, twitching his hat to the side of his head. "Have you not heard the news? I thought all the world knew it by this time. Miss Ogilvie, our rich heiress, is to be married to-day, up in Lunnun, by the Bishop—not in the church, like us poor folk, but in her father's own drawing-room, and a great lord to give her away. The news came down last night.

The old butler, Rollinson, ordered all the bells to be set a ringing this morning. There's to be three barrels of beer given away at the Hall tonight, for all the poor people in the parish, to drink the bride's health. There will be plenty to eat too, and lots of fun."

"And who is the bridegroom, Robert?" asked Sophy.

"Who, Miss Sophy! Why, who should it be but her gay cousin, the fine Captain, who used to be so often here in the summer—our parson's son, Philip Ogilvie."

Sophy uttered a murmur of ill-repressed anguish, and fell senseless into her uncle's arms. When recollection returned, she found herself in her own apartment, supported by Alice and her mother.

"He is married!" she exclaimed, with a ghastly laugh. "My Philip is married!"

"Who does she mean?" asked Mrs. Linhope of Alice.

"Captain Ogilvie is married!" again ejaculated Sophy, with the same wild tone and vacant stare.

"And why should his marriage, my dear child, affect you thus?" said her mother, tenderly wiping the moisture from her damp brow, and putting back with her other hand Sophy's beautiful, disarranged auburn tresses.

"Why should it affect me?" cried the unhappy girl, starting from her seat and clenching her hands vehemently together. "Why does it not drive me mad! I loved him—I trusted to his honour!—and I have been betrayed."

Mrs. Linhope and Alice exchanged glances of terror and alarm.

"No, mother, no!" exclaimed Sophy, in the same incoherent tone, "Do not look so pale; I am not fallen so low—not quite so low as that. No, no," she added, bursting into tears, "I am still innocent of that offence. God has preserved me, heartless wretch that I was, from a doom so infamous. My uncle knows all—will tell you all. Leave me, I beseech you—leave me to my own bitter reflections and self-upbraidings."

"She is right," said Mrs. Linhope, who began to comprehend something of the truth. "In her present state of mind she is best alone."

Alice thought otherwise. There was that in her sister's look and tone which greatly alarmed her, and, without consulting the unhappy girl, she silently succeeded in undressing and putting her to bed, and before night her mental sufferings were lost in acute bodily pain, and she was raving in a brain fever.

CHAPTER XXVIII  
CONCLUSION.

For three weeks, Sophy's life was despaired of by the physician in attendance. The poor sufferer

was wholly unconscious of her danger. Bereaved of her rational powers, her thoughts wandered constantly upon the most trifling subjects, while the primary cause of her illness appeared to hold no place in her memory, Alice never left her bedside for a moment, and looked as much wasted and worn as the poor patient herself. At length the fever took a favourable turn, and Sophia, although as weak as an infant, was pronounced out of danger. Mrs. Linhope, alarmed by the pale looks of Alice, insisted on this faithful nurse leaving the sick room for a few hours, to enjoy the fresh air in the garden. On entering the sitting room, she found her good uncle writing at the table. He put down the pen, as she unclosed the door, and rose to meet her.

"How is Sophia?"

"Better. She is out of danger—and enjoying, for the first time, a profound sleep."

"She will live then," said Mr. Fleming. "I had little hope of her last night. But she is young and strong, and God has been very merciful to her. I augur from this illness the most favourable result. God has afflicted the body to save the soul."

"I never thought she would live," said Alice, her eyes filling with tears as she spoke. "How would my dear mother have borne the shock! But if this illness ensures the salvation of her soul, what reason have we not to be thankful?"

"Your mother is with her?"

"She is."

"Sit down by me, Alice! I have somewhat to say to you which nearly concerns your happiness." Alice took a seat, and the old man continued.

"I am writing to my son. Have you any message to send him?"

"My kind remembrances."

"Is that all?"

"Nay, my dear uncle, you may add my sincere wishes for his health and happiness."

"You would send these to a friend?"

"And such I consider my cousin Arthur."

"Then he is an object of indifference to you?"

"Of indifference!—oh, no. How could you imagine me so insensible to his worth? Besides, my dear uncle, are our friends objects of indifference to us?"

"Then he is a dear friend?"

"A *very dear friend*," said Alice, quickly. She blushed and looked down, as if she had inadvertently betrayed the secret of her heart. The old man regarded her for a few moments, with fatherly pride. He drew her to him. "Answer me, little one, with your usual candor. Do you love my boy?"

"Uncle!" said Alice trembling exceedingly, "Is not this going a little too far?"

"Is that the only answer I am to expect to my question?" said Mr. Fleming, with a provoking smile.

"Uncle," said Alice, without venturing to raise her eyes from the ground. "Since you urge me to confess my weakness. I candidly acknowledge that I do love Arthur. But——"

"Enough, my darling," said the old man, kissing her in the joy of his heart. "This confession will make my boy happy. Now you may go for your walk."

Alice lingered at the door. Away with you, gipsy! I shall be too late to save the post. If you linger at my elbow, I shall never finish my letter to Arthur."

Alice obeyed with a light heart—for a few moments she indulged in the most delightful anticipations; and if the tears sprang to her eyes, they were not tears of grief.

Several weeks passed away before Sophia was able to leave her bed. She was now so far convalescent as to be allowed to sit up for a few hours daily, in an easy chair by her own fire side. The gales of autumn had ushered in the snows of winter, but Mr. Fleming still remained a welcome and beloved guest at the cottage. Most of his time was spent in the sick chamber of the invalid, whom he now regarded with the affection of a parent; and he looked upon himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence, in saving her from ruin. One fine morning, Alice removed the easy chair to the window, that Sophy might enjoy a view of the frosty landscape. She was busily occupied in arranging the pillows that supported her sister's head, when a cry from the invalid made her turn her eyes into the road beneath.

"It is Ogilvie, and his bride!" murmured Sophia, sinking back in the chair, and turning as pale as death, as Captain Ogilvie, and his beautiful bride, rode past in an open carriage—she all smiles, and he looking as gay and indifferent as usual. It was the first time that the name of her lover had escaped her lips, since the commencement of her illness; and Alice, fearing the ill effects that the sight of him must produce on her mind, shattered and weakened by her long sickness, was anxious to remove her from the window.

"No, no," she said, feebly putting her sister back with her hand, and resolutely surveying the bridal party, as they swept slowly by. "That agony is over. I can bear to look at them now. Thank God, Alice, that I am not his wife."

"All things, my Sophy! my beloved sister, are for the best," said the gentle Alice, folding the wasted form of the poor invalid tenderly to her bosom. "This illness has restored to me the heart of my sister. Pale, weak, and emaciated as you are, I would rather behold you thus, alive as you are, to your past errors, and daily seeking your Redeemer's love, than the titled bride of yon heartless libertine."

"Alice," said Sophia, pressing her sister's hand

to her lips, and bathing it with her tears. "Your kindness, breaks my heart. If you knew it all?"—

"I do know all. All that you, my dear Sophia, could tell me."

"And——?" exclaimed Sophia, looking anxiously into her meek sister's face.

"I forgive you as earnestly as I hope, hereafter, myself to be forgiven."

"God bless you, Alice!" said Sophy, flinging herself upon the bosom of her kind nurse, and twining her arms about her neck, "and he will bless you, for your kindness to a heart-broken creature like me!"

The sisters wept long in each others arms—at length Sophy whispered: "This day, Alice, I may consider as the first of a new existence; never until to day, did I know the full value of life—the riches of a Saviour's love. If I had died in my sins—I could ever have seen God. Let me learn by your example how to live, that when death comes I may meet him as a friend."

Alice laid her hand upon the Bible. "Here, my dear sister, is the faithful monitor, who will instruct you in the knowledge you require. Adhere to this blessed guide, and you will not greatly err. It will lead you into the paths of righteousness; and believe me, dear Sophia, when I assure you, from my own experience, that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

The day was passed by the sisters in reading and prayer, and towards night-fall Sophia remarked with some surprise, that her uncle had not been in during the whole day, to see her.

"He went out early this morning," said Alice, "and told me not to expect him home before night."

"Hark! I hear his voice beneath the window," said Sophia. "Do go, and tell him I want to see him." Alice instantly obeyed. In the parlour, she found a gentleman, wrapped up in a richly furred cloak, standing before the fire, with his back towards the door. The room was dimly illuminated by the red fire light. "Uncle!" said Alice laying her hand lightly upon his shoulder, "I am so glad you are home. Our dear invalid is impatient to see you."

The gentleman turned suddenly round, and revealed—not the benevolent face of her uncle, but the high features, and intellectual face of his son. "My beloved Alice!"

"My dear Arthur! This meeting is indeed an unexpected pleasure," said Alice, as she received with a fluttering heart and crimsoned cheek, the fond salutation of her delighted lover.

"This meeting was unlooked for—unhoped for, on my part, six weeks ago," said Fleming. "The time of probation is past. I trust, my dear Alice, we shall be happy in each other's love."

"I trust we shall!" murmured Alice. "Where is your father?"

"Here," said a well known voice, "and not a little proud of his daughter. Take her, Arthur, and in her the best gift that heaven can bestow on man—a virtuous woman, whose price is above rubies."

"And may she prove a crown of glory to her husband," said a gentleman, stepping forward, whom Alice had not observed before, and whose voice made her start; "And may no regretful tears in after life mar the union which now promises so fair."

"It is Stephen!" said Alice, with a face beaming with innocent joy, "and my happiness is complete."

"Mine was complete a few minutes ago," said Arthur.

"And how are our dear friends in Devonshire, Stephen?" asked Alice.

The young man turned mournfully away. "The voice of grief, Alice, has been heard in my dwelling. Jane is no more. I trust she is a saint in heaven."

This unexpected intelligence gave a mournful revulsion to the joyous feelings which so lately pervaded the breast of Alice Linhope. While listening to all the particulars connected with this melancholy event, she did not observe the absence of her uncle, until the door slowly unclosed, and Sophia was borne in between Mr. Fleming and her mother. Stephen and Arthur wheeled the sofa to the fire, on which Mr. Fleming carefully deposited his precious burden, then turning to his son he said with a lively air: "Permit me, Arthur, to introduce you to a new friend and relation—one who, I am happy to say, is every way worthy of your regard."

"Cousin Arthur," said Sophia, turning to him, her still beautiful countenance bathed in tears, "you see before you a repentant creature. But I trust that her pride has not been humbled to the dust, or her heart been broken in vain."

Arthur was deeply affected by the alteration in Sophia's personal appearance. He could only reply to her pathetic appeal by pressing the emaciated hand extended towards him silently to his lips. Sophia felt the warm tears fall upon it, and she continued—"It has pleased the Lord to afflict me with many sorrows, in order to bring me to a knowledge of Himself; and, severe as the trial has been, I am thankful, for I feel that I have not suffered and wept in vain."

"Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy," said Stephen Norton. "Your mind, sanctified by affliction, shall find that peace in Christ which the world can neither give nor take away."

Restored to the affection and confidence of her friends, Sophia Linhope soon recovered her former health and spirits. Her countenance had lost much of its former vivacity; but its expression was sincere, and the smile that occasionally played around her lips, was no longer practised to deceive. She was an altered creature. The first time she quitted the house was to attend Alice to the bridal altar.

The sacred ceremony was performed by Stephen Norton, and Arthur received his blushing bride from the hands of his delighted father. The great aisle of the old gothic church was filled with the children of the school, who had assembled to take a last farewell of their beloved mistress. When parting with the young creatures, who had been under her tuition for so many years, Alice was affected to tears. Presenting Sophia to them, she said, "My dear young friends, I leave you a kind instructress to supply my place. Shew your attachment to me by your prompt and dutiful obedience to her, and may the blessing of God be with you all."

"Ah, well a day! Miss Alice—and so you are going to leave us!" said old Michael Causton, bustling through the crowd which had assembled at the Church-gate. "I hear as how you are going to live in a strange land, and among strangers; well, Miss Alice, whether ye stay in merry England or cross the salt seas, ye will have an old man's blessing and prayers for yer health and happiness. May God send you a fine family of boys and girls like yerself, and may ye live to see yer children's children."

"Thank you for your good wishes, Michael," said Alice, as blushing and smiling through her tears, she placed her small delicate hand in the huge sun-burnt palm of the honest peasant. To this hour it is Michael's proudest boast that he shook hands with Miss Alice on her wedding day, and that in the sight of the whole village.

Little now remains to be told. Harriet Watson was soon comforted for the death of the Count, by a smart London barrister, who cared less for beauty than fortune, in his helpmate. The Captain and his lady were as comfortable and as indifferent to each other as their stamp in the matrimonial line are likely to be. They appeared civil to each other in public, and had the good taste to confine their quarrels to their own chamber, where it was hinted by Mrs. Philip Ogilvie's woman, that her master and mistress were not always so complaisant to each other.

Sophia Linhope deeply regretted the departure of the sister, whom she had learned, during her long illness, sincerely to love and honour; but mindful of the resolution she had taken faithfully to supply her place in the school, in conscientiously endeavouring to teach others their duty, she learned the right way to perform her own. The children soon loved their beautiful instructress as well as they had done their dear Miss Alice; and the poor in the parish lacked none of those little comforts which they had been used to receive from her benevolent hand. Assisted by her uncle's bounty, Sophia had more opportunities afforded her of alleviating their sufferings. The pleasure she felt in administering to their wants daily increased; and the sweet satis-

faction arising from the performance of these Christian duties restored the bloom to her cheek, and gave an elasticity of spirits she had never before experienced, during the years of folly and vanity, in which she sought in vain for peace.

It was with sincere pleasure that I learned, a few months ago, that my charming young friend had consented to become the wife of Stephen Norton, and was about to accompany him in a mission to South Africa.

### LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN BY MARGARET M. DAVIDSON, WHEN ONLY NINE YEARS OF AGE.

Accept, dear girl, my simple song,  
'Tis all that I can give;  
To me no muse's charms belong,  
Wilt thou my verse receive?

I will not sing of that fair white brow,  
Nor that playful smile, nor that eye-beam now,  
But of the soft bewitching power  
That binds my heart to thee,  
Whose magic in one transient hour,  
Has won those lines from me.

And shall I never see thee more?  
One that has viewed thy face,  
And scanned its features, o'er and o'er  
Marked with such winning grace,  
Would wish to linger o'er the spell,  
And never breathe the word, "Farewell!"

### THE SWAN SONG.

BY LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

Grieve not that I die young. Is it not well  
To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness?  
Bind me no longer, sisters, with the spell  
Of love and your kind words. List ye to me:  
Here I am bless'd—but I would be *more free*;  
I would go forth in all my spirit's lightness.  
Let me depart!

Ah! who would linger till bright eyes grow dim,  
Kind voices mute, and faithless bosoms cold?  
Till carking care, and coil, and anguish grim,  
Cast their dark shadows o'er this faery world;  
Till fancy's many-coloured wings are fur'd,  
And all, save the proud spirit, waxeth old?  
I would depart!

Thus would I pass away—yielding my soul,  
A joyous thank-offering, to *Him* who gave  
That soul to be, those starry orbs to roll.  
Thus—thus exultingly would I depart,  
Song on my lips, ecstasy in my heart!  
Sisters—sweet sisters, bear me to the grave—  
Let me depart!

## LUCY WENDAL.

BY MISS SEDGEWICK.

"I am going round by Broad-street to inquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendal."

"Lucy Wendal! Who is she!"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a dwelling that looks like a crack of a seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lived with her grand parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it; but they had been outbargained and outwitted till they were reduced to this little tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy, a pretty fair haired, blue-eyed girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging demeanour. For many months after we moved to — street, I knew nothing of the family; but, from such observations as I could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant used to scrub the house weekly, from garret to cellar—their only carpet was shook every Saturday, the steps were scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand.

"Lucy had no visitors, no companions, and the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting on the stoop every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out excepting on Sunday to church, and then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers that hang on the crabbed bare stem of the cactus. I pitied her, her stream of life seemed passing away so drearily.—My pity was misapplied—and I felt it to be so when I looked into her serene and sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station—to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties providence has allotted to you—and not to waste your efforts of strength in seeking to obtain pleasures beyond your sphere. At last there came to this obscure family what comes to all—death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of influenza, that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, and as an old friend—for though we had never exchanged a word, there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods, those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On enquiry into her affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but that a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art and craft of the needle. Ross has it seems, a very thriving trade; and on the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend, he

had promised to board her in his family, and allow her sufficient compensation for her labour.

In a few days she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since then I have heard nothing of her. My story has brought me almost to the shop: "John Ross, glove manufacturer." This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man no doubt, is Ross himself—What a fine head! you might know such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast where it would. He would have been a general, a safe statesman—but here he is an honest, thriving glover, and that perhaps is just as well—nothing truer than the trite old couplet.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

"The old man looks as though he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant that poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy.

"The only customer is coming out.—Now we have a clear field, let us go in."

"Mr. Ross, I believe?"

"The same ma'am."

"I called, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman, who came to live with you last Christmas."

"I have had a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

"The old man's humour requires me to be explicit. Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendal."

"Ay, Lucy Wendal did come into the factory about that time."

There was an expression in Ross's face at the mention of her name, that I did not clearly comprehend. It might betide evil of Lucy, "I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether Lucy had given satisfaction, and whether she still remains with you."

"Was you a friend to Lucy Wendal, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honour to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name—she was my neighbour, and interested me by her correct deportment and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents." Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were lying on the counter; then tied up the bundle, and laid it on the shelf. "You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiries. I am afraid some misfortune has happened to the poor girl."

"Would you like to know ma'am, what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his desk, and seemed about beginning a story.

"Certainly I would."

"Well, you know when Lucy Wendal came to me, she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely and tidy, that she was a pretty rest-



ing place for the eye of old and young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the work-shop as white to black. She just sat quiet in one corner, and minded her work and took no part in their gabbling. You must know what a parcel of girls is, ma'am, dinging from morning till night, like forty thousand swallows. Lucy was very different. She made herself neat and trig in the morning, and did not loose half an hour at noon when the prentice boys were coming to dinner, twitching out curl papers and furbelowing her hair. The boys and girls used to have their jokes about her, and call her little parson; but she only preached in her actions, and this is what I call practical preaching ma'am. She was a little master-workman with her needle, I never had a match for her since I first began business but (you know ma'am, there's always a BUT in this life,) she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I could least bear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son, John Ross—a fine, fresh looking, good natured, industrious lad. I set my heart on his marrying his cousin, Amy Bunce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I knew that young folks love is like an unbroken colt, that will neither mind spur nor bit. I never mistrusted that any thing was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered that John had asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked him what he wanted the money for, he looked sheepish and made no answer. I thought it prudent, before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, I have always made a law to my children. To be sure, I have taken care for the most part that they should be reasonable. I am a little willful, I own it; but its young folks business to mind; and 'Children obey your parents,' is the law both of Scripture and of nature. So I told John, I did not hint any suspicions about Lucy, but I told him this marriage with his cousin was what he could have no reasonable objection to, what I had long fixed my heart upon, and what he must set about without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked cast down—but he saw I was determined, and I believed he would not disobey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the workshop after the usual time, and I went to enquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound. The upper part of the door is set with glass; I saw Lucy was finishing off a pair of gloves—my son was standing by her. It appears that they were

for him, and he insisted on her trying them on his hand. Hers, poor thing, seemed to tremble. The glove would not go on, but it came off and their hands met without gloves; I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was his obedience to me, and I told Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter is passed, I must do John the justice to say that he stood to her like a man. He said this was a matter in which he could not obey me. He had given his heart to Lucy, and she owned she loved him. He said too, something of my having hitherto being a kind father and a kind man—and he would not believe that the first case of my doing a wrong would be to the orphan girl whom Providence had just placed under my roof. Ma'am you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this, but you know that anger is said to be short madness, and so it is—and besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feelings as the stinging sense we are wilfully doing wrong. I was harsh, and John lost his temper—and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak—and it ended with my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that if he did not obey me my cause should be upon him.

"The next morning, they had both cleared out, and every one thought they had gone off to get married—and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, and said that he was seeking Lucy in vain—that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her, and when I answered, 'so much the better,' he accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as should never pass between father and son—and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away, but hear me out out. Saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he alone had been wrong. He begged my pardon, and promised to obey me in all things but marrying Amy Bunce—I will give up Lucy, father, but I cannot marry any body else?" I forgave him—from the bottom of my heart I forgave him—and I longed to ask him to forgive me—but I had not come quite to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to his duty. He put in my hands a letter he had received from Lucy. She had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak so to the heart, there would be little sin in the world. She said they had deserved to suffer for carrying matters so far without my knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers and the kindest of masters. Then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent—said she should never have any peace of mind until she heard we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blistered with tears from top to bottom—but saving and excepting that, ma'am, there was nothing from which

we could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it. My heart melted within me. I found her that very night, and without loss of time, brought her back to my house—and there," he added, walking hastily to the further extremity of the shop, and throwing open a door that led into a back parlour, "there ma'am, is the long and the short of it."

And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life; my pretty, dutiful friend become a wife and mother, her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her, watching the first intimation of intelligence and love in its bright little face. Such should be the summer of happiness when the spirit is consecrated to virtue.

OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS,

UPON one of my days of infant innocence I lined my cousin Proby's hat with birdlime, out of revenge, because he had broken the central ornament in a string of birds' eggs, which at that happy era of puerile simplicity, I had purloined from certain nests in Hadley grove. The poor lad found his beaver as immovable as the plumed cap of the son of Maia; and much hot water and many screams were expended before it could be disjointed from his head. My mother was seriously angry; but my poor aunt Proby, mother to the victim aforesaid, as gentle a being as ever suffered a family to run wild upon the common of their own inclinations, exclaimed, "Well, well, never mind! he meant no harm: there is no putting old heads on young shoulders!"

"My aunt's asseveration has, according to my subsequent experience, been qualified by two exceptions;—the one corporal, and the other mental. The Countess of A——has a pair of very juvenile-looking shoulders, with a very wrinkled head screwed upon her apex. If you walk behind her, she seems twenty-two; accost her, *vis à vis*, and she mounts to sixty. In that respect she is like the law—very well to follow, but very ill to confront. The mental exception is one Smedley Jones, lately an articled clerk to an attorney—I beg his pardon, a solicitor—in Furnival's Inn, Holborn; but recently out of his time, and therefore qualified to kill game upon his own account. He wears black half-gaiters, and is a member of the Philonomic Society; exhibits much wisdom, little whisker, and no shirt collar; simper; makes a gentle bow at the close of every sentence, with his chin touching his left collar-bone; criticises the new law courts; wears lead colored gloves; affects a beaver with a broad brim; nods at the close of every sentence when the court of Exchequer pronounces a judgment, by way of encouraging the three puiſne barons; and carries his pantaloons to his tailor's in a blue bag that they may pass for briefs.

There is a lame clerk in the Three Per Cent. Con-

sol Office at the Bank, with whom Smedley Jones appears to be on terms of considerable intimacy. I rather suspect that the motive of this conjunction is that the latter may obtain private information with respect to certain funded property, appertaining to certain widows and maidens, his attention to whom rises and falls accordingly. It is an unquestionable fact that whenever a young man rises, like Smedley Jones, upon his toes in walking; waltzes with every thick-ankled girl, that would otherwise be a wall-flower for the whole evening; looks benevolently downward upon his own cheeks, sings a second at church, and boasts of belonging to no club, he may, to a certainty, be set down as one who means to let fly an arrow at Plutus through the temple of Hy-men.

It is quite edifying to meet Smedley Jones at a dinner party. The first thing he does, on entering a drawing-room, is to take up a book with an air of no common sagacity. If it happens to be Woodstock, he smiles with an aspect of compassionate disdain, and informs the bystanders that he objects to historical novels, and that he prefers going to the fountain-head in Lord Clarendon and Bishop Burnet. Upon the appearance of the mistress of the mansion, he takes a seat by her on the sofa; but so near to its edge, that the slightest backward movement of that article of furniture would seat him where he ought to be. He smooths down the sand-colored hair of the matron's accompanying offspring with an air of ineffable interest; enquires after dear Charles; hopes to see sweet little Emma; and ejaculates, "Oh, pray now," when mama expresses a doubt as to her appearance. He then talks of the sea as beneficial to children, and recommends Worthing, because it has no cliff.—When dinner is announced, he looks sharply round for some plain female, aware that heiresses are seldom beautiful; tucks her lean arm under his, and manœuvres to sit next to her at table.

Whilst in the act of descending the stairs, our proprietor of an old head upon young shoulders, takes due care that the tongue which vibrates in the mouth of it shall ejaculate "What a capital house this is!" in accents sufficiently loud to be overheard by the master or mistress of the mansion. He dilutes his wine with water, to adapt it to his conversation; and enlarges upon the folly of the maxim, "a reformed rake makes the best husband." I have heard him tel', nineteen times over, the anecdote of his uncle, Major Flash, who thirty years back, at a dinner with Sir Phelim O'Four-bottle, poured out his claret into his boot; aware that they would stand a soaking better than the coats of his stomach. This gives Mr. Smedley Jones an opportunity of observing how different things are at present; with an addition, that one glass of wine at dinner, and two after it, should never be exceeded by any man who wishes to render himself acceptable

to the ladies. He belongs to a society for converting Captain Parry's Esquimaux, at the North Pole, from the errors of their ways. I have this fact from his own mouth, having had the misfortune to sit next but one to him at dinner, at old Spinsuit's the Chancery barrister. The intervening-individual was Miss Creek, of Upper Clapton, a white-visaged personage, whom the above-mentioned lame clerk in the Three-per-cent. Office, had introduced to his acquaintance. I rather think Spinsuit had been instructed to prepare and settle their marriage articles.

Miss Creek having retired with the rest of the ladies, my left flank was cruelly exposed. The old headsman accordingly brought his juvenile left shoulder forward, and occupied the vacant seat. He asked me if I did not think the Esquimaux at the North Pole, "dark heathens?" I answered, not entirely so, because their whale blubber supplied them with oil for lamps. Mr. Smedley Jones stared at this, and added, that they were poor unenlightened wanderers. I rejoined, "True, but that's Apollo's fault!" Finding that he had a neighbour who was not to be dealt with metaphorically, he changed his course, and began to dilate upon his family-affairs, and informed me that his brother George was a clerk in the Post Office, where he expressed a hope that Mr. Freeling would push him.

Finding, upon inquiry, that his brother George lodged at the last house in Cecil-street, which overlooks the mud-bank of the river Thames, I answered, "I hope he will." I was then informed that Mr. Smedley Jones' brother Richard was a clerk in the brew-house of Sweetwort and Company; the junior partner of which establishment, "sitting under the same minister" at Hoxton, had promised to push him. Finding that Sweetwort and Company were celebrated for their large vat, I again said, "I hope they will," which procured for me one of those amiable chin-dropping bows, which I have already depicted. "For myself," continued my juvenile companion with the antique bust, "I have a clerk who is a cousin to one of the judges, who goes the home circuit next assizes; he knows something of the sheriff, and that kind-hearted and noble personage (Mr. Smedley Jones is not sparing of adjectives to benefactors *in esse* or *en passe*) has promised to push me"—"Neck and heels out of the court, into the High Street," thought I, "or his javelin-man will not be of my mind." A Captain Smithers, with a dull eye and drawing voice, now offered his snuff-box to Smedley Jones; this the latter declined, with another of these amiable bows, to which I have faintly endeavored to do justice; and turning to me observed that snuff-taking was a bad habit for a young man. "At all events," answered I, "he should wear a bad habit, or Scotch rappee will make it one." "Not but what I carry a box myself," continued Mr. Smedley Jones—with a look that he meant for arch—"here it is:" so say-

ing he pulled out of his coat-pocket an oblong box, with amber lid. "May I perish," thought I, "if it does not come from Geneva. We shall now be pestered with the regular orthodox series of quadrille tunes." When this machine had interrupted conversation for the usual period, and had "said its say," I was in hopes that we had done with it: "But soft! by regular approach—not yet." It was again wound up, and again set a-going, to gratify little Theobald Spinsuit, who had bolted into the dining room in quest of an orange. These little attentions gratify mothers, and are apt to procure the perpetrator a second invitation to dinner.

There now ensued a regular struggle between Mr. Smedley Jones' tongue and my taciturnity. He is one of those civil young men who must speak to their neighbors, whether they have any thing to communicate or not. I was accordingly asked what I thought of the Corn Laws. I had entertained no thoughts upon the subject. "Indeed!" was the reply. The next interrogatory to which I was subjected, was, "who was the author of Junius?" I protested that I had never given the matter a moment's reflection. This, however, did not stop the subject, and I was condemned to listen to the usual harangue, with the words "Sir Philip Francis, Lord Chatham, Lord Shelburn, bound copy at bankers and tall man at letter box"—emphathized after the accustomed manner. Then followed the banking system of Scotland, the rise of the Marmons, Phrenology and Tooke on Currency. All which topics were by me jointly and severally, returned *ignoramus*. Mr. Smedley Jones' battery here suffered a momentary pause: whereupon "Thinks I to myself!" now for my turn. "Since Nature has clapped an old head upon his young shoulders, Art shall insert a young head between my old ones. Fifty-one shall start the topics which twenty-one ought to have discussed." Accordingly I asked Mr. Smedley Jones, to his no small dismay, what he thought of Cherry Ripe and Leveer's mistake? I took it for granted that he had seen Paul Pry on horse back, at Astley's Amphitheatre. I animadverted upon London Assurance, and was sorry that Fanny Kemble had picked up a Yankee husband. It is thus that extremes produce each other. If twenty-one monopolizes all the sense at the dinner-table, fifty-one must take the nonsense or hold its tongue. "Sir," said the moralist of Boltecourt, upon an occasion somewhat similar, "he talked of the origin of evil, whereupon I withdrew my attention, and thought of Tom Thumb." I fear that Smedley Jones has by this time become almost as wearisome to the reader at second hand, as he was originally to the writer. I shall therefore conclude with this observation:—All monsters ought to be smothered: and wherever Nature puts an old head upon young shoulders, the sooner the one is knocked off the other the better.

(ORIGINAL.)

## SKETCHES OF THE ITALIAN POETS.

No. II.

BOCCACCIO.

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Now, gay Boccaccio comes,  
With magic art, in "fancy's loom,"  
Weaving bright tales of hope and joy,  
From days of Florence darkest gloom.

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IN the fourteenth century, travelling from France to Italy was a far more formidable undertaking than now, when thousands are weekly passing from the gay metropolis of fashion to the time-hallowed sanctuary of Rome, civilization has done all she can to expedite the wayfarer,—whether the long absent, hastening to his home—the invalid, seeking health in the balmy breezes of the south—or the mere searcher after pleasure and the picturesque. Then diligences were unknown, and the traveller must pursue his journey on horseback or in the heavy lumbering carriages of the time. One of these, towards the close of a winter's day, in 1313, stopped at a rustic house on the borders of France, where the simple branch before the door intimated that the means of refreshment might be found.

The postilion opened the door of the carriage, and a tall, fine looking man alighted, bearing in his arms, wrapped in furs, a beautiful child, about a year old. The auberge was more comfortable within than one could have supposed from its gloomy exterior; and the family, little dreaming of travellers on that gloomy day, had gathered about a blazing fire, cheerful and content. They all rose as the stranger entered, and gave him the large arm-chair in the chimney corner; but his only care was for the child: he removed its cap, threw off its heavy coverings, and put its chilled feet and hands to the fire; and as the little thing felt the genial warmth, he stretched forth his arms, laughed and crowed with all the joyousness of happy infancy. The good hostess brought milk, the aubergiste bustled about with great importance to get some good old wine for the gentleman, and to see that the postilion and horses were taken care of. An hour's rest refreshed the traveller, and paying well for the ready service he had received, he re-entered the carriage, and was soon rattling far away, leaving the wondering family to speculate upon the many strange things they had noticed in their guest.

It was beautiful to see the father's care of that helpless being: he cradled him in his arms, rested his weary head upon his bosom, and soothed him to sleep with all the sweet nursery lays of the sunny land he was approaching. It is so rare a thing to see a man assuming the nurse's post, guarding and

cherishing infancy, that it immediately suggests the question, "Where is the mother?" Alas! the mother of this child was no more! The father had received her last look of love, and performed the saddest offices of affection to her cold remains; and now he was bearing her boy to his own home in bright-skyed Italy. He had promised to the dying that he would be both father and mother to the wailing infant which clung with such fond love to its departing parent. Better was it, perhaps, to be thus saved the pang of separation in maturer life, when the affections, strengthened by each added year, cling with such devotedness to our first, our earliest friends. Neither husband nor wife, brother nor sister, can be to us what our father and mother were; our guardians, our lovers, our friends—they unite all ties—the hope, the confidence, the trust of affection, with the utter forgetfulness of self, and the ever forgiving kindness which no neglect or misconduct can change. All other ties can be broken: the wife may be neglectful—the husband unkind—the brother and sister estranged—but the bonds of nature, which unite the parent and child, can never be severed but by death—and even then, perhaps, if we may trust the wise speculations of many a wise head, the mother may still watch over the child of her love, be his unseen protector, his guardian angel.

Much relieved was the weary father when he found himself once more in Florence, after the fatigues of a journey so full of new cares and painful recollections. His well ordered household was ready to receive him, and every comfort was prepared for himself and his child. A desolate house had it been for many a year, and new life was given to it by the return of its master and the young Giovanni, who soon became the pet and plaything of the mansion. Bright and joyous was his infancy; all that wealth could command was lavished on him; his slightest wish was law; a stamp of his tiny foot, or a flood of tears from his laughing eyes, would win him anything he desired; and but for an unusually docile and amiable disposition, he would have been entirely spoiled.

He early displayed great taste for learning, and exceeding aptitude in acquiring whatever they at-

tempted to teach him. He possessed an exquisite sense of the beautiful; his mind seemed imbued with poetic thoughts and images, and even the language of poetry would flow naturally from his lips—at least so write his biographers; but perhaps they were tinctured with the same spirit of poetic exaggeration, and imagined that so brilliant a meridian must have been heralded by prodigies in childhood. But it is certain that when very young, he was placed with a celebrated teacher, Giovanni de Strada, who bore the same testimony to his delight in teaching him, that Convennole did to his pupil Petrarch—"That of all the many he had taught, none had yielded him so much satisfaction."

No wonder with so fair a promise, the father of Giovanni Boccaccio looked forward with hope to a bright destiny for his son—his own situation enabling him to bestow every advantage upon him for the improvement of his talents. He had acquired a very large fortune in commerce, and now held a high rank among the merchant princes of beautiful Florence. He deemed it not impossible to unite trade and the muses, and it was his earnest desire that his son should become a merchant.

"Look here, Giovanni," said Pulio Pachione, an eminent merchant of Florence, as he entered his warehouse, to a young man who stood at a large table with papers and accounts before him; but the pen he held in his hand was guiltless of ink, and an old manuscript, half hid under the papers, which he had shuffled away on his master's entrance, indicated that his mind was not upon the ducats and florins, he should have been calculating.

"Look here," repeated the old man, pointing to a paper he held in his hand; "see what you have done! I have just lost fifty ducats by your carelessness. Did I not tell you to present this bond to Signior Vertoldi, and get the payment of my just debt. You neglected to do it, and this morning he was found dead near the church of Santa Maria; so I shall lose it, for he was a bankrupt."

"He could but ill afford to pay it," replied the young man, "and you can well spare it; if he is so soon dead, I am glad I did not trouble him with it."

"A good merchant you will make, Giovanni, with a heart so full of pity; you must change your course if you ever hope to prosper, and, like your father, become honoured and wealthy."

"I never will be a merchant," said the young man impatiently, "wasting my life in a close and dingy counting room, where my heart pants for the freedom of nature, delving over accounts, adding florin to florin, ducat to ducat; I wish there was no such thing as money."

"And yet you find it a very clever thing: all your poetry and love of nature would not feed and clothe you, and but for your father's early industry, you might now be feeling that gripe of poverty

which corrodes the heart and chills the imagination— But, Giovanni, seriously, if you wish to remain with me, you must be more careful. Look at this invoice—what can my friends understand by this?" and he took from his pocket another paper.

Giovanni looked at it a moment, then snatching it from the old man's hand, he tore it into pieces.

It was an account of sundry silks and velvets, sent to a Neapolitan house; it was correctly drawn, but the paper was covered with snatches of poetry, madrigals, sonnets, &c.—fine poetry, but little adapted for the vendors and buyers of goods. This was but one of the many scenes that were almost daily occurring between the young Giovanni Boccaccio and his master; and it is no wonder that, having had his patience severely tried by the negligence of the youth, the worthy Pachione should weary of his charge. He, therefore, returned him to his father, who found him much improved in poetry and general literature, but perfectly ignorant of all mercantile transactions.

The elder Boccaccio relinquished most reluctantly the long cherished hope of seeing his son occupy a conspicuous station in the commercial world; but still trusting to find for him some path which would lead to eminence, he sent him to Padua, to study civil law,—but, like Petrarch, his mind had become too deeply imbued with the love of the muses to allow him to profit by his studies, and the law proved as wearisome to his imaginative mind as the counting-room, though he endeavoured to gratify his father's wishes, and apply himself to the books necessary for acquiring his profession; but his mental vision ever wandered to the fascinating pages of Virgil, Homer, or Dante, and the dry law-books were read and re-read without leaving any impression on his mind. His father became at last seriously displeased at the little progress he made, and began to fear that all the bright anticipations he had formed of his son's success were destined to be blighted by his wilfulness. Finding there was as little prospect of his becoming a great lawyer as a successful merchant, and deeming trade the most certain means of support, he again placed Giovanni with a mercantile friend at Naples.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate for the success of his plans than this choice of a residence. Naples—gay, luxurious Naples—the very nurse of the imagination, with its poetic bay, its ever speaking volcano, its relics of the bygone great, its cenotaph and tomb of Cicero\* and Virgil, the very inhaling of whose air was to breathe in romance and poetry, was calculated to develop and excite, rather than curb a poetical temperament. Its monarch, too, King Robert, was the warm friend and patron of literature; and all who had any claims to genius, were sought out and brought for-

\* Cicero's cenotaph is a few miles from Naples

ward by him. He was the nucleus round whom the most distinguished men of the day clustered, and learning and philosophy had received an impetus in his court unknown to the rest of Europe.

Among the most distinguished of the literary circle at Naples, were Giovanni Barili, a man of great worth and learning, and Paolo Perugino, the King's librarian. Accident introduced to their notice the young Boccaccio; they were pleased with his address, and soon discovering that he possessed talents of no common order, they endeavoured to stimulate him by the hope of the King's favour to devote himself to literature. But Giovanni respected too much his father's prejudices to give up without a struggle the profession he had chosen for him, and for many weary months he curbed his wandering fancy with the reins of duty, and hoped to conquer his nature—but it was in vain. Exhausted and dispirited by the inward struggle, he one day sought relief, away from the noisy city, in the storied campagna about Naples, where he wandered, his mind feeding on its own unhappy fancies. It was night before he thought of returning to the busy haunts of men; but it was an Italian night, and the dazzling, glorious moonlight was giving its own peculiar charm to every thing it rested on. Without knowing which path he had taken, Boccaccio found himself at the tomb of Virgil: he had often visited it before, but never had it seemed to him so beautiful as at this silent hour; it had a calming, hallowing influence upon him. He threw himself beside it, pressed his fevered brow against the cold columbarium, and prayed earnestly and sincerely for direction and guidance in his future life. We cannot say that the prayer was answered by any supernatural effect upon his mind, or that he heard any oracular voice, save that which spoke in the inward yearnings of his nature,—but that pleaded eloquently and calmly; and in these midnight musings, he felt himself absolved from doing farther violence to his tastes, and resolved to devote himself to the cultivation of the higher powers of his mind. It was an exquisite scene—that moonlit view of the resting place of the great poet, the good man, the friend of Augustus, and the bard of the golden age. The simple monument was shaded with stately ilexes, and mantled with ivy and laurustinus; and the clustering grapes of the vineyards, which surrounded the tomb, would have well pleased both the ideal and utilitarian taste of the author of the *Georgics*. The very spirit of tranquillity seemed to have taken up its abode in this hallowed spot, and its peace and beauty sank deep into the heart of Boccaccio. He returned to Naples, immediately relinquished his situation in the counting-room of his father's friend, and commenced his studies with renewed energy.

His application was assiduous, and the progress he made so rapid, as to astonish all who knew him:

he studied philosophy and theology, and even penetrated into the mysteries of astrology, then a fashionable science, and a favourite one with King Robert, who

“ Asked the ways of wandering stars, to know,  
The depths of Heaven above and earth below.”

While Boccaccio was thus absorbed in the cultivation of his mind, Petrarch appeared in Naples, to undergo that examination before the King, which preceded his triumphal coronation at Romè. The splendour of his reception—his brilliant success, which not even the most carping critics could find fault with,—and the honours every where showered upon him, fired the imagination of Boccaccio, and made him emulous to win for himself a name as glorious. His ardent wish for an introduction to Petrarch was granted, and from this time commenced an acquaintance gratifying to both parties, which soothed the old age of the elder poet, and became almost a passion in his young disciple.

A residence at Naples was particularly dangerous to one of Boccaccio's nature; gay and susceptible, frank and pleasing in his manners, generous and confiding in his disposition, he was easily led astray, and soon plunged into all the dissipations and frivolities of the city, from which he was only aroused by the first serious attachment he had ever felt—an attachment which, like that of Petrarch and Dante, coloured his future life, but did not, like theirs, elevate and purify the heart, though it was a stimulus to his intellect.

It was at church, during Lent, that he first saw Mary, the natural daughter of King Robert; she was exquisitely beautiful, full of grace and spirit; and to her he yielded up a heart, before untouched by any deeper feeling than the passing fancy of the hour. Like the lady of Petrarch's love, she was married; but not like her, was she untainted by the licentiousness of the times; and free in her manners, she encouraged Boccaccio's devotion, and her influence over him became unlimited. The different characters of Laura and Mary, are graphically portrayed in the compositions of their two lovers,—the one, pure, refined, almost spiritual; the other, partaking altogether of the corruption of the age. It was at Mary's command that Boccaccio wrote most of his early works, and under the name of Fiametta he celebrated the charms of his mistress, and his own devotion.

But while thus basking in the full light of Mary's favour, Boccaccio was summoned from Naples, to attend upon his father, who, in the decline of life, found himself sick and weary, without friend or relative to soothe and care for him. Most reluctantly did Giovanni obey the summons, and heavy was the duty of watching by the sick couch, for he had left his heart and thoughts behind him, and could only yield a mechanical attendance upon his parent. He found his only amusement in com-

posing; and, as some relief to his feelings, he wrote the "Ameto," a description of his own sad fate, in being separated from the object of his love, and sent it to the Princess Mary, to console her for his absence. This work is now but little known.

For two years he thus dragged on a weary existence, and was then only relieved from his bondage by his father's marriage with Bici de Betruchio, when he gladly threw off his trammels, and hastened back to Naples. But the time he had been absent had wrought great changes there. Robert, the good King, who was universally respected by his own subjects, and by foreign nations, for the nobleness of his heart, his patronage of genius, and his political talents, was dead, and his daughter, Giovanni or Joan, had ascended the throne; but the Regency appointed during her minority was of the most unpopular character, and the city was full of cabals and divisions. Boccaccio took but little interest in the affairs of the country; his heart was absorbed by his intellectual pursuits and his attachment to the Princess. It was at this time he commenced the Decameron—a work which has brought his name down to posterity, and which is full of wit, satire, and those exquisite descriptions in which lay Boccaccio's great charm; but it is so much marred by the prevailing grossness of the times, that it cannot be read with any pleasure. In after years of penitence and sorrow, Boccaccio deeply regretted that he had ever allowed himself to pen passages, which, blending with the exquisite and beautiful, went forth to do the work of corruption upon the youth of coming ages.

The death of his father, which occurred in 1350, recalled him once more to Florence, where he determined to remain; Naples having lost its charm by the death of the Princess, and the factious unquiet of the place. His father had left to his care a young brother, six years old, and had made it a particular request that Giovanni should himself attend to his education, and most faithfully did our poet fulfil the trust; most carefully did he train the mind and heart of the boy; and, as his own character soon received a decided change, he became fitted to educate the moral as well as the intellectual tastes of the child.

Soon after Boccaccio returned to Florence, Petrarch passed through that city on his way to Rome, and Boccaccio's fame authorising it, he sought him out and renewed the acquaintance which had been commenced at Naples. Petrarch took a sincere and friendly interest in him, remonstrated on his former mode of life, and pointed out to him the glaring grossness of his writings. These counsels of the great master, and the responsible station he now filled, combined to produce a change in the feelings of Boccaccio; he began to look upon his former pursuits with distaste, and felt that he ought to live for higher aims than had yet occupied him.

Florence was in a most disordered state,—the people were the prey of destructive vice,—the luxury of the nobles, and their self-indulgence, exhausted the resources of the republic; the taxes, to support the expenses of the state, weighed heavily upon the lower classes, and a general feeling of distrust prevailed. A few, at the head of whom was Boccaccio, came forward to do what they could towards restoring things to their proper state—ameliorating the condition of the poor; and arousing the nobles to a sense of their duties. He was most gladly welcomed by the people, as a public man, and immediately invested with many of the honours of the city. The first public duty given to him was one most congenial with his feelings, it being a mission to Petrarch, to invite him to become the President of the University of Padua; but the honour was declined by the Poet of Vancluse:

It was while Boccaccio was absent on this mission, that the plague which desolated Italy, broke out with such fearful violence in the fair city of Florence. That he was a witness to many of its horrors, we cannot doubt: he has described some of its terrific scenes with a graphic power, which only one, who had mingled among them could have done. The spectacle he has recorded, as greeting him on his arrival at the gates of Florence, was awful; and we shudder as we read of, and see with the "mind's eye," its shocking details. The ghastly figures,—the heaps of the dying and the dead,—the masked Becchini, performing their loathsome office,—the piles of brodered robes and costly mantles, which perchance the day before had decked the fair forms of youth and beauty, now lying untouched, even by the stealthy robber, who gathered a rich harvest from the deserted mansions of the great, forming a costly funeral pyre for the manes of those who had fallen victims to the pestilence.

Boccaccio found his greatest relief from the general anxiety that prevailed, in constant occupation; and as it was impossible to escape altogether from the horrors that surrounded him, he made them, says one of his biographers, "subservient to his fancy, and on the darkest and most terrific foreground which painter ever employed, he drew an infinite variety of the gayest and most graceful forms, of landscapes the most charming, and incidents the most amusing, that imagination could create."

When the desolation of the plague had passed away, and Florence was once more restored to quiet, Boccaccio was deputed to execute many other missions: once he went to the Marquis of Brandeburgh, to implore his aid on behalf of the Florentines against the Visconti, who were encroaching upon his privileges, and once or twice he was sent to the Pope, Innocent VI., who still held his pontifical court at Avignon. But after these political embassies, Boc-

ecacio would return with renewed zest to his loved library and his literary pursuits.

Besides being a diligent student himself, he was most anxious to promote the studies of others, and, like his friend Petrarch, he employed himself in seeking for, and purchasing manuscripts. He was particularly anxious to procure Greek writings, the want of which was the greatest hindrance to the general cultivation of the language. Wherever these precious remains were to be found, some agent of Boccaccio was at work, and he would give any price for a volume he deemed valuable. As a farther method of preserving celebrated productions, he employed a Greek professor, Leontio Pilato, to whom he had given a home, to make translations of the Iliad and Odyssey, of which the former was completed, and the latter nearly so. These labours will ever render Boccaccio's name venerable in the history of learning: to the enterprize of himself and a few others, is Europe indebted for the light which broke forth (upon her midnight darkness,) from the purest sources of poetry and eloquence. But though this care for others, this earnest desire to contribute to the improvement, and illumination of mind, has added many a story to the temple of Boccaccio's fame, it abridged his old age of numerous comforts: his fortune was not equal to his generosity, and it soon became exhausted by his extremeliberality.

In 1359, Boccaccio again visited Petrarch, who was then at Milan; he passed several days with him, conversing on various topics of morality and religion, and having his new and better feelings confirmed by the example and advice of the revered poet. Before they parted, Petrarch presented him with a volume of Latin Eclogues, and it was in return for this gift that Boccaccio sent him a copy of Dante, the first which Petrarch had ever possessed. Some remarks which accompanied the book, drew from Petrarch a long letter, in which he rebuts most strongly the idea that he was ever jealous of Dante's genius or fame,—and he was evidently much piqued by the insinuation of Boccaccio, that he had been suspected of harbouring this feeling.

As Boccaccio, shortly after his return from Milan, was sitting one evening in his library, meditating upon the subjects of speculation between himself and Petrarch, his conscience sending forth in trumpet tones the warning of the past, each sin, and wasted talent, magnified by the telescope of awakened remorse, he was aroused from his reverie, by a knock at his door. He gave a ready "come in," for he was not sorry to have his train of thought,—which had become almost too painful,—interrupted. The door slowly opened, and a tall figure, wrapped in a Monk's dress, the head and face covered by the cowl, glided in with noiseless steps, and pausing by the side of the astonished Boccaccio, said in a deep sepulchral voice,—

"Repent thee! repent thee! Signior de Certaldo, or woe will come upon thee!"

"Who, and what are thou," said the poet, "that thus intrude with unwelcome tones upon my solitude."

"I come from the dead, and thou must listen to the message which I bear."

Boccaccio, who was deeply imbued with the superstitions of the time, was awed by the manner of his mysterious visitor; the friar's robe was a sacred one in his eyes, and he sank back in his chair, and with fixed look, and moveless frame, listened as the monk continued:—

"Yes, Giovanni Boccaccio, I bring thee a message from the holy dead, from one who died in the odour of sanctity, one whose pure nature allowed him to hold personal communion with our blessed Lord, and whose spirit has known thine, though in the body, he has never seen thee; he bade me come to thee with warning word, to say to thee, repent, repent of thy wasted hours, thy prostituted talents, thy perverted genius; give up thy profane studies, sell or cast to the winds, these books of Belial, which feed thy mind with unholy food," and he pointed to the rare collection of books which loaded the shelves, "address thee to holy things; put on the habit of a priest, and with shaven crown and bended knee, seek absolution for thy many sins, else woe will come upon thee, and eternal tortures, which not even the masses of a nation can allay, will consume thy soul; to prove to thee that I am an accredited messenger from one who knows thee better than thou knowest thyself, I am bid to remind thee of"—bending down he whispered a few words in his ear, and before Boccaccio had recovered from his stupified surprise, the monk was gone.

What those few words were, no living being ever knew, though Boccaccio told Petrarch that his unearthly visitor, for so he would persist in believing him to be, had told him a circumstance in his past life, which he thought unknown to any one, and so much did this deepen the impression made upon his mind, that he immediately entered the church, adopted the friar's robe, and determined to devote himself to a life of abstinence and meditation. His noble library, consisting chiefly of profane works, he intended to sell, and devote the proceeds to obtaining absolution for his sins. Full of these resolutions, he wrote to Petrarch, acquainting him with his conversion, and expecting to receive his unqualified approbation of the course he was about to pursue; but his temperate and virtuous friend knew the human heart too well to sanction his plan; he saw the danger of Boccaccio's becoming an enthusiast, unfit for performing well the duties of life, the right observance of which can alone indicate the presence of true religion in the heart. He wrote calmly to him, reasoned with him on his fears, placed in a true light the warning he had received,



assured him there was no need of forsaking his studies, but that he should strive to convert them to a good use. His advice had the intended effect, Boccaccio gave up his wild scheme, returned to his literary pursuits, but became a chastened and better man.

The expenses in which he had involved himself by his eager search after the Greek manuscripts, had been much greater than Boccaccio's income would allow, and he now found himself in the decline of life, with means scarcely sufficient for his support,—deserted by all his friends except Petrarch,—for as age, poverty, and remorse had crept upon him, he had lost the brilliancy, the ever sparkling wit, and the diamond-like satire, which had made his society so fascinating; and of the many, who had crowded around him while enjoyment was to be derived from his society,—all, summer friends as they were, had flown at the first reverse;—all but Petrarch, who proved himself the true friend. He offered him a home, with the use of his purse and interest, but Boccaccio prized too much his present independence, to place himself under pecuniary obligations to any one. Petrarch, though he admired this spirit, and had throughout his life been governed by it, thus gently reproves him:

“I praise you for having refused the grand offers made you of riches, and for preferring liberty of mind and a tranquil poverty, but I cannot praise you for refusing the repeated invitations of a friend. I am not in a situation to enrich you; if I were, it should not be by my words or my pen, but by things and actions, you should judge of me. I am however living so that what suffices for one will suffice abundantly for two, who can have the same inclinations as well as the same house.”

This noble independence was a distinguishing characteristic of all the greatest poets of Italy;—from Dante down to Alfieri, they were flattered and courted by princes and nobles; they were frequently residents of courts and the recipients of kingly favours, but they retained their own individuality, and self respect, undazzled by courtly favour, and preserved the freedom of their minds, untrammelled by the fetters of a golden subjection.

In 1365 Boccaccio again visited Petrarch at Venice, and the time they there passed together was spoken of by both, as having been one of the happiest periods of their lives. On returning from this visit, Boccaccio found the plague raging once more in Florence, and to escape its horrors, he retired to his family mansion, the birth-place of his father, in the little town of Certaldo, in the beautiful vale of Elsa. He was greatly attached to this spot. It had given him a name by which he was much known; many of his friends, among whom was Petrarch, always calling him Giovanni de Certaldo. The quiet of this place well pleased him, and he passed the rest of his life in its retirement.

Most of his Latin works were composed while living here, and it was with great difficulty that he was drawn for a short time from his studies, by the earnest request of the republic, that he would undertake a mission to Urban V., whose resentment they had incurred, and whose power they dreaded. Boccaccio's celebrity, and the success which had attended him in former years, pointed him out as a fitting person to undertake this embassy. His reception by Urban, and the papal court, was most flattering. He arranged the difficulties, to the satisfaction of all parties, and the Pontiff said: “He was as pleased to welcome Boccaccio on his own account as because he was ambassador from Florence,—for his virtues even more than his genius.” This remark shows the improvement in Boccaccio's character, and that he did not forget the bearing which became the holy garments he had assumed. So much respect had he gained, that he was characterized by the Bishop of Florence, as “a man in whose circumspection, prudence, and purity of faith, he had the most perfect confidence.”

In 1368, Boccaccio again visited Naples and Venice, and then returned to Certaldo, where he was immediately attacked by a scrofulous disease, which rendered life a burthen to him; his sufferings were great and protracted, and he had no hope of recovery,—but the disease suddenly took a more favourable turn, and to the joy of all Florence, he was once more restored to health.

A still greater mark of regard than had yet been rendered him by the Florentine republic, awaited his return to health. He had always been the earnest defender of Dante, and had never ceased by exhortation and reproof, to endeavour to arouse a feeling of shame among the Florentines, at their long neglect of him, who was allowed by all the world to be their country's proudest boast. They were at last excited to do what they could to remove their reproach. The decree was reversed which confiscated his estates, and attained his name, and a professorship was instituted for the explanation of the “Divina Commedia,” for illustrating its philosophy, and pointing out the varied and abstruse learning with which it abounded. To fill the new chair, no person in Europe seemed so proper as Boccaccio, not only from his enthusiastic admiration of Dante, and his thorough appreciation of his merits as a poet and philosopher, but from his own high literary acquirements, historical knowledge, and his sacred character as a churchman, which would secure attention to his lectures, as a species of religious, as well as literary instruction.

The invitation to this office gratified Boccaccio more than any honour he had ever received, and he commenced his course of lectures at the church of San Stefano, the place most fitted for them, as it was the favourite resort of Dante, and near which was his favourite seat;

"The seat of stone, that runs along the wall,  
South of the church, east of the belfry tower,  
(Thou canst not miss it) in the sultry time  
Would Dante sit conversing, and with those,  
Who little thought, that in his hand he held  
The balance, and assigned at his good pleasure,  
To each his place in the invisible world."

The lectures were commenced in 1373, and continued till Boccaccio's death, and they have been a monument to him of literary skill and poetic taste. The small income which was attached to the professorship, rendered his circumstances more easy, but his strength was scarcely restored, and disease had made such inroads upon his system that he suffered greatly.

The death of Petrarch, which occurred about this time, gave a most severe shock to Boccaccio's warm heart,—he felt as if he had nothing left to live for, and looked upon it as another warning to prepare for his own departure. Intelligence of the sad event was conveyed to him by Francesco Brossano, Petrarch's son-in law; and Boccaccio, in reply to him, says, "My first feeling was to come and mingle my tears with yours, to join you in prayer to Heaven, and to breathe my last adieu to our father, at his tomb; but my infirm health would not permit it. The reading of your letter has renewed my grief, and I have done nothing but weep all the night; my sorrow is not on account of that excellent man himself, for his probity, his manners, his fastings, his prayers, and numberless virtues, all assure us that he has gone to God, and is enjoying everlasting glory. It is for myself and the friends he has left in this troubled world, where we are like a vessel in the midst of a troubled ocean, and driving upon rocks,—it is for ourselves I weep,—but while I resign myself to the distress, which preys upon my own heart, I cannot help thinking how much deeper must be yours and Tullia's grief. As a Florentine I envy Arqua the honour it enjoys of possessing the remains of him whose noble soul was the sojourn of the muses, the sanctuary of philosophy, and the temple of all the arts; and above all, of that Ciceronian eloquence of which so many examples are to be found in his writings; and this honour Arqua enjoys not from any claim of its own, but from the humility of him for whom we weep. Arqua hitherto unknown not only to foreigners, but even to the inhabitants of Padua, shall henceforth be known to all nations, and its name famous throughout the world. It will be venerated as we venerate the hills of Pausillippo, because they contain the bones of Virgil. It will meet with the same regard as that which attaches to the shores of the Euxine for the sake of Ovid, and to Smyrna because of Homer. I doubt not that the merchant returning loaded with wealth, from the farthest shores of the ocean, will look with respect and delight, as he

sails on the Adriatic, upon the Euganean hills and say to himself, or his companions, 'yonder are the mountains which enclose within their bosom, the wonder of the world, him who was the asylum of the sciences, Petrarch, who, long since crowned in the queen of cities, has left in his writings the promises of immortal renown.' Unfortunate country, that you should have been denied the privilege of possessing the ashes of thy illustrious son! But you are unworthy that honour,—you neglected while he was living to place him in your bosom."

Boccaccio's mind became very much depressed by the loss of his friend, which, added to severe bodily suffering, reduced him to a pitiable state, from which he was only aroused by the earnest request of Brossano, that he would review Petrarch's unpublished works, and this act of friendship was the last effort of Boccaccio's mind.

Finding his end rapidly approaching, he prepared for it by attending to the duties of religion, and arranging his worldly affairs. His books and furniture he willed to his confessor, Father Martin, an Augustine monk, with the stipulation that he should leave them to his convent at his death. The little money he possessed he left to his nephews, his only relatives, the sons of the brother whose education he had so carefully superintended; he had died soon after his marriage, and bequeathed his two children to the love of Boccaccio. They were with him to perform the last sad offices, and to receive the dying counsels of their beloved uncle. He expired the 21st December, 1375.

It was the misfortune of Boccaccio to live in an age when only one great writer had composed in the "lingua vulgare." Had his genius been original, that would have made but little difference, as, though travelling in the same direction, he would have struck out a new path; but he was conscious that his mind was wanting in the power of originality, and he dared not compete with Dante. His fame must rest principally upon his prose productions, his high literary attainments, and his invention of the "ottava rima," which shows by its perfect adaptation, that Boccaccio fully entered into the true character of Italian verse.

"He cannot," says one of his biographers, "be regarded as approaching, even distantly, to the sublime and majestic Dante, or as equalling the tender and spirited Petrarch; but his works indicate sufficient of the poet, to render him not unworthy of being the third of the great triumvirate which renders the fourteenth century so splendid an epoch in the history of literature."

HONOUR.

It is a shame for a man to desire honour because of his noble progenitors, and not to deserve it by his own virtue.—*St. Chrysostom.*

## MODERN HEROES.

WE take his sketches of two of the heroes who fell at the battle of the Nivelle in 1813: The first, low in rank, for he was but a Lieutenant, rich in honour, for he bore many scars, was young of days. He was only nineteen. But he had seen more combats and sieges than he could count years. So slight in person and of such surpassing and delicate beauty, that the Spaniards often thought him a girl disguised in man's clothing; he was yet so vigorous, so active, so brave, that the most daring and experienced veterans watched his looks on the field of battle, and implicitly following where he led, would, like children, obey his slightest sign in the most difficult situations. His education was incomplete, yet were his natural powers so happy, the keenest and best-furnished intellects shrunk from an encounter of wit, and every thought and aspiration was proud and noble, indicating future greatness, if destiny had so willed it. Such was Edward Freer of the forty-third, one of three brothers who covered with wounds, have all died in the service. Assailed the night before the battle with that strange anticipation of coming death, so often felt by military men, he was pierced with three balls at the first storming of the Rhune rocks, and the sternest soldiers in the regiment wept in the middle of the fight when they heard of his fate. On the same day, and at the same hour, was killed Colonel Thomas Lloyd. He likewise had been a long time in the forty-third. Under him, Freer had learned the rudiments of his profession; but in the course of the war, promotion placed Lloyd at the head of the ninety-fourth, and it was leading that regiment he fell. In him also were combined mental and bodily powers of no ordinary kind. A graceful symmetry combined with Herculean strength, and a countenance at once frank and majestic, gave the true index of his nature; for his capacity was commanding, and his military knowledge extensive, both from experience and study. On his mirth and wit, so well known in the army, I will not dwell, save to remark, that he used the latter without offence, yet so as to increase his ascendancy over those with whom he held intercourse; for though gentle, he was valiant, ambitious, and conscious of his fitness for great exploits. He, like Freer, was prescient of, and predicted his own fall, yet with no abatement of courage. When he received the mortal wound, a most painful one, he would not suffer himself to be moved, but remained watching the battle, and making observations upon the changes in it until death came. It was thus at the age of thirty, that the good, the brave, the generous Lloyd died. Tributes to his merits have been published by Lord Wellington, and by one of his own poor soldiers! by the highest and by the lowest! To their testimony I add mine; let those who serv-

ed on equal terms with him say whether in aught I have exceeded his deserts.—*Napier's History of the Peninsular War.*

(ORIGINAL)

## THE FATHER TO HIS SLEEPING CHILD.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

How like thy mother—every circling hour  
As thus I gaze, more fully I can trace  
The beauteous semblance of that faded flow'r  
In thy sweet face.

Dear miniature of her who's sainted now,  
Her wonted smile seems sweetly ling'ring there:  
And that dark tress, which shades thy shining brow,  
'Tis her own hair.

Oh let this fervent kiss thy slumbers mar,  
That I may gaze upon her speaking eye,  
Which seem'd a fragment of the vesper star  
And deep blue sky.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou lonely lovely thing;  
Owe the unruffled calmness of thy breast  
To thy own angel mother's golden wing,  
That guards thy rest.

Peterborough.

(ORIGINAL.)

## TO VIOLETS.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

See in how small a space,  
Nature's skill'd hand can trace,  
Proportions fair—  
Beauty and sweetness vie,  
To charm the sense and eye,  
With colours rare!

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE WISH.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Give me through life a kindred heart,  
In love's dear bonds close knit to mine;  
In death a friend, whose prayers impart  
Fresh hope to Nature's broken shrine  
May love's last glance beam bright on me,  
My hand grow stiff in friendship's fold,  
When all that yields to destiny,  
Fades into silence, dark and cold,  
And both survive in realms more fair  
Undimmed by sorrow, pain, and care!

## THE DEATH FEUD.

[THE progress of the Temperance Reform in Ireland is now sensibly and practically felt, in the diminution of crime, and the annihilation of faction feuds, wherever its peaceful influence is felt. The benevolent Father Mathew, the Apostle of this honourable cause, is a welcome and venerated visitor in every cottage, and his name is cherished in every heart. In illustration of what the result of his philanthropic labours may be, the following beautiful story is told by Mrs. Hall, the delightful chronicler of the simple virtues of the noble peasantry of Ireland.]

### FACTION FIGHTS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"THE faction fights, plaze your honours," said an intelligent countryman when spoken to by us on the subject, "the faction fights are a'most, and maybe more than a'most, gone off the face of the country. The boys are beginning to talk about them as things they have seen—like a show or a giant. We ask each other how we were ever drawn into them, what brought them about; and the one answer to that, is—Whiskey!—No gun will go off until it is *primed*, and sure whiskey was the priming. That made more orphans and widows than the fever or starvation. Thanks to God, if death come upon us now, it is by the Lord's will, and not our own act."

It was encouraging to hear such a remark from one of "the people;" and this was by no means a solitary instance.

The man had, he confessed, many a time, when a mere child, incited by the example of the faction to whom his parents belonged, nerved his little arms to cast heavy stones into the melee, not caring how or where they fell. "We usen't mind a *bit* of *ahindy* in those times: if a boy was killed, why we said it was 'his luck,' and that it couldn't be helped; if a fellow trailed his coat over the fair green and *dared* any one to stand a foot on it, we enjoyed the fight that was sure to follow, and never thought or cared how it would end. Sure I remember my own brother—and now, since he's been a Temperance man, he hasn't raised a finger in anger to any living creature—sure I mind him well, *feeling the tents for heads*, and when he'd got one to his liking, giving it first a good rap, and then calling on the owner to come out and fight him; sure he'd never have done that but for the whiskey." "Ah!" he continued, "that was a foolish *divarshin*, but there was no *heart* bitterness with it; nothing to *lay heavy* to the end of one's days. But the faction fights war the bitterest of all,—black hatred descending from father to son, against the opposite faction, as if poor Ireland hadn't enough enemies without turning—worse than a wild beast—to murder and destroy her own flesh and blood. Now there's a poor woman," he said, pointing to a pale, patient-looking person, who sat knitting at her cottage door, "there's a poor creature, Mrs. Lawler, knows what factions come to, and so she ought; she'll tell the lady her story and welcome, if she

has any curiosity to hear it. Good morrow-morning to you, Mrs. Lawler, and how's your girleen, ma'am? The lady would be glad to rest while the gentleman and I get up the far hill; and you have always a welcome, like your people before you, for the stranger."

"Kindly welcome," said the widow. "Mary, dust the chair, avourneen."

The cabin was clean and neat, and bearing no evidence of the presence of that sad poverty we had so frequently seen, though it did not dim the smile or lessen the welcome; nor was it difficult to lead the widow to the story of her sorrows, which, however softened by time, were ever uppermost in her mind.

"My mother and myself were widowed by factions: plaze God my little girl won't have the same tale to tell, for the Connells and the Lawlers might put salt to each other's potatoes without fear of fighting, now. It was a shocking thing to see the arm of brother raised against brother, only because, as battle and murder war in the hearts of their forefathers they must be continued in their own."

"I was born a Connel, and almost the first thing I learned was to hate a Lawler, from the lip out; and yet hard fortune was before me, for the first passion my heart felt was the same love it feels still, for a Lawler; it has known no change, though it has known sorrow; the first knowledge I had of the wild beatings of my own heart was when I saw that girl's father. Ah yah! it has beat with joy and terror often; but the love for my first love, and my last, was always one; and now, when all is past and gone, and that you, Mark Lawler, are in your green, quiet grave, I am prouder to have been the choice of your fine noble spirit, than if I was made this moment the queen of all Ireland's ground. O, lady! if you could have seen him!—'Norah,' said my father to me, and I winnowing at our barn door with the servant maid, 'Norah, keep your eyes on the grain, and not after the chaff, and don't raise them above the hedge, for there's many a Lawler will be passing the road this day on account of the fair, and I don't wish a child of mine to notice them, or to be noticed by them.' I intended to do his bidding, and when I heard a horse, or the voices of strangers coming down the boreen, I kept my eyes on the grain, and let the chaff fly at its pleasure, until a dog broke through the hedge, and attacked a little beast of my own; so soon as that came to pass, I let the sieve fall, to catch my own little dog

in my arms. There was no need for that, for he was over the hedge, lighter and brighter than a sunbeam. Ah, then, I wonder is love as quick at taking in all countries as it is here? Mark Lawler didn't speak ten words; nor I two; and yet from that out—under the beams of the moon, or the sun, in the open field, or in the crowd, it was all one; no one but Mark Lawler was in my mind. I knew he was a Lawler by his eyes, and well he knew I was a Connel; but the love would have little of the boy and girl love in it that would heed a faction. We who had never met till that moment, could never go astray in the fields without meeting after. Ah, Mary!" she continued, addressing her daughter, and yet, in her simplicity, she quite forgot she had been proving the usefulness of precept by her own confession; "ah, Mary dear! if ye feel yer heart soften towards a young man, keep out of his way intirely, avourneen; have nothing to say to him,—don't drive your cow the same road he walks, nor draw water from the same well, nor go to the same chapel, Mary, barrin' you have no other to go to; there's a deal of mischief in the chapel, dear, because you think in your innocence you're giving your thoughts to God, and all the time, maybe, it's to an idol of your own making, my darling child, they'd be going. Sure your mother's sorrow ought to be a warning, avourneen!"

"Yes, mother," replied the blue-eyed girl, meekly.

"Well, lady, my poor father thought I grew very attentive intirely to the young lambs, and watchful over the flax; but at last some of the Connells whispered how it was, that Mark Lawler met his child unknownst; and he questioned me, and I told the truth, how I had given my heart out of my bosom, and I fell at his feet, and cried salt and bitter tears until they dropped upon the ground he stood on; and seeing his heart was turning to iron, I, who had ever been like a willow in his hand, roused myself, and challenged him to say a word to Mark's disadvantage; I said he was sober, honest, industrious, and my father was struck with the *strength of the heart* I took, and listened, until at last he made answer, that if a saint from heaven came down, and was a Lawler, he would not give him a drop of water to wet his lips. He threatened me with his curse if I kept true in my love, and thought to settle the thing out of hand by marrying me to my own second cousin; but that I wouldnt hear to; God knows I did not mean to cross him, but what could I do? Mark sent to ask me to bid him farewell, or his heart would break. I thought there could be no harm in blessing him, and telling him to think of me no more. Mary, avourneen," she said, again addressing her daughter, "if ye really want at once to break off with a young man, take warning by me."

"Yes, mo' r," was again Mary's gentle reply.

"At that meeting we agreed to meet again; and so we did until we got a priest to make us one. At first I was happy as a young bird; but soon my heart felt crushed, for I had to carry two faces. My father was more bitter than ever against the Lawlers; and my brother, "Dark Connel," as he was called, more cruel than my father. At last I was forced to own that I was married. I watched the time when my brother was away; for one storm was as much as I could bear. My father cast me like a dog from the hearth I had played on when a child; in his fury he knelt to curse me, but my mother *held a gospel against his lips*; so I was saved his curse. The arms of a loving husband were open for me; and until the midsummer fair I thought my happiness sure. I worked hard to keep Mark from it, for the factions were sure to meet there. He swore to me that he would not raise a finger against my father or brother, nor let a drop of spirits pass his lips. I walked with him a piece of the way, and I thought all pleasure in sight left my eyes when he waved the last wave of his hat on the top of the hill. As I was turning into our own field, a lark was rising above its nest, singing its glory to the heavens in its sweet voice, when a shot from the gun of one of those *squireens*, who are thick among the leaves as spiders' webs, struck the bird, and it fell quivering and bleeding close to where I knew its nest was in the corn. I opened the bending grain to see if I could find it; it was lying quite dead, and its poor mate standing close by. The lark is a timid thing, but she never minded me, and my heart felt so sick that I went into my house crying bitterly.

"I could not rest; I thought in a few hours I might be like that innocent bird; and taking my cloak about me, I walked on, and on, until I came in sight of the fair green. It was a woful sight to me—the shouts of the showmen, the screams of the sellers, the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, were all mixed together—while the yell of the factions, every now and again, drowned every thing in its horrid sound. I knew my own father's voice as he shouted 'Hurroo for the Connells—down with the Lawlers.' I saw him standing before Mark, aggravating him. My husband's hands were clenched, and he kept his arms close by his side that he might not strike. I prayed that God might keep him in that mind, and flew towards them. Just as I dropped on my knees by his side, he had raised his arm—not against my father, but against my brother, who had drawn the old man back; and there they stood face to face—the two young heads of the old factions—blows were exchanged, for Mark had been aggravated beyond all bearing; and I was trying to force myself between them, when I saw my father stretched upon the green, in the very hour and act of revenge and sin. It was by a blow from a Lawler—the old man never spoke another word—and the sud-

denness of his death (for he was liked by the one and hated by the other) struck a terror in them all—the sticks fell to their sides—and the great oaths and voices sunk into a murmur while they looked on the dying man.

“Oh! bitter, heart bitter, was my sorrow. I shrouded my father with my arms, but he didn't feel me; the feeling had left his limbs, and the light his eyes; however hard his words had been, the knowledge that I was fatherless, and my mother a widow, made me forget them all! while some of the neighbours ran for a priest, and others raised *the cry*, my brother— *darker* than ever I had seen him—fell upon his knees, and dipping his hand in the warm blood that poured from the old man's wounds, held it up in the sight of the Connels. ‘Boys,’ he shouted, and his voice was like the howl of a wild beast—‘Boys! by this blood I swear, never to make peace till the hour of my death with one of the name who have done this, but to hackle and rive, and destroy all belonging to the Lawlers.’

“And the women who war about me cried out at my brother, and said, sure his sister was a Connel; but he looked at me worse than if I was a serpent, and resting his hand—wet as it was—upon my head, turned away, saying, ‘*She is marked with her father's blood in the sight of the people.*’

“I thought I should have died, and when I came to myself I found I was in a poor woman's cabin, as good as half-way home, with two or three of the neighbours about me; and my husband, the very *moral* of a broken heart, by my side. ‘Avourneen gra!’ he said, striving to keep down the workings of his heart; ‘Avourneen gra! I had no hand in it at all. God knows I wouldn't have hurt a hair of his white head.’ I knew it was the truth he was telling, yet somehow the words of my brother clung about me—I was *marked with my father's blood.*

“And the Connels put the old man's corpse upon a cart, and laid a clean white cloth over it; and carried him past my own little place—keening over it and cursing the hand that gave him his death; hundreds of the neighbours mixed with my own people, my widowed mother and my dark brother following; and so they passed by our door; for miles along the road I could hear the loud scream of the mother that bore me, high above the voices of all the rest. Oh! it was a horrid sound and a horrid sight!

“His death was talked of far and near; the magistrates set to putting down the factions, and the priest gave out from the altar, Sunday and Sunday, such commands, that, without flying in his reverence's face, they could not keep on at the fights in public; every innocent diversion through the country was stopped on their account; but though there was outward peace, yet day after day I was followed by the spirit of my brother's words; the world would not put it out of his head that Mark struck the mor-

tal blow, and he turned his ear from me, and from his own mother, and would not believe the truth.

“For as good as two years, the husband, whose life was the life-beat of my worn-out heart, seldom left the cabin without my thinking he would never come back. I'd wait till he was a few yards from the door, and then steal out to watch him till he was out of sight. At ploughing or hay-making, or reaping, his whistle would come over the little hill to me, while I sat at my wheel, as clear as a blackbird's; and if it stopped but for a minute, my heart would sink like death; and it's to the door I'd be. If I woke in the night, I could not go to sleep again without my arm across his shoulder, to feel that he was safe; and my first and last prayer to the Almighty, night and morning, was for him.

“My brother was very fond of children, and though he had gone to live at the other side of the parish, I managed to meet him one evening and place little Mary before him; but his face darkened so over the child that I was afraid *she might be struck* with an evil eye, and, making the sign of the cross on her, I covered her from his sight with my cloak. After that, I knew nothing would turn his hatred but the grace of God; and though I wished that he might have it, whenever I tried to pray for it for him, *my blood turned cold.* I've often thought,” she continued after a pause, “what a blessing it is, that we have no knowledge of the sorrow we're born to; for if we had, we could not bear life. *I had that knowledge;* Mark never smiled on me that I did not *feel my flesh creep* lest it should be his last—He'd tell sometimes of how things were mending, how there was much bitterness going out of the country; and though there was no talk of temperance then, he saw plain enough, that if men would keep from whiskey, they'd forget to be angry. And every minute, even while I trembled for the life of his body, the peace and love that was in him, made me easy as to the life of his soul. At last I persuaded him to leave the country; a new hope came to me, strong and bright, and I thought we might get away to America, and that, may be, then he'd have a chance of living all the days that were allotted at his birth. I did not tell him that; but having got his consent, I worked night and day to get off. It was all settled; the day fixed; and none of the neighbours, barring one of the Lawlers, knew it, and I knew my brother would not hear it from them; and then my mother lived with him. The evening before the day was come, that time to-morrow we were to be on ship-board. ‘I'll go,’ says my husband, ‘I'll go to the priest this evening, who christened, confirmed, and married me, and who knows all that was in me from the time I was born; his blessing will be a guard over us, and we'll go together to his knee.’

“We went; and though the parting was sad, it

was sweet : we walked homewards—both our hearts full. At last Mark said, that only for me, he'd never have thought of leaving the old sod ; but, may be, it would be for the best. I opened my mind to him then *intirely, and owned more than I had ever done before* : how the dread of the factions had disturbed me day and night ; though I didn't tell him how *my father's blood had been laid on me by my own brother*. He laughed at me—his gay wild laugh—and he said he hoped my trouble was gone like the winter's snow. Now, this is a simple thing, and yet it always struck me as mighty strange intirely ; we were walking through a field, and, God help me, it was a weak woman's fancy, but I never thought any harm could come to him when I was with him, and all of a sudden—started, maybe, at his laugh—a lark sprung up at our feet ; we both watched it ; stopped to watch, about three yards from the ditch, and while it was yet clear in sight, a whiz—a flash as of lightning—the sound of death—and my husband was a corpse at my feet."

The poor woman flung her apron over her face to conceal her agitation, while she sobbed bitterly. "The spirit of the faction !" she continued, "was in that fatal shot. Oh that he, my blessing and my pride, should have been struck in the hour of hope ! Oh, Mark ! Mark ! long ago you, that I loved so well, were turned into clay—many a long day ago—and still I think when I sit on your green grass grave, I can hear your voice telling me of your happiness ; the heart of the youngest maid was not more free from spot than yours, my own darling ! And to think that one of my own blood should have taken you from my side. Oh, then it was I who felt the curse of blood !"

"And was it—was it ?" we would have asked, "was it your brother ?"

"Whisht !" she whispered, "Whisht, avourneen, whisht ! *he's in his grave too—though I didn't inform—I left him to God*. When I came to myself, the place around—the very sky where the lark and his soul had mounted together—looked dismal, *but not so dark as the dark-faced man who did it*—he had no power to leave the spot—he was fixed there—something he said about his father and revenge. God help me ! sure we was nursed at the same breast. *No one knew it but me* ; so I left him to God—I left him to God ! And he withered, lady ! he withered off the face of the earth—withered, my mother told me, away, away—he was *eat to death by his conscience* ! Oh who would think a faction could end in such crime as that ?

"Ah ! people who live among the flowers of the earth know little of the happiness I have in taking my child, and sitting beside her on her father's grave and as month after month goes by, *I can't but feel I'm all the sooner to be with him* !" When she said this, it was impossible not to feel for her daughter ; the poor girl cast such a piteous look

upon her mother, and at last unable to control herself, flung her arms tightly round her neck, as though she would keep her there for ever.

Again and again did her mother return her caresses—murmuring, "My colleen-das will never be widowed by faction now—the spirit is all gone, praise be to the Lord—and so I tell HIM when I sit upon his grave.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE MAIDEN'S ENQUIRY.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Tell me where the God of Love  
Dwells by mortal eyes unseen ?  
Shall I seek him in the grove,  
On the dew bespangled green—

Where the sparkling fountains spring,  
Untasted by the lips of man—  
Where the swallow laves her wing,  
And summer zephyrs lightly fan ?

In modest bud and blushing flower  
I sought the urchin to surprise,  
Till wandering near thy favorite bower,  
I caught him laughing in thine eyes !

## OPINIONS OF THE "TIMES,"

BY HALWILLIS.

The cobbler declares the times want "mending"—that his "*little awl*" is insufficient to support him, although he is the "*last*" to complain.

The watchmakers say their watches "don't go," and they shall be "wound up" if the "spring" does not produce a "movement." Even the undertakers complain that their trade is "dead ;" and the little ale-brewers, that every thing in their line is "*flat, stale, and unprofitable*." Cabinet-makers are compelled to return their bills to their "drawers ;" and chair-manufacturers vow they have not a "leg to stand on,"

Bed-manufacturers say these are not times for "feathering their nests," and that they are obliged to "bolster up" their business by getting "tick" wherever they can.

The trunk-makers, when others talk of distress, hold up their hands and cry, "they never *saw* such a *deal*," and that they daily see more cases of distress than packing cases !

The little wine merchant declares, like the "cabin-boy," that he is "wrecked in sight of *port* :

The poulterer says, that purchasing stock is really making "ducks and drakes" of his money, for all his customers are "on the wing."

The rope-maker finds "spining a long yarn" as unprofitable as an author's writing "wonderful tales" without the prospect of a publisher, and thinks seriously of making a rope for himself.

(ORIGINAL.)  
SYMPATHY.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

"A holy thing from Heaven."

WHAT a pleasing emotion is sympathy! What a source of gratification is the reciprocity of this feeling! It is positively necessary to the happiness of a benevolent and refined mind. It is essentially an unselfish sentiment, and one that does honour to our nature. What can better serve to bind man to his fellow-man, than the ties of sympathy? The Apostle Paul, no doubt, bore this in mind when giving the admonition, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

How soothing to the mourner is the tear of sympathy—and next to the blessed consolations of religion, it is felt and appreciated. And how does affliction unite the hearts of those who have suffered in the same manner,—for they alone can truly enter into the feelings called forth by trials which they too have experienced.

Our Saviour manifested this feeling on several occasions; and touching indeed is the simple recital of his visit to the grave of Lazarus. He knew that he possessed power to restore him to life, and intended doing so; yet the sight of the tomb—the thoughts of the sufferings he had undergone—the grief of the mourning sisters and friends affected him, and *Jesus wept*.

How beneficial it is to visit the house of mourning, sad and solemn though it be. If God, in his merciful Providence, has not yet permitted our own homes to be made desolate by the angel of death, and if our hearts have not been chilled and cast down by the disappointments and cares of earth, it is well that we should sometimes be brought to turn aside, and consider our latter end—to feel that we too must go to that bourne from which no traveller returns; and be warned to reflect on the instability of all earthly blessings, that we may in some measure be prepared to abide the shock, when we shall also be called to separate from those loved ones who now make life so dear to us.

The feelings that are called forth by a visit to the house of mourning,—the contemplation of the work of sickness, of suffering, and of death, have a tendency to chasten and refine the heart and affections; and while endeavouring to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit, we are led to consider how we should feel under similar circumstances, and to think how soon death may lay his cold hand on some dear member of our own family circle! And this reflection will render us more kind and attentive to our friends, and will occasion us to overlook the little failings to which all are more or less subject; and while we realize how feeble is

the tenure by which we hold life's dearest ties, they become, from that very circumstance, to be better appreciated and more dear; and verily, "by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better."

Happiness is also increased by sympathy. On all joyous occasions we feel inclined to call our friends around us, that they may partake of our satisfaction. Indeed we are so constituted, that we cannot, if we would, take pleasure in anything which is not participated by another,—excepting the solitary miser, counting o'er his hoards, (and we have always been sceptical as to his enjoyment.) The poet truly says:

"Joy is an exchange;

Joy flies monopolists—it calls for two;  
Rich fruit! Heaven planted! never plucked by one:  
Needful auxiliaries are our friends, to give  
To social man true relish of himself.  
Full on ourselves descending in a line,  
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight;  
Delight intense is taken by rebound,  
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast."

It has often been remarked, that deep and lasting friendship has frequently taken place between two persons, whose dispositions, pursuits, and tastes, were perfectly dissimilar; and this may be, but we cannot conceive that their intercourse can be marked by the same degree of pleasure which is experienced by those whose minds possess a reciprocity, which, with electric power, causes each to sympathise with the other in thought and feeling,

"Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,  
With the same breeze that bend."

Let us suppose that two friends are taking a morning walk together: one an ardent admirer of nature, who feels what a glorious temple we inhabit, made by the hands of God himself, and that every part of it is eloquent of Him; the other has not this taste,—and when his friend, warmed by the influence of the scene, exclaims, in the language of Milton:

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth,  
After soft showers;"

will he not feel the want of the sympathy which the mental blindness of the other prevents him from entertaining? And will he not experience a feeling of regret and disappointment, that the love



of nature, which is to him a never failing source of enjoyment, should not be shared by the friend at his side?

How pleasing is the reflection to one who takes delight in the great and glorious works of nature, that however our minds may be affected, whether by joy or sorrow, we are never disappointed in seeking for sympathy amid the harmonies of earth! Are we the subjects of deep trials and afflictions? Does not the mournful sighing of the midnight winds, the quiet of the dark and shady forest, the pensive murmuring of the mountain stream, and the stars looking down upon us "like thoughtful eyes," exert a calm and soothing influence upon our agitated spirits? Aye, even the lightning's flash, and the pealing thunder, we no longer shrink from with solemn awe, for the storm and the tempest speak to us with the eloquence of Heaven, and seem to say to our troubled minds, "*peace—be still!*"

And when we are happy, and look out upon the world with joyful feelings, are they not increased by the cheerfulness that pervades the vast creation around us? The bright sunshine, the merry warblings of the birds, the wild bees' hum, the clear blue sky, the many tinted flowers of the field,—all seem to sympathise in our emotions, with "the perfection of beauty—the joy of the whole earth;" and we are led to lift our hearts in renewed thankfulness to a God of love, "who hath made every thing beautiful in his time."

### THE DIVISION OF TIME,

THE following was prepared for the use of the author's family. Should it appear to the Editor to be of any value to the more juvenile class of his readers, it is at his service. The space it occupies is not great, and the information it contains, though by no means new, is not *too* generally known.

#### TIME.

**TIME**, from *temps*, and this from *tempus*, is the succeeding duration of the existence of objects; or, a certain measure depending on the motion of heavenly luminaries, by which the distance and duration of things are measured.

But, time, as a generic name, is differently divided according to different intents and purposes.

Thus: **TIME**, in Philosophy, is either *absolute* or *relative*.

**TIME** is absolute, in Philosophy, when it flows equally in itself, without relation to any thing eternal, and is the same with duration properly so said.

**TIME** is relative, in Philosophy, when it indicates the sensible and external measure of duration, estimated by motion.

**TIME**, in music, is the quantity or length by which is assigned to every particular note its due measure, without making it either longer or shorter than it ought to be.

**TIME**, in music, is either *double* or *triple*.

**TIME** is double, in music, when all the notes are increased by two, as two breves make a long, two longs make a large, &c.

**TIME** is *triple*, in music, when the measure is counted by three, as one minim is equal to three crotchets, and one semi-breve is equal to three minims, &c.

**TIME**, considered as the duration of objects, is divided into centuries, years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes and seconds. But, the most complete division of time is the year, being the space of time in which all the seasons return in succession, and begin again.

Time is measured by watches, clocks, sun-dials and glasses.

A *century*, from *centurie*, and this from *centuria*, is the same as one age, and contains one hundred years complete.

*Year* is the time which the sun takes up in going through the twelve signs of the zodiac, which is either astronomical or civil; the former being also divided into tropical and syderal.

The year is also either solar or lunar, which are designated by the word *astronomical*, common to both.

The astronomical year is again divided as follows:

1. The natural solar, or the tropical solar year, is the time which the sun takes to go from one point of the eclipse to the same point again, and contains 12 months, or 52 weeks, or 365 days and 5 hours and 12 minutes.

2. The syderal year is the time which the sun takes up in departing from one fixed star until it returns to the same again, and it contains 13 months, or 52 weeks, or 365 days and 6 hours and almost 10 minutes, which odd hours, in the course of four year's time, amount to 24 hours, or one whole day, and make what is commonly called *bis-sextile* or intercalary year.

The *lunar* year contains 12 lunations or synodical months, and is less than the solar by 11 days, the exact duration of it being 8 hours and 48 minutes, so that its *head* in about 33 years will run through all the months and seasons of the year, and this kind of year is in use among the Turks.

The civil year is that which is in common use among nations, being very various both as to its beginning and to its length, according as they follow the course of the sun, of the moon, or of both.

*Month*, from the Saxon word *monach*, moon, means the space of 28 days, in which the moon completes her course. This is called the lunar month. The synodical or solar month is the precise 12th part of a year, or the time which the sun takes up in passing through one of the signs of the zodiac commonly accounted to contain 30 days, 10 hours and a half.

The calendar month is a month not of equal number of days, but such as are set down in the almanack. The civil month is such as is suited to different customs of particular nations and people.

The philosophical month is the space of 40 days and 40 nights. It is used especially among chemists.

Besides the five different species of months, there are twelve individual months, namely; January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

January is the first month of the year, and is so called from *Januarius*, and this from *Janus*, an ancient king of Italy, deified after his death.

February is the second month of the year, and is so called from *Februarius*, and this from *Februs*, which means the expiatory sacrifices offered up by the ancient Romans, from the purifying of the people in this month; hence the word *Februation*, a purifying or cleansing, by a sacrifice.

March is the third month of the year, and is so called from *Mars*, the heathen god of war. In vulgar or popular computation, *Marck* is the third month of the year; but, in astronomical calculation, *March* is reckoned as the first month of the year, because, then, the sun enters the sign *aries*, hence *March* was anciently the beginning of the year.

April is the fourth month of the year, beginning with January, and the second, beginning from *March*.

April is so called from *Aprilis*, or from *Apertilis ab aperiendo*, which means opening, because, in this month, all vegetables are, as it were, opened and budded in warm climates.

May is the fifth month of the year beginning with January, and is so called from *maius*, or from *maiores*, by Romulus, in respect of the senators of the senate.

June is the sixth month of the year, and is so called from *Junius a junioribus*, which means the younger sort of people.

July is the seventh month of the year, and is so called in honour of *Julius Cæsar*.

August is the eighth month of the year, and is so called in honour of *Augustus Cæsar*.

September. is the ninth month of the year, and is so called from *Septembris*, and this from *septem, 7*, because it is the seventh month from *March*, which was, anciently, the beginning of the year.

October, is the tenth month of the year, and is so called from *Octobris*, and this from *octo, 8*, because it is the eighth month from *March*.

November, is the eleventh month of the year, and is so called from *Novembris*, and this from *novem, 9*, because it is the ninth month from *March*.

December, is the twelfth month of the year, and so called from *Decembris* and this from *decem, 10*, because it is the tenth month from *March*.

The word *day*, from the Saxon language, is a

word which means a space of time which is variously reckoned and divided. Thus: *natural day* is the space of twenty-four hours, which the sun takes up in revolving around the earth, or the earth upon its own axis; and natural day beginning at noon or midnight is *equal*; but, that which is accounted from sun-rising or sun-setting, as it is generally said, is unequal.

Natural-day is also called *civil day*, and civil day differs from natural day only in its beginning, which is various according to the different customs of nations. Some begin to account the day from sun-rising, and some from sun-setting, as the Jews, &c.

*Artificial day* is the space of time which, for the sake of regulating labor, &c. is reckoned from sun-rising to sun-setting, to which is opposed the night, which is the time during which the sun is under the horizon, and is every where unequal, except when just under the equinox.

Besides the different species of days, there are seven individual days in the week, namely; *Sun-day*, *Mon-day*, *Tues-day*, *Wednes-day*, *Thurs-day*, *Fri-day*, *Satur-day*.

*Sun-day*, is the first day of the week, and is so called from its being set apart, by the Saxons, for worshipping the idol of the sun.

*Mon-day*, is the second day of the week, and is so called from its being set apart by the Saxons, for worshipping the idol of the moon.

*Tues-day*, is the third day of the week, and is so called from *Tuisco*, the most ancient and peculiar idol of the Teutonics, or old German Saxons, to whom this day was more specially dedicated.

*Wednes-day*, is the fourth day of the week, and is so called from its being set apart, by the Saxons, for the worshipping of the idol *Woden*, which has the same meaning as *Mars*.

*Thurs-day*, is the fifth day of the week, and is so called from *Thor*, a deity worshipped by the ancient Saxons.

*Fri-day*, is the sixth day of the week, and is so called from *Friga*, the *Venus* of the ancient Saxons.

*Satur-day*, is the seventh day of the week, and so called from *Saturn*, an idol worshipped by the ancient Saxons.

Thus: a week is the space of seven days; a day is the space of 24 hours; an hour is the twenty-fourth part of one day; a minute is the sixtieth part of one hour, and a second the sixtieth part of a minute.

And, a year is the space of twelve months; a month is the space of thirty days; a week is the space of seven days; a day is the space of twenty-four hours; an hour is the twenty-fourth part of a day; a minute is the sixtieth part of one hour, and a second is the sixtieth part of one minute.

J. B. M\*\*\*\*\*

# CHANSON FRANCAISE.

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

**MODERATO**

*Pia*

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO' and the dynamics are marked '*Pia*'. The music is a piano accompaniment for a song, featuring a simple melody in the treble and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bass. The score includes various chords, melodic fragments, and rests, with some notes beamed together. The overall style is characteristic of late 19th or early 20th-century piano music.



## SUNSHINE AND CLOUD,

BY LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

Bright was the morning, and fresh the breeze,  
 Sported the sunbeams o'er sapphire seas;  
 Blithely the lark, on the cloud upborne,  
 Pour'd forth his carol to welcome the morn;  
 Rose on the gale, from earth's fairest bowers,  
 The mingling odours of op'ning flowers;  
 The butterfly roved upon gladsome wing,  
 The wild echoes rang with the voice of spring;  
 Nothing in earth, in ocean, or air,  
 Wore the garb of grief or the brow of care;  
 All was so bright, so serene, so gay,  
 All nature, all being, kept holiday.  
 To sail awhile in this joyous weather,  
 True Love and False Love set out together,  
 Each, in a nautilus shell reclined,  
 Spread his gossamer sail to the fav'ring wind;  
 So light the freight, scarce the waves might feel  
 The fleeting trace of each fairy keel;  
 So fair was each, you might scarce, I ween,  
 True Love or False Love have chosen between.  
 Each form was cast in a faultless mould,  
 Each brow was shaded by locks of gold;  
 Their lips wore the dimpled smile of mirth,  
 Their eyes seem'd to speak of celestial birth;  
 And childhood's wild grace, and unfetter'd glee,  
 And childhood's air of simplicity,  
 Lent each archer boy a softer smile,  
 As he gazed on his bow with a lurking smile.  
 Oh! Love is more fearful with bow unbent,  
 And smile of innocent merriment,  
 Than when, against the unguarded heart,  
 He aims his diamond-pointed dart!  
 Onward they passed, and where'er they came,  
 They were welcomed both, under True Love's  
 name;

And False Love, the traitor, laughed to see  
 How cheated the children of earth could be.  
 Gaily they sail'd—but when evening fell,  
 Sunshine and fav'ring breeze, farewell!  
 Darkness brooded o'er ocean's breast;  
 The lark had gone to his silent nest;  
 Every flower, o'er her leafy bed,  
 Folded her petals and droop'd her head;  
 The butterfly shrunk from the night-wind's chill,  
 And the echoes were mute, and the groves were still.  
 Warn'd by eve's falling shadows damp,  
 True Love kindled his "fire-fly lamp,"  
 And his eye he raised to the dewy star,  
 Which shone through a veil of the clouds afar.

Louder and louder the winds swept past,  
 And his light galley rock'd in the stormy blast;  
 But his cheek blanch'd not—and he look'd not back,  
 Nor paused in his course—nor swerved from the  
 track;

Deeper and deeper the darkness grew,  
 Wilder and chiller the east wind blew:  
 But the fire-fly lamp on his galley's prow  
 Brightened the dark waves which roll'd below;  
 And the soft star pointed with silver ray  
 To the land where his destined haven lay.  
 But False Love's bark in that stormy night  
 Cast o'er the waters no gleam of light;  
 He sought not by starlight his course to guide,  
 But yielded his boat to the raging tide.  
 And morning woke, with her birds and flowers,  
 And her happy hearts, and her sunny showers;—  
 And True Love was there;—but the waters dark  
 Had closed o'er False Love and his treach'rous  
 bark.

## THE POET'S CHOICE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

'Twas in youth, that hour of dreaming,  
 Round me visions fair were beaming,  
 Golden fancies brightly gleaming,  
 Such as start to birth  
 When the wandering restless mind,  
 Drunk with beauty, thinks to find  
 Creatures of a fairy kind  
 Realized on earth !

There for me, in every dell,  
 Hamadryads seem'd to dwell  
 (They who die, as Poets tell,  
 Each with her own tree) ;  
 And sweet mermaids low reclining,  
 Dim light through the grottoes shining.  
 Green weeds round their soft limbs twining,  
 Peopled the deep sea.

Then, when moon and stars were fair;  
 Nymph-like visions filled the air,  
 With blue wings and golden hair,  
 Bending from the skies ;  
 And each cave by Echo haunted  
 In its depth of shadow granted,  
 Brightly, the Egeria wanted,  
 To my eager eyes.

But those glories passed away ;  
 Earth seem'd left to dull decay,  
 And my heart in sadness lay,  
 Desolate, uncheer'd,  
 Like one wrapt in painful sleeping,  
 Pining, thirsting, walking, weeping,  
 Watch through life's dark midnight keeping,  
 Till THY form appear'd !

There my soul, whose erring measure  
 Knew not where to find true pleasure,  
 Woke and seized the golden treasure  
 Of thy human love ;  
 And looking on thy radiant brow,  
 My lips in gladness breathed the vow  
 Which angels not more fair than thou  
 Have registered above.

And now I take my quiet rest,  
 With my head upon thy breast,  
 I will make no further quest  
 In Fancy's realms of light ;  
 Fay, nor nymph, nor winged spirit,  
 Shall my store of love inherit ;  
 More thy mortal charm doth merit  
 Than dream, however bright :

And my soul, like some sweet bird,  
 Whose song at summer eve is heard,

When the leaves so lightly stirr'd,  
 Leaves the branch unbent—  
 Sits, and all-triumphant sings,  
 Folding up her brooding wings,  
 And gazing on earthly things,  
 With a calm content.

## THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

The *Aberdeen Journal* has recently published a letter, first written soon after the publication of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of my Landlord," by a descendant of the family of the Earl of Star, stating that the original of the *Bride of Lammermoor* was the Hon. Janet Dalrymple, sister of the first Earl of Stair, in the time of William and Mary, and that she has always been spoken of in the family by the name of "The bride of Baldoon." The lover to whom she had plighted her faith was Lord Rutherford, but her enforced husband was David Dunbar, eldest son of the Laird of Baldoon. On the wedding night young Baldoon was killed, not as Sir Walter has left it to be inferred, by the hands of his bride, to free herself from her hateful fate, but by the lover who had secreted himself in the bridal chamber, and escaped by the window ; the bridegroom obstinately refused, while he survived, to give any account of the fray ; and the bride was found in the chimney corner, a raving maniac ; she refused all food, and died soon after ; the only words she ever spoke are those recorded by Sir Walter Scott, "Ye hae taen up your bonnie bridegroom." The general fidelity of the characters is admitted by the writer, except that he says justice is not done to the character of Lord Stair, under the guise of Sir William Ashton, and that the fictitious bridegroom is a much more respectable person than was the real one in young Baldoon.

## SIR T. LAWRENCE AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A lady once asked Sir T. Lawrence the reason why he had so long ceased to play billiards, the only game he greatly excelled in. His reply was full of character.—"My dear madam, though I never played for money myself, my play attracted much attention, and occasioned many and often very high bets. Next to gambling yourself, is the vice of encouraging it in others ; and as I could not check the betting, I have given up my amusement. I have not played a game for many years. The last time I was in a billiard-room was a few years ago, when who should casually come in but the Duke of Wellington. We had often played together, and with nearly equal success. We agreed to have a match, but we were both so perfectly out of practice that, after a few strokes, we could not help smiling at each other, and we laid down the cues."

## THE LATE BARON SYDENHAM,

FIRST GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE UNITED PROVINCES OF UPPER AND LOWER CANADA:

Died at Kingston, September 19, 1841.

A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF LORD SYDENHAM,—BY THE REV. W. AGAR ADAMSON.

THE event which this eloquent discourse commemorates is of too much and of too melancholy interest to pass without record in our pages, although it be already known and wept far beyond the limits to which our notice of it may ever reach.

Lord Sydenham was yet young when the dread summons called him to his Creator's footstool. His life had not passed beyond its summer; or, at farthest, it was at that point only where summer and autumn meet—when the intellectual man is in his highest vigour, even as the inanimate world is richest in the approach and promise of maturity. But, brief though his existence had been, he had achieved more than myriads, his equals in rank and station, who have gone to the grave before him, borne down by the weight of years. During his brief term of life, he had been no niggard of his toil, nor did he eat the bread of idleness and sloth. His days had been days of labour, and his nights, nights of thought. With equal facility he planned and executed, and in his plans as in their execution, it was easy to trace the unerring stamp of the presiding and master mind. During his latest days his toil and anxiety were for us—given freely in behalf of the noble colony placed by a confiding sovereign under his guardianship and care. Under his sway it rose regenerated from its political and deathlike lethargy, and took again its station among the dependencies of the Island-Empire. Under his auspices it has made one rapid stride to free itself from the social derangement and confusion which have, as it were, held us struggling, almost without hope, far behind our compeers in the race for honour and improvement. The mission entrusted to Baron Sydenham was near its accomplishment when he died. When undertaken by him, all men confessed that it was hedged round with difficulty; though the events of the few, immediately preceding years had predisposed men's minds to receive the peace offering he had been commissioned to present. But, whatever the difficulties were, he was endowed with energies to meet and to subdue them. His rapid attainment of success astonished all men but himself. He seemed intuitively to trace back to their origin the causes which had marred our prosperity, and retarded the progress, physically and intellectually, of the country he was called upon to govern—and he determined to cut deep into their roots, and utterly weed them out. He saw a country for which nature had done much, and man almost nothing, whose wealth, like the riches of an unwrought mine, was unproductive, and without value—he saw the treasures which our limitless forests might cover, but not conceal. He saw, and he determined that the spectacle should meet the view of the powerful among his countrymen, satisfied that, once unveiled, the bounties of Providence would ere long be turned into productive channels, and our boundless wastes converted into smiling fields, from which might be supplied with bread the starving millions of his native land, while every acre reclaimed from its native wildness would give forth comfort to be shared round the cottage fires of those from whose labour sprang the earth's abundance.

Before he did all that he hoped to do, he died. The seed he sowed it was left to other hands to reap. But if it prosper and grow into maturity, the end for which he laboured will be fulfilled, and to him it matters not what hand may gather in the harvest. To those for whom he toiled it would have been pleasing to know that he still watched over what he had so well begun, but the great ones of earth, equally with the weak and lowly, are only instruments of one whose illimitable greatness no finite mind can fathom. That One willed it otherwise, and the creatures of His mercy can only say, "Thy will, not ours, be done."

But though we own the power and bend humbly in acknowledgement that though we see it not, all things are ordered wisely and well, the heart melts in sympathy when it contemplates an event, to all human eyes, so full of sadness, so brimming over with melancholy thoughts, as is presented in the death of one like the departed, surrounded by all that makes life desirable—“bound to existence by so many delightful ties—the honoured of his country, the favoured of his sovereign,—the hearts of thousands knit to him as the heart of one man.” Regretful tears

will come when we think of such an one, cut down in the hour of triumph, when on the eve of again visiting his native land, after years of absence, and taking an honoured place among the great and good of the noblest empire upon which the sun since its creation ever shone.

Such was the event—such the circumstances, under which the Reverend friend of the dead—one who had received his latest breath, and prayed beside him on the couch of suffering—who had taught him to forget the earth, and cast his eyes beyond the gloomy sepulchre to the glorious goal beyond—was called upon to speak. Such was the dispensation under which it was his duty to teach patience and submission. Such was the bereavement, it was his province to place in its true light before the eyes and hearts of a mourning, but Christian people. With such a theme could he be less than eloquent? With such a subject could his words be otherwise than impressive? With the body of the dead beside him, could the Christian truths he uttered fail to find an echo within the hearts of those who listened round him? If it were possible that such words, such sentiments and such thoughts, could fall unheeded, then are the heaven-written lessons which Providence sends to man, written and sent in vain. But it is not so. The words of the Minister of God will quicken in many hearts, and from the seeming evil will spring forth fruits of good.

As contributing something to an end so much to be desired, though comparatively the words seem cold when read, we have transcribed some passages from the sermon, which through these pages may meet some eye which would not otherwise have seen them.

The Reverend Chaplain said:—

We have, within the last few awful days, been taught what death is in all its awful terrors, in all its overwhelming and incalculable consequences of future danger and calamity. The destroying Angel bore a two edged weapon, as subtle as it was potent, fine enough to divide the most exquisite ligaments, strong enough to burst the mightiest bonds—one edge severed the ties of domestic friendship—the other smote to the dust the hopes of this immense country.

Myriads die every day, myriads are dying at this hour, and of multitudes of them, if must be allowed, that those who wish them best, who perhaps love them most, have reason to wish them dead, before they die. The old, the very aged, die after they have survived their hopes, their views, their children, their senses, and themselves; after there is nothing left in the world to which they can aspire but a grave.

The afflicted die, and their death is at an end of suffering, the diseased perish, and their dissolution is an end of pain. All this constant lesson of daily mortality we receive without instruction,—the event is ordinary,—often welcome—we see them pass away, and forget we are to follow them. Some tears, but they are rather the tears of recollection than of conviction, are dropped on the graves of the dead; instead of sinking into our own hearts, from whatever source they are drawn, we dry them soon, we turn away our eyes from the handwriting on the wall and rush back to the banquet, readily persuaded that the summons was intended for our companions—not for us.

But, the human heart is not always suffered to slumber in security, its slumber is sometimes broken by a voice that will be heard; a hand commissioned by Heaven rends open our curtains, and a terrible light flashes on the eyes of the dreamer through the opening.

If imagination were tasked to devise an event that united the extremes of corporeal suffering and national calamity, that combined all the anguish of mortality, with the more tremendous impressions of eternity, imagination itself would faint under the burthen of conceiving a portion of that evil which bows us down before God in grief, in terror, and I trust in repentance, this day.

The image of a young and wealthy and intellectual English Nobleman, bound to existence by so many delightful ties, the honoured of his country, the favored of his Sovereign, sacrificing health, enjoyment, and life itself in the service of this our country, requires scarce an additional feature to interest every man for his welfare—add, that the hearts of thousands are knit to him as the heart of one man, that the hearts of those who differ most widely from his policy, honor his integrity and throb for his safety, that the hopes and prospects of peace for this vast Province are centered in him, that England, and England's Sovereign, and ours, look anxiously to his wisdom to guide us through the ocean of perils by which we are surrounded, and surely our knees would be instantly and eagerly bent in supplication for the preservation of his life.

Such prayers doubtless have been put up by many, without the parade of affected feeling or exaggerated devotion—they have been answered, but not as the suppliants expected. He is no more—he lies there cold and inanimate. The eloquent tongue is silent—the master-mind is at rest,—the warm heart has ceased to beat.

He has been smitten in the accumulated enjoyment of youth, wealth, eminence, honor and success. No event of greater horror and anguish ever desolated the annals of this Province, no event of similar importance has left its awful track upon the page of its history. But from history we turn at this moment with disgust: at such a moment as this, we seek, like Joseph, a place where we may weep, and go to our chambers and weep there. This is a case in which even Man weeps; and no one can hide his tears, and no one can dry them.

Perhaps there is no place from which the awful lessons of this event should sink into our hearts with more force and weight than that from which I address you. Our business here is not to praise man, nor any child of man: our business here is not "to soothe the dull cold ear of death with flattery;" not to tell you of time—but eternity. Yet, as eternity, in this wretched, perishable existence, must often borrow its subjects from time, I demand, had we ever such a topic to urge you on, so full of grief, so full of

instruction ? Never : Kingdoms have passed away, and they have left no impression behind them on earth ; their rulers are gone, and have left little but the frightful traces of their crimes. The mighty of the earth are gone—the conquerors are departed—“the proud are robbed and have slept.” Who mourned for them ? Tears were shed for them indeed ; but they were shed by the widows and orphans whom their swords had made. But he is mourned by the tears of those, from whose eyes he never drew a tear, but the bitter one that drops upon his grave.

All panegyric is idle and profane. His best eulogy is that burst of sorrow that answers me at this moment—that awful murmur of involuntary grief which at this moment is echoing through this vast continent.

It is difficult and delicate to speak of those whose superior station veils them from common view—it is tremendous to speak of those whom the hand of God hath snatched from mortal sight for ever. It is with an humble and trembling touch we should dare to approach the veil of futurity—yet some gleams of light break through it to cheer and direct us. Let us remember that this illustrious person, amidst anguish unspeakable—amidst agony unutterable, could say, on the announcement that his earthly hopes were about to have an end, “God’s will be done”—and then cry with devoted sincerity “for thy name’s sake, Oh Lord, pardon mine iniquity for it is great.”

My brethren, we may soon be called to undergo a trial like his, Oh ! let us pray for his resignation and his hope !

It is impossible that the first instructions we take from calamity should be taken, or given in a collected, coherent manner—the event—the terrible event is rushing on our souls at every moment, and defeating by the force of its recollection, the utility of those lessons its recollection should teach.

It is awful to see death in all his might—blasting manhood, and withering life, and severing the ties of the heart, trampling on all human power, and defying all human skill, and crushing all at a blow into the cold and narrow tomb, and writing on it with his dart—“Mortals, such is the will of my Master and of yours.”

Oh, one such fact preaches more than many sermons—it preaches to the soul of man, within him. May it preach powerfully to yours.

Let us retire to commune with our own hearts, in our chambers ; and if we have hearts, the power of God will be there to touch, to elevate, and to purify them.

Tears it is impossible for us to withhold, but let this tremendous dispensation not make us weep merely ; let it also make us think—think, and be the better for reflection—weep and be the happier for our tears.

We cannot benefit by that life which promised happiness to millions. We may, oh we must benefit by his death—he must not have died in vain. His exalted rank few can aspire to—his intellectual power still fewer ; but his integrity of purpose—his love of Canada, his loyalty to his Sovereign, his universal benevolence, we all can emulate.

Let us pray, and let us each individually endeavour, that his death in the service of this country, for whose welfare he literally died a Martyr, may be hallowed to its good ; that over his untimely grave past differences may be forgotten, a spirit of charity and benevolence spring up and be diffused through the land, and all men of all parties, unite cordially in obedience to the laws, which his master-mind devised—that all may work together for peace and good to this heretofore distracted country.

He is gone—while he is ascending may we catch his mantle and feel the inspiration. He is gone before Him who can a thousand fold recompense the loss of life and power, even with that crown which has no thorns, with those pleasures which know neither diminution nor end. He is gone before Him, to whom the kingdoms of the earth are as the dust of the balance, and its enjoyments as the bubble on the stream, for with him is “an inheritance incorruptible,” at “his right hand are pleasures for evermore.”

Beloved friends, shall we not seek to be there ? At this moment under the lesson of this tremendous dispensation, do we not feel at the very bottom of our chastised and sorrowing hearts, the vanity, the hollowness, the nothingness of life ?

“Eternity—eternity” seems to be in the very echo of that blow, which has smitten us to the dust.

Oh then my brethren, to God and to eternity let us turn. All things, and grief above all, conspire to lead us to Him. Approach Him then, through Him, who is the “way, the truth, and the life,” seek a living interest in the Lord Jesus, walk by the faith of the Son of God, and in the humble, world-resigning spirit of his Gospel.

He whom we deplore—whom perhaps our latest posterity shall deplore, resigned himself without a murmur to the will of Heaven.

Let us cast our mite into the treasury of resignation. Let us offer up our souls and bodies a lively sacrifice to God—it is our reasonable service. Let us resign to Him our hearts and our lives, and he will not reject them. He will in no wise cast us out.

So shall this afflictive dispensation be sanctified to us—so shall it be “good for us that we have been in trouble.” So shall we prove the truth of the Apostle’s declaration, that “All things shall work together for good, to them that love God.”

With the grief occasioned by the death of the lamented Baron, many forebodings of public evil were, as a necessary consequence, mingled. These, however, have gradually cleared away. His earthly duties having been all performed, his house was in order, ready to receive the new occupant of his seat. Now no fears are entertained, and the people, almost as one man, look forward to the coming of a new ruler, who will begin where his predecessor ended, and follow the track in which he led, as promising a long, peaceable and tranquil day, in which Canada, prosperous, united and free, will grow in value to the empire, and in its means of affording pleasure and enjoyment to those who dwell within it.



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

END OF THE VOLUME—PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEXT.

WITH this number of the *Garland* another volume is completed—the third since our humble offering was laid upon the shrine of public taste. During the term which their publication has embraced, we have had frequent occasion gratefully to acknowledge the able and liberal support we have received, as well in contributions to our pages as in additions to our subscription list. In both of these departments, it affords us pleasure to observe, there is still apparent a visible and steady increase.

It will be seen that the First Debt is now completed. The number of pages occupied by this delightful story, though greater than usual, requires no apology. It was necessary to bring it to a close, in order to preserve our rule unbroken of continuing no article from one volume to another—but did it cover triple the amount of pages, there would be few readers weary of it. The story is one which will suffer little in comparison with any similar production of the day, whether in variety of incident and character—in the unbroken interest it excites—in the beauty of its composition—or in the high moral aim to which it tends. The author will still continue her assistance to the *Garland*.

E. L. C. will also occasionally lend her valued aid. Her eloquent and graceful pen is ever ready to yield enjoyment, the sweetest and richest of which the mind partakes. Since the *Garland* was begun, her contributions have imparted to it one of its greatest charms, and though lately they have been less frequent than we and our readers might have wished, they have been endowed perhaps with greater relish from their rarity. In the December number, however,—the opening of the fourth volume,—we flatter ourselves that she will again be met with.

Another announcement we have to make, we make with pleasure, which will be fully responded to by our readers. E. M. M. has another story in course of preparation, the first part of which has already been received. It is called “The Orphan,” and will well sustain the reputation which the former productions of the authoress have won. Its publication will probably be commenced in the second number of the new volume.

In the volume now completed have been published two of a series of “Sketches of the Italian Poets,” with a continuation of which we hope we may be favoured. The truthfulness of delineation, and the pleasing style of composition, no less than the interesting character of the subjects, will ensure for them an eminently favourable reception with the readers of the *Garland*.

From the masculine pen of the author of *Acquaintance with the Great*, the *Retrospective Review of Byron, Galt, and Johnson*, and many other excellent papers, we are in hopes that the next volume will occasionally boast of something. The universal commendations which these articles have received, and by those who could most fully enter into and appreciate them, are an earnest of the pleasure with which any future contributions from their author will be received.

We are not without hopes that the author of the “*Australian Bush Rangers*,” and other narratives and tales,—our highly valued friend “*A Monk of G—— Abbey*,” will occasionally lend us the assistance of his original and vigorous pen. Knowing that he finds delight in whatever yields pleasure to his fellow-men, we have reason for our belief that he will not suffer his pen to lie idle and unemployed.

Some time ago, we were favoured with a pleasing and finely written story, entitled “*The Hebrew Martyrs*,” by the author of the “*Backwoods of Canada*,” which was very generally and very justly admired. Its author, we are pleased to be at liberty to announce, will also contribute towards making our *Garland* a wreath of flowers indeed.

From Mrs. Spooner, the authoress of a short but excellently written essay, in the present number, and of some pieces in former numbers, equally worthy of regard, we trust we shall also occasionally hear.

With these assistants, and many others,—among whom the author of the *Camp Meeting* and the *Jubilee*, holds a prominent place, who may at times favour us with something,—it is not promising too much to say that the *Garland* may be expected to become still more worthy of the favour so generally extended to it, and which unceasingly calls upon us to spare no effort of our own to make it worthy of universal patronage.