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(ORIGINAL.)

THE DETECTED BRIGAND.

BY ———

*Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE same moonbeams that lighted the skiff of the stranger over the placid waters of the bay, shed their soft rays upon the fresco designs and mosaic decorations that embellished a spacious apartment in the Palazzo d'Altino. The furniture was simple, and little suited to the gorgeous taste of a northern visitor, but the treasures of art accumulated there, rendered other display of wealth superfluous. A Cupid and Psyche of Canova; a bust of the muse Erato, and some figures in bas relief, by the same sculptor, with specimens of the antique from Pompeii, were in keeping with the paintings of Raphael and Titian, and the productions of the modern David. A window of Gothic shape and dimensions sufficed to light the apartment; the centre compartment was thrown open, and through it the moon-light streamed upon the figure of Isabella Herbert; her dark clustering curls fell over her snowy hand, on which her cheek, which was as purely colourless, rested; the glittering tears were falling fast through her slender fingers upon the mosaic incrustations beneath her arm. Since the sun's decline she had kept solitary watch, her looks unwaveringly directed to the Ponte de la Sanita. Many a foot had crossed its broad arch in that time, but none of the passers by, gave the well known signal. Once her heart beat audibly, respiration almost ceased, and the eloquent blood, obedient to the mind's impulse, rushed to the seat of thought, as a gentleman stopped opposite the window on the same spot where Captain Beaufort stood some hours before. He removed his hat, the night wind played through his light crisp hair, in the deceptive light the features even seemed familiar. He stood musingly in the same attitude for some minutes, replaced his hat and moved on—was it possible her fancy had deceived her? It was—it must be so—and now, as his figure receded, she saw that he was taller than her expected friend. The violent revulsion of her feelings produced tears. She wept freely, and her surcharged heart was relieved.

"My dear Isabella," said the Countess, who

had approached her unperceived, "you keep late vigils; I had hoped you were long since retired to repose. This wakeful and unceasing anxiety will affect your health, and I fear impair your constitution; and it is a duty, dearest, we owe to the giver of life and health, to preserve the gifts."

Whilst she was speaking, footsteps were heard ascending the terrace—Isabella trembled with nervous apprehension.

"Do not be alarmed, my sweet child," said the Countess, "it is the friar whom I have appointed to meet here. He has requested an interview with me tonight, intimating that he has something of deep interest and importance to impart."

This intelligence, though it allayed her fears, did not lessen her emotion. On seeing the friar, she could not articulate the enquiry that hovered on her lips. The sound of the old man's voice, in bestowing his benediction, re-assured her.

"Have you seen the stranger, the English stranger, holy father?" she enquired with a faltering voice.

"Be tranquil, my daughter," said the old man, "I have seen and conversed with your friend; be composed and collected, and yield with trustful resignation your destiny into the hands of your Divine protector. He never yet abandoned the pure of heart. Pray, my child—pray with fervour and with hope, and you will gain strength and consolation? Be seated," he continued, "I have much to impart, and the night is waning. It may be the last time, lady," and he turned to the Countess, "that we shall ever meet, and I would not willingly leave you in ignorance of all the poor friar owes to your benevolence."

"Alas! kind father," she answered, "it is I who am the debtor, having the will but not the power to repay the invaluable benefits you have conferred on me. Your sympathy has consoled me in trying afflictions, whilst your holy exhortations and pious example have instructed me to bear a weary life without repining, nor can I forget the affectionate care you have bestowed upon the wayward and

thoughtless girl that has but ill repaid your solicitude."

"Dear lady, it is for your charity in having rescued the helpless infancy of that wilful girl from penury, it is for your goodness in having extended to her your protection and maternal care, in having lavished upon her your generous affection. It is for all this, that friar Jerome would repay with his life's blood the debt of gratitude incurred by the unhappy Hielderman, the husband of the ill fated Mariamne—the condemned culprit—the escaped convict—yes, lady, I am the father of that girl you have so tenderly cherished. Judge, then, on which side remains the debt of gratitude."

"The father of Zillah!" slowly repeated the Countess. "It is an extraordinary disclosure, yet I confess it does not surprise me; your unchanging affection, your unceasing watchfulness, have often excited my wonder—a father's love has so strongly marked your intercourse with her since your first meeting, that it now stands forth in strong relief, and brings conviction to my mind—but the garb you wear, the religion you profess, is at variance with your early life."

"True it is lady," meekly answered the friar, "but God is all-powerful and all-good. A few words would acquaint you with the events that appear to have directed my destiny; but it would occupy days to recount the workings of the mind, and the various merciful influences that have changed a hardened, proud and rebellious spirit, to an humble and sincere worshipper of the meek and suffering Messiah. He that has given to the children of earth a more boundless and glorious dominion than the wildest conceptions of my forefathers, ever pictured in their thirst for an earthly inheritance. He who has bequeathed to us, the inexhaustible treasure of peace on earth and good will to all men, and has granted, through the influence of his divine spirit, a rich and ever increasing store of happiness, in proportion to the zeal with which we dispense the divine bequest. Language fails me in attempting to relate the numerous manifestations of his mercy; but my heart glows with humble gratitude, when I compare my past wretchedness with my present state—when memory presents me again, with the hell that raged within my breast, the writhings of hatred and despair that worked there for years—the evil spell that made life a curse and the promise of eternity a mockery—and now to feel with all my imperfections, there is diffused within this bosom, peace and hope and love. It is, believe me, a joyful transition."

For some minutes he bowed his head in meditation, his auditors observing a respectful silence; then resuming his discourse, he said in an altered tone.

"I shall as briefly as possible relate the events that befel me, from that day of agony, when I left St. Petersburg, a convict in chains. I was con-

ducted with many others to the mines of Nerozinch, where we worked in subterranean regions for nearly seven years. Amongst those condemned to this sepulchral existence were some accused of state offences. The person with whom I happened to be manacled was one of those? He was advanced in years, of a mild and beneficent aspect; his bearing, through our tedious and weary journey, was resigned and even cheerful. The impatience I betrayed, and the thirst for vengeance I too often expressed, appeared to incite his benevolent nature to exertion; he endeavoured to soothe the cankering irritation that reduced me to the last state of human wretchedness. I have since learned that when the heart is free from the malignant passions of hatred and revenge, happiness may be tasted in the lowliest and most abject state to which man may be reduced. His generous efforts to lead my thoughts from dwelling on my own trials, to the contemplation of other and higher objects, was not wholly without effect. When arrived at our destination our forced companionship was only changed to voluntary association. At once eloquent and erudite, he obtained an influence over me, I could not resist. Opening to my wondering vision, the volume of life, he expatiated on the rich promises it held forth; he led me on from page to page, painting with a force that brought conviction to my soul, the beauty and the truth of the Christian's faith. But it was yet more his example than his words that wrought a change upon my heart. An instance in his own person of the erring judgment of his fellow men, he never murmured or uttered a complaint against the unjust sentence that consigned him to a state of degradation with the worst criminals—possessing a soul deeply imbued with the love of his species, in the indulgence of this divine attribute, he forsook his friends and country in early life, to carry the doctrine of peace and charity to those yet ignorant of its purifying precepts. He had travelled far from the path of civilized life—over the burning sands of Africa, through the trackless forests of America, leaving in each efficient proofs of his philanthropic exertions. As age advanced, finding his physical energies decline, he confined himself to a little colony he had formed amidst the wildest scenes of the Caucasian mountains. Many of the halfcivilized beings in this region were won by him from their predatory habits, and instructed by him in the useful arts of life. At once their spiritual and temporal guide, their law giver and administrator, he acquired an influence that excited the jealousy of the Russian superintendent. In support of the accusation of treason made against him, his enemies could only add as evidence, the benefits he had conferred upon his fellow creatures. His accusers attributed to a dangerous ambition, the performance of the toilsome duties for which there was no remuneration; they could not appreciate the reward

to which he aspired, and of which—as he carried it within his breast, their darkest dungeons could not deprive him—the consciousness of doing good. The scene to which he was now translated, afforded an ample field for his benevolent labours. The hours of remission from our daily toil were devoted by him to the instruction of his fellow bondsmen; in sickness he was their nurse and physician; in despair, their consoler. The seven years' labour to which he was condemned, had nearly expired, and the companions of his wretchedness, even those on whom his holy exhortations and example had produced the least effect, were deploring the approaching separation, when an unforeseen and calamitous event brought death to many and freedom to a few of the hapless beings doomed to endless bondage.

“The hours allotted to labour were passed. Our torches were trimmed, and many of us, as was our frequent custom, were grouped around our venerable instructor, whilst he described, in his simple and impressive language, the glories of the firmament, the harmony with which innumerable spheres moved through the world of space, and the wonderful discoveries genius had effected in our own times. We were listening with eager and wrapt attention, when suddenly a noise like the distant rolling of thunder passed over our heads; presently the lights were extinguished and water gushed in on every side. We were in total darkness—but I clung to the old man, and being near the machinery by which we ascended to the upper-regions, I succeeded in setting it in motion, drawing him with me. We, with six others, reached the surface of the earth, but thirty of our companions were deprived in a moment of existence. A succession of earthquakes had caused widely spread desolation. In the general calamity we were left free to pursue our course whither we would. I took the road to St. Petersburg, in company with the venerable missionary. With the blessings of air and light around us, those glorious gifts of God from which we had been long debarred, we felt not nor thought not of those artificial wants which man creates—the charity of our fellow beings afforded us subsistence and shelter.

“We had travelled many days with unabated diligence, across the dreary steppes that stretch between the Uralian mountains and the luxurious lands of the Ukraine. It was at the end of this toilsome journey I perceived with alarm that my companion's strength was unequal to further progress. His health had been long declining, the dreadful catastrophe we had witnessed, and from which we so narrowly escaped, together with the exertions to pursue our way in company, proved too much for his debilitated frame. For several weeks we were hospitably sheltered in the humble dwelling of a Russian herdsman. Here I watched by him the slow decay of nature. Day after day his body became more enfeebled, whilst his mental powers

acquired greater force and fastre, as he contemplated the separation of the soul from its frail tenement. His cheerfulness never forsook him; an humble and pious hope, founded on an exalted faith, shed its light around his departing spirit. ‘My friend,’ said he, addressing me a short time before his dissolution, ‘the hour so ardently wished for is at length approaching. A few more struggles with nature—a few more hours solitary watching on your part—and we are both released; you to pursue your course a little longer in this world, unincumbered by a weak old man; I—to spring from this prison house of clay, into a new existence; may, the effulgence of the divine love, manifested in the suffering lamb, interposed between the frailties and errors of my probationary life and the stern justice of the Eternal. I have much to dread, of opportunities neglected, of graces vouchsafed and disregarded. Yet hope predominates in my breast. A serene and firm confidence in the merits of my Redeemer allays the dread of nature at the solemn change.’ It was thus the good man spoke in his last hours, and his words, like the form of prayer he taught me, has remained impressed on my memory.

“Having seen his remains consigned with fitting solemnity to the grave, I pursued my solitary way to St. Petersburg; to that spot my heart clung with ceaseless love. In the dreary days of my captivity, it was my secret and cherished pleasure to sit apart from my fellow slaves—give the reins to fancy, and enter again my happy home—sit beside my wife and listen to the prattle of my child. I would vary the scene at times, and picture Mariamne weeping for her involuntary error, pining at the absence of her husband,—when at my approach all traces of sorrow would disappear from her brow; then followed the rapturous meeting and days and years of happiness; but never did an evil forboding cloud my mind. I came to my home, it was inhabited by strangers. I went amongst my kindred, they affected not to know me, for they inherited my wealth, and I dared not claim it. From a casual acquaintance I learned the deplorable fate of my faithful and high-minded wife, that the child of my love was nourished by the hands that had deprived her of parents. Here was an accumulation of misery; in days past, before a better light had broken on me, I would have poured maledictions on my enemies, cursed the hour of my birth, and arraigned the decrees of the Almighty. I had now made some advancement in self-knowledge, and had learned to trace my calamities to my own unbridled passions. I merited the chastisement, and I blessed the power that had given me strength to bear it with resignation.

“After some time devoted to religious exercises, I took a pilgrim's habit, and proceeded to Italy. You remember, lady, our first interview—my emotion on discovering that Providence had guided me to be the preserver of my child. I became her

companion, her guide, and preceptor. It was a happiness too exquisite, too far beyond my deserts. In watching the developments of her intellect, in dwelling upon her increasing beauty, human pride obtained the mastery over my heart; I forgot, in the indulgence of paternal love, the duty to my fellow beings I had voluntarily assumed to perform.

“Again the chastening hand of mercy was pressed upon me. She, the idol of my vain imagination, fled from our protection, to enter on a path of life fraught with danger. Secret thoughts of worldly grandeur connected with her, had stolen on my mind; my ambitious hopes were now destroyed, and conscience told me I had provoked the punishment. I prayed that vengeance might not descend on her young head, and humbled in spirit, I sought to avert the evils of my secret sin, by endeavouring to strengthen her in those principles of religion and morality she first imbibed from her benefactress.

“As the sun diffuses light, and the clouds rain, as well upon the waste and rugged scenes of nature, as upon the fertile valley and pleasant glade, so doth the divine grace diffuse itself in our hearts without respect to the occupations we pursue; and I humbly trust, that if her youthful fancy has been dazzled by the allurements of fame, her heart may continue uncorrupted by the hollow pleasures that surround her. To you, my kind and generous friend, I have no words with which to shape my thanks for the maternal care you have bestowed upon her childhood, and the zeal with which you have aided my efforts to rescue her from the effects of her own folly. To you, dear lady, remains the exalted merit of a pure and disinterested benevolence; whilst I, poor sinful being, have acted from that selfish love we inherit as a portion of our fallen nature.” He paused awhile, and resuming, said: “The opera singer will visit you tomorrow—trust to her fidelity. In your present difficulties, I rely much upon her agency—be of good cheer—pray and be comforted.” He arose—gave his benediction, and retired by the entrance in the Ilex walk.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE day following the successive interviews recounted in the preceding chapters, strange scenes were being enacted at the Palazzo. In fulfilment of the double engagement made with the assassin and his intended victim, Zillah passed the day there. It was at the noon-tide repast, that, anticipating with child-like vivacity, the office of the domestic, she served wine to the Countess and her niece. In smiling acknowledgment to the courtesy, each one took the draught. The Count, whose keen look rested on his wife whilst she drank, cast a glance of malicious exultation upon Zillah, as she laid the empty goblet down; but no answering look of intelligence met his eye. Her countenance wore a

expression, almost foreign to its usual quick and restless character. It might be the result of conscious rectitude, or of consummate hypocrisy: the Count judged it the latter, and thought her a promising disciple of his own school. As the day wore on, he became restless and impatient,—he was absent for some time, and returned at the approach of night, but no change was visible in the sad and worn face of the Countess. Her eyes, though sunken, were the same as in the morning; her cheek, lifeless enough in its colour, yet betrayed no nearer approach to mortality than on the preceding day; her step was quite as assured as he had seen it for years. He glanced around him moodily—Zillah and the Countess were the only persons present. At this moment a confused noise and cries of terror reached them; the sounds were in the direction of the sleeping apartments. Presently, Miss Herbert's waiting woman entered, the picture of terror and dismay, exclaiming that the Signora Isabella was dead. The Countess hurried forward, whilst the Count, grasping Zillah rudely by the arm, shook her violently, as he said:

“You shall dearly pay for this treachery, minion! I know it is your work. Keep guard upon this murderer,” he continued, addressing a servant, “till my return,” and relinquishing his cruel hold, he followed the Countess to Miss Herbert's chamber. There, on a couch, and in an easy position, her head resting on her arm, lay the insensible form of the beautiful girl. Apparently she had passed quietly from sleep into death; there was no distortion of the countenance, indicating agony or pain; the features retained their perfect loveliness,—but death it must be, for the heart was pulseless; respiration had ceased, and the eyes, when some one present raised the lids, were found fixed and sightless. The Count knew too well the deadly nature of the drug he had entrusted to Zillah, to take any interest in the vain efforts to resuscitate the lifeless form. Infuriated to find himself foiled in the hour he had made certain of success, grinding his teeth with rage and baffled hatred, and thirsting for revenge, he re-entered the apartment where Zillah was a prisoner.

“Traitor!” he exclaimed, as he approached her, “prepare for tortures such as woman never yet experienced—I swear you shall be torn limb from limb—your diminutive body crushed—trampled upon—ground to powder—aye, cower!—shrink from me! but think not you will elude my vengeance!” and again he laid hold on her roughly, as she attempted to leave the apartment; then knocking violently at a door that opened on the terrace, the summons was answered by a tall figure closely muffled and masked. “Take this wretch, Gaetano,” he said to the person that appeared, “drag her hence! shew her no mercy—none!”

She had clung in the despair of the moment to

a massive statue, whilst, speechless with terror, she could only utter the most piteous cries.

"Strike, I say—loose her hold; or if she will not, sever her hands from the joints."

He was in the act of drawing a weapon to do the deed himself, when a person hastily entered, muffled and masked like the Count's companion in his English excursion.

"Fly,—fly for your lives!" exclaimed the stranger; "we are all betrayed! Terrible rumours are abroad of a foul murder committed this day at your instigation. The lazzaroni are gathering—crowds are already coming this way,—we must lose no time if we wish to escape a dreadful death."

With looks aghast, they regarded each other—not a word was spoken, but the Count, sheathing his weapon, led the way to the terrace,—fleet horses were in attendance, brought there for another purpose; they now served their owners well.

The morning succeeding these events, the bells of the various churches, monasteries and convents, were chiming the hour for early matins, when a procession of Franciscan Monks issued from the Palazzo, attending a bier, on which the lovely form of Isabella was extended; the transparent complexion was scarcely dimmed by death; a rose tinge lingered on each cheek and lip; her dark and glossy hair fell in soft waves from off her brow; it was ornamented with fresh gathered flowers, which were also strewn profusely over the bier. The rich habiliments in which the inanimate form was arrayed, gave more the idea of a bride in repose, than a corpse born to its sepulture. The funeral procession slowly conveyed their burthen to the church of *Santa Maria della Vita*, and deposited the bier at the foot of the altar, to remain till the prescribed hour for lowering the uncoffined body to its last receptacle in the catacombs.

The clock of St. Elmo's tolled ten, as four sturdy men, carrying a covered litter, started from the entrance of the catacombs in the court of the *Hopital de la France*, and bent their rapid steps to the beach. Three persons closely followed on their track. The moon was just raising its disk above the ocean, as the party reached the bay. Hailing a boat in attendance, they cautiously placed the litter in it—one only of the number remained on shore; he wore the cowl and habit of a Franciscan Friar. The following day no English pennon was visible in the Bay of Naples,—before the morning sun arose the stately vessel, commanded by Captain Beaufort, was ploughing her way through the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

The scene now changes to the village of Ururi in the Albanian territory. As the morning dawned three horsemen rode furiously towards the quiet hamlet; their horses were covered with foam, and dust and blood trickled from their reeking flanks.

A single horseman who emerged from the shade of an olive grove arrested their speed. On attracting their notice, he merely turned his horse's head and proceeded to the other side of the grove. They followed, and Don Gaetano Vardarelli\* found himself welcomed by thirty of his troop, who as a body bore his name, and were distinguished as the Vardarelli Banditti, the terror and the scourge of southern Italy. Beside him rode his brother the second in command; the third person of the party was hailed with acclamation by the assemblage. He was named by them the unknown chief, and under his guidance they had often achieved the most daring exploits; they knew it was through his mysterious and powerful influence they were for a series of years enabled to elude and oftimes defy the efforts of Government for their suppression.

"We have awaited you in this sheltered place," said Gaetano's youngest brother, who held command in absence of his seniors.

"I ordered them to do so, having failed to meet you at the place appointed." Glancing at their persons he demanded: "Is there a pursuit or any threatened danger? Your horses are jaded, yourselves exhausted."

"A hot pursuit," quickly replied Gaetano; "the soldiery are even now upon us. Hark! do you not hear the tramping of their horses—look to your firelocks! not a moment is to be lost—we can fearlessly dare them, were they double our number. Come on my brave fellows, I feel myself invincible at your head." The shout that would have responded to this brief address, was arrested on their lips by a gesture from the chief.

"Silence, I entreat—our pursuers must reach us time enough without calling them to the spot. Listen to me, Don Gaetano; let not our temerity lead these gallant fellows to destruction. You talk of facing our foes if double our number. I tell you they count ten times as many. Resistance will be unavailing; be advised whilst yet there is a moment for decision, to surrender. Not a man amongst you will be injured. I promise it—and I have the power to see it fulfilled. You know each one of you that it is not a coward's fear of death that prompts this counsel, for I have braved its terror with you a hundred times."

"It is not the fear of death," hastily interrupted Gaetano; "it is the fear of exposure. You would sacrifice the lives of ten thousand followers, rather than the mask of hypocrisy you have successfully worn through your life, should be now removed. But do not deceive yourself, you cannot force my men to swerve from their allegiance; they will be true to their leader to the death. We have triumphed,

\*The honorable R. C. Craven, in his *Tour in Southern Italy*, gives a detailed account of the Vardarelli Banditti, and their suppression in 1822.

my brave comrades, over greater dangers than this. Another word of treacherous counsel from that man, and thirty carbines will be pointed to his breast."

With a threatening gesture he turned away to reconnoitre their position, and with the reasonable hope that, screened as they were from observation, their enemies might in the eagerness of pursuit pass their ambush. As he did so, the chief clapped spurs to his horse and dashed across the plain. Don Gaetano caught sight of the retreating horseman—instantly his carbine was levelled, and the shot that brought Count D'Altino to the earth, revealed to the approaching foe, the retreat of the brigands. The posse of military in pursuit counted about sixty men, but the force became augmented to an innumerable crowd by the peasantry of the different districts through which they passed, who readily united with a well equipped force against their formidable oppressors. In a moment they were surrounded; volley after volley of musketry succeeded each other in rapid succession. The brigands seeing no hope of escape, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Taking advantage of the shelter the *bocage* afforded, for nearly an hour, they kept their adversaries at bay, and it was not till the three brothers of the Vardarelli fell, that the unequal contest was brought to a close. Twenty of the band surrendered themselves prisoners; the remainder were either dead or disabled on the field. The soldiers had secured and gone with their prisoners, the crowd had dispersed; even the curiosity of the women and children from the adjacent village was satiated. Two or three monks from a little convent near at hand, to whose pious care devolved the dying and the dead, remained with the slain. There was one other,—a woman, young and fair, and most desolate, in that scene of horror and of guilt. Her dress, which differed from that worn in the country, was neglected; her long flaxen hair fell in disorder round her face, which was swollen and soiled from weeping. She sat upon the turf in the shadow of a tree where the body of the elder Vardarelli fell. His head rested on her lap; the eyes were carefully closed and the clotting gore was washed from off his brow; her hand was lightly laid upon his cold damp cheek, as if she hoped that life would yet return; a part of the ample shawl that enveloped her figure was thrown over the lifeless form. There she sat in mute sorrow, till the good brothers had removed the wounded from the scorching rays of the advancing sun, and administered to their wants. At length approaching her, in soothing accents they besought her to signify to them her pleasure, and offered such words of comfort as they could. She answered in a foreign tongue—but they gathered from her gestures that the only boon she craved was their sufferance, to continue with the lifeless body of her husband till she saw it consigned to its last resting place. The people marvelled much that

the ruthless bandit's grave was hallowed by a faithful woman's tears—they might have wondered more, had they known that with a serpent's guile he won her love, had lured her from her country and her friends, with false hopes and promises, to follow his dark fortunes. Yet, stained with crimes as was that untamed savage breast, one bright spark of human feeling glowed within it; he loved with fervent, deep devotion, and though his tales of home and happiness were false, his love for her was true. She knew and felt this, and forgave the rest.

The mutilated remains of the Count found an ignominious grave near the obscure hamlet, where he fell. He had wasted the best gifts of nature and fortune, in a career of heartless profligacy—energies that, if laudably directed, might have won him honorable distinction amongst his cotemporaries, and an enviable page in the annals of his country, devoted as they were to unhallowed purposes, brought him in the prime of life to a violent death, and consigned his memory to scorn and obloquy.

The Palazzo, so often mentioned, passed to the possession of a distant relative. It was long looked upon with aversion and superstitious dread, by the people in its vicinity, and it is often pointed out to the curious traveller crossing the Ponte de la Sanita, as having been at one time the residence of the Detected Brigand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nearly five years have passed away, and a family party are assembled in the picture gallery at Beaufort Park, to inspect a series of paintings just received from Italy, illustrative of an eventful period in the lives of the young and happy owners of the mansion. The first represents the interior of a church, the opening to the catacombs, and the lowering of a corpse on a bier. The muscles and position of the youthful form show, instead of the rigidity of death, the relaxation of deep repose; groups of cowed friars with lighted tapers stand around. The second gives a view of a subterranean chamber, as seen with torch light; in the centre of a circular cave, at a small altar, a group of figures are watching, with an expression of intense anxiety, a female figure supported by a monk, who is in the act of applying restoratives; the eyes are partially open, the breath seems to pass over the full lips,—the whole expression indicates returning consciousness. The third and last exhibits their departure from the cemetery; the fair girl is now restored, but languid and leaning for support on one of the party, who yields it with much apparent tenderness; at the verge of the cavern, they stand to contemplate the scene: the glare of torch light is cast upon the hewn graves in the rocky walls,—some are empty, others have received their lifeless tenants; but none of the loathsome adjuncts, the imagination couples with mortality are seen; no worms riot on the lip of beauty; manly forms show no symptoms of decay, each one in its

lone recess seems as if retired from worldly strife,  
to await in silent hope the trumpet's summons to  
eternity.

Amongst the many and conflicting opinions given on the merits of the paintings, there was one that secured general consent. It was given by a young gentleman just four years old,—Master Eustace Beaufort, who declared that his mamma was much prettier, and he liked her a great deal better as she was, than in that dismal picture with all those grim faces around her. A look of tender affection from her husband, assured her that he did not altogether dissent from his boy's opinion. The young gentleman, however, was not only the critic, but also the cicerone of the party, whilst he directed Rosetta, their favourite nurse, to shew his sister their dead mamma in the picture; he undertook to lead Sir Eustace de Grey and his aunt, the Countess, to examine a piece of sculpture that had been lately executed,—it was a simple thing, representing a dove with ruffled plumage, carrying a letter.

Amongst the guests invited on this occasion was a celebrated cantatrice, who had charmed the music-loving world of London for some seasons past,—at the Italian opera, she was designated Signora H—, but in the family circle of Beaufort Park, she was known by the simple appellation of Zillah.

Montreal, March 17.

(ORIGINAL.)

### A DREAM.

DREAMS are the bright creatures of poem and legend, who speak on earth in the night season, and melt away in the first beams of the sun, which lights grim care and dull reality on their daily pilgrimage through the world.

*Dickens.*

'Twas but a dream! yet, ah! how bright  
Around me lay that scene;  
My childhood's home,—with its fair hills,  
And valleys softly green.

The waning summer's golden light,  
Bathed in its radiance soft,  
Each nook of that familiar spot,  
Where I have wandered oft.

Its very shadows seemed to lie  
Athwart my path, as when  
A child I roved o'er its green fields,  
And through its sweet-briar glen.

And the same sounds were in the air,  
Which then I loved to hear;  
The bee's low murmur 'mid the flowers,  
The gush of waters near.

In the old elm her pendant nest,  
The glittering goldfinch hung,  
While her fond mate, like meteor bright,  
Glanced the green leaves among.

The grave gave back its "holy dead,"  
And by my side he stood,  
Whose gentle precepts taught my heart,  
To know its highest good.

Still wore his brow the light benign,  
Which it was wont to wear;  
And the bland smile that graced his lip,—  
Again I saw it there.

And the communion pure and sweet,  
Which child and father hold,  
Once more was ours; as fond, as full,  
As erst it was of old;—

While there with him I loitering roved,  
Through scenes still loved too well:  
For sleep may vainly strive to bind,  
The soul in its strong spell.

We climbed the hill, we ranged the wood,  
We sat us down to rest  
'Neath the tall ash, where year by year,  
The blue-bird built her nest.

We paused beneath the willow pale,  
That o'er the sparkling brook  
So fondly bent, its boughs to lave,  
And at its image look.

And staid at length our wandering steps,  
By the old rareripe tree,  
That o'er the meadow's moss-grown wall  
Hung forth its branches free,—

Showering its rich and downy fruit,  
Thick o'er the emerald grass,  
Just as in those bright summer's gone,  
Seen through Time's magic glass.

And now as then, that hand of love  
Cull'd from the bending bough,  
To tempt my taste, the peach, which best  
Had caught the sun's full glow.

'Twas but a dream! a passing dream!  
I woke, and it was gone,  
Yet precious were the holy thoughts,  
With that sweet vision born.

It seemed to say, this fleshly veil  
Alone wrapt from my sight,  
The loved, the wept,—glad dwellers now,  
In heaven's unclouded light.

It told me of the spirit's life,  
Of deathless human love,  
Which has,—how sad were else this earth!  
Its changeless home above.

E. L. C.

March 19.



## EMMA DARWIN; OR, THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

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

"WEEP not thus, dearest Emma," said Henry Montague, addressing his sister, as she reclined over the lifeless corpse of their departed mother, bathing with burning tears the cold forehead, and impressing kisses of the warmest affection upon lips that were closed forever! "My own dear sister, do not thus weep; remember the parting injunctions of that sainted parent, whom we both so tenderly loved, and whose death is to us mutually an irretrievable loss. But we have every reason to hope that we are the only sufferers; to our beloved mother, the change is an eternal gain. O, how cheering is the reflection, that our parents are now permanently happy in the approving smile of that Saviour whom they have so faithfully served, and on whom they have taught us to place our firm reliance, and fix our fondest hope! How often have they told us, that 'Those whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth,' and that it is sinful to murmur, or to indulge in unrestrained grief, at whatever it may be His will and pleasure to ordain."

"You are always right, my dear Henry," said Emma, rising from her kneeling posture, and throwing her arms around the neck of her brother. "Yes, you are right, dearest; mamma has often said, when it might please the Almighty to take her from us, if we indulged in unrestrained sorrow it would be displeasing to heaven,—that it was our duty to submit with resignation and gratitude to such trials as God in his wisdom might judge proper to allot to us; that in studying His sacred word, we should there find consolation and support through the most heavy afflictions,—that our grief at a separation would, in comparison, be as trifling as a grain of sand in the sea, compared with that fulness of joy which a reunion in the realms of eternal happiness will give. Although I do find the greatest consolation in this assurance, yet I cannot suppress my tears, dearest Henry, when I reflect upon our sad, sad loss; we can never be so happy without our dear mamma as we were with her, and I fear we shall—at least I shall not, be so good, deprived of her example and watchful care, as I might have been with it."

"To be insensible to our irreparable loss, my own dear sister, would indeed prove a deficiency in the best feelings of our nature, and derogatory to the commands of God, who has desired us to honour and obey our parents,—“Children, honour your parents, and obey them in all things; for this is well pleasing to the Lord.” To love those to whom we owe our existence, is the first and most genuine feeling of

our nature; for no one can be so entitled to our earliest and best affections, as the fond individuals who have watched over our infancy and youth, with unremitting solicitude and tenderness, ever near us in the hour of danger, ever ready to point out to us the path of virtue, and snatch us from the perilous labyrinth of vice, to which the heedless and young are so often exposed. The loss of friends so dear, so invaluable as those for whom we now so deeply mourn, must awaken in the heart feelings of the deepest sorrow; yet, dearest, such sorrow must be restrained by reason, and a religious resignation, or it becomes criminal in the sight of Heaven: we must remember, that 'the hand which gave has a right to take away,' and that strong as is our love to our parents, our love towards our God, who gave us those parents, ought to be stronger, and to insure us happiness hereafter, *must* be so. To those we now mourn, and who have followed each other so rapidly, our debt of gratitude is indeed great, their love for us was unbounded, and ever tenderly endearing: with care and anxious solicitude they formed our minds to virtue, and instilled into our hearts the principles which are to direct us through life: they tenderly watched over our comforts, health and improvement, and incessantly prayed for our happiness; we would not disobey them while living, dear Emma, nor will we do so now. To God, my sister, let us now kneel, and in pious supplication, implore His fostering care over our youth, and His heavenly benedictions on our earnest endeavours to perform His will, which it is our duty to keep with humble submission; and then it becomes my solemn office to see the last sacred rites performed to the remains of the dear departed."

Emma's oppressed heart denied articulation to her lips, which she ardently pressed to the cheek of her brother, while her arms encircled his neck; he as warmly returned the embrace of filial love, and they both knelt by the side of their mother's coffin, piously ejaculating the following prayer:

Almighty God, father of all mercy assist us by thy grace, that we may with humble and sincere thankfulness remember the comforts and blessings which we have enjoyed, and that we may resign them with humble submission, equally trusting in thy protection, when thou gavest, and when thou takest away: we implore of thee to bless with thy Heavenly blessing, the sainted souls of our dearest parents, and crown them with eternal happiness. Instil into our hearts the ardent desire to act always as though they were present. To thy Fatherly pro-

tection, we humbly commend ourselves,—bless, guide, and defend us, that we may so pass through this world as finally to enjoy in Thy presence everlasting happiness. Grant this, we pray, for our blessed Saviour's sake. Amen.

Having concluded this prayer, they rose from their supplicating position, and again embracing each other, they fervently pressed their warm lips upon the cold clay before them, and bid a final—a sorrowful adieu to their earliest, their dearest, and almost their only earthly friend.

Emma became exhausted by intensity of feeling, and sank senseless into the arms of her brother, who conveyed her to her chamber, and after administering necessary restoratives, animation returned, and he consigned her to the care of their old faithful attendant, Margaret, while he proceeded to the discharge of his very solemn, but imperative duties.

Mrs. Montague, the mother of Emma and Henry, was the daughter of an English clergyman, who for many years was Rector of the parish of W—, in Kent. Nature had endowed the worthy pastor with a heart imbued with the most genuine qualities. She seemed to have designed him for the profession he had chosen, for in no one instance in his life, had he ever been known to deviate from those rules of correct conduct, so admirably adapted to ennobles and dignify the sacred character of clergymen: humility, benevolence, and true piety, were the characteristics of that excellent man,—he was in good truth, the friend, the counsellor, the father of his flock, by which he was revered, with an enthusiasm approaching to adoration.

He had chosen a bosom friend and companion for life, not for any extraordinary personal charms, but for a mind enriched with the purest gems, for a heart formed to experience the best affections of our nature, whose piety, charity, and condescension of demeanour, were, he considered, the essentials necessary to render the marriage state confiding and happy: and his views on this important subject proved to be admirably just, for it would be difficult to find a more cheerful and contented fire side than that of the worthy Rector.

They were blest with one child, on which to bestow their parental affection, and it may be well imagined that parents so excellent in their nature, so exemplary in conduct, so efficient in understanding, and cultivated in education, spared neither time nor talent to render that offspring as near perfection as our frailty will permit; happily their efforts were crowned with success, the seeds of piety, modesty, truth, benevolence and industry, were by precept and by example, in early spring, so firmly engrafted on the young mind that they budded forth into sweet blossoms, promising in full growth, flowers the most beautiful and rare.

Emma Darwin, for that was her name, was indeed a most endearing child: she was lovely in per-

son, highly cultivated, and graceful in deportment; but above all her genuine piety and amiable disposition, insured her the esteem and admiration of all within the circle of her acquaintance. Her parents had so tenderly watched their young plant, that they had erased from its tender stem every unpardonable seed, leaving only such as could be nurtured and improved from the fountain of virtue, honor and integrity. While none were more worthy, few were happier than Emma Darwin; her avocations and amusements were such, as would bear reflection. Time glided on; but the consolation ever remained with her, that it had not been mispent or trifled away: the young benefited by her instruction and example, the aged were consoled by her sympathy, while all were bound to her by the endearing ties of gratitude and affection. But Emma was not to be exempted from the trials incident to our nature; she had scarcely attained her seventeenth year, when an attack of paralysis terminated the earthly career of her venerable father, and called into full action all the energies of her young mind. Deeply as she lamented her own irreparable loss, she knew that its severity must be more keenly felt by her widowed mother, who was bereft not only of her support, but of the husband of her early love,—the dearest and chosen friend of her bosom, on whom her best affections had been placed, and whose excellent qualities had been the source from whence she drew all her earthly happiness.

Mrs. Darwin's health had for some time been very delicate, consequently she was less able to bear with firmness, the mental affliction in which so sad and unexpected a stroke had involved her. Now indeed, did the piety of filial affection shine forth with resplendent lustre. Emma lost all consideration of her own troubles, remembering only those of her mother.—How tenderly did she soothe her sorrows by the most unremitting and endearing attentions. How anxiously did she anticipate all her wishes, leaving no effort untried to fulfil them; her whole heart appeared to be devoted to the one object, that of restoring her mother to tranquillity of mind.

Upon an investigation of the Rector's affairs, it was found that the property he had left was very small; his living had not been one of the richest, and his unbounded charity had precluded the possibility of any great saving. Although he could never be accused of a want of prudence and economy in his domestic arrangements, his heart and hand were always open, to alleviate the wants of those in indigent circumstances,—the destitute and the hungry were never seen to leave his porch dissatisfied: the prayers of the widow and the orphan were plentifully poured forth in his behalf, and truly did they procure for him a peaceful end. The dying words of this excellent man were, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course—I

have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." As he breathed the last words, his countenance beamed with an angelic smile, and pressing alternately the hand of his beloved wife, and no less dear child to his lips, he intrepidly felt the dimming of the clear light of day.

How many years of trial and sorrow does such a death overbalance? Who would not wish to go off the stage with so delightful a conviction of happiness before them? "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life:" such are the glorious promises, and they ought to be engraven on our hearts.

The arrival of the newly appointed Rector to W— obliged Mrs. Darwin and her daughter to quit their peaceful dwelling. They removed to a small cottage in the neighbourhood, which happened to be vacant; it had been built by the late Rector, and by him presented to Emma as a birth-day gift. Hitherto it had been occupied gratis by a respectable widow, whom adverse fortune had harshly treated,—for subsequent to the death of her husband, the failure of her banker had reduced her from a comparative state of opulence to one of poverty; her misfortunes reached the ear of Emma Darwin, just as she had attained her tenth year, and even at that tender age her heart yearned with compassion.

A day or two previous to the anniversary of her birth, her father said to her, "I have been considering my child of an appropriate gift on your birthday; your diligence and attention to your studies have pleased me, and I wish to give you some memento of my love and approbation, but am undecided in my choice of what will be most useful, and at the same time pleasing to you. Can you assist me on this subject? but I must first tell you your mamma's suggestion, upon which I do not think we can improve. It is, that I purchase a new piano; that which you have is very old, and as you have exerted your talent in music most profitably, I think you justly deserve it, if you cannot suggest any thing more desirable, and equally useful. I propose that you accompany your mamma and me to town tomorrow to make choice of an instrument."

Emma threw her arms round the neck of her father, as she playfully placed herself upon his knee, and as she imprinted on his forehead the kiss of affection, said:

"Dearest papa, how very grateful I am to you, and to my very dear good mamma, for your kind intentions; the gift you mention, would indeed be valuable to me, but since you have given me permission to make a choice, I hope you will not think that I deviate from the path of duty in saying, that pleased as I should be with a new piano, there is something else, if it met with your approbation, that would make me more happy."

"Tell me your wishes, dearest," continued her

parent, "I am sure they will be neither inconsistent nor improper."

"Encouraged by your kindness," said Emma, "I will not hesitate to confess to you what would make me very very happy. It is the gift of the cottage in Laurel Lane, which Thompson informs me is quite completed,—it would be such a very nice residence for poor Mrs. Devonport, who is obliged to relinquish her present establishment and sell the greater part of her furniture. I heard her say that she was necessitated to dismiss all her servants except one, and seek an asylum in humble lodgings or a small cottage. She appears so very much distressed by the change in her circumstances that it is quite melancholy to witness her grief. If she were living in Laurel Cottage it would be so near to us, mamma would supply her with milk and butter from our dairy, and she should have all the eggs that my pet white hen gives me—and when mamma is reading to her, or solacing her by conversation, I could weed her garden, transplant her flowers, or do any other little services that she may please to employ me about. She would, I hope, soon forget her troubles, and we should be so very happy in making her do so."

A tear of joy rested on the cheek of the venerable pastor, as he pressed his lovely girl to his bosom.

"You have indeed chosen wisely, my child," said he,—“the cottage is yours, and your birth-day shall be devoted in forming the arrangements, so as to render it comfortable for the reception of your new tenant, to whom I will make a visit, and become the bearer of your good intentions, while you apprise your mamma of what has passed and receive her kiss of approbation. “Under the superintendance of Emma and her mother, the cottage soon became a very desirable residence, and the peaceful abode of the worthy Mrs. Devonport, who, as Emma had prognosticated, forgot many of her troubles in the society and friendship of her excellent neighbours, who never lost sight of an opportunity of evincing their kindness, or promoting her happiness. With what lustre did benevolence gild even this small habitation, where such placid intercourse dwelt; where scenes of heartfelt satisfaction succeeded uninterruptedly to one another.

The cottage had now become vacant by the death of the widow, which happened only a few weeks previous to that of the Rector.

Kingston, March, 1842.

*To be continued.*

#### REAL KNOWLEDGE.

THERE is no difference between knowledge and temperance; for he who knows what is good, and embraces it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is learned and temperate. But they who know very well what ought to be done, and yet do quite otherwise, are ignorant and stupid.—Socrates.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE MISER'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

BY E. L. C.

*Continued from our last Number.*

HEARTILY glad to escape from the disagreeable scene in which he had unwillingly played so conspicuous a part, Beaufort walked away with the haste of one bent on some important mission, though he took his direction without thought, and had in reality no definite object in view. He only felt as if, the more rapid his motion, the sooner would the painful impression which saddened his mind, and weighed down his heart like lead, be dispelled, and so he passed on, unheeding all he met, till in crossing the head of Hanover Street, a figure just before him, on the opposite side of the pavement, caught his listless eye, and arrested his onward step.

It was no other than that of Madelaine Dorival, whom Beaufort identified at once, by her graceful gait and figure, which, plain almost to meanness as her apparel was, still rendered her an object of attraction to the passers by. He had paused a moment to observe her, but now, with a sudden determination to overtake and address her, he resumed his quick pace and followed her down the street. She had, however, by this time gained so much upon him, and pursued her onward way with such rapidity, that he was baffled in his purpose, and again relaxed his speed, but still keeping her in view till she reached the old gate before the miser's dismal dwelling, through which she hastily passed.

When Beaufort, a minute or two after, stood before it, she had disappeared within the house; but in her haste she had left it unlatched, and he entered noiselessly, and passing through the courtyard, strewn now with the seared and yellow leaves fast falling from the sighing elm, he approached the house and knocked gently at the door. His summons remained unanswered, and after waiting in patient expectation for several minutes he repeated it. Still no sound came from within, and gently pushing against the door it yielded to his pressure, and flew open, admitting him to a low dark passage, at the extreme end of which, he discerned an apartment equally low, and still more gloomy and uninviting.

It was evidently tenantless, but as he had ventured so far, he resolved still to persevere, and accordingly entered it. A few common chairs, and an old oak table constituted all its furniture; and there reigned through it an air of cheerless desolation, quite in keeping with the dismal exterior of the dwelling. On the right, however, a small bedroom wearing a homelike and habitable aspect, was revealed through its partially unclosed door. A bed screened with

snow-white drapery occupied one corner. Before an ancient sofa, to which the hand of industry had restored an appearance of comfort, almost of luxury, stood a small table of black walnut, polished like a mirror, on which were strewn books and work, and among them a glass of flowers, that looked as though they were fading for want of air and light in the uncongenial gloom of that close apartment. Madelaine's hat and shawl, as if cast aside in haste, lay upon a stuffed arm-chair placed near the table, opposite to which hung the portrait of a naval officer, whom Beaufort could have no doubt, from the resemblance, was that of Madelaine's father.

He was irresistibly impelled to this hasty observation of the interior of the dwelling, he had entered so unceremoniously, by the deep interest he felt in its inmates; but not choosing to penetrate further thus clandestinely, he was about to make his presence known by a more audible evidence than he had yet given, when footsteps advancing through the passage, arrested his purpose, and the next moment Doctor Moreland appeared within the apartment. His astonishment at seeing Beaufort there was extreme, and with his usual jocularity he began to rally him on having taken forcible possession of the castle, and spirited away the young beauty that inhabited it. Beaufort checked him as soon as possible, by explaining how he came there, and that it was with the desire and determination of claiming kindred with Mrs. Dorival and her granddaughter, and of establishing an intercourse with them in defiance of their miserly relative's caprice, or opposition, should he be inclined to make any.

"You have come on your embassy at a fortunate moment, my young friend," said the Doctor; "for from the accounts I have received, the old wretch is about to take a last look at his money bags—in other words, he is lying very ill, and I am called in by his gentle granddaughter, from whom he did not merit such kindness, to prolong, if my art can do it, his miserable existence. From the desertion here, I imagine he is worse, and they must be all in his room. It lies off at that corner of the house, at the end of a little dark passage where day-light never enters. Come, I will take you with me, and you shall pass for my pupil till we can get a leisure moment, for explanation, with Mrs. Dorival and her daughter."

The Doctor led the way, and Beaufort, though half-doubting the propriety of yielding to his suggestion, followed, till they entered the dark passage leading

to Mr. Dorival's sleeping apartment, when he felt his arm grasped by his companion, who, with an impressive gesture of silence, pointed to a door through which streamed the only ray of light that relieved the deep gloom in which they sheltered themselves while watching with intense interest the scene that was passing within the chamber of the dying.

It was true, indeed, that the wretched slave of mammon was at length about to resign the treasures which he had toiled and laboured to amass, and appear naked and defenceless in the presence of that God whose gracious gifts he had despised, to answer for the neglect and abuse of the talents committed to his trust. Ever since the day of Madelaine's first call at Mrs. Dunmore's, he had seemed to be failing, and the change struck those around him at once, for he had been a man of iron constitution, enduring hunger, and thirst, the extremes of heat and cold, and the absence of all that may conduce to bodily comfort, without a sign of suffering, scarcely of consciousness. Absorbed as he was by one engrossing passion, whatever, in any shape ministered to it was endured by him without a murmur,—or, as one would have judged, who noted him, the endurance of a pang. But age had overtaken him, and the strong man was forced to bend beneath its load of ills. At the moment when, like the rich man of the parable, he was saying with boastful confidence, "I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods," there sounded in his ear a fearful voice, uttering those startling words, that have often roused the worldly and the thoughtless from a dream of idle wealth, or pleasure as illusive: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, and then whose will those things be which thou hast provided?"

It was this thought, this bitter conviction, that he must leave his golden hoards to be squandered by, he knew not whom, rather than the natural dread of a terrible futurity, that preyed upon the spirit of the wretched miser, and aided the progress of the wasting decay that was rapidly sapping the fountain of his life. Day by day his strength failed, his eye waxed dimmer, and his hand more tremulous, and yet he refused all medical aid, and turned with rude ungraciousness from every offered kindness: "They should not poison him yet," he said, "though if they did, they would find his money was beyond their reach," and thus muttering he would crawl away to his miserable bed, bidding them all begone and trouble him no more.

Yet in the morning, when the tender-hearted Madelaine stole into his room, with a fragrant cup of balm of her own preparing, or of hyson, filched from the small store appropriated to her mother's use, he would not often refuse it, but it was never gratefully accepted, for directly he would reproach her

wastefulness for using tea so costly, and repulse her sternly from his sight. Yet still she hovered round him, ministering as often as he would permit her, to the comfort of his suffering body, and striving with the earnestness and sincerity of a humble and holy heart, that had drawn its own support and strength from the well-spring of eternal life, to bedew his grovelling spirit with the blessed waters of that fount, and lead his earth-bound thoughts to fix themselves on the momentous concerns of that eternity which was about to be unfolded to his view.

But her touching words fell upon a heart of stone, though still hoping that some might spring up and bear fruit, she lost no opportunity of letting them distill gently as the dew of Hermon from her lips. Yet all in vain; he heeded her not, but turning from her entreating looks, and earnest words, would murmur incoherently, to himself, or break forth into rapid utterance, talking of bonds, and rents, and annuities, till exhausted by the effort, he would sink into a deep sleep, that sometimes lasted for hours.

Engrossed by these duties, Madelaine found scarcely a moment for the occupations which had so long been to her a source of pecuniary profit, and she regretted it the more, as her finances were nearly exhausted, and she knew not in what manner she could replenish the little stock of invalid comforts, most of which her mother had consumed, and with the fretfulness of a sick child, constantly petitioned to have renewed. She had not a suspicion, that so constantly as Madelaine had been employed in earning money, her purse could now be exhausted, for she never thought of her own long and expensive illness, and the many extravagant desires, that her dutiful child had toiled late and early for the means of gratifying—nor was it, till by her cruel insinuations, that her daughter neglected her wants, to lavish her time and care on one, who had never shewn either of them a kindness, she so deeply wounded the harassed girl, as to wring from her a confession of the poverty which she would fain have spared her ungrateful parent the pain of knowing.

Shocked by the information, Mrs. Dorival lamented with tears her injustice, and entreated Madelaine to spare herself the incessant fatigue, which she incurred by attendance on her grandfather, and devote herself to her lighter and more agreeable employments, the avails of which they particularly required now, leaving the care of him to Phebe, who was accustomed to his peculiarities, and best knew how to soothe his ill-humour. But Madelaine was not selfish enough to profit by this counsel, and was besides far too tender-hearted and conscientious, to impose on poor old Phebe the hard and ungrateful task, of attending unaided, on the sick bed of her master. She had moreover observed within a day or two, that he seemed soothed by her presence, and it gave strength to the hope she nurtured, of still being successful in winning his thoughts from the

one engrossing object, on which, even in this last scene of human weakness and decay, they dwelt with the same tenacity as they had done through the many long and wasted years that were ranged in fearful record against him.

Thus constantly engrossed, Madelaine found it impossible to fulfil her engagement with Mrs. Dunmore, as the little leisure which she could spare from more pressing duties, she felt it necessary to employ in the construction of such small and simple articles as could be speedily made, and commanded a ready sale, thereby leaving her not utterly unable to meet the expenses which she could not avoid incurring; for her grandfather was sometimes willing to partake of her bounty, when offered to him in the shape of nourishing broth, or tempting jelly, viands, which his unaccustomed palate seemed particularly to crave, though never, even while he felt the world receding from his eager grasp, did he so far overcome the sordid avarice which held his soul in bondage, as to offer to that gentle girl, who with the filial duty of a child ministered to his wants, when all others would have forsaken him, one small coin from his exhaustless hoards, to lighten the toil and anxiety which was her constant doom.

Under these circumstances, Madelaine felt it incumbent upon her to inform Mrs. Dunmore of her inability to complete the flowers, which she had delayed giving up the task entirely till now, still hoping that some favourable change in her grandfather would leave her at leisure to accomplish it, but on this morning he appeared so much worse, that she resolved to call in Doctor Moreland, which the violent opposition of the old man had alone prevented her from doing before, and then to proceed to Bowdoin Square and inform Mrs. Dunmore of the circumstances which obliged her to leave the flowers unfinished.

Her grandfather having fallen asleep, she gave old Phebe, who was too apt, in her absence, to wander off "on household cares intent," a strict injunction not to quit his room till her return, and then, with a reluctant step, set forth upon her mission. She dreaded again to enter that house, for her two former visits to it had touched her heart and thoughts with unwonted sadness; not that she envied the splendour which she there beheld, though it is true the sight of tasteful apartments, and the air of luxury and ease that pervaded the establishment, forced upon her the painful contrast presented by her own isolated, gloomy and ill-furnished home. But this did not ruffle her serenity, nor awake a murmuring thought in her breast,—for even in this cheerless and lonely home, she had found so many heartfelt enjoyments in the quiet exercise of duty, and of that holy faith which sheds a noon-day splendour through the darkest cell of poverty, so many blessings checquering her humble path, so many joyous emotions springing from

kind and pure affections, and such a source of pleasure and improvement in the ever-active mind's exhaustless powers, that she had learned, young as she was, to regard in their true light the empty distinctions of worldly wealth, and to despise, as far as one so gentle could harbour such a sentiment, the ostentation and vanity, that seeks by costly displays of apparel, furniture, and equipage, to cover the emptiness of conceit, or the grossness and vulgarity of ignorance.

It was no emotion of envy or discontent then, that embittered for an instant, the calm and well-balanced mind of Madelaine,—but it was, that in presence of Mrs. Dunmore and her sister, she felt herself degraded—not by her employment, she was superior to such weakness—but by being made to learn how deeply the haughty insolence of pride can crush a gentle heart. Yet in her two first visits, this had been manifested only by gestures, looks, and transient phrases, that, wounding as they were to the sensitive girl, gave her less gross and palpable pain, than the vehement and angry language she was compelled to bear in that interview which caused Mrs. Dunmore such excitement. Though when she related its details in Beaufort's presence, she forbore to repeat the aggravating expressions she had used, or to do justice to the mild and dignified deportment of the injured object of her anger.

Madelaine left the house oppressed with a sense of insult and wrong, which she had never experienced before—but she had too many causes of anxiety pressing on her mind, and was too much habituated to the control of her feelings, to permit their morbid indulgence, when the voice of duty called upon her for action. Quickly drying the tears, which had gushed forth despite her efforts to restrain them, she hastened towards Summer Street, hoping to find Doctor Moreland at home, to whom she wished to state the circumstances of her grandfather's illness. But he was unluckily out, and having left a message requesting his attendance immediately on his return, she bethought herself of calling at Madame Merveille's, from whom a small balance had been for some time due her, but which only her present straitened circumstances could have induced her to ask for.

But, as it happened, the milliner was also from home, and as one of the apprentices remarked Madelaine's look of disappointment, she told her by way of consolation, she might bless her lucky stars that Madame Merveille was not in, for she would have found her in a very bad humour, owing to the failure of a manufactory in which she had invested a very considerable sum, and that, besides, there were several heavy demands now pressing against her, and she was out endeavouring to collect money to meet them." And so poor Madelaine's hope was crushed in this quarter, and she turned to leave the shop with a heavy heart, cheered, however, by the

one constant and precious thought that God watched over her, and would still sustain her as he had ever done, in whatever trials might await her.

She had been absent longer than she intended, and desirous to reach home before Doctor Moreland's arrival, she hurried on with a rapid step, and had just turned into Hanover Street, when she attracted Beaufort's notice. Unconscious that she was observed and followed, she swiftly pursued her homeward way, and on entering the house, went as usual directly to her mother's room. Not finding her there, she threw off her hat and shawl, and repaired to that of her grandfather; but when she reached its threshold, she paused, unable for a moment to comprehend the scene which she beheld.

A door stood open opposite to her, which appeared to lead into a deep and dark closet behind the chimney, where she had never before supposed an opening to exist. But the apartment, like many of the period in which the house had been built, was wainscotted with oak, and the panel, which had always seemed as immovable as those that surrounded it, Madelaine now perceived, formed an opening into this secret closet. Near it, extended lifeless upon the floor, lay the shrivelled form of the old miser, his features ghastly, and his hands closely clenched, one of them closed with convulsive strength over a crumpled paper, the other clutching the end of a leathern bag, the mouth of which had burst open, and was disgorging its contents in the shape of glittering sovereigns upon the floor.

Phebe was in the act of winding her muscular arms around her master, to lift him on the bed, when Madelaine, intent only on one object, entered the apartment; for, stooping down, she beheld the emaciated form of her mother, her faded eye lighted up with eager joy, and her hand outstretched to grasp a handful of the tempting coin that rolled in plentiful profusion about her feet. With a cry of agonised entreaty, Madelaine sprang towards her, when conscience-struck by the unworthiness of her act, and startled by the sudden appearance of her daughter, she uttered a faint shriek and let fall the gold she had gathered from the ground. But immediately recovering her presence of mind, she resolved not to be thus baffled in appropriating a part of what she considered as unjustly withheld from her, and again she was stooping to re-possess herself of that, which in a moment of surprise she had relinquished, when Madelaine wildly caught her arm, exclaiming:

"Mother, what is it you would do? and what means this scene,—that door—this gold—my grandfather dying—tell me quickly, for I cannot understand it?"

"I will," said Mrs. Dorival, "but first let me secure what we may perhaps soon need, more than we have ever done yet. Nay you shall not prevent me, Madelaine; it is mine and yours—ours in your

father's right,—nor can Providence design that the widow and the orphan should any longer drink the bitter waters of poverty, or he would not place within our reach a sum which will relieve us from the terrors of immediate want."

"Oh, mamma, it may be in order to test our virtue that the gold is thus cast in our way; but let us pray not to be led into temptation even in our direst need. Let us strengthen ourselves by his example who was tempted in all points, like as we are, and yet without sin, that even as he was pure we may become so likewise."

Mrs. Dorival stood irresolute, but still looking eagerly at the gold before her, while Madelaine, approaching the bed, where the old man lay apparently in a deep and heavy sleep, again begged her mother to explain the circumstances, which had taken place during her absence.

"They are simply these," she replied. "Shortly before your return, Phebe left your grandfather asleep as she supposed, and came into my room to know if I would have a cup of tea, when as she stood talking in her usual tiresome manner, a sound of some one falling startled us, and we both came hither as quickly as possible to learn what had happened. The first object that met our eyes was the old man lying senseless upon the floor, beside that open door, which, even Phebe, had ever before supposed an immovable panel of the wainscot. But behind it runs a deep closet, doubtless the secret depository of your grandfather's treasure, for we saw within it an immense iron chest, which resisted our united strength to move, and we suppose, that, finding himself alone, and doubtless wandering in mind, he had gone in there, and taken that bag of sovereigns, when on coming out, either exhausted by the effort, or seized with a sudden fit, he fell before he could regain his bed."

"Poor, miserable old man," said Madelaine in a tone of sad and tender pity. "How terrible it is to believe that the thought of that paltry dust is the only one abiding with him, in this last solemn hour of his existence!"

"What else could we expect of one who has lived as he has, for no nobler purpose than to hoard up useless wealth?" said Mrs. Dorival. "Yet, but for this last act of his, Madelaine, we might have searched in vain to find where he had hidden it, nor is it probable, till the destruction of the house, that closet would ever have been discovered. Does it not seem, my child, as if in, preventing him from re-closing that door, Providence had visibly interfered to rescue us from crushing poverty, and bestow on us our rights?"

"It is not the first time, dear mamma, that He has interfered in our behalf," said Madelaine gently; "and yet we know not what may be his purpose in unfolding to us this knowledge. Possibly, in order still further to strengthen and discipline our

virtue, he will not permit it to avail as aught, even though it be found."

"You speak strangely, Madelaine—for surely there is no one living, whose claim to the inheritance can supercede ours."

"Our natural claim is certainly prior to that of any other person—but my grandfather is a peculiar man, and has felt the burden of our presence, I will not say support, so heavily, that I have long thought he never intended we should benefit by the wealth he might leave at his demise. Nay, he has said as much as this, more than once, though we have heeded it, only as an ebullition of ill-humour. But during his illness, I have heard him utter many incoherent sentences, which have strengthened my suspicion of his having made some disposition of his property, that will effectually bar us from its possession."

"Impossible, Madelaine! Hard-hearted as he is, he would not deliberately do us such injustice. No, you cannot think he would leave you, the child of his only son, to beggary; you, who regardless of his harshness and cruelty, have watched and nursed him with the care and tenderness of a daughter. It cannot be! he has done with this world, and his treasures are already ours, and you shall no longer hinder me from appropriating to our use, a small portion, at least, of what our necessities so peremptorily demand."

"My dear mamma, I pray you will not touch a solitary piece of that gold," said Madelaine, earnestly, while with gentle force she strove to prevent her, as she stooped to gather it from the ground. "My grandfather still lives; perhaps he may recover, therefore, we have no right to a particle of it, and till we can justly call it our own, let us not wrong our consciences even by a covetous thought."

"Madelaine," exclaimed Mrs. Dorival, almost weeping with vexation, "I must say you carry your ideas of right to a ridiculous extreme. Yes, I am in earnest—look at my wasted form and pallid cheek, and ask yourself if your mother's comfort, it may be her life, is worth sacrificing, to preserve to one who knows not how to use them, his ill-gotten, and meanly hoarded gains. You do not feel for me as you once did, or this would not be so."

"Dearest mother, try me not with words like these," said Madelaine, bursting into an agony of bitter tears. "Did I not love your virtue, and your peace of mind, more even than your life, precious as that is to me, I would not put forth a finger to hinder your possession of that gold. Not feel for you, dear mother? You do not, cannot think so—I will toil for you cheerfully, gladly, day and night, but oh! let us suffer any wrong, any privation, rather than sully by an unworthy act, that purity of conscience and of soul, without which all the riches of earth would fail to give us peace."

"It shall be as you say, Madelaine," said Mrs.

Dorival, and she let fall the money she had gathered up, and with it a copious shower of tears, either of penitence, or vain regret. "Let it lie there for the dark rust to corrode, while we pine for the want of it, and toil ceaselessly on, unpitied and alone, to preserve our joyless lives—I, who was reared in a home of luxury, and you, whose talents fit you to adorn the station occupied by those whom you humbly stoop to serve."

"God has placed us in this subordinate sphere, dear mother," answered Madelaine, with unruffled sweetness; "and humble though it be, we are not the less solemnly bound, faithfully to discharge its duties, to improve aright its discipline, and to cherish grateful hearts towards the great Giver, for the many blessings, which even we, enjoy. But look, I think grandpapa is awaking; let us not waste time in words, if it is in our power to do any thing for his comfort."

A slight sound, between a groan and a sigh, which issued from his lips, had caused Madelaine's remark, and as she advanced towards the bed and gazed upon him, a convulsive motion about the mouth, made her still think he was about to awake. Draining from a bottle, (which her own small means had procured for the man of untold wealth,) the last spoonful of wine it contained, she endeavoured to force him to swallow it,—but in vain,—and as old Phebe, who now came forth from the newly discovered closet, every corner of which she had been diligently exploring, stood beside her, watching the sunken eyes and contracted features of her master, she shook her head and muttered half to herself:

"We shall not be troubled to lift him again except to his coffin, for its my mind, the life is well nigh out of him, and a cold flame it has been, even when it burned the brightest."

Then turning away she gathered up the scattered gold, and restored it to the bag, which with careful and rigid honesty, she replaced within the closet from whence it had been taken, Mrs. Dorival looking on with sad and tearful discontent, to see what she so much coveted, conveyed from her sight.

But, as if the very sound of the coin which he loved, had power to call the dying miser back again to life, he suddenly unclosed his eyes, and fixing them upon Madelaine, incoherently ejaculated:

"My gold—it is not his—your's—your's—the bond—tear it, child. Ah! he has it—has it—has it!" and thus muttering, he relapsed again into insensibility.

A thrill of horror ran through the frame of Madelaine, as she saw the agony, depicted during this brief struggle, on the ghastly features of the old man, but she remained firm at her post, smoothing back with a gentle touch his thin grey locks, and wiping the death damps from his brow. As she thus stood beside him, she saw that the small piece of pa-



per, which till now, he had held tightly clenched in his hand, was falling from his relaxed grasp. and in removing it out of the way, her eye caught a word or two, whose import strongly arrested her attention. She unfolded and read it—and her lips grew pale, and her hand trembled, as she found therein, her secret fears confirmed, and yielded to the conviction that hopeless poverty must henceforth be her bitter doom.

For it was indeed the veritable document duly signed and witnessed, in which, on certain conditions therein named as having been fulfilled, her grandfather bequeathed all the property of which he should die possessed, to William Beaufort, or in case of his demise before that of the legator, to his son Edward, from whom it was to descend to the eldest of the name in succession. And so poor Madelaine's prospects of future ease and independence were suddenly blighted,—but the sharpest pang of disappointment that shot through her heart, was for her mother, who had ever looked forward to the decease of her morose father-in-law, as the period of her emancipation from the long train of ills that had marked with dark lines, the melancholy years of her residence beneath his roof.

Mrs. Dorival's watchful eye saw her daughter's momentary emotion, and her fears, pointing to the one only cause from which she supposed it could arise, she hastened towards her, and before Madelaine was at all aware of her purpose, had possessed herself of the paper.

"Oh, mamma, do not read it now, pray do not!" gasped the poor girl, terrified at the serious effect which she feared its purport might produce on the mind of her enfeebled parent. "Tomorrow will be soon enough," she said entreatingly; "a soul is going to its dread account, and in presence of such a spectacle, we may not, cannot yield up our thoughts to the frivolous anxieties of life."

"He is past our aid, Madelaine; and if he were not, I could benefit neither him nor myself, by enduring till another day this torturing suspense," said Mrs. Dorival, resolutely. "I will read it now, for I know not why you should wish to withhold from me, what, if I mistake not, is a subject of equal interest to us both."

Madelaine said no more, but stood in passive silence, while her self-willed mother read, with eager eye, those fatal words, which crushed the hope that had been her food for years. As soon as she had finished their perusal, she raised her eyes with an agitated, yet doubting glance towards Madelaine, who, interpreting the look, as one of silent inquiry, took confidence from her mother's seeming calmness, and quietly said:

"Yes, it has proved even as I predicted, dear mother; when the last breath leaves that wasted body, we have no longer even a home—for this document bequeathes all that should have been ours, to one, who

is an utter stranger to us. But it is God's will, and we will not murmur. He saw, perhaps, that prosperity could not with safety be ours; yet let us prove that we can bear adversity with patient faith and cheerfulness, and even as we have been, so shall we still be supported from above."

A tear trembled in her eye as she uttered these gentle words, and when she bent forward and pressed her sweet lips to her poor mother's worn and pallid cheek, she left it moist with the holy dews of filial duty and affection. But the unusual calmness of Mrs. Dorival's deportment, which beguiled Madelaine into the belief that she acquiesced in the disappointment of her hopes, proved as brief as it was delusive, for suddenly breaking forth with a frantic vehemence, wholly foreign to her nature, and which therefore the more fearfully shocked and startled her daughter:

"Never," she exclaimed, "never will I remain passive under this injustice. Weak and powerless as I am, I will contest with this Beaufort, his right to strip my child of her inheritance, till he has expended his last shilling in its defence."

"My dearest mother, do not yield to this unnatural excitement," said Madelaine, in tones of passionate entreaty; and she was proceeding with her fervent expostulation, when she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Doctor Moreland. He saluted Mrs. Dorival, who overcame by the violence of her emotions, had sank into an old moth-eaten chair, the only one which the miser allowed himself, with his usual kindness, and then passed on towards the dying patient, beside whose bed Madelaine still stood, holding in her trembling hand the paper which had so strongly excited the supine nature of her mother. Greeting her with the affection which ever marked his manner towards her, he glanced at the old man, who lay like one already dead.

"Ah! I see I have come too late to save life," he said, shaking his head. "Yet even had I got your message earlier, my dear Miss Madelaine, all my pharmacopoeia would have been vain, in this case. Old age and starvation defy our utmost skill, and I can only hope that he, who is fast going to his last account, may meet with more mercy in another world, than he has shown to his fellow mortals in this."

"Ah! Doctor," said Madelaine tremulously, "it is very sad to look upon such a death-bed as this."

"It is, my dear girl, though few, who had endured what you have from his avarice and injustice, would feel any other emotion than that of rejoicing, at the departure of so stern a relation. But you have done your duty towards him, and faithfully too, and will not go without your reward."

"I have done nothing to deserve praise, Doctor," said Madelaine, shrinking, as she ever did, from commendation for having followed the simple rule of

right: "But do you think my grandfather is really dying?"

"He will never speak again, my dear," said the Doctor; "his pulse is nearly gone; I do not think he can live an hour longer. And now, may I use the freedom of an old friend, and ask permission to see that paper which you hold in your hand? I overheard part of the conversation relating to it, before I entered this chamber, and feel, as you well know, so strong an interest in all that concerns you, that I am anxious, for your sake, to learn its true purport."

Madelaine placed it readily in his hand, at the same time, by a significant gesture, entreating her mother, whom she saw about to speak, to remain silent. When the Doctor had read it with careful attention, he said as he returned it to her:

"This is a hard case, my child, and I am sorry for it—but do you know who this Beaufort, the legatee therein named, is?"

"Some connexion of my grandfather's, I believe, but I scarcely know how near," she replied; "it matters little, however; he is doubtless aware of this bequest, and will appear in due time to claim it."

"I know more of him than you do, then," said the Doctor, "and I will venture to say, that even if you are to lose a fortune by him, you will think yourself rich in having gained such a friend."

Madelaine looked at him for an explanation, and he proceeded:

"He is a first cousin of your father's, but has lived several years abroad, and only heard within a day or two, that he had female relatives dwelling beneath this roof—and so, and so—but to make a short story of it, for I never could get on with a long one, he resolved to become known to them, and when I came here, I found him actually on his way for that purpose: nay, he had made good his entrance to the house, and is now waiting impatiently in the next room, for an interview."

"An interview, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Dorival. "I doubt not, we might have lingered on here for many a weary year before he would have sought us, had there not been something now to gain, of more worth than our acquaintance merely."

"In truth, madam, you wrong my young friend by imputing to him such ungenerous motives," said the Doctor; "suffer me to bring him in, and he shall speak for himself. As a near relative, it is fitting that he should form one of the family group at this time."

"Yes, and as the usurper of our rights, his presence on this occasion would be particularly grateful," said Mrs. Dorival, in a tone of angry sarcasm, so unlike her usual quiet apathy, that Madelaine heard her with astonishment. "No," she continued with vehemence, "it is enough to feel that we must shortly be driven even from the shelter of this

wretched home, without being condemned to have it told us by him, who is to wrest from us our just inheritance."

"Well, madam, this excitement will never do for your weak nerves," said the Doctor, expressively arching his eye-brows; "so for once, I shall practice on the homœopathic system, and prescribe a nostrum, the effects of which, I imagine, will prove so very beneficial as to establish beyond all dispute, at least in similar cases, the truth of the theory." And stepping out, he immediately returned with Edward Beaufort, who was impatiently waiting for a summons to enter.

"This, Miss Madelaine, is your cousin, Mr. Edward Beaufort," said the good Doctor, presenting him with an air of benevolent triumph; "and, madam," turning to Mrs. Dorival, "if you will consent to hear what the young gentleman has to say, I shall have no doubt of obtaining your forgiveness, for having brought him in, contrary to your commands."

Mrs. Dorival had risen, and with a look of silent resentment was about to retire, when glancing indignantly towards Beaufort, she was so struck by his resemblance to her youthful husband, that she became very pale, and sinking back into her chair, burst into a flood of tears. Edward, mistaking the cause of her emotion, advanced respectfully towards her.

"I am conscious, madam, that I merit your utmost displeasure, for thus forcing myself into your presence," he said; "but my solicitude to repair an act of injustice, has urged me on to violate the decorum which I had otherwise held sacred. I sought your dwelling this morning, to claim the friendship of yourself and daughter, and to offer my willing service, when need should be, to your acceptance. The hall-door was open and I entered, nor can I deny, that, led on by Doctor Moreland, who found me in that apartment awaiting your appearance, and who promised to exculpate me from your censure, I have been an absorbed listener to the scene which has just now passed within this chamber."

"Well, sir, and I presume you have learned nothing more than what was already known to you," said Mrs. Dorival with asperity, for her short-lived emotion had soon exhausted itself.

"Nothing, madam, except to reverence virtue more than I have ever yet done," he said, glancing furtively towards Madelaine. "The circumstance," he continued, "which constituted me the heir of Mr. Dorival's property, though had his son, as was reported and believed, died in boyhood, I, as the nearest surviving relative should have been the natural heir, was communicated to me only a few months since, by the receipt of this document, found among my father's papers, and a duplicate of that, if I mistake not, which Miss Dorival holds in her hand."

"Ay, confirming the testimony which makes us

beggars!" said Mrs. Dorival, scarcely able, through emotion, to articulate.

"No, madam. Till I knew of your existence I considered this inheritance mine," said Edward, "but I view it so no longer; and to convince you of my sincerity, to express to you the happiness which it yields me to exchange a fortune which I could not enjoy, for the friendship and affection of relatives whom I now for the first time address, I thus destroy the evidence of a bequest, which justice alone would compel me to surrender,—and with my gentle cousin's permission, this too shall share the same fate," and as he spoke, he quietly took from the astonished girl the paper which almost unconsciously she had continued to hold, and joining it with the duplicate in his possession, tore both to fragments, which fell like a tiny shower upon the floor.

Madeline, from the moment of Beaufort's entrance, had recognized in him the young man whom she had seen at Mrs. Dunmore's, and whose interesting appearance, and earnest observation of herself, had more than once, since that time, recurred not unpleasantly to her remembrance, and it caused her indeed a joyful surprise, when Doctor Moreland presented this individual as her near relative, and one who came voluntarily, and on that plea, to claim their friendship. Yet deep shame at the manner in which her mother received him, quickly subdued her pleasurable sensations, and she was on the point of entreating her forbearance, when the disinterested act of Beaufort arrested her every thought, and with involuntary eagerness, laying her trembling hand upon his arm, as he deliberately destroyed the legal evidence which entitled him to a splendid fortune,—

"No, no," she breathlessly exclaimed, "do not this injustice to yourself—it is yours rightfully—legally—pray forbear to complete an act which you cannot fail to repent."

"The heart, unless sadly perverted, seldom repents what the voice of conscience approves, as I am sure my sweet cousin knows from her own experience," said Beaufort, letting fall the last shred of paper, and looking with a smile upon her,—and such a smile,—so full of gentle and benignant kindness, as had never beamed on poor Madeline before.

"God bless you, sir," said Mrs. Dorival, scarcely able, yet, to believe the evidence of her vision. "You are not more like one, long loved and lost to me, in person, than in soul, and as you have made the hearts of his widow and orphan to sing for joy, so may Heaven's best and richest blessings descend and rest upon you."

She sank back overpowered by her emotions and sobbing with such hysterical violence, that Madeline in alarm hastened towards her.

"Take her away, my dear," said the Doctor. "This scene is too much for her,—she wants rest

and quiet; give her a draught of valerian, and if she can settle into a sound sleep, she will wake up calm and refreshed. Go," seeing Madeline look inquiringly towards the bed, "your grandfather will need no more of your care, and I will stay with him till you return."

Assisted by Beaufort, who begged Mrs. Dorival to lean for support upon him, Madeline led her mother back to her own room, and, following the Doctor's directions, restrained her from giving audible vent to her over-excited feelings, but sitting down beside her, took a book, and though unobtrusive even of its title, affected to be entirely absorbed by its contents, till she saw her sink, at last, to sleep. Then gently stealing from her side, she was returning to her grandfather, when in the apartment through which she was about to pass, she encountered Beaufort, waiting to speak with her before his departure.

"But one word," he said, as taking her hand in his, he bent earnestly towards her, "one word, and I am gone; gone, to bring hither, and I wait but to obtain your leave, a dear sister, who longs to greet you with a sister's love, and win yours in return. She has been my only one till now—but now, I feel that I have found another, who, I humbly hope, will admit me to a brother's place in her confidence and regard."

"Ah! can you doubt it?" she said with fervour; "you, whose disinterested generosity has already laid us under such a weight of obligation, and won from us our warmest gratitude and love!"

"Do not speak of this," he said quickly; "I would not feel that I have purchased your kind and friendly feelings by a simple act of justice; let me strive to win your affectionate regard by other means; and so solicitous, am I to obtain it, that you will shortly discover your praise for disinterestedness is but ill bestowed."

"It shall be, and it is yours already," said Madeline, "and your sister's too; I long indeed to know her, and prove myself worthy of her love. Oh!" she continued, with sweet enthusiasm, "what a new life has this hour unfolded to me. It is so exquisite to feel that there are beings bound to us by the near ties of consanguinity, who take an interest in our welfare, and are ready to lend us kind counsel, and gentle sympathy in all our needs. Forgive me, Mr. Beaufort," she said, wiping the fast falling tears from her lovely April face; "I have lived so long alone, companionless as it were, for mamma's frequent illnesses have cast me from childhood on my own poor resources, and left me to feed much on my unshared thoughts, that I am overpowered by this sudden accession of dear friends. I scarcely dreamed that in the wide world, there existed a being who could regard my welfare or happiness as worthy of a passing thought!"

"So young, and yet so desolate," sighed Edward

Beaufort, regarding her with tender pity. "But henceforth, dear Madelaine,—pardon me that I assume a brother's privilege in thus familiarly addressing you,—henceforth, life I trust will wear a new aspect to you, aye, and to us all,—for we will regard each other but as members of the same loving family, linked together not only by blood, but by the strong and tender bonds of a common interest and affection."

"God grant it! may He indeed grant it," she fervently ejaculated. "I care not for riches, Mr. Beaufort; poverty has ever been my portion, and it has yielded me treasures that wealth could not have bought. But to see my dear mother happy, and restored to her wonted station in society, to feel that we are truly members of the great human family, linked to it by ties of kindness and sympathy; and that with kindred hearts we may interchange precious thoughts, and hopes, and affections, is a consummation of my dreams so utterly unhopd for, that you must not marvel if I shew myself a very child, in the demonstration of my joy!"

Her fervid, yet gentle utterance, poured forth in glad anticipations for the future, and touching with a sweet spirit of grateful resignation, on the past, so moved Beaufort, that his moistened eyes proved him not less a child than her to whom he listened. The pause of an instant which succeeded before he dared trust himself to speak, was broken by Doctor Moreland, who appeared from the chamber of death with tidings that the last struggle was over, and the spirit of the unhappy miser gone to its account.

Madelaine's cheek grew pale as she thought of the dread account it would be called to render, and faintly saying:

"I should have been beside him instead of loitering here," she passed hastily towards the door of the apartment.

"You could have done nothing, my dear girl," said the Doctor, gently drawing her back; "he was virtually dead when you left him, and has neither moved nor struggled since, nor is your presence necessary there now. Phebe has already called in an old crone of her acquaintance, and they together will do all that is requisite, without your aid. On my young friend here, as the nearest male relative of the deceased, devolves the charge of all arrangements respecting the funeral, and other matters requiring attention, so that you have only to attend to your good mother, and reserve your strength for her, when she shall need it, which you know," he added, good humouredly, "she is not slow to do. I shall call again this evening; and as I understand Mr. Beaufort is to bring his sister to see you then, I will contrive to be here at the same time, for I like to witness pleasant meetings, and I can sympathise in the happiness of the young, though my own green days have long since fallen into the yellow leaf and sere."

"Yes, and with their trials also, my dear Doctor as I well know, and feel," said Madelaine, as she received his kind adieu, and with it a parting kiss, bestowed as was often his wont, with fatherly affection on her glowing cheek.

"I use the privilege of an old man, Mr. Beaufort," said the good Doctor, laughing, and as Edward thought, with a provoking air of triumph. "You must bide your time," he gaily added, "to claim so sweet a boon on the same score, and then you may find as I do, that some of the pleasant indulgences granted to age wonderfully reconcile one to the loss of youth. Come, my gig is at the door, and I will drive you to Bowdoin Square, if you will take a seat beside me."

"I must return home immediately, sir, therefore do not wait for me," said Beaufort, strongly inclined to think the Doctor a little malicious,—and then seeing him depart without further delay, he lingered a moment, to say one more word to Madelaine, only "God bless you, my sweet cousin," and he turned away and was quitting the apartment, when, as if relenting in his purpose, he looked round, and half laughing, half in confusion, approached her,

"I am not yet an old man, dear Madelaine," he said, "nor am I disposed to wait till that period arrives, before claiming this privilege, which I do in virtue of our near relationship, trusting to that for pardon if I offend you by the act."

He stooped towards her, and pressed a kiss upon her fair unruffled brow, which she received with maidenly sweetness and composure, though not without a deep and painful blush, that changed its spotless whiteness to the hue of crimson—then, with another brief farewell, he left her, and was gone.

The funeral of Mr. Dorival was over, and few tears were shed for one, who in life had performed not a solitary act to win respect and love. Old Phebe, indeed, let fall a few natural drops at parting with an object which for so many uneventful years she had been daily accustomed to behold; and the tender-hearted Madelaine wept as she reviewed the melancholy past of her grandfather's life, recalled the sinful abuse of God's most precious gifts and endowments, of which he had been guilty, and then thought of the fearful change his unprepared soul had made, from the fleeting illusions of this transitory state, to the awful and solemn realities of the unseen world.

The secret closet, where the slave of mammon had worshipped by stealth his golden god, proved upon investigation to contain, as Phebe had averred, "a mint of money," the hoarded savings of half a century, or more,—and as no will was found to deprive them of it, this mass of wealth fell to the possession of Madelaine and her mother, Beaufort steadily persisting in the relinquishment of his claims, and consenting only on his sister's account,

to receive the debt originally due to his father, which, with the interest upon it, he, with her approval settled upon little Sydney.

The old house where Madelaine's lonely childhood had been nurtured, and the glorious prime and summer of her mother's life had faded into an early autumn, was sold,—they had few pleasant associations connected with that desolate abode, and they saw it without regret pass into the hands of strangers. A new house was provided for them in a pleasant and airy street, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Calthorpe's, but till it could undergo some slight repairs, and be perfectly fitted for their reception, these kind friends insisted upon their coming as guests to them.

Madelaine hesitated, but no excuse would be received, and Mrs. Dorival, to whom the prospect of any change seemed agreeable, urged their accepting the invitation, with such childish eagerness, that her daughter at last consented, and in a few days, attended by old Phebe, they were domiciled in the cheerful and elegant home of Mrs. Calthorpe. And what a contrast did it offer to the dark and joyless one which they had left! Mrs. Dorival had been too long deprived of luxuries and comforts, not fully to appreciate those that now surrounded her, and she did so with a lively zest that seemed almost like the reawakened buoyancy of youth.

Phebe looked around her in amazement—the enchantments of the Arabian nights could not more have dazzled and astonished her unsophisticated senses, than did the beauty and profusion which she now for the first time beheld, and of which she had never, beneath the shelter of her old master's roof, formed even the faintest conception. But as the gloss of novelty wore off, and strange things began to grow familiar, her chief point of attraction was the nursery, where in humouring the childish fancies of Sydney and his baby sister, or telling to the spell-bound boy, strange old legends, which her misty imagination had nurtured for many a long and cheerless year, the hours sped gaily and gladly on, as for her they had never sped before.

Nor was Madelaine insensible to the happy change which Providence had wrought in their situation,—but the same gentle grace and sweetness marked her character and deportment amid the polished enjoyments and indulgences of her new abode, as had done in that humble home, around which her patient fortitude and piety had cast a halo of brightness, and in the midst of whose many trials her virtues had been purified into such principles of action, as fitted her equally to adorn the adverse or prosperous scenes of life.

She declined for the present to appear in society, though she received many solicitations, and flattering marks of attention, from those to whom her history, for it had become generally known, made her an object of interest. She shrunk from the

gaze of the idle and the curious, who longed to see how the humble flower-girl bore her sudden change of fortune; and as her mother, whose shattered health compelled her to choose retirement, still constantly required from her the attentions to which she had so long been accustomed, Madelaine gladly availed herself of this plea, to enjoy the privacy of her delightful home, seldom even joining the drawing-room circle when its usual number was increased by the presence of guests. Mrs. Calthorpe at first opposed this whim, as she called it, but shortly she ceased to urge her on this point, against her inclinations, for, as Madelaine's character more fully unfolded its loveliness to her, she saw that she never acted from any unworthy motive, and that her present inclination for retirement was prompted neither by pride nor false shame, but by a natural desire to adapt her mind to the new circumstances in which it was to act, as well as to avoid the unpleasant eclat, which, from all Mrs. Calthorpe had told her respecting the fashionable excitement concerning her little history, must attend her appearance now—hoping, when the “nine days' wonder” was past, she might gradually glide into the society which she should find best adapted to her tastes and feelings.

As for Beaufort, he rather rejoiced that she persisted in shunning the notice of the many who were eager to behold her. Perhaps had he been one of that number he would have felt differently—but in the familiar circle of home, he was privileged constantly to see her,—in all her moods, and they were always lovely—whether with never tiring love and patience she sought to promote her mother's comfort and enjoyment,—or, herself a child in grace and sweetness, frolicked with the children, who had learned to love her dearly, or intent to store her mind from those sources of intellectual knowledge and improvement, which had hitherto been as sealed fountains to her, she studied earnestly, and received instruction meekly and gratefully—at all times, and under all circumstances, there was a beautiful consistency about her, a purity, a tenderness, a single heartedness, that was felt by all around her, and made her the idol of the household.

Beaufort had free access to the little room where she usually passed her morning's with her mother and Mrs. Calthorpe, and there, while she employed her leisure with her pencil or her embroidery, he would read aloud from some author, chosen not for his own amusement, but for her instruction, and rendered interesting to her by his correct and elegant reading, and luminous, even in its driest and abstrusest details, by his judicious and lucid commentaries. These morning readings often recalled to Madelaine, her first visit at Mrs. Dunmore's, and all the circumstances attending it, for there it was that the haughty glances of Miss Maywood, and the constrained condescension of her sister, had made her

feel with bitterness unknown before, the evils of her desolate and lonely lot.

To Beaufort, too, the scene came vividly back; but a review of it awoke in his mind, such strangely blended feelings of pleasure and pain, that he knew not how to analyze them, or rather, dared not trust himself to essay the task. Yet he could not long conceal from his heart that each day heightened the pleasure he felt in Madelaine's society, and rendered him more and more indifferent to that of his betrothed. Still he continued his attentions to Lucia, as unremittingly, if not as fervently as ever. Peace was again re-established between them, and had been so, ever since the day subsequent to the quarrel, which threatened finally to dissolve their engagement. Either fearing it might produce that result, or from some other motive not divulged, Lucia had addressed to her lover a note half of apology, and half of tender reproach, which after a brief internal struggle, had the effect of recalling him to her presence, and producing a reconciliation between them. Nor, according to present symptoms, did there seem the slightest reason to dread any future rupture, at least not through any fault of hers, for she appeared a changed being, so tender, gentle, and forbearing. Resenting not, as formerly, a brief fit of abstraction in her lover, and looking, not angry, but only *sweetly sad*, at the involuntary omission of certain little acts of homage which she had been accustomed to receive and expect from him, as an expression of his entire fealty to her. Nay, she so far overcome the ill-natured jealousy which she had manifested towards Madelaine, as to express much interest in her story, and to commend Beaufort's magnanimity in relinquishing to her the miser's wealth, with which circumstance Doctor Moreland, disregarding the young man's entreaty that he would be silent on the subject, had not failed to make her acquainted. She even spoke of the pleasure to which she looked forward in knowing this young heroine, as she styled her, and apparently forgetting the quondam flower-girl, in the rich heiress, and near relative of her betrothed husband, proposed to Mrs. Dunmore that they should pay her an early visit.

But Beaufort, anxious to avert from Madelaine the pain of meeting those who had so insulted her virtuous poverty, while the remembrance of their treatment was still vivid in her mind, hastened to say, that till Mrs. Dorival removed to her own home, neither she nor her daughter would receive any visitors, and on condition only of their being permitted to live retired, had they been prevailed on to remain for the present beneath Mrs. Calthorpe's roof.

In the mean time preparations for the wedding of Beaufort and Lucia were advancing. It was postponed for a couple of weeks beyond the period first named, on account of Mr. Dunmore's absence, who had been unexpectedly summoned to Philadel-

phia on business, and wished them to await his return. But long before that time arrived, Beaufort had learned to dread its approach, to feel his love for Lucia each day becoming weaker and more languid, till at length the spell was broken, and his disenchanted heart ceased to acknowledge the power which had so long held it in bondage.

The causes which by slow degrees produced this estrangement have been detailed; but possibly the irrevocable knot might have been tied before he had become aware, to its full extent, of the change which had passed over his affections, had not the contrast daily presented to his contemplation, by Madelaine's lovely and ingenuous character, forced more glaringly upon him, the many faults and foibles of his mistress, and made him shrink with feelings, whose nature he now too well understood, from the union which he viewed as inevitable. For, firmly persuaded of Lucia's devoted attachment to him, which she never had evinced more strikingly than now, he felt called upon, by every principle of honour, to fulfil his engagement with her, choosing rather to sacrifice himself, than build his own happiness on the total ruin of hers.

Still he found it daily more difficult to resist the gentle witcheries of Madelaine, unconsciously as she exerted them,—and there were moments when, as noting his unwonted sadness, she strove with innocent and playful tenderness to cheer and soothe him, that, unable by the mightiest effort to control his feelings, he would rise and flee abruptly from her presence, lest they should break forth and betray the secret that trembled ever on his lip. Mrs. Calthorpe was not long in discovering it, though, as if by mutual consent, the subject was not named between them, each feeling that it would answer no wise purpose to speak of an evil for which there was no remedy.

Nor was her experienced eye, slow in observing that, after a little time, he ceased to suffer alone. She could not mistake the meaning of the quick blush that mantled Madelaine's pure cheek at Edward's approach, the cherished care bestowed upon the flowers he brought her, and the intense interest with which she dwelt on passages which he had read to her, or marked as worthy of her study. He too had begun to read a dangerous meaning in these symptoms; there was a nameless something in her look, her tone, her air, which ever marks a woman's manner towards the object of her secret choice, a tremor in her hand, if by accident it touched his own, that filled him with delicious joy, and forced upon him the rapturous, yet agonizing conviction, that the young heart, whose every impulse was one of purity and virtue, had voluntarily surrendered to him the inestimable treasure of its first holy and unbought affections. But he dared not dwell upon this thought—it rendered nerveless all his fortitude, silenced the voice of duty, and

added new terrors to the sacrifice, which he would be shortly called to consummate.

And so time passed on, and brought nearer the dreaded day of doom. Fortunately for Beaufort, at least so he deemed it, Lucia was making a parting visit to a friend, who, late as the season had advanced, was still lingering at Nahant for the benefit of sea bathing, and he was of course absolved from constant attendance upon her. But now she had returned. Mr. Dunmore, also, was at home again, and every arrangement for the important occasion was completed. The bridal pair were to leave for Washington immediately after the ceremony, or rather, after a nuptial dejeuner, which was to be given by Mrs. Dunmore, quite in Parisian style, as the good lady, like some other weak people, was fond of engraving foreign habits and customs, on the simplicity of her own republican modes and manners.

The important morning at length arrived, and the little circle, gathered round the breakfast table in Beacon Street, had never met there so silent and abstracted before. Mr. Calthorpe sat absorbed by the daily paper, and in Mrs. Calthorpe's manner there was a degree of feverish anxiety and excitement, quite foreign to her usual calmness and composure. Madelaine looked pale, but her smiles were as sweet as ever, her tones as cheerful—yet, beneath them it was no difficult task to see that the young heart was enduring a struggle fiercer than any it had ever known. Beaufort sat opposite to her, his head resting on one hand, while the other moved the tea-spoon in his cup, raising it at intervals to his lip, but without appearing in the least to lessen its contents. Not a smile brightened the deep gloom of his countenance, not a ray of hope lent gladness to the sad and drooping eyes, that seemed as though they had taken their last look of happiness on earth.

Mrs. Dorival never made her appearance at breakfast, but on this morning Madelaine said she was more indisposed than usual, which furnished her with an excuse, when she had concluded her slight repast, for hurrying away from the table. Beaufort's eye followed her, as she glided from the apartment, and, suppressing a struggling sigh, he rose, and, walking to the window, stood for some minutes leaning abstractedly against the sash. When he turned round he found the room deserted, but a note directed to himself lay on the table. Jerry had not observed him as he stood behind the folds of the curtain, and supposing him only to have quitted the table for a minute, since he saw his cup nearly full, the toast and egg untasted, he had left the billet beside his plate and retired. It was from Mrs. Dunmore, desiring to see him immediately, but stating no reason for the request, and Beaufort, in no mood to be summoned any earlier than necessary, tossed it from him with an impatient "Pshaw!" and left the room.

The guests were to meet at Mrs. Dunmore's at eleven, and Mrs. Calthorpe was already making her toilette. She called in Madelaine, in whose pure and elegant tastes she had great confidence, to decide for her upon the choice of some ornaments as she was hesitating between a set of pearl and turquoise, which latter, as having been the gift of her brother, she thought it more complimentary to him to wear. But Madelaine selected the pearls as best suited to the occasion, and then remained, lending her aid with sweet alacrity to form the bouquet, arrange the delicate scarf, and put the last finish to the elegance of her friend's costume. She saw it complete, and was preparing to return to her mother, when Mrs. Calthorpe turned hesitatingly towards her.

"Dear Madelaine, how I wish you would be persuaded to accompany me," she said. "Mrs. Dunmore and Lucia wished it so much—they long to know you, to atone by their future friendship for all that may have wounded you in the past. Will you not go,—for my sake, for Edward's, and for George —?"

"Oh, no no no," said Madelaine hurriedly, while a bright blush suffused her cheek and brow, and tears rushed to her eyes. "Do not ask me—it pains me to refuse you any thing, yet for worlds I would not stand among strangers, and wish him happiness."

"You shall not, dear," said Mrs. Calthorpe, touched by her emotion. "I was wrong to speak to you of this, but forgive me—and go now, for I hear Sydney frolicking round your mother, and fear he will annoy her."

She tenderly embraced her, and as Madelaine returned the caress, her heart swelled with gratitude for the gift of such a friend, and the warm smiles of affection that played upon her lip, dried the momentary tears that had glistened in her eyes. The usual little cares and attentions claimed by her helpless mother, occupied her for some time, and when she had got her seated at her favourite window, with little Sydney perched on a stool beside her, and both amused in watching the gay groups strolling beneath the old elms in the mall opposite, or crossing the broad and beautiful common in all directions, she descended to the library for a volume of coloured engravings, one of which, a view of Jamaica, her mother wished her to copy, that she might retain in her possession a sketch of her native island.

Madelaine did not immediately find the book, and ascending the library steps, she took down one volume after another, and got so engaged in glancing over their pages, that she did not heed the sudden stopping of a carriage in the street, nor the consequent opening and closing of the hall door, which occasioned some noise. She at last found the volume for which she had been searching, and was on the point of quitting the library with it, when

Her purpose was suddenly arrested by the entrance of Edward Beaufort, who stood before her, a changed being from him, who had looked a few brief hours before, the image of despondency.

His dark eyes were radiant with love's own light, joy beamed from every feature, and he trod with the buoyant step of one, who has just cast aside a burthen that had crushed him to the earth. He held an open note in his hand, and hastily approaching the trembling Madelaine, he was about to address her, when Mrs. Calthorpe, who was just trying on her hat to drive to Bowdoin Square; as her brother's return was announced to her, burst eagerly into the room.

"It is true, then!" she exclaimed on seeing Edward. "What can this mean? Jerry told me you had returned, but I refused to believe him. Why is it, and what can have happened?"

"Not that which we expected to happen, certainly, Alice," said her brother, smiling. "And the reason why it has not, you will best learn from the words of her, who has chosen to commit her destiny to the care of other hands than mine," and as he spoke he gave her the note he held, simply adding:

"You will see by this confession that Miss Maywood found the attractions of Signor Carzini more irresistible than those of my humble self, and saw fit to escape her fearful doom by eloping with him during the silent watches of the past night; her flight was only discovered this morning,—and now," speaking in a low voice to Madelaine, while Mrs. Calthorpe glanced hurriedly over the note, "I am destined henceforth to hang my voiceless harp upon the willow, unless this gentle hand will deign to re-string its chords, and attune it once again to harmony."

An expression of contemptuous indignation, which at this moment burst from the lips of Mrs. Calthorpe as she let the hastily perused note drop from her hands, was unheeded, and immediately forgotten in the interest awakened by Madelaine's extreme emotion, who, pale as marble, looked as though the supporting arm of Beaufort alone prevented her from sinking to the floor. Fearing she would faint, he bore her gently to a sofa, but the eloquent blood that rushed back to her cheek, as he thus tenderly manifested his concern, told that, not insensibility, but deep, tumultuous emotion, had caused it momentarily to stagnate at its source.

Mrs. Calthorpe's anxiety vanished when she marked that lovely tell-tale blush, and playfully tossing her fan to Edward, she bade him use it for the benefit of his fair patient, while she ran away for some eau de cologne. But probably she found none, as she did not again return to the library, nor can we say how long those she left there, waited in expectation of Farina's exquisite extract.

As it came not, however, some restorative equally efficacious must have supplied its place, since, at

dinner the brilliant glow of Madelaine's cheek, and the soft lustre of her eye, declared the sovereign virtue of the panacea which had produced such beautiful effects.

In short, before the week drew to a close it was understood throughout the household that Madelaine had consented to console Edward Beaufort, for the loss of his recreant bride. Mrs. Dorival had joyfully sanctioned the engagement, Mrs. Calthorpe was only too happy in her brother's prospects, and in the acquisition of such a sister for herself; and even her business-like husband, expressed his warm conviction, that "it would be impossible for Edward to form a better co-partnership."

The only drawback to the happiness of the lovers, arose from the necessity under which Beaufort shortly found himself of spending a few months at the south, to complete the settlement of an estate, left there by his father. He would gladly have taken Madelaine with him, as his wife, but she would not consent to leave her mother, and on condition of their remaining till his return with Mr. and Mrs. Calthorpe, whose kind and urgent entreaties they could not indeed reject, he reluctantly departed without her. The period of his absence was not passed idly by Madelaine, who, sensitively alive to the neglect of her early education, was solicitous to repair its many deficiencies before her lover's return.

Every moment was diligently improved by her to the fulfilment of this object, and under the direction of various instructors, so great was her proficiency, both in the useful and ornamental, that in the course of those few months the neglect of years was repaired, and with the new sources of knowledge that were opened to her, she enjoyed the grateful consciousness of being more than ever worthy the love, and fitted for the companionship of him, who comparatively ignorant as he had found her, disdained not to lavish on her the rich affections of his heart.

It was during his short residence at the south, and just before quitting it, that Beaufort heard with real sorrow the melancholy fortunes of his faithless Lucia. The adventurer, for such he proved, to whom, (won by his handsome person, and his boast of noble blood, and a title which circumstances had compelled him for a time to lay aside,) she had given her hand, no sooner obtained possession of her fortune, which her friends could not withhold when the legality of the marriage was attested, than he sailed with her for France, and repairing to Paris, placed her in indifferent lodgings, and left her almost to utter solitude, till at the tables of the lowest gambling houses, he had staked and lost, the last farthing which he received with her, and for which alone he married her.

Then he deserted her, after cruel neglect and brutal treatment, which had effectually broken her



once proud and domineering spirit. Whither he went she knew not, but fortunately she had reserved a small sum, on which, with economy taught her by necessity, she contrived to subsist. Under these wretched circumstances she forgot her wonted pride, and wrote her sister, who had never yet forgiven her elopement with Carzini, entreating her now, since she had been so sorely punished, to pardon it, and receive her again to her once happy home. Mrs. Dunmore's heart relented when she read this touching confession of her gay and beautiful sister's wretchedness, yet unable to endure the mortification of Lucia's return, fallen as she was, to the circle of her former friends, she gladly acceded to a proposal from Mr. Dunmore, that they should remove to New Orleans, where he had a mercantile house established, and a partner, who would be very glad of his presence.

From thence she wrote to invite Lucia home, assuring her of a kind welcome and entire forgiveness, on condition that she would renounce forever all intercourse with her worthless husband, whatever claims he might thereafter make upon her; to which requisition she readily acceded, for she had deceived herself in supposing she had ever loved him, and now, since his true character had become known to her, she regarded him with utter abhorrence. So she returned to her sister's house, her person changed, her health destroyed, her prospects for this world blighted, yet her bruised spirit refusing to yield itself to the blessed influences that would have shed heavenly balm upon its wounds.

It was a melancholy story of one so young and fair, and once so fondly loved, and for many a day it cast a cloud of sadness over Beaufort's generous heart. He would fain have disbelieved it, but it was told him by one, who learned it all from Mrs. Dunmore's lips, and he had no grounds for doubt.

Time flew rapidly away—the spring came at last, and with it Edward Beaufort to claim his promised bride. In the old stone Church in Tremont Street, which still bears, as it has done since the loyal days of true hearted Massachusetts, the name of King's Chapel, the lovers were united. The ceremony was performed by its venerable clergyman, who so long served with pure and holy zeal at the altar of his Master, and who so loved youth, its innocence and gaiety, that he seemed to blend himself with its warm hopes, and joys, and to enhance by his kind and tender sympathy, the delight of its ever new and fresh springing emotions.

He was familiar with Madelaine's history, and his heart yearned with a fond father's love towards her, as his bland voice pronounced in touching tones, those solemn words which bound her irrevocably to the husband of her choice. Many yet remember, those happy nuptials—the bright morning sun which shone in through the massy pillars of the

old edifice, as though to give the youthful couple a glad greeting with its soft and genial beams,—the apostolic pastor—the tears and blushes of the lovely bride—and the proud and grateful look of Edward Beaufort as he led his beautiful young wife from the altar, glowing with the rapturous conviction, that she was now his own.

Their carriage waited at the door of the church, and followed by a select party of friends, they left the noise and smoke of the busy metropolis far behind them, shaping their course towards a lovely villa, recently purchased by Beaufort, which, with its vine-covered verandahs, its lawns and groves, its gardens and conservatories, lay like many others of its class, nestled among those green and gently swelling hills, which interspersed with valley, plain, and wood, form the beautiful environs of the Peninsular city, which has been the scene of our humble tale. It was a glorious June morning, and Nature with her choral melodies seemed hymning an epithalamium in honour of the bridal.

The green lanes through which they drove were garlanded as for a *fête*; at least so they seemed to the unaccustomed eye of Madelaine, for the long arching branches of the wild blackberry were wreathed with snowy blossoms, the golden tassels of the barbary hung thick among its pale and prickly leaves, and the sweet briar spread forth its fragrant arms, starred with a thousand delicate flowers, unmatched in elegant simplicity, and unrivalled in exquisite perfume by the rarest exotics of the east. To Madelaine, who had passed her life amid the pent-up walls of a city, the prodigality of harmony and beauty which she now saw lavished by the hand of the great and bounteous Giver, every where around her, swelled her heart with intense gratitude, and awakened within her emotions of rapturous delight as pure as they were exquisite.

Amid such scenes lay her new home, and as she approached it, it seemed a paradise to her; and truly she made it one to those in whose fond eyes, she was its central and effulgent star. To her mother, who looked to her for happiness, and who in prosperity learned to prize and imitate as she had never done before the virtues of her matchless child,—to the faithful Phebe, who, without a care to mar her comfort, basked in the sweet sunshine of her young mistress' smile, through years that lengthened out to a happy green old age,—to those fair human flowers, which as time passed on God gave to strew with new joy her path of life,—and to her kind and tender husband who never ceased to bless the hour when he first met and loved the Miser's Granddaughter.

#### EVILS OF THE WORLD.

THE evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.—Plato.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE ORPHAN; OR, THE AFFIANCED.

BY E. M. M.

*Continued from our last Number.*

Farewell! a long farewell!  
Friend of the days gone by:  
My heart heaves now with a painful swell,  
And the tears stand in mine eye;  
For the sap in the green tree of life decays,  
When we part from the friend of early days.

*Mrs. Norton.*

Though dearest hopes are faithless found,  
And dearest hearts are bursting round:  
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,  
And let me kiss thy placid cheek;  
And read in thy pale eye serene,  
Their blessing, who by faith can wean  
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love  
God only, and the joys above.

*Christian Year.*

LADY BARBARA was so accustomed to adulation, and so confident in her own charms of person, that she cast a most careless and indifferent eye over the timid, shrinking Emmeline, till she perceived her brother, Lord Guise, step forward to lead her into the banquet hall, when she enquired:

“Who is that delicate looking little girl?”

Lady Frances whispered her name, adding, “She is rather a pet of ours, for the sake of her misfortunes; she is an orphan.”

“Poor child!” said Lady Barbara, in a voice that made Lord Avon instinctively press the arm that rested on his; she quickly turned her searching dark eyes upon him, to read his thoughts; but they were impenetrably concealed.

Emmeline strove to rally her spirits, as she took her place at the table; but she found little in her companion to assist her in the effort. He had selected her because she was a novelty, and that he wished to discover whether she had anything in her; but, after one or two questions and answers had passed between them, he turned away his aristocratic head in utter contempt, to converse with his next neighbour; this was rather a relief to Emmeline, who felt aware how profoundly ignorant she must seem of all that was interesting to him. Once during dinner, she encountered the melancholy gaze of Lord Avon, who instantly averted his face, to address himself to Lady Barbara: as he did so, how did Emmeline wish herself far, far away,—not all the gorgeous display of wealth and magnificence that surrounded her possessed the smallest interest in her sight. The lowly violet planted amongst the gay bed of tulips, could not have been more misplaced than this simple child of nature in the present fashionable assemblage. Lady Clifton, who

was sitting next the Earl, and prattling incessantly to very inattentive ears, at this moment called aloud to Lady Barbara:

“Upon my word, Lady Bab, you don’t look the younger for your four seasons in town,—I advise you to get married as soon as you can.”

The eyes of Lady Barbara flashed indignantly at this blunt remark, while Lord Avon bit his lip and frowned; the astonishment of Emmeline was extreme; she knew not that there exist some characters, who think themselves privileged, from their rank or their age, to say or do any thing they please. Such an one was Lady Clifton, whose splendid entertainments, and noted success in forming good alliances for her young friends, made her, with all her eccentricities, much sought and courted by the mammas of large families. If a lion was in town—let him be a literary lion, a soldier lion, or a princely lion with huge moustaches,—he was sure to be exhibited at Lady Clifton’s soirees, notoriety being her idol—the aim of her whole life. Yet little they knew, who beheld her glittering in jewels and in the gayest spirits amongst the brilliant crowd, that Lady Clifton trembled at the thoughts of death—her every desire confined to this world, and its pleasures. She viewed with fear the dark, the unknown future, BECAUSE it was unknown; and she plunged into scenes of folly and revelry night after night, spending her days in sleep, that she might have no moment for painful reflection: *and she was eighty-six!*

When the party returned to the saloon, Lady Frances drew near to Emmeline, whose dejected countenance she had noticed during dinner. Lord Avon also led up Lady Barbara, to whom he introduced her, with some slight confusion in his manner.

Lady Barbara addressed a few words to her, and then linking her arm within his, said familiarly :

“Come, Avon, do let us leave this triste room and stroll upon the lawn ; I am dying of ennui.”

“That is not very complimentary, considering who has been your companion for the last two hours,” replied Lord Avon, smiling.

“Oh, you have become so horridly stupid of late, I do not know what to make of you,” retorted Lady Barbara, gaily ; “frequently you appear so lost in thought, that your answers are quite foreign to my questions. Lady Frances, can you divine the cause ?”

The keen eyes of Lady Barbara wandered from Lady Frances to Emmeline, as she asked the question ; those of the latter were bent on the ground, while a faint blush stole over her cheek. So beautiful she looked at the moment, that Lady Barbara started, and drawing Lord Avon away, said to him in a whisper :

“You must tell me all about Miss Milman, and where your sister first became acquainted with her ; the name appears familiar to me, I am sure I have heard it before.”

“Lady Barbara has known your brother a long time, I suppose ?” said Emmeline, who looked a little uneasily after them, as they quitted the room.

“A long time,” answered Lady Frances, pitying the poor girl, and fervently hoping within herself that Lord Avon would explain his position fully and honourably on the morrow. “If he does not,” she mentally said, “I am determined I will no longer be a participator in deceiving this dear girl—I only wish that I had shown more resolution from the first. “You are looking fatigued, Emmeline,” she added aloud ; “these late hours do not suit you, I fear. Come and I will sing some of our favourite songs to enliven you,” and they drew near the instrument, one or two of the gentlemen following, the rest, with Lady Clifton, having sat down to cards. Lady Frances sang with great taste and feeling, and at any other time Emmeline would have listened to her with pleasure ; but now her thoughts were entirely and unpleasingly engrossed, as she continued to watch the door, for the re-entrance of Lord Avon with his companion. They remained absent a considerable time, and when at length they came, both appeared much agitated, and retired together to a distant part of the room. The deep sigh which Emmeline gave, attracted Lady Frances, who kindly said : “Emmeline, dear, if you do not like to sit up, I will apologise to my father for you, and tell him that your journey has wearied you.”

“Oh ! thanks, a thousand times,” replied Emmeline ; “I do indeed long to be alone.”

“I can well believe it, my love,” rejoined her sympathising friend ; “but will you be able to find your way back to your room in this rambling castle ?”

“Yes, yes, I will try,” and tears were in the eyes of Emmeline as she rose to go.

“Stay, I will accompany you to the door,” said Lady Frances. The movement they made attracted Lord Avon, who hurried forward to enquire their wishes.

“Miss Milman is fatigued, she wishes to retire ; perhaps you will light her lamp in the hall,” said his sister. With alacrity he obeyed, unconscious of the dark frown with which Lord Windermere surveyed him, or the jealous anger depicted on the countenance of Lady Barbara. The moment they reached the hall, Emmeline’s suppressed feelings gave way, and she burst into a flood of tears.

“Be calm, Emmeline, I entreat you,” said Lord Avon, much distressed ; “I warned you how it would be, that here we should meet only as acquaintances. I did not deceive you.”

“I know it,” replied the agitated girl, as he led her up the staircase ; “but you must not let me remain ignorant of the true cause,—I conjecture a thousand, each more painful than the last : why did you press me to come here ? I have no right to be here !”

“Emmeline, Emmeline, no reproaches from you tonight. Tomorrow you shall know all, and learn to hate and despise your unhappy friend.” Lord Avon said this in a voice hoarse from emotion. “Nay, ask me nothing now,” he added ; “I must not linger with you—which room have they given you ?” Emmeline told him : “Then that is your way, dearest girl ; good night, and rest in peace.” And pressing her hand tenderly, he hastened back to the drawing room, while she proceeded to follow the direction he had given her ; but she did not find her own chamber until she had opened several wrong doors, when at last she entered it, she threw herself into a chair, violently sobbing.

“Rest in peace !” she repeated, in a tone of irony ; “will peace ever become the inmate of my bosom again ?—What can it all mean—so devotedly attentive to Lady Barbara—so agitated as he returned from their lonely walk together ? and then her looks of affection so frequently cast upon him—her frown upon me ! I cannot reconcile these with his protestations in those fleeting happy days at Fairy Hall. He tells me I shall hate and despise him. Oh ! no, no, never ; I must love him for the past, let the future discover what it may. Oh ! my own dear father, how often did you caution me never to suffer a human affection to usurp my heart ! Well you knew the weakness of your child—a weakness that merits punishment, only God is merciful,—He will lead me gently, and teach me to turn from man, to look up to himself alone, as the source of light, peace and joy. Have I not prayed that he might make me one of his own ? Why then, should I shrink from the means he takes to answer me ? Ought I not rather to cry,

welcome every trial that draws me nearer to himself, and to Heaven where my parents are."

Ruth now entered the room, surprised and alarmed to find her young lady in a state of such distress.

"Goodness! Miss Emmeline, you look as pale as a ghost," she exclaimed; "have you seen anything to frighten you?—for I have heard queer tales about this room from the folks below."

"No, dear Ruth, nothing," replied Emmeline, struggling hard to hide her emotion. "I am only very very much fatigued; pray help me to undress quickly, for my head aches for its pillow."

"What! fatigued, and Lord Avon here, well I am surprised?" returned Ruth. Emmeline smiled mournfully.

"Ruth, we may possibly gain all that we wish, and then find, too late, that it cannot satisfy us. Some canker in the earthly good which mars its perfection. Tell me is your room far from mine, for I do not like to be so far distant from the family."

"So I told Mrs. Cumpton, who is the civillest, kindest old lady in the world," replied Ruth. "And she immediately ordered a bed to be placed in the turret for me; see, here it is," opening the door of a small room or closet adjoining; "but dear me, Miss Emmeline, what fine folks my Lord's people are; I dare not call them servants; and as to Lady Barbara's maid, she is dressed in such a beautiful rich silk, that I felt quite homely beside her; and then she talks so of the balls and parties she goes to when they are in London; I could not but stare at her."

"The less you listen to her the better, Ruth, since such subjects cannot improve you," returned Emmeline. "Remember how my dear father strove to teach us to come out from the world and its vanities. Let us never, never forget his revered precepts; and to help us to keep them in our memory, we will read our Bible together before we lie down to rest."

Emmeline drew a chair to the table, and opened the sacred volume as she spoke, while Ruth placed herself near her young lady, and listened with reverence while she read aloud a portion from it suited to her present wants. It seemed to comfort her, for when she ceased, her countenance had recovered its serenity, the sorrows of her young heart became hushed, and the words, "Lose not your confidence which hath great recompense of reward," were the last floating in her mind as she laid her head down to sleep. Little did she dream, during the long dark hours, that Lord Avon was pacing the terrace immediately underneath the windows of her room—his mind fevered and distracted with the remembrance of the part he had acted towards her, and looking forward with dread to the communication he fully intended to make on the morrow.

It came, and on his entrance into the breakfast room his haggard looks and blood-stained eyes were remarked with surprise by all. Emmeline gazed upon him in alarm; worlds would she have given

to know the cause, but he came not near her, turned not towards her, as the jest went round that he must have seen the spectre of the blue chamber.

"Hush!" said Lady Frances, as the voice of the Earl was heard in the hall; "remember that subject is a painful one to my father."

It was changed instantly for the light topics of the day. Lady Clifton, who corresponded with all the world, mentioned having just received a letter from Lady Dalton, giving an account of the marriage of a friend which had created much surprise.

"The bride is nearly fifty years old," said her ladyship; "and so deformed and plain, that in pity for her infirmities her father left her almost all his fortune, bequeathing only a few hundreds per annum to her widowed sister, with whom he expected she would reside in single blessedness, or single misery, whichever you may please to term it. Vain are the expectations of man! unfortunately, Mr. Popjoy, the lawyer who drew out the will, and *knew her value*, tendered her his hand and heart, which, with many coy blushes, she declined, by the advice of her sister. This threw him into an agony of grief, and falling on his knees before her, he threatened to put an end to his existence if she remained implacable. What could the tender maiden do? She cast herself into his arms, bid him live for her, and in a few weeks afterwards became Mrs. Popjoy, having previously, at his delicate suggestion, made another will, in which she bequeathed all her money to him in the event of her demise."

"Only what any sensible person might have foreseen," observed Lord Traverscourt, a very shrewd little man, whose head was nearly buried in his white neckcloth. "Never leave money in the power of an elderly woman, be she maiden or widow, if it is important that it should descend to children. There are exceptions, but nine times out of ten the natural heirs are forgotten for the designing stranger. There are many Mr. Popjoys in the world."

"Another piece of advice I beg to add to your Lordship's," said Lady Clifton, bowing and smiling to Emmeline as she continued: "And for your edification, my pretty little lady, I offer it—never marry a man who threatens to destroy himself if you refuse to marry him, since he must be devoid of religion and principle, if he is in earnest, and devoid of truth, if he is not—thus, in either case, he would make a bad husband."

Emmeline blushed, but made no reply; while the conversation was playfully carried on, and the question asked which state might be considered the happiest, that of an old maid or a married woman? some affirming that the fewer cares belonged to the former.

"And the fewer pleasures," said Lady Frances warmly; "I would not but have been a wife and a mother for the world."

"My dear kind Fanny," said Sir John in his most affectionate tone.

"Oh! you are an old fashioned couple; we have few such in the present day," observed Lady Clifton. "Why, if you were to be seen hanging on your husband's arm at one of my soirees you would be stared at as if you had just arrived from the North Pole. No, my dear, before I can admit you, you must select some favourite cicerone. And poor Sir John must follow you, looking as cold and indifferent as if you did not belong to him; it is shocking to appear to care for each other."

"Heaven forbid that the daughters of England should imitate the manners and habits of their continental neighbours, so fraught with ruin to domestic happiness," returned Lady Frances. "I am not ashamed to confess that mine is so linked with my husband, that nothing could afford me a single ray of joy if he were not a sharer."

"Pretty creature! and what says Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance to our conversation? What are your thoughts upon the subject of marriage, Lord Avon—is the pill so very bitter to the taste?"

Lady Clifton asked the question a little mischievously.

"I will tell your ladyship when I have swallowed it," he replied, in much confusion.

"That is no answer—you remind me of a child going to take physic—you look a long time at it—and make many wry faces before you touch it with your lips. Ha! ha! poor Lord Avon! But I must put my question to another. Mr. Pembroke you have been a married man," turning to an elderly gentleman in a wig and spectacles, who had come down to Windmere castle on some law affair to the Earl. "Will you give me your opinion?"

"Most certainly, your ladyship, and it is simply this," replied Mr. Pembroke: "A marriage founded on esteem and affection, is a state of bliss, while that which is forced from interested motives, or hurried into against the consent of judicious parents, must prove a curse."

Lord Avon looked annoyed and impatient while Lord Guise drawled in his affected tones: "I confess I have never thought much upon the subject—but it strikes me that the man who is forced into a marriage against his will must be a fool. And that he who marries from choice must be mad, for who but one of these would wear a chain that he cannot break at will?"

Lady Frances, a little alarmed at the turn the conversation was taking, made some remark about the weather, the dark scowling brow of Lord Windmere warning her that enough and too much had been said. As soon as possible she proposed to the ladies to adjourn to the drawing room, when Lady Clifton fastened herself on our heroine, to write letters for her, a task she imposed upon all the young people in every house she visited. Poor Em-

meline soon became weary of noting down the trifling folly dictated to her, and which struck her as being so insincere,—for while in one letter she wrote to congratulate Mrs. Popjoy on her marriage, in another she turned the whole into ridicule, adding the little remarks she had just been eliciting from others, with her own comments upon them. When she came to the answer made by Lord Avon, Emmeline paused and said modestly: "Perhaps Lord Avon might not like what he said repeated."

"Nonsense, my dear, go on," replied Lady Clifton, bluntly; "I make a point of repeating every thing I hear; if people did not do so society would become rapid and dull."

Emmeline looked uneasy, this was such a different creed to any she had yet learned; while she hesitated, and Lady Clifton looked over her shoulder to see what she had already written, little Norman ran in, exclaiming:

"Mamma, uncle Avon is going to take Midas over the leaping bar. I must go out to look at him."

The start which Emmeline gave made her blot the paper. "Now, see what a naughty girl you are," said Lady Clifton. "What was there so surprising in the boy's announcement? You must write it all over again, I protest."

Lady Frances, willing to release Emmeline, proposed their all going out to look at the gentlemen, and that she should finish the letters another time; but her ladyship answered shortly, they must be written now or they would be too late for the post. Emmeline was therefore obliged to remain to complete her task, while Lady Frances and Lady Barbara proceeded to the Park. Our heroine had a second time nearly finished the tedious letter when Norman again rushed in crying:

"Oh! Emmeline, Emmeline! Uncle Avon has been thrown from his horse, and has cut his temple dreadfully; they are leading him into the house."

Emmeline wildly screamed, and forgetting every thing but her friend, flew into the hall just as the party entered with Lord Avon, who, pale and bleeding, appeared leaning on the arm of Lord Guise. "Oh, tell me are you much hurt?" cried the agonized girl, hastening forward. "For mercy's sake speak to me!"

"Not much, do not be alarmed," he replied. "It was all my own fault."

"Come up to my boudoir and I will wash your temple with eau de cologne," said Lady Frances. "Barbara, you will help us."

"If my assistance will be considered welcome," returned Lady Barbara, her alarm for the accident having suddenly changed into anger on perceiving the solicitude of Emmeline. Lord Avon now withdrew from the support of Lord Guise, who looked a little astonished, and taking Lady Barbara's arm, he said:

"No doubts, fair lady, who so fitted to set the part

of *sœur de la charité* to your wounded knight as yourself?" Emmeline shrank back, humbled and mortified; she would have sought her own room, but in passing the door of the nursery as she was going thither, she heard the plaintive voice of little Clyde expostulating with some one within; and instantly forgetting herself, she entered to inquire how he was, not having seen him since the day before. She found him sitting in his chair looking extremely ill, and begging Norman, who was romping about the room, to make less noise.

"Ah, dear Clyde, I fear you are suffering," said Emmeline, tenderly bending over him.

"I have got a sad pain in my side, dear Lilly," replied the child; "but I think I could bear it, if Norman would only be quiet; he ran in just now and knocked up against me, and oh! hurt me so much."

Emmeline turned to the spoiled boy and rebuked him for his unkindness to his brother.

"And who cares for you, I should like to know?" returned the saucy Norman; "I shall make as much noise as I please."

"Who cares for me indeed, in this wide world," sighed Emmeline, sitting down by the sick child, who, laying his head in her lap, murmured:

"I care for you, my own Lilly, but you will not have me long—don't cry, God loves you, and He will make up for all the rest."

"He will, he will, abundantly, my darling," returned the now weeping Emmeline, clasping him in her arms, "when we go to that bright world beyond the skies."

"Oh, Lilly, I wish we were there," said the sweet child, in low accents, repeating the hymn,

"For when we gain the land  
How happy shall we be!  
How shall we bless the mighty hand  
That led us through the sea!"

Emmeline felt deeply affected as he thus reminded her of all she had taught him, and at the instant she was consoled for her own sorrows, by the reflection that she had been made the instrument of leading him to fix his hopes on God. The noisy Norman, checked in his rude mirth by the nurse, now drew near them, and perceiving tears stealing down the pale cheeks of his brother, he said:

"I am so sorry I was a naughty boy, and hurt you, dear Clyde—here is my new horse and cart; take them, and forgive me."

"I do not want your playthings, because I cannot enjoy them as you can, dear Norman," returned Clyde; "but I forgive you, and love you very dearly," and the brothers kissed each other and were at peace.

A message was then brought to Emmeline from Lady Frances, who requested to see her in her private sitting room. She obeyed it instantly, and found her with Lord Avon, who was reclining on a

sofa, his temple bound up with a linen handkerchief. He seemed greatly agitated on seeing Emmeline, holding out his hand to her as she drew near him; at once she forgot (what had appeared to her) his fickle conduct in the hall, and accepting the place by his side, she said, with emotion:

"Ah! I am sure you are severely hurt, though you will not own it."

"No indeed, love, it is a mere scratch; convince yourself," returned Lord Avon, raising the bandage. "It is of another hurt I would speak to you, and it lies here," placing her hand on his heart, which beat tumultuously.

"Then I will leave you to talk about it alone, good folks, for Lady Barbara claims my attention just now," said Lady Frances, rising to go away.

"I thought you wished to see me, Lady Frances," returned Emmeline, in some confusion. "Pray, remain."

"Not now, my love: Avon has much to say to you—I will see you presently," and she glided from the room as she spoke.

Lord Avon concealed his face within his hands a few seconds, and then, looking up, said:

"Emmeline, I have not forgotten the promise I made you last night; the time is now come when the secrets of this bosom must be laid open before you."

"Ah! not now, not now!" replied Emmeline, distressed to see him so agitated; "you should keep yourself calm after your accident; I do not require any explanations—I am satisfied that all is right."

"Emmeline, all is not right, and you must allow me to explain myself, for I assure you it tortures me to behold you so confiding, so affectionate, when I feel so utterly undeserving; nay, start not, dearest, but listen: When I first renewed my friendship with you at your aunt's, it was in disinterested kindness—I never intended to deceive you—but each time that I beheld you, I was drawn more and more towards you by the discovery that, unknown to yourself, you loved me. I read it in your eyes—your voice, your manner—I ought then to have revealed to you how I was situated, but such was the delight I experienced from the possession of your affection, that the power to do so ceased to be mine; and, from day to day, from week to week, I cherished your image in my heart, until it became a part of my existence, and I could not tear it away. My punishment is at hand, for I must rend the veil rudely from your eyes, and forfeit not only your love—your confidence, but even your esteem."

"I will never believe it!" replied Emmeline, with a vehemence that astonished him, in one so usually calm and gentle; "in whatever way you may have erred—and who, alas, is exempt from error?—your claims on my esteem can cease only with my life."

"And is this your avowal, beloved Emmeline?"

Will you indeed continue to me your esteem, when I confess that, while breathing vows of eternal love into your chaste ears, I was engaged to another woman?"

Lord Avon watched her countenance as he said this, with a quivering lip—he then ceased, awaiting her reply—one look of reproach she cast upon him, then clasping her hands together, she bowed her head over them, murmuring:

"It is then true, and I would not believe it. I thank thee, oh, my Father! for casting down my idol."

"Now, Emmeline, was I not right when I said that I should forfeit every trace of your kindly remembrance," said Lord Avon, "that I should become a degraded being in your sight?"

Emmeline raised her eyes to his—she strove to answer him, but she could not, for sorrow had chained her tongue. As she met his melancholy gaze, the past suddenly rushed before her, and again she beheld him in imagination, hanging over her dying father. The picture overcame her feelings, and, sinking her head upon his breast, she wept torrents of tears. He was too thankful for this natural display of grief to wish to check it, and he held her in his arms, maintaining a profound silence, until the terrible paroxysm had passed. Emmeline then disengaged herself, and rising, said, in a voice that went to his heart:

"It is over now, oh! I am thankful it is over." She would have moved towards the door, but he detained her, saying:

"You must not leave me yet, Emmeline, I have more to say; sit down again and hear me out. This unhappy engagement has not been entered into by my own free will—I was forced into it while yet a minor, by my father. I do not love the Lady Barbara. Thus far I am exonerated from blame. I have confessed to her my attachment to you, and she has released me from my bonds; but until that moment I never knew the depth of her feelings towards me—yes, Emmeline, I am free, and you may still be mine, if you will consent to become so clandestinely, and accompany me abroad, for I dare not hide from you that I never could return to England as your husband, until after the death of my father. Now, what say you, my darling girl—am I asking too much?"

Emmeline looked at him a little time in utter astonishment, to be quite certain that she understood him; she then said, in a tone of dignity:

"Oh, Lord Avon. I mourn that you should still be so ignorant of the power of religion to guide us in the paths of rectitude. What! I—the child of such parents—lead you to act so undutifully by yours. You never could have thought it when you so cruelly tempted me. Oh, say that your opinion of me was not so light."

Lord Avon gazed upon her beautiful and ingenious countenance admiringly.

"My noble girl, you do indeed shame me, but not surprise me," he replied. "I have been so long the slave of my own wild wishes, that to reason well and wisely upon the theme nearest to my heart I have found impossible. Forgive me, Emmeline, the insult I have offered to your pure and upright principles—I may not ask for more."

She placed her hand in the one he held towards her, but her face was averted from him. Alas! he knew not half the agony that was heaving the gentle bosom, he had so sensibly wounded.

"I see, Emmeline, how intirely I have forfeited your regard," he continued, after an embarrassing pause. "I knew how it would be; yet now that my fears are confirmed I feel the change more keenly than I contemplated."

"You must not think thus," replied the sweet Emmeline. "You have surprised, and distressed me, but you have not, oh! you never could destroy the gratitude I feel for all you were to my father, all you were to me, that sad sad night at Rosedale."

Her look of tenderness, and her gushing tears told the rest she would have said, he caught her to his heart.

"Emmeline, I am pardoned; I read it in that angel face," he exclaimed with much emotion. "I shall still retain your friendship and your prayers."

"Both, both," sobbed Emmeline. "And, oh! pray for yourself, dear Lord Avon, that God may not depart from you and leave you in the power of your own will,—pray to be directed in all things by His holy spirit. This life—its troubles, its joys will soon pass away as a dream. It is not for so brief an existence that we ought to give up our whole time, our whole thoughts; let us press forward to that happy heaven purchased for us by our Redeemer, and perform faithfully the work he gives us to do. Painful however it may be, it cannot be so painful as the cross he bore—the tears of agony he shed—the death he endured, all all for you. He was without a comforter—in Him we possess one all powerful, be our sorrows what they may."

"Oh! beloved Emmeline, why, why are you to be torn from me, when every word you utter, every sentiment you proclaim, endears you to me the more?" exclaimed Lord Avon, in a tone of bitterness.

"Why? Because it is the will of God, dear friend, and you must submit to it. Now, tell me, was it this secret which has been preying on you and casting over you that air of melancholy always so unaccountable to me?"

"It was, Emmeline; the thought of deceiving you, who confided in me so implicitly, cut me to the heart, and made me despise and hate myself, while it increased my repugnance to the idea of my marriage with Lady Barbara."

"Then you will be more happy, now that you have relieved your conscience of its load, I earnestly trust."

"Not till I have learned to forget her, who I am called upon to relinquish, for the sake of one who is unfortunately too indifferent to me," replied Lord Avon.

"Say not so; Lady Barbara loves you," and the voice of Emmeline faltered as she pronounced her name; "surely then she has claims upon your affection. Oh, you must not pronounce vows at the altar with your lips, while your heart is far from them."

"If I do, Emmeline, the sin is theirs who force them from me, and all the evil consequences be upon their own heads."

"And was Lady Frances in your confidence, was she aware of all that you have told me?" asked Emmeline, in grieved surprise.

"She was, dearest; yet let me entirely exonerate my sister from any share of the blame, which rests solely on myself," returned Lord Avon. "When she at my request, invited you to Fairy Hall, it was in perfect ignorance of my attachment to you: the moment she discovered it, she urged me to reveal my engagement; but day after day was passed in your fascinating society, and still I could not break the charmed spell, nor would I suffer her to do so."

"It was cruel, and, as a mother, she ought not to have yielded to your wrong desires. I hope you now see the propriety of my leaving the castle, and of returning to the home from whence you brought me," and the cheek of Emmeline flushed, perhaps a little proudly, as she spoke.

"Ah, Emmeline, that is another sorrow for me. I once thought how delightful it would be to offer you a home under my roof, where you might be as a sister to Lady Barbara,—I dare not even wish it now; and yet the idea of your returning to Mr. Grosvenor, who claims no kindred ties with you, and who is besides an old man, I cannot reconcile; I wish you would remain with my sister."

"Impossible!" returned Emmeline, resolutely, "for the kindness I have already received I am most grateful,—I have no right to expect more. No, no, I must go where it will be easiest for me to forget," and she laid a painful stress upon the last word.

"My poor dear girl, what a thoughtless wretch have I been," said Lord Avon, gazing upon her convulsed features, in great distress. "You have forgiven me, Emmeline; but never, never, can I forgive myself."

"Let us say no more at present," returned Emmeline, trying in vain to suppress the fresh tears that would come. "You are looking very pale, you require rest, suffer me to leave you; it would be best for us both to be alone."

And she would have withdrawn, but whether he had been more severely hurt by his accident, than

he would own, or that previous mental suffering had been preying on his health, it is difficult to say, but as she was going, she saw him suddenly stagger, and ere she could rush back to assist him, he had fallen with a heavy groan upon the floor. Loudly she screamed for help, when Lady Frances and Lady Barbara, with some of the servants, hastened in. Lady Barbara had evidently been weeping; Emmeline just waited to see her kneel down by his side, and raise his head, and then she fled to her own chamber, where she could yield herself up without being seen, to the anguish of her feelings. Happily she was left so long alone, that the darkest clouds had passed over her mind ere she was disturbed by Lady Frances, who, approaching her in silence as she sat so calm, so still, that she looked more like a marble statue than a thing of life, folded her in her arms, saying:

"He is better, now, my dearest Emmeline; he bid me tell you so."

"Thank God, thank God!" ejaculated Emmeline, clasping her hands. Oh, Lady Frances! this has been a morning of bitter trial to me."

"I know it has, my sweet girl, but you have acted nobly, uprightly, and may you meet a rich reward," replied her sympathising friend.

"I have tried to act as I know my father would have wished, had he been yet alive. My constant prayer is, that I may in all things fulfil the example he set me so beautifully," returned Emmeline, with deep emotion; "but, dear Lady Frances, I must not see your brother again; it is essential to my peace, that I go away from you all at once."

Lady Frances expressed much sorrow at this decision, although she fully admitted its wisdom. She said that she hoped the time might come, when again Emmeline would return to them, and be considered as their dear, dear sister.

"I only wish that it had been my brother's happy fate to call you by a still more tender name, my sweet Emmeline," she said; "proud would I have felt of such a relation."

Emmeline sighed, and hiding her face on the bosom of her friend, she sobbed rather than replied:

"Believe me, when I tell you that a thought so full of presumption I never indulged; I remembered always the difference between us; that he was far above me in birth, in wealth, in station; but my heart was first drawn towards him by his affectionate conduct to my dear father in his last hours, and then by his great kindness to myself. Oh, he is associated in my heart with every fond and tender recollection; it will be a hard trial to break so many links, but they must be broken—I must forget him."

"Nay, you may still regard him as your friend and brother, my Emmeline, for be assured his warm interest for you can never be lessened; and nothing, I am convinced, would tend so much to his peace of mind as your remaining with Sir John and myself,



that we might watch over your happiness—this was the wish he expressed when first he heard the loss you had sustained in your aunt."

"Ah, no, dear, kind Lady Frances, that must never be," returned Emmeline: "at a distance I may learn to think of him only as a friend; but near him the task would be far more difficult. No, no! for his sake, for Lady Barbara's, and for my own, I must leave you and never see you till long years shall have passed, and the spring leaves of my affection are changed into sombre autumn. I am sure your own sense of all that is pure and right in woman will make you agree in the strict propriety of this."

"It does, it does, my sweet girl, and I dare not say more, although the pain of giving up your endearing society will be lastingly felt by me," replied Lady Francis. "A mind so beautifully regulated as yours must be its own best monitor. Heaven forbid that I should strive to shake its good resolves."

"No praise, if you love me, dear friend," said Emmeline, eagerly; "it distresses me when I compare your opinion of me with what I really am. Oh! if you knew all the passions that are struggling for mastery in my heart at this moment: wounded pride, envy, jealousy! But, thanks be to God, he will help me to subdue them; He shows me what I am, to humble me; but he will not leave me in their power. Dear Lady Frances, till we know ourselves, our utter sinfulness by nature, we cannot estimate that grace which comes from him to renew us. To the influence of the Holy Spirit working within me do I owe every good thought, every right action. Give Him the glory in all things—the creature merits none."

How was the esteem of Lady Frances increased, for the dear orphan girl, as she listened to her pious sentiments, while her regrets grew in proportion that one whose consistent example and gentle disposition might have tended so much to purify the errors of her brother, was thus lost to him forever. On the effect it might have on his future life she dreaded to think, creature as he was of impulse and a sensibility the most acute. It was true Lady Barbara loved him; she was proud of his manly beauty, of his attainments, of the admiration he called forth wherever he appeared. And she delighted in that freshness of feeling he possessed so unlike the men who she was accustomed to meet in fashionable life, encased as they were in self esteem, with every warm and natural and generous emotion frozen into ice. But then her love was united to a suspicion, a jealousy, that boded ill to their domestic peace. A feverish restlessness whenever she perceived him attentive to another than herself, which not all her pride, and she had much, could conceal. Strange to say, it was the indifference he evinced for her that at first had attracted her towards him; for, idolized

and admired as she was, in every circle she entered, it piqued her vanity to see him run his eye so coldly over her whenever she addressed him, or to receive only those civilities and attentions which her rank demanded, while all others would fly to obey her slightest wish; and she felt determined to win him, and to mould him to her will. How far she proved successful is yet to be seen. Had she been judiciously trained, Lady Barbara possessed qualities that might have made hers a fine character; but, unfortunately, every wayward passion had been left unchecked, every wild wish gratified, by a too indulgent father; consequently, she was arrogant, selfish, and extremely violent; yet withal possessing a warm, ardent nature, capable of loving intensely. As the heiress of immense wealth, derived from the maternal side, and with so much beauty, her hand had been eagerly sought by many a noble suitor, but from her childhood she had been taught to view Lord Avon as her future husband, her father and Lord Windermere having determined upon uniting their families by marriage; a determination which not all the reluctance expressed by his son in secret to his obdurate parent, could shake. Gallantry forbade his showing this in any other way to Lady Barbara, than by his cold, constrained manner, which she fondly imagined would be changed into a warmer feeling after their union; and thus she suffered him to obtain an influence over her happiness, that, loving another so devotedly as he did, he neither coveted nor desired. Terrible was this discovery to Lady Barbara, in whom it roused every evil passion the human breast is capable of harbouring. She had proudly offered to renounce her claims on his hand, but in so doing revenge and hatred against the innocent cause so took possession of her heart, that she could have trampled her into the very dust of the earth, for daring to stand between her and the man of her choice.

The remainder of this inauspicious day passed gloomily to most of the visitors at the castle. Lord Avon made his accident an excuse to spend it in his own room, while Lady Barbara, resisting all the solicitations of Lady Frances, sullenly shut herself up in hers. Poor Emmeline would most willingly have followed this example; but yielded to the wishes of her friend, who dreading the effect such apparently strange conduct might have upon the Earl, begged her to appear at dinner in the evening. Lord Windermere looked astonished and displeased, on perceiving her swollen eyes and dejected air as she entered the saloon with his daughter, and in his grave austere manner expressed his sorrow that she found his house so unpleasing an abode. Emmeline made some stammering reply that brought a stream of colour over her before pale face; and from that moment strove to rouse herself, and conceal her feelings as far as it was possible, from the curious observation of others. Sir John Lumley appeared

to feel for her, and paid her the most marked and kind attention, which greatly assisted her in the painful effort.

During dinner the Earl called for music, when his own splendid band commenced playing in the hall, every note of which pierced the tortured heart of the poor girl, who with difficulty commanded her tears, for what so powerfully awakens painful feelings, as this, recalling the past with all its pains and pleasures, and the dear ones in whose presence we may have heard the strain. The thoughts of Emmeline as she listened, flew back to her childhood, when, with her mother, she would sing hymns in praise of her Heavenly King; and again the loved forms of her parents flitted before her eyes, and she mourned for them afresh. Lord Windermere continued to regard her with a lowering brow, and in the midst of a most beautiful Italian air capriciously commanded it to cease for a more lively one. Lady Frances looked uneasy, for there was a restlessness, a wildness in her father's whole deportment, which she dreaded to observe. Even Lady Clifton appeared awed by his moody humour, and ventured not to address him, devoting her whole conversation to Lord Guise, who was one of those happy impenetrables whom no shaft could wound—being without that inconvenient, sensitive and unfashionable thing—a heart.

This night, as Emmeline sat in her lonely room engaged in writing to Miss Grosvenor, whose counsel she earnestly desired to have under existing circumstances, she was startled by a low knocking at her door. Ruth had already retired to her chamber and was fast asleep—who, then, could it be? She dashed the tears from her cheek as she rose to unlock it, when, to her amazement, she beheld Lady Clifton.

“You may leave me now, Gibbon,” said her ladyship to her woman, who had accompanied her; “but wait in my room till I return. I see you are surprised at my late visit, pretty lady,” she added, to Emmeline, as she advanced into the room. “I will not detain you many minutes, but as I leave the castle tomorrow, I thought I might not have another opportunity of seeing you in private.”

“Is your ladyship then going so soon? Oh! how I wish that I —.” Emmeline paused ere she concluded.

“You wish you were going too—is that what you would say?” rejoined Lady Clifton: “well, my dear, if you take my advice, you will not be long in following me; for, if I may judge from what I have seen this day, the Earl is going to have a return of his fatal malady.” Emmeline looked surprised and alarmed, gazing in silence on Lady Clifton, who, attired as she now was, in a loose wrapping gown, and despoiled of her rouge and ornaments, appeared at least a hundred years old. “Perhaps you are not aware that I was the maternal aunt of

Lord Windermere's unfortunate wife,” said her ladyship, after a pause.

“No, indeed, I was not,” replied Emmeline, still more astonished. “Then you must have known the original of that beautiful portrait?” pointing to it.

“Undoubtedly, and a sweet creature she was, gentle and good as you appear to be, and quite as lovely,—nay, never blush, I always speak as I think, be it in praise or in blame. I did not say you were wise, for I think you very silly for losing your heart to Lord Avon; you see I have detected your secret: now, listen to me, for it was of Lady Windermere I wished to speak to you: at the period she married the Earl, in obedience to the wishes of her parents, she was (unknown to him) attached to another. Too soon for their peace, he discovered this afterwards, when it produced the most unhappy change in his character; and from having loved her with all the ardour of a most susceptible nature, his feelings suddenly changed into hate; he knew then that for his title, and not for his own sake, she had bestowed on him her hand, and he despised her. For the first two years after their marriage they lived chiefly in London, entering into all its gaieties, she too frequently with an aching heart, poor soul. Young as she was, and so very beautiful, she had many admirers, who were watched by the Earl with jealous suspicion, and many a scene of violence followed, if upon one she had dared to smile during the evening. All, however, seemed fair to the world, till her former lover, a young Italian named Durazzo, again returned to England. Lady Windermere met him at a ball, and such was the effect his sudden appearance produced, that she fainted, and was immediately conveyed home, while the Earl, maddened with passion, levelled at his innocent wife the most opprobrious epithets, vowing a deep and deadly revenge, if ever she spoke to the detested foreigner. Soon after this he hurried her down to Windermere Castle, where they continued to reside in the utmost seclusion until her death, which occurred in giving birth to Lord Avon. There is a sad story connected with that circumstance, which, to complete the tragedy, I must relate: a few days previous to her confinement, Signor Durazzo appeared in the neighbourhood. He was an adept at sketching from nature, and might have come unwittingly, for the sake of the beautiful scenery—be this as it may, the Earl instantly accused his wife of carrying on a clandestine correspondence with him. She boldly asserted her innocence, desiring that Durazzo might be summoned to confront her. Vain were all her assertions. She was not believed, and her lord cast her forth from his house at night, in the midst of a terrible storm, from which, sweet soul, she sought refuge in the cottage of one of the tenants; where, owing to the trouble and anguish she had suffered, she gave birth

prematurely to her infant, breathed a prayer over him, and expired. The Earl, still in a state of exasperation, challenged Signor Durazzo—fought—and desperately wounded him. The unfortunate man was conveyed into the castle, carried into this very room, and rendered up his soul affirming the innocence of the countess to the last moment of his existence. After these dreadful occurrences the Earl became deranged, and for a considerable time was kept in confinement. On his recovery he desired to see the infant whose claims upon him he still doubted; but when the child was brought to him, his extraordinary likeness to himself, as well as to his unhappy mother, struck him so powerfully that the stern father was softened, and clasping him in his arms he wept tears of remorse and agony over him. From that period his spirits entirely forsook him, and were replaced by a morbid melancholy, which, at times, burst forth into fits of insanity the most terrific. These have continued, though far less frequently now than formerly. The prospect of his son's marriage with Lady Barbara Guise (upon which he has set his heart) has been a little gleam of sunshine in his darkened path, but from what I have gathered today it would seem that even this is to be frustrated, and that you, young lady, are the cause,—am I correct?"

This unexpected question at the close of a story which had rivetted the attention of Emmeline, took her quite by surprise, and the blood mounted to her temples as she replied with considerable dignity:

"I know not, Lady Clifton, whether the Earl has authorized you to make this inquiry—if he has, I beg you to tell him that I respect too highly the tie between parent and child, to wish to sever it. And I respect myself too much to enter any family against the will of one of its members."

"Good child, your words relieve my mind," returned Lady Clifton. "For I dreaded lest another tragedy was about to be performed. If there is a being on earth whom Lord Windermore loves it is this son—this Benoni, this child of sorrow,—if he were to fail him and disappoint his hopes, the consequences would be disastrous."

"Let the Earl fear nothing from me, Lady Clifton," returned Emmeline, her young heart swelling. "I came to his castle at his own expressed wish; I desire earnestly to leave it as soon as possible."

"And can pride dwell in that little gentle form?" said Lady Clifton, gazing admiringly on the lofty brow of the beautiful girl, as she said this in high and commanding tones.

"It is not pride, I trust," replied Emmeline, in a more subdued voice. "Heaven knows how little cause I have to harbour a passion which may inhabit the breast of prosperity, but never of adversity, like unto mine. Principle, if you please, actuates

me—that principle, Lady Clifton, which emanates from religion."

"You really are very superior to what I imagined this morning, when you ran out screaming into the hall," retorted Lady Clifton. "From whom did you obtain such sentiments?"

"My dear father led me to this," said Emmeline, laying her small hand on her Bible: "and this has led me to God."

"He was wise," murmured Lady Clifton, with a sigh: "Miss Milman," she continued after reflecting awhile, "I have lived to the age of eighty-six, I have drank of the pleasures of this life, until the dregs are alone left me, and I am weary of them all; yet I still pursue them, knowing not where to turn for happiness, if I cannot find it in this world."

The pious Emmeline felt inexpressibly shocked at this avowal, from one standing on the very brink of eternity; but the age and rank of Lady Clifton made her diffident in replying to it, till her heart burning within her, as she gazed upon the wrinkled face of her strange visitor, she could no longer forbear saying:

"Those who hunt after happiness amidst the haunts of pleasure cannot expect to find her,—it is like following a flying shadow, always within our view, but never within our grasp."

"Then where is she to be found, Miss Milman?" And the question was asked querulously.

"In the knowledge and love of God, and in the assurance of our eternal safety," Emmeline softly replied.

"Ah! beyond the grave! All dark, unknown, mysterious,—I never look there!" returned Lady Clifton, with a slight shudder.

"It is because you never look there, Lady Clifton, that it appears dark and mysterious," returned Emmeline, becoming more and more interested in the turn the conversation had taken. "To me the prospect is so bright, so glorious, that in all my troubles, (and I have had many), I have been upheld and supported by keeping the eye of faith steadily fixed upon it."

"You are young, Miss Milman, and may reckon upon many years to come," replied Lady Clifton; "I am old—death stands at my door, and I tremble to give him entrance."

"How sad," murmured Emmeline. "Oh! Lady Clifton, that you would but turn unto Him who can alone disarm death of all its terrors—rob it of all its sting; seek refuge from your fears in the arms of your Saviour; place all your hopes in Him, and He will be with you in your last hour, to cheer and sustain you through the dark valley."

"It is too late now, Miss Milman," replied Lady Clifton, rising and forcing a smile; "in the crowded assembly, amongst the gay and glittering throng, I must hush to rest my fears; I am still hale, and

hearty, and may live these ten years. Good night, my dear; I thank you for your advice, but do not press it further, for the subject always makes me melancholy,—nay, you need not follow me,” as Emmeline would have accompanied her, “I know my way well about the castle, and you do not,—once more good night.” And she was gone before the astonished girl had power to answer her.

“Unhappy lady;” she ejaculated in a tone of deep commiseration, “may God have mercy yet upon your precious soul, and even in the eleventh hour save you from perdition.”

When again she found herself alone, she gazed round her spacious apartment, bewildered and terrified by all she had just heard; she opened the door that divided her from Ruth, and beheld her sleeping soundly and calmly.

“Happy girl,” sighed Emmeline, “sleep on, and take your rest; no care, no sorrow disturbs you—why is it not so with me? Because I have suffered a human passion to usurp my thoughts, and steal them from God. Oh! peace, peace, when will you come unto me again? And yet would I exchange one grief, one sorrow I have endured, for all the wealth and rank of poor Lady Clifton, taking with them her worse than heathen darkness? Oh! no, no! I bless God for every means he has used to make me more meet for Heaven; I bless him that he gave me such parents, and led me so early to himself,—yea, I bless him for the deep, deep wound I have experienced this day from the hand of one who I trusted too entirely, if it draws my affections more from earth; He will not crush the bruised reed, he will bind up what is broken, he will teach me resignation, patience, submission. Alas! how much I need them.” She re-entered her room, and cast herself on her knees, pouring forth her whole soul to Him “who seeth in secret,” and even while she prayed, she became more calm, so many of the divine promises recurred to her remembrance, to assure her that she never would be forsaken. After this duty, she prepared to retire to her bed, and with thankfulness laid her aching temples on her pillow; but hours passed ere sleep sealed her weary eyes and when at length it came, the most terrible visions haunted her—scenes of violence, in which Lord Avon appeared falling beneath the hand of his father. In her extreme terror, she awoke with a shriek that quickly brought Ruth to her bedside.

“Oh, has he murdered him? Tell me, tell me, Ruth!” she cried, seizing the girl by the arm, and gazing wildly upon her.

“My dear, dear lady, what words were those? You have been dreaming,” said Ruth, raising her gently, “see the lamp is still burning, all is quiet in the room.”

“Thank God!” gasped Emmeline, leaning her head against the bosom of her faithful attendant.

“It was indeed, a frightful dream; Ruth we must leave this place, for I shall never know tranquillity or sound repose, while we remain.”

“Then let us depart, my sweet mistress, I care not how soon now,” replied Ruth, who knew much of what had occurred to distress Emmeline. “While I thought it might lead to your happiness I was content to remain; but as things have turned out so differently to what we anticipated, let us leave the grand folks to themselves, and the old gloomy castle to tumble about their ears as soon as it likes.”

“Do not speak unkindly Ruth, or attach blame to any one,” said Emmeline. “Heaven knows I need the forbearance and mercy of God as much as they, for I fear I have greatly erred.”

“That I will never allow,” returned the affectionate Ruth. “And I am sure Mr. Grosvenor will say the same. I only wish we were in the parsonage at this moment.”

“Oh! Ruth, I dare not go there; at least for a long time,” said Emmeline mournfully. “That kind home must be closed to me till I can behold one with indifference who I have been accustomed to call my best and dearest earthly friend. No, Ruth, we will go to Rosedale; it will do me good to see the dear old place, and to visit the spot where repose my blessed parents. God will be with me there; I have been a wanderer from Him ever since I left it.”

“Oh, Miss Emmeline, never say that,” returned Ruth; “have you forgotten all the good you did while at Dovecot, the comfort and blessing you were to your poor aunt in her last days?”

“The good I may have done Ruth, came from God, the evil from myself, I cherished an idol in my heart, until, like a serpent, it has stung me for my folly, and now I must cast it from me.” And she buried her face in her pillow as she said this, weeping.

“Nay, my sweet young lady, do not take on so,” expostulated Ruth. “There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and so I should tell my William if he were to turn his heel upon me forsooth; do try and get a little sleep, for you will make yourself quite ill with fretting in this way.”

“Then return to your bed and I will endeavour to do so,” said Emmeline, who was really exhausted in body and in mind; but Ruth would not leave her till she saw that she lay quite still, and that her eyelids, weighed down with grief, were fast closed in a deep refreshing slumber. She then stole back to her room.

When the morning came, Emmeline found herself too unwell to rise; the moment Lady Frances heard it she flew to her chamber.

“My beloved friend,” she affectionately said, bending over her; “Your spirits have been overtasked; what can I do for you?”

"Nothing, my dear Lady Frances; I shall be better soon," replied Emmeline, faintly smiling and raising herself up. "I am suffering now from the effects of a disturbed night, which makes me feel weak and low; how is Lord Avon—I trust recovered?"

"From his fall—yes, but he is sadly depressed," replied Lady Frances. "I am just now come from him; all his thoughts are with you, Emmeline."

"That must not be, and to prevent it you must allow me to leave you as soon as possible," said Emmeline with a flushed cheek. "If you are really my friend you will place no impediments in my way."

"Really your friend! Ah, Emmeline what reproach was contained in those few words," returned Lady Frances, sorrowfully. "I own that I have been weakly culpable in keeping Avon's secret; yet to restore you to happiness I would make almost any sacrifice."

"Then promise to let me quit the castle this day," said Emmeline eagerly.

"Emmeline, you are not well enough to travel—besides it would look so strange to leave us so abruptly—in a few days hence, Lord Traverscourt is going with his daughter on a tour to the lakes; Avon will accompany them. You would not have the same objection to remain after their departure?"

"If I were free to act according to my wishes, Lady Frances, I would go away at once," returned Emmeline. "Do not consider me ungrateful," she added, on perceiving the mortified countenance of her friend. "Never, never can I cease to remember your kindness; but indeed it would be better for me. Once at a distance, I should be able to return to my duties; here I cannot, and to neglect them makes me miserable."

"Only compose yourself now my dear girl, and I will mention your wishes to my father. Heaven knows I respect your pure intentions too much to wish to hinder them, except for your health's sake; give me this day, and we will see what another brings forth," and Lady Frances tenderly pressed the hand of the agitated girl in hers.

"Then I must spend it in my own room."

"Certainly, my love, if you wish it; our party is already reduced, Lady Clifton having taken her departure, and Lord Guise on the eve of going; neither will be much missed; to me they are insufferable bores,—the one from her blunt, unpleasant manners, coupled to an unwarrantable curiosity; the other from his affectation and heartlessness."

"And Lady Barbara—has she forgiven your brother?" asked Emmeline in a faltering tone.

"I trust so; he related to her your noble conduct, upon which she made no comment—but when he took her hand and called it his, she did not withdraw it—women are easily won, Emmeline."

"When they love much," sighed Emmeline, who then inquired for her dear Clyde.

"Ah! poor child, I fear his journey hither has been too much for him," replied Lady Frances; "he is suffering from such acute pain in his side that we have determined on consulting my father's physician upon his case this very day."

"How unkind I have been to be so engrossed by my own cares as to forget his," returned Emmeline, starting up; "dear Lady Frances, I must go and see him."

"Presently you shall, my love," returned Lady Frances, "but I cannot allow you to make the effort just yet; pray, keep your mind tranquil, and remember that you are with those who are deeply anxious about you." Lady Frances stooped to kiss her as she said this, and soon afterwards left the room.

The moment our heroine was dressed, she proceeded to the nursery, where she found Lady Frances weeping, with poor little Clyde in her arms, Sir John Lumley standing by her side, deep sympathy and sorrow expressed on his countenance. She approached the child, whose eyes were closed, and whispered a few words in his ear.

"Is that my own Lily?" he faintly murmured, "see, mamma is nursing me now," and a sweet smile stole over his face as he nestled it in his mother's bosom.

Emmeline was much affected.

"I told you, my darling, how mamma loved you," she gently said.

"Ah, Emmeline, my cruel neglect of this dear child will cause me many a heart-ache," sobbed Lady Frances; "how wicked to have a favourite, and that not the one who needed my tenderness the most."

"Do not distress yourself with such thoughts now, my dear Fanny," said Sir John, laying his hand affectionately on her shoulder; "Doctor Sutton spoke encouragingly about our child, if we only will submit to the operation he recommends."

Lady Frances mournfully shook her head.

"He has not strength to endure it," she said, "had we earlier discovered the abscess it might have been removed without danger; but now I cannot think of it without a shudder. Oh, Emmeline!" she added beseechingly, "do not leave me in my distress; stay to help me in nursing this dear sufferer."

"I will," replied Emmeline, resolutely; "this morning I thought it my duty to go away, now I see it is my duty to remain. I am willing to make any sacrifice for your sake and for sweet Clyde's."

"The responses of your pure conscience will be your reward for such disinterested kindness, Miss Milman," said Sir John, pressing her hand; "God

knows you deserve to be happy, for the study of your life is to make others so."

It was indeed in the chamber of affliction that Emmeline was formed to shine. Amidst the gay and brilliant she might have been overlooked, timid, gentle, and unassuming as she was; but there, where sorrow hung her head, and the voice of joy was hushed, the graces of her sweet character shone forth in all their lustre, even as the lily of the vale, that flourishes only when planted in the shade.

The Earl had invited a large party for the following evening, in honour of his future daughter-in-law, Lady Barbara Guise. Lady Frances earnestly desired to seclude herself from it, that she might watch with her child; but her father would not hear of it.

"The boy had nurses to attend him," he said, "and she *must* make her appearance."

"Then you will allow Miss Milman to remain with him, my lord," pleaded Lady Frances; "it is her own wish to do so, as she objects to company."

"If Miss Milman is ill," replied the Earl, sarcastically, "she may do as she pleases; but her crude notions of right and wrong I cannot admit,—she will oblige me by not withdrawing herself on the present occasion."

This was said in a tone that made Lady Frances at once see that any resistance on Emmeline's part would produce unpleasant consequences; she advised her, therefore, to waive her own inclinations and comply with those of the Earl. Emmeline did so with considerable regret, wondering why Lord Windermere should make it a matter of importance whether she was present or not. She knew not that it formed a part of his plan to display to her the immeasurable distance existing between what he termed "a nobody," and a noble of the land,—to dazzle her weak senses with the splendour and magnificence of his lordly residence, that she might sink into the earth, abashed and humbled for having dared to place her affections on his heir. For this had he invited her to the castle, treating her with every outward show of polite attention, while in his heart he could have crushed the insignificant worm beneath his proud foot, beautiful though, he could not but own, she was,—aye, so beautiful that it was well Lord Avon could not read all the dark thoughts that floated over his mind, as he would fix his eyes in admiration upon her, and listen to the music of her voice. But little he knew her character, who he thus sought to dazzle with his wealth: taught as Emmeline had been from her childhood, to look up to the King of Kings, and to aspire to the glories of that eternal city which hath no need of sun or moon to lighten it, she beheld the pomps and vanities of this world with comparative indifference, knowing that time would crumble the proudest palace into dust, and level it with the ground. In nature she delighted in all that was lovely,—in art,

all that was exquisite; but the mere possession of rank, when not allied to goodness or superiority, she despised,—unite them, and she was prepared to offer every proper respect and deference.

A perfect galaxy of jewels and of light burst upon her view, as she entered the saloon the next evening. Beautiful music charmed her ear, bright forms fitted before her, while the perfumes from numerous flowers, filled the air with their fragrance. Yet no smile played on her lip, no joy beamed in her eye, for she felt she ought not to be there: she clung to Sir John Lumley, on whose arm she rested as she would have done to a father, looking up to him for that encouragement and kindness she so much needed in a moment like the present.

Seated on an ottoman, she beheld Lady Barbara attired with the magnificence of a princess, her face wreathed in smiles, as she conversed with Lord Avon who stood before her. Emmeline passed them both, encountering a withering look of contempt from her ladyship; as she did so, Lord Windermere left a group of gentlemen to come forward and thank her in his stately manner for the honour she had done him, by her acquiescence in his wishes.

"And if we may judge from the rich tinge upon that cheek," he added, bowing low, "Miss Milman has recovered from her temporary indisposition."

"Quite recovered, my Lord," replied Emmeline, with a dignity he did not expect.

"It is well," he murmured, and there was a wildness in his eye as he uttered this, that struck Emmeline particularly. The doors of the music room were thrown open, Lady Barbara was requested to play on the harp, which she did in a masterly style, crowds of admirers hovering around her; but Lord Avon alone engrossed her thoughts, her attention; once he left her side and remained absent some time, when her countenance instantly became troubled, and she hung listless over her instrument, touching a few plaintive chords—unheeding the voice of praise if it came not from him—happy only when he returned and again stood near to listen.

And was Emmeline quite forgotten and disregarded amidst this brilliant and fashionable assemblage? At first the extreme simplicity of her appearance, in contrast to all others, made her so; but soon her surpassing beauty began to attract observation, unaided as it was by a single ornament, and a few requested to be introduced, amongst them a young nobleman, Lord William Hartland, who, entering into conversation with her, and discovering more and more to interest him, devoted himself to her for the evening. Lord Avon, with a pang of jealousy, noticed this—what though Emmeline was lost to him forever, still he could not endure the thought that another should usurp his place in her heart, or even

seem to please her. How full of selfishness is earthly love ! Lord William he knew to be a most amiable young man, one in every way calculated to win the esteem of a girl like Emmeline, and to watch her from a distant corner of the room where she could not see him, had he left Lady Barbara, a dark frown contracting his brows each time he beheld the eyes of her companion turn in admiration upon her.

With very different feelings did his sister Lady Frances observe the attentions of Lord William to her young friend, every smile he won from the sweet girl appearing like a gleam of sunshine over her warm kind heart.

No dancing had been permitted at the castle since the death of Lady Windermere ; but tonight, at the request of Lady Barbara, who, as queen of the revels could not be refused, waltzing was proposed, and she stood up with Lord Avon. The countenance of Emmeline instantly become sad and overcast.

"Are you not fond of dancing, Miss Milman—will you not join the waltzers ?" asked Lord William, trying to lead her forward.

"I never dance," was her reply in the lowest tone ; and whatever were the feelings that overpowered her, whether of grief for the present or for the past, her varying colour and agitated countenance alarmed her companion, who hurried her from the room into a small one adjoining, where he threw up a window to give her air, placing a chair for her close beside it, and then going in search of a glass of water.

"Thank you very much," said Emmeline, gratefully accepting the water. "I never was so fine a lady as to faint yet ; but that crowded room had nearly made me one."

"You have not spent many of your nights in crowded rooms, I imagine," returned Lord William smiling.

"Not one until this, and may it be the last."

"But you are not an enemy to all society, I hope, Miss Milman ?"

"Oh ! no, no ! the society of dear friends whose sentiments, whose feelings, whose tastes are mine, is delightful. I would only wish to shun those places where I would deem it irreverent to speak on the theme that ought to hover on the lips of every Christian where it reigns in the heart."

"You will not find many of your own age to agree with you, I fear," returned Lord William.

"Were all children blessed with parents such as I once possessed," said Emmeline, her eyes instantly filling with tears, "God would reward their pious counsels, by leading their beloved ones to seek for happiness from higher sources than those which now too frequently attract them." Lord William gazed on the beautiful girl as she said this, with the deepest interest, and thought he had never beheld a being so calculated to inspire affection in his life. A

pause ensued, for Emmeline had turned her face away, and was looking at the dark and heavy clouds that appeared lowering in the skies.

The music now ceased, and the dancers all came into the room, to enjoy the cool air. The moment Lord Avon saw our heroine, and Lord William standing by her side, he started, and with an angry frown said :

"I think you might have chosen a more prudent position for Miss Milman than by that open window, Hartland."

Lord William looked annoyed, then turning to Emmeline, as the other passed on with Lady Barbara, he observed :

"What a changed being Lord Avon has become to what I remember him at college ; then he was all life and spirits, the nicest fellow possible ; now how gloomy, and even morose he can be at times, I fear that engagement of his is not a happy one." The distressed countenance of Emmeline checked any further remark. Lord William saw at once from her manner that he had spoken inadvertently, and to hide her agitation from others, he stood directly before her, delicately forbearing to address her till she had in a measure recovered herself. At this moment a loud peal of thunder burst on the oppressed air, followed by torrents of rain ; Lord Avon rushed across the room to Emmeline.

"Do not remain here, it is unsafe," he exclaimed ; "good heavens, how pale you are looking ! are you ill, Emmeline ?"

"Miss Milman felt rather faint, and for that reason I brought her into the air," said Lord William, "shall I lead you away ?" he added, offering his arm.

"If you please, I am quite well now," replied Emmeline, with an effort, and rising, she accepted his support ; but one little glance at Lord Avon displaying to her his vexed and angry feelings, she would not add to them. She saw Lady Frances at a distance, and withdrawing from her companion, she immediately joined her, while he murmured in the lowest tone :

"Sweet girl, you are not happy, and I can trace the cause,—would that I could supplant him in your pure heart, who has no right to its possession, and I will, only give me time and opportunity."

The guests sat down to the evening banquet, and a brilliant sight it was to see so many fair forms, all smiling, all wearing the mask of happiness, whatever might be the care or passion that lurked behind it. On the festive board a perfect sea of gold shone in resplendent magnificence, relieved by beautiful porcelain vases, filled with flowers, while every delicacy had been collected in honour of the feast.

Emmeline entered the room with Sir John Lumley ; but on taking her seat at the table, she found that Lord William had contrived to obtain the one

next to her. She *might* have felt sorry, but she *could* not be displeased.

At the right of Lord Windermere was placed the Lady Barbara Guise, who as she gazed proudly around her, seemed as though she had presumptuously said :

“ I sit a queen and shall see no sorrow.”

Lord Avon stood behind her, his looks chiefly directed towards Emmeline, sometimes in sorrow, then again in anger, as he beheld the devoted attentions of Lord William to the beautiful girl.

It was observed that the Earl often raised the goblet to his lips during the repast, and that in his manner there was an excitement very unnatural and unpleasing. Lady Barbara appeared to shrink from his whispered remarks and to regard him with suspicion and dread ; once when the storm (which was by this time raging) rose above the music and the din of many voices, he started from his seat, and gazed wildly around him, then, as if recollecting himself, he again sat down, covering his eyes with his hand, as if to shut out some terrible object. Lady Frances looked uneasy, and longed for the weary hours to pass, for her heart and thoughts had fled from the scene of revelry to the silent chamber of her suffering child. Fully did Emmeline sympathize in her feelings as they interchanged looks of fear ; for the increasing excitement of the Earl’s manner could not fail to attract universal attention, and many of the guests departed from the castle in consequence, immediately after supper.

Each time that the thunder rolled in the heavens was he seen to tremble and turn pale while his eyes glared in dismay on an empty chair beside him. Lady Barbara, with most of the other ladies, had retired ; but his son remained near him, watching him with the deepest anxiety, and addressing him in soothing tones.

“ I tell you she is there,” exclaimed the Earl, in answer to his mild expostulations. “ I see her as plainly as I do you, and her garments are all dripping with the rain ; see how she fixes her large melancholy eyes upon me, and shakes her head. Oh, God ! it is terrible !” And the unhappy man violently struck his forehead.

“ Your imagination is disturbed, my Lord,” replied Lord Avon, exceedingly distressed. “ Let me prevail on you to retire ; I assure you it is all fancy.”

“ Hark ! there it is again,” cried the Earl, as a clap of thunder burst immediately over the castle. “ Avon, did you not hear that sigh, it was breathed close by my ear ?” and he grasped his son’s arm. “ Now, now, do you not see her ? She is wringing the water from her hair and moaning !—Oh ! how piteously !”

“ What, ho ! there !” vociferated Lord Avon. A crowd of domestics rushed into the room. “ Your

Lord is ill,” he said, in much agitation. “ Summon Gautier directly, and let him be conveyed with all care to his chamber.” Promptly were his orders obeyed, and the unfortunate Earl, raving in the same incoherent manner, was carried off, when his physician was sent for to attend upon him. The voice of revelry instantly became hushed—the music ceased,—and silence, and sorrow, and looks of terror succeeded to those of joy and mirth, with which the evening had commenced ; only the storm raged on without, crashing and laying low many a lofty forest tree, yet sparing the lowly sheltered hut of the poor peasant—a moral lesson to him who, trusting in his own strength, defies his Maker, till the hour of retribution draws nigh, when he may call, *but will not be answered.*

The accounts issued on the following morning respecting the Earl’s state were far from satisfactory ; he had passed a sleepless night, and was still suffering from distressing mental aberration. But within the last hour he had fallen into a deep slumber, the effect of powerful opium. Such were the answers given to the anxious inquiries made by those more immediately interested in his situation. The castle did in truth present a gloomy picture this day, in contrast to the preceding one, and as Emmeline walked with Lady Frances through the deserted rooms, and beheld the faded wreaths that strewed the floors, she could not forbear saying :

“ Thus all that is not Heaven must wither and die—the dearest hopes, the fondest hearts, all all decaying before the ruthless hand of time. Oh, Lady Frances ! happy alone are they, who, having weaned their affections from this uncertain world, can raise them up to God and cry :

‘ Know my will from day to day,  
Blend it with thine and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say  
Thy will be done.’”

Lady Frances smiled sadly upon her as she said this, while tears dimmed her eyes, for her heart was troubled, not only for her father but her child, who was this day to undergo the operation recommended by the doctor.

“ You speak truly, dear Emmeline,” she replied. “ Yet how faithlessly we shrink from every trial even while we are assured it comes for good and not evil, from the hands of a just God—at times I am tempted to think he has showered his wrath upon our house for the sins of my unhappy father, whose ungovernable passions have caused his own calamity. Look at my dear brother—his hopes blasted and destroyed in his early youth—look at my child, my first born, deformed, wasted from disease. Emmeline, the voice of prayer never was heard in this house—the blessing of God rests not here, I told you before we came what a doleful place it was. How rejoiced you will be to leave it.”



"Not to leave you in your sorrows, my dear friend," returned Emmeline, affectionately. "Nor will I till I see them softened; we will console each other, and when we begin to despond we will renew our strength at the fountain of living waters, and proceed on our way rejoicing."

"You are a dear, dear girl," said Lady Frances, clasping her in her arms. "Would to God you had been destined to dwell amongst us; we should indeed have had an angel at our hearth—but, alas! a blessing so desired may not be for us."

It was thought right to prepare poor little Clyde for the trial that awaited him; he received the intelligence with a slight shudder, while his cheek blanched with fear. Lady Frances would have wished to remain in the room with him, but she felt so unequal to the painful effort of witnessing his sufferings, that Sir John begged she would not attempt it—he and Lord Avon, he told her, would be present. The dreaded hour drew near. Clyde was lying on his bed, his pallid face turned towards Emmeline and his mother, as they knelt beside him, endeavouring to soothe his alarm. Sweetly did our heroine lead him to rest his confidence on that dear Saviour who had undergone so much for him, repeating to him several beautiful hymns suited to his case; he listened to them attentively, until footsteps were heard along the gallery, when he cried in a voice of terror:

"Oh, mamma!—Lily, they are coming!"

"Let them come, my darling," replied Emmeline most feelingly, for poor Lady Frances was sobbing too violently to speak; "soon will the pain be over, and then think how happy you will be."

"Yes, yes, soon over and then happy," murmured the child, concealing his face in the clothes of the bed. Emmeline dared not look round as she listened trembling to the entrance of several persons. She clasped the hand of Clyde convulsively in hers while she continued to breathe prayers for help from above. Some one drew near and raised her from her recumbent position. It was Lord Avon, who said:

"Ever near, as an angel of mercy to assuage grief; dearest, dearest Emmeline, it is our destiny to be united in scenes like the present."

"It is, it is, dear friend. Oh! let them be very gentle with him," replied Emmeline, gazing earnestly in his face, and forgetting in this moment all but Clyde."

"They shall, my beloved; now go and remain with Fanny—she needs your whole support in this trying hour."

Emmeline stooped to kiss the child once more; then casting an imploring look at Lord Avon, who returned it by one of intense affection, she glided after Lady Frances, as they led her, in a pitiable state of distress, from the room, to share her anguish

if she could not soften it. Every moment that passed now seemed an age to the unhappy mother, as she paced her room, leaning on Emmeline and listening to each foot-fall in the gallery, with fear and trembling. Lady Barbara was also present, endeavouring to comfort her, but not once did she address Emmeline, or even look with an eye of kindness on the gentle girl, though she beheld her weeping, and heard the deep sighs that burst from her oppressed heart. At length the voice of Lord Avon was heard without.

"Oh, Heavens! it is over!" screamed Lady Frances. "Emmeline, ask how my child fares, for I dare not."

Emmeline flew to the door just as he entered with Sir John Lumley; she gazed fearfully upon them both, unable to articulate one word.

"He is safe—he lives, he has borne it much better than was expected—the surgeon gives confident hopes of his recovery," was the first happy intelligence conveyed by Lord Avon, while Sir John Lumley, who appeared considerably moved, clasped his wife to his bosom, mingling his tears of thankfulness with hers. A scene of grateful joy followed, Lady Frances embracing her brother and Emmeline alternately.

"Am I a stranger amidst this group?" asked Lady Barbara, in a tone of great mortification.

"Forgive me, dear Lady Barbara," said Lady Frances, "You who have such strong claims on my affection I ought not indeed to forget."

Lady Barbara returned her caress, and then looked at Lord Avon, who, leading up Emmeline to her, said:

"And here is another, Barbara, whose right to your friendship must not be refused."

And he would have joined their hands, but Lady Barbara starting back, proudly asked:

"For whose sake?"

"For her own, if goodness and every delightful attribute of woman have power to touch your heart," pleaded Lord Avon.

Lady Barbara gazed on the beautiful girl, whose eyes were bent on the ground, her bosom heaving tumultuously; she then turned away, saying:

"Avon, you expect too much. My friendship must be won, and not demanded."

Lord Avon frowned in disappointment; she had lost that opportunity of raising herself in his esteem, and he lamented it; he would have spoken again, but Emmeline had fled from the room, and in her own sought refuge from the cruel slight inflicted upon her by her more happy and prosperous rival.

For the first few days after the painful operation, the young Clyde appeared to do well, and the fondest anticipations of his recovery were indulged by all; but, alas! these too soon proved fallacious, for at their close a change took place, and he began to

sink rapidly. Emmeline, acting up to the promise she had made him, never left his side night nor day, except when forced by her friends to take rest. Accustomed as she had been to the sick chamber, her noiseless step and gentle soothing voice were ever most welcome to the little sufferer, who evinced to the latest moment of his life, his love for his dear Lily. The night he breathed his last—his parents—his uncle—Emmeline, and the nurses, all stood around his bed, powerfully affected; the child looked affectionately on each, and then feebly murmured :

“Do not mourn any more for Clyde; he is going to his Saviour, who loves little children; this ugly hump upon my back wont matter when I am in Heaven—mamma will it? But where is Norman? let me bid him good bye.”

The nurse instantly waked the child out of his sleep, and brought him to his dying brother. Norman fixed his large dark wondering eyes upon him, ignorant of what it all meant; the contrast between his rosy cheek and the emaciated face of poor Clyde was very touching.”

“Yet that which is fading from earth shall bloom again in Heaven,” said Emmeline softly. “It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption, it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; then where is thy sting, oh, death! where is thy victory, thou dark and cruel grave! Again shall he live in glory.”

She was scarcely conscious that she had spoken these words to be heard, till the sobs of the mother testified how they had reached her heart. Norman was held in his nurse’s arms to kiss his brother, who said to him :

“God bless you, be a good boy, and mind dear mamma—tomorrow you will not see me.”

“Where is Clyde going, who is going to take him away?” said Norman, beginning to cry. “I won’t make a noise when you are in pain any more, dear brother—don’t leave me.”

“I am going to God, and I shall have no more pain; good bye dear Norman. Ah! I am very ill now,—Lily where are you.”

Emmeline raised him in her arms, he looked at her for an instant in speechless affection, and then on all present, when his eyes became glassy and dim; he folded his little hands as if to pray, but he was too much exhausted. Emmeline breathed a short petition for him, when the faintest smile stole over his face, which appeared like that of an angel. To the surprise of all he raised his eyes once more to Heaven. Then slowly they descended on Emmeline, on whom they rested until they were sealed forever.

His life had been one of suffering, but in his death God spared him, for it was more like a gentle sleep, so soft, so calmly, he sank to his rest. How in this awful moment did Emmeline inwardly

rejoice that she had known him,—many trials had been hers—many more might still arise, yet amidst the darkest, the reflection that she had been made the honored instrument of leading this little one to Jesus, would shine like a star, to cheer her on her way,—she could not mourn for him.

Lord Traverscourt and his daughter left the castle on the morrow, but Lord Avon remained until the last rites were performed to the departed boy! the melancholy days that intervened, Emmeline spent in the apartments of Lady Frances, who, but for her, must at this time have sunk under her sorrows. So full of remorse, she felt for all she might have done—all that she had left undone, to mitigate the trials of her child while he was yet alive; very humbling, and very improving was the lesson to her heart, and one which proved eventually the means of leading her out from the world into that narrow way which can alone guide us to happiness and life eternal.

The Earl continued in the same state, ignorant of all that was passing around him, or that death had visited his house; none of his family were permitted to see him, as their presence only added to his excitement; and most melancholy to them it was to look up at the iron-barred windows of his room, and reflect on that noble mind o’erthrown, that reason lost, which God had given for his own glory; but which the evil passions of man had destroyed.

Emmeline as much as possible, avoided the society of Lord Avon, during the remainder of his stay at the castle; but the evening before he was to leave it, he so earnestly entreated to see her, if only for a few minutes, that she could not deny him, especially when she remembered that, in all human probability, it would be for the last time.

She was sitting in his sister’s room, gazing out upon the far distance, and watching the glorious sun’s decline, when he entered. Pale and changed was her whole appearance from what it had been the day of her arrival; and when he remembered the cause, as he perceived this, how did his heart smite him. She rose on his approach, saying, with considerable agitation :

“This is not right, you should have waited for your sister,—she promised to be with me.”

“Forgive me, Emmeline,” he replied, taking her hand, “I know it is not right; but selfish have I been from the beginning, selfish am I to the end. I would not have another witness our last interview.”

“Then it must be brief, as brief as possible,” returned Emmeline, trembling and withdrawing her hand. “Had I known this, I would not have consented to your wish.”

“Emmeline, you still trust me,” said Lord Avon; you do not fear me.”

“Oh! no, no; but I dread —.”

“You dread what, love, tell me?”

“I dread to hear you speak to me in the voice of

kindness—of tenderness—there, sit there, away from me, do not call me Emmeline.”

Lord Avon obeyed her instantly, touched by the request, and at once understanding its motive.

“Perhaps I might not have sought to see you privately, but for one reason,” he said, after a painful pause. “Emmeline (I must still call you so) Lord William Hartland admires you, and expressed that admiration in no measured terms to Sir John Lumley, on whom he called this morning. Sir John has invited him to Fairy Hall, where he intends returning with my sister the end of this week. They both earnestly wish you to accompany them. Now, am I not a wretch for saying that I fear the influence Hartland may eventually gain over your warm young heart, when you are thrown together so constantly; the very thought of your loving another mad-dens me.”

The pale cheek of Emmeline crimsoned as he said this.

“Lord William never knew my father, never watched over him in his dying moments,—what can he ever be to me?” was her touching reply. Lord Avon felt it and immediately said:

“Emmeline, do you not despise me for my utter selfishness?—I, who so often have lamented your friendless state, who constituted myself your adviser, your guardian, to shrink at the prospect of your being raised to one of independence and happiness. It is too hateful—I retract my words, and entreat you to believe that it would rejoice my heart to see you allied to one, so in every way worthy of you. Go then with my sister and realise the hopes which I know she has formed for you. Will you promise me this?”

Emmeline gazed mournfully upon him.

“How lightly you must deem of woman’s heart, when you can speak thus to me,” she returned. “To forget you is my duty, to love another impossible. Now leave me, say no more, I must not weep; yet would you force my tears in spite of all my efforts.”

Fast were they falling, even while she spoke; had he dared, he would have kissed them as they fell; but checking himself, he merely said:

“I am cruel for prolonging this sad interview; I was cruel to wish for it. Emmeline I obey you, I go away; yet one pressure of your hand surely I may claim, ere we part and forever.” Instantly she placed it in his, covering her eyes with the other. “Dear, dear girl, may God eternally bless you,” he continued, in extreme agitation; “when your thoughts turn upon me in after years, do not let it be in hate, for all the trouble I have heaped upon you.”

“In hate!” repeated Emmeline, in a tone and with a look of tenderness. The self-command of both instantly fled, and she was clasped with all the ardour of his passionate nature to his bosom, while

he repeatedly called her his own, his beloved. Such words recalled her to herself; she started away from him, imploring him to spare her and to go, or he would break her heart.

“Emmeline I will go, only do not turn from me—farewell, my precious one,—on earth we are separated, but in heaven may God unite us.”

There was a solemnity in his voice as he said this very affecting to her; she clasped her hands, raising her streaming eyes to Heaven, but the word ‘amen’ could not be heard.

“There is yet another request I have to make,” said Lord Avon, still lingering; “give me one of these dear ringlets as a memento of the past—I claim no more.”

“I dare not, nor may you press it,” replied Emmeline so resolutely that he knew she was in earnest. “Remember what you owe to another.”

The reproving angel stood before him, and he fell back abashed; kneeling on one knee, he raised her hand with reverence to his lips, asking “pardon.”

“It is given truly, and from my heart.”

“Then say, God bless you, Avon.”

“God bless you, Avon,” came like the faintest echo from her lips.

“Ten thousand blessings on the head of my beloved, my darling Emmeline,—fare you well.”

Silence reigned in the room; she looked up,—he was gone! And Emmeline knew that if ever she beheld him again, it would be as the husband of Lady Barbara Guise.

*To be continued.*

#### EXAMPLE OF PARENTS.

A GOOD parent’s first care is to be virtuous himself; his second, to make his virtues as easy and engaging to those about him as their nature will admit. Virtue itself offends, when coupled with forbidding manners; and some virtues may be urged to such excess, or brought forward so unseasonably, as to discourage and repel those who observe and who are acted upon by them, instead of exciting an inclination to imitate and adopt them. Young minds are particularly liable to these unfortunate impressions. For instance, if a father’s economy degenerate into a minute and teasing parsimony, it is odd; but that the son, who has suffered under it, sets out a sworn enemy to all rules of order and frugality. If a father’s piety be morose, rigorous, and tinged with melancholy, perpetually breaking in upon the recreation of his family, and surfeiting them with the language of religion on all occasions, there is a danger lest the son carry from home with him a settled prejudice against seriousness and religion, as inconsistent with every plan of a pleasurable life; and turns out, when he mixes with the world, a character of levity or dissoluteness.—*Paley’s Moral Philosophy.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## A WAR CRY.

[Lines supposed to be written by an impetuous young soldier, rendered infuriate by the recent horrid news from Afghanistan.]

BY JAMES HOLMES.

From India's distant shores, dread, awful, peals  
Of crashing thunder rend the frightened air !  
Bewilder'd, stunn'd, the brain of Britain reels !  
See !—see the serpent fires electric, glare !  
What means the dreadful thunder? Deaf'ning! Hark !  
Again it rolls ! Most fearful, frightful sound !  
It tells a direful tale !—that, stiff and stark,  
Five thousand corpses 'cumber Afghan ground !  
It tells of slaughter, massacre and wo,—  
Of Britain's warlike sons from Hindustan  
Surrounded by a ruthless, vengeful, foe  
In myriads, countless,—slaughtered to a man !  
Oh ! horrid butchery ! Blood-curdling news !  
It harrows up the soul ! Disaster fell !  
Misfortune on our drooping heads, thick strews  
Hot blist'ring ashes as from fires of Hell !

What then ? Shall we, Britannia's sons, give back ?  
Shall we sink hopeless, helpless ? Never ! no !  
What though our hearts be riven on the rack—  
Yet shall they with the fires of vengeance glow !  
Vengeance ! Cabool ! Away ! dash off the tear—  
Stifle the grief that bends the manly form !  
No thought but for revenge ! Raise high the cheer,  
Our British cheer ! precursor of the storm  
Of battle—and—I ween—of Victory !

They've fallen ! Gash'd and trampled in the dust  
Their gory corpses ! Wet is ev'ry eye !  
But instant stop weak sorrow's passionate gust !  
Their lives ? they were their country's ! But a debt !  
(The debt we all do owe.) Their debt's but paid !  
To Her, our lives belong ! Death must be met  
Some time or other,—so—dispel all shade  
Of grief :—Oh ! rather let our hearts rejoice !  
They've perish'd soldier-like ! No prouder death  
Can man befall ! And hark ! Britannia's voice  
Impatient that red Vengeance' sulph'rous breath  
Shall blast the Afghan hordes, and scorch their land !  
And oh ! where e'er her war-horse paws the ground  
There grass shall never grow again !—but sand,  
In billows like the desert, glare around !

What though five thousand perished there ! Behold !  
Full fifty thousand more, who ardent spring  
To die or conquer on the spot where roll'd  
Their tide of battle ! Joyous offering  
Of blood and sinew,—blithe as song of bird,  
More precious than rare jewels of the mine !

My noble countrymen ! Your cry is heard  
Around the globe ! And in your glance, no sign

Of doubt or fear ! But, Forward ! is the cry !  
There is the foe ! Advance ! The double quick !  
(Where is the Briton doubts of victory !)  
Level the bay'net—let the cannon speak !  
Cabool ! Hourra ! And thou, renown'd Saint George !  
Give to thy sons the parch'd and bak'd Earth's thirst,  
The famish'd tiger's rage,—that they may gorge  
On sweet revenge ! In blood may slake the first,  
And blunt their rage, by hecatombs of dead !  
Hear, hear, our British shout ! It rends the air,  
(Ah ! could they hear it in their gory bed !)  
But hence, away all weakness ! Vengeance, bare  
Thy crimson arm ! Pour forth again our cheer !  
Loud, louder yet ! Loud, loud as Ocean's roar,  
Till Afghan hills and vallies quake with fear,  
And Earth reverberates from shore to shore !  
Cabool ! henceforward synonyme of hate !  
Henceforward, name for vengeance ! Rest, ye Dead !  
Not surer are the stern decrees of Fate  
Than red Revenge shall smooth your rugged bed !

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE APPROACH OF INSANITY.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

[A lover, in whose family insanity was hereditary, and who had long felt its approach, thus divulged his knowledge of the progress it had made, to his affianced :]

Upon thy bosom, sweetest, let me rest  
My burning brow ! Mayhap, the dove of peace  
That makes that sanctu'ry of love, its nest,—  
Will spread its wings, and, ent'ring, cause to cease  
The strife which now, convulsive, tears my mind !

Ah ! start not at my temples' throb !—The blood  
Within, is hot ; and boiling strives to find  
Escape from thought ! (So strives the lava-flood  
'Mid subterranean fires). Why gazest thou  
Into mine eyes with such intensity ?  
Hah ! see'st thou aught thou'st never mark'd till  
now ?

Love, listen ! 'Tis the Soul in agony,—  
'Tis Reason (like the fabled Laocoon),  
Within the crushing and constricting folds  
Of fell Insanity !—Ah ! loosened soon  
The grasp by which, from conquest, it now holds  
The monster !—Dwindling fast is Reason's span !

My seething brain !—Oh ! hell-engender'd curse,  
That leaves inviolate the form of man,  
But, stifling Reason, renders him e'en worse  
Than lowest brutes or savage beasts ;—for they  
No longer howl when they have straw'd the ground  
With torn and bloody fragments of their prey ;—  
No longer then their eye-balls glare around

For Famine's victims.—Gorg'd, they torpid lie.

But Man, depriv'd of Reason, knows no rest ;  
For him, the only boon is soon to die,—  
To be annihilate—is to be blest !

Nay, dry those tears,—let not these sobs be heard ;—  
Reflect,—my sweet possession—were I not  
Unlike the common, vagrant, human herd,  
Thou never would'st have cast with mine thy lot :—  
Have breath'd the pledge of love—thy spotless word  
To live for me alone !—Now, sweetest, hear !—  
That which did win thee, was—my Spirit, stirr'd  
By wild Eolian strains, that on the ear,  
Came swelling, moaning, wailing :—“Break the bars  
Which hold thee from communion with thine own,”  
(Its own ethereal Essence, 'yond the stars.)

My Spirit won thee !—'Twas its rending moan  
Of mis'ry, in the slimy clasp of earth,  
(Oh ! most revolting contact for the Soul !)  
That in thy gentle bosom first gave birth  
To love !—those strains more wildly sound—they  
roll

In gloom, like thunder mutt'ring in the night—  
Responsive speaks the tortur'd Spirit's groan,—  
Whilst Reason, sow'ring, shrinks in pale affright.

Insanity next mounts his crimson throne !

This is the penalty those Minds must pay  
Which soar too near the scorching, blasting Sun !

But mourn not hopeless, Sweet ! Religion's ray  
A haven shows, when earth's mad course is run.

(ORIGINAL.)

### ADDRESS TO A LADY.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

LADY, thou orderest a sonnet,  
Much in the style thou would'st  
From milliner command a bonnet,  
Ah ! 'tis not thus thou should'st  
Announce thy wish.—All must allow  
'Tis not mechanical  
To make a wreath for lover's brow,  
(E'en crown for Bacchanal,)  
“Of thoughts that breathe and words that burn,”  
As 'tis to make a bonnet ;  
(That fact from me thou need'st not learn,)  
Command ! not then a sonnet,  
But breathe thy wish, soft as the kiss  
Thou'dst give to sweet moss-rose,  
Or warm as maidens' dreams of bliss—  
(They whisp'ringly disclose.)  
Then, Lady, I shall do my best  
Thy wish to gratify,—  
Then, shall the Muse, with sparkling zest,  
Delightedly comply.  
“Yet, Lady, 'tis no easy task  
Thou would'st on me impose ;—

The Muse comes not when e'er I ask,  
Or fain would verse compose ;  
She must be gently courted : wooed  
By passionate desire,  
At times. She's seldom in the mood  
To strike the sounding lyre,  
Or tune the mournful lute. And yet  
Thou ask'st for tribute meet  
Before the delicate to set,—  
To lay at Beauty's feet,  
As if 't were product of the hand,  
A mean, material, thing !—  
Ah ! 'tis beyond all price of land,  
Or making of a king.

Fit off'ring should effulgent glow  
As gems by gold caress'd,  
And perfumes spread, as gales that blow  
From Araby the blest.

But hush ! The Muse breathes in her choral shell,

Bask in the sunny southern isles  
Where balmy Zephyrs ever play,  
And bright-brow'd summer constant smiles  
On perfum'd banks of flowers gay ;  
Or rove in that far orient land  
Where spicy gales eternal blow,  
And rarest gems (of Samarcand,)  
Like stars in the cerulean glow ;  
Then dream of Paradise and bliss,  
Until the soul's dissolv'd in rapture,—  
'Till Cupid, with his mother's kiss,  
Enslaves the heart (a willing capture !)  
And what th' impassion'd soul discloses,  
Quick, quickly note, in moments brief,  
With pencil dipp'd in milk of roses,  
Upon the lovely violet's leaf.

Then may'st thou hope to form a tribute meet  
To lay at lovely, angel, woman's feet.

### WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

IF the “wisdom of our ancestors” had not taught them to recognize newly discovered truths, and to discard those errors to which ignorance had given birth, we should not have been indebted to them for the improvements, which, however well they may have served their purpose for a time, are destined to be superseded by still more important discoveries.

In the year 1615, a Florentine had the presumption and audacity to assert, contrary to the prevailing opinions of the learned, “the great, the good, and the wise among men,” and contrary to the conclusions of all preceding ages, “that the earth revolved round the sun ;” and, although he was threatened with death for his heresy, Galileo was right.—*Morgan's Letters.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## ROSE MURRAY; OR, THE RIVAL FREEBOOTERS.

BY RUSSELL.

*Continued from our last Number.*

### CHAPTER V.

WE will return to Col. M. and his companion Pierre, whom we left engaged in forming their future plans after the breaking up of the council. What these were, will appear from their conversation, and that of Captain George and Gentleman John, detailed in this chapter.

"Well, my noble Colonel and patron," said Pierre, in answer to the question of what was now to be done, "it is as I have for some time foreseen. I told you there cannot be two commanders to one body of men. Captain George has directly refused to aid in our contemplated expedition, and threatens to withdraw, if it is attempted. Either then the expedition must be given up, in deference to Captain George, or we must go on without him, and perhaps in opposition to him. If you prefer his company and favour to the Rose,—I should say, by Gentleman John's description, the *Lily* of the Glen, why give up the expedition, and go and tell the Captain you wish to be friends, and shake hands."

"Confound his scruples," said Colonel M. "He has before hindered us from much rare sport, and has frequently, in our private councils, opposed our plans, though we have yielded so much to his wishes. But how can we get along without him? Every thing he undertakes prospers, and the band adore him for his liberality and kindness to them."

"I will grant him brave and liberal and successful," answered Pierre; "but then his puritan notions about right, and his womanish heart where blood is concerned, make him no fit leader for a band of good fellows such as yours. The men, it is true, like him, but it is because you trust so much to him. Let it once be known you have broken with him, and you will see them ready to tear him to pieces as the crows do a wounded companion."

"I know not," said Colonel M.; "and I would not like to harm him either if it could be avoided, for in spite of myself I like him,—nay, respect him for his scruples."

"He! he! he! Yes, for keeping the fair girl of last expedition from your hands," insinuated Pierre, "and giving the man the cat for obeying your orders."

"He does not know it was done by my orders, or by God I would tear him limb from limb," said Col. M., his passion rising at the sneering tone of his companion.

"True," answered Pierre, "Gentleman John, his sworn friend, swears he knew nothing about it,

and of course he is the best of testimony in the world on the subject."

"Nay, nay, you make him worse than he is, for Big Jim confessed that when he told him it was by my commands he ordered him double for believing his Colonel, and he himself immediately told me what he had done on our next meeting."

"He! he! he!" again sneered his companion. "Your heart is too good, my noble patron; that was but the depth of his subtlety, to blind you. He wanted a sly bit himself and took this method to out-general you—and trusting to your frankness and partiality for himself, pardon me when I say he overreached you. The deepest waters are always the stillest, my noble patron, and you have trusted him so much that he now assumes higher grounds than arguments to dissuade you from any expedition that does not exactly agree with his puritan tastes."

"'Tis true," said Colonel M. "he was more imperious than became his station; still his services to me claim that much should be forgiven to him. And I hope that yet he will yield to our entreaties. Could you not find out some way to persuade him, as in other cases, at least, to give the conduct of the expedition to some one else?"

"I fear it would be of no use, for I have the best information that he loves the girl himself."

"Prove that to me, and by H—n! his fate is sealed," interrupted Colonel M. "And I will, in addition make it worth your pains."

"Listen then," answered Pierre. "Listen, and judge for yourself. I was unwilling to mention this to you, as I was afraid it would disturb you in your judgment, which I wished to be cool."

"The proof—the proof," said Colonel M. "I am cool."

"Well, I shall be able to satisfy you," returned Pierre, in a few words.

"I had suspected it ever since the council in which Gentleman John was appointed to proceed to her father's and learn what could benefit us in our ulterior plans, and I set a spy to watch our noble and conscientious captain, and had his conversation faithfully reported. I wished to make assurance doubly sure, and in one of his conversations with Gentleman John, I proceeded to a place where I could hear without being seen, and thus I knew before what would be his decision in the council just broken up. He! he! he! I heard him myself say he loved the girl—that he had seen her, and her image was constantly present to his mind."

Pierre proceeded to bring circumstantial evidence from the manner and sayings of Captain George in the council, so as scarcely to leave a doubt on the mind of Colonel M. that the Captain's opposition arose from love toward the object of the Colonel's desire, and by insinuating that all this proceeded from envy and desire of rivalry, he fanned the passions of Colonel M. into such a flame as almost made himself tremble.

The rage of Colonel M. grew fiercer as his wily companion counselled patience, and with affected love of reconciliation changed his position to find excuses for what he called the Captain's duplicity and treachery, which, he insinuated had their origin in Colonel M.'s partiality and unbounded confidence."

"Shall I be bearded by an upstart boy?" Colonel M. broke out, quivering with passion, as he paced the narrow apartment or cell—"Shall I be bearded by an upstart boy! thwarted in my plans? Shall I hear a lecture on morality from such a double-dyed villain? Shall I be threatened too—as if his support were necessary to my object. By Heaven! he goes too far with his insolence. Deeply shall he rue this opposition, if continued."

Pierre beheld him boiling with passion, and every word was sweeter than honey, for now he saw the breach between the commanders, which he had long been endeavouring to bring about, already accomplished, with the prospect of revenge for the many indignities he thought he had suffered from Captain George, and the restraint which, in spite of himself, attended his presence both on himself and the Colonel, whom he could not, as formerly, bend so easily to his wishes. Now that the storm was diverted from himself, he studiously, though cautiously added fuel to the flame, and forced his patron to the resolution of taking measures to rid himself of the Captain by any means in his power.

While Colonel M. and his companion were concerting measures to rid themselves at all hazards of the great obstacle to success in the contemplated expedition, let us turn to him and his friend Gentleman John. They had retired to some distance in the forest, where they could just hear the sound of revelry coming from the camp, and where might be seen through the trees the gleamings of the fires around which his men were lying. As at times the boisterous shout of mirth came through the stillness of night, as the jest circulated around the company, it fell like torture on the ear of their unhappy Captain.

"Would to God," said he to his companion, "I were one of them. They care for nothing but a successful expedition, and afterwards, to enjoy its fruits in such a revel as that. They fear nothing but quiet, the want of grog and the gallows—and the last they seldom think of. I would I were anything but what I am. Willingly would I submit to the lowest services could I gain an honest livelihood. I often envy the slave as he sweats in the

field—he at least has peace of mind—and cares for nothing after the toils of the day are finished. I envy the very horse I ride on—for he performs his duty, and when he dies his existence is ended, but for me—my God! what have I become!"

"Speak not thus my dear Captain," said Gentleman John. "You are adored by us all—there is scarce one of the band but would willingly lay down his life for you. Shake off this melancholy, which affects all on your account. Be as formerly. Whose song was so often called for, or whose laugh louder than yours used to be? We all used to love you, no less for those qualities, than for your superior talents and bravery. Hear their shouts of mirth—"

"They, poor devils, cannot be expected to feel for me, for did they know the causes, they could not understand my feelings," said Captain George, interrupting him sorrowfully. It may not be that I should again join in their revels. Even when I did so, it was but a feigned mirth; there was a load like a mountain lying on my heart at the time, sufficient to crush me, and gladly would I have exchanged places with the meanest of the band, could I have at the same time thrown off that intolerable burden which was crushing me to the earth. Would to God I could leave them and persuade them to leave their present way of life. I was mad when I accepted the Captainship, and now I bear the fruits of my madness."

"Who but you could have reduced such men into order," added Gentleman John, as the Captain sunk into a reverie of thought. "How many lives have you saved? How many poor have you relieved? Ever since the time you joined us, on that night when we saved Sir William's house from the flames, and himself and daughter from ruffians, there has been a change in the whole band. While you were one of us you had almost unlimited influence, and since you consented to be our Captain the whole character of the band has changed, from that of bloody and desperate ruffians to obedient and orderly companions. Since that time we have attacked none but our lawful prey—the damned Tories—and with few exceptions in the heat of blood, nothing more has been done than to make them dance to the music of Yankee doodle, with lightened pockets, or ride breechless across a pike, and sing God save the King, or Heigh ho Dobbin! Do you remember the time when you made the quaker drink his own hat full of the Tory Bascom's wine, and after stripping him forced him to dance a hornpipe around the large oak, and how he prayed thee to deliver him from the sons of Ham, as one and another helped his steps by a prick of their pikes—how horror struck when the proposition to dance was made—and with what a grace he yielded to the necessity of his circumstances. And how he thanked you when you gave him back his clothes, and money sufficient to carry him home."

The Captain could not help laughing at the image Gentleman John had recalled, and the remembrance of the manner by which he had saved the old quaker's life, forfeited by his undertaking to lecture the band on their evil practices, and persuade them to leave them off and return to honest and honorable employment.

The hope of Gentleman John that he had succeeded in banishing the melancholy of his Captain was but momentary. His congratulations that now he was becoming himself again, and the happiness that the whole band would feel, were cut short by the Captain's answering, as he sighed deeply :

"Seek not to put to sleep the foul fiend that is gnawing at my heart; its awakening is but the more terrible for a moment's forgetfulness. My men do not look upon me as formerly. They complain of my inactivity, and the restraint I put upon their passions, and I cannot hide even from myself that there is a conspiracy forming, headed by the friend of Colonel M., to remove me from my power, and perhaps to sacrifice me to his enmity and revenge."

"Throw off this inactivity," exclaimed Gentleman John, "which gives him a pretence for saying you are regardless of the interests of the band; be yourself once more, and one word will scatter their conspiracy to the wind. They all hate him, and although Colonel M. gives them greater liberty of gratifying their private hates, they love him not, on account of his avariciousness of the gains. He wishes the profit and would avoid the dangers, and, besides they have little confidence in his guidance."

"I know it but too well," said the Captain; "and this is what renders it so difficult for me to resolve to leave them forever. Could some one be found who would undertake to wean them gradually from their course of life, and who was able to restrain them in what I have long felt to be an unlawful and wicked employment, gladly would I deliver up my power to him, and leave them and it forever."

"There is none such," answered Gentleman John, "in whom they can have confidence!—and the morning of your departure will see the band scattered into parties, bent on unrestrained plunder, rapine, and licentiousness. No one but yourself can restrain and command them. Speak not then of leaving, and exposing your poor fellows to their own passions and the gallows."

"It is but too true," said Captain George, sadly; "but what can be done? To be even as I have formerly been is impossible, and without this, and action and employment, I cannot regain the full confidence of the men; and, on the other hand, if I do not take some decisive measure, I see but too plainly that Pierre and his faction will succeed in their long and repeated attempts to supplant me in the command and gratify their own revenge for my frequent restraints on their inclinations and desires. I have often," continued Captain George, "been on the

point of gratifying your desire, and returning your confidence by giving you a short account of my life—what led me to embrace this kind of life,—and as often have I shrunk from it. Give me your attention, and I will now tell you as much as will enable you to judge of my feelings, and give me your advice, in what manner we both may escape from our unhappy situation."

"Nothing," said Gentleman John, "could give me more pleasure, for had it not been for my good fortune in meeting with you, I should ere this time have abandoned my comrades forever."

"I was born in Jamestown, of wealthy and respectable parents, and being their only child, had all the attention and care their fondness could suggest. My father being a graduate of Edinburgh, instructed me in languages and mathematics till I was fifteen years of age, when I was sent to Edinburgh to finish my education, about a year before the commencement of the late unhappy war between England and her colonies. My father embraced the side of his adopted country, in opposition to most of his intimate friends and relations, and was chosen to an important command in the continental army. From the few letters he was able to write me, and the many I received from my mother, during the five years I remained in Scotland, I had become deeply impressed with the injustice of the mother country; and immediately on my return, I joined myself to the army, in the rank of a private soldier. In a short time I rose to the rank of Captain, which I held at the close of the war. The second year of my service I lost my father, and during a furlough which I procured to look after his estates, which had been greatly neglected during his attendance in the army, I accidentally renewed my acquaintance with the fairest and best of her sex, who had long before engaged my ardent affections when a boy. Circumstances connected with our families, growing out of alienation of feeling between them, in espousing different sides of the revolutionary struggle, had denied all intercourse after my return, and though I had never ceased to think of her with tenderness and love, yet it was but as a sweet and pleasing dream. To my joy I found that my love had been returned, and though no mutual explanation had passed between us, that she had remembered me with affection during my long absence. The intercourse, which we enjoyed at the residence of a mutual friend, ripened into a deep and absorbing love, and for the time I lost all thoughts of business and gave myself up to the dream of bliss. The wild passion of the boy grew into the deep and all absorbing love of the man, and around that one being were bound all the hope and joys the future could offer. The partiality which her father had shown to me when a boy had changed into a settled and burning hatred on account of my views and actions in relation to the contest then waging. I bore much from him—



and heard him attribute motives and apply epithets to the chief officers and great men of our country as well as the whole army which none other could have used with impunity. At last I attempted to reason—and I need not add what followed. It ended, however, with forbidding me his house and all communication with his daughter, adding that he would sooner lay her in the grave than have his name coupled with a traitor and a villain. I left the house, never again to enter it. Before my departure, however, I procured an interview with Rosa through our mutual friend, and parted from her for the army with promises of mutual love and fidelity.

"Near the close of the war I again procured leave of absence, and returned, with a beating heart, to the spot around which my affections had clung—in the hope of finding the feelings of her father changed by time, and by the hopelessness of all future attempts on the part of Great Britain to subdue the country, or even longer to protract the struggle. I returned, however, to find none in the father, but a great change in the daughter. She met my impassioned greetings with the coldness of formality, and expressed her regret at a meeting, which she had given me out of a sense of duty, on account of past relationship. She told me it was the command of her father and brother to break off all correspondence and connection with one who, they said, had so little sense of honor as to be found in arms against his king and country, and whatever her personal feelings might be, she felt bound to acquiesce in their decision. The tears she shed, I at the time thought a counterfeit for the occasion, and, before I had recovered my astonishment and amazement sufficiently to utter a single word, she was gone.

I rushed from the house—I was pursued as by a body of fiends, and striking my spurs into my horse, I hurried away careless whither I might be borne. I shall not describe my feelings—nor could I. The next morning I found my horse had taken the road leading towards home. With a feeling of anger at the faithful brute, I turned and took the road directly to the army. To avoid reflection, I hurried forward, scarcely giving my poor animal time to bait, till I again arrived, long before my furlough was ended, within the lines. Hoping to fall in the charge, I solicited a part in a desperate enterprise, and it was granted. I was almost the only one that escaped with life. Though severely wounded and long insensible to all passing around me, by the care and attention of the friends into whose hands, (I cannot say whether fortunately or unfortunately,) I chanced to fall, I slowly recovered, and was on my return home when I accidentally heard of the meditated attack on the house of Sir William Murray. I was fortunate enough to meet with Colonel M. who happened to be in the neighbourhood, and who, on my representation, and being personally acquainted with Sir William, afforded the necessary

assistance, and as you know, completely frustrated the diabolical attempt. What has been my employment since then, you know, and would to God I could efface from memory all traces of its existence.

"In the silence of night I am tortured with remorse for my folly; and, when fevered sleep overpowers exhausted nature, I am harassed by distempered dreams. Sometimes I feel the hand of my mother resting on my head, and hear her thrilling voice warning me to flee from my present condition, and reproaching me for bringing down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Sometimes I am blest in the society and love of her whom I can never forget, and at others I am raving in despair at her inconstancy and infidelity. I know it is foolish thus to expose my own weakness, but I cannot now restrain what has so long been preying on my vitals, until life has become a burden and a curse. I care not where I go, or what I do, so I leave this accursed life."

Gentleman John had listened thus far with the deepest attention to the relation of his Captain, when he exclaimed:

"Thank God, it is not yet too late! This expedition must be crushed at all hazards. The cold blooded infamous scoundrel, to indulge a thought of blasting so much purity and beauty!"

"For Heaven's sake," exclaimed Captain George, starting to his feet, and grasping his companion's shoulders, till he writhed beneath his grasp—"For Heaven's sake, what is that you say? You do not mean that Colonel M. has any design to injure Miss Murray? Do not jest on such a subject, or our friendship shall——. It cannot be. He swore by every thing sacred, that it was nothing farther than some of his plate, in consideration for money owed him by Sir William."

"Be calm, and I will tell you all," answered Gentleman John; "Colonel M.'s oaths bind him no longer than is convenient; his heart is blacker than Erebus, when any object connected with his passions is concerned. Your influence, and his notions of my fitness for the office (in spite of his doubt of my fidelity to himself) gained for me the duty of going and ingratiating myself into Sir William Murray's favour, for the ostensible reason of finding what amount of plate and other valuables he possessed, and where they might be found. You know that Colonel M. was more than once able to assist in protecting Sir William, by his troops, from bands of robbers, under the guise of advancing freedom, even during the late war, and that he was one of the few of our officers admitted to Sir William's table. By his openness and bluntness of manners, and his studied deference to Sir William's opinions, he ingratiated himself into his confidence, and, when stationed in that neighbourhood, was a frequent and welcome guest at his table."

"To this point; I know all this," said the Cap-

tain, interrupting him; "let me know at once all the matter."

"I am coming to it as fast as possible," answered Gentleman John; "but you must be calm, and hear me, so as to be able to form a cool judgment. I said he was a frequent guest at Sir William's table, and no means were left untried of ingratiating himself into his favour, and that of his daughter. At last he made offers of marriage to the daughter, which were indignantly rejected. He extorted a promise of secrecy from her on the subject, and continued his visits as formerly, on a promise of never renewing the subject. You know his character and morality on such subjects, and his untiring perseverance, when his passions are once enlisted. You know also, that at this time he had two wives alive, and also how many innocent young females have had to repent their confidence in his protestations of love."

"Go on, go on!" exclaimed Captain George, impatiently.

"Some time after he had made proposals of marriage to the daughter, he offered the same through Sir William, with a like reception, and an indignant dismissal from his house followed, on words passing between them. Sir William had never taken the slightest notice of him since that period, until the time, when, by your request, he freed him from the threatened attack. This attack was got up at the Colonel's instigation, in order to lay Sir William under new obligations. All his apologies, all his art, could never regain Sir William's confidence, and a deadly hatred and desire of revenge took possession of his mind, which this expedition is intended to gratify. This has been increased and fanned by his constant companion and friend, Pierre, both from hatred to Sir William and in hopes of plunder.

"Before proceeding to the fulfilment of my mission, I was called to a private conference with Colonel M., to receive farther instructions. Cautiously sounding the confidence he might place in me, he held out great hopes of reward, mingled with artful flattery, so that I soon suspected there was another object than that proposed in the council. Determining to gratify him, I by degrees learned his connection with the family of Sir William, which I have just told you, full confirmation of which and much more I learned from other sources. His conquests with so many females, had been comparatively so easy that he was piqued that not even an offer of his hand could gain him a single hope from Miss Murray, or her father, Sir William. His wounded vanity and pride called for revenge,—his boastings hitherto, put his reputation at stake among his associates, who rallied him on his want of success, and more than hinted that many of his former exploits existed in imagination. His vanity led him still to hope that fair means would be successful, but in the event of their failure, he authorised me to make use of arguments

which I would blush even to repeat. The result of my mission you already know, and that failure makes him hasten to this last resource. With difficulty could I restrain myself from plunging my dagger into his heart as he laid open the foul devilish secrets it concealed. He has now offered Sir William's house as plunder, and in the confusion intends to make himself master of the person of Miss Murray; but, thank God! your bestowal of confidence on me, has not come too late to frustrate his diabolical plan."

Astonishment and horror had seized on Captain George during the recital of Gentleman John, as he exposed the villainy of the Colonel, and the danger touching the being he still deeply loved. It was some moments after Gentleman John had finished before he could utter a word in reply—and with difficulty he mastered the passion raging within so as to clothe his thoughts in language. Gentleman John could scarcely restrain him from rushing to the Colonel's apartment and plunging his dagger into his heart, by assuring him of the utter impossibility of the attempt, and the certain ruin it would bring on those whom he would aid.

"Consider," continued Gentleman John, "that most of your friends have been scattered, on various business or pretences, into different parts—that most of those around him are his own creatures and ready to obey his will. His suspicions are awakened, and extraordinary watchfulness is the result—the least act tending to assure him that you know the real state of the case must bring ruin on us both, as well as on those we would assist; or, at least, will hasten the attack before we can possibly be able to frustrate his aim."

With the greatest difficulty, by such representations, was Gentleman John able to restrain his Captain from endangering their object by a sudden breach with Colonel M. and to obtain a promise that nothing should be attempted until such time as some of the band returned, and immediate action becomes absolutely necessary. Their attempts to cause the abandonment of the expedition were unavailing, and also to delay it for some time longer. The day of starting was appointed, and, Captain George, making a desperate effort to crush it by force, and being foiled, was, by the order of Colonel M. bound and placed in the charge of one of his most faithful adherents, with orders, should any attempt to escape be made, to make sure of his prisoner at all hazards. The last orders of Colonel M. to his keeper or jailer, were: "Keep your prisoner at your peril—alive if you can, dead if you must."

*To be continued.*

#### A VIRTUOUS PRINCE.

As the sun disdains not to give light to the smallest worm, so a virtuous prince protects the life of his meanest subject.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

## A HOODITE.

To write, or not to write—aye, that's the thing !  
The "question" will not do—'tis hard to rhyme,  
Whether to common sense 'twill be a crime  
For me to attempt, in Poet's say, to sing.

To write, to write, to soar on "Fancy's wing,"  
And be the Pope and Homer of my days—  
But stop—let me not think of gath'ring bays,  
Before I plant the tree whence they're to spring.

Ah ! dire misgivings check my wish'd for flight ;  
Of plagiarisms I would fain keep clear,—  
A treacherous memory still makes me fear  
That what I've read I shall be apt to write.

When to my verse our Editor assigns  
A column, how shall I the charge withstand,  
If some pugnacious critic, pen in hand,  
Begins a fierce attack upon my lines ?

"A poet this ! his *fancy* truly free is,  
"Into each author's store by turns he breaks,  
"From Cowper's *Table Talk* his words he takes,  
"And makes Young's *Night Thoughts* furnish him  
ideas.

"A sacrilegious robber I declare,  
"From Gray's *Church Yard* he steals a verse  
away,  
"Here is a couplet from the *Tomb* of Gay,  
"The varlet even robs the *Grave* of Blair.

"Burns, Scott, and Byron ! I might name a score,  
"For none escape his plagiarising clutch,  
"From *Little's* poems he has taken much,  
"And it is plain he makes the *most* of Moore."

Some likeness in my offspring will be spied  
To some preceding Bard, alive or dead,  
Rhyme which perhaps costs me an *aching head*,  
They'll say I got *cost free* from Akenside.

The world's so full of verse, for room I'm stinted,  
For its poetic fields are so much trod,  
I scarce can put a *foot* upon the sod,  
But I shall tread on what's already *printed*.

What warrior's left unsung ? There is not one  
Of all our ancient or our modern great,  
Who wore or *crested* helm or *Epaulet*,  
From Alexander down to Wellington.

The Fair ! I love them and could praise them too,  
Alas ! they need not any praise of mine,  
For thousands have extoll'd their form "divine,"  
Their lips so *red*, their eyes so *black* and *blue*.

I fear to venture on descriptive lays,—  
Whole seas of ink have flow'd 'bout babbling  
brooks,  
And so much has been said of Nature's looks,  
There's not a *feature* left for me to praise.

Smooth streams still glide, and cat'racts always  
roar,—  
Where shall I find fresh tints to paint the sky ?  
Of winds that whistle and of Zephyr's sigh,  
Nought can be told, that's not been told before.

To try the comic strain were little good,  
For every *peg* within the English tongue,  
On which a pun or quip might once be hung,  
Has long ago been covered by a *Hood*.

Alas ! I fear my wishes will be blighted,  
"Oh ! for a spark of Shakspeare's soul of fire !"  
Unlucky thought ! for, consummation dire,  
P'raps with this sheet a *fire* will soon lighted.

I've done ! this *one* attempt to court the *Nine*,  
Is quite enough—it shall be first and last.  
Poetic hopes I find I must resign,  
And, reader, your *main* trouble now is past,  
For here behold I trace my *boundary line*.  
Sherbrooke, 20th April, 1840.

## THE SUGAR BIRD.\*

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THOU splendid child of southern skies !  
Thy brilliant plumes and graceful form  
Are not so precious in mine eyes  
As those gray heralds of the morn,  
Which in my own beloved land  
Welcome the azure car of spring,  
When budding flowers and leaves expand  
On hawthorn bows—and sweetly sing.

But thou art suited to the clime,  
The golden clime that gave thee birth ;  
Where beauty reigns o'er scenes sublime,  
And fadeless verdure decks the earth ;  
Where nature faints beneath the blaze  
Of her own gorgeous crown of light,  
And exiled eyes, with aching gaze,  
Sigh for the softer shades of night,

That memory to their dreams may bring  
Past scenes, to cheer their sleeping eye,  
The dark green woods where linnets sing,  
And echo wafts the faint reply,  
Ah, from those voiceless birds that glow,  
Like living gems 'mid blossoms rare,  
The captive turns in sullen woe  
To climes more dear and scenes less fair !

\*This elegant bird is a native of Van Dieman's land.

## OUR TABLE.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND—BY AGNES STRICKLAND—VOL. IV.

ANOTHER volume of these pleasingly written biographies has just appeared. It is a worthy successor to the previous volumes, being full of interest to every reader who takes a pleasure in the elucidation of the truths of history. The fate of the hapless dames who sat in high places in these "days of the olden time," as portrayed in these volumes, was not such as to awaken envy. It might have been said of them, and said truly, that "unhappy lies the head that wears a crown," for with scarcely a single exception, the early Queens of England were the favourites and handmaids of misery, often drinking her bitter cup to its lowest dregs. Miss Strickland has given a faithful portraiture of their woes, extenuating nothing which exercised an influence upon their lives; and the fruits of her labours are an enviable popularity and a growing fame. To adopt the words of an English reviewer, "Miss Strickland has the merit of having created for herself a new department in historical literature, and in the execution of her self-imposed task, she has displayed great industry and research. Her narratives are written in an unpretending style, and replete with novelty to all who have not examined history at its fountain head. Upon the whole, there have been few modern compilations of history that have been so well received by the public, or that have so well deserved the popularity achieved."

THE TWO ADMIRALS—A TALE OF THE SEA—BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

THE true element of the author of the "Water Witch" and the "Prairie," is the glorious sea, or the scarcely less trackless wilderness, among the children of the forest. He is lost amid the murky atmosphere of towns, and the "cramped and cabined" laws which bind the circles of fashionable life together. Among the latter he never ventures, and returns to his own haunts scatheless and untainted. But wherever nature is the presiding deity, he is at ease, and his genius soars on a free and untrammelled wing. We welcome him, then, on his return to his familiar home, with a pleasure which will be shared by thousands. It is true, that, to our thinking, the new novel lacks some portion of the freshness, and, perhaps, a little of the spirit, which gave to his first essays so peculiar a charm; but it is still brimming with interest, and of exciting incident, which, told in the graphic and powerful language of the author of "the Spy," must impart to those who read it some portion of the fire with which it burns. The "Two Admirals" will do much to retrieve the fame which its author lost by his "Home as Found," in which was betrayed a captious and narrow spirit, unworthy of one whose aim should be to fill a large space in the eyes of his countrymen and of the English-speaking world. The crowded condition of our pages leaves us little room to enter into its merits, or to quote from it, in illustration of our commendation; but, we will not fail at an early day, to lay some of the more easily detached portions of it before our readers.

OUR MESS—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN—BY HARRY LORREQUER.

THIS story, which appears in the *Dublin University Magazine*, (of which its author has recently been elevated to the editorial chair,) improves in interest with each successive number. So far, however, it will not eclipse the fame of his former works,—we scarcely think that it will rival them. The characters bear a strong family likeness to those in Charles O'Malley, but the incidents and adventures in which they figure are widely dissimilar. It would be premature to pronounce judgment upon it, nevertheless, and we will hold the subject open for future reference.

THE ENCYCLOPÉDIE CANADIENNE—EDITED BY M. BIBAUD.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of a periodical, published in the French language, under the above title, which promises to be an able ally in the field of literature, which, hitherto, we have cultivated almost alone. It is under the editorial management of a gentleman who is

well known to the public in this city, as being eminently calculated to win golden opinions in the path which he has undertaken to tread. The first number is full of valuable and interesting articles, as well original as selected, the latter being done with care and judgment from what seem to be ample resources. We have no doubt whatever that the support which will be extended to this excellent work will be such as to remunerate the proprietor for his enterprise and labour; and to those of our readers who understand, or who wish to understand, the language in which it is printed, we have pleasure in cordially recommending it.

TECUMSEH, OR THE WEST THIRTY YEARS SINCE—BY G. H. COLTON.

A BEAUTIFULLY got up volume of poetry, the subject of which is the celebrated Indian Chief Tecumseh, has just been published in New York. It is spoken of in terms of the highest commendation, and the extracts given afford conclusive evidence that it possesses a large share of merit. The name should be a household word in Canada, as that of one of nature's noblest sons, who linked his fortunes with the British arms, and gave up his life in stemming the tide of battle. When the volume has found its way to Canada, we shall endeavour to make its merits more fully known to the admirers of the Indian Chief.

In the last number of the *Garland*, we were under the necessity of apologizing for the non-appearance of several articles, which had been for some time in our possession. We are still compelled to throw ourselves upon the forbearance of our readers and contributors. The only explanation we can offer will be found in the pages of this number—that is, the great length to which some continued tales have extended, and of which the interest would be diminished by curtailment. We have been under the necessity of adding a few pages to the regular size of the number, in order to make room for those articles of which it was impossible to defer the publication.

Of the poetry of the present number we need scarcely speak. It is such as will command attention. The "War Cry," elicited by the disastrous intelligence from Cabool, which has cast a gloom upon the whole empire, will be particularly noted, as being the expression, in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," of the deep and all-absorbing feeling which glows in the breasts of countless thousands, to whom the melancholy fate of the slaughtered hosts has made their memory sacred. It was, we have reason to believe, written almost without a moment for reflection, and while the stunning influence of the catastrophe was yet intensely felt upon the mind of the author.

While upon this subject, we may be excused if we advert to some other of the poetical tributes which enrich our pages for the present month. "The Approach of Insanity" is a startling and vivid picture of a being in the full pride of a noble intellect, writhing under a knowledge of the coming of that terrible malady, which is to pluck his Reason from its throne, and cast him into the depths of unutterable misery and degradation. The language and the thoughts are alike brilliant, powerful, and energetic. The composition, indeed, taken in all its parts, might be owned by any writer of the day, without taking a leaf from his chaplet.

The reader will also find a beautiful poem from the pen of one whose contributions have been ever welcomed with pleasure—E. L. C. These initials are a certain passport to public favour, and the "Dream" will serve as an evidence that the mine from which so many gems have been already won, has lost no wealth by all that has hitherto been taken from it.

In a different strain is "A Hoodite," which has been resuscitated from a long sleep in one of our drawers, in which it has lain cosily for months. It is not an unworthy imitation of the great "original" of pun and humour. We must not, however, take to ourselves the merit of its first publication. It has already been published in a provincial journal, and is only submitted in the pages of the *Garland*, after having already obtained the approbation of many readers.