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JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

By nature kindred—Fortune made us foes,
But love, in pity, wooed us to his side,
And triumphed over destiny.

Mrs. STERNFIELD received few visitors, yet her religion was not of a morose or selfish character. She did not behold a foe to God in every one who differed from herself; but, with true benevolence, recognized friends in all who named the name of Christ in sincerity. She did not think it expedient for Rosamond to be introduced into general society at her tender years, or to leave her useful studies to mingle in the crowded scenes, and heated atmosphere, of fashionable life.

"Ah!" she said to her nephew, Arthur Walbrook, "let the dear child retain as long as she can, her artless, ingenuous manners, her simplicity and purity of heart. A mind like hers, strengthened and trained in the school of virtue, is not easily turned away from the narrow path of duty. Save her as long as you can, from the shoals and quicksands of pride and vanity, on which I made shipwreck of my peace."

Marianne Morton grumbled sadly at the secluded manner in which they lived. She had hoped that the arrival of the blooming young heiress would have made a great alteration in their domestic arrangements—that invitations would have poured in upon them, and that her aunt would have given parties in return, in honor of her whom she termed the "lost sheep." The invitations came, but were politely declined by the old lady, on the plea that her grand-daughter was too young, and was yet engaged in her studies; and beyond a few old and tried friends,

who came when they pleased, without a formal invitation, the handsome mansion was as solitary as the old hall in the country.

After the studies of the morning were ended, Rosamond and her cousin always took an airing in the carriage with Mr. Walbrook, visiting the public buildings, the galleries of art, attending the lectures of scientific men of note, and examining all that was worthy of admiration and attention in the great city. To Rosamond, this mode of combining amusement and instruction was most delightful; and she never returned from these places of public resort, without receiving additional knowledge, and adding to her stock of ideas.

"We learn more from things than from books," she would say, "by hearing men talk, than by reading their thoughts on paper. In listening to Mr. Buckenham's lecture to-day, on Egypt, I seemed to be present with him on every spot he described; so truthfully and eloquently he painted every scene, that I walked with him through the streets of Rosetta, and Grand Cairo, and am as well acquainted with Constantinople and the Turks, as if I had been travelling with him through the land of nature's gentlemen."

"Well, I must own," said Marianne, leaning back in her seat in the carriage, "that a good ball would please me a thousand times more than the most eloquent lecture from these learned Athenians. Like Gallo, I care for none of these things. Women were not made for thinking, but pleasing; the fashionable man of the world cannot have a greater horror of a blue than I have. Heaven defend us from a scientific professor in petticoats."

* Continued from page 320.

"You who possess a mind of no ordinary powers, Miss Morton, are guilty of mental suicide when you broach such sentiments," said Arthur. "The real woman of genius is never a pretender. It is only those who lay claim to knowledge which they do not possess, who deserve the title of blues. How much women have contributed in the present age, by their writings, to the mental and moral improvement of the British female character. Who would dare to stigmatize by the name of a blue, a Mrs. Hemans, a Mary Howitt, or Letitia Elizabeth Landon?"

"I would rather read their works than possess their notoriety," said Marianne. "I hate the very name of an author; it reminds me of a schoolmaster, or schoolmistress, for one always feels uncomfortable in their company. They are spies upon society; people who exalt themselves at the expense of others; who with a thousand faults, follies and eccentricities of their own, build up their reputation by anatomizing the follies of their neighbours. I do not wonder that the most sensible portion of mankind behold them with distrust, and feel ill at ease in their company. There is only one thing in connexion with a celebrated author, that I feel the least inclined to covet."

"And what is that?" said Rosamond, astonished that her cousin should acknowledge any good in such a perverse race.

"Power!" returned Marianne emphatically; "the power they have of tormenting their enemies. But great as this is, the power to be derived from wealth is greater still. This is the power that rules both the weak and strong. The weak worship and fall before it. The strong grasp and toil for it, and when once obtained, can bend the vulgar masses to their will. Keep your beauty, Cousin Rosamond, great as it is, continue to idolize men and women of genius, but give me your wealth, and with it I would reign paramount over a thousand slaves."

"I have no wish to rule," said Rosamond; "I cannot stand alone in my own strength; I feel that I need the support of a stronger, sterner character than my own—that I would feel less difficulty in working for my bread among the poor, than becoming a leader among the rich. Upper seats and conspicuous places are not to my taste; I only covet the quiet domestic enjoyments which spring from a rational and useful employment of one's means and faculties. It strikes me, Cousin Marianne, that you suffer your wishes to take too wide a range, and lose the substance, while endeavouring to grasp the shadow of happiness."

"But the shadow of my substance would

reflect more credit upon the pursuer, Rosamond, than the possession of your realities," said Marianne bitterly. "It is easier to stoop to the earth than to exalt ourselves to heaven; but the higher the aim, the more noble even the failure."

"We should estimate actions by the good they produce," said Arthur gravely. "If we only aim at exalting ourselves in a worldly point of view, beyond our fellows, every step which leads us to a consummation of our wishes, removes us farther from heaven."

"I was not speaking of heaven or heavenly things, Mr. Prescher. I am of the earth, earthy, and to the good which earth hath to bestow, will I hope and cling, as long as I am nourished on her bosom. Fortune has been niggardly to me. Beauty she gave, but left me poor and dependent. I must improve the one solitary talent in the best way I can. If I can obtain with it a young, handsome, wealthy and clever man—well—but if I can only procure age, and ugliness, and imbecility, with wealth to make it palatable, I will forego the advantages of youth, beauty and talent, rather than lose the talisman that has ever bound the world in chains."

Rosamond and Arthur exchanged glances. They could not enter into Marianne's philosophy.

"You do not sympathize with my view of things?" said Marianne, flashing her brilliant dark eyes full upon her companions. "You are both slaves to the opinions of others. I dare think for myself. You revile the world, and all its wicked ways, yet would not for the world incur its censure, by honestly avowing your secret thoughts. I care not for the world, but I like the good things in the world, and will obtain them if I can."

"At the expense, I fear, of every good and holy feeling," said Arthur with a sigh. "Marianne, I pity your low ambition, your servile pride."

"All words, mere words. You seek your happiness in one way—I in another. I might revile your cant and self-delusion—your faith in the infallibility of your own self-righteousness; but no—I like people to please themselves, and grope through the world after their own fashion. You think me vain and wicked, because I know myself to be handsome, and like to be admired. Flattery to woman is like dew to the flower, it freshens her beauty, and calls out all the fine shades in her character. The vainest persons are those who consider themselves above flattery; that with the most self-complaisant smile, declare: 'We are not vain, we should like to see the person who would dare to

insult us by flattery.' Ah! Cousin Walbrook! those are the people to wind round your finger; to praise beyond the paltry deserts of earth, to extol by silent adulation, and play the servile listener to, until your unspoken admiration carries them up to the third heaven of self-idolatry."

"Hold! Marianne, go no farther; there is too much truth in your bitter mockery," cried Arthur. "It is the task of a demon to unveil and deride the miseries, the weaknesses, the crimes of humanity;—the act of a God, to pity, to soften, to reform, and forgive. Where, where did you obtain your fatal knowledge of evil?"

"In the school where all best learn it—my own heart," said Marianne. "In that rich soil, that hot-bed of the passions, flowers do occasionally spring up, but weeds of larger growth, luxuriate and overtop them, leaving their companions few and far between. Your hearts are too well cultivated, your passions too much under control, to acknowledge such an abundance of poisonous plants in your domain. I feel their baneful influence, and, judging by the effects they produce upon my own actions, I learn, pretty accurately, how deeply they poison the minds of others."

"And is there no remedy provided for this evil, Marianne?" said Arthur, fixing his mild eyes searchingly upon her face.

"None that I could ever discover. Good resolutions are vain, for they are broken as soon as made. Conscience, which points out the fault, and maddens the perpetrator with its loud and ceaseless reproaches, preaches self-improvement, but never points out the way to obtain it."

"Then has the Bible been written in vain," said Arthur; "and the blood of Him who died upon the tree, was uselessly poured forth. Conscience, it is true, awakens man to a sense of guilt, but religion alone can lead him to the great physician of souls, and effect mental regeneration. Yet, I rejoice to hear you speak of conscience as a reprover, Marianne. Far gone in guilt are they to whom the great monitor has ceased to speak. It tells of a deadness of the soul, a moral corruption that must end in everlasting destruction."

Marianne did not answer. She looked grave, as some sad thought passed rapidly through her mind, and clouded her fine features. Her wilfulness did not spring from ignorance of the truth, but from a studied infidelity, that feared, while it wished to believe it false. After a few minutes of painful silence, she said in a lively tone:

"Rosamond, we have forgotten to call on Mrs. Maurice, the lady who left her card for you, while we were out the other morning."

"I did not see the card," said Rosamond; "I heard nothing about it."

"Dear me, how remiss of me not to tell you," returned Marianne, drawing a card from her reticule. "See, here it is. 'Mrs. L. Maurice, 14 Woburn Place,' and at the back, 'Aunt to Miss Sternfield.' Your grandmamma was anxious that you should return this call as soon as possible, as she thinks this lady must be a sister of your mother's."

Rosamond took the card, and read it attentively; but she turned very pale, and trembled exceedingly. Of her mother's friends she knew nothing. That mother was to her a mysterious, shadowy, ghost-like relation, always connected in her mind, with the horror of Jane Redgrave's awful dream; and the thought of being so near a sister of her mother's—of being suddenly introduced into her presence, filled her naturally timid mind with anxiety.

"I cannot go to-day," she said. "I have not courage."

"Nonsense," returned Marianne. "You will rally during your ride thither. Tomorrow will be just as bad as to-day; besides I am dying with curiosity to see this same aunt of yours. I hope an acquaintance with her will give us an opportunity of seeing a little more of the world. Coachman, drive to number 14 Woburn Place, and let Roach enquire, if Mrs. Maurice is at home. It is cruel of my aunt," she continued, resuming her conversation with Rosamond, "to shut me up at my age, like a nun in a convent, depriving me, as I have no fortune, of the chance of settling in life. You, Rosamond, do not feel this sacrifice of youth and beauty. You are four years younger than I am, and moreover are the heiress of a large fortune. Your day has scarcely arrived; but mine is passing away. You, who are certain of receiving the adulation of the world, cannot sympathize in my loss of time, and worse, far worse, the diminution of my personal charms."

Rosamond could not help laughing at the earnestness with which her cousin spoke.

"Is marriage the first great object in life?" she asked.

"Yes, certainly, if wealthy and advantageous; but ye Gods! if poor and uninfluential, you had better be in your grave, snugly provided with a warm shroud, and a good substantial coffin. Imagine the domestic felicity of a large family, and limited means,—a cross, anxious husband, half-starved, squalling children, impertinent, lazy servants, and a host of daily duns. Purgatory were a paradise to such a state."

"But there is no necessity, cousin of mine, to

go from one extreme to the other," said Rosamond. "Imagine an intellectual and good man, of moderate fortune, not exactly rich, but possessing a comfortable competence—a commodious house, neatly furnished, and if not the luxuries, the substantial comforts of life—a lovely and loving family, and kind friends. Would not this be preferable to mere wealth and station?"

"In your estimation, not in mine; but here we are at Woburn Place. Humph! a good house—the footman rather gaudily dressed. But the Irish are too fond of show—not much taste in their selection of colors; but a fascinating, clever people, with enough of the devil in them to be entertaining companions. Oh! it would be fine fun to disappoint an Irish adventurer. I wish Mrs. Maurice may have a son. If I would not persuade him that I was the heiress! How he would blarney me up to the skies, and swear by all the divinities in Love's heaven, that I was a perfect Venus."

Rosamond shook her head depreciatingly, as Arthur assisted them from the carriage, and in a few minutes she found herself in Mrs. Maurice's presence.

A handsome, and showily dressed woman was sitting at a table writing a note as the party entered. Her eye glanced from Marianne to Rosamond, and with a knowledge which seemed almost intuitive, singled out her niece. A warm embrace, and an audible salute upon the fair cheek of the blushing girl, spoke her welcome.

"What a beautiful girl! I should have known her anywhere—she is the picture of her mother. A perfect Doyle! It is only Ireland which can produce a face like that."

"Indeed!" said Marianne, coldly; "we consider Miss Sternfield a great likeness of her father."

"Oh, the wretch!"—cried Mrs. Maurice. "It is a poor compliment to be thought like him. No! she is a gem of the emerald isle—I must insist upon claiming her as my countrywoman. What do you say, my dear?"

"Born and brought up in England, I have always looked upon myself as English," said Rose; "but I feel deeply interested in Ireland, on my mother's account, and shall take the earliest opportunity to visit it."

"Ah! we must find you an Irish husband, and that will cure you of your English prejudices."

"Let me assure you, madam, that I have no national prejudices. The good of all countries are to me alike," interposed Rosamond.

"A citizen of the world, eh! And where did you get those republican notions? For my part, I glory in my nationality, and am ready to do

battle with any one who speaks slightly of my abused and injured country. But let me introduce you to my nephew, and your cousin, Captain Doyle; I assure you, from the moment we heard of your existence, he has been most impatient to claim relationship."

The color again heightened on Rosamond's cheek, as a tall man, of good figure and bold reckless appearance, advanced and took her hand.

"I am only too happy, Miss Sternfield, to make your acquaintance. Relations do not always prove the best friends, but faith! if we may judge by first impressions, it will be no difficult matter to love you."

"Sir," said Rosamond, withdrawing her hand, and looking sternly grave; "I am not accustomed to the language of flattery."

"Then you have never been accustomed to hear the truth, in this cold-hearted land," said the Captain.

"My cousin is unacquainted with the virtues of the blarney stone," said Marianne, laughing. "If you have a small portion of that valuable commodity in your pocket, dispense the same to me. I shall find it highly useful."

"You are a sensible girl," cried the gay Doyle, seating himself beside Marianne, "not to be offended with a man for uttering what is in his heart. The Saxon may sit by a beautiful creature like you, and admire her with his eyes, and still be prudent enough not to speak his admiration; but I defy a son of Erin to hold his tongue, while his heart is warmed with the charms of dear woman. My little cousin looks as serious as a judge, but we shall be better friends when we understand each other."

"My cousin Rosamond is of a timid, retiring character," said Marianne; "in this respect she is perfectly English."

"Ah! I see you are determined to claim her for your own," said Captain Doyle; "but the purest blood always flows from the mother's side." "Because women are so much better than men?"

"They are angels, and nothing bad can belong to celestial beings."

"Yet they contrived to fall, with all their superiority," said Marianne, sarcastically. "That is the reason, I suppose, that we find so many among them devils."

"By Jove! if a man had said as much, I would have murdered him," cried Doyle, laughing. "But I make a point of never contradicting a woman."

"The blarney was wanting there," returned Marianne; "we should have differed, in order to agree. You made us all angels, but agreeing

with me in the wrong place, left us devils, which reminds me of the story of Pope Leo the Tenth, who, when the cardinal whom Michael Angelo had maliciously painted in hell petitioned his holiness to order the artist to blot him out of the picture,—made the following reply: 'Had he placed thee in purgatory, I could have taken thee out; but as he has sent thee to a worse place, there must thou remain.'

"I deny that there can be such a place, if the ladies go there," replied her companion; "for their presence would make a heaven of it at once."

"Ah! intolerable flatterer," said Marianne; "you go beyond the bounds of reason and common sense."

"How can you expect a man to be in his senses while conversing with a pretty woman? Love is a gentle term for madness, and an Irishman is always in love."

"With whom?" said Marianne archly.

"With you—with every pretty girl he flirts with."

"Very candid, truly. But, if she happens, as in my case, to be poor?"

"Ah!" said the Captain, shrugging his shoulders. "That you know is another affair altogether. Love and interest are always at variance; but I never would allow the one to stand in the way of the other."

Marianne smiled, and raised her fine dark eyes to his face, as she replied.

"If my pretty cousin Rosamond and I, could exchange places, you would call her a sweet girl, and worship me as a divinity; what an improver of beauty is wealth! Plutus with his yellow dust, blinds more eyes than Cupid. I will follow your example, Captain Doyle, and pay homage to no other deity."

"This girl is a Venus, but a perfect devil," thought the soldier. "It is dangerous to remain longer in her neighbourhood," and he rose, and sauntered across the gaily furnished drawing room, and entered into conversation with Arthur Walbrook, who was seated alone and unobserved, on a sofa, turning over a portfolio of drawings.

In the meanwhile, Rosamond had learned much of her aunt's history, from her own lips; she was her mother's youngest sister, and had married a rich old counsellor for his wealth. He had left her a widow in easy circumstances, unencumbered with the cares of a family; and feeling herself lonely without those endearing ties, she had adopted the youngest son of her only brother, a wild, extravagant fellow, who if he had no fortune of his own, was doing his best to dissipate hers; but of this she said nothing to Rosamond, hoping to make up a match between them, which

she considered would set all to rights again, without suffering the money to go out of the family. She spoke of her dear Maurice in the most extravagant terms of commendation, and appeared such a kind, good-natured woman, that Rosamond left the house under the impression that she had found a warm friend in her aunt.

"These are strange people," said Marianne, after they had resumed their seats in the carriage. "I don't know what to think of them. They are not very genteel, but they amuse me. That Captain Doyle is a fine showy looking man, and does not want for wit, which is more than I can say of his dashy aunt——"

"She seems very kind," said Rosamond; "I feel grateful to her for her frank, affectionate reception of me; I am sure, I shall find her an excellent friend." Arthur Walbrook said nothing. He had formed his own opinions, but as they were not favourable, he declined expressing them, and it would be well for most people if they followed his example.

Rosamond had nearly completed her toilette for dinner, when Marianne ran into the room.

"What will you give me for my news, Rose?"

"A great deal if it pleases me—if you tell me that Aunt Dunstanville, or Jane Redgrave, or even dear old Mr. Bradshawe, is below."

"Keep your bribes, miss! The visitor is none of these. Yet a Dunstanville! Yes, our long expected East Indian is actually arrived—is here! and oh! Rosamond, guard well your heart, for he is bewitchingly handsome. The poor deaf and dumb gentleman might well be jealous, did he know that such a formidable rival had invaded the tower of his lady fair. My aunt is much pleased with her nephew, and has invited him to make her house his home until your claims are decided. Perhaps she thinks it will come to a compromise and the suit be settled in the court of love, instead of a court of law. But, be quick, Rosamond! My aunt sent me to hurry you, and I long to know your opinion of our Adonis."

Rosamond considered that Marianne was only funning her, and she concluded her arrangements without hurrying herself, and, taking her cousin's arm, descended to the drawing room; but her calm, fair face, flushed to the deepest rose tint, when she perceived a tall and very handsome officer in earnest conversation with her grandmother. He rose, as the two beautiful girls entered, and his countenance lighted up with an expression of respectful admiration.

"This is the rival claimant of the Sternfield property," said the old lady, presenting Rose; "your cousin Rosamond Sternfield, the daughter of my unfortunate son Armysn. While both

were unknown to me, I must confess that I favoured you, and wished you might succeed to the inheritance; but this dear girl has wound herself so round my heart that I cannot feel indifferent to her claims."

"She is indeed a formidable rival," said Major Sternfield, "and will remain a victor, in whichever way the case is decided."

"I have no wish to win," said Rose, as the stranger shook her warmly by the hand.

"No! What has made you indifferent to wealth, my pretty cousin?"

"The want of capacity to enjoy it."

"A woman, and not know how to spend money! You awaken my curiosity. There must be some strange cause which could produce such an extraordinary result. I wish you would teach me your secret."

"It is the simplest thing in the world," said Rose. Perhaps you have heard that I was brought up in poverty. An excellent woman taught me to be contented with my lot. Unused to the luxuries of life, which I considered that Providence had wisely placed beyond my reach, I neither desired nor needed them, and now that I find them within my grasp, a fearful responsibility seems attached to them, which renders me anxious and oftentimes unhappy. Can you read my riddle?"

She turned her soft, ingenuous eyes upon his beaming countenance, and she read her answer in his approving glance.

"They need not fortune," he cried gaily, "who are a fortune in themselves? Have I not guessed rightly?"

"That was not my meaning," said Rose, blushing, and giving her hand to Mr. Walbrook to lead her to the dining-room. "I must be a strange creature, Arthur, for there be few who can, or will comprehend me."

"I think I can read your heart, Rosamond, and find security in its very openness," whispered Walbrook. "But keep your eyes, ears, judgment, all awake. If I mistake not, that rival heir of Westholm is a magnificent worldling."

"Ah! no—with that commanding brow—that beautiful, intellectual eye—impossible!"

Arthur looked anxiously at his companion, then at the lofty form of Dunstanville Sternfield, thought of his own deformity, and sighed heavily.

Rosamond was seated next the stranger at dinner, and he paid her the most devoted attention. Pleased with her youth, beauty and original way of thinking, he considered that the best way of settling the disputed title was to win the fair heiress for his bride. Had she been plain in person, or disagreeable in manners, Dunstanville Sternfield had spurned at the thought, but

beautiful and captivating, he considered that he would be the most happy of men, could he win such an inestimable prize.

But there was one upon whom his noble person had made a deep and sudden impression; one who was not very likely to yield up the object of a first passion to another. Marianne Morton, silent and pensive, watched with ill concealed jealousy, the attention paid by Major Sternfield to her more fortunate rival; and while she cursed Rosamond in her heart, she bitterly coveted the brilliant position she held, and the more than probable chance which she saw of her becoming Major Sternfield's wife. When the ladies withdrew to the drawing-room, she sought the solitude of her own chamber, to still the perturbed throbbings of her heart, and to endeavour by calm reflection to subdue the evil passions which this first prepossession had aroused in her breast.

"Yes! I see how it will be," she cried. "He will fall in love with this fair doll—will win his fortune and his bride in *her*. But it shall not be. I swear it! Never, never, shall Rosamond Sternfield be his wife. Born to cross my path, and mar my fortunes, she shall perish before she supplants me here. But for her, I might be rich and happy, admired and courted; but the moment this meek-faced hypocrite appears, I am discarded like a withered flower—a thing no longer worthy of regard. But triumph she shall not. If not mine, he never shall be the husband of Rosamond Sternfield."

Unconscious of the angry feelings which her superior excellence had called forth, Rosamond left the drawing room in search of her cousin.

"Marianne! dear Marianne! what is the matter?" she cried, flinging her arms about her cousin's neck. "Are you ill? Good heavens! how pale you are. You have been crying?"

"Child, I never cry!" said Marianne, attempting a smile. "Do not alarm yourself—nothing ails me beyond a headache. Cannot I absent myself a few moments from the *fascinating* company below, without having a spy upon my actions?"

"A spy! You cannot mean what you say," said Rose, proudly withdrawing towards the door.

"I do mean what I say," cried her companion with asperity. "You love me not, and your sympathy is all a pretence. I see through your hollow friendship, and prize it as it deserves—"

"You wrong me, Marianne, indeed you do; I am incapable of deceit."

"I never knew the woman free from it," said Marianne. "It runs through the whole sex from Mother Eve downwards. I wish I had

been a man, I do so despise the weak, treacherous, vain character of woman!"

"I cannot argue with you in this temper," said Rose. "Something has vexed you, or you could not so far abuse your better judgment. But do come down to the drawing-room. You would be delighted with Major Sternfield's account of his campaigns in India. He is such an agreeable, clever man."

"Equal to Mr. Hartland?" said Marianne, maliciously.

"Marianne, why do you annoy me by constant allusions to Mr. Hartland? Did you know Edgar you would be the last person I should hope who could insult him. His name is sacred to friendship, and it is painful to me to hear him made an object of ridicule." She cast a reproachful glance upon her cousin, and unable to account for her strange behaviour, returned to the society of those who were more congenial to her feelings.

"This will not do," said Marianne, in bitter communion with her own thoughts. "I have egregiously played the fool, and almost betrayed my weakness to you silly girl. I thought I had more command over my feelings, or rather, until this fatal day, I never knew that I was capable of such imbecility." She rose from her seat, adjusted her hair in simple classic folds, smoothed into an expression of cold grandeur the polished brow, and with a pensive sadness in the large, dark, swimming eyes, which admirably set off their languishing beauty, she descended to the drawing room.

Rosamond was engaged in lively chat with her elegant cousin. The old lady was sleeping in her chair, and Arthur quietly reading at the table. Marianne entered with such a noiseless step, that she was in the centre of the group before any one perceived her.

Major Sternfield started from the sofa, evidently struck with her queen-like beauty, and led her to a seat. His eye lingered for a moment on her proud, handsome features, and then glanced towards Rosamond. The contrast was great. The one all nature, truth and simplicity, a wild rose among the flowers, the other a stately lily, sublime in her moonlight loveliness. The Major sighed, he scarcely knew why, and resumed his place by Rosamond. Perhaps at that moment, he wished the twain could exchange fortunes.

"Come, go on with your story," said the heiress, with an air of interest and excitement.

"I have forgotten what I was telling you," returned he. "The entrance of your cousin put it all out of my head."

"My presence is always out of place," said

Marianne, reproachfully. "There are some persons who appear to have been born into the world for the sole purpose of being in the way of others. I am one of those—"

"Impossible! You wrong yourself, Marianne!" cried the Major vehemently. "You were formed to be the ornament of the society graced by your presence."

Marianne raised her eyes for a moment to his face; a glow of pleasure gave a brilliant tinge to her marble cheek; she felt that she had triumphed, and the ambitious hope of one day being his wife, became the dominant passion in her breast.

In the meanwhile, Major Sternfield, fascinated with the simplicity and gentle beauty of Rose, imagined that he loved her; and as he really wished to get into the quiet possession of Westholm, he did all in his power to interest her affections and secure a place in her heart.

His fine person, easy gentlemanly manners, and natural taste and refinement, were not long in making the desired impression. Rosamond saw in him the realization of all her dreams of manly beauty. She listened with delight to the deep rich tones of his voice, and she loved him with the blind trust of a first passion.

Brought up in an Asiatic clime, and the son of an Asiatic mother, Dunstanville Sternfield had inherited the fiery passions as well as the elegant tastes and manners of the East. Tall, and nobly formed, his clear, dark, olive complexion, and black eyes, his high features and rich clustering raven locks invested him with a degree of oriental beauty, quite irresistible, to a young and romantic girl, whose dazzling fair face, and fairy proportions, formed a contrast almost as poetical as that existing between the brilliant obscure of a starry night, and the roseate dawn of a spring day.

Used to command slaves, the gentle yielding disposition of Rose was less to the taste of the proud East Indian, than the haughty temper of Marianne. His vanity was gratified in winning the smiles of a queen, while he seemed himself to be conferring a favor, by regarding with affection, and paying the homage of a lover, to the ingenuous, soul-confiding country girl. Rose in her devoted admiration, felt grateful for his attention and kindness; and when her grandmother asked her in confidence if she could be happy as her cousin's wife, she answered with tears:

"Yes, too happy, if I only felt that I was worthy of being so."

"Silly child," said the old lady kissing her cheek. "Put less confidence in him,—have more faith in yourself."

The arrival of Major Sternfield had naturally thrown Rosamond into society. Parties were given in honor of the man whom Mrs. Sternfield's circle of friends regarded as the future husband of her lovely grandchild, and the timid country girl found herself suddenly thrown into the vortex of fashionable life, an object of admiration to some, and of curiosity and envy to many.

"Your cousin is a beautiful creature, quite irresistible, independently of her fortune, Miss Morton," said Sir Henry Archer, to Marianne, as he led her, after going through the whirl of the waltz, to a seat.

"She is too *petite*," said Marianne carelessly. "Grace and dignity can scarcely exist in such a *small* compass. She is pretty—and a wonder, considering the manner in which she was brought up."

"Oh! I heard that there was something strange about her history. By whom was she educated?"

"By her father's *mistress*."

"Good heavens! you don't really advance that as a fact?"

"A stubborn truth, Sir Henry."

"And Dunstanville will marry her?"

"The world says so."

"But what do you say?"

"I will believe it when I see it take place. He is a man of too much taste and refinement long to remain in the thrall of a pretty doll. Besides it is notorious that she prefers her cousin, Captain Doyle."

"How! that vulgar, forward Irish adventurer?"

"The same."

"Poor Dunstanville! I do not envy him his bride, in spite of her large fortune."

Well did the crafty Marianne Morton know that there was one tortured listener to her cruel and false statement. Major Dunstanville, concealed by the heavy folds of some drapery, was at her side, and had been watching Rosamond dancing with Captain Doyle, with no small degree of uneasiness; but when he heard Marianne insinuate that this man, to whom he had taken a great aversion, was preferred by Rosamond to him, a storm of furious passion convulsed his breast.

He had that morning made Rosamond an offer of his heart and hand, and had been accepted with all the beautiful sincerity of her guileless nature. He had asked her to love him, and she had told him with cheeks suffused with blushes, and downcast eyes full of tears, that he already possessed her affections. Elated with success, the proud Dunstanville forgot in that

moment, when love and fortune combined to favor him, that such a person as Marianne Morton was in existence, until the conversation which passed between her and his friend, Sir Henry Archer, at the house of Rosamond's aunt, Mrs. Maurice, painfully recalled her to his mind.

With the frankness so natural to her, Rosamond had informed her cousin of her engagement to Major Sternfield; and she rejoiced the more at it, as she considered that it would be the means of restoring to his family the fortune of which her unlucky advent had deprived them. Miss Morton heard her statement with calmness, but jealousy and revenge were gnawing at her heart; the only comment she made was whispered in the ear of Rosamond with a sarcastic smile:

"And poor Mr. Hartland! what is to become of him?"

The question was meant to wound, and Rosamond, starting as if stung by a serpent, turned deadly pale, as the image of the excellent Edgar appeared to stand distinctly before her, sad, emaciated, and care-worn, as if beseeching her mercy.

"Poor Edgar!" she murmured involuntarily aloud. "I had forgotten him."

"So it seems, but do you suppose, Rosamond, that he has forgotten you?"

"No; for he is kinder and better than I. But I have not injured him in bestowing my hand upon another. I never loved him as I love Dunstanville. I never told him so. Ah, Marianne! why did you mention him to me at this moment? it mars all my dream of happiness, and makes me miserable."

"There is another admirer of yours, Rosamond, who will go distracted, when he hears this news."

"Who do you mean? I know of no one."

"Not your cousin Maurice Doyle?"

"A man I dislike."

"Very ungenerous that, and he so nearly related."

"Too near, I think; I would as soon marry a brother."

"Major Sternfield is your cousin?"

"Yes, but he is farther removed."

"Then you will turn over Captain Doyle to me! I think him a fascinating creature."

"You will have an opportunity of seeing him to-night, at my aunt's. Marianne, shall I speak a good word for you?"

"Oh, no! I can manage my own love affairs, as well as you, cousin Rosamond. But you must adopt a more prudish manner, and keep the beaux at greater distance, or you will make

Major Sternfield jealous, and if I judge him rightly, he could play the tyrant in oriental style."

"Do you think that my manners are at all forward, or unbecoming, Marianne? Do tell me if you see anything amiss about me. You know I am a stranger to the world. It would be but the act of a friend, to warn me if you see anything wrong in my conduct."

"Not exactly wrong, Rosamond; only a little too frank and flirtish with men."

"Surely you do not think me a flirt?"

"Don't frighten yourself, Rosamond, and open your eyes with such a wild and earnest expression," said Marianne, laughing. "All women are flirts."

"That I deny," said Rose; "I never sought to obtain the affections of any man, in order to gratify my vanity."

"Humph!" responded Marianne, as she turned upon her heel to survey her own handsome face in the glass. "How little women know of themselves."

Rosamond felt provoked by this speech, but she thought it best to let the conversation end here. Marianne had maliciously accused her of being a character she despised, and her allusion to Edgar Hartland had filled her mind with painful thoughts. She had not heard from him since her arrival in London, only through the medium of her Aunt Dunstanville's letters, and she thought that if he had continued to cherish her memory, he would have found some means of telling her so. From the blarney of Captain Doyle she had turned with disgust, but for her aunt's sake, who was very kind to her, she treated him with civility: and she retired to her own chamber to dress for a ball given to her by Mrs. Maurice, with a sad and foreboding heart.

The moment Rosamond left her, Marianne flew to her desk, and taking from it a perfumed sheet of note paper, she wrote and directed to Captain Doyle, the following communication:

"The world will inform you, gallant Doyle, that I am engaged to Major Sternfield; this is only a blind, that I may more easily place a heart that adores you, and a fortune only prized for your sake, at your disposal. You must, for my sake, conceal our mutual regard, and neither by look nor sign betray the confidence I repose in you. It is enough that we understand each other. Bide your time, and we shall yet be happy.

ROSAMOND."

This diabolical epistle was copied in a hand so exactly resembling that of her cousin, that Rosamond herself could not have detected the cheat, and to crown the whole, was sealed with a favo-

rite little seal, which she had borrowed of Rose to seal a note the day before, and purposely detained. A boy in whom she could confide, who cleaned knives, and ran errands, was despatched with the letter, and told to deliver it into no hands but those of Captain Doyle; and if interrogated by any one, as to the person who sent it, to say, that it was the rich young lady with the golden hair, who resided with Mrs. Sternfield.

Unconscious of the mischief plotting against her peace, Rosamond met the extraordinary attentions of Captain Doyle with marked coldness. The sterner she became, the more impertinently familiar grew her companion; and at last, in the hope of releasing herself from his importunities, she consented to become his partner in a quadrille that was forming. During one of the pauses in the dance, he whispered to her:

"Rosamond, you have made me the happiest of men. But why this reserve—this cutting coldness? Is it not carrying matters a little too far? You surely cannot doubt my discretion!" Rosamond looked at him with astonishment.

"I understand you," he said, laughing. "By St. Patrick! you would make an admirable actress." Before Rosamond could ask the meaning of his strange words, the dance had concluded, and Maurice led her to a seat beside her cousin.

"I hope you enjoyed your dance. *mon ami*," said Marianne, caressingly.

"Miss Sternfield could scarcely do otherwise with such a charming partner," said Dunstanville ironically.

Rosamond looked enquiringly into the face of her lover—its expression startled her. Was it possible! could he really be jealous of Captain Doyle? She felt indignant at the supposition, and the glow upon her cheek was mistaken for a consciousness of guilt.

"I am not fond of dancing," she said, coldly; "it is an accomplishment which should be taught in childhood, to enable one to excel. I always feel awkward when dancing, and no person with the miserable consciousness of inferiority can be graceful."

"The performance appeared to me faultless," said Dunstanville, in the same bitter tone; "I hate mock humility."

"Marianne, I wish to go home," said Rosamond, rising; "I feel very faint; do come quickly."

Observing her turn very pale, Captain Doyle sprang to her side, and offered his arm to lead her down stairs. Rose silently accepted his assistance, and when once in the carriage, a gush of tears relieved her oppressed heart.

"What has been the cause of all this display?"

said Marianne; "I must confess that I cannot understand it?"

"Do not speak to me, and I shall soon be myself again," sobbed Rosamond. "Where is Dunstanville?"

"Sir Henry Archer called him away, after he saw you safe into the carriage. He will doubtless be home as soon as we are. Yet I must confess, his manner is freezingly cold for a recently engaged lover—quite cucumberish."

"Do not torture me, Marianne, with your unkind remarks. I am wretched enough already."

"Your sorrow is of your own making. What! a girl with your fortune and person, cry like a school-miss, at a cross word from her lover? Shew a proper spirit, Cousin Rosamond! Tell him boldly that you will not be treated like a child, or we shall have these scenes of every day occurrence."

"May God forbid! I would return to Jane Redgrave, and the country first," said Rose, as the carriage stopped at Mrs. Sternfield's door, and the footman had scarcely handed her out, before she found herself on the sofa on her own apartment, with her head buried in the pillows, and her whole frame convulsed with grief.

"He cannot love me, or he would not have spoken to me as he did?" she thought. "Edgar! dear Edgar! you are terribly avenged."

But to return to Major Dunstanville. Though greatly annoyed at the sudden indisposition of Rosamond, and half inclined to blame himself as the cause, he was too angry with her for accepting the arm of her cousin Doyle, to offer his own, and having seen her safely placed in the carriage, he was about to order his servant to call a cab, when his attention was arrested, as he still lingered on the broad steps of the mansion, by two persons conversing near him in the street.

"By the powers!" said the one to the other. "Did ye catch a glimpse of the beautiful angel that my mather jist handed into the carriage? Ooh! but 'tis the elegant crather—the mather-piece of natur—and thin, my boy, 'tis she that has the big fortin. She could build ten monasteries and a church of gould guineas, and never miss one of them. An' 'tis the mather, I'm thinkin', that will have the spendin' of them."

"Then by Jove! he's a fortunate man," said his companion, who was an Englishman. "But poor as I am, I would prefer the fine gall to the guineas."

'Arrah, be dad! an' 'tis all very well for the like of yes to say that, who will never get the chance of the one nor the other. But my mather's the boy for plasing the ladies—and I'm

thinking that black, proud looking nigger, her cousin, will look divilish blank when my mather carries off his bride."

"That's easier said than done, Pat. Captain Doyle must obtain the consent of the young lady to that bargain."

"Thin hasn't he got her consent?—wasn't it the swate, illegant little bit of a note, that she sint him this mornin', by the wee callant that rins o' errands in the house—an' wasn't it so nately saled and folded, and it smelt as purty as a posy, and my mather after reading it out to me, says he, 'Pat, an' my fortin' is made intirely when I've got the dear crathur, an' I shall be able to pay you the wages that has been owin' so long.' An' be dad! I was glad to hear of the pay, for divil a fardin have I ever got from him, the whole two years I have been in his service—bad cess to him!"

Here the conversation was broken off by the arrival of a carriage at the door, and Major Sternfield, trembling with passion, darted from the steps, and with hasty strides, pursued his way homeward. Could there be any truth in what he had just heard? Or had Captain Doyle gulled his foolish man with this story in order to pacify him for the non-payment of his wages? Pride urged him to believe that the latter supposition might be the case, and that the fellow, to boast of the superiority of his master to the servant of another, had invented the rest. Still a suspicion of Rosamond's sincerity had been sown in his breast, which induced a bitter feeling towards her, the more dangerous, because he determined not to demand an explanation, which he ought in justice to her to have done, but to watch her conduct narrowly, and to judge by the manner in which she received him on the morrow, how far he could give credence to the astounding tale he had overheard.

Rosamond did not join the family at breakfast. "She was fatigued, and out of spirits," Marianne coldly remarked. "A little fit of ill temper, which an hour's sleep she hoped would sweeten. Rosamond had not been so amiable of late—an alteration in her cousin which she was sorry to see, as her gentleness was her greatest attraction."

A reproachful glance from Arthur Walbrook checked her malicious remarks.

"Marianne," he said, "spare the absent. Your cousin always speaks well of you, behind your back."

"It would scarcely be possible for her to do otherwise," said Major Sternfield. "You must not blame Miss Morton for giving her opinion of a young inexperienced creature like Rosamond, or

even commenting upon her conduct if it deserves reproof; such is but the natural interference of a friend."

"Thank you, Major Sternfield," replied Marianne. "You are the only friend I have—the only one who would in an open, manly manner, take my part. In this house I am always in the wrong, and the worst construction is ever put upon my words and actions. Oh! it is hard, very hard, to have an honest, independent soul, and to know yourself to be a poor, dependent slave." She rose from her chair, and walked to the window, to wipe away tears that had never moistened her eyes.

Mrs. Sternfield was much hurt by this speech.

"Marianne," she said. "I do not deserve this. I feel that I have been your friend, and that I am most anxious to remain so."

"My words had no reference to you, Aunt; but to those who have been under greater obligations to you than I have."

"You cannot mean Arthur?"

"Yes—I do mean Arthur. He takes every occasion to annoy me, and loses no opportunity of exalting Rosamond at my expense. But do not imagine that I am jealous of the poor girl. Ah, no! But such comparisons are odious and cruel."

Here, she suffered Major Sternfield to lead her back to her seat, while, disgusted with her duplicity, Arthur, without attempting to vindicate himself from her malicious charge, left the room. Her aunt, too, remained silent. Dunstanville was brooding over his adventure of the past night, and Marianne plotting fresh mischief. Directly the table was cleared, Mrs. Sternfield retired to visit Rosamond, and Miss Morton and the Major were left alone together.

"I am sorry to see you unhappy, dear cousin," said he, drawing his chair nearer. "I fear that your position in this house is by no means a comfortable one!" Marianne sighed deeply, but was silent. "I see that you are too generous to complain, that you will not let me share your grief."

"Your sympathy would only increase, without diminishing my painful humiliation. How could the lover of Rosamond feel any interest in the welfare of the woman she hates! Ah! Major Sternfield, mine has been an untoward destiny. Born with high aspirations, and with a natural nobility of soul, which would have fitted me for the most exalted station, I find myself a friendless orphan, subjected to the caprice, and entirely dependent upon the bounty of others. Is it not enough to break a proud heart like mine, to feel upon it the yoke of servitude, and daily to expe-

rience from persons inferior in intellect to myself, those petty oppressions which force the iron into my soul."

"Oh! that I had a home to offer you," said the Major, as he gazed upon her kindling cheek and flashing eye. "I should only be too happy to place you in a position worthy of you,"—but he stopped and looked down—"I, too, have given away my freedom, and I fear to one who loves me not."

"And I!" exclaimed Marianne, wringing her hands, and bursting into tears, which this time were not feigned. "But no—my heart may break—it shall neither betray its own weakness, nor the folly of her who is the author all of its sufferings."

"You speak of Rosamond."

"I mention no one by name."

"You awaken in my breast a thousand painful suspicions. Does Rosamond really love me?"

"She has consented to become your wife. Why should you doubt? She is too rich to marry a man she could not love."

"May she not deceive me, to answer her own purpose?"

Marianne perceived in a moment that he had heard of the letter she had sent to Captain Doyle, but by what means she could not imagine—he was the last person, she thought, that could be informed of that circumstance. It was written more with the hope of entrapping Doyle into becoming an actor in a tragedy she was meditating than with any idea of deceiving Major Sternfield; and the double success of her scheme almost frightened her, for she saw in a moment that the suspicions of the Major were aroused, and had only to be fostered, in order to produce a lasting breach between him and Rosamond.

"I am not in my cousin Rosamond's confidence," she said. "She told me yesterday of her engagement, and remarked that it was the best way of settling the matter of the disputed property." The Major stamped upon the ground, and bit his lip, until the blood stained his handkerchief; he then informed Miss Morton of the conversation that had passed between the two servants, and she affected the greatest surprise and astonishment.

"As to the matter of the note, that can be soon ascertained," she said, rising and ringing the bell, "Jervis, (to the footman who entered,) send up little Mike." In a few minutes a little sandy-haired, weazel-faced, freckled boy, of some twelve years of age, appeared.

"Michael," said the Major, "did you carry a note from this house yesterday, to Captain

Doyle, the gentleman who resides with Mrs. Maurice?"

"I did, Sir."

"Who gave you the letter?"

The boy glanced at Marianne; an almost imperceptible shake of the head put him upon the right answer.

"Please, Sir, the young lady with the golden hair."

The Major turned very pale, but mastering himself, he said: "Is there any of the girls in the kitchen who have golden hair."

"No, no, Sir. Kitty Magrah has a kind of carrotty hair, and all the rest are dingy, or black. It was none of them; but the young lady told me not to tell, but to give the letter to the Captain himself; which I did, and the stingy fellow only gave me a crooked sixpence for my trouble. It's the last love letter I'll carry for him."

Dunstanville gave the boy a crown piece, which he received with a grin of delight; and Marianne told him that he might go, but not to tell the servants a word of the matter. Then turning to the Major, who stood lost in thought, she shook her head, and lifted up her hands in mute amaze.

"Is not this a damning proof of her duplicity?" he cried, every limb quivering with passion.

"It looks very suspicious. But 'tis no new thing with Rosamond, writing to gentlemen."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. She has long corresponded with the deaf and dumb Mr. Hartland, of whom you must have heard, the accomplished but unfortunate possessor of Oak Hall."

"And you knew this."

"I have seen his letters."

"Love letters?"

"Yes—passionate love letters, breathing the most fervent and devoted attachment."

"Oh, God! Marianne, why did not you inform me of this? Why, why did you suffer me to commit myself, and offer my hand to this heartless flirt?"

"You forget, Major Sternfield, that I was but a passive looker on," said Marianne, haughtily. "You did not favor me with your friendship or confidence, and I had no right to interfere in matters which did not concern me. I pitied you, I could do no more. You are not the first of your sex who has been deceived by a soft manner and a pretty face."

"We must part," said the Major musingly. "I did place great confidence in what I thought her simplicity of character. The dream is over. It is impossible for me to make her my wife. I will write to her this very night, and dis-

solve our ill-starred vows. Miss Morton, I owe to you a debt of gratitude, which I can never repay."

"Your friendship will liquidate all the obligation," said Marianne in a tremulous voice. "I rejoice that you are likely to escape from the snares of the syren."

(To be continued.)

A PATRIOTIC CHANT:

ADDRESSED TO ALL TRUE ENGLISHMEN.

Ye loyal sons of Albion!
Ye gallant men and true,
Stand forth and show what British hands
For Britain's peace can do.
While foreign realms are rent in twain,
And storms are lowering nigh,
Stand forth and fight for England's right:
And shout your battle cry.

Let empty headed demagogues
Equality proclaim;
The freedom true of England's sons
Turns all their sham to shame!
Our liberty's contentment,
With peaceful laws and good,
And ancient British loyalty
One bond of brotherhood.

Away with names and shadows!
Let fools believe them true;
And with lean purse, and something worse,
Their bitter bargain rue.
Away with names and shadows!
And fast the substance hand—
Peace, Loyalty and Order,
Our heritage of old!

We wish not knives and rifles,
Men's lives by scores to take;
A good stout staff in good stout hand,
Stout argument will make.
And if we catch a foreign spy
Talk treason, I foretell
Two English fists will know the way
To thrash the traitor well!

But let sedition-mongers know
We can our trust fulfil;
If staves don't teach them common sense,
Shot, shell, and bayonet will.
Then gather, sons of Albion,
The storm is lowering nigh;
Stand forth before the trembling world.
And shout your battle-cry.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.*

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE FRONDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ELIE BERTHET.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.

PAUL DE GONDI had not yet assumed the costume of Cardinal, his nomination not having been formally announced, but on joining his partisans in the great court of the *Petit-Archevêché*, appeared as before in square cap, ample surplice and violet cloak, on the breast of which latter, glittered a golden crucifix. Around him were grouped a magnificent *cortège* of noblemen and gentlemen, among whom might be distinguished Messieurs de Chateaubriand, de Noirmoutier, de Fosseuse, de Montaigu, d'Argenteuil, de Sevigné, and many others, bearing the most illustrious names of France.

"Long live the Coadjutor! The Fronde for ever!" arose from the court in repeated shouts.

The prelate graciously saluted his partisans, and thanked them with a smile. He then entered his chariot of state; the gentlemen of his suite mounted their steeds, and the immense mass moved slowly out of the great court.

The distance from the Cathedral of Notre-Dame to the Palace of Justice was not great, but a considerable time was spent in traversing it. The bridges, the quays, the streets, the lanes, were encumbered with the crowd of people who had assembled to witness the passage of the Coadjutor. Some applauded, others hooted, but the more discreet remained silent, or deplored in an under tone to their neighbours the evils that might result from this party display. The immediate vicinity of the Palace of Justice, the sanctuary of the laws, presented the most striking evidence of the new posture of affairs. All the approaches to it were guarded by armed retainers in the pay of the Coadjutor; citizens in military guise occupied the taverns in the neighbourhood; the court yard was filled with a ragged regiment, armed with knives—a gathering of thieves and vagabonds, hired at so much a-day to shout and brawl.

The Coadjutor dismounted from his carriage at the great staircase in the *Rue de la Barillerie*, and as soon as he appeared he was saluted with cries of "The Fronde for ever! Long live the Coadjutor!" The practised ear of the chief, however, distinguished, amid these enthusiastic exclamations, some determined voices crying out "A Mazarin! a Mazarin! Down with the Mazarin!" Notwithstanding this he advanced, with undisturbed mien, towards the Great Chamber of the Parliament, which now forms the hall of the Court of Cassation. Eustache took care to be in the way with his charge, and the Coadjutor paused as he passed them.

"Thou wilt forget nothing of my instructions?" was his abrupt demand to Eustache.

"Nothing, Monseigneur!" returned the Scholar reverentially.

"'Tis well; and do you, young man!" continued the prelate, addressing Fabian, "trust to Master Eustache as to myself—we are working for your good. Have good courage, my son!"

He rejoined his noble companions, who awaited him a few paces in advance, and together they entered the great chamber.

"You heard what the Coadjutor said?" resumed Eustache; "you must trust entirely to me. Your part, indeed, will be very easily played; you have only to show yourself in the Parliament, and your friends will do the rest."

"In the Parliament!" repeated Fabian; "neither you nor I have the right of entry there."

"We shall see—we shall see!" returned Eustache. "'Tis true enough that neither of us has a right to a seat among the Princes of the Blood Royal, but there are more modest and humble places to be had in the hall, and the Coadjutor has taken care to provide for us. Follow me, and utter not a word as you pass."

As he spoke, the Scholar conducted Fabian towards the door of the great chamber, but at the moment when they reached it, the commotion caused by a new arrival was heard from the other

* Continued from page 308.

end of the hall, above the tumultuous murmur that filled the air, and the ushers at the same time pushed them back with their silver wands, crying, "Room for his Highness the Prince of Condé! Room for his Highness the Prince of Conti!"

The young men drew back between two pillars, where they were less incommoded by the crush, and directing their gaze towards the entrance of the hall, saw the two princes advance, surrounded and followed by a train of attendants as numerous as those of the Coadjutor, and perhaps still more brilliant. Gentlemen, pages and lacqueys, all wore the *isabelle* scarf, and displayed a profusion of jewels, plumes and ribands that produced a most magnificent effect. Their gestures and bearing seemed also more turbulent and haughty than those of the Frondistes who recognised de Gondi as their chief; and the grotesque appearance of several of the martial citizens who mustered in the train of the Coadjutor, caused long and hearty laughter amid the gay and insolent ranks of their opponents.

On the arrival of the princes and their supporters, the previous occupants of the hall had all retired to that side which looked upon the *Rue de la Barillerie*, leaving the other half vacant for the new comers.

In ordinary times, the two factions mixed together readily enough when their chiefs had entered the Parliament hall, but on this occasion the possibility of a conflict was so evident, that they took care to keep themselves as distinct from each other as possible.

The Prince of Condé paused in the middle of the hall, and keenly scrutinised the ranks of his opponents. The famous general was still young, and by no means of tall stature, but there was a peculiar majesty in his firm features and bold carriage. His costume was magnificent. Under the ermine mantle which he wore as a peer, could be seen an *isabelle*-coloured doublet and hose, embroidered with pearls and rubies. A large diamond shone in the clasp which sustained the plume of his hat; all the French orders of chivalry, and many of those of foreign countries, were suspended round his neck or sparkled on his breast. His inspection was not of long duration, and a profound expression of irony was developed in his features. He addressed a few whispered words to his brother, the Prince of Conti, a little hunchback, clad as nearly as possible like himself, and looking like his caricature; and then both passed on to the great chamber, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

"Now, now!" whispered Eustache seeing that

the entrance was free after the princes had passed in.

But, to his great surprise, Fabian remained motionless, his eyes fixed on a tumultuous group at some distance; Vireton followed the direction of his gaze, and his anxiety was at once accounted for.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TRAITOR'S WELCOME.

THE two factions had left an open space between them, along the centre of the hall, which, by a tacit understanding, was encroached upon by neither. A few only, who, although belonging to opposite parties, were still on terms of intimate friendship, advanced to the limits of their respective positions, and interchanged a friendly greeting or laughing salute; they conversed familiarly one moment, though they might cut each others' throats the next—such were the manners of those troublous times.

On the side of the hall occupied by the partisans of Condé, a scene of disorder and confusion suddenly occurred. A gentleman wearing the *isabelle* scarf had entered the hall, and mingled unceremoniously with the nobles of that party, but as soon as he was recognised, a terrible outcry arose against him. His scarf was violently torn off, and a hundred irritated voices loaded him with insult.

"What dost thou here, miserable traitor?" they cried; "comest thou to spy out our secrets, and sell them again to the court or the Coadjutor? Out on the wretch! Out on the spy! He is not worthy to appear in our ranks!"

He to whom these invectives were addressed, and who now, with pallid features and torn vestments, struggled in their hands, was the Baron Albert de Croissi.

"Hear me, gentlemen!" he besought them; "you mistake me much. I have always been faithful to the Prince, and as a proof it, I have at this moment an important secret to reveal to him. You have heard that a plot was laid against the life of his Highness. I know all the details of that plot, and can show the Prince how to be revenged on his enemies."

Fabian shuddered with horror; he had not believed his brother capable of such baseness and treachery.

"There is some trick here!" vociferated one of his assailants who bore the uniform of Captain of the Guards of the Prince of Conti. "Gentlemen, let us drive from the hall this spy of the Cardinal, or rather let us send him to his friends

the Mazarins on the other side!" and he pointed to the partisans of De Gondi.

"Yes! yes!" was shouted in response; "let them have their friend—his presence here dishonours the cause of the Prince!"

The Captain of the Guards, aided by another gentleman, seized the Baron by the shoulders, and with a vigorous push, sent him reeling across the hall.

"There is a present from the Old Fronde to the New!" cried the Captain ironically; "keep him to yourselves; we want nothing in return."

Shouts of laughter and applause greeted this rough pleasantry.

"Well, be it so!" exclaimed de Croissi, foaming with rage, and shaking his clenched fist at those who had thus rejected him. "You call me your enemy—be sure I will prove so! My good people!" he exclaimed, turning to the citizens among whom he had been thrust, "I am of your party now and henceforth, and should we come to blows with that insolent faction, you will see that my arm will do you good service."

The citizens regarded him with mute surprise, but the gentlemen of the Coadjutor's party crowded round the Baron de Croissi.

"We will have nothing to do with this man!" cried the Chevalier de Laigues, an intimate friend of De Gondi; "to my own knowledge this de Croissi is peculiarly odious to the Coadjutor, from his infamous dealings. We will have no renegade—no Mazarin among us! Let the Old Fronde keep its presents; we have none such to give in return!"

Shouts and counter-shouts arose from each faction, while the Baron attempted in vain to justify himself.

"We want no explanation," exclaimed De Laigues; "leave our ranks at once, or we shall chase you hence."

All the emotions that hatred, rage and shame could impress on the countenance of a haughty and irascible man, appeared in that of the Baron. His eyes glared around, and his teeth were convulsively ground together.

"Away! away! Out of our ranks!" repeated the New Frondist, endeavouring to push him beyond the line of their party.

"If the traitor approaches us, he may depend on having his ears crompt!" cried the Captain of the Guards from the other side.

The Baron de Croissi thus found himself between the two parties, like a wild boar at bay, surrounded by the hunters; he threw around him a quick, malignant glance, as if to determine which of his enemies he should make his prey,

and paused as his eyes fell on the Captain of the Guards.

"Although I have been disgracefully insulted, Marquis de Crenan!" he said, in a voice almost choked with passion, and stepping towards him as he spoke, "I am still of noble birth, and as such have the right to call you to account for your detestable conduct."

"You!" repeated the Marquis contemptuously; "you call me to account!"

"You deny it!" returned Albert with a loud voice. "Then, in the presence of all in this hall, I declare you a scoundrel and a coward."

These words caused great confusion among the friends of the Marquis de Crenan. Some maintained that the traitorous conduct of De Croissi had deprived him of all title to the quality of gentleman; others asserted that the public insult of the Baron could only be satisfied by a personal *rencontre*. The Marquis himself seemed of the latter opinion, for he exchanged a few words in a low tone with his adversary, then, raising his voice, he said authoritatively:

"Let no one now insult Monsieur de Croissi by word or action; I have arranged to meet him."

Every word of reproach immediately died away, for at this period the duel had certain privileges which were regarded as almost sacred.

"Farewell then till this evening, Monsieur!" continued De Crenan, gravely; "you may depart without fear."

And, in strong contrast to his rude bearing a few moments before, he politely saluted De Croissi, who returned the salute with a gloomy air, and retired from the hall without molestation.

During this tumultuous scene, Fabian de Croissi had suffered the severest mental torture; several times Eustache had endeavoured to drag him away, but the young man seemed fixed to the spot by an invisible power. Large tears trickled slowly down his cheeks.

"Here, then," he murmured at last, "is the result of his unscrupulous ambition and deep intrigues! Overwhelmed by the hatred and contempt of both parties—his character irretrievably gone—his life in danger! My poor father! what would you have said to see your beloved son thus covered with shame and disgrace?"

"Come away!" interrupted Vireton impatiently; "think of yourself, Master Fabian! think of your young wife! Her lot and yours depend on yourself, and precious time is passing."

Fabian, with a heavy sigh, drew his mantle closer over his face, and allowed himself to be led silently away. From the hall they entered

an ante-room which led towards the great chamber, but instead of seeking admission to the latter, Eustache turned to the right and proceeded along a dark and narrow passage, at the extremity of which they found a low door, guarded by an armed sentinel. Vireton pronounced a few words in a low tone, and entrance was immediately permitted them into an enclosed gallery, through the large glass windows of which they could command a view of all that passed within the Parliament hall. At each extremity of the great chamber were two light galleries, which were called "Lanterns," from the wide glazed sashes by which they were shut in from the hall; and it was into one of these "lanterns" that Fabian and Eustache had now gained admittance. Besides the glass windows, these closets were furnished with curtains that could be dropped or raised at pleasure, and were therefore often occupied by the great ladies of the nobility, who desired to witness the proceedings of the Parliament, without their presence being known.

When the two young friends entered, the closet was plunged in such obscurity that some little time elapsed before they could distinguish the objects around them. The lantern was divided into two parts by a low partition, in one of which divisions they found themselves alone, while the other was occupied by a masked lady, clad in black, who was intently observing the hall beneath through a small opening between the dropped curtains.

As it was well understood previously that this session would in all probability issue in a fierce personal conflict, any woman who would risk herself in the close vicinity of the apprehended struggle, must have possessed no ordinary courage. The masked lady, however, seemed quite regardless of the danger, while she remarked with intense interest all that passed in the Hall of Parliament. She seemed much agitated, and her bosom heaved with emotion as the sound of certain voices from below reached her ear; and such was her abstraction that she did not even observe the presence of the two young people, although only separated from her by a low balustrade.

Eustache Vireton, apparently, had not the same reasons for concealment, for he advanced to the front of the division he occupied, and drew aside the curtains that hung down over the windows. The light which now freely entered the closet showed the young men that their courageous neighbour was not entirely alone; two men, closely wrapped in their mantles, like Fabian himself, stood motionless beside the door, and

seemed ready to guard the lady, in case of danger. Vireton cast a keen but rapid glance on the masked stranger, and then, turning to Fabian, beckoned him to approach to the front.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PARLIAMENT.

THE assembly had an air of simplicity and grandeur, of severity and majesty, of which our modern bodies can give us little idea. But what in especial, gave to the Parliament, at the time of which we treat, an immense authority, was the high dignity and superior merit of most of the personages who composed it—personages whose names have given lustre to the history of France. Unfortunately this illustrious assemblage was agitated at the time by violent passions, which deprived it of its usual grave and austere character. At the moment when Fabian de Croissi advanced to the front of the lantern, a violent altercation had arisen between the Prince of Condé and the Coadjutor. The former—haughty, irascible, abrupt in speech like all men of action—made the hall resound with the accents of his anger; the latter—skillful, complaisant and insinuating, but still firm and resolute—replied in the most respectful terms, but without yielding a single point. The Parliament, and particularly the young lawyers, took part warmly with one or the other, according to their opinions; though the presidents and elder magistrates seemed to behold with profound regret the scenes of disorder of which the great Chamber was made the theatre.

"Yes, Sir!" exclaimed the Prince of Condé, with a loud voice; "it is disgraceful that an ambitious ecclesiastic should dare thus to profane the sanctuary of the laws! The Palace of Justice is surrounded by troops posted there by you; your partisans are organised with signs and passwords, they are furnished with arms of all kinds. By the bones of my fathers, Reverend Sir! This conduct is intolerable."

"I do not deny" replied the prelate, bowing with a politeness in the very excess of which there was mockery; "I do not deny that I have come here accompanied by a few friends, whose presence was necessary to maintain my liberty of thought, and perhaps to defend my life. But might I enquire, since I am so very culpable, why your Highness has come hither with a retinue much superior in number to my friends?"

The Prince drew himself haughtily up.

"*Morbleu, Messieurs!*" he angrily exclaimed; "when heard ye the like of this? A Coadjutor

of the Archbishop of Paris dares to put himself on a level with me—Louis de Bourbon! Where will this insolence end? Dare Paul de Gondi conceive the idea of taking precedence of the first Prince of the Blood Royal?"

A profound silence followed this vehement apostrophe, but it did not seem a whit to affect the Coadjutor.

"I have never presumed to dispute precedence with your Highness," he replied, in tones of affected meekness; "and I am sure there is not a man in the kingdom bold enough to do so. But there are some in this very hall, whose dignity cannot and ought not to yield precedence save to the King; and this your Highness ought to know and remember."

This moderate but firm reply produced an explosion of mingled murmurs and applause throughout the hall, and the war of bitter words was interrupted for a few minutes by the commotion in the assembly. Whatever attention Fabian and his companion gave to the scene before them, they could not avoid remarking the singular emotion of their masked neighbour. With head stretched forward, and breath repressed, she had gently raised a corner of the curtain before her, that she might the better observe the features of the speakers. After the last reply of De Gondi, she let the drapery fall abruptly and threw herself back on her chair.

"Good! good!" she exclaimed, as if she could not restrain the expression of her satisfaction; "he has not submitted—he has not recoiled an inch! And I had suspected him of being in league with the Prince!"

These words, pronounced with a stifled voice, did not reach distinctly the ears of the young men, but Eustache, who seemed to know more of this lady than he was willing to admit, drew Fabian's attention by very significantly pushing his elbow. The agitation of the stranger, however, passed off immediately, and she again leant forward on the front of the gallery, and resumed her former statue-like position of attention.

During this time silence had been somewhat restored, and the Prince of Condé resumed disdainfully:

"Did you hear him, gentlemen? Monsieur de Gondi asserts that there are dignities which ought to yield precedence only to the sovereign. He will perhaps inform us whether he reckons the dignity of Coadjutor of the Archbishop of Paris among that number."

"I will not venture to say so," replied the prelate, "but were it so, I think there are few, especially at such a moment as this, who would find it easy to make me yield precedence!"

"Why, *jour de Dieu!* 'tis a challenge which this proud priest throws down to me!" exclaimed Condé, making a movement as if to rush on his antagonist.

A thousand voices arose at once from all points of the hall, all present springing simultaneously to their feet. The presidents, headed by Mathieu Molé, threw themselves between the two rivals, and besought them, with tears in their eyes, to put an end to this terrible scene, which might have a most unhappy issue. It was an imposing spectacle to see all those illustrious magistrates, with their dignified and majestic costume, their long ermine robes trailing to the ground, prostrate themselves, with clasped hands, before the prince and the prelate, and entreat them in moving terms, to take pity on the State.

"Remember, reverend sir!" said Omer Talon, in the most pathetic tone, to the Coadjutor, "remember that you are a minister of the altar, and that you ought to abhor all contest and confusion. Recollect that the first shot fired within this palace, will echo to the utmost borders of France; the first drop of blood which flows here, will become an ocean to inundate our country!"

"Monseigneur!" remonstrated the first president with the Prince of Condé, in the midst of another group; "your Highness is the firmest support of the throne;—would you help to shake it to its foundation? You have defended France in twenty battles; will you now destroy her with a civil war? Prince of the Blood Royal! is it for you to profane with bloodshed the temple of the laws?"

But these noble words were lost upon the crowd which jostled around them. The peers approached to the support of the leaders of their respective parties, and taunts and provocation began to pass between them. The young counsellors loosened their daggers in the sheath, and prepared for any emergency. At last, however, the strong voice of the Prince of Condé rang clear above the tumult.

"Gentlemen!" he cried with a noble and majestic air, "I am called Louis de Bourbon, and—say what they will!—I will avoid all that may embarrass the state. I entreat Monsieur de Larochefoucault to proceed to the outer hall and request my friends who are there to retire."

"In that case," immediately added the Coadjutor, "I will myself go to beseech my friends without to disperse; I am a man of peace, and—whatever may be said—have the utmost horror of bloodshed."

The wise resolution of the two rivals was received with a murmur of satisfaction; a smile

of pleasure spread over even the most austere visages, and the presidents leisurely returned to their places, while the Coadjutor and the Duke de Larochevoucault issued to dismiss the several retinues. The conversation continued, but the threatening demonstrations had ceased;—it was but a momentary calm between two gusts of a tempest.

During this time the unknown lady, leaning her masked face on her hand, seemed absorbed in the deepest meditation. Eustache bent over Fabian, and said to him in a low voice:

“Monsieur de Croissi, there is now no occasion to conceal yourself, and you may throw off the mantle in which you are muffled. Tell me—do you not recognise that lady near you, who seems to take so much interest in what is passing?”

“How should I recognise her?” replied Fabian with a smile; “you know very well, Eustache, that I have not had much opportunity of forming new acquaintances since my arrival in Paris.”

“Still you must speak to her,” whispered Vireton; “for she is the cause of your visit here.”

The Sorbonnian was interrupted by a new event, the gravity of which absorbed the faculties of all present.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ALARM.

WE have said that a comparative calm had been established in the great chamber, as soon as Monsieur de Larochevoucault and the Coadjutor had left it, to dismiss the armed retainers of both parties. Suddenly loud shouts and angry cries are heard in the direction of the entrance hall, and a counsellor of Gondi's party burst into the great chamber, calling out: “Help! help! they are assassinating the Coadjutor!”

These words set the hall of Parliament into a complete uproar. Every one rose to his feet; terrible imprecations and shouts of vengeance rose on all sides, mingled with undisguised shouts of joy. There was a simultaneous rush to the door, in the midst of which insults and even blows were interchanged, swords were drawn and naked poniards gleamed.

On hearing the danger of the Coadjutor thus announced, the masked lady appeared to be seized with a kind of delirium. She started from her chair, and, wringing her hands, exclaimed in a suffocating tone:

“They have killed him! they have killed him!

It is in my service he has met his death! Go, gentlemen!” she exclaimed, addressing the two men who remained silent and motionless at the door of the gallery; “go to his assistance, or if too late, avenge him.”

But instead of issuing in obedience to her command, they advanced to the lady and addressed her in rapid whispers.

On his side Fabian was not less overwhelmed by the terrible event which had been proclaimed. He uttered a cry of alarm, threw off the mantle in which he was enwrapped, and rushed to the door.

“The Coadjutor! my friend, my benefactor!” he exclaimed, wildly; “the man who ran all risks to succour me in my misfortunes! Open, open there!” he cried, striking violently with the panel of his sword, the door of the gallery which was fastened on the outside.

Eustache hastened after him and seized his arm.

“Where art thou going, rash man?” he muttered in his ear. “What wouldst thou do? Think of thine own safety.”

“My safety!” replied Fabian, indignantly; “what matters my safety or my life, when my noble protector is to be aided or avenged! Did he think of the danger when he exposed himself to save me from the anger of the Queen?”

“Silence, foolish man!” again whispered Vireton.

“Open, open!” repeated Fabian, heedless of his remonstrances, and resuming his attack on the door, the person in charge of which had fled, frightened by the tumult.

“You have no one to deliver or to avenge,” suddenly exclaimed the Scholar, as his eye again searched the hall below; “there he is himself!”

“Whom do you mean?”

“The Coadjutor! the report must have been unfounded.”

Fabian rapidly regained his place in front, and thence beheld, in truth, the Coadjutor entering the great chamber, leaning on Monsieur Champlatreux, the son of the First President Molé. He was very pale, and had in reality escaped from a great danger; the Duke de Larochevoucault, a violent partisan of the Prince, had caught his neck between the two leaves of the folding door leading out to the entrance hall, and would certainly have strangled him, had not Monsieur de Champlatreux, though himself of the Condé party, come to his rescue.

On the appearance of the Coadjutor in safety, the masked lady uttered an exclamation of joy, while Fabian, in frenzied transport, threw himself into the arms of his friend Eustache. But, from that moment, the stranger lady no longer con-

centrated her attention exclusively on the hall below; she glanced aside, from time to time, in the direction of the young De Croissi, and several times her piercing eyes, which gleamed from beneath her mask like two carbuncles, were fixed on him for a few moments.

In the meantime the Coadjutor had slowly regained his accustomed seat, and having, by a motion of his hand, obtained silence, he addressed the First President:

"I had considered you an enemy of mine until now, sir! but the invaluable service your son has just rendered me, proves that I must have been mistaken. I declare, publicly, that I owe my life to Monsieur de Champlatreux; and to you, as well as to your son, I address my heartfelt thanks."

Molé displayed profound emotion; he looked to his son, then to the Coadjutor, and covering his face in one hand, signified by a wave of the other, that he was unable to speak. From this event dated the commencement of a friendship between the First President and Paul de Gondi, which endured through life.

The Prince of Condé, meanwhile, was conversing warmly with the counsellors and peers of his party; it was necessary that he should take some notice of what had happened, but he was unwilling to throw public blame on the Duke de Larochehoucault, one of his most devoted partisans.

"Gentlemen!" he said at length, with a mortified air; "I deeply regret that the zeal of one of my friends should have carried him so far to the injury of the Coadjutor. However, the reverend prelate will perhaps recollect that he has not always shown such horror at an attempt upon my life, as I now testify in his case."

"I know very well to what your highness makes allusion," returned De Gondi, calmly; "but you are much deceived if you think me capable of taking part in such a plot. What would you say," he continued, darting a glance toward the galleries, "if I had here a witness, an unimpeachable witness, whose disclosures would force your Highness to render justice to the uprightness of my sentiments and conduct towards you?"

"Rise up—do not conceal yourself!" murmured Eustache Vireton in Fabian's ear, while the speech of the Coadjutor seemed to render the masked lady agitated and uneasy.

"A witness!" repeated the Prince with a distrustful air; "a witness who will furnish me with proof that you did not participate in the plot against my life? Let him appear, worthy Coadjutor, let him appear, and should he prove

what you assert, I will hold you my true friend. Send for that personage, if he is not now here, and I swear to you, that, should he give me satisfactory explanations, he shall receive full token of my munificence, and of the desire I experience to have you held guiltless of the treachery towards me of which you are accused. Should he be here present, let him present himself—let him speak—I promise him my protection and aid."

While he thus spoke, the Prince threw a searching glance around, and the masked lady could not conceal her emotion, on seeing that glance rest for a moment on Fabian de Croissi. She half rose, as if to rush toward him at the first word; but Fabian moved not, spoke not. The Coadjutor seemed to take pleasure in maintaining the suspense for some moments.

"Your Highness is mistaken," he said at length, coldly, "and has misunderstood the meaning of my words. My appeal was to a Higher Power, who sees everything, marks everything, and who knows well that I would never enter into a combat directed against the life of your Highness."

This explanation produced a subdued murmur throughout the hall, somewhat expressive of disappointment, but the masked lady made a gesture of satisfaction, and Eustache remarked that she spoke for some time to one of her mysterious companions in a low voice.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RECONCILIATION.

AFTER this discussion, the session presented nothing remarkable except a sharp quarrel between the Duke de Larochehoucault and the Duke de Brissac, and this we pass over in silence, as not affecting our history. Ten o'clock at last sounded, and as this was the usual hour for the chamber to separate, the President, in a voice trembling with joy, proclaimed the session closed.

A general movement followed this announcement, and those present began to quit the hall in detached groups, still eying each other distrustfully, but without that menacing aspect they had displayed before. Fabian and his companion rose to rejoin the Coadjutor in the outer hall, and they had now no difficulty in opening the door, as the keeper had returned to his post. Vireton, however, regarded the next lantern uneasily, and seemed to withdraw with much reluctance.

When they reached the passage they found the door of the adjoining box guarded by several men, well armed, and having their features concealed

in the folds of their mantles. They were about to pass, when one of the guards—the same man with whom the masked lady had conversed so much—placed his hand heavily on the shoulder of Fabian, and said in a voice rough but by no means threatening:

“Stay a moment, Monsieur de Croissi! There are some of your acquaintances here who wish to see you.”

Fabian recognised Marshal d’Hocquincourt, and his mantle falling partly back as he stretched out his arm, several pairs of pistols could be seen attached to his girdle.

“What! is it you, Marshal!” exclaimed the young De Croissi, with a warm greeting. “How happy I am at again meeting the generous man to whom I owe so much gratitude for the protection he afforded me in a moment of danger—”

“Enough, enough, my young friend!” interposed d’Hocquincourt in a low tone; “if you have preserved a favorable recollection of me, believe me that, for my part, I have not forgotten your courageous and chivalric conduct. But let us leave these matters alone for the present. There is a lady within there,” indicating the lantern as he spoke, “who desires to see you, and who thinks she has to repair an injustice towards you.”

“What! That masked lady—?”

“Do you not know who she is?”

And then for the first time Fabian learned—what the reader has doubtless divined ere this—that his mysterious neighbour was none other than the Queen Regent of France.

Marshal d’Hocquincourt forthwith ushered Fabian into the box, still dim and darkened by the curtains in front. The Queen was closely wrapped in her mantle, and seemed overcome by deep emotion. The young De Croissi was about to kneel before her, but she signed him to forbear.

“Stay,” she said, “I have only an instant to remain here. Young man! what I have just witnessed has taught me to know my true friends. Say to the Coadjutor that his sovereign is fortunate in having servants as faithful as he is. I understand his plans for you; he knew I was to occupy this place, and he wished to prove to me that your fidelity was as unshaken as his own. I avow that one word pronounced but now by your lips, regarding the secrets you possess, might have resulted in grievous evils for me—for France. From this moment, Sir, you have no occasion to conceal yourself—live free and unharmed. Now that my wrath is calmed, I can appreciate the motives of your past conduct, and I may perhaps find occasion soon to show the estimation in which I hold your character!”

“Madame!” replied Fabian with grateful ardour; “Your Majesty is so full of kindness and clemency, that I venture to entreat your pardon for an unfortunate young girl, who—”

“Ah! Montglat?” interrupted the Queen, with some asperity; “that is another affair. But no matter! I pardon her too; I suppose you have the means of acquainting her with this?”

“She of whom your Majesty speaks is now my wife.”

“Is it possible? But I recognise here the ordinary tact of the Coadjutor; he wished to render it impossible to pardon one without the other. Well! say to your protector, that I will show kindness to you both, for his sake. As for you, come to the Palais-Royal with Elizabeth—with your young wife; we will then see what we can do on your behalf. Monsieur d’Hocquincourt, who is your friend, will introduce you previous to the public reception. Adieu!”

The young man was about to express his grateful acknowledgment, but a sign from the Queen imposed silence on him.

“Your arm, Monsieur d’Hocquincourt!” she said, hurriedly; and, leaving the box, they advanced along the passage, followed by the four or five people who served as guards. They turned aside through a dark corridor, and doubtless issued from the Palace of Justice by ways unknown to the public.

Fabian remained as if thunderstruck by this unexpected event, and Eustache Vireton, who, from the open door of the adjoining box, had heard all, hurried him into the hall before he had regained his presence of mind. They found the Coadjutor standing in the middle of an animated group, but as soon as he noticed them, he advanced towards them.

“Well?” was his enquiring exclamation.

“All has succeeded as you could have wished, Monseigneur,” added Eustache gaily; “full pardon for both! Monsieur Fabian behaved as if he had been in the full secret of our design.”

“Bravo!” exclaimed the prelate, rubbing his hands with a satisfied air.

“And it is again to you that I owe this happiness, Monseigneur,” said Fabian, with lively gratitude; “the Queen grants us her pardon, in acknowledgment of that devotion to her Majesty of which you have this day given proof.”

“Ah! she is pleased with my devotion,” repeated the Coadjutor; then, raising his hand to his neck, still swollen and inflamed from the rough manipulation of Monsieur de Larochehoucault; “I would not willingly give such proofs as this every day! But it is time to separate. Come, gentlemen, let us retire to the cloister!”

He then, with his friends, descended the staircase of the *Rue de la Barillerie*, while the partisans of Condé retired by the staircase of the Holy Chapel.

"And thus terminated this morning," says the Coadjutor himself, in his memoirs, "at whose dawn Paris stood on the brink of an abyss."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MARQUIS DE CRENAN.

FABIAN, as may be believed, was most impatient until he had communicated to Elizabeth the results of this memorable session, so important to her and himself. What impressed the young Countess more than any thing else, was the news that the Queen would receive her that very evening in the Palais-Royal.

"She is then no longer angry with me?" she exclaimed, shedding tears of tenderness; "she could pardon me then! Oh! Fabian! you cannot comprehend all that I have suffered from the thought that my kind and royal mistress regarded me with hatred and contempt!"

The rest of the day was passed by the young couple in forming projects for the future; but ye: the joy of Fabian was poisoned by the remembrance of the cruel manner in which the Baron de Croissi had been treated in the great hall. Besides, he forgot not that Albert was to fight that evening with the Captain of the Guards of the Prince de Conti, and whatever had been his wrongs toward himself, he could not avoid keen apprehension, when he thought of the possible results of this duel. Elizabeth remarked that he was pensive and absent, while she was expressing to him her simple hopes, but she could not guess at the cause.

They could not see the Coadjutor during the rest of the day; he remained in his private apartments, surrounded by his intimate counselors, and a crowd of people of quality, who repaired to the cloister to talk over the events of the morning. However, toward evening, the number of visitors began to diminish, and the young couple were about to retire to prepare for their visit to the palace, when Master Eustache, gaily dressed, with ruffles and collar of lace, entered their apartment, followed by two lacquies who carried the complete costume of a cavalier, of the greatest richness.

"What! not yet ready?" he said, laughing. "Do you forget that within an hour you must be presented to the Queen? But I know what is the matter. Monsieur de Croissi does not consider that green dress of his, suitable apparel for

so august an occasion. Well! here is a new dress which he is entreated to accept, and in which he is expected to encase himself without loss of time."

The attendants placed the clothes on a side table and left the apartment.

"Is this sumptuous costume intended for me?" asked Fabian with astonishment; "might I enquire——?"

"Oh! this is nothing," interrupted Eustache, joyously; "if this amiable lady will please to retire to her own chamber, she will find there a most superb court toilet."

"But who is it——?"

"I will tell you further," continued the Scholar, heedless of the interruption, "that you will not go to the Palais Royal on foot, like petitioners and such like gentry. They are getting ready a chariot to conduct you to the Queen; you will have pages on horseback at each side of the vehicle, and lacquies in front carrying torches. *Ma foi!* it will be magnificent!"

"But tell me, Eustache! to whom do we owe so many delicate attentions—so many rich presents?"

"To whom should you owe them, but to the brave, the generous, the gallant Paul de Gondi, Coadjutor of the Archbishop of Paris, and (soon to be) Cardinal de Retz?"

"Can this be?" returned Fabian. "Monseigneur, overwhelmed with visits, oppressed with business, with cares and perplexities——"

"Finds time," interposed Eustache, "to arrange all about the attire of Madame de Croissi, about your own doublet, hose and ruff, about the chariot which is to convey you, the number and quality of the attendants who are to accompany you—for he thinks of all, sees all, does all. This has been the effect of a few words whispered in my ear, amid a warm conversation with great lords, dukes and princes. He gave me certain orders for two or three of his familiars, which have been obeyed as if by enchantment. But hasten, friends, hasten! you must not keep waiting the personage whom you are about to visit—she likes it not, I can assure you!"

Elizabeth, smiling at the remarks of the Sorbonnian, quitted the apartment, while Fabian immediately commenced to assume his attire. His wife soon re-appeared, adorned with all that could at that moment enhance the youth and beauty of a woman, and Eustache was in extacies at the good mien and eloquence of the young couple. Fabian offered his hand to Elizabeth and they all descended to the great court, where a rich chariot, though without armorial bearings, was in waiting for them. As Vireton had an-

nounced, pages and lacquies were ready on horse-back to conduct them with torches to the Palais Royal. Having entered the chariot, it advanced towards the gateway of the Court, but here its progress was checked for a few moments.

A troop of soldiers, in the pay of the Coadjutor, were gathered round the gate, mingled with squires and lacquies, and were listening to a warm discussion between the commander of the Coadjutor's guard and a stranger, also bearing the uniform of an officer. As the crowd opened but slowly to permit the passage of the chariot, Fabian could hear a portion of this altercation.

"I repeat," cried the commander of the guards, "that you cannot see Monseigneur unless you have an order of admission signed by himself. I am acquainted with all the personages of importance who come here, and you are perfectly unknown to me, as you doubtless are to his Excellency. We cannot give admittance to every one who applies, as we might thus admit his foes as well as his friends."

"But I swear to you," replied the stranger, "that I am very well known to the Coadjutor, although not of his party. If I do not tell you my name, it is because I have important reasons for concealing it at present; but I wish to speak to the Coadjutor of a matter that can brook no delay."

At this moment Fabian leaned out of the carriage and fixed his gaze intently on the officer; his cheeks grew pale and his heart sick as he recognised the Marquis de Crenan, the captain of the guards with whom his brother was that evening to have fought. As soon as the chariot had cleared the gate of the cloister, he ordered it to be stopped, and leaping from the vehicle, he went up to the Marquis, whose discussion with the Coadjutor's commander was becoming still more embittered.

"Monseur de Crenan!" he said, touching his arm; "a word with you, if you please!"

On hearing his name, the captain turned abruptly round, but finding himself addressed by a gentleman of good manners and appearance, he followed him without hesitation, out of earshot of the guards.

"Excuse my indiscretion, Marquis!" said Fabian, in a low voice; "but might I enquire if the interview you seek with the Coadjutor is relative to a certain duel?"

"Saint Denis! how learned you that?" exclaimed the Marquis in astonishment. "Ah! you were doubtless in the great hall this morning and noticed the affair. Well, yes! it is on account of that duel I wish to see the Coadjutor."

"The Coadjutor personally?"

De Crenan remained a moment silent, as if fearing to reveal his secret to a stranger.

"*Ma foi!*" he exclaimed at last, "I will tell you—you may aid me out of this embarrassment. I admit then that it is not the Coadjutor himself I desire to see, so much as a young gentleman now under his protection."

"Monsieur Fabian de Croissi, is it not?"

"The same. Do you know him?"

"I am he, Marquis!"

"In that case," continued the captain gravely, "I have a duty to fulfil towards you. Be pleased to follow me, Monsieur!"

"May I ask where?"

"To your brother, who is dying!"

"My brother—Albert! Where is he?"

"There!" replied the Marquis, pointing to a chariot drawn up on the other side of the square, under the dark shadow of the towers of Notre Dame.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BARON FABIAN DE CROISSI.

THE MARQUIS DE CRENAN led the way across the square, and Fabian followed with tottering steps; he forgot at that moment all the crimes and injustice of his brother, and experienced the most poignant grief for his unhappy fate.

De Crenan mounted the step of the carriage, and said softly:

"I have fulfilled your request, Monsieur de Croissi, and brought hither your brother, whom you desired so much to see."

"My brother!" repeated a weak, though still imperious voice, from within the carriage; "is it indeed Fabian de Croissi who is present at my last moments?"

The Marquis descended from the step, and made a sign to Fabian to assume his place, while he himself retired to a little distance.

"Yes! yes! 'tis I, dear Albert!" said Fabian in a broken voice; "it is your brother who now entreats you to pardon his wrongs towards you, as he pardons yours towards him."

The dying man was silent for an instant, and when he spoke, it was as if communing with himself.

"These were the words I desired to hear from his lips, when I supplicated my generous adversary to bring me hither. Well, Sir!" he continued aloud, in an altered voice, and with an accent of profound bitterness; "the son of Madame de Rieul, the grandson of an upstart soldier, is about to become, by my death, Baron de Croissi! I wished to be the first to salute

thee by that title, and the wish is doubtless that of a good brother!"

These words were pronounced in a strange, wild tone, which made Fabian shudder.

"Ah! Baron!" he said with grief; "why attribute to me sentiments so foreign to my heart? Besides, your wound, perhaps, is not mortal, and if you will allow yourself to be conveyed within the cloister, I am certain the Coadjutor will order every care to be taken of you."

"No! no!" murmured Albert; "the night is too dark for thee to see the paleness of my features, and the depth of my wound. Be assured that within a few moments thou may'st dispose of my heritage. Every moment I may be suffocated with blood—the surgeon has said so—and I wished to employ my last moments in seeing and speaking to thee. Doubtless thou deemest me very guilty towards thee, but recollect our relative position! I had only seen thee thrice in my life; I scarcely knew thee; thou wert the son of a woman I despised; thou had'st been supported at my expense, and might almost be considered my vassal. Judge then of the effort necessary to simulate affection and interest for thee, when I found it necessary for my designs! Judge of the depth of my anger, when I found thee opposing my will! What wert thou, poor serf! to refuse to sacrifice thyself to aid the fortune of thy elder brother. Fancy what I must feel at the moment when I leave thee that fortune and title which I had hoped, by thine assistance, myself to bear with new and added lustre!"

These words were delivered in an almost inaudible voice, choked and broken by the convulsive gasps which constantly agitated the frame of the Baron.

"Death is indeed near you, dear brother!" replied Fabian gently, after a pause. "Oh! think of your approaching end—let me bring a priest to comfort your last moments!"

But Albert's mind had commenced to wander, and his brother's words passed unheeded.

"Well! what matters it?" he continued, vacantly; "I shall not be there to be tortured by thy happiness. My hotel is ready—thou may'st occupy it at once. Take possession also of the Chateau de Croissi—the vassals will perhaps acknowledge thee: they have seen thee their equal—they will see thee their lord. Take all my wealth, all my lands; but," he added, with momentary energy, "I bequeath to thee also the desire to augment them, and the inability to do so!"

Frightful convulsions for a short time stopped his utterance.

"Ah! I had forgot!" he suddenly resumed, with savage joy; "thou can'st not take peaceable possession of all this. Thou art now a prisoner in the cloister of Notre Dame—thou wilt soon occupy a cell in the Bastille! I know what courtiers are: they will never think of thee more. Thy protector will weary of thee, or may himself be vanquished. Despite thy scrupulous conscience, life shall for thee be something else than a flower-strewn path. And thy betrothed—she whom thou lovest—thou wilt never see her; she is, like thyself, condemned. Yes! yes! Though the possessions of our house may fall to thee—a miserable wretch, born for poverty—yet thou can'st not profit by the lucky chance. This at least is some consolation!"

The bitter tears that bedewed the cheek of Fabian, formed his only reply to those fearful sentences.

At this moment lights were seen approaching, and Elizabeth, anxious at the long absence of her husband, drew near, accompanied by the page, and lacquies. The flash of the torches displayed to the Baron, the rich habiliments of the two young people, as he raised himself with difficulty on his elbow.

"This, then, is the girl of whom I spake but now?" he said. "Has she followed thee hither? How comes she so brilliantly apparelled? And thou thyself—who hath given thee this costume, so different from the coarse grey habit thou worest at the manor? Did'st thou foresee thou wert about to become Baron de Croissi?"

The young girl leaned into the carriage, to ascertain who was the mysterious person within, and her eyes encountered the wild and burning glances of the Baron.

"Welcome, Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, in a tone of sarcasm; "you are doubtless about to espouse your betrothed, now that I can no longer oppose your union?"

"Did you not know, Baron!" replied Elizabeth, casting down her eyes, "that we were already married?"

"Married! married!" repeated Albert; "what imprudence! To marry—when a state prison awaits the husband, and the Convent of the Carmelites the wife!"

Elizabeth looked to De Croissi with astonishment. She saw that the Baron was grievously wounded, perhaps dying, but she comprehended not the wildness of his speech. Fabian signed to her to be silent, but was not understood.

"Are you so ill, Baron?" she said, with gentle sadness; "we would be so happy to devote our

lives to your happiness, now that we are at liberty to do so."

"You are pardoned then?" he asked, anxiously.

"The Queen has graciously forgiven us both," replied the young wife, "and we were proceeding to the Palais Royal, to thank Her Majesty."

"To the Palais Royal!" repeated the Baron, whose voice every moment grew fainter; "you were going to the Palais Royal? But doubtless you will be introduced by the back staircase, like spies and common people. I myself was never admitted to the palace through the door of state. But that chariot, those attendants, those torches!—Tell me, tell me!" he exclaimed, summoning all his strength, and sitting upright in the carriage; "is it through the door of state you are to be admitted to the Queen?"

Fabian and Elizabeth turned aside with horror.

"It is true, then?" cried the expiring man, "Fabian! thou, with thy gross and stubborn virtue, hast achieved more than I, with all my wiles and intrigues; like that Jacob, of whom my preceptor spake to me when a child, thou hast robbed me of my birthright! Thou art about to become rich, honoured, powerful, high in the favour of the Queen; while I die repulsed, despised by all. Adieu, then! On your head be—"

The curse died away on his lips, and he fell back on the cushions a lifeless corpse.

De Crenan and Vireton approached to withdraw the young couple from this mournful spectacle.

"You have no time now to indulge in sorrow," urged the latter; "the Queen expects you, and must not be disappointed. I will see to the proper disposal of your brother's body."

"True, Eustache, true!" replied Fabian, mournfully; "Her Majesty must be obeyed. You will have him—," and he pointed, with averted head, to the lifeless mass within the carriage—"you will have him conducted to the Hotel de Croissi. We will rejoin you there after our interview with the Queen."

A few moments after the two carriages separated, and drove off in different directions. In the dark and silent vehicle that rolled heavily towards the Hotel de Croissi, in the Faubourg Saint Germain, were enclosed the unhonoured remains of the intriguing courtier: in the chariot that was whirled rapidly along towards the Palais Royal, guarded by liveried lacquies, and brilliantly lighted by torches, sat, beside his lovely young wife, FABIAN, BARON DE CROISSI.

(Concluded.)

MOONLIGHT.

BY M. H.

"I'll ever bless thy soothing power,
Sweet and pensive moonlight hour."

MRS. HEMANS.

SOME love the bright sun's refulgent light,
And others the rosy morn,
As she smiling, descends from the car of night,
To gaze on a world new born;
But sweeter to me, to wander along
The banks of some winding stream,
And list to the nightingale's plaintive song,
By the light of the pale moonbeam.

O! surely at such an enchanting time,
No earth-born thought dare come,
For the soul, on the wings of thought sublime,
Then soars to its native home!
And we think of the friends to mem'ry dear,
As we gaze on the star-gemm'd sky—
And long to join them in that blest sphere,
Unexplored by mortal eye.

Oh! would the rash worldling pause one hour,
And gaze on this fairy scene—
The sons of riot would ne'er have power,
To win him back, I ween!
For his spell-bound soul would dilate with praise,
With gratitude and love;
Whilst the bird of eve, with her touching lays,
Would remind him of choirs above.

Then he'd look on life as a meteor's glance,
A shadowy vapour—a breath—
And an emblem he'd find in the pale moon-beam,
Of the soul, unsubdued by death!
'Tis surely a glorious scene, when morn
Illumines the dark blue sea,
Or smiles on the dew-bespangled thorn,—
But moon-light's dearer to me.

B. W. Town, May 23, 1847.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON AN EVENING IN JUNE.

BY M. H.

A CALM pervades all nature, as she lies,
Enjoying sweet repose, unruffled,
Beneath the azure covering of the skies,
As if a storm, she never more should dread,
Nor thunder clouds, should gather o'er her head.
The fields are clothed in richest, darkest green,
And all is tranquil—all is now serene!
The lark now sings, and wings his upward flight,
The thrush, responsive, answers from the tree,
Whilst clouds of insects, dancing in the light,
Enjoy their gambols with unwearying glee,
And homeward, loaded, hums the little bee.
Now, be it ours, to raise our hearts to Him,
Whose name's adored by brightest Seraphim.

B. W. Town, June 9, 1846.

IDA BERESFORD; OR, THE CHILD OF FASHION.*

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER XIX.

EAR the beams of the rising sun had yet dispelled the gray vapours of morning, the carriage was at the door, and Ida, cloaked and veiled, made her appearance. As Lucy fondly embraced her, she murmured:

"Oh! Ida, how much I shall miss you. Tell me, will you be long away?"

"I hope not," she rejoined, as she turned hastily away, to hide the glittering drops that trembled on her long lashes. Claude was waiting at the carriage step, and as he handed her in, he simply exclaimed:

"Farewell, Miss Beresford!" but the tone in which he spoke was unusually gentle, and she felt that his earnest glance, searching as it may have been, was free from aught like unkindness. Still, annoyed by his scrutiny, and ashamed of her emotion, she chillingly returned his salutation, and fell back amid the cushions with an air of listless indifference, of coldness, which was only too natural, too well counterfeited. Claude continued gazing after her for a moment, his lips slightly compressed, and then carelessly re-entered the house. Meanwhile Ida, a prey to reflections whose bitterness she alone knew, rolled rapidly on to the house of suffering. Wearied in body, and in mind, she at length arrived, just as night had fallen, at her destination. Instantly enquiring for Lady Stanhope, she heard that the latter, who was then enjoying a short sleep, had continued up to the moment quite delirious, and that the physician who had visited her an hour previous, entertained but very slight hopes of her recovery. Scarcely waiting to throw off her travelling dress, she sought the sick chamber. Noiselessly unclosing the door, she stood for a moment surveying the scene before her. The vast apartment was wrapped almost in total shadow, a screened lamp at the farthest end, cast from time to time a flickering light on the splendid furniture, and velvet hangings of the bed, on which, pale and insensible, lay the once envied Lady Stanhope; but the solemn silence, the dim light, the very atmosphere itself, all seemed to tell of sickness, and death. At length the voice of the invalid, but so weak, so changed, that Ida could scarce re-

cognise it, called aloud on one of the servants. Not one answered the appeal. Again she reiterated her call, but all was silence. The total neglect, the inhuman indifference, seemed to strike upon her heart, and she exclaimed in a tone of agony. "Great God! can it be that I am left to die alone—alone! Amongst all those whom I have entertained, loaded with favours, the menials I have pampered, are there none to hand me a cup of cold water in the agonies of death? They know my hour is at hand, and already they take advantage of my helplessness."

Ida would have approached her, but she was incapable. Powerless, immovable, she stood as if chained to the spot. After a pause, Lady Stanhope resumed:

"Menials! Why should I blame them? They owe me nothing save their hire. But the ungrateful being whom I cherished, loved as I would have done my own child, on whom I lavished the only feeling of affection this chilled heart for long years has known—where is she now? Like others, she employed me for promoting her own views and interests; like others, she has turned, and stung the hand that fostered her. Aye! she once willingly accompanied me to the gay Opera and Assembly Hall, but would she as willingly linger now, near my bed of death. No? Were she here now, she would fly me as she would the pestilence. Oh! for a drop of cool water to moisten my burning lips! My God! my God! thy judgment is a bitter, a fearful one, but I must submit, I must die uncared for—alone."

"No, not alone, dear Lady Stanhope," said Ida, who overcoming by a violent effort, the spell that bound her, sprang forward, and flung herself on her knees beside her couch. "I come to watch over, to wait on you. To atone by my present devotion for my past neglect."

"Lady Stanhope fell back with a faint cry, and Ida saw with terror that she had fainted. Bitterly reproaching herself for her rashness, she hurriedly bathed her temples, and resorted to every means to promote her recovery. At length the sufferer unclosed her eyes, and her glance fell on Ida.

"You here! My senses then have not deceived me. But what is your mission?" she bitterly

*Continued from page 328.

added. "Do you not see that I am ill, dying? I can no longer serve or assist you. Away! your place is not here."

"Forgive me, forgive me," murmured her companion, "your reproaches are just and merited,—yet spare me. Long as I have delayed 'tis not too late yet to endeavour to atone at least for my ingratitude."

"Ida! Ida!" said the dying woman, fixing her eyes with startling earnestness on her face, "are you come to mock me? You who never addressed to me one word of affection or of kindness, you stay to wait on my sick couch—but still I will believe you! Whatever other faults you may have possessed, you never yet in aught deceived me. I will believe the blessed truth, that you have indeed come to soothe my dying pillow, to cheer my passage to the tomb. There is yet one being on earth who feels an interest, however slight, in my fate, who lavishes a thought upon me; but give me some water in mercy, for my lips are parched."

Ida obeyed, and then drawing her chair near the bedside, she endeavoured by the kindest words and tenderest expressions, to calm the emotion of the dying, and restore peace to her tortured heart. Lady Stanhope passively listened whilst she closely clasped the hand of her youthful companion, and at the least movement on the part of the latter, her grasp tightened as if she feared she wished to escape her, while her large dark eyes would turn on Ida with a wild, restless expression, which caused her heart to shrink with dread. But faithfully did she adhere to her post, and deep as might have been the fear, great as was the fatigue that overpowered her, no signs of it appeared in the low calm tone with which she whispered words of consolation and peace. Gradually Lady Stanhope's grasp relaxed, her eyes closed, and at length her laborious, but deep drawn breathing, told that she slept. Gently disengaging herself from her, Ida drew the curtains, and with a noiseless step passed into the adjoining room. There, extended asleep on a sofa, lay the nurse appointed to watch over Lady Stanhope, and who was receiving at the time a high remuneration for her services. Ida approached, and laid her hand on her arm. The woman looked up, and uttered a faint shriek on beholding her, and truly there was something in that stern, pale, but beautiful countenance, which might have justly sanctioned her terror. In tones whose severity was not diminished by their being uttered in a whisper, Ida exclaimed:

"Woman! Is it thus you fulfil your trust? Have you no fear that the vengeance of the mis-

tress you have wronged, the humanity you have outraged, may soon fall on your guilty head?"

Terrified out of her prudence, the attendant replied in trembling accents:

"Oh! ma'am, my Lady was raving and she couldn't know whether I was watching her or not. The doctor said she'd never come to her senses 'again before she died; and all the other servants 'again, are amusing themselves but me."

"Begone!" said Ida, shaking her from her. "You will be only too blessed if your death-bed is not more desolate, more wretched, than that of your too indulgent mistress. Begone to your post, and know for the future that Lady Stanhope has a friend who will rigorously watch over every action of you and your compeers, and who will punish alike as she will adjudge you, without mercy."

Abashed and awed, the woman moved humbly into the inner room, whilst Ida rapidly bent her steps to the servant's hall. Hastily passing through the long corridors and wide staircases, she at length arrived at the large apartment appropriated to the public use of the domestics. The noise of mirth and laughter, suppressed as it was, jarred painfully on her ear as she approached, and burning with indignation she flung open the door. The members of Lady Stanhope's numerous retinue, with but one or two exceptions, were seated round the supper table, conversing, laughing, careless that the mistress of whose bounty they were partaking, was stretched on her dying bed. An apparition could not have excited more dismay than Ida's entrance. With an angry frown on her brow, she surveyed the group for a moment in silence, and then exclaimed:

"'Tis well! Your mistress is dying, and you think you may act as you like. 'Tis a privilege I'll not deny you, for to-night is the last you shall pass beneath her roof." A silence followed which none dared to break, when Lady Stanhope's waiting maid, one of the pertest species of her class, and to whom Ida was personally unknown, as she had only lately entered her Ladyship's service, rejoined in a sharp tone:

"Very well, ma'am, as you please, for my part I'm quite willing to go, but who's to pay me my wages?"

Ida darted a contemptuous glance upon her.

"Menial! I shall pay you your ill-earned gains, and be thankful that you are permitted to remain till morning, not cast forth instantly as you deserve."

The girl, seeing that Ida was not to be intimidated, resolved to change her tactics, especially as no one had supported her first motion,

and covering her face with her handkerchief, commenced a sobbing protestation: "that she had meant no harm—that she had loved her dear lady very much—and finally, that her Ladyship could not do without her."

"Silence, girl!" said Ida, sternly; "your lady will probably never require your services again." Feeling her voice faltering, she hastily turned to leave the apartment, but she was intercepted by one of the servants, who barred her passage.

"Pardon me, ma'am," he said with an insolent sneer, "but may I make so bold as to ask by what right you order her Ladyship's servants about, who have been in her Ladyship's service these five years. You may do as you please to her Ladyship's chamber maids and waiting maids," he continued, heedless of the fiery glances the latter young ladies bestowed upon him, "but I am to be treated in a different sort of way; I am Lady Stanhope's butler, and have been so for five years."

"You are so no longer," interrupted Ida, as she turned full upon him her flashing eyes, beneath whose angry glance he involuntarily quailed. "From this moment you are dismissed from her service, with the ignominy you deserve. Begone this instant," and approaching nearer to him, she extended her small hand threateningly towards the door. Return to-morrow, and whatever claims you may have on Lady Stanhope, will be satisfied, but you shall not contaminate her roof by passing another night beneath it."

Spite of himself, the man, awed and subdued, sullenly turned away. "And now," she said, throwing her dauntless glance on the other domestics, "seek your rest and beware how by further murmur or offence, you draw down the punishment already impending over your heads."

Silently they all obeyed, and Ida returned to the chamber of Lady Stanhope; she had barely resumed her seat beside her, when the latter woke from her feverish and perturbed sleep. The eloquent glance she bestowed upon her, spoke volumes, but apparently too weak to speak, she only pressed her hand. Sadly did she tax the fortitude of the already sinking Ida, who, exhausted by her wearisome journey, and the agitation and fatigue she had undergone since her arrival, was scarcely able to keep her head erect. Still the imploring, the unhappy look Lady Stanhope ever cast upon her, if she even moved the hand she held so tightly pressed within her own, was enough to induce her to bear up. Long, long, did her watch continue; it seemed as if the sufferer could never grow weary. Hour after hour chimed forth from the clocks, yet still awake, still restless, she

lay, her dark eyes steadfastly fixed on her companion. At length as the hour of four rung out, and the weary watcher began to despair of release, the eyes of Lady Stanhope again closed, and ere many minutes had elapsed, she slept. Having called the nurse to replace her at her post, and strictly, sternly, enjoined the most vigilant care, she threw herself with a thankful heart on a couch in the adjoining chamber, and scarcely had her head touched the pillow, when she was buried in profound sleep. Her slumbers were lasting as they were profound, and when she awoke the following morning, on glancing at her time piece, she saw it was near noon. Hastily springing from her couch, she rang for the servant. Her summons was answered by the girl Stratton, who had filled the office of waiting maid to her during the period of her former visit to Lady Stanhope, and who had been absent at the neighbouring village the preceding evening at the time of Ida's visit to the servants' hall. In reply to her anxious enquiries concerning her mistress, the girl informed her, "That Lady Stanhope had awoke some hours previous in perfect possession of her senses. On being told that Ida was asleep, she had given strict orders that she was on no account to be disturbed. She had then sent for her lawyer, with whom she had been engaged in close conference for a long time, and who had just taken his departure."

Her hasty toilet completed, Ida drank a cup of coffee, and proceeded at once to Lady Stanhope's apartment. In the ante-room she met the physician whose face wore a very grave expression. He at once told her there was no hope, and though Lady Stanhope might linger on a week longer, it was more probable two days more would close her career. Ida left him, her heart sorrowful and heavy enough, and entered the sick chamber. Though the room was perfectly dark, the blinds closed and curtains drawn, Lady Stanhope at once divined the intruder by her light, gentle footfall; and in an eager, though weak voice, exclaimed.

"Is that you, dear Ida! How glad I am. 'Tis a fearful thing to be alone and to feel the dark shadow of death creeping nearer and nearer." Ida kissed her damp forehead and affectionately asked, "how she had passed the night." "Tolerably well. Better than for weeks, but 'twas because I imagined you were with me. Through all my dreams, feverish, painful as they were, I had an indistinct consciousness that you were beside me, your hand pressed in mine, and that soothed, reassured me. My sojourn here will not be long, and promise me, Ida, promise me, not to leave me again till my eyes are closed in

death. If I ask too much, forgive me, but I will not trouble you long."

"I promise," murmured Ida almost inaudibly, as she bowed her head amid the pillows, but despite her utmost efforts, the sobs which she could not repress, fell on the ear of her companion.

"Nay, weep not, my poor child, though you know not, you cannot dream, what balm, what solace, your tears are to my crushed heart. They tell me there is yet one living thing who feels for, who compassionates that wretched being, once called the happy, light hearted Lady Stanhope. Yes! your tears will be the only one shed over my lonely grave. Of all the gay friends who enlivened my hours of pleasure, none remain to me, and were I to entreat separately, every individual of the crowds who have filled my saloons, employed my equipages, houses, servants, not one would consent to pass a half hour by my bedside to cheer my dying moments; but you, Ida, you, whom I ever inwardly stigmatized as the most selfish, the most heartless of them all—would, would that I might live, were it only to punish the desertion, the hypocrisy of my former friends, and to testify my gratitude for your generous devotion. But, that may not be, for my earthly career is drawing to a close. Still what I could do, Ida, I have done for you; on the simple condition of assuming the crest and arms of the Stanhopes, I have bequeathed you the large estate belonging to my family; in fact, with the exception of trifling legacies to some of my dependants, the total amount of my fortune. Do not think for one moment, Ida, that I imagine I have discharged the debt I owe you. I am not so blind as to suppose there is any generosity in giving to you what I must so soon resign for ever, myself. No! I have but gratified the impulses of my own heart. Even had you never come near me, had you left me to die, untended and uncared for, 'tis very probable you would still have been my heiress; for ungrateful as such conduct would have been, you were at least free from all reproach of hypocrisy or deceit. You never loaded me with protestations of affection, assurances of regard, and I could not blame you if you loved me not, when you never affected it."

Overcome by emotion, Ida could scarcely command her voice sufficiently to falter forth her thanks, and a long pause followed. But feeling, she was culpable in thus giving way to her own agitation, she soon regained in part her self-command, and gently endeavoured to lead the thoughts of Lady Stanhope, to higher, holier subjects than the ones then engrossing them.

But in vain, she continued to dwell on settlements, estates, legacies, till voice and strength almost failed her. In reply to Ida's almost passionate entreaty, imploring her to receive the rites of the church, to see, if even only for a moment, the Minister of her God, she rejoined with fretful impatience—

"To-morrow! to-morrow! 'twill be time enough. You worry me to death, Ida, with your preaching. You were not always so given to devotion."

Fearing that any irritation in her present state might be attended with the most fatal consequences, Ida forbore to press her further, and Lady Stanhope, wearied at length by the efforts she had made in conversing, relapsed into silence. For a long time she lay perfectly still, gazing on vacancy, when suddenly raising her eyes, which shone with startling brilliancy, to Ida's face, she exclaimed in a loud clear tone:

"What is the hour, Ida?"

"Nearly seven."

"Then we must prepare for the Opera. Ring for Wilton and ask her if my new satin has come yet. Yet, stay—No! I'll wear white, pure white. It is a long time since I have put it on, for I am too *passée* for that; but no matter, I'll wear it to-night; I must *rouge* highly. But, what are you thinking of, child? Why do you not get ready? Pemberton will be there, and remember you make yourself agreeable. But you look as pale, as grave as if you were going to a funeral. Funeral! What a solemn word. Did you ever see one, Ida? I did, a long time ago. I saw the corpse, too. It was my only son, my first born. How cold! how awfully still he looked. Sometimes in the midst of dissipation, at the theatre, the ball room, a remembrance of him has come over me, as he lay, pale, motionless in his grave clothes, but never so distinctly as to-night. Good God! I can see him now. *Ida*, look! He has the white roses you wore at your last ball, round his brow. Remove them, quick! They are too heavy, too dim, for one so pure and holy as he was. Look! look! they are crushing his very brow. He stretches his hands to me for help, and I seem bound and chained in iron fetters. Tear them off, I say! Do you hear me?" she said in a tone of exasperation, as she suddenly grasped the arm of her companion.

"Do you not see him calling me to him, whilst I cannot go, and you, ungrateful, cruel, you will not assist him!"

As she spoke, she fixed her eyes, burning with the wild light of angry insanity, upon her."

"My God! This is too horrible," murmured the terrified girl, as she sank upon her knees and

covered her face with her hands. The action diverted the thoughts of Lady Stanhope to another channel, and in a kind voice she exclaimed:

"My poor child, do not weep! I am not angry with you; only promise to discard that cold, haughty manner of yours, when you are with Pemberton, and to speak to him with a little more favor than you do. I have a handsome present for you, if you obey my injunctions. The emerald wreath you admired so much last week; I have purchased it. 'Tis coming home to-night with my new diamond tiara. How insufferably jealous the spiteful Duchess of Hamilton will be, when she sees them. That woman has always been my enemy. We have been rivals from childhood, and, but for her, I would have been Duchess of Hamilton. Yet, if she triumphed over me in the that particular, I have done so over her in every other. But a truce to farther reflection; time is passing; are you ready, Ida? But what dress have you put on? Are you crazy, child? 'Tis black. Do not dare to tell me it is not. Can I not see for myself. Away and change it quickly, or we shall be late. But, Great God! What is this? All the room, curtains, bed, every thing is black. Who has dared to remove the lights, to leave me in darkness. Where are my servants? Here, help, Wilton! Ida, help! Keep off that dark figure creeping up to my bed. 'Tis coming nearer, nearer. Help, for God's sake!" and she gnashed her teeth in an agony of terror. With almost supernatural courage, Ida raised her in her arms, called on her by every endearing term, spoke again and again of hope and peace, of the merits of a merciful God; but all in vain. With that last frenzied adjuration for help, which this earth nor its children could no longer afford her, the spirit of the Lady of Fashion had passed into eternity. To describe the almost agonized terror of Ida during the fearful scene, were vain and though sense deserted her with Lady Stanhope's last words, the effects of that agitation remained long after, and her dying form was ever before her, her wild ravings ever ringing in her ears.

But this trial, terrible as it had been, was indeed a blessing in disguise, sent by a merciful Providence. By that bed of death, so fearful, so deplorable, she had learned a lesson never to be forgotten. The vanity of this life, of its joys and pleasures, was laid before her, and young as she was, she felt that this world should be but a preparation for another. The past life of Lady Stanhope rose before her. Her long course of vanity and dissipation unrelieved by one hour's serious reflection, one useful Christian act. And yet the past years of her own career had been if

possible more sinful, more utterly heartless. Involuntarily she asked herself:

"Where had that soul gone, which, forgetful of its Creator in death as in life, when even on the point of appearing before His awful tribunal, was yet occupied alone by the vanities and frivolities which had been its only thought through life?"

She shrank from the fearful question, from further reflection, and as she bowed her head in voiceless adoration to Him who had so lately displayed his Almighty Power, she vowed solemnly in her inmost soul, to profit by the awful lesson thus given her, to wean her heart from its passionate devotion to the things of earth, and to avoid even the shadow of the follies which had darkened the course of her own past existence.

CHAPTER XX.

THE day succeeding Lady Stanhope's death, Ida, whose strength had been entirely prostrated by her weary vigils, and the fearful excitement she had undergone, during the scenes of death and terror to which she had so suddenly, so unpreparedly, been introduced, found it impossible to raise her head from the feverish couch to which utter weakness chained her. The physician who had attended Lady Stanhope, strictly enjoined her repose and quiet, and with a kindness, for which Ida's heart, if not her lips, thanked him, promised to superintend everything, and see that the funeral obsequies of the departed, should be celebrated with all necessary pomp and splendour. The few hours of repose, however, that she obtained towards night, somewhat strengthened her, and the next morning, resolving to surmount her weakness, she threw on her dressing gown, determined to devote the last days of her residence at Elm Grove, to the fulfilment of the many duties awaiting her. Her first care was to indite an epistle to Mrs. Vernon, and in which she informed her of what had passed, in her own simple, yet expressive language, spoke of her loneliness, her longing for the sympathy, the solace, which her presence could not but impart."

She sighed, as she sealed the letter, and then with a faltering step, proceeded to the apartment where the remains of Lady Stanhope lay, but as she entered the *boudoir* adjoining, her courage failed, and she fell almost fainting on a *fauteuil* which had often before received the graceful form of Lady Stanhope. What was it she feared? Was it that instinctive dread, that mysterious, indefinable terror, that the presence of the dead must ever bring to the living, or was it that she recoiled from looking on the ghastly changes that even the few short hours that had elapsed, must

have wrought in the face and form of the departed. Whatever was the feeling, she felt that her strength for a time, at least, was inadequate, and advancing towards Lady Stanhope's writing desk, she entered on the painful and wearisome task of arranging her papers, which lay scattered in wild confusion. Packets of letters, some freshly written, the perfume yet lingering round them, and others, whose discoloured tint, and pale characters, spoke of olden dates, occupied the different compartments. One large packet, tied with black ribbon, attracted her attention. The address on the different letters it contained, all written evidently by the same individual, was in a bold, manly hand, and on a small slip of paper attached to it, in the delicate characters of Lady Stanhope, were traced the words: "Letters from my husband, Charles Monteith Stanhope." Ida sighed deeply as if the circumstance had awakened painful thoughts, and placed them beside the others destined for the flames. Though none of the epistles were sealed, it never entered her clear, upright mind, even to open their folds. She would have deemed it a smaller sacrilege to have torn the sacred ring, the emblem of a holy, indissoluble union from the finger of the pale corpse that reposed in the adjoining chamber, than to have even glanced at a line of the many letters, whose open, unfolded pages, seemed to invite her perusal. A scrap of waste paper lay amongst them, containing a recipe for an invaluable cosmetic. How the hollowness of such vanity struck on the reader's heart. It was dated the year that she had first accompanied Lady Stanhope to London, and she carelessly tossed it away, but suddenly some of the words caught her eye. It was but a line, "Remember to question Ida closely, but cautiously, about this handsome Claude or Clarence, the Doctor's son." Though no eye was on Ida to witness her confusion, she became scarlet to her very temples, and tore the paper rapidly to shreds. What thoughts! What memories that simple sentence had evoked! With more precipitation than heretofore, and scrupulously avoiding even allowing her eyes to fall on any of the remaining papers, she collected them all, and placed them on the stand. In passing her hand carelessly over the interior of the desk, preparatory to closing it, a slight inequality in one part attracted her attention. She passed her finger over it, and a spring, concealed by the lining, met her touch. She pressed upon it, and a secret drawer flew open. It contained a miniature of an exquisitely beautiful boy, the features bearing a strong resemblance to Lady Stanhope, and a curl of bright, golden hair. This was evidently the son of whom she had spoken in her

wild ravings, and Ida placed them in her bosom, resolving they should be buried with her, for such she doubted not, would have been the wish of Lady Stanhope, had it but recurred to her during the period of consciousness. As she raised the miniature, a small roll of paper it had hitherto partly concealed, met her view. On the exterior was written: "Ida's next birth-day gift," and a date. It was that which had preceded by a few weeks, her last letter to Lady Stanhope, declining her proposal of accompanying her to London—she opened it. It contained a cheque of one thousand pounds, and a magnificent diamond ring. Ida's eyes filled with tears.

"Poor Lady Stanhope!" she murmured. "I did not think I occupied your thoughts so much; Ingrate that I was. How poor was the return I made? She placed the gem on her finger, inwardly resolving never to part with it; the note she only glanced at, and then thrust it into a small port-folio near. But suddenly a thought seemed to strike her, and drawing a sheet of paper towards her, she wrote a few lines in a bold, but carefully disguised hand. Then with a glowing cheek, and bright yet somewhat melancholy smile, she enclosed the note, and having sealed it, placed it in her bosom: "He would not accept it from me," she murmured. Then collecting the papers, she passed into one of the adjoining rooms, and committed them with scrupulous care to the flames. The task completed, she returned to the *boudoir*, and leaned her hand for a moment on the marble stand near.

"And, now," she murmured, "I have a holier and more sacred duty to perform, one which I must no longer delay;" and with a faltering step she crossed the threshold of that lonely chamber, whose mysterious silence, even more than its dim light and sombre hangings, filled her mind with awe. Ida's heart beat fast, even audibly, and had she yielded to the strong feeling of nervous terror that crept over her, she would have turned and fled from the spot. But with an effort of her powerful will, she subdued a weakness for which she blushed, and approached the bed with a firmer step. It was the first time Ida had ever stood in the presence of the dead, for even when her father had paid the debt of nature, the physicians, fearing the effect of further agitation on a frame already overtaken and so peculiarly formed as hers, difficult to agitate, but when once aroused, subject to a wild, passionate excitement whose vehemence was overwhelming, had taken advantage of the weakness, the utter prostration, which had followed her father's death, and kept her in her apartments till

he was committed to earth. Pale as a statue of marble, her very breathing suspended, Ida motionless, surveyed the sad spectacle before her. She was prepared for a fearful change, but how far the reality had exceeded her wildest imaginings. The ghastly pallor of that countenance, no longer brightened by artificial colouring; the dull, stony gaze of eyes, once celebrated for their sparkling, varying brilliancy, and the fearful rigidity of the compressed and ashy lips, wreathed during life with almost perpetual smiles. It was indeed awful, nor was the change in the form less appalling. The strange shapeless robe that had replaced the graceful, elegant garments, on which wealth and skill had ever expended their treasures; the close cap that had taken the stead of the plumes, the light head dresses, on whose airy elegance Lady Stanhope had so peculiarly prided herself; and the white, rigid hands, divested of their glittering gems, adorned only by the plain golden circlet that of all her costly jewels, accompanied her alone to the tomb. It was an awful lesson, and spoke more impressively, more forcibly, of earth's vanity, to the heart of that young and beautiful girl, than the most impassioned eloquence could have done. Slowly, silently, she sank on her knees, and bending her bright and youthful brow till it almost touched that of the cold form before her, she poured forth her heart in incoherent but fervent aspirations to him who had given breath to that tenement of clay, and recalled it to himself when he had willed it so. The feeling of awe, of nervous fear, that had at first possessed her, soon passed away, and for hours she remained alone with her fearful companion, if companion that lifeless form could be called. But still those hours were not entirely devoted to prayer. Indistinct remembrances of past conversations and circumstances of Lady Stanhope's career; sad reflections on her own desolate fate, half formed intentions, vague designs for her future, succeeded one another with rapid succession, and rendered her insensible to the flight of time. Still there was a vein of melancholy, of gloomy presentiment, pervading every reflection, which told how deeply her thoughts were coloured by the solemnity of the position in which she was placed. At length, a slight noise at the door aroused her; she turned, and saw a tall, rough looking man, clothed in the garments of a mechanic, whom her heart told her was the one commissioned to render the last services to the delicate and refined Lady Stanhope. Ida sprang from her knees, pressed a kiss on the icy brow of the corpse, and with a glance of irrepressible disgust and horror at the intruder, who was contemplating with hateful

complacency, some implements he held in his hand, hurried from the room. But a few steps further in the boudoir, on the soft, rose coloured couch, on which Lady Stanhope had so often reclined in dreamy luxuriance, lay the black and shapeless coffin. Shocked and startled beyond control, Ida with a convulsive gasp bounded from the room. Despite her weakness, her fearful nervous agitation, the fear of hearing some sound from the chamber of death which should tell that the last act of the tragedy was enacting, gave her fictitious strength, and she fled up the wide staircase, through the long corridors, till at length she reached her dressing room, where the dreaded sounds could not reach her ear, and trembling from head to foot, her whole frame quivering with nervous excitement, she sank half fainting on a chair.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME time elapsed ere complete consciousness returned, and then, with a feeling of helpless weakness, of total prostration, she buried her face amid the cushions.

"Oh! for Mrs. Vernon's tenderness, for Lucy's love!" she murmured. "But, alas! they have all forgotten me."

And then the strange neglect, the cruel indifference of the Vernons, who had not acknowledged even by a line, the reception of her last letter, rushed upon her with overwhelming force. Bewildered by the sad events which had crowded upon her in such rapid succession, the novelty of the position in which she was placed, their forgetfulness had never struck her before. Accustomed as she had been in all the griefs and trials which had embittered her past life, to shun all confidence or sympathy, to rely on herself alone, it had seemed to her but a natural thing that in this trial, as in all others, she should weep alone, unsolaced and uncomforted. But, now, the mist that had clouded her usually clear and decisive spirit, vanished, and the neglect of her friends appeared in all its native heartlessness. What a pang of agony that conviction brought to Ida's heart! It was to her even as the bitterness of death. They too, then, had abandoned her, spite of their endearing words, their false protestations,—she was still to them, but the alien, the outcast.

"Oh! my God," she exclaimed, as she passionately clasped her hands, why hast thou made me so desolate, so utterly wretched? Why hast thou taken away the one, who little as I loved her, was still the only being who bestowed a thought on my welfare. My adopted mother! my

sister!" and her tones were full of bitterness. "What hollow mockery! and I, poor fool, learned at length to believe them, to fancy I was an object of their love, their solicitude. Oh! Claude! Claude! how fearfully have you been avenged for every slighting word my lips have uttered. Could you but know the hopeless misery of her who has so justly drawn down your hatred on her head, your noble nature could not but compassionate. Oh! that I could recall the past, the irreclaimable past! the mad rashness with which I dared to reject the friendship, the brotherly affection, you proffered. Would that I could even efface from my life, the years I have passed beneath the same roof as yourself, and be again the cold, but free-hearted being of yore. But I must return to that roof no more, or at least it must be no longer my home. I have dwelt beneath it but too long, and it has cast a gloom on my opening existence which will darken it till its close. In other scenes I may learn, if not forget, at least to endure, and time may soften the bitterness of those regrets which now render life but a sad, and insupportable burden. And my resolve will doubtless please others, as well as myself. Even you, my fond Lucy," and a smile of mournful bitterness wreathed her lip, "you, my adopted mother, whom I allowed to read into the depths of a heart never before bared to mortal, and which shall never be read again; you will both applaud my decision, for you are both weary of me." Again, a passionate burst of grief overpowered her, and her slight frame shook with the violence of the sobs which seemed the struggles of a breaking heart. Who could have dreamed that she who thus yielded to such agonised despair, was a young and noble heiress, beautiful as she was gifted, an object of envy to the high born of her own age and sex, of intense admiration to all. At length even that wild sorrow exhausted itself, and feeling she was trifling with her health, her very life, she resolved to seek her couch, and obtain the rest so absolutely necessary to her worn out frame. With a slow step she entered her sleeping apartment, and approached the table, but suddenly she started, her eyes sparkled, and the warm blood mounted to her cheek; yet her look of joy was mingled with an expression of deep shame, for there, in her sealed letter to Mrs. Vernon, which the servant to whom she had entrusted it, had forgotten in the hurry and confusion of the house, to despatch, lay the refutation of all her groundless suspicions, her unsanctioned reproaches against those who were still her best, her only friends. Tears of gratitude now glittered in the eyes so lately gushing with the scalding

drops of agony and sorrow, and with a comparatively lightened heart she returned to the sitting room to write another epistle to Mrs. Vernon, explaining her silence, and announcing her intention of setting out the following day. This misgiving she gave in such a manner as ensured its delivery, and then too much excited to think of rest, threw herself on a couch to count the hours that would elapse ere they could receive it, and to mature the plans she had so incoherently formed.

"Yes," she murmured, after a few moments, during which she had been dwelling with thoughtful happiness on the certainty that she was not indeed abandoned or forgotten. "I am still dear to them. But still their home can be no longer mine. Each added hour I passed beneath their roof, will but rivet my galling chains still tighter. I must dwell with them no more, at least for some years to come. When Lucy shall have left them, the happy Marchioness of Pemberton, and Claude shall have brought to a home of his own, a fair and gentle wife;" her lips convulsively quivered as she spoke, but dashing away her tears, she continued: "Then will I return, to wait on, to cherish them in their solitude. To devote my own existence, to cheer their old age with my love and devotion, and repay them for all the affection they have lavished upon me."

"Oh! never had Ida been so worthy of the love she vainly sought, as at that moment. Never had nobler, higher sentiments, been uttered by woman's lips, than those she thus unconsciously poured forth, the language of a noble, generous heart, and had Claude but heard her at that moment, had he but looked on that beautiful countenance, lit up with so radiant an expression of high, heroic feeling, his coldness, his stoicism, must have yielded, and he would have bowed his proud heart and stern will to almost worship her. But it was Ida Beresford's misfortune to appear in her most unfavorable lights, and, as Lucy had once said, to display her faulty traits, concealing everything that was good and noble in her. After a few moments' deep reflection which seemed to perplex her, for her pencilled eye brows were slightly contracted, she resumed:

"I see not clearly how I can act. Keeping up an establishment at my age, I would not even think of. Going abroad would do; but where can I look for a companion, a protector? I might indeed bow my haughty spirit, for alas! 'tis well nigh broken now, to serve as a companion to some lady of rank, but such a thing in the heiress of Lady Stanhope's thousands would be absurd. How useless is that fortune to me? 'Tis but an encumbrance, a wearisome restraint, for alas! it can

never bring peace or happiness to its desolate possessor. 'Tis true it will afford me at least the satisfaction of relieving those who are pining in want and sickness, and who yet perhaps are not more wretched than myself; I can heap riches now, on the friends who sheltered me when home I had none. But no!" she added, whilst a deep flush passed over her cheek, "they would not accept them from me. A paltry present is all I dare offer them, and how could I presume to insult their noble, honorable independence, by my money gifts! But I will weary myself no longer with such perplexing doubts. I must at least return for a few days to my former home; I will then, if no other resource remains, consult Mrs. Vernon, announce to her my unalterable determination to abide by whatever choice she may form, save that of remaining an inmate of her roof. I will enjoin her secrecy as to my real motives, and let them assign whatever causes they will for my resolve, it shall not hinder me from executing it."

At the moment her maid entered, to say that a lady who announced herself as her particular friend, desired to see her. A momentary hope flashed through Ida's mind that her visitor was Mrs. Vernon, and she eagerly enquired her name.

"I do not know, Miss," was the reply; "but she comes from London, and her footmen wear blue and silver livery."

"I cannot see her," said Ida with a feeling of deep and impatient disappointment. "I am too ill to receive any one at present."

"Nay, dear Miss Beresford, you will not refuse me," said a clear, fashionable voice; and the next moment, without further announcement, Lady Athol made her appearance. Ida was mute with surprise, whilst her Ladyship, motioning the servant to leave the room, calmly seated herself, and taking Ida's passive hand, exclaimed:

"I feared you might refuse me admittance; I have therefore intruded on you unannounced, but I am certain 'tis a liberty you will not resent. Knowing as you do, my dear young friend, the great intimacy that existed between myself and poor dear Lady Stanhope," here the visitor sighed, and looked sentimental, "you cannot feel surprised that the feeling of friendship I cherished for her, should extend itself to one she so eminently loved and favoured. Therefore, on hearing of your bereavement," and of Lady Stanhope's will she might have added, "I hurried off immediately, to offer you whatever solace lay in my poor power to afford, and to assure you that my house and home are now, as they ever will be, at your absolute disposal."

"Your Ladyship is too kind," said Ida coldly,

as yielding to her first impulse, she drew away her hand. "I have other friends on whose kindness I have prior claims, and who have made me years ago, the generous proposal your Ladyship has just proffered. I shall accept their offer, and thus avoid trespassing on your kind hospitality."

"Then, be it as you will," returned her Ladyship, no wise disconcerted by this palpable repulse. "Of course, I could not expect you would repose confidence in my friendship, as you do in that of old and long tried friends, but I entreat you to forgive the presumption. My only apology is, that it was regard for yourself, and affection for Lady Stanhope, which dictated it."

Ida was softened by this kind rejoinder, and she almost regretted her first friggidity; she therefore rejoined in a gentle tone:

"Believe me, I feel deeply grateful for your kindness, Lady Athol, and 'tis not for me, solitary, comparatively friendless as I am, to reject it. Still, the generous family with whom I chiefly resided since my father's death, and with whom I am happy to say, I am connected by nearer ties than those of friendship, still afford me, as they did then, when I was indeed a helpless child of sorrow, not only an asylum but a happy home." The lady visitor coughed.

"Have they any sons?" she asked.

Though Ida never dreamed there was any hidden meaning in what seemed to her a random question, she colored deeply, and drawing herself up, replied with a touch of her former haughtiness:

"They have two children, a son and daughter."

Her companion saw she was on dangerous ground, and therefore quickly changed the subject.

"Well, then, my dear Miss Beresford, I shall not venture yet on calling you Ida, if the prior claims of other friends preclude your making your home with me, may I not at least hope you will from time to time abandon them, to bestow a few weeks on myself. Of course the tedious period of mourning expired, you must again return to the brilliant circles now regretting the absence of their brightest ornament. The London season you will pass in town, and need I say, I will spare no pains to render your sojourn agreeable to you."

"Thanks, many thanks," returned Ida, as she bowed her head in graceful acknowledgment, the thought flashing upon her for the first time, of how favorable was the opportunity thus presented of realizing her project. "I think I shall soon put your kindly proffered hospitality to the test. If further inducement were necessary,

your Ladyship's mournful robes, of the same sad hue as my own," and she sadly glanced at the black garments of her guest, "would decide me."

"You are right, my dear child," and the lady pressed her hand, and sighed deeply. "The Earl of Allerton, my respected relative, has been called to a happier world, and my poor Athol, who is almost inconsolable, has succeeded to the title and estate. But *apropos* of that, how much he always admired you, my dear, in London, though he feared almost to approach you, surrounded as you ever were by a triple phalanx of admirers."

Ida's brow suddenly contracted, and she abruptly asked:

"Does the Earl of Allerton always reside with you?"

"Oh, no! my dear," replied the Countess. He has a separate establishment of his own, and he seldom," she adroitly added, for she had read aright the expression of her young companion's countenance, "he seldom can find time to leave his new estate, which demands his undivided attention, in order to pay me even a passing visit."

"Ida's brow again instantly cleared, as she exclaimed:

"Then, you are entirely alone, and I will at least endeavour to be society to you."

"But when may I expect you, my dear Miss Beresford?" rejoined the Countess, with affectionate warmth. "You know not how in my solitude, I will count each day, each hour, till the welcome period of your arrival."

"Nay, that I cannot tell, I must first consult my friend Mrs. Vernon, and obtain her approbation, before I can even think of taking the step.

Lady Athol elevated her eyebrows, but she politely disguised the mingled astonishment and disgust this *acting* excited, for of course she viewed it in no other light, and found it the more provoking, as with all her ingenuity she could not even imagine a sufficient plausible motive for it. She contented herself with innocently remarking:

"Oh! I thought you were perfectly independent."

"The world might sanction me in calling myself so, but my own heart would not. There is no tie more binding, more absolute, than that of gratitude," was the reply. The ingenuous Lady Athol was perfectly shocked by this added duplicity; especially as it was a quality of which Ida had never before displayed any trait, but she commanded her feelings sufficiently to rejoin.

"I hope that Mrs. Vernon, who will soon attain an enviable celebrity by being known as

the arbitress, in some measure, of Miss Beresford's destiny, may prove favorable, and permit us to hope for a speedy reunion. Till then, my dear young friend, farewell. Do not suffer your spirits to be depressed, as I fear they have too frequently been of late, for you look very pale." She was too polite, too polished, to utter her real sentiments, which were that Ida looked shockingly ill, and pressing an affectionate kiss upon her colourless cheek, the Countess descended the staircase, and entered her carriage, well satisfied with the result of her mission.

"She will be far more manageable than I thought," she murmured with a happy air of self-complacency. "Pshaw! I gave her credit until today, for a haughty, independent will, a shrewd, penetrating character, and I find, after all, she is but a silly, unformed girl. Why, the simpleton never mentioned the fortune of which she is now sole mistress, and had I not been previously informed, I might have left as I entered, supposing her a beggar. No allusion, however slight, did she make to the fatigues of her new duties, the anxieties of her new position, which she might have introduced so gracefully. But the girl I believe is really fretting herself to death. What on earth can be the matter? I expected to find her shrouded in crape and lawn, endeavouring to look sentimental, and to conceal the exultation and triumph which would glow in the cheek and sparkle in the eye of any other young girl in her place; but instead, she looks as if she was mourning the death of some dear friend, who, instead of leaving her an heiress, had left her a beggar. But Heavens! could it be possible there is a flaw in the will? That alone could account satisfactorily for her present depression. Yet no! I satisfied myself amply on that point before leaving London. What a strange girl she is! How my slight allusion to Athol, delicately as it was conveyed, angered her. There was no acting in that, I am certain. Her frown, her cold, haughty tone, were too natural. He evidently is not in high favour just now. However, I have no fears on that head. A season in London, where she will have an opportunity of witnessing how eagerly he is sought, how anxiously contended for by all, will effectually dissipate her present silly, girlish prejudice against him. Athol, though, must be all *empressement*, all devotion. His careless, elegant *insouciance* may answer well enough with others, but she is not a prize to be so lightly won. Nor do I think he will find it a difficult task to play the devoted, for though he never would confess it, I strongly suspect he has always entertained a lurking *penchant* for her. Oh! how many sleepless nights, how many days of

watchful anxiety, that suspicion cost me during her London expedition; but the Stanhope title deeds have changed all that now. How fortunate, how very fortunate, that Pemberton has gone abroad; though really, on reflection, I do not think he is so much to be dreaded. She was too scornful, too indifferent of his homage before. Athol could not do better. She is a fine alliance, and will certainly be the prize oze of the season. Elegant and well born, whilst her Stanhope estate will prove a noble help in paying off the heavy mortgages encumbering the new estate of Allerton, which is likely to prove, I fear, only a source of enormous expenditure."

Such were the reflections that occupied the mind of the Countess of Athol, whilst Ida, their unconscious object, glad to be again left to solitude, dismissed all thoughts of her new visitor with an impatient sigh. No suspicion of the real motives of her Ladyship's visit flashed across her mind. Accustomed as she was, to plain, straightforward dealing, such tortuous policy was completely beyond her comprehension, and though not confiding enough to believe her visit the result of affection or regard, she attributed it to curiosity or caprice.

[To be concluded in our next.]

WOMAN.

BY COLIN BAE BROWN.

There is a charm in woman's smile,
 There is a magic in her eye,
 There is a language breathed forth,
 With each unconscious, gentle sigh.
 'Tis woman—lovely woman's smile—
 That renders dear the social hour—
 That adds new beauty to the scene,
 Already decked with many a flower.
 Who could endure the toils of life,
 Bear up beneath its many woes,
 Without a kindred heart to feel,
 And share each sorrow as it rose?
 Oft have her cheering looks dispelled
 The dark'ning clouds of gloomy care,
 Returned the heart whence joy had fled,
 Where hope lay buried in despair!

Friends we may find, who when the world
 Looks coldly on, nor heeds our grief,
 Will the kind, helping hand extend,
 And minister to our relief;
 But nought can equal woman's love—
 That flame ne'er fades, but brighter glows—
 Age never can its lustre dim,
 But forth a glorious halo throws!

She has a sigh for sorrow's tale,
 She has a tear for every woe,
 She has a balm for many a wound,
 To soothe our journey here below!
 When cast upon the shoals of time,
 By rude misfortune's surly blast—
 When death's dark billows foam around,
 Still woman cheers us to the last.

ANSWER TO

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

SENT to the celebrated vocalist, Mr. Templeton, after being present at one of his Concerts,—on his late visit to Montreal, accompanied by the following note:

"Sir,—Perceiving that you are partial to interspersing your evening entertainments with appropriate anecdotes, and doubting not that the favorite Scottish song, *Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch*, is one of your 'National Gems', I take the liberty of begging your acceptance of the subjoined,—not without hope that it may some time or other be found worthy of being substituted for an *encore*, instead of a mere repetition of the original song, when it can be very appropriately introduced with the following anecdote, descriptive of its origin:

"A gentleman happened many years ago to be at an evening party, where 'Roy's Wife' was sung by a gentleman with great *eclat*, when a lady observed that the song had only one fault in her estimation, in that it made poor Roy's Wife appear such a '*sad, heartless thing*'; and that she was quite vexed that no one had yet had the gallantry to write an answer to it, exonerating the 'fickle queen' from some part of the blame; at the same time, adding that if such a thing ever fell in her way, she would make a point of singing it in mere pity. The remark seemed to be relished by all present; but no one offered to take up the challenge. Next morning, however, the subjoined was found upon the lady's toilet table; and a few evenings afterwards, a nearly similar party had the pleasure of hearing her redeem her promise with singular feeling and effect; immediately after the singing of the original song, by the same gentleman as before.

"I remain, Sir, a delighted admirer of your musical talent, and your obedient servant, "THE AUTHOR."

ANSWER TO "ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH."

Ah! Roy, Roy, of Aldivalloch!
 Ah! Roy, Roy, of Aldivalloch!
 How could ye sae unfeelin' part
 The happiest, fondest pair o' Balloch!
 Why no believe, when tauld, sincere,
 I ne'er could lo'e thee or thy money?
 Why urge a parent's frown severe,
 Because I wad be true to Johnny?

Ah! Roy, Roy, of Aldivalloch!
 Ah! Roy, Roy, of Aldivalloch!
 How could ye sae unfeelin' part
 The happiest, fondest pair o' Balloch!
 Ah, Father! why shou'd wardly gear,
 Sae blind ye,—thus to sell your Nanny?—
 Ah, Mither! how could ye forbear
 To plead the cause o' injur'd Johnny?

Ah! Roy, Roy, of Aldivalloch!
 Ah! Roy, Roy, of Aldivalloch!
 How could ye sae unfeelin' part
 The happiest, fondest pair o' Balloch!
 Yes, Carle, ye've gained your ends;—but, ah!
 Your triumph will be short—if ony—
 For soon this heart will burst in twa,—
 To bid adieu e'en to its Johnny.

Ah! Roy, Roy, of Aldivalloch!
 Ah! Roy, Roy, of Aldivalloch!
 How could ye sae unfeelin' part
 The happiest, fondest pair o' Balloch!
 Yes, cruel Carle! a something says
 My hours o' was will no be mony;—
 Yet,—fare thee weel!—Thy Wife forgies
 The ill's ye've done her and her Johnny.

MAIDEN TOWER.*

A TRADITION OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY M. A. S.

FOR many days after the departure of Albert, there was a gloom as deep over the hearts of those who loved him, as though death itself had snatched him from amongst them. Being naturally of a gay and lively disposition, to him had applied more fitly the words which he, in the fondness of his heart, had addressed to Geraldine—and he it was, who had been from his childhood up, the light and sunshine of the narrow circle in which he moved. In his father's character, as we have seen, there was passing little that might deserve the name of gaiety—the Countess, though somewhat more cheerful than her husband, was in general of a quiet and almost serious cast of mind, and as for Geraldine, whatever of vivacity or sportive mirth she ever did possess, was entirely the reflection of Albert's sunny nature—there was, in her deep, full heart, none of the lightness and buoyancy of girlhood, and when away from the all-powerful inspiration of Albert's presence, she was for the most part, silent and pensive, as people of her stamp generally are. Seldom, indeed, do we find a highly wrought and enthusiastic mind coupled with strong animal spirits—on the contrary, the over exertion of the higher powers of the mind is usually attended by a corresponding lassitude of the corporeal frame, and of those inferior faculties of the mind, which are so closely connected with it. And now that he had gone, who had long been the pivot on which Geraldine's thoughts and fancies revolved, she felt as though no earthly power could give her even a momentary cheerfulness—how then could she administer consolation to others, when herself needed it more than all! I would that I could say that the fair Geraldine had by an effort as generous as noble thrown off the grievous oppression of her own sorrow, and applied herself to soothe the grief, and lessen the loneliness of the bereaved parents, but truth must be told. I am not writing a pure fiction, but simply relating an old world tradition, and I must therefore confess that Geraldine seems to have been lamentably selfish in her grief.

Day after day then did she shut herself up in her own chamber, and there in silence and soli-

tude (not even the Countess would she admit) she spent the first week of her mourning. A re-action came at length, however, and one morning she suddenly entered the room where the Earl and Countess were seated at their early breakfast, (I rather think the hours kept by the Norman nobility of those days, would scandalize the peers and peeresses of our own more refined age, when one of the chief marks of *haut ton* is that of turning day into night, and *vice versa*.)

"Why, Geraldine, how pale you look;" exclaimed the Countess tenderly, as she motioned Geraldine to her side, and then kissed her fair brow with all a mother's fondness. "But was it not unkind, fair daughter, thus to withdraw thyself from us, whose sympathy thou could'st not doubt? It was unwise, too, my poor child, for by mingling our individual sorrows they would have become lighter. Yet do not think I mean to chide thee, Geraldine! oh no—far from it—but now let's to breakfast."

"Nay, with your leave, my good Joan," interposed the Earl with a faint smile, "I will not be thus forgotten by our daughter—and I have not seen her either, for almost a week. Is there no salute for me, daughter mine?"

"Geraldine, without speaking, quickly arose, and threw herself into the outstretched arms of the old man, who pressed her kindly to his heart as he invoked a blessing on her youthful head, to which his wife subjoined the name of Albert. This latter portion of the benediction failed not to open the pent-up stream of thought in Geraldine's mind, and during breakfast, she gave to the Earl and Countess a full account of her plans for the future. To their staid and sober minds, her scheme appeared anything but rational; yet they could not bring themselves to check the enthusiasm, of which their own idolized Albert was the object. They, however, represented to Geraldine, that by shutting herself up from the world, and brooding incessantly over one burning image, she would in all probability destroy her constitution,—(with an unselfishness that might have put the fair egotist to the blush, they never once alluded to the loss they themselves would sustain in losing her society)—so that by the time

* Continued from page 334.

Albert returned she might be dead, or at least dying. At this the fair dreamer took fire.

"Oh! what a fate has your last words suggested,"—she exclaimed with kindling ardor—"what rapture to die in Albert's arms at the very moment my lips had bade him welcome—when mine eyes had drunk in the sight of the many decorations—the various orders which his valor had won while absent from me. And then to murmur that for him I died—oh mother! my own mother! is there—can there be aught on earth to equal the delight of such a moment?"

Almost ashamed of her brief but passionate avowal, Geraldine suddenly ceased, but had not her eyes been demurely cast to the ground, she might have seen that the Earl and Countess exchanged looks of mutual intelligence—she saw not this, however, (for the reason aforesaid) and was, therefore, surprised out of her silence, when the Earl said:

"Such being thy sentiments, sweet daughter, and since death has so little terror for thee, why in God's name, we will e'en oppose thee no farther—speed thee on with thy building as fast as thou wilt, and for its greater advancement, I promise thee men enow to raise it in a very few weeks!"

Geraldine heard this announcement with unqualified satisfaction, and poured forth her gratitude so warmly, that the good old pair thought themselves amply repaid for the consent they had given.

A week from that day, saw the tower already in progress, and as Geraldine noted its erection, almost stone by stone, so even and more rapidly did her hopes arise, until they threatened to overturn all probability. And at times it almost seemed to her heated, and somewhat distorted fancy, as though the arrival of Albert was actually depending on the completion of her edifice. As the spot of its erection was almost two miles distant from the castle, it was but seldom that either the Earl or Countess accompanied her in her visits to the workmen, and when she once found herself amongst them, and superintending their labors, "hours flew quickly by," and Geraldine forgot that there were for her other duties than those of love, and other scenes than her solitary tower. In three weeks the edifice was completed, and one more found Geraldine its daily occupant. Not even would she permit the attendance of any of her women, lest perchance other eyes than her own should catch the first glimpse of Albert's snowy sail. Over the small square apartment which formed the top of the tower (being that wherein honest Betty since became domesticated,) there

was thrown a light awning to protect the fair warder from sun and wind, and its floor was carpeted (I can almost see ye shudder, fair ladies of the nineteenth century!) with straw. Fancy, then, an apartment not more than eighteen feet square, covered only by a thin awning, and carpeted with straw—a low couch was its only furniture, if we except a small table, whereupon were daily deposited the few necessaries required by Geraldine. Here, then, through many a long and weary day did the anxious maiden maintain her self appointed post. Holding but little communion with the world without, her life was all interior. Evening after evening she sought the castle, led thither as much by the hope of hearing some news from Palestine, as from the necessity of repose. For many days she was greeted by the tender mother, (who could better than the Earl, sympathize with her romantic love) with the same fruitless question:

"No tidings of Albert, yet, my Geraldine?" and so painfully did the enquiry seem to affect her, that the Countess was fain to desist from asking what was after all somewhat superfluous. With more rational hopes of a satisfactory answer, did Geraldine put her oft-repeated question.

"What news from the Holy Land, my Lord, or have any yet arrived?"

Weeks and months passed away before any certain intelligence arrived, and then it was far from encouraging. True, the soldiers of the cross had wrung from the proud infidel many concessions, but alas! there existed in the very heart of the Christian army, a fell and powerful enemy—disunion had been long making rapid progress amongst the leaders—the moving spirits of the enterprise,—and now it appeared ready to burst into a flame, which might destroy in a moment all—all that unheard of valour, and lofty enthusiasm, had so dearly won.

"So it is, my child," concluded the Earl with a deep sigh—"these ardent spirits who have themselves kindled, and as it were, blown into a flame, the long slumbering passions of Christendom; they who have had power to gather into one focus its widely scattered energies; they, those very men, are those by whose jealous bickering, and hot-headed rivalry, the whole mighty fabric will crumble to atoms. Oh! Richard!—oh Philip!" he exclaimed with fervor, all unusual to him. "How cruelly are ye blighting the hopes, to which ye yourselves gave rise!"

To the old man's passionate phillippic, Geraldine had listened with ill-restrained impatience, and when the good Earl at length paused from sheer want of breath, she exclaimed,

"It is doubtless very unfortunate, my good lord; but has nothing reached you from Albert?—Know you ought of him—for assuredly it seems as though he had been enveloped by an impenetrable cloud from the very moment of his departure—I have questioned and re-questioned the few palmers who have found their way to the castle, but none of them has seen or heard of Albert—verily my poor colours have not as yet it would seem attained the distinction promised to them!" and her beautiful lip curled with disdain, while the cloud of anxiety—fond, womanly anxiety, settled upon her brow.

A shade of anxious care fell heavily on the Earl's features, whilst his wife, in wordless suspense, fixed her eagereye upon his face, as though to read there the answer to Geraldine's question.

"Alas! Geraldine! and thou, my poor Joan! who art, I see, unable to articulate the thoughts which fill thy breast! I would that it were mine to relieve the fears of each, but unfortunately, my information relates not to Albert—from public rumour it is that I have learned what I told ye."

A long-drawn sigh from Geraldine, and from the Countess a murmured act of resignation to the will of God—these were all the answer, and soon after Geraldine stole away to find in her own chamber a renewal of her beloved solitude, where in silence and unobserved, she might pour out the aching fears, the grievous disappointment, which reached her inmost heart.

Having passed a feverish and sleepless night, Geraldine arose on the following day to find the sky dark and lowering, and the rain falling heavily and fast.

"Good heavens!" thought she, "it were vain to visit the tower to-day, for *certainly*, it would take sharper eyes than mine to see through that vast body of falling water—why, one would really think that the flood-gates above were again opened for the destruction of all earthly things."

This was said, with some acrimony, as though Geraldine felt herself wronged—a moment's consideration recalled her to softer feelings, and her tears burst forth, though without one idea of repenting for her ungrateful petulance—alas! we cannot affect to conceal that religion held no very high place in her heart—her earthly and earth-bound affections soared not beyond the visible—and we much fear that not even the smallest portion of her love was bestowed on Him who created her, and who had endowed her with so many rare and beautiful qualities both of mind and person! Given up to her own wayward fancies, and to the wild passion which overmastered all, it seemed to her as though all nature should have

sympathized in her love, and that the elements did her foul wrong when they threw an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of her chosen career.

"Yet why should I weep?" she asked herself—"why should I mourn for this morning's disappointment—what matters it to me whether the clouds hang heavy over the dark waters, or the sunshine illumine their polished surface—what matters it to me?—Albert returns not—months—months have gone by, not gliding nor flying past as poets' sing, but slowly—heavily—and yet he comes not—other names of less promise than his have swollen high and gloriously on the voice of fame, until they have reached even us here in this remote island; and yet the whose aspirations were so high—so very high—he whose day-dream was glory and valorous enterprize, he is unknown—unknown as though he had never lived—oh Albert—Albert!" And her proud spirit was weighed down at once with disappointed ambition and outraged love, (for she deemed herself too forgotten by the recreant knight who had never obtained even one triumph for her chosen colours.) and pressing her hands tightly on her brow, she arose and traversed her chamber for several moments with a quick and unequal step. Suddenly she came to a dead pause—she withdrew her hand—her face was flushed and feverish, and her usually soft eyes shone with a brilliant light. What was it that had wrought so instantaneous a change, for the expression of her countenance was now nothing less than exulting!

"Ha! yes! I will do it!" she cried aloud, as though replying to some adviser. "Yes! is it not better a thousand, thousand times than to wear away my heart in this daily, nightly, hourly watching?—what care I though others may call the step unmaidenly—let me but find him—find him still faithful and in life—and he will not despise me for it—then what care I for the wagging of tongues that my conduct may set in motion—good faith! they may e'en laugh and sneer till the day of doom—I heed not the world!"

And with a wild, yet low laugh, she hastily donned her garments (refusing the assistance of her tire-women lest they might delay her) and joined the Countess in the chapel, where she was to be found at that hour.

On entering the sacred edifice, Geraldine, wild and earthly as her thoughts were, could not help being struck by the solemnity of the place, and her heart and soul involuntarily paused to render homage to Him whose "house is the house of prayer."

It was on a small gallery, which opened from the great hall of the Castle, that Geraldine stood,

and below, in the gray, melancholy light, lay the small chapel, with its high, arched roof, and Gothic windows; around hung the banners which had waved over many a well contested field—their rich folds discoloured with dust and cobwebs, while here and there, at irregular intervals, might be seen the emblazoned arms and escutcheons of the family. Before the altar, just without the railing of the sanctuary, lay the aged Countess, prostrate in supplication, and as Geraldine looked, she felt how rich a boon is the gift of prayer to the Christian soul, and would have given worlds, were they hers, could she too have poured out before Him whose power equals His mercy, the rankling sorrows of her heart. Unconscious that her very aspiration was in itself a prayer, (and who may tell how acceptable?) she hastily dismissed the salutary thoughts to which the scene had given rise, and with a hastily uttered and scarcely felt orison, she turned and re-entered the hall, in order to await the Countess. Acting on another impulse she repaired to the breakfast parlor, unwilling that the Countess should know of a visit to the chapel, which from its shortness and want of purpose she might have deemed but little reverent. Here she found the good Earl, (who had in his turn been to offer up his morning orisons before the altar,) and was now quietly awaiting the entrance of the ladies and the breakfast. Brief words only had passed between them when the Countess entered, her still noble features full of a sweet serenity caught up in her late communing with the Prince of Peace.

So impatient was Geraldine to confer with the Countess in private, that the meal seemed to her as though it were unnecessarily protracted, and she rejoiced exceedingly when the Earl at length retired to his books, (manuscripts rather,) and she was left alone with the Countess. Drawing her seat then close to her side, she quickly, and at once, poured out to her astounded auditress the wild scheme which had so suddenly taken possession of her mind.

"And now, mother mine!" she said in conclusion. "I have but to ask your sanction, and tomorrow will find me in palmer's guise on my way to the Holy Land!—speak!—mother—mother of my Albert!—have I thine approbation?"

For a moment the Countess regarded the beautiful enthusiast with a fond, sad smile, but she spoke not—her heart was too full for words.

"Geraldine, my dear, dear daughter!" she at length said; "I can almost envy the buoyant elasticity of thy young heart, even though it carries reason captive in its headlong flight." She paused, and a sigh escaped her, but she quickly resumed: "Mine is not the task, Geraldine! of condemn-

ing the excess of thy affection—I blame thee not for the strong passion which has so entwined itself within thy soul—I blame thee not for that thou desirest to learn tidings of our lost one—but I do and must condemn, sweetest daughter! the wild rash project of committing that fair form (radiant in youth's early charms) to the dangers of a long and unprotected journey. Be-think thee, dear one! of all the perils that must necessarily surround thee in thy projected wandering by sea and land."

To this Geraldine impatiently answered:

"I wot me well that thou little knowest the strength of my affection for Albert—knewest thou but one half of what I feel thou would'st not seek to dissuade me from this step. Danger! thou sayest!" and on her high Norman brow was stamped as she spoke the fearlessness of all her knightly ancestors—"and what danger, thinkest thou, could deter me from seeking Albert?"

The Countess gazed upon her proudly beautiful features, (animated as it were by a newly-awakened spirit,) until she could have wept for the childish waywardness which she had herself heretofore overlooked, and a graver seriousness settled on her features.

"Yes, but Geraldine! there is, as thou well knowest, a prescribed limit beyond which woman may not go—one step beyond the bonds of maidenly decorum suffices to tarnish, if not even to blast, the fairest reputation!—Forgive me, Geraldine, and look upon my words as though they were spoken by the mother who bore thee, when I thus admonish thee that a maiden cannot brave unharmed the world's censure!"

Geraldine haughtily arose:

"Madam! I pray thee to forget that I sued to thee for thy consent in this matter, where I myself ought to have been the sole judge; to-morrow I shall set out, God wot, and should fortune so befriend me as to guide me to Albert's arms, it will not lessen in aught the joy of our re-union to know that some malicious tongues were busy with my fair fame!"

The Countess, who had herself in earlier days been none of the mildest, was somewhat nettled by the unwonted sauciness of her daughter-in-law elect.

"That is yet to be tried, lady fair!" she answered, endeavoring at the same time to repress her displeasure, "but if thou would'st be warned by the mother of Albert, take not this rash step—for my son is changed more than mortal ever changed in so brief space if he could rejoice to see thee, (beloved as I well know thou art!) in the bliss were purchased by throwing even the breath of suspicion on the spotless name of his

Geraldine! Thou can'st now decide for thyself. To the tribunal of thine own heart, thine own conscience, I do leave thee!"

And so saying, she walked with a slow and stately step from the room.

Geraldine also arose, and stood for a moment as if irresolute, muttering in an under tone words like these:

"Ha! there may be some truth in what she says. I had not thought of that—but no—she could not slight me for a rashness which proceeded from the excess of my love for him—no! and if he did, he were all unworthy of even one thought of mine."

Thus balancing between doubt and apprehension, she drew near one of the high windows which gave light to the apartment. The weather was much more favorable than it had been, and already were the long-concealed sunbeams beginning to pierce their cloudy covering, while the grass below and the tall trees around were blooming with renewed verdure. As Geraldine looked out upon the brightening scene (it imparted none of its cheerfulness to her heart,) she again spoke as though communing with another:

"After all, what great cause have I to sacrifice fame and honor for him—he who has never sent me even one brief word of greeting—the fameless knight whose promises of glory are all unfulfilled—nay, Geraldine! for shame—would'st thou so far forget thine own dignity?"

And in all the vexation of wounded pride she was turning from the window when her eye fell upon a way-faring man, who had just paused before the gate immediately beneath. He was clad in the long gray cloak, which, girded round the waist, was the distinguishing attire of the palmer of those days, and as he raised his hand to the horn which hung at the gate, Geraldine noticed with a beating heart that he cast a searching glance towards the windows. His timid and hesitating summons was speedily answered by the voice of the seneschal within, demanding who it was that sought admission. The gate was speedily opened, (the palmers were like the Troubadours, a privileged and ever-welcome class,) and the last fold of his gray mantle had scarcely disappeared within the portal, when Geraldine descended to the grand hall where the new comer was already seated by a blazing fire, drying his dripping garments.

"How now, loiterers!" said Geraldine, addressing a group of servants who stood in a distant window discussing some all-important matter—"why see ye not to the wants of the stranger?"—haste to set refreshments before this worthy palmer!"

Her commands were speedily obeyed, where-

upon she approached the stranger, who had courteously acknowledged her kindness:

"Help thyself, good friend, to some of that venison pasty, and then when thou hast recruited thy travel-worn frame by a draught of wine, thou shalt tell me of the news from Palestine—for thither, if I err not, thou seemest to have come."

"Lady, I do!" replied the palmer, throwing back the hood which had hitherto enveloped his head, and revealing a countenance where sorrow, of whatsoever kind, had anticipated the drear effect of age—yet was it still a noble face, and one which could not be passed over with a cursory glance. The Lady Geraldine involuntarily bent her proud head, a courtesy which the other returned with a lowly, yet graceful obeisance.

"Lady, I do!" he repeated, "for nine long months have I tarried amidst the war-stricken scenes erst honored by the presence of the God-man;—I come from the Holy Land, and can tell thee, if mortal man may, the horrors which are every day enacted within those sacred precincts where white-winged Peace, and Christian meekness should alone dwell. What wouldest thou ask, lady?—is there amongst the leaguring host, one for whom thou art interested?—if so, deign to inform me of the name of that thrice-honored knight"—this he said with a graceful bow—"and the palmer will right willingly impart whatever he knows relating to him."

"Friend," replied Geraldine, while a maidenly blush mounted to her cheek, deepening its peachy hue to the rich tint of the young carnation. "Friend! I would know if in thy wanderings, thou hast seen a knight, who wears the colour of the rose, blent with the pale lustre of silver—his name is——." She was going on, when the palmer stopped her rather shortly.

"Lady! I have seen him—but methinks that yonder fair and delicate youth—of noble mien he is, I trow—must be thy brother?"

"Nay, Sir palmer!" retorted Geraldine tartly—"thou speakest as though he were but a boy, decked out for some holiday pastime—but if thou can'st in truth tell aught of him, I pray thee do it quickly."

"Noble lady!" said the traveller, who was not slow to perceive the error he had committed. "Had'st thou not stopped me, I was about to say that never under so slight and youthful frame—was there hidden higher or braver soul."

"Ha! how sayest thou?—kind palmer, speak on!" cried Geraldine, in breathless impatience, while the fire of renewed hope flashed from her beautiful eyes.

"Lady, these eyes have seen Sir Albert (for such is his name, I wot me well,) per-

form feats of valor beyond even the bravest warriors of the crusades. I have heard his praise spoken even by royal lips, and Richard, the flower of chivalry, declares that no single soldier of the cross has done more, or better service, than has that youthful knight. Truly he is a youth of rare and wondrous prowess. Lady, if thine be the colours under which he fights, and thine the eyes from whose light he has drawn, and draws his inspiration, I bow before thee—not more for thine own exceeding loveliness, than for the glory it hath won for the knight who proclaims its peerless qualities. Sweet lady! accept my humble homage." And again did the palmer bend his stately form in a lowly obeisance.

"And for me, most courteous palmer," returned Geraldine, with proud condescension—"for me, I would pray thee to receive my warmest thanks, still more for thy most welcome tidings, than for the encomiums (unmerited as they are,) which thou hast heaped so lavishly upon me;—Farewell, I go to impart the glad news thou hast brought, to the parents of Lord Albert—they, too, shall thank thee; till when, I entreat thee, consider thyself at home, and order these varlets to bring whatsoever thou mayest desire to have." And with these words, the now exulting Geraldine flew to communicate what she had just heard to the Earl and Countess.

Pass we over the rejoicing with which the aged parents heard of their son's brilliant career, and the greatness of his renown—let us pause, however, to say, that the palmer was loaded during his week's stay at the castle, with every possible mark of their joint gratitude, and that he, palmer, and pilgrim as he was—learned to envy the absent knight, when he witnessed, day after day, the unwearied fondness with which Geraldine hung on the oft-repeated tale. He departed at length, and the family were again left alone; but not into their old sadness or gloom did they return, for the intelligence they had received, had infused hope, bright hope, into their hearts, and they began to count the days that might pass before Albert's return.

As to Geraldine, never had her spirits been more buoyant, her laugh more gay, her eyes brighter, or her face more radiant in beauty, than when on the day following the departure of the palmer, she resumed her solitary watch in the tower. Nature, too, seemed to the full as joyous, for the world—the gently-undulating sea,—the curving shore—and the over-arching sky—were all bright in the summer sun, and as the happy beauty cast her smiling eyes around, above and below, she felt that indescribable thrill of joy which is never known but in the first years of

youth—that delicious balm which nothing can ever distil from the heart, when once the roses of youth and their dewy freshness have faded away beneath the chill of advancing years and of shattered hopes. Throwing herself, then, on the only seat, a low couch, which the place contained, she murmured as though in a brilliant dream, words expressive of her feelings:

"And thou hast redeemed thy pledges, Albert!—and thy valor has won for thee the approval even of England's glorious Richard. Yes! now indeed art thou worthy of Geraldine's love, and only thy presence is wanting, together with the assurance that thy love is still unchanged,—it lacks but these to make Geraldine happier than was ever mortal maiden! But oh! why come you not, my Albert?—why tarriest thou so long from thy faithful Geraldine!" then her eye turned with a wistful gaze on the far-distant horizon, only to be again disappointed.

"So past the day—the evening fell,—
"Twas near the time of curfew-bell."

Yet though the dews of evening lay heavy on her long hair, and the night wind already chilled her fair form, Geraldine continued to lean over the wall of the tower, with her straining gaze fixed on the sea, even now becoming dark in the advancing gloom. She was recalled to "things present" by the voice of her favorite woman, who, accompanied by the *major domo* of the household, had been sent by the Countess to attend her to the castle.

As Geraldine descended the spiral staircase which led to the shore below, a raven, disturbed from his evening repose, flew past almost close to her face, while his croaking voice broke harshly on the dreamy stillness of the hour. Geraldine started back, alarmed not more by the suddenness of the interruption than the ominous character of the intruder. It was essentially a superstitious age, that in which Geraldine lived—nor was she one whit in advance of the times; this incident, therefore, trifling enough in itself, had power to break up many of the brightest of the visions which had so lately filled her mind with light and joy.

All that night did Geraldine lie awake, fearing and apprehending she knew not what, and occasionally endeavoring to recall the gay images of the last few days, which latter she found no easy task, for the raven ever and anon flitted across her brightest imaginings, and as often as she attempted to anticipate the joy of Albert's return, and the words of thrilling tenderness his lips were again to utter, then did that ill-omened bird croak loudly in her ears, and his croaking sounded ever like wild, mocking laughter. At length, to-

wards morning, she fell into a deep yet restless slumber, for it was broken by visions which partook of the character of her waking fantasies, and the splendour of the battle-field—its “pomp and circumstance” were mingled confusedly with the horrors of the dead and dying—the life-awakening trumpet was heard, but its proud tones were blent with the groans of mortal anguish. Once only did the well-known form of Albert float over the scene, but when she would have flown to embrace him, a dark-looking phantom glided between, and the raven was heard to croak long and loudly. Geraldine awoke with a start from her unrefreshing sleep, and found the sun already high on his course. The morning was bright and beautiful, but Geraldine’s one thought was “Perchance this brilliant sun may light Albert home,” and nothing could exceed her impatience to reach her seat of observation. Scarcely was breakfast over when she drew the Countess after her into the ante-chamber.

“Mother!” she said, and the listener felt, or fancied, that her voice had in it a sadness all unwonted, “Mother! I go to welcome Albert, for I know full well that to-day he will come; but mother!” she added, and she twined her arms around her neck, “should’st thou see neither again—should fate destine *this* for our last farewell—thou wilt I’m sure remember Geraldine—if not for her own sake, for that of Albert—yes, yes! I know thou wilt!” Gently disengaging herself, she was gone before the Countess had recovered the stunning effect of her words. Alas! strange as they then seemed to her, a few short hours served to render their hidden meaning plain as noon-day.

(To be continued.)

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

BY B. JONES.

It was a beauteous Sabbath eve, and day’s departing sheen,
Gilded in liquid loveliness, the elm tree’s stately green,
While sweetly from the greenwood glade, and river’s
banks along,
The minstrels of the summer air poured forth their
vesper song.

And ever and anon there fell, upon the listening ear,
The rural temple’s simple chime, in echoes soft and clear,
While blithely o’er the well worn way, which constant
feet had trod,
Wended the pious worshippers, toward the House of God.
Thither upon his tottering staff, the gray-haired grand-
sire prest,
And many a laughing grandchild paused to meet his fond
caress.
While trooping o’er the rustic green, the village maidens
ran,
To welcome with their kindly words the venerable man.

I mingled with the throng, yet ere we reached the hal-
lowed fane,
The last deep reddening dye of day hung on the bur-
nished vane;
And flooding in its peaceful light, the consecrated aisles,
It seemed as though some spirit blest, had decked its
face in smiles.

And now, the “white robed priest” stood up, and from
his lips there fell,
Charmed words of more mysterious power than Magi’s
fabled spell:
He spake of mercy infinite, of love unfathomed, free,
Which stooped to rescue us from death, and paid our
penalty.

He spake of one who knew our griefs—who pitied our
distress—
Who pleads for us with more than all a father’s tender-
ness;
And as he breathed those blessed words, in accents warm
and meek,
Ungovernable tears bedewed his patriarchal cheek.

His was the truthful eloquence, which knew not art’s
control,
Like soft descending dew, it sank upon the thirsting
soul;
Each straining eye was upward turned, each struggling
sigh was hushed,
While down the penitential cheek, the crystal sorrow
gushed.

No lofty organ upward roled its deep majestic tone,
There went up no loud trumpet’s swell toward th’
Eternal Throne.
There rose a soft low voice of praise, more meet than
tuneful choir,
More eloquent than angel’s trump, more sweet than
seraph’s lyre.

It was in truth a blessed song, it clings to memory yet,
And never, while life’s pulses throb, those tones shall I
forget,
And when beneath the mortal stroke, my faltering head
shall bow,
And deathly drops shall cluster thick around my destined
brow—

Then may that sweetly soothing strain my lingering
spirit greet,
Then may that heaven born harmony, so sweet, so passing
sweet,
From strife, and suffering, and sin, my struggling soul
release,
Rebuke death’s darkly raging flood, and calmly whisper
“Peace.”

New York, May, 1848.

NOW REST.

“Now rest,—the fond passion is sunk to repose,
The first and the last of a bosom long tried;
And the dream of a life early chequered by woes,
Is sealed ‘neath those lids by the hand of thy bride.”

Thus murmured a maiden, beside a youth’s bier,
While reluctantly closing his death-stiffened eye,
After gazing long silent upon the cold tear
That came with and lingered behind his last sigh.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.*

TRADE—NAVIGATION—DISCOVERY.

BY P. E. M'K.

THE Portuguese having driven the Moors from their country, had no longer any outlet by land for that martial spirit aroused by their wars with the Muhometans, and by the fierce civil war occasioned, towards the close of the 14th century, by a disputed succession, turned their thoughts to the sea. John I. fitted out a fleet at Lisbon, for the purpose of attacking the Moors settled on the coast of Barbary; he also equipped a few vessels to sail along the western shore of Africa, and to discover the unknown countries situated there, but the Portuguese never ventured to sail beyond Cape Horn.

Science now began to dawn; the works of the Greeks and Romans began to be read with admiration and profit; the sciences were cultivated by the Moors settled in Spain and Portugal, and by the Jews. Geometry, Astronomy, and Geography, the sciences on which the art of navigation is founded, became objects of studious attention. The memory of the discoveries made by the ancients was revived, and the progress of their navigation and commerce began to be traced; and the Portuguese at this period kept pace with other nations on this side the Alps in literary pursuits. Henry, duke of Viseo, fourth son of John, by Phillippa of Lancaster, sister of Henry IV. of England, having accompanied his father in his successful expedition to Barbary, distinguished himself by many deeds of valour; he cultivated the arts and sciences in opposition to the prejudices of his rank, and by studying geography and the accounts of travellers, he early acquired such knowledge of the habitable globe, as suggested the great probability of finding new and opulent countries by sailing along the coast of Africa.

In order to pursue the perfecting of his ideas he retired to his residence at Sagres, near Cape St. Vincent, where he was attended by some of the most learned men in his country; he made enquiries of the Moors of Barbary as to the interior provinces of Africa, whither they used to go in quest of ivory, gold dust and other rich

commodities; he consulted the Jews, settled in Portugal, and allured to his service many persons, foreigners as well as Portuguese, who were eminent for their skill in navigation; and his integrity, affability, respect for religion, and zeal for the honor of his country, engaged persons of all ranks to applaud his design, and favor its execution.

"The talent of doing good," was his motto, and his heart at least accorded well with it; his first effort was inconsiderable. Zarco and Vaz, two gentlemen of his household, who took the command of the enterprise, with orders to double Cape Bajador, and thence to steer towards the South, after encountering almost insuperable difficulties, were on the point of abandoning the enterprise, when fortunately a storm arose, which drove them out to sea, and to an unknown island, which, from their escape, they named Porto Santo; they also discovered another island, which they named Madeira, from its being uninhabited, and covered with wood, and Henry's chief object being to render his discoveries useful to his country, he immediately upon their return, equipped a fleet, to carry a colony of Portuguese to these islands. He supplied these islands with every thing needful for the colonists, and suited to the climate; he procured slips of the vine from the island of Cyprus, and plants of the sugar cane from Sicily, and they thrived so rapidly, that the benefit of cultivating them was immediately perceived, and the sugar and wine of Madeira quickly became considerable articles in the commerce of Portugal.

Galianez, who commanded one of Prince Henry's ships, upon the second attempt at passing Cape Bajador, was successful; and thus Galianez, discovering the vast continent of Africa, still washed by the Atlantic, as it stretched away to the South, opened a new sphere to navigation. The ancient impressions regarding the excessive heat of the torrid zone, occasioned considerable opposition on the part of many of the nobles, and reluctance on that of the sailors, to the further prosecution of discovery in that region; the

philosophic mind, however, of Prince Henry, was superior to every obstacle,—assisted as he was by his brother Pedro, who governed the kingdom, as guardian of their nephew Alphonso V., who had succeeded to the throne during his minority—and by the sacred sanction of Pope Eugene IV. At this stage of his success, Henry's fame was universal; enterprising adventurers crowded from every part of Europe, soliciting employment in his service, and among them many Venetians and Genoese, who were at that time superior to all other nations in the science of navigation. But Prince Henry died in 1463, and a check was abruptly given to discovery.

Alphonso being engaged in supporting his own pretensions to the crown of Castile, or in carrying on his expeditions against the Moors in Barbary, could not prosecute the discoveries in Africa with ardour. He committed them to Fernando Gomez, a merchant of Lisbon, with an exclusive right of commerce with all the countries of which Prince Henry had taken possession; but under the restraint and oppression of monopoly, the spirit of discovery languished; it ceased to be a national object, and became the concern of a private man; who naturally gave more attention to his own gain than to the glory of his country.

The Portuguese, however, ventured to cross the line, and, to their astonishment, found that region of the torrid zone, which was supposed to be scorched with intolerable heat, to be not only habitable, but populous and fertile.

John II. who succeeded his father Alphonso, deriving his revenues, while Prince, from duties on trade with newly discovered countries, naturally turned his attention towards them after his accession. A powerful fleet was fitted out by his orders, which, after discovering the kingdoms of Benin and Congo, advanced alone, fifteen hundred miles beyond the line; when the Portuguese, for the first time, beheld a new heaven, and observed the stars of another hemisphere. He built forts on the coast of Guinea, he sent out Colonies to settle there, and established a commercial intercourse with the more powerful kingdoms, and laboured to secure the sovereignty of the weaker ones.

By their constant intercourse with the people of Africa, the Portuguese gradually acquired some knowledge of those parts of that country, which they had not visited; and the information which they received opened more extensive prospects, and more important schemes than any which had hitherto allured and occupied them. They found as they proceeded southward, that Ptolemy's doctrine with respect to the figure of Afri-

ca was erroneous. This induced them to give credit to the ancient Venetian voyagers, round Africa, and led them to conceive hopes that by following the same route, they might arrive at the East Indies.

The King entered with warmth into these sentiments, and began to concert measures accordingly, when accounts reached him of a mighty kingdom being situated on the African Continent at a great distance towards the East, the King of which professed the Christian religion.

Having concluded that this must be the Emperor of Abyssinia, to whom the Europeans, seduced by a mistake of Rubruquis, Marco Polo and others, absurdly gave the name of Prester John, the king, with a view to secure his co-operation and assistance in a scheme which favoured Christianity, sent Pedro de Covillam, and Alphonso de Payna, who were perfect masters of the Arabic, to search for the residence of this unknown Potentate, and to make him proffers of friendship. At the same time he pushed forward his schemes by sea, under Bartholomew Diaz, an officer of great experience, sagacity and fortitude. This intrepid sailor stretched boldly towards the south, and passing the limits of all previous discovery, discovered near a thousand miles of a new country; and neither the tempests of unknown seas, nor the mutinies of his crew, nor the calamities of famine which he suffered, from losing his store ship, could deter him from prosecuting his enterprise. He reached sight of the Cape, called by him Cape Tormentoso, but by the hopeful King, the Cape of Good Hope, ere he was compelled by the shattered state of his ships, and the turbulent spirit of his sailors, to return. This success, together with the intelligence received from Covillam, who had penetrated as far as India, satisfied John that a passage might be found by sea to the East Indies.

The prospects thus opened, held all the European nations in expectation; but the storms of the Cape, and the length of the voyage, were sufficient to render their success, or at least the results, very doubtful. The Phœnicians, however, began to be disquieted with the apprehension of losing the Indian commerce, the monopoly of which was the chief source of their power, as well as opulence; and the Portuguese already enjoyed in fancy the wealth of the East. But during this interval, it was that the world was startled by the no less extraordinary than unexpected discovery of a New World, of America—by Columbus.

WOMAN'S LOVE.*

BY A. W.

Eye! just as strong and conquering flame ascends
 Some stately tree, leaping from bough to bough,
 From branch to branch, until at last it blends
 With trunk and stem, with bough and branch, its glow,
 Wrapping the tall tree in its warm embrace,
 Until it stands—pre-eminent and bright—
 A burning pillar where there is no trace
 Of aught, save strong and overpowering light.
 'Tis so with Woman's love; it mantles round
 Her heart's enthraller, clothing all his form
 With light and glory! Oh! it has no bound—
 Endless—confiding—trusting—uniform!
 It soars along—the verge and end of time
 Confine it not—but onwards, upwards, will
 It range away, in spirit most sublime—
 Beyond the sky—loving—unchanging—still.
 Has he in some dark mood, some evil hour,
 Listen'd unto Temptation's syren voice,
 And, underneath its guidance and its power,
 Forfeited all that makes the heart rejoice:
 Committed deeds, which in the eye of man,
 Cast everlasting darkness o'er his fame—
 Cast shame, and bitter scorn, and all that can
 Dishonour and destroy—upon his name?
 Contemned and hooted—hated and despised
 By all the world—he lives, a blot—a blank—
 A canker spot, within whose bounds comprised,
 Like some vast lazzaretto, dark and dank—
 Are all the impure germs of shame and sin,
 Waiting an impulse, but to give them birth,
 And launch them forth, scattering without—within—
 Their festering poisons o'er the blooming earth?
 Shunned and detested—pointed at by all—
 Held up before the young and rising race
 As a memento of the fearful fall,
 Which sternly waits on those, who, lacking grace,
 To fly from evil, sink within the dark,
 And dismal gulf, which Vice so covers o'er
 With glittering wiles, that there remains no mark
 To warn the wanderer from its fatal shore.
 Oh! surely, surely, life to him is dead,
 And listless, lonely, wends he on his way,
 Since all that makes life sweet is past and fled,
 And since, for him, there comes no brighter day.
 Oh! is there none, who that dark outcast cheers—
 Who strives to chase the dismal gloom away,
 Which hangs around him—strives to calm his fears—
 And strives to teach him to repent and pray?
 Yes!—yes, there is!—there still remains one hope—
 Besides that hope which stretches past the grave—
 And that is Woman's love—the only prop
 On which his heart may lean—love, which will brave
 The harsh and hissing scorn which round him dwells—
 Love, which will cherish in her secret breast,
 That doomed, degraded outcast, deep and well,
 And on his bosom seek—and find—its rest.
 Eye! when the outward world presents to him
 Nought but a vast impenetrable gloom—
 A mighty mass—chaotic—dark and dim—
 Without one ray its midnight to illumine;
 Then!—then, will Woman's love around him shine,
 And shed a halo o'er each darken'd spot,
 And shall with soul-felt effort yet combine,
 To cast a brightness o'er his dreary lot.
 Yes!—when life's sky is troubled and o'ercast
 With lowering clouds, portending storm and strife—

*Continued from page 320.

When all around seems hopeless—cheerless—lost—
 Then comes the hour in which the trusting Wife,
 With unremitting love breaks through the mist,—
 Scattering as with the brightness of a sun,
 The gathering omens—shelt'ring with the blest
 Safeguard of love, him whom her heart hath won.
 Should he in prison pine, and mourn the bland,
 And calming influence of the free survey
 Of beauty bright, which an Almighty hand
 Has spread o'er earth to cheer life's weary way—
 Pine for the brilliant sunshine and the showers—
 The sweeping storm, or sweetly murmuring breeze—
 The undulating fields—the glittering furlings—
 The rush of rivers—and the roar of seas—
 There!—even there!—within than noisome den—
 Will Woman cheer him with undying love:
 There!—even there!—will Woman's bosom yearn
 In unison with his—will ever prove.
 To him a pleasing and a sheltering bower—
 Will spread around him love's most potent spell—
 Will give him smiles for sunshine—tears for showers—
 The music of her voice for ocean's swell.
 All—all around him seems to other men,
 A long, illimitable, desert drear,
 Without one green oasis in the ken,
 The tired and tiring traveller to cheer:
 Without one solitary cooling spring,
 To quench the fever of his burning brain:
 Without one soft refreshing breeze to bring
 A calm upon his boiling blood again.
 Oh! they are wrong; these Woman's love attends—
 Converts the desert to the verdant green—
 And, mingling flowers and fragrance, sweetly blends,
 Proclaiming love triumphant o'er the scene.
 There, Woman's love is like a rushing stream
 Of cool refreshing water, pure and deep,
 Whose singing murmur, and whose passing gleam,
 Soothe down the wanderer's fever'd frame to sleep.
 When sickness seizes on the manly form,
 And casts it helpless on a restless bed—
 When mind with body sinks, till sad, forlorn,
 A moody melancholy round is shed—
 When tortured with some ceaseless, gnawing pain,
 The temper turns, and nought can please, nought quell
 The inward tumult, nor restore again,
 Peace to that aching bosom's anguish'd swell.
 Oh! then will woman hover round and near,
 And watch with eager eye his every move,
 Anticipate each wish, and strive to cheer,
 His sinking heart with her sustaining love.
 Oh! she will press her hands, so snowy white,
 Upon that fever'd brow, and to her breast,
 Will clasp that beating forehead, till a quiet,
 Refreshing slumber, lulls its throbbing rest.
 And when decaying nature spreads before
 His dim and wandering eye, the trackless gloom,
 The misty shadows, of that dreaded shore,
 Which opens upon him through its gate, the tomb,
 Oh! who will lead his fluttering soul to soar,
 Through those dark shadows to a realm of light—
 Will teach him humbly, lowly, to adore
 His great Creator's wondrous power and might?
 Oh! Woman will—her strong undying love—
 Her pure, unfaltering faith—will cheer him on,
 Will guide his soul's departing flight above,
 To join the choir around the Heavenly Throne.
 And when beneath the cold and clammy sod,
 The long loved form corrupts and fades away,
 Then Woman's heart bows only to her God,
 And lauds His power for ever and for aye.

A R I A .

Belini.

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

Allegro moderato.

First system of musical notation. It consists of two staves: a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal line on the right. The piano part is in the bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The vocal line is in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked *Allegro moderato.* A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present above the vocal line. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Second system of musical notation. It consists of two staves: a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal line on the right. The piano part is in the bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The vocal line is in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked *Allegro moderato.* A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present above the vocal line. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Third system of musical notation. It consists of two staves: a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal line on the right. The piano part is in the bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The vocal line is in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked *Allegro moderato.* The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Fourth system of musical notation. It consists of two staves: a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal line on the right. The piano part is in the bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The vocal line is in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked *Allegro moderato.* A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present above the vocal line. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

lusingando.

ARIA.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (one flat). The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with various articulations, including accents (>) and slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major. The music includes a section marked *lent°* (lento) and a section marked *ff* (fortissimo). The system ends with a *Bis.* instruction and a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major. The music features a triplet of eighth notes in the lower staff, marked *3 times.* with accents (>). The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major. The music is characterized by dense sixteenth-note passages in the upper staff and block chords in the lower staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major. The music features a final flourish of sixteenth notes in the upper staff and a concluding chord in the lower staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

OUR TABLE.

LIFE OF LORD CLIVE; BY THE REV. G. R. GLEIG.*

THE familiar acquaintance of the Reverend Author of this work, with the various events which have characterised the establishment and continuance of British rule in the East Indies, peculiarly qualify him for the task he has here fulfilled. His "History of British India," "Life of Warren Hastings," "Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan," and several other similar volumes, have brought him before the world as one intimately versed in the "romance and reality" of East Indian History; and the work now before us fully maintains the reputation thus acquired.

The appearance of Robert Clive on the stage of Eastern warfare and politics was the commencement of a new era there. Under the able management of M. Dupleix, most of the Native Princes in Hindostan had formed alliances with the French, and thrown off every shadow of respect for the treaties formerly entered into with Great Britain. Hemmed in by the hostile natives, and opposed to superior French forces, both on sea and land, the British commanders were reduced to the utmost extremities, when the vigour and skill of Clive intervened and turned the scale in favour of the British. The forces of France were met and routed: the natives reclaimed to their former alliance. Conquest after conquest, alliance after alliance, followed in rapid succession; and when Lord Clive gave up the reins of Government in India, he left the British power there securely and firmly established, with scarcely a single open and avowed enemy. Their ancient rivals, the French, were routed from every stronghold; the native powers, either through policy or sincere esteem, were bound firmly to their cause, and the foundation laid for that anomalous empire, which the merchant princes of the East India Company have since then so widely extended. The history of such a man, at such a period, could not but be fraught with the deepest interest, and well has the task he has undertaken been fulfilled by the Reverend Chaplain-General of the Army. This work presents a clear and succinct narrative of the brilliant and exciting period we have mentioned. Mr. Gleig has been ac-

* John Murray, London; Armour & Ramsay, Montreal.

cused of having shown too much partiality to his hero in his "Life of Warren Hastings;" but in the present instance no such charge can possibly be made. The facts are detailed in a plain and unvarnished manner, with an avowed determination neither to overshadow the excellences of Lord Clive, nor to explain away his faults—an intention which appears fully sustained throughout the work.

The "Life of Lord Clive" forms part of "Murray's Home and Colonial Library," to which we have had more than one opportunity of adverting with heartfelt commendation. Since our last notice of this series, several very valuable works have appeared in it, such as "The Story of the Battle of Waterloo," and "The British Army at New Orleans,"—both by the talented author of the work we have just noticed.—"Ruxton's Adventures in Mexico," and a very interesting publication by Lord Carnarvon, on "Portugal and Galicia." We would once more heartily recommend this series to our readers, as having most fully carried out the promise of the Prospectus, by being "not merely low in price, but of sterling merit, originality and permanent interest."

THE IMPROVED HOUSEWIFE.

THIS popular work, by Mrs. A. L. Webster, a practical housekeeper for upwards of thirty-four years, has now reached its tenth edition, a copy of which is before us. To this edition about forty pages of new and valuable matter has been added, besides a Perpetual Calendar showing as one view the day of the month, and its corresponding day of the week for one hundred and fifty years.

The leading Canadian and American Journals speak highly of this work as a most useful manual, and, as far as our experience enables us to judge, we think the encomiums lavished upon it are deserved. Its decidedly practical character we look upon as its highest recommendation. It is we believe, for sale by the Agent only, who has also for sale an interesting little book, being a *fac-simile* of a Boston Edition of the New England Primer, published in 1777.