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MONICA; OR, WITCHCRAFT.*

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE calm and noble demeanour of Monica during her trial, the solemn manner in which she had called upon God to attest her innocence, had produced a strange effect upon Master Vincent. He could not forget the majesty of her look, the simple, unaffected dignity, with which she regarded him, while he gave his cruel evidence. It was true that he thought he was doing an act of severe duty; but when he saw the diabolical scowl which Dorothy cast upon her defenceless victim; and contrasted the expression of the two faces, a horrible doubt flashed across his mind. Yet, in spite of this painful suspicion, his evidence condemned the child of his adoption, of his early love, to the same fiery grave.

Azubah pleaded guilty. Not to being a witch—for she laughed the possibility of the thing to scorn. But having fruitlessly practised charms and incantations for the possessing herself of supernatural powers, she considered herself as guilty of the crime. Her asseveration of such practices having been fruitless was not believed for a moment, as many witnesses rose up against her, to testify and give proof of their potency, and whatever favor might have been shown to her, the evidence of Master Vincent entirely put aside. She was sentenced to perish at the same time and in the same place with Monica Brandon.

"It would be a pity," said one of the bystanders, "for the sentence of the court to divide friends, who in life had been so firmly united."

From the crowded court room, Master Vincent hurried to the condemned cell, the last earthly abode of the beautiful and delicately nurtured Monica Brandon. She had been deprived of her widow's weeds, and was arrayed in the coarse woollen garments provided for felons. Yet how lovely, how peaceful she looked, as seated on the ground close beside the heavily

ironed narrow window, her hand supporting her head, her rich brown hair waving round her lofty brow, she pondered intently over some page in holy writ from which she seemed to derive both hope and consolation! A sweet smile stole over her lips, and letting the book fall from her hand she looked upward in a sort of extacy, and her face appeared like the face of an angel.

A cloud came down upon the heart of Master Vincent, and extinguished the sunshine of his life for ever. Long, long after the ashes of that devoted woman had been scattered abroad upon the winds of heaven, did memory recall that look. It haunted him by day and night, and the world and all its busy cares could never again efface it from his mind.

Yet, anxious to persuade himself that she was indeed guilty, he drew near and said in a faltering voice:

"Monica Brandon, I am come as a friend to urge you to confess your guilt, and to make your peace with God."

"I cannot confess that of which I am not guilty. My peace with God is made. May you enjoy the same in your last moments, Master Vincent, which now sustains and comforts me. I pray you, disturb not this holy peace, with your presence. I freely forgive you the hand you have had in my murder; and I beg you, as a Christian man, to leave me alone, to spend the few hours I have now to reckon here on earth, with my God."

"Will you tell me, Monica, that my senses deceived me. That what I saw at Snell's cottage was a delusion of Satan?"

"You were too credulous to believe, what time will prove to have been an infamous juggler," said Monica. "I leave to God the vindication of my character. Vengeance is His, and He will recompense upon my enemies, these wrongs. As to you, whose judgment has been warped by a

*Continued from page 211.

blind fanatical zeal; I pity your wretched infatuation; and trust that my blood, and the blood of your other unhappy victim, may not be visited upon your head. One request, however, I would make to you, before we part for ever." She paused and tears filled her eyes. "When this poor form is dust, be kind to my orphan boy; and protect him from injury."

She could not utter another word. The thoughts of her child, had opened up all the floodgates of her heart and the spirit so long braced up to bear against an unexpected calamity, now gave way in torrents of tears. The exhortations of Master Hubert fell unheeded upon her ear; her thoughts, her feelings, wishes and hopes, at that moment were all concentrated in her child. Crawling on her knees to his feet, she exclaimed in accents of soul thrilling earnestness:

"Procure me a sight of my child—of Brandon's child—and I will forgive you with my last breath!"

Unable to control his emotion, and overwhelmed with remorse, Master Vincent promised to do his best to obtain her request, and rushed from the cell.

It was late in the evening of that sad day that a traveller entered a small inn, upon the road side, some twenty miles from Leicester. He was evidently much fatigued with a long journey; and, to judge by his haggard and care-worn countenance, seemed ill at ease. He enquired of the landlord if he could procure a fresh horse to prosecute his journey, as he wished to reach Leicester before the assizes terminated.

"The assizes are over already," returned the master of the inn. "I am but just returned from the town. The judge had left the place before I quitted. There were only three criminal cases this term; and odd enough they were all women."

The stranger put down the untasted bumper of wine, and turning very pale, enquired the nature of their crime.

"Witchcraft, doubtless. 'Tis a damnable sin—but had I been in the jury box, I never could have joined in the verdict of guilty against one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. My heart bled for her, Sir; I am sure she was innocent of the crime for which they have condemned her to die."

"To die!" shrieked the man, dropping the goblet from his hand. "To be burnt at the stake. It cannot be—you must be mistaken!"

"No mistake; 'tis a melancholy truth, Sir. A woman whom all the world respected. The daughter of one of the proudest old families in the country; the widow of a most worthy gen-

tleman; a young mother too. Oh! Lord, if they have condemned her without just cause, which I am sure they have, it is a dreadful thing."

"Oh Lord!" murmured Walter Fenwick, for it was he. "It is too dreadful. She is as pure as an angel of heaven. They cannot, they dare not touch one hair of her precious head. And she—how did she bear this awful sentence?"

"As gently as a lamb. She called upon God to attest her innocence, and prayed him to forgive her murderers. Ah! Sir, you may well weep if you knew aught of the poor lady. It drew tears from more eyes than mine. It was a piteous sight."

The person to whom he spoke, heard him not. He had fallen down on the ground in a deep swoon.

On being restored to his senses, instead of instantly following the judge, and getting him to revoke his sentence, by proving his share in the conspiracy against Monica, he remained two days at the inn in such a state of agony and mental distraction, that he was unable to resolve upon any thing. How gladly would he have given his own body to be burned instead of hers. How beautiful, how glorious she appeared to him now—what a monster of depravity and wickedness must he see in her eyes. Then he thought of her little son, who would be rendered an orphan by his treachery.

He pictured the agony that rent the fond and tender heart of the young mother when forced to part from him; and he bitterly cursed himself as the cause of all her sufferings. Had his miserable accomplice Dorothy at that moment stood before him he would have killed her on the spot.

Still he could not force himself to believe that she would die—that God would permit her to fall a sacrifice to his disappointed lust, and her malignant rival's treachery.

And thus pondering and doubting, he let hope deceive him, and lost the precious time which if well employed could have saved her. The third morning he resumed his journey to London; and having obtained an interview with the judge, he begged him, in the most pathetic manner to revoke his sentence. This he would by no means do, until Fenwick revealed to him the whole tale of his damning guilt. But here new difficulties occurred. The time was so short, and many legal forms had to be attended to, before the desired pardon could be procured. The impatient man at length sought the Earl of Leicester, who, struck with horror at the account which his favorite gave him, obtained from the Queen, an order to the Sheriff of the County, to

stay the execution, until further notice. Seizing this order, which might be considered as his own death warrant; and, without having trimmed his beard, or changed his dress, or scarcely broken bread, since he heard of Monica's condemnation, Sir Walter threw himself into his saddle, mounted upon the fleetest steed that could be found in the Earl's stable, and was once more upon the road to Leicester.

But to return to his victim. Entertaining no hope, save the hope of speedily being united to her beloved husband in heaven, she had spent the little time which remained to her in this world, in diligently preparing herself for a better; and such was her cheerful confidence in the Divine Disposer of events, that she felt that all that had happened to her was for the best; that if the gate was narrow and painful, through which He had called her home, endless bliss awaited her on the other side. Yes! there were moments when her gloomy cell seemed radiated with divine light; when the spirit of Brandon hovered round her, to strengthen and comfort her; when, stretching her arms upward, she felt as if wings alone were wanting, to waft her to those realms of bliss.

She doubted not that God, who sent his angel to strengthen the three Hebrew worthies, when cast into the fiery furnace would likewise support her in the same trial.

Her astonishing constancy and firmness was a matter of no small surprise to the Sheriff, and Master Vincent; who daily visited the prisoner in order to induce her, to confess her guilt and unburden her conscience.

Her answer was invariably: "My conscience is clear—I have no guilt to confess. God, I trust, has absolved me of my sins, and washed me in the atoning blood of the Lamb. I am happy in the prospect of a blessed immortality. Your presence alone entices me uncensured."

Once she enquired with great earnestness, how Azubah bore her sentence?

"With the same self-righteous confidence," replied Master Hubert. "The one spirit seems to inspire you both."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Monica joyfully; "that spirit is of God; it will make for us an easy bridge from this world to a better."

The evening before her execution, she was permitted to embrace her child; but in the presence of the Sheriff and Master Vincent, lest she should do him some mischief. The little fellow, who was a beautiful creature of about twenty months old, came in, led by his affectionate aunt, who was delighted to have this opportunity of speaking to her dear Monica once more. Alena followed, for, faithful to the last, the good girl would

not believe her mistress guilty. The accusations against her were just as true as the story about the bear, which, she said, both Master Vincent and herself knew to be false.

The attachment of this girl was highly gratifying to her mistress, who received the beloved group which gathered round her, with tears of joy. The little Conway at first was frightened, but recognising his mother's voice, he sprang up into her arms, clung about her neck, and covered her face with kisses.

"Mammy, mammy come adain! Dear mammy!" he cried, then laying his pretty head upon her bosom, he nestled to her, with smiles of quiet delight.

"Ah! my poor boy, if that heart could tell thee all that is in it respecting thee," sobbed Monica, "thou wouldst never forget me. Oh! that I could take thee with me to those realms of joy, never to know the cares and troubles of this wicked world. How happy would it be for us both!"

"Mammy cry?" said the child, looking up wonderingly at the tears which fell fast upon his innocent face.

"It is for thee I weep. Not for myself but for thee," said Monica, pressing him closer to her heart.

"We must part, my tender babe, in this world for ever. In a few days you will forget your mother, but I pray to God to vindicate my memory, that in after years when you hear her tale of woe, you may think of me with pride."

"My dear Lady," cried Alena, kneeling beside her. "May God punish the wretches who have baited and pursued you to the death."

"Rather pray, my kind girl, that ho may pity and forgive them."

"Ah!" exclaimed Matilda, clasping her in her arms; "I feel as if my heart would burst with indignation when I behold you here. When I think of your ignominious sentence, and cruel, shameful death. Gentlemen!" she cried, turning and addressing herself vehemently to the Sheriff and Master Hubert; "can you look upon this injured angel and believe her guilty? Did guilt ever wear a brow like that?"

"Young lady, your relationship to the criminal excuses your ardour," said the Sheriff, "but we do not judge by appearances but by facts; her sentence is just. Her appearance of tranquillity, while she obstinately refuses to confess her sin, is only a delusion of Satan."

"I am falsely condemned," said Monica firmly, "and that time will prove. But I submit to it patiently, as it is the will of God. This dear child alone makes me grieve at my doleful fate, less for the pain, however, than for the disgrace which it will bring upon him. Oh!"

she continued, "that he were but old enough to understand me, I would so convince him of my innocence, that the condemnation of the whole world could not blacken my memory. Farewell, my precious babe! God will not desert you for your good father's sake. Your mother's last sigh will be a prayer for you."

The gentlemen now interposed, and separating the weeping child and his mother, left the poor convict to silence, night, and tears.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEVER was there such a crowd collected in the good old town of Leicester, as on the morning which was to witness the execution of the notable witch, Dame Monica Brandon.

Long before daylight, people from all parts of the country thronged the highways that led thither. Strange curiosity that, which can strive with such eagerness to see the last dying agonies of a fellow creature, however guilty! What a melancholy spectacle to angels, what a matter of sarcastic triumph to devils, what a painful and humiliating object of meditation for a benevolent and regenerated mind! But so it has been, and so it ever will be, until the blessed doctrines of the Cross, shall have subdued the evil passions, and called into fresh existence the original good, which was breathed into man by his munificent Creator.

The close packed mass of human forms, that surrounded the market place, undulated like the waves of a swelling sea, while every moment increased the dense wall of heads, whose staring eyes were directed by one impulse to a general centre. The middle of the market place was occupied by three stakes, surrounded by faggots. Two were already filled by bound and helpless victims; the one in the middle was still vacant. The old witch, or rather maniac, Margery Laws, had openly confessed her guilt, and for her the crowd felt but little interest. She was poor, ugly and old—friendless, afflicted and destitute; and was rather an object of increased scorn, from these circumstances, than of compassion. Azubah, who was a foreigner and very beautiful, filled them with more awe, she looked so stern and grand. They wanted to know if that proud erect brow, could quail, if that keen, dazzling eye, could look upon the flames without losing sight of its own fire.

But she, the great object of attraction, for whose especial benefit all this vast throng had been collected—why was her place vacant?

Willing to give her a last chance of saving her lost soul by the confession of her guilt; the Sheriff had for that purpose decreed, that she

should witness the dying agonies of her companions in suffering. This inhuman act of mistaken kindness was vehemently opposed by Monica, who declared that she could endure her own torments better than witness theirs. This mercy was however denied her. Seated in a high chair and wrapped in a winding sheet, her beautiful head alone bare, sat the young and innocent victim.

Her small white hands were clasped in gyves, most piteous to see, and her lovely brown tresses were meekly parted upon her high, snow-white, placid brow, and waved down below her girlish. Her lips were slightly compressed, and like her cheeks, were blanched and cold as marble.

The eyes of the pitiful women were blinded with tears whilst gazing upon her; and men who stood behind the great circle of the crowd, climbed upon each others' shoulders to look at her, and having seen they slid down exclaiming:

"Alack! alack!"

There was one face, however, which from the opposite side contemplated that injured excellence with malignant scorn, and raising her finger slowly to a level with Monica's face, gave the first hiss of triumph and execration. Her example was followed by many like her, but the general aspect of the spectators was grave and sorrowful.

When the executioner applied the torch to the piles which contained the forms of her companions, Monica shuddered and turned her eyes away.

"Confess thy guilt, thou black witch!" screamed old Margery Laws. "Thou art as deeply dyed in crime, as worthy of Hell as we are."

"Be firm, Monica," said Azubah, in her thrilling voice. "The breath of the Lord can restrain the waters in their wrath, and cooling as the ripple of soft waters, is this flame to my thirsty soul. The body may shrink and shiver, but the soul feels it not."

Then extending her chained hands, and lifting them above her head, she cried in a loud voice:

"My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever!"

The flames soared around and over her, and she spake no more; in a few moments she was but a heap of ashes.

The Sheriff now approached Monica, and said to her:

"Does not this dismal spectacle move thee?"

"Yea, to grief," she replied calmly, "that thou shouldst have inflicted upon me this further pain. May God forgive thee, and charge not my blood upon thy head!"

As she said this and the executioners approached to lead her to the stake, there arose from

the crowd a cry so wild, so agonising, that all eyes were turned in the direction from whence it came, but it rose not again. Some cried out that it was a horseman who brought a pardon, but as neither horseman nor rider came forward the sentence of the law was fulfilled. God did indeed help the poor sufferer in her hour of need; for though the body was consumed to ashes, the gentle heart which it enshrined was broken before the last link of the chain was riveted, which bound her to the stake; and the soul soared upwards on the wings of love and of faith, to meet its beloved partner in the paradise of God.

CHAPTER XX.

THE crowd was broken up and dispersed; the streets so lately thronged to overflowing looked melancholy and deserted; and the market-square which had witnessed this scene of fanatical butchery, was occupied only by the dark forms of the executioners, removing the bones and ashes of the dead.

"That old un died hard," said one to the other, "and screeched awfully, but you Gipsy girl bore the flames like a hero?"

"And the lady?" asked his companion. "I was not near at the time, to see how she behaved."

"She was innocent," muttered the man, "she never felt it. As I chained her to the stake, she gave one gentle sigh, and said, 'Come Lord Jesus, Come quickly!' and she went, I've no doubt, to heaven, for no guilty person could have died so easily; and if she had been a witch, think you that she would have called upon the Saviour. I tell thee what it is, Jim, I will never put fire to faggot, to burn a woman for witchcraft again."

"This little heap of white ashes is all that remains of her," said the other. "She was the fairest woman I ever saw."

He was about to fling the ashes into the cart, when a tall man, who had overheard their discourse, suddenly flung himself to the ground upon the spot which they covered, and wept aloud; and shrieked, in the madness of his despair.

"Rise, Sir, rise for the love of God!" cried one of the men, "nor act after this insane manner. Why do you interfere with our black job?"

"I loved her! I loved her!" sobbed the wretched man. "I was the cause of her death. I tried all I could to save her, but it was too late. This handful of ashes is all the treasure which earth now contains for me. Here, take my purse. All that I have in the world will I now give to

purchase these sad relics of my adored and murdered Monica."

The men took the money, and perhaps they felt some slight compassion for the unhappy mourner, who, gathering the ashes into a small silver box, rushed from the spot.

Unconscious of what he was doing, and directing his steps at random, he found himself in the lane at the back of Conway Park; and was accosted by the last person upon earth, whom at that moment he would have wished to meet. Dressed in the gala cloak which he had himself purchased for her, with painted face and immodest mien, the fiend Dorothy Snell stood before him.

"Ha, ha! my fine gentleman, would you pass me? Is this my return for having done your dirty work, and succeeded so well. Methinks the dainty face of Monica Brandon would scarcely separate us now?"

"Thou demon in woman's shape!" exclaimed the tortured Fenwick. "Out of my sight, or I will silence your mocking tongue for ever."

"Cowardly wretch," returned Dorothy, "it is not the least of my revenge to see you thus. If you despise me, it is a comfort to know that my rival can never triumph over me."

Fenwick fled from her as from a serpent, and wandered hither and thither, without aim or object, driven onward by the stings of conscience, and goaded to madness by the arrows of remorse. The shades of night were closing upon him when he fell, pale and speechless, on the threshold of Brandon's door.

It was about ten o'clock of the night, when Master Vincent had just concluded prayers, and Sir Miles Conway, who was suffering from the gout, was preparing to retire to rest, that the peace of the family was disturbed by a loud knocking at the gate.

On enquiry it turned out to be one of Dame Matilda Brandon's servants, who had come in great haste to fetch Master Vincent to visit a dying man, who had somewhat of great importance to confess to him before he died.

Master Vincent, who had been in a cold tremor since he returned from witnessing the execution of Monica, would fain have excused himself; but the man declared the case to be urgent, and admitted not of delay. The good divine, whose heart at that moment was none of the lightest, instantly complied. On reaching the dwelling, once the home of Monica and her excellent husband, he felt very sick, as a thousand painful recollections crowded upon his mind. His companion, who had been a favourite servant of Richard Brandon's, seemed to divine his thoughts,

for he said with a deep sigh, "It is well, that my dear master did not live to see this sorrowful day. It would have broken his heart."

"Were you at all acquainted with your mistress' magical arts?" said Master Vincent.

"She had no arts," returned the man indignantly; "but the art of making others happy. Do you think that she could have lain so long in my good master's bosom, without his knowing her to be a witch? But, poor lady! she's dead and gone. Ill luck say I to those who were the cause of her death."

These words were so many fresh arrows in the heart of Master Vincent. He would have given all the world to have believed her guilty, but the conviction that she had been falsely accused, and too hastily condemned, haunted him continually. On entering the house he was met by Matilda Brandon. She welcomed him coldly but kindly, and led the way to the sick man's chamber.

How great was the surprise of Master Vincent, when, approaching the bed, he discovered in the haggard features of the sufferer, Sir Walter Fenwick, who held out his hand to him, and expressed great satisfaction at his presence.

"You, my good sir," he said, "are of all men, the one to whom I was most desirous of making my last confession. It is meet that you, who bore witness against, and beheld the execution of, Dame Monica Brandon, should hear a solemn declaration of her innocence, and publish it to the world.

"Oh, Sir Walter!" returned Master Vincent, relinquishing his hand, and gasping for breath. "If this be true, I am of all men the most miserable."

"You were deceived like many others," returned Fenwick. "I alone am the cause of her death."

He then proceeded to unfold the revolting tale of his guilt.

"I loved her madly," he said; "her steady refusal to listen to my vows increased my passion, and roused my pride. I was determined by some means or other to accomplish my ends, and Satan suggested to me the idea of charging her with witchcraft; and by so doing frighten her into terms with me. I remembered her frolic in the park, the idle stories which had arisen out of it, her rash act in burning the rood, which had never been forgiven by the Catholics in the neighbourhood; and I bribed that wretched girl Dorothy, whom I seduced years ago, to aid me in this diabolical plan. She, with all a woman's hatred and envy in her heart, obeyed my suggestions but too well, and Monica's life was the sacrifice. I was absent when the news of her trial and con-

demnation reached me. The blow was dreadful. The pains of hell cannot be worse than the agonies which I have endured since that fatal hour. I was upon my way to London, when the tidings came. My mind was in such a distracted state that I knew not what to do, and lost two precious days, while laboring under this mental imbecility. At length I roused myself. I went to London, and sought the judge, who condemned the love-liest and purest of her sex. I told him that she was innocent, and proved to him my own guilt, but he was too proud to retract his sentence. I then sought the Earl of Leicester. He procured for me a written order from the Queen to stay the execution."

"In the name of God!" cried Master Vincent, interrupting him. "Why was this order delayed?"

"To plunge me deeper into the gulf of misery," groaned Sir Walter. "I mounted the best horse in the Earl's stable, and rode for life. Just ten miles from Leicester, my horse cast a shoe, and turned very lame. I stopped at a smithy by the road side, to get it replaced; but I found no one at home but a little girl, who told me the whole village was absent. The great witch, Dame Monica Brandon, was to be burned that morning; and the people went off to see the show before daylight.

"Oh how remorse knocked at my heart at that moment! I mounted my good steed, and urged him to the utmost. The life of her my love had sacrificed, hung upon his speed, and gladly would I have exchanged places with her at the stake, to ease the anguish of my mind.

"I forced my way to the entrance of the market-place. I could get no further. The crowd of country people were wedged so thickly together, they repelled all my attempts to break through them. I rose up in my stirrups, I saw over their heads a white figure seated in a high chair, and knew that form was Monica. I shouted aloud for them to stop the execution, that I brought a pardon. I offered my purse full of gold to any one who would convey it to the Sheriff. My voice was hoarse with emotion, they either did not, or would not understand me. I saw dark figures lend that spotless angel to the stake. I saw no more. I reeled and fell, and was trampled under foot. All that I possessed in the world I gave to the men who executed her, for this handful of ashes."

He took the silver box from his bosom, and presented it to Master Vincent.

"Bury this in her husband's grave. Let those children of misfortune and love, rest in peace together. Against his life too I conspired, and the blows which he received from

me, and the monster Lawrence Wilde, were I believe the cause of his death."

He paused, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. But Master Vincent was too much overwhelmed with grief and self-reproach, to answer him, and he continued:

"I am now ready to offer myself up to justice, and to bear any torture that man can inflict, so that the memory of Monica may be cleared from all stain, and her real virtues and worth published to the world. As for my leman Dorothy Snell, she is a bold, bad girl, but I made her so. I implore you to go to her, when I am dead, and exhort her to repent, lest her blood be also visited upon my head."

"Alas!" cried Master Vincent, "What grief will this tale give to many who, trusting in appearance, condemned the innocent. I for one, can never forgive myself, or enjoy peace of mind again!"

"Then what must I feel?" said the dying man. "I have believed hell to be a priest-invented fable; but its tortures are realised in my own person. But if she who was so sorely belied and abused, forgave her enemies, is there any hope that God will forgive me? I would fain pray; but I dare not. Pray for me, Master Vincent, for my punishment is greater than I can bear."

He soon after sank into a state of insensibility; and the next morning was delivered into the custody of two constables. But he died upon the road to Leicester, where his body was exposed upon a gibbet, hung in chains, and afterwards delivered to the surgeons. The wretched Dorothy made confession of her guilt, and suffered the same fate, but she died hardened in her sins, and refused to pray, or to receive the visits of the priest.

The grief of Monica's relations and friends, when her innocence was so clearly proved, was great; and they, who if they had exerted themselves while she was yet in prison, might have saved her valuable life, now vied with each other in erecting a fair marble monument to her memory.

Master Vincent did not long survive Sir Walter's confession. The thought of having been instrumental in causing the death of two innocent fellow creatures, pressed so heavily upon his conscience, that it broke his heart.

The son of Monica in time became heir to Conway Place; and was a man highly respected for his virtues, and worthy of his unfortunate parents. His good Aunt Matilda, lived to superintend his household, and shared his princely fortunes to advanced age.

Alena, who had been the faithful servant of Monica and the nurse of Sir Conway, lived to

rear upon her knees, another Richard and Monica Brandon, whom she used to quiet, when naughty, by telling them the sad tale of their grandmother's woes—of her unjust sentence and fearful burning.

For the incidents of the preceding, I am mainly indebted to a paper which appeared some time since in the New York Albion, entitled "A Narrative of a Trial for Witchcraft;" from some family papers.

Belleveille, 1845.

S. M.

A DAY-DREAM.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

My eyes make pictures when they're shut ---

I see a fountain large and fair,

A willow and a ruin'd hut,

And thee, and me, and Mary there.

O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!

Head o'er us like a bower, my beautiful green willow!

A wild rose roofs the ruin'd shed,

And that and summer well agree;

And lo! where Mary leans her head,

Two dear names carved upon the tree!

And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow!

Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'Twas day! but now, few, large, and bright,

The stars are round the crescent moon!

And now it is a dark, warm night,

The balmiest of the month of June.

A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting,

Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain!

O, ever, ever be thou blest!

For dearly, Nora! love I thee!

This brooding warmth across my breast,

This depth of tranquil bliss---ah, me!

Fount, tree, and shed are gone, I know not whither;

But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,

By the still-dancing fire-flames made;

And now they slumber, moveless all!

And now they melt to one deep shade!

But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee:

I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee.

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play;

'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!

But let me check this tender lay

Which none may hear, but she and thou!

Like the still live at quiet midnight humming,

Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women!

PSYCHE.

For she was timid as the wintry flower,
That, whiter than the snow it blooms among,
Droops its fair head submissive to the power
Of every angry blast that sweeps along,
Sparing the lovely trembler, while the strong
Majestic tenants of the leafless wood
It levels low.

Mrs. Tighe.

A BACHELOR'S THEORIES FRUSTRATED.

BY S.

CHAPTER VI.

SIR Edward Ashley and Walter Melville now became unremitting in their endeavours to supplant each other in Miss Ebrington's favour. Indeed a portion of almost every day was appropriated by the baronet to besieging the heart of the fair Catherine. Gratified to have a person of Sir Edward's rank numbered among her admirers, she so nicely regulated her conduct towards both her suitors, that neither could tell to whom the greater preference was shown. It is true, when Walter conversed, she became silent, and listened attentively to the impressive tones of his voice, but when Sir Edward proposed a ride or excursion, Catherine was the most eager to approve. This did not, however, appear the result of design. It was all done with the utmost simplicity, and in such a manner that Walter's mind was left in anything but an enviable mood.

Walter's attention was so completely engrossed at present by Catherine, and he was kept in such a state of uncertainty by her fancied preference for his rival, that he did not observe what was passing in his own domestic circle, small though it was.

He was not conscious that Rose's roguish face was more sedate than of yore, or that she had ceased to dispute the correctness of his decisions upon those little subjects, upon which their opinions were wont to disagree. He observed not that she frequently appeared lost in deep reverie; for how should he, when similarly occupied himself? Notwithstanding this outward change in Rose, she was cheerful, nay more, she was happy, and the bright glance of her clear hazel eyes betokened that true happiness which communicates its magic influence to all around. Rose also spoke less than formerly, but the varying, truthful expression of her open countenance plainly indicated that her thoughts were not unoccupied.

Although this, and more than this, passed unobserved by the pre-occupied Walter, he nevertheless soon became acquainted with the cause. One morning Rose had been particularly thoughtful, and while seated at the window had been casting sundry glances down the avenue, as if in

expectation of some person who was by no means indifferent to her.

While thus anxiously watching, she beheld a horseman advancing up the avenue; and leaving her brother to receive the visitor, whoever he might be, Rose stole forth to the garden.

L'Estrange, for it was he, soon made known his errand to Walter. He said, that finding that Rose had been much neglected of late by her brother, he had assumed a fraternal regard and care for her, but that he soon felt that her merry glance and kind heart had made him sigh for a still dearer title to her love. He had won Rose's consent, but only upon condition that her brother would sanction it by his approval.

Walter frankly told L'Estrange that he knew no person to whom he would more willingly confide his sister. They had been schoolfellows together, and the friendship then formed had continued unabated ever since.

As L'Estrange gratefully thanked Walter for his ready acquiescence, he espied Rose in the garden, and hastened out to her to be the glad herald of the tidings that no obstacle had been offered to their union.

"My home will ere long be desolate," murmured Walter, as he paced the room after L'Estrange had left him. "Rose will soon depart, and then there will be no gentle hand to minister to my wants, no soft voice or kind smile to greet me, when I turn from my studies or from the world for a quiet hour by my household hearth. Oh! Catherine, wouldst thou but consent to become the partner of my lot, happiness, such as rarely attends mortals, would surely be mine. One glance of thy beaming eye would dispel loneliness and sorrow. One fond word would bring joy and gladness to my heart. Your lofty mind, unfettered by the vanities to which so many of your sex bend in homage, could enter into all my feelings, and sympathize in every aspiration. Your love of simplicity, and detestation of the vain and artificial, would find a ready echo in my heart. I only fear that such happiness, too great for me, is reserved for a more fortunate rival. But I will not yet despair. This day I will unbosom my hopes and fears to Catherine, and receive my sentence from her lips. If

she turns in coldness from my proffered love, I will away to foreign climes, and try if change of scenery and the arguments of philosophy will fill up that weary vacuum which unrequited love leaves rankling in the heart."

Agreeably to this resolution, Walter made his customary visit to Mrs. Swinton's residence that day. As he entered the drawing-room, he beheld Sir Edward rising to depart, while his usually complacent countenance was agitated, and wore an expression which partook both of astonishment and disappointment. The baronet greeted him coldly, as he retired from the presence of the ladies. Walter now addressed Catherine, who appeared calm and collected as usual, while Mrs. Swinton's manner betrayed anger and disappointment.

"Surely I have chosen an inauspicious moment to prefer my suit," thought Walter, but this feeling vanished ere he had listened long to the winning tones of Catherine's voice. Mrs. Swinton soon retired to the extreme end of the apartment, and her attention becoming engrossed in a book, Catherine and Walter were left to entertain each other.

Walter felt that the moment had arrived which was destined to bring joy or sorrow to his heart.

As he sat by Catherine in that silence with which love seals the lips, while it lends eloquence to the eyes, Walter's gaze rested upon the fair face of Catherine, nor was it averted in displeasure, as her eyes bent beneath his steadfast gaze.

"Catherine!" he murmured almost inaudibly, but not a sound was lost to her listening ears, "Catherine, do you remember you bright summer day, when seated by the haunted spring, we breathed our wishes while we drank its sparkling waters? You remember that I solicited one boon from you which you denied not, and which has lent happiness to every hour which has passed since that day. That boon was *Hope*—now I entreat one still greater: I would gladly exchange it for certainty. Speak but the decisive word which will bind me to your side for life, or send me forth an unhappy wanderer in distant climes. Mine is no boyish fancy which the sight of a new face may quickly dispel. I offer you love such as can never be bestowed upon another, should you reject it. Speak, Catherine, and dispel my doubts and fears."

Catherine spoke not, but, with a smile which sent happiness like a ray of sunshine to Walter's heart, she placed her hand within his, and then, rising hastily, left the room.

Walter, satisfied with this silent testimony of her consent, awaited not her return, but, bowing to Mrs. Swinton as he passed her, he hastened

home to spend the remainder of the day in delightful anticipations of domestic bliss.

CHAPTER VII.

"CATHERINE, do you already repent your foolish decision?" said Mrs. Swinton, as she entered Miss Ebrington's apartment one evening, and beheld her standing at the window in a pensive attitude, and so deeply plunged in thought that she was not aware of her presence, till she was a second time addressed.

"No!" replied Catherine, "I would not for worlds recall my promise to Walter, Melville. When you interrupted me just now, my thoughts were not with the present. They were re-tracing bygone years, and recalling past scenes and actions of my life. I was reflecting how little pleasure I have enjoyed in comparison to the vexations, the disappointments and toils which have attended my lot. How very few bright resting places of happiness there are upon which my memory loves to linger. Little does the thoughtless crowd imagine, when it beholds one upon whom nature has lavished treasures of beauty and grace, and views her surrounded by an obsequious, admiring throng, that her sunny smiles and mirthful sallies are not the outpourings of a happy heart. 'Tis true she has her moments of triumph and exultation, but the petty jealousies, the disappointments which the most trivial circumstances have the power of inflicting, too often outbalance all the gratification yielded by the admiration she creates."

"No very pleasant retrospect, Catherine, I must confess," replied Mrs. Swinton. "I think I at least deserve your thanks for disturbing your meditations. But these are not reveries such as youthful brides are wont to indulge in. Does the future not unfold a brighter page? Has the calm, uninterrupted tenor of a wedded life no charms in perspective, that you waste not a single thought upon it, but prefer to linger with the past. Were I Walter Melville, I would not feel highly flattered by the slight tenure he appears to hold on your heart."

"Indeed, Eleanor, I thought also of the future, but it was with feelings scarcely more enviable than those with which I review the past. I was contrasting my past existence with that which Walter paints in such glowing colours. It was only to-day, with all the unstudied eloquence which sincerity imparts, that he pictured to me the occupations which are to employ our wedded life. He dwelt with delight upon the happiness which would attend the quiet, domesticated existence we should lead, till carried away by his enthusiasm, I almost imagined that

I could share such a lot with him. As he fondly portrayed the domestic happiness which awaited him, and described me sharing in all those simple amusements which yield him such unalloyed pleasure, I felt conscious how deeply I had wronged him. My heart smote me when I reflected how artfully I had imposed upon his trusting, ingenuous nature, and I could almost have confessed to him my many faults, and craved his forgiveness. Bitterly did I regret the deceit which I have so successfully employed to ensnare his affections. The confession was trembling on my lips, that love was not mine to bestow, but that, if esteem for his virtues, and admiration of his many noble qualities could satisfy him, I would willingly become his; but ere it found utterance the reflection arose, that, shocked at the duplicity this revelation would unfold, I might estrange him for ever. As, in imagination, I beheld him departing from me in undignified scorn and contempt, and, selfish mortal that I am, as I viewed those objects disappearing for which I have perpetrated all this deceit, the generous impulse forsook me, and I left him in happy ignorance."

"Just as well you did so, Catherine," replied Mrs. Swinton, "or he would doubtless have departed in search of a more congenial mate. He would have acted precisely as your other suitor, Sir Edward, has done. He called just before I interrupted you, to take leave of me, ere he departs for the metropolis, where I doubt not he will soon find a bride among less fastidious damsels than my capricious cousin."

"Nay, Eleanor, I care not for your taunts," replied Catherine, "I wish him speed in his wooing. He will not fail for lack of a winning tongue. I have now other objects to engross my attention. In the hurry of preparation reflection will be drowned for a time, and in excitement I will find temporary oblivion from those thoughts which are often intrusive, unwelcome guests to the unoccupied mind."

"Since you will so shortly become Mrs. Melville, Catherine, I suppose you have determined upon the line of conduct you will pursue. Whether do you intend to become the retired, domesticated partner Walter expects, or will you astonish him by at once resuming your real character, and filling the old halls of Elmwood with festive scenes to which they have long been strangers, and which might cause the grim portraits of his warlike ancestors to look forth in surprise from their mussy frames? Two paths lie before you; one or the other you must adopt."

"Eleanor, do not question me thus, I beseech you. I have so long existed in the atmosphere

of fashionable folly, that I fear I do not possess resolution enough to relinquish habits which have been strongly confirmed by time. How heavily will the leaden hours creep away in the monotony of such an uninterrupted dull state of existence. Notwithstanding this dread, I have resolved to conform to the wishes of my husband in the mode of life I adopt; but whether my magnanimous resolution will withstand the effects of time and temptation, I cannot tell."

CHAPTER VIII.

"AND must I leave this old and dear abode? the home of my childhood, where so many happy years have flown swiftly and unheededly away. But who will tend the drooping flowers that have hitherto been my peculiar care, or who will watch over my little favourites when I am gone? It is true that my brother will bring a beautiful and smiling bride to preside over his home, and supply the place of his thoughtless sister; but I feel that she cannot find pleasure in those simple amusements which have hitherto been my delight. Her heart cannot enter into the quiet routine of duties which attend a peaceful life. Love has blinded my good kind brother to her many imperfections, and he can only behold simplicity and candour, where I cannot fail to detect art and dissimulation. I tremble for the happiness of Walter."

"But not for your own, I trust, dearest Rose," exclaimed a voice by her side, and, as Rose turned towards the speaker, the tear which had been trembling in her eye, sank back to its fount, and yielded to a smile and a blush, for Rose was a young and much loved bride, and the morrow would behold her the wife of L'Estrange. As she leant confidently upon his arm and wandered through the broad walks of the old and formal garden, all care and anxiety were forgotten, and only bright dreams of the future were suffered to engross her mind.

The same day that was to witness the departure of Rose from Elmwood, was to behold Catherine Ebrington take up her abode within its ancient halls. Walter was perfectly satisfied that he had at length succeeded in obtaining the only lady whose mind was not tinctured with that inordinate vanity which he almost invariably ascribed to the sex. It has already been seen that he looked with undisguised horror upon all those means which variety of dress and fashion throws in the path of female vanity, with which to enhance personal attractions. Rose, gifted with more penetration than her brother, or perhaps because she was a less partial judge, had easily penetrated the veil with which Cath-

rine had endeavoured to screen her true disposition; and it was therefore with many misgivings that she looked forward to his approaching marriage.

The important day at length arrived, and the sun ushered in the bridal morn with his brightest smile. It was hardly possible to determine which bride bore off the palm for beauty. The fond Walter believed that no daughter of Eva could surpass the lovely Catherine, as she stood by his side in all the simplicity of her unadorned beauty; while L'Estrange looked with pride and affection upon the more girlish form and youthful, happy face of Rose.

The ceremony concluded, and while her little head was still ringing with the heartfelt and oft repeated wishes for her future happiness and prosperity, Rose was whirled off in the carriage to a distant country-seat, where she was to spend the honey-moon, and where we will leave her to the enjoyment of that happiness which her kind, guileless disposition so well merited. We would rather follow the other newly married pair to their abode.

Here all was harmony and domestic happiness. Walter verily believed that mortal man had never been so fortunate as he, in his selection of a wife. Catherine gratified him by sharing in all his favorite pursuits. During the day she accompanied him in his rambles over his estate, and during the quiet evenings she listened attentively while he read for her amusement. Time passed quickly away, as it ever will, when wasted onwards by happiness. Invitations now came thronging in upon the newly wedded pair. These Walter would gladly have declined, but Catherine so sweetly requested that he would accept them, that he yielded at once in order to gratify her.

Mrs. Swinton's was the first residence at which Mr. and Mrs. Melville were invited to attend a magnificent entertainment. Catherine's pride was concerned in the appearance she should make on this occasion. She was desirous to show Mrs. Swinton, that, although the wife of Walter Melville, she could yet gratify her own inclinations, even where they were not in accordance with those of her husband.

Catherine could not fail to admire and respect the good sense and sterling worth of Walter, and she had inwardly resolved to conform to his will in all respects, and become a dutiful wife. But impulse, not principle, was the guide of her actions; and with such an unsteady monitor, she could not be expected to persevere in any resolution, however good it might be. Thus, at the first temptation, all her good resolves were forgotten, and a wish to outvie all competitors in

beauty and splendour again became the ruling desire of her heart.

"Now," thought Walter, triumphantly, "I will let my bachelor friends see how successfully I have gratified my taste for real simplicity of character and purity of mind, in my choice of a companion for life. They will this evening behold a wife who seeks no admiration but that of her husband, whose only jewel is his much-prized affection. Vanity and love of dress, the besetting sins of so many of her sex, find no abode in her amiable heart."

As Walter sat before the cheerful fire, soliloquizing thus, and patiently waiting till his wife was ready to accompany him, the rustling of a dress aroused him from his agreeable reverie, and he exclaimed,

"Catherine, my love, are you ready? It is time we should proceed to Mrs. Swinton's."

"Yes, Walter," she replied, as her husband turned from the fire, and gazed with undisguised astonishment upon his bride. The first object which met his view was a large plume of white ostrich feathers, which undulated their snowy pinions in harmony with every graceful attitude Catherine assumed. Walter closed his eyes for a moment; and then re-opened them to their greatest possible extent, in order to ascertain the identity of the lady who stood before him, or whether it was only a fleeting phantom of the brain. But no! a second gaze only confirmed the first. A dress of the most richly coloured satin almost dazzled his bewildered sight, and, worse than all, a pair of uncommonly long diamond ear-rings sent forth their brilliant scintillations with every motion of the head.

"What means this, Catherine?" exclaimed Walter, confronting his gorgeously-haluted bride. "What means this ill-timed jest? Surely you do not intend to accompany me to Mrs. Swinton's residence in that ridiculous, fantastic dress."

"Ridiculous and fantastic," replied the lady, with great dignity. "'Tis you methinks who jest. You surely cannot criticise in such harsh terms a dress which, I can assure you, has cost me no small degree of trouble to select. I think, Walter, you ought rather to feel proud that you possess a wife who knows how to dress in a manner suitable to her station in life, and to the appearance which I think her husband should desire her to make in the eyes of the world."

"Catherine, my love, I conjure you to spare me the pain of escorting you abroad in that dress. Surely you know my ideas regarding female costume too well to try me thus! Was it not the conformity of our opinions in this particular which first inspired me with that love which, I trust, is still reciprocal? Did I not

fondly rank you superior to the rest of your sex in disdain to spend time and attention upon such vain frivolities? Go, Catherine, and don the simple white robe in which you have always appeared so lovely in my eyes. Hasten, dearest, for we are already rather late."

"My dear Walter," replied the lady, with a deeply offended air, "surely you cannot imagine that the plain apparel I used to wear is at all suitable for a bride. It might do very well for a young lady who requires to dress only as her fancy, or her desire to gratify others dictates; but I have now a more dignified position to support, and I really do intend to proceed to Mrs. Swinton's in this dress, which any person of even ordinary taste could not fail to admire. Alas! I begin to find how much more difficult it is to please a husband than a lover."

"Oh! this will never do, I shall be ridiculed by every one," thought Walter, as he directed a glance towards his elegant wife, who was very unconcernedly clasping her bracelet. He then continued in a tone of more decision than he had hitherto assumed,

"If you insist upon accompanying me in that dress, Mrs. Melville, I must decline escorting you," and Walter replaced his hat and gloves upon the table with the air of a man who has irrevocably decided a most important question.

Great was his surprise, however, to behold the lady, with the greatest composure imaginable, move towards the door, and with a low inclination of the head, which made him start back: lest the ostrich feathers should sweep into his eyes, although he stood at the opposite extremity of the room, she proceeded down stairs.

What was now to be done? It would be worse than all if she were allowed to attend Mrs. Swinton alone. This circumstance would furnish an inexhaustible topic of wonder and comment to the lovers of the marvellous for at least six months to come. He now only feared that she would drive off without him, and, seizing his hat, he hurried down stairs; and seated himself in the carriage at the greatest possible distance from his undutiful wife.

As may be anticipated, the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Melville created no small sensation, throughout the crowded saloons of Mrs. Swinton's residence. Walter had to encounter a perfect battery of astonished looks from those who had formerly rallied him upon the rigid simplicity of his ideas, and particularly from those damsels whose elegant costumes had, in former days, fallen under the unmerciful criticism of the fastidious bachelor, but who now owned with great glee that their efforts at display were completely eclipsed by those of the gorgeously ap-

parelled bride. It is not surprising that Walter, oftener than once, in the course of that long, long evening, wished that he only possessed the wishing-cap in the fairy tale, that he might be rendered invisible and transported, by its power, to his own quiet library at Elmwood. As it was, it may readily be supposed that he took his departure as soon as possible.

Who can describe the conflicting feelings of anguish and disappointment with which Walter beheld his wife's true disposition revealed? He felt deeply grieved when he reflected that she had been guilty of such deception, yet, notwithstanding all this, he continued to love her with all the warmth of an affectionate heart, and he trusted, by kindness and indulgence, yet to win her back to love and duty. But he knew not yet the haughty, unbending spirit with which he had to deal. He soon found that he had united himself for life to a being, whose every inclination ran counter to his own.

Often with a sigh did he reflect upon the undisturbed quiet, so congenial to his habits, which had formerly reigned at Elmwood, but which alas! had now fled its most secluded retreats.—The disappointment he now sustained was the more keen in proportion to the exalted standard he had formerly raised of his wife's superior excellencies. But the spell was broken, and he beheld her native disposition at once revealed.

Thinking to weary her of the coil of pleasure, he allowed her for a time free scope to her love of gaiety, and truly, the echoes of his paternal halls were not allowed to repose in silence. Entertainment succeeded entertainment, and mirth and revelry constantly filled the mansion with ceaseless din. Catherine had now an additional motive for exerting herself to make a greater display than ever. Sir Edward Ashley had lately returned from the metropolis, where he had soon consoled himself for Catherine's rejection, and he was accompanied by his bride, between whom and Catherine a spirit of rivalry ere long sprung up, and each endeavored to outvie the other in the splendor and extravagance of their routes.

Such a life as this could never accord with the quiet habits of the retiring Walter. He had seen his domestic happiness cruelly destroyed.—All the hopes, the sanguine expectations, in which he had so long indulged had been ruthlessly blighted. Like the mirage of the desert which beguiles the wearied, perishing traveller, to leave the beaten track and follow its deceitful verdure and streams, that felicity which Walter had so eagerly sought, had proved but a bright and evanescent appearance which had suddenly vanished when he thought it secure within his grasp. In all the loneliness of sorrow, he sought some place

of rest wherein to find repose and consolation. He sought refuge in his study, but his pre-occupied, desponding mind could find no pleasure in those classic pages which once possessed the power of chaining his attention. He wandered forth amid the beauties of nature, but how could he find delight in contemplating the quiet, placid scenes around, when all was turbulence and grief within. Walter had yet to learn the salutary effect of affliction, which, by disappointing our earthly affections, teaches us to look to a higher and more enduring source, for that happiness which is so transient and insufficient, when engrossed exclusively by the fleeting vanities of this world. He had yet to be taught that whoever looks for perfection in an erring fellow creature, must sooner or later experience the bitterness of disappointment. The trials and provocations to which he was hourly subjected had the salutary effect of leading him to repose with less implicit confidence upon worldly objects, while it taught him to elevate his desires to the only true source of happiness. He beheld the error of his ways, and he desired that Catherine might also be brought to a sense of her sinfulness and folly. This Christian desire lent a gentleness to his admonitions and a kindness to his words, which could not fail to be felt even by the perverse one to whom they were addressed.

Catherine had expected remonstrance and contradiction from her neglected husband, and she was fully prepared for his violent opposition to her unreasonable conduct. His kindness, his forbearance and continual sollicitude for her happiness, at first surprised her. But when this noble, generous line of conduct was continued, despite her neglect and disregard for his happiness, she sought to fathom the motive which supported him in a course of such self-denial and generosity, and she endeavored to discover the unfulfilling source whence he derived that unbroken cheerfulness, which she could not destroy. For a time, despite the silent reproaches of conscience, Catherine persevered in the same line of conduct, so hazardous to domestic peace; but, miserable and unhappy, she found no pleasure in its ways.

Walter's prayers were at length answered, and he beheld Catherine, conscience-stricken and humbled, seek consolation in repentance. She became the dutiful wife he had so anxiously desired, and he rejoiced gratefully in her reformation.—His persevering love and enduring patience towards her, inspired her with a mutual affection, and she learned, despite her former belief to the contrary, that the heart will not remain insensible to superior virtue, and unwearyed kindness, and that love, when founded upon esteem and regard, can outlive the trials and charges of time, before

which affection, resting upon a less solid basis, would "fade away like morning dew."

Henceforth Elmwood became a happy home to Walter. He sighed no longer for those by-gone days when the light-hearted Rose sportively wielded her power. In the enlightened and more subdued mind of Catherine he now found a more congenial companion.

Though the noise of revelry did not resound so frequently as formerly within its walls, cheerfulness and heartfelt happiness beamed in the faces of its inmates, and the light of domestic happiness shone brightly on its hearth. Not that their life was one uninterrupted dream of happiness; like other married couples, their opinions might occasionally differ, and accidents might occur to disturb the serenity of their bosoms; but like a passing breeze which ripples the surface of a glassy lake, and then leaves it apparently still more placid than before, those trifling discords only caused the harmony which followed, to appear the more delightful.

LOVE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

O Love! what art thou, Love? the ace of hearts,
Trampling earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;
A player, masquerading many parts
In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
A gard'ner, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots;
The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
A marriageable madden's "beau ideal."

O Love! what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,
Making green usses spoil their work at school;
A melancholy man, cross-gartering;
Grave ripe-fac'd wisdom made an April fool;
A youngster, tilting at a wedding ring;
A sinner, sitting on a cuttle stool;
A Ferdinand de Something in a novel;
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel;

O Love! what art thou, Love? one that is had
With palpitations of the heart—like mine—
A poor bewilder'd maid, making so sad
A necklace of her garters—fell design!
A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
Ending his sonnets with a heuven line;
O Love!—but whither now? forgive me, pray;
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

AFFLICTION.

Oh, whence is the freshness that gives the flower
Its scent and its summer hue?
It came in the dark and midnight hour,
In drops of heavenly dew;
So, often in sorrow the soul receives
An influence from above,
That beauty and sweetness and freshness give,
To patience and faith and love.

THE YORKSHIRE COLLIER GIRL.

BY A. E. L.

"He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker; but he that honoreth Him hath mercy on the poor."

It signifies little to the reader who the author of the following story may be; suffice it to say that I have been a great traveller, and have made myself acquainted with the manners and customs of the lower classes of society, by making a pedestrian tour in different parts of the United Kingdom during several past summers, by which means I have gained an insight into things which the traveller, either shut up in his own carriage, or rolling over the country by mail, or flying through it by means of steam and railroad, cannot possibly do. A superficial view of the working classes may be thus gained, and a general portrait drawn by the traveller; but the pedestrian alone has opportunity to see things as they are, and to gather from conversation with the people themselves, their manners, customs, grievances, virtues and vices.

In September, 1841, I was returning from an excursion in South Wales, and having visited Manchester and Liverpool, I crossed the country, and one day found myself entering — a busy, bustling town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. I made up to a respectable looking inn, and as it wanted still two hours to my usual dinner-time, I asked the landlord if there was anything in the immediate vicinity of the town worthy of notice.

He replied they had nothing near at hand but the coal pits, and they were not worth seeing.

"I have never been in one in my life," said he, "and I hope I never shall. They are only fit for such as are obliged to work in them, and 'use is second nature.' I don't suppose they mind burrowing in the earth, so as they are well paid, poor folks! though many sad accidents do happen among them."

I had heard enough, to excite my curiosity, and having obtained a direction for my route, I set off. A walk of two miles brought me to the village of Blackmore, whose dull, black, and dreary appearance was the very contrary of all that is rural and cheerful. A long street of small, mean looking houses led to the pit; every thing around was covered with coal dust: the women who stood at their doors looked dirty and miserable; and I saw none of the other sex, except here and there a very old man whom I

presumed had long retired from the duties of a collier,—or sometimes a young man on crutches.

I accosted two or three women as I passed along, with an enquiry as to whether I could enter a pit, but their brief sullen answers annoyed me, and I walked on. I passed a public-house, but such was the noise and revelry that burst from its tap-room, that I did not care to enter its precincts. At the very end of the street I espied a house different from all the rest, save that coal dust gave it the common tint; but it had some palings before the door, and in the windows were a few pots of geranium. Now I have always augured well of the cottager's wife in whose window I have seen these signs of good taste. If she were not neat and industrious they would not be there, for these things add to her care. I have seldom been mistaken, and on the present occasion I was right in my surmise.

I knocked at the door, which was opened by an old woman in a decent black gown and neat mob cap.

"Can you," said I, "give me any information about the coal-pits? I should like to see one, if they admit strangers."

"Do walk in, Sir," said the old woman, "and I will send for a person to show you into one that is the safest for strangers; and if you have never been in one before, I am sure you will be shocked at what you will see there."

"I sincerely pity all those, my good woman, who are debarred the cheering light of heaven, and the pure air which seems to have been made for us all; but we must have firing, and we must have people to procure it for us, and I presume no one is compelled to work against his will."

"Not exactly, Sir," said the old woman, "but there is a great abuse of God's laws, and the owners of the pits care no more for their work-people than they do for the tools they work with; indeed many of them never come near their property, so they know not the grievances which the people suffer, and the agent is not the person to tell tales. The owner is satisfied to receive his money, and makes no enquiry, and the agent, (who is often raised from pitwork himself) seeks only to please his employer."

The manner and appearance of this old wo-

man struck me as extraordinary, in such a place, and I asked how long she had lived at Blackmore.

"Seven long years, Sir," she replied, "and God knows duty alone brought me to live in such a place in my old age. I submitted to every deprivation, for the love I bore to a dear departed child, and now I have a duty to perform for her child, but that won't be long; she will rest by her mother soon, and then, with God's will, I will seek my old home and peace, for never can I find it here. I ask your pardon, Sir, for talking of my troubles, but it is so rare for me to see any one who can pity the distressed, or listen to a tale of sorrow, that I forgot myself."

"Make no apology," I replied; "I take an interest in the troubles of the poor, and should like to know your history; and as I am not limited to time, I will spend an hour with you instead of viewing the pit, till to-morrow."

"You are very kind, Sir, to listen to an old woman, but mine is a long story, and I fear to tire you; though may-be I can give you some information about coal-pits and colliers, which will be new to you."

"That is just what I wish," I replied; and the good woman plied her knitting needles while she related the following story, which I give in her own words.

"I was born in a pleasant village in the North Riding of this county, about fifty miles from hence. My father was a small farmer on the estate of Sir William Droom, of Broom Hall, and several of his children found situations in the family of his landlord. I was many years a nursery maid at the hall, and married an honest, industrious young man, who was employed in the plantations as a kind of woodman. We had a neat cottage and a field or two, which enabled us to keep a couple of cows, and as our family grew up, though we worked hard, we were content, and never knew what poverty was. Our children, one after the other, settled in the world, and did us credit; and saving a few of the troubles which assail us all in our journey through life, we had nothing to murmur at.

"My husband, who was called John Smith, had laid by a little money every year since the children earned their own living, and we had only one little girl left to provide for; she was the youngest, and like the others, had been taught at a school supported by Sir William and his lady, and when she was fifteen, my lady took a fancy to my poor Mary, and so she went to the hall to assist the housekeeper, where she made herself so useful that in two years she was advanced to wait on the young ladies.

"We were all happy then, but my troubles

soon began; for about this time my poor husband was felling a young tree in the wood (which he thought he could manage by himself,) when it fell before he could get clear of it, and he was found by his fellow labourers severely crushed beneath its branches. He was brought home, and though all was done for him that mortal aid could do, he lingered a few weeks, and died the death of the righteous.

"I had no troubled thoughts on his account, but we are all selfish, Sir; and I grieved long and deeply, as well I might, for I had been a happy wife near thirty years, and I was now desolate, though I had good children and many friends. The good Sir William settled twelve pounds a year on me, and let me live rent free, so that I was well off, and could spin and knit for my children. Mary often had leave to spend an hour or two with me, and so I went on till she had passed twenty, and was about to become my lady's own maid, as the one she had was shortly to be married. She was well fitted for the situation, being neat and well spoken, and though I say it, noted for her good looks and genteel air. Many respectable tradesmen had noticed her, but she was distant to them all, for the best of reasons—her heart was engaged, and to one every way unworthy of her.

"Sir William had a groom in his service, who was a very handsome man. He was also good tempered and obliging, ready to do a good turn for any body, and was a general favourite in the servants' hall. He became attached to Mary, and no wonder if she returned his affection, for at that time no one spoke ill of him; so one day Mary came to see me, and I said, 'You are a lucky girl to get such a place at your age as my lady's maid's, and if you are careful for a few years, you may save what will be a comfort to you some day.'

"She made no answer, and I saw she was confused; and on entreating her to say what the matter, she confessed that George Harris, the groom, had made her an offer of marriage, and she was disposed to accept him. 'If you do accept him, Mary,' said I, 'cannot you wait a few years, till both your savings will enable you to begin the world creditably?'

"'I would, mother, willingly, but George won't, and he says he will marry another, and oh! I could not bear that!'

"I saw she had set her heart upon him, and I was sorry for it. I made it my business to inquire into the young man's character. All his fellow servants spoke well of him; he was a favourite with the young gentlemen, ever ready to attend them in shooting or fishing expeditions; always ready to assist the keeper in his

night-watches, and of too active a spirit to be ever idle. All this was very well, but he was young, and a neighbour whispered to me that if ever there was a jolly party at the King's Head in the village, George was sure to be there. Now this was not known to Sir William, for he did not allow his servants to frequent the alehouse; but George sang a good song, and his company was sought after.

"I told Mary this, and she taxed him with it. Of course he made such excuses as satisfied her, and to make a long tale short, they were married, and she came to live with me. The first year I saw nothing to complain of in George's conduct. As soon as his horses were fed in the evening he came to us, and in the summer worked in the garden, and his love for Mary was so great that I had hopes she might continue to be a happy wife. The birth of a boy added to our pleasure, and at this time Sir William's coachman left him, and George took his place, much to the joy of his wife and myself, as this situation would not have been given him had he not been well thought of by his master.

"After this George had more time on his hands, for when the family were not engaged out, he had the whole evening to himself, and no doubt Sir William thought it was spent with his wife; but now he came home later and later, and often appeared rather the worse for liquor. Poor Mary said nothing, but I saw she was unhappy; and one morning, before he went up to the hall, and when his wife was not present, I boldly taxed him with spending his evenings at the ale-house. I told him that should Sir William find it out, he would assuredly lose his place. He said it was not my business to meddle with his affairs, that his master was satisfied, and he had a right to spend his evenings how and where he pleased.

"When his work was done he left us in an ill humour, the first time I had seen him so, and I resolved for Mary's sake to say no more to him; but after that day his manner to me changed from civility to moroseness, but I bore it all, as long as he behaved decently to his wife.

"Three years passed on, and George conducted himself tolerably well; and as he was careful never to drink till the evening, when his duties were over, Sir William had no idea that he was on the road to be a drunkard, till one day he had driven the ladies into town, and on the way home they perceived him reeling on the box. They were alarmed, for the horses were spirited, and my lady desired the footman to mount the box and take the reins, which he did, and as soon as the carriage stopped George dismounted and came home. He had just sense

enough to throw himself on the bed, and Mary and I anticipated some evil. I could not rest till the next day, so walked to the hall, and found from the housekeeper how alarmed the ladies had been, and how angry Sir William was, threatening to dismiss George, which I was not surprised to hear. On my return home I told Mary, and a sad evening we had. The next morning George had a perfect remembrance of what had passed, and I told him what he might expect; he seemed humbled, and said he would go to his work as usual, and make an apology to Sir William, and promise faithfully for the future. He did go, and returned in an hour dismissed from his situation. Sir William had made enquiry in the village, and heard of George's doings at the King's Head, which convinced him that he was habitually intemperate.

"This was a sad blow to us all, for Sir William was a good master, and the place an easy one; and George was not a person to follow any hard work; besides he could not now expect a character to forward him, and he was completely subdued. We did not upbraid him, for he was not of a temper to bear it, so he sat in sullen silence till Mary ventured to say,

"Oh George! if you would promise never to drink again, perhaps mother would speak to my lady, and she might have influence with Sir William to try you again: will you, for the sake of those children, turn from such wicked ways? What will become of them if you don't?"

"George loved his children; and promised fairly, if I would plead for him: and I did plead so well that Sir William was softened, and the culprit took his place once more at the hall. After this I don't think he ever spent more than half an hour at the ale-house at a time for four years, and all went well with us. Mary had five children, and the elder ones went to school, and were very promising. George's wages maintained them decently, and they lived rent free with me, and had many helps from the hall.

"We thought George was thoroughly reformed, but alas! this happiness was not to last. Mary and I began to suspect that George went occasionally to the King's Head again. His wages were not all accounted for, his manner grew surly even to the children, and we fancied the worst. Mary gently reminded him of his promise to Sir William, and he said he was not to be Sir William's slave all his life. After this he got worse and worse, and our days were spent in anxiety of some fearful event; and it was not long before one did happen.

"Sir William was engaged with his son to a public dinner at Earlston, and of course George drove them; at a late hour the carriage was

ordered to bring them home, and as George mounted the box by lamplight, his condition was not seen by his master, and the people about the inn did not think him so unable to drive as he really was; but as soon as the fresh air seized upon him he lost all command of the horses, and they galloped on. George was thrown from the box, and the gentlemen, seeing their danger, sat still till they reached the lodge gates, when the footman took the reins and brought the carriage safe to the door. With the greatest humanity Sir William sent some of the servants out to seek George; he was found on the roadside quite insensible and brought home. A doctor was sent for, who bled him, and in a few hours he became sensible of his condition, though how it had happened he hardly knew. He was much bruised, and was ill many weeks; but strange to say, showed no compunction for his misconduct. Of course his place was filled up at the Hall, and neither Mary nor I ever said one word to my lady in his favour: we could not; he had recklessly thrown away his children's bread, and cast off the countenance of his best friends. Lady Broom supplied Mary and myself with needlework, and I helped to feed the children out of my little pittance.

"As soon as George had recovered from his fall, he found his way to the King's Head; and one day on his return from thence, he told us how he had met with a man who had lived in the West Riding, and gave such accounts of the wages obtained by working in the coal pits, that he had determined to set off and try to engage himself, and take a house for his family. Mary and I were astounded. I said, 'You work in a coal pit! you who have almost lived like a gentleman all your life, as far as working goes. You work in a coal pit?'

"'Yes! I work in a coal pit, and perhaps Mary too, for that matter.'

"'Never shall a child of mine work in a coal pit,' said I, in great wrath.

"'Remember, old woman,' said he, 'she is my wife, and you have no right over her.'

"'Cruel man,' I continued; 'would you see that delicate young woman, the mother of your children, doing the work of strong men or beasts of burden? She is willing to do all that a wife can do for the benefit of her children, but oh! do not degrade her so low.'

"'If the husband is degraded,' said he, 'I don't see what better the wife should be.' So he left us to sorrow together, and to hope he would change his mind; but the next day he made up a small parcel of linen, took the little money he had left in the house, and set off for this very place, leaving his wife and myself in the most

anxious distress. He was absent a week, and on his return appeared in high spirits; he told us wages were high at the collieries, and that if he worked three days in the week, he could spend the other four like a gentleman, and the boys would maintain themselves by their work; he added he had taken a house, and had promised to occupy it in a month. Mary could not conceal her grief; the idea of dividing from me who had been her stay in all her troubles, was a keen trial to her, and the prospect of seeing her rosy, healthful boys, toiling under ground with blackened faces, was beyond endurance; losing the little schooling they had gained, and shut out from future benefit. As soon as the poor children heard they were to leave Granny, and work under ground, they all began to cry, and their hard-hearted father went out in a rage.

"'We have no resource left, Mary,' I said; 'you are his wife, and must follow his fortune, and perhaps if you submit quietly he will treat you with kindness. It is the Lord's will to afflict you, and you must submit. I don't think he was in earnest, Mary, when he said you should work in the coal-pit too; he will not be so cruel. I would go with you even to Blackmoor, but I think I am better away; your husband regards me with jealousy, and perhaps he will be more kind to you when you have no other friend near.'

"Mary cried for hours, and then tried to be comforted, but it was a sad month we all passed. Lady Broom was very kind to her, and sent clothes and good books for the children; and when the cart drove away with Mary and her children, I wished myself in my grave. To have followed her to the grave would have been a less sorrow; but for the children,—poor things! I thought of them night and day, and prayed for them. Mary's eldest boy was nine years old, and she had a pretty, fair little girl of eight, whom I wished to keep with me, but her father would not leave her to be spoilt (as he said,) nor either of the younger boys, so I was left alone to bemoan their loss.

"In about two months I had a letter from Mary; she said they had a very decent house, and that George was steady to his work, and the boys were reconciled to the collier's life, and had plenty of time for play in the evening; she regretted the comforts she had left, but made no complaints, so I hoped things were better than she expected, and endeavoured to be cheerful and resigned to the will of the Lord.

"Two years passed away, and Mary's letters had been few and short, and I felt more anxious than usual, when I received one day a few lines written with a trembling hand, entreating me to

go and see her if it was possible, before she was called away, which she hoped would be very soon. Before the day had passed, I was in the coach on the road to this place, which I reached next day, and when I entered this house, what a scene met my eyes! My once blooming Mary stretched on the bed of sickness, her pale features indicating misery: a squalid infant, a fortnight old, lay beside her, apparently at its last gasp: a rough, dirty looking woman, was employed in washing, and the dirt and confusion in the house were indescribable. My presence seemed to revive my poor daughter, and I administered such comforts as she had not known for many a day.

"Where are the children?" I said; "I am anxious to see them."

"They are at the pit," said the woman, "they won't be at home till night."

"But the girl," I asked, "little Mary?"

"She is at the pit too; children are not allowed to be idle here."

"And their father, where is he?"

"Oh he's drinking at the Crown, where he mostly lives."

"I was confounded. 'Here is a father,' I thought, 'who allows his young and tender children to work under ground, while he revels in crime and debauchery. Oh! that such things should be!' Well, Sir, about six o'clock in the evening the door opened, and in came the two elder boys, whose blackened appearance was a complete disguise; and they were as much altered in manner as appearance, for they scarcely took time to acknowledge their old friend, so full were they of anticipated pleasure. They quickly disappeared and returned in decent clothing, and with clean faces and hands. All the innocent appearance of youth had fled, and they had the bold reckless look of vagrants. Oh! how my heart ached at the change!"

"Why are you back so soon?" said the woman, "your supper is not ready."

"Because we want to see the cock-fight at the Crown, and we promised Tom Jones to-wance to finish our work."

They then took some of the half-boiled potatoes from the pot on the fire, and with some fat bacon made a hasty meal and were off. Soon after my little Mary came in, and, black as she was, threw herself into my arms and burst into tears. The dress she was in was such as to make my tears flow, but you will see with your own eyes, Sir, many such to-morrow. As soon as she had cleaned and dressed herself, I saw the same pretty face of my grand-child, but with such a careworn look as childhood seldom ex-

hibits. I asked her what kind of work she followed in the pit.

"Oh! Granny," she said, "you will not like to hear how little girls are treated here; it would kill you to see me on my hands and knees drawing a load of coals after me like a beast; and the child looked indignant, as well she might; 'but my father makes me go, and so I must.'"

"She then told me of the belt and the chain, which I call *harness*. Her little hands and feet were swelled, and her once rosy cheeks were pale; she was a living victim to a bad father, and to the wicked system of employing children in the collieries. The poor child seemed to loathe the coarse food which her brothers had partaken of, so I sent for some milk and bread; and she talked of past days in my cottage at Riversdale with a hope, a vain hope, that she might see it again some day."

"But where is your little brother Henry? what can he do in the pit at six years old?"

"Oh! grandmother, he has been a trapper more than a year, and that is easy work, but he cries every morning before he goes to the pit, because he sits in the dark all day, and never sees the light but for a moment, when the coaves pass through the door, and he is obliged to stay at his gate as long as any coaves pass to the shaft; but here he comes, hungry enough I dare say, for we have only bread and butter in the pit, and we breakfast at five every morning. Henry was a fine, stout, handsome boy, and appeared no worse for his work in the pit, but his account of his benighted task made him shed tears, and he said—

"Oh! grandmother, take me back with you to Riversdale, and then mother won't cry every day to see me carried off to the nasty pit, where I can't help falling asleep, and then the overlooker comes with his whip and makes seams upon my back. If you won't take me back with you, I will run away."

"Have patience," I said, "my dear child; the Lord will provide; you must submit to the will of your earthly father at present, and don't murmur on your mother's account. She is ill, and you must not increase her affliction."

"Little did I think the poor child would so soon be released from his troubles, but the ways of Providence are marvellous in our eyes."

"The boys came in, tired from the cock-fight, and went to bed without saying their prayers, which they told me they had forgotten. Their mother had lost all authority over them, and they were in a fair way to become such as their father. Not so Mary. She said her prayers, and read a chapter in the Bible to her mother as

well as she could. We all sought rest early, but I found none; and I heard the wretched author of all the woes I had seen, come in after midnight. The next morning we met at breakfast, and he was silent and sullen. The children were all off to the pit, and for my daughter's sake I did not upbraid him. He soon set off for his usual haunt, and I found from the charwoman that he had not done a day's work for above a year; that he lived upon the wages of his wife and children; and that games of chance and drinking filled up his days and often his nights; that poor Mary had worked in the pit till within a week of her confinement, and the doctor said she would never work there again. However, contrary to his expectations, she slowly recovered, and though extremely feeble there was some chance for her restoration. Yet I thought to myself, what has she to live for? A worthless, cruel husband, and children over whom she has no authority, except the girl, and she may yet be a comfort to her. But it is not for us to search into the ways of the Most High; and I felt as if I could be reconciled to whatever might happen; but the blow that fell was a heavy one, and yet I got over it.

"I had been a month at Blackmoor; the poor infant was consigned to the grave; Mary was beginning to employ herself with needle-work; Harris spent all his time at the Crown, when one day, as we sat at the open window to breathe the fresh air, a number of men approached from the pits bearing something in their arms. As they came near the house I saw it was the body of a child; they entered and hid it on the floor, and we beheld the mutilated remains of poor Henry. His mother fell into convulsions, and was carried to bed; the doctor was sent for, who said she had had her death blow; and sure enough she never had her sense again, and after much suffering, was released that night from all her troubles.

"It was not till all was over that I had time to enquire how the dear child had come by his death, his awful death; it seems that the trapper sits behind a great heavy door, which it is his business to pull open with a string attached to it, to let the coves through; and if he is not quick enough, or gets too near the door, the cove must run against him and crush him, as it runs on the tramway very quickly when pushed from behind. In this case the boys, who are called hurriers, called to the child, who had no doubt been asleep, and he was roused, but too late to pull the door open, and in his effort to do it had come forward. The cove, filled with about ten hundred weight of coal, pushed against him, and killed him on the spot. Oh! Sir, the

sight of that mutilated boy will never be absent from my memory. His poor mother had but one glance of it, and that was enough; she could bear no more; and in three days she and her child lay side by side in ——— churchyard."

"And how," I asked, "did the wretched husband behave?" Surely remorse must have seized him."

"I was in hopes it had, Sir; he was sadly cut up when he saw the dead body of Henry and the state of his mother, and his heart seemed softened; he wept sorely at the funeral; and for about a week he refrained from going to the Crown, but after that he took to his old way, and I determined to ask him to let me take Mary with me, and return home; he and the two boys could do without me, and I had no influence over them for good; so I stated my wishes, and he expressed himself surprised that I should wish to take a part of his living from him.

"Mary earns a matter of seven shillings a week," said he, "and I can't afford to lose that, so let me hear no more about it. You can go if you please; I don't want to detain you"; so saying he walked off, and Mary and I shed tears together. I prayed for strength, and came to the resolution, for Mary's sake, to remain with her, if Harris was willing. It was the only way to keep the poor girl from harm; she was naturally modest, and seemed to slum the unworthy people she was placed amongst; had I left her, she would have been a prey to her wicked companions, and I thought the sacrifice of my own comforts small in comparison of her future welfare. Harris had no objection to this, as he knew my little income helped to clothe the children, and he must have hired some one to keep his house: so here I have lived seven long years, and my Mary, now sixteen, has gone daily to the pit, and almost toiled herself into a premature grave. Hard work and a dejected spirit have done their work, and consumption has been slowly but surely stealing her life away for some months. As long as she has strength to go to the pit, her cruel father will not see her state. Oh! that he may look to his ways before it be too late! There is joy in heaven over the sinner that repenteth, but I have joy over that poor ill-used girl, whose whole soul is filled with a holy peace, such as the world cannot give; and she often says, 'Grandmother, I work with my hands in the depths of the earth, but my thoughts are in that bright world where my mother and Henry are gone before me. Oh! if it had not been for you, I had been like the other girls I work with. They neither fear God nor the devil, and they have no one to teach them their duty.'"

Just as Mrs. Smith had said these words, a tall, thin figure passed quickly through the room into the inner apartment.

"That is Mary, Sir," said Mrs. Smith, "she does not like to be seen in her colliery dress, so she passes by without a word, but she will soon be neat and return here."

"Where is your parish church?" I asked, "for I saw none as I came through the street."

"It is more than two miles distant, Sir," said Mrs. Smith, "and I am hard set to get so far on stormy days; but I have been a constant attendant at it since I came, and Mary always went with me, but I fear she will not be able to walk so far long."

"How strange that the owners of the pits don't see to the spiritual wants of such numbers of their servants! How can they expect them to shake off such vices as are so prevalent among them, if they are not taught their duty to God?"

"Very true, Sir, but the owners care very little about the matter; indeed there are those among the owners who think 'learning is power,' and that increased knowledge and enlightened minds would prevent them toiling in such a degraded state, as I have heard the black slaves abroad never experienced. If those people were influenced by the light of the Gospel, we should see the fruits of the Spirit practised in their families and to their neighbours. There would be more good husbands and fathers; there would be fewer wretches to live on the wages of their own children for the sake of vicious indulgences. We want churches, Sir, and schools; and I am told that further north some of the collieries have quite changed their character, since churches and schools have been built among them."

The good woman here gave Mary a call, and the girl appeared.

"Here is a gentleman," said Mrs. Smith, "who has been so condescending as to sit and hear an old woman talk for some time, Mary. He takes an interest in the affairs of the poor, and it is seldom we meet with such a kind sympathy."

The girl made a curtsy and sat down to her work, and never had I seen a more interesting creature. Her features were small and delicate; her complexion pale as marble, save a hectic spot on each cheek, which bespoke the insidious disease which was preying upon her; her dark hair was neatly arranged, and her plain dark stuff dress set off her fair skin. There was a lustre in her dark eye so usual with the consumptive patient; but instead of the girlish look of sixteen, a stranger would have taken her for twice that age. There was a subdued, chastened, melancholy cast of countenance, which told of a long life of misery; it made my heart ache to

look at it. Her figure was slender in the extreme, and her back was curved, so that her head bent over her depressed chest. I compared her to a fine flower which had been nipped by the early frosts of spring, and was drooping towards its parent earth.

I took leave hastily, promising to call the following morning; and as I retraced my steps to the town, I mentally denounced all those who had a hand in bringing their fellow creatures to such a state as the one I had just heard so much of. I had outstayed my time an hour, and the landlord looked grave, but I found no fault with the over-done viands, and retired to rest (I am sorry to say) with a worse opinion of a certain portion of my fellow creatures than I had risen with in the morning.

I was at Mrs. Smith's house true to my appointment on the following day, and she directed me to the pit of easiest descent. An overlooker came forward, and I descended with him; and in a few seconds we lost sight of the daylight which gleamed through the shaft. The first impression, as may be supposed, upon a stranger, is one of utter misery. The chamber at the bottom of the shaft is generally wet and muddy, and the escape from it is through a number of narrow black passages in which the damp smell is very oppressive. In my way through the galleries or roads, I saw men, women, and children in all the different employments of the pits; some men were hewing out the coal with a pick-axe, crouching on the ground in all sorts of awkward attitudes, on account of want of height or the narrowness of the roads. Some lay extended at full length on their backs, hewing the coal from above their heads; and these men were often without a fragment of clothing of any kind.

Next I observed the manner of carrying the coal from the banks where it is hewn to the shaft, where it is drawn up. Small wagons called corves are filled with the coal, often weighing ten hundred weight. The corves are pushed forward by one or two boys from six to ten years of age, who place their heads and hands against the corve, which runs along the tramway till it comes to the gate where sits the poor boy who is called a trapper. It is his business to open the gates to let the corves pass, and then he is left in total darkness till the next comes. These trappers are always the youngest children employed in the pits: some as young as five years. The work is easy enough; but who can hear of the cheerless life they lead without a shudder? There they sit in a hole in the wall behind the door in solitude and darkness: and who can wonder that the poor weary child

should fall asleep, and that so many should be the victims of sad accidents? My heart was full of pity for these little slaves to the cupidity of their betters; but I had yet to see a sight that was more appalling than any my eyes ever looked upon. A corve was coming down the tram-way, and I beheld a creature walking on hands and feet, the head bent to the ground, and absolutely *harnessed* to the corve. A leather belt was fastened round the waist, and a chain passed between the legs, which was attached to the corve, and with apparently very great exertion it was dragged along. Short trowsers, a loose bedgown, and a cap to confine the hair, formed the dress of this unfortunate, ill-used, and degraded girl, for it was a girl, of fifteen or sixteen years of age! I turned to my guide as she passed, and asked if it was usual to employ females in this way.

"Oh yes, Sir," he replied, "the parents can't afford to let their children be idle; they can earn six or seven shillings a week, and that is a good help in a family; they soon get used to it, and we could not do without them, for there is work they can do that neither men, women, or even boys will do!"

I was disgusted with this answer, and could easily imagine what sort of a task-master such a man would make. In one part of the pit I found assembled round a fire, men, girls, and boys, eating their bread and butter, which they bring with them for dinner, and which is the only meal they take in the pit. Some were partly dressed; others (shame to say it) entirely undressed. Such are the doings in the heart of a Christian country; such the education of hundreds or thousands of the British youth!

I found young girls going through all the drudgery of hurrying the corves, filling them, riddling the slack, and sometimes getting the coal. Many of the girls had swollen joints, bent backs, and narrow chests; and (can it be wondered at?) a bold, impudent look so unsuitable to the sex. I had seen enough; and was bending my steps back towards the shaft, when my eyes were attracted by several persons surrounding a corve. On coming near, I saw the poor girl in harness extended flat upon the ground; the chain was detached, and she was taken up by two men, and on looking at her face I beheld Mary Harris! She had fainted away from weakness and over-fatigue.

"Carry her to the shaft," said my guide, "the air will bring her about again. She often has these fits, but she won't have many more; it is almost over with her."

I could have knocked the fellow down for his want of feeling; however I followed the man

who bore off the girl, and in a few minutes she was drawn up; but though the air partly revived her, she could not walk, and the man carried her to her father's house. I went forward and told her grandmother what had happened.

"Oh Sir!" she exclaimed, "I expected this; she will die in the pit some day, and her cruel father is her murderer."

"Sad work, my good woman," said I, "but if a medical man were to give his opinion that she was unfit for work, he could not force her to go."

"Thank you for the thought, Sir," said Mrs. Smith; "I will send for Dr. Benson; he is a humane man, and will have pity on her."

By this time the poor girl was laid upon the bed in the inner room, and her grandmother applied such means as she had at hand to restore her to herself; but without avail; she went from one fainting fit into another, and in a few minutes the doctor arrived. He shook his head on seeing her, and said,

"Send for her father; she may not recover, and this ought to make an impression upon him, if he is not lost to all sense of feeling."

I felt too much interest in the fate of the girl to withdraw, and soon Harris entered the house. He was a tall, stout man, with a red and bloated face, which plainly told of the life he had led; he passed into the bed-room and soon came back, throwing himself into a chair in great perturbation. Surely, thought I, remorse must take possession of that hard heart at last; may the death of thy child be the means of renewing a right spirit within thee! The doctor came to us, and addressing Harris, said,

"Did I not tell you a month ago, that the girl would die in the pit? and if ever you send her there again, her death would lie at your door?"

"She shall not go again," said Harris; "do what you can for her, doctor."

"I can do little now," replied the doctor; "if she recovers from this attack she cannot live many weeks; and she ought to be cared for by you while she does live, for she dies thus early, a victim to her duty. Poor child! her's has been a weary life."

I went into the inner room to look for the last time on the pale face of Mary Harris, and to speak a few words of comfort to the afflicted old woman; and on taking leave I put a couple of sovereigns in her hand; she drew back, and was about to return them, when I said,

"Suppose, my good woman, I was your near neighbour, and thought proper to send any little comforts suitable to a sick person from my store-room or kitchen, would you refuse to receive them?"

"No, Sir, certainly not."

"Then where is the difference? I am a traveller, and have no other way of showing a kindness to your invalid. Lay out my gift for her comfort: and may God release her soon from her troubles."

The old woman's tears were silent thanks, and I left the house in company with the doctor, whose manners had interested me much; and as we walked up the street I gained some information as to his neighbours. The very old looking men whom I had seen the day before, were not one of them more than fifty years of age, the toilsome life they lead from their infancy, and the unwholesome air in which they live, naturally tending to bring on premature decay, and shorten their days. As we passed the Crown we heard sounds of revelling, though little past noon. The day was sultry, and the windows thrown open to admit the air; the front room was filled with men engaged at games of chance, and drinking; on the premises were a bowling-green and skittle ground, and Mr. Benson told me that gambling had got to such a pitch, that many of the colliers gave up going to the pits, and devoted themselves to it, as soon as they had three or four children to earn wages for their support; and that many of them made their wives take their places.

"George Harris is no solitary instance of a cruel father, I am sorry to say," continued Mr. Benson, "and perhaps a medical practice amongst the colliers is one of the most unpleasant in my profession; but Providence placed me here, and I hope I have had it in my power to do some good among them; but we want a church and a clergyman. The light of the gospel alone will open men's eyes to their present state; and I rejoice to think the cause of the colliers is about to be taken up by able and benevolent legislators, and I don't despair of seeing a great reform before many years are past."

We had now come to the doctor's house, which stood a little way out of the village, and he asked me to walk in and rest; I accepted his invitation, and he gave me the following information on the subject of the colliers.

"I believe," said Mr. Benson, "that in Lancashire and some parts of Scotland, the morals of the pitmen and their families are worse than with us, but truly they are bad enough here, though every allowance is to be made for the poor, ignorant wretches, who have not been taught better things, consequently every generation is worse than the last: and much have they to answer for, who employ such a multitude without a thought for the benefit of either soul or body."

"They are indeed cruel taskmasters," I re-

plied, "and ignorance in the proprietors is the most charitable excuse we can make for them. For my own part I have been a great traveller in various countries: I have seen the negro slaves in the West Indies toiling in the plantations; I have seen in many parts of France women working on the farm, mending the roads, or engaged in other masculine employments; I have seen the Irish peasant digging the bog or the potatoe ground; I have seen in some of our large manufacturing towns, women and children put to such work as is only fit for men: but never did I behold women so humbled, so degraded, so debased as this day: the impression will never be effaced."

"No wonder," said the doctor; "yet you have had but a single glance as it were, of the horrors I have to encounter in my daily task. Frightful accidents, untimely deaths, and lingering diseases, are of every day occurrence. It was only last week that four fine boys, between twelve and fifteen, in ascending together from the pit in a corve, were killed, owing to the breaking of the rope in drawing them up. Such things create but a short sensation here, they are of such frequent occurrence, and I am sorry to say, as well from the carelessness of overlookers and others, who ought to be ever watchful, as from the fire-damp, sudden springs of water, or breaking in of the surface, over which we have no control."

"I am surprised," I exclaimed, "that the rising generation of collier children should be so obedient to their parents as to do their bidding, especially as they are ignorant of their duty to God; and as few of them are taught to read, I should suppose they know nothing of the fifth commandment more than any other of the ten."

"True, Sir, but this ignorance is all in favour of the system, as many of our proprietors know full well; and I believe they think that if the children were educated, they would not be so tame and submissive to the dangerous work. As it is, they have no idea of better things; they are, for the most part, born near the pits, and the parents know that the younger they descend to work in them, the more passive they will become in their hands; and they say that unless thus early inured to the work and all its horrors, the child would never make a collier, and they cannot afford to keep them idle. Surely," continued Mr. Benson, "if there be justice for factory children, there ought to be justice for collier children. The life of a little collier child is one of the most dreary that can be imagined. At four o'clock he is roused from his deep slumber, and in a few minutes is dressed; bolts his porridge breakfast, and is off to his daily task with

a lunch of brown bread, and perhaps a slice of cheese; he joins the gang at the pit mouth, and descends to his toilsome, cheerless work for ten, twelve, or fourteen hours, and sometimes more; not employed in tending machinery, or joining broken threads as in the factories, but in pushing loaded coal waggons, lifting heavy weights, or setting right the loaded corves which get jerked off the tramways. When the business of the day is over, even in the summer evenings, the younger children are unfit for relaxation; the over-wrought and weary child swallows his supper, and sleep overtakes him sometimes before he has finished his meal. As for the younger girls, it is sometimes painful to see them, the work occasions such a state of exhaustion."

"And are these, if they live," I exclaimed, "to be the future mothers of the British youth, once the boast of our nation? Would the offspring of such, in the event of war, be fit to cope with the enemy? Will they bear any comparison with those who composed our army and navy fifty years ago?"

"Undoubtedly not," said the doctor; "and in the meantime our prisons, hospitals, workhouses, and lunatic asylums are proofs of the injury done to a nation by employing large masses of its people without a thought of what becomes of them. We must all admit that crime fills our prisons, and we of the medical profession best know that crime also largely assists to fill our hospitals, warehouses, and lunatic asylums. Idleness, discontent, extravagance, vicious indulgence, disappointed hope, and want of religious feeling, all work together for evil. It is a well-known fact, that at one of our large manufacturing towns a short time ago, the recruiting officer could not enlist a single man of sufficient height, although many offered. They were also miserably deformed, being hump-backed and knock-kneed."

"And what is your opinion, Mr. Benson," I asked, "on a desired change in the condition of such people as you live among? What do you suppose would be the first step to reform?"

"Without doubt, Sir, a religious education. Let us have schools for the young, and churches, where the parents may learn their duty to God and their neighbour; and where the glad tidings of Christianity may be sounded to the rising generation; where they may learn that they are not like the beasts that perish; that they have souls to be saved; and that there is another world; for I give to say, numbers of my neighbours have gone to the grave as ignorant as the American savage—inay, worse—for we are told that those poor creatures have some idea of 'The Great Spirit,' whereas our people have

none. I have seen many death-beds, Sir, and some there are who, at the eleventh hour, appear repentant; but the majority pass away in careless indifference as to the future. The Lord have mercy on their souls! and on those who should have taught them better things. I feel convinced that if, on the opening of coal-pits thirty or forty years ago, schools had been established for the children, and churches erected, our colliers would have been a totally different class of people; and I understand, in some of the collieries in Wales, where the proprietors have taken an interest in the people, the improvement in morals is most gratifying. The Sabbath-day is decently kept, swearing is not so common, and the children are well conducted. Oh that this example might be followed! that the rich and great of the land would think of the responsibility of their situation. Much has been done in the last twenty years in regard to the education of the lower classes, but much still remains to be done."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "the same nation that raised twenty millions of money to put down slavery abroad, will no longer allow of a slavery at home of the most cruel and revolting description. We have all heard of the horrors of negro slavery, and of the debased and wretched condition of the blacks; but sorry am I to say, in our own Christian country, in the nineteenth century, there are even greater horrors amongst our white slaves."

At this moment the worthy doctor was called away, a fearful accident having occurred in one of the pits; so I took my leave of him, and of Blackmoor, in a frame of mind far from enviable, and not for many days could I banish the impression made upon my mind by a visit to the coal-pits.

In the autumn of last year, 1842, I was returning from a tour to the Lakes of Cumberland, when my way lay through part of the North Riding of Yorkshire. On entering a pretty rural village, I asked a man who was working on the road, its name.

"Riversdale," said he; and my thoughts reverted to the old woman at Blackmoor.

I further asked if an old widow of the name of Smith lived there; he answered "Yes," and directed me to her cottage. It was indeed a neat spot. It stood within a small garden where the dahlia and hollyhock reared their showy heads; and was backed by an orchard whose trees were covered with autumnal fruit. Two happy looking children were playing at the door; and Mrs. Smith, having got a sight of me through the casement, opened the door and welcomed me, though with tears in her eyes on the

remembrance of our last sad meeting. The children came in to gaze at the stranger, but were sent to play in the garden, and soon withdrew.

"I need not ask how long you have been at home, Mrs. Smith," said I; "your task at Blackmoor, would be soon over, after I left you—"

"It was indeed, sir. My poor Mary only lived a week after that. Her end was such as might be expected from one who had long looked beyond this world; she died, praying for her father and brothers; I followed her to the grave in tears, sir, but they were tears of joy at her release, for this world had been one of severe trial to the poor young creature—"

"A puwhat impression did her death make upon her father?" I asked.

"For a few days, he was much cast down," replied Mrs. Smith, "and I endeavoured to convince him of his sins, and I got the worthy doctor to aid me; but he made no promises of amendment, and in the course of a week, returned to his old ways. I then took leave of him, and his sons for ever, and I can now do nothing but pray, that they may turn away from their sins before it be too late; they are in God's hands, and he may still deal mercifully with them. I found my old neighbours glad to see me back again among them; and I have two little grandchildren living with me, whose parents are too far from this village to send them to school daily, and at Lady Broom's charity-school they are taught for nothing; and what a privilege is this, sir, to poor parents; we cannot be too thankful for it, and I often think my long stay at Blackmoor, has made me more happy to have such a spot as this to end my days in, than I ever was before. It is a heaven upon earth, compared to that place, sir!"

"It certainly is," I replied; "but you will rejoice to hear, that a benevolent and patriotic nobleman, (Lord Ashley,) has lately taken up the cause of the colliers, and I have no doubt we shall live to see a great reform in their condition—I hope it will lead to the entire abandonment of employing women and children in the pit; and to religious instruction being given them, before it is very long?"

"Oh! Sir," said Mrs. Smith, "I have not heard such good news for many a day; I cannot expect, at my age, to see the fruit of it, but I hope you will, sir, and the very idea of it will make me die happier."

After partaking of some fine Ribstone pippins, for this apple is peculiar to Yorkshire, I took leave of the good woman, with a light heart, for it does me good to see happiness and peace, whether in a mansion or a cottage. Having

lately met with a treatise on the "Parochial System," by an eminent writer* of the present day, I cannot do better than make an extract from it, as applying with equal force to the factory, the mine, the coal-pit, the rail-road, or any other great work, where masses of our fellow-creatures are brought together, to labour for the benefit of the avaricious, or to create riches for the speculator.

"There are hundreds who have made fortunes as manufacturers: How does the case stand with them? They have set up a factory, it may be, in some sequestered spot, where a village has immediately arisen. The population has increased from year to year; the capital of the manufacturer has increased with it; his works have extended; new labourers have arrived; and in the evening of his days, he retires with a handsome property, honorably gained, and it is his joy that he owes nothing to any man: But is this indeed, the case? He has paid his labourers for their time and their strength; but how has he remunerated them for their souls? He invited them from their country villages, from the homes and the churches of their fathers; he allured their children from school, to his factory; and what has he given them instead? Has he not too often left them in a situation of peculiar danger and temptation; without a church, without a pastor; without a school? Can he acquit himself of having grown rich upon the ruin of immortal souls! 'Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity.' And is the destruction of men's souls a less evil or sin, in the sight of God; than the oppression of their bodies? And where these duties have been forgotten, and men have passed out of the world having done nothing to discharge them, the obligation descends with undiminished weight to their children and heirs. They have inherited their father's gains; they would not refuse to pay his just and equitable debts, even when they are not legally responsible for them. Surely it is their bounden duty, even if they have no longer any share in the business by which their fathers were enriched, to repair, so far as they are able, some of the evil, which it has produced. Happy that man, who shall set the example (so much needed,) of providing a church and a pastor wherever he erects a factory, or street, or village. Happy two, three, or more, who shall combine to do so! Besides discharging themselves of a plain, moral obligation, such men will be, by the influence of their example, among the greatest benefactors of their country."

* Rev. Henry Wilberforce.

A CHAPTER ON SHOES.

BY T. D. F.

YEA verily, gentle reader, a chapter on shoes; why may it not be made as interesting as Locke on the *understanding*, or Upham on the *soul*? "We walk in vanity, as the wise man says, and as we all know, especially when we tread in satin slippers. Since then, shoes can scarce be suggested without leading us to dwell on the understanding, why may not a chapter on shoes be profitable? Is not a person's very character typified by the shoes he wears? Who would think of trusting the judgment of one that after a January thaw, would parade up and down Notre Dame Street in kid slippers? or who could yield the palm of grace and refinement to him, who trod the halls of beauty, or promenaded on a fine June day, in elouted shoon, or heavy enout-chouc. No, depend upon it, there is no surer way of judging an acquaintance than by noting their shoes. Lover, cast a glance at thy fair one's foot, when within doors; see that it be neatly sandalled, the narrow black ribbon just defining the rounded ancle; when without, let it be appropriately decked, guarded against the wet, with simple but neat "Cothurn." Should one string be gone, or the slightest slip-shod air appear, pause and think if thou couldst bear with an untidy closet, or disorderly house; look to thyself, and see if patience ranks higher than order in thy list of virtues, for rest assured that the *foot* is the true type of the *understanding*. And, maiden, take one peep at thy lover's chaussure; see that it be appropriate to the time and place, for it will mark the refinement which may give a grace and charm to thy life; the absence of which might bea blight on all thy brightest enjoyments.

But to what is this tending? "A chapter on shoes?" Why is it so named? Not surely because I have intended to devote it solely to the consideration of shoes, as indicative of character, nor did I design to dwell upon the merits of the various kinds, to draw the fine line of distinction between "French ties" and "village ties," "slippers" and "walking shoes," the stately "gaiter" or the embroidered "pantoufle;" but my thoughts have been led shoewards by a visit to a quaint old shoemaker, and such a visit, that I go over and over it in my imaginative wanderings, till

day by day it becomes a reality to me. A few weeks since the living, breathing, walking "Charity" of our town dropped in, as is often her wont, to commune with a sister spirit on the wants of the "rich poor" and the "poor rich." She told us of the contented poor ones who were sick, but cheerful; of the more unhappy, who kicked against the pricks; of the good of the benevolent society; then soared to higher themes, but soon ended these by drawing from her muff a small package, the *air* of which, as we were nearly shoeless, (winter stock being gone) excited our attention. She said in her quiet manner, she had brought these shoes for us to look at, they were made by a singular old man who had formerly worked with the celebrated "Nott,—John Nott."

"What is his name?" was the quick question, as we examined with eager eyes the close seams and very nice work of the delicate gaiters.

"I don't know, I never heard him called any thing but Dad."

This fairly excited our interest; we put question after question to the good "Charity," but she could only give us a few leading particulars about Dad,—he was a good workman, had taught his son his trade, but the poor lad had been delirious; sickness had pressed upon them, debt followed in its train, and but for the kind interest of a few families, death and ruin would have possessed them; but the dark cloud had now turned forth its silver lining, and by a little aid they might once more be made comfortable.

"Could we—would we patronize the poor man?"

"Where does he live?" asked one of the party, a timid person, who liked no corners or out of the way places.

"He has not a very comfortable place just now, but with a little resolution you will find it; 'tis in South Russell street."

With a few more words the kind impersonation of godlike charity departed, to carry her shoes from one house to another, as "Mullis" sped from village to village with the flaming torch; but, oh! how different a spark to kindle—one the soft light of heavenly kindness, the other the rude flame of civil discord.

Two or three weeks glided noiselessly away,

and the thought of poor Dod scarcely crossed our minds, except when we glanced at our feet, and then the rubbed kid and worn bindings would remind us, that new foot gear was a necessity in the spring of the year. One lovely morning tempted us out. As I roved along, the low murmuring of the spring winds as they played musically through the swelling branches, and the joyous notes of the birds, called up haunting memories; the present was forgotten, the dusty road, the wayside passengers all assumed other forms, when a rude collision with a passer by roused me; I must do something:

"Act, act in the living present,
Let the dead bury its dead past;"

came in the thought and words of one of our sweetest poets.

"Where shall I go, and what shall I do?"

"To Dod's, to Dod's," whispered an invisible speaker.

"To Dod's I will go then," and off I turned from the broad thoroughfare into a quiet street, on, on, till the air became closer, the houses less genteel, the streets steep and narrow, disagreeable odours steamed forth, black and white faces peeped out through the dirty windows; but on I passed. The street was at last gained; it was wilder and cleaner than those I had just threaded, and I breathed easier, but I looked to the right and the left, and saw nothing which seemed to speak of "Dod." I don't know what I had pictured to myself, but I certainly thought I should know "Dod", and "Dod's" house, the very moment I looked upon it; but no, there was nothing like it, and I passed on, on the long street, which seemed like the home of the dead, for not a living thing was visible.

At last I looked up and snid with the Peri, "Joy, joy, my task is done!" for there over a demure little ten-footer hung a boot—such a boot, stout and large enough for any highland foot that ever bounded over the heathery hills or spun in a strathspey, and by its side, a fitting foil, the daintiest little slipper ever donned by mortal woman, save Victoria. What a contrast between that stout boot and the delicate shoe! Did the philosophizing cobbler mean to make it an indication of his view of the difference of character in the sexes? Oh the wicked man! I do believe he intended to insinuate that the *understanding* of the one was strong, enduring, could defy the storms of adversity, the ice and chills of unkindness, and remain unscathed; while the delicate slipper was a type of the weaker one, who glided gracefully through the moving waltz or the light quadrille, tripped gaily through the rose-bordered paths of life,

but was cut and penetrated by the first pebble-stone of adversity, and deluged, aye, almost destroyed, by the drenching rain of the summer shower.

But, oh! if the cobbler did draw this distinction, how far wrong he was; or would he not acknowledge that, delicate though she be, woman, in physical suffering, or even in the darker hour of mental agony, when the "baptism of fire," which must be poured upon every head sooner or later, is upon her, can rise up beneath its scorching influence, not only self-supporting, but the aid, the sustainer, of those on whom she has heretofore leaned.

But a truce to this digression, though something of the spirit of female Quixotism flows forth into my golden nibbled pen, as I think of the proud arrogance of superiority with which the nobler sex, *par excellence* (in their own estimation) are wont to look upon the descendants of fair Eve.

But at this rate I shall not get to Dod's. As aforesaid, the vision of the big boot and the little shoe glanced joyously before me, and I halted at the door of the tenement, and cast a peering look within; but a feeling of doubt crept over me, and I hesitated, uncertain whether to knock or not, when as if answering to my thought, not my act, the inner door opened, and a tall, muscular, black-whiskered, black-faced fellow, one whom I verily believe, the boot swinging above would have fitted, appeared at the opening. With a very polite bow, and an expression which seemed to say, "What can the lady want?" the man stood gazing upon me. As I looked again I recognized the lineaments of one of those most convenient of all beings, the waiters and tenders; one of the train of the redoubtable Throcky, without whom pretends none to give a fashionable party, or to receive company with any élat. This accounted for the air of style which marked the fellow, and as he still stood half bending before me, I could not but smile at the odd conceits his presence called up, the merry dances—the nice bits of sponge cake—and the plates of smoking scalloped oysters received from his white gloved hand. He evidently imagined I had come to bespeak his valuable services for a grand entertainment, and he lost a little of his deferential air as I said,

"Do you make ladies' shoes here?"

With a disappointed air, but a polite bow which well concealed his vexation, he replied,

"Oh no, not here—that is the place you want; it is at White's in the garret up there."

There was much to annoy me in this speech. I was so grieved to find "Dod" had a name, like other people; it reduced him to the common

level, and took away a little of the romance of feeling with which I had set out in pursuit of him; and then to mount to a garret, up dirty, winding, rickety stairs—I was half tempted to turn back, when the good angel breathed in my ear,

"He is poor, perhaps he needs the money you may pay him."

I paused no longer, made my *congé* to the polite man who still stood holding the door, and turning into a little yard not the cleanest and most attractive in the world, once more tapped at a door. A nice pleasant-spoken English woman put out her rosy face, and with a low curtsy asked me,

"What would you like?"

"Do you make ladies' shoes here?"

"Ah yes, Miss, not here, but upstairs. This way if you please; not a very nice place for ladies."

Up, up, I mounted, still "excelsior," till I gained a broad landing, and glancing at the left saw an open door, in which stood with a listening air, a stout, buxom looking woman, somewhat past the prime of life, but with a self-complacent smile which seemed to say, "I am Dod's wife, and Dod is a great man." Again I repeated,

"Do you make ladies' shoes here?"

"Oh yes! this is the place, walk in, walk in."

"Thinking I needed some sort of introduction, I pronounced as "open sesame" to their hearts, the name of the kind "Charity" who had sent me to them; and a gleam of joy lighted the woman's features:

"Oh yes! she is so kind, so good, she would send every body to us, I really believe, if she could, and all who come from her bring the money."

As I stood on the threshold of the door, and looked in, what a scene was it! what a contrast to the more than comfortable, aye! the luxurious home in which I daily moved. A large bed, cooking stove, shoemaker's bench, tools, &c., chairs, bureau, and five individuals; the pale but interesting looking daughter, who sat bending over the shoe she was binding, an expression of sickness taking away from her otherwise youthful appearance; the son, the poor son at work on his bench, he cast just one glance as I entered, and then pursued his work without raising his head, and with the air of one who felt the hand of God had been heavily laid upon him, and was still keeping down the energies of young life; another, who might have been also a son, but whom I fancied to be the "neighbor lad," who had come to cheer the old people (to say nothing of the lassie) with the news of the day, and the paper he held in his hand.

Then there was "Dod" himself, just such a "Dod" as I expected. He was neither very large nor very small, he looked just as such a cobbler should look, but there was an air of simplicity about him which bespoke him credulous, and not over shrewd, and there was a quaint twinkle in his small grey eye which seemed to add, that if he was poor he would make the best of it, and a consciousness that many as poor cobblers as himself had made their name and fame known almost world wide.

"I am glad to see you, I am glad to see any lady sent by 'Charity,'" (I must call her so, for I cannot give her real name, and none other seems so appropriate.) "All she sends bring me the money, and I want it badly."

"Yes, yes!" chimed in "Dod's" wife, who seemed always ready to take the word from him, and evidently considered herself much the most able orator of the two, "we have had a hard winter; when spring comes there are many wants. Oh! I am glad you have come, I hope you will find something to suit you; what kind did you want?"

"Have you any slippers?"

"Slippers, Dod, for the lady," echoed the wife.

"I don't," said he, in his quiet manner, "I don't make many slippers except to order; perhaps I can find a fit for you," and he turned over some shoes, "There's a pair of prime ones, excellent leather, I can warrant those."

"A little too large," I said.

"I thought so, I thought so; here's a size a little smaller, I hope they will fit you, I want the money so much."

"You work for the W.'s?" I said.

"Oh yes," said the old woman, "we have worked for them this many a year—nice pleasant people. We have a great many genteel families to work for, and I believe our work always suits them; he makes boots—leather, and primella,—show some boots, Dod."

"Yes, there's a fine pair of boots," said Dod, for any lady as wants them, about your size too."

"But I did not want boots. Have you any French ties?"

"Here's a prime pair."

And so they were; the "lightest heeled" damsel need not disdain such a pair of French ties, so trig, so smooth. I expressed my satisfaction at them.

"Yes, yes, they be very nice shoes: don't you want any shoes for children? we make very nice shoes for little folks."

If she had had a true woman's instinct, she would have known at a glance that I had no need of children's shoes, but she did not seem to understand it so.

"Dod, show those pretty red shoes to the lady," and a pair of the tiniest little shoes, with a strap behind, and a gay red string that looked so like a playful child, I almost expected the air would embody itself into some little diminutive form just to fill out, gambol, and dance in those little shoes. I thought of the pretty little cousins they would fit, but put them aside, with a—

"If I know of any one who wants children's shoes, I will send them to you."

A significant "oh!" as if a new light had dawned upon her, came from the woman, and then she added,

"Thank you, do, do, it will be very kind: cannot you find any to fit you?"

I laid aside a few pairs, the old man's eyes gleamed with pleasure, the poor girl looked off from her weary work with a bright smile—

"I am so glad," said the old man; "I did want the money so much, for I had in half an hour to go out and buy something I must have, and I know not where to get the money, but it has come now."

"Yes, Providence always provides for us if we will but trust him," said the wife, raising the corner of her apron to her eyes.

Yes! in these words, "*Voilà la morale*" of my visit to the shoemaker's; and let me add, if you, gentle reader, will do likewise, go and seek out the industrious poor; and give those who really need it, the money you have to spend, you will feel the same glow of pleasure as thrilled my heart when I felt by that one little deed, I had strengthened the trust of this poor family in the Father above!

PARDONABLE IDOLATRY.

A SONNET.

Graven or molten images ne'er raise;
Worship them not, nor give them song and praise;
They are but idols made by mortal hand!
Oh! fall not down before the stars and sun!
Although full glorious the career they run;
They are but beacons placed to light the land.
Now unto the earth-encircling sea!
Though multitudinous its billows be,
Behold its limit—a mere bank of sand!
Before the throne of the Almighty fall,
Who made the stars, the sun, the sea, and all!

Then must I not adore my beauteous maid,
In more than angel purity arrayed?
Is it idolatry to kneel and kiss her hand?

SIMPLEX.

SCRAPS FOR THE GARLAND.

SCRAP III.

SONG OF A BACHELOR.

BY A. J.

Sweet lass with the merry blue eye,
And cheek that the rosebud might shame,
If perchance when I see thee I sigh,
'Tis thou and not I that's to blame,
If those dear little lips so moist,
Those bright eyes so merrily more,
My gravity all is put out,
And do what I will—I'm in love!

But while fortune unkindly will tarry,
And hide all her favours from me,
'Tis useless my thinking to marry,
A bachelor still I must be.

You say I don't love you—for shame,
You only say so to deceive me;
I tell other people the same,
But I never expect they'll believe me.
True love is not easy concealed,
The truth 'tis in vain to deny,
And my innermost thoughts are revealed
By each glance of thy merry blue eye.

But while fortune unkindly will tarry,
And hide all her favours from me,
'Tis useless my thinking to marry,
A bachelor still I must be.

Yet while I thus bravely resolve,
And think on some schemes to defeat you,
Myself in a mess I involve,
For I'm routed as soon as I meet you;
My prudence is all laughed away,
And all that my arguments prove
Is, what'er I may do or may say,
The fact is the same—I'm in love!

No longer kind fortune then tarry,
Nor hide all thy favours from me;
For do as thou wilt I must marry,
Or ever a bachelor be.

Bachelor's Hall, Jan. 15, 1846.

MAL CONTENT.

If I desir'd unto the world to live,
Or sought in soul to serve the golden god:
If I did homage to an idol give,
Or with the wicked wish'd to have abode.

Then, well might Justice lay her sword upon me,
In due correction of my crooked heart;
But shall I live, in soul thus woe-begone me,
That seek in faith to save the better part?

Ah, wretched soul! why dost thou murmur so?
It is thy cross, and thou art born to bear it:
Through hellish griefs thy heart to heaven must go,
For Patience' crown, if thou wilt live to wear it.
Then rest with this, since Faith is Virtue's friend,
Death ends distress, Heaven makes a happy end.

LA DERNIÈRE FÉE.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE BALZAC.

BY T. D. P.

CHAPTER IX.

While these events were passing in the cottage of the chemist, the village was in a state of excitement and revolution; perhaps no better idea of its actual state could be given than by introducing the reader to the house of Mr. Grandvoni, the ex-headle, the mayor, and the father of the pretty Catherine.

The village of which this house formed a part had only one winding street; the cottages which bordered it had each a little garden, a grass-grown court-yard, and barn; the inhabitants were laboring peasants, but among them might be found the same amount of happiness and misery as in the inhabitants of cities, only their affections and wishes were placed upon more simple objects. In the middle of the street was the church, differing little from the other buildings, except in the belfry, where hung the true biographer, who presided at the birth and death, and indeed all the occupations of the inhabitants. Before the simple church was a square, shaded by large trees, where, every Sunday, troops of young people gathered for dance and revelry, and the old ones, seated in groupes around, chatted of by-gones. Just opposite the church was a mansion, a little more presuming than the rest; its second story had windows shaded with blinds; the door was carefully painted, and over it, written with great care, "Mayory;" on one side of the door was a lovely beau-soult rose, twined over a green trellis; on the other, a large acacia, whose tufted flowers peeped into the shaded windows of Catherine's room.

This was the only house, the *Cure's* excepted, which was covered with red tiles. On entering it, one recognized immediately the surveillance of a young girl, for the most scrupulous neatness reigned every where; on one side of the hall was the kitchen, with its large brick chimney, its furnace of baked earth, its chest for bread, its closet for provisions, its frying pan, the well-polished table, all clean, and not a single

spider to hear the melancholy noise of the drops of water which slowly escaped from the fountain that garnished one corner of the room. On the other side was Grandvoni's chamber, with its high-post bed of twisted wood, and heavy curtains of green serge. On the chimney piece was a mirror, on one side of which hung an almanac; on the other, a bad engraving of the death of poor "Credit," killed by painters, musicians, authors, actors and stock jobbers, with a long history which began this tragic adventure; but the painter not being able to represent governments under a material form—they changed so often—had omitted one important part of the assassination of poor Credit.

Opposite the chimney was a box which contained the balance wheel of a striking clock, surmounted by the statue of an animal; the paper which decorated the walls represented singing birds; the windows were adorned with curtains of flowered India muslin, lined with pink cambrie; near one was a large chair, and by it a chiffonière, on which were a small box, thimble-wax, the Mayor's vest, a collar, half embroidered. This was the usual seat of Catherine, and from the window she could see all that passed in the long street. Before she knew Abel, she used to watch the approach of Jacques Bontemps, and her father could always tell by her manner when he was coming; for though she would not acknowledge it, she cast a glance into the mirror to see if her handkerchief was straight, her ringlets well arranged; she blushed, listened when he opened the door, and placed a chair for him by the side of her father.

As for Grandvoni, he always sat by the chimney corner in a large arm chair, covered with Utrecht velvet, so faded, the original colour could not be distinguished; the good old man always had on a dirty shirt, a blue coat with large metal buttons, and his grey head was covered with a grey cap, made in the form of a pie, like those worn by the drivers of diligences. He was a jovial fellow, a little avaricious, loved wine, but

*Continued from page 217.

still more his daughter; he ruled the little country over which he was Mayor, with all the dignity of an Eastern autocrat; he rarely went out, and his favourite occupation was to prate with some old companion. He had by his side a table, upon which were placed the Mayor's register, an inkstand, some pens, the seal, sign of his power, a bible, the laws and ordinances which were sent to him, and from which he drew the principles of his conduct in governing the community; in this, too, he sometimes sought the aid of Jacques Bontemps to aid him through the inextricable labyrinth of the law. The other furniture of the room consisted of a large oak table, which had served at many a *fête*, chairs covered with cushions of Indian silk, some old arm chairs, and on the chimney, just before the mirror, was a plaster cast of the Virgin, her heavenly babe, a portrait in plaster of the king, and a cast of Napoleon. These were all the moveables in this dwelling of peace and tranquillity.

It was before this chimney piece, and before Grandvoni, that all the quarrels of the village were brought; he was the king, and his only ministers the curé, the quarter-master and all good people, who loved neither recreation, nor contentions, nor revolutions, nor sedition, nor conspiracy, nor reconciliation, true or false. This saloon of peace was filled with a calm which pleased the soul, and it had always appeared a little paradise, when Catherine sat in her chair, with her face bright as the day, and her skilful fingers busy with her needle. Quietly would she look at her father with a sweet confiding tenderness, tossing back the soft curls from her fair forehead, again rising to wipe off some grains of dust which had settled on the furniture, and which was the only thing she could hate. Such she was formerly, naïve, laughing, lively, but ignorant and chaste, listening with all the curiosity of a maiden, and smiling at all she could not understand; but at the time we now speak of her, how altered! The chamber—the good Grandvoni are the same, but the poor child, how changed!

A lamp is placed on the chimney, Grandvoni half asleep in his chair, Catherine is busy embroidering a muslin handkerchief by the red light of the single star which shines in their modest room. Francis, the servant, is in one corner, turning his wheel and grinding in silence. Poor Catherine! who formerly knew every thing that passed in the village, and was the gazette for her father, was now silent; the event which had astonished the whole village, had not yet passed the Mayor's threshold, and yet she knew all about it; for she had been one of the actresses in it, and with her own eyes seen what

had stupified the whole village. But she lets her father sleep on, and her own needle moves slowly through her work, and she stops often and fixes her eyes, as if looking at some beloved object, and pleasing herself with its contemplation. The poor girl loves—loves with her whole soul—she wishes to hear always that sweet voice which speaks so enchantingly of the fairies; she wishes she could always look upon him, he seems all goodness—all love.

No sound is heard in the room, save the ticking of the clock, and the roll of Francis' wheel. Suddenly a knock at the door, and many voices, among them that of Bontemps; Catherine does not rise to open the door, she does not look in the mirror: no, she remains motionless, tears filling her eyes. Francis opens the door, and at the noise Grandvoni awakes; Antoine's father and the quarter-master come in together, and the expression of their countenances announces some very important event.

"Good day, Mr. Mayor," said the huge farmer, seating himself near Grandvoni.

"How are you, father Grandvoni?" said Jacques, shaking hands with him; "and you, Miss Catherine, do you not remember your old friends? and do you never sing now-a-days? I used always to hear you singing some chorus when I approached the house,—now I hear nothing."

Catherine answered not; Bontemps looked at her with surprise.

"Mr. Mayor," began the farmer, twirling round his big hat in his hand, "I have come on an affair of great importance. Miss Catherine has probably told you about it, for there is not a child in the streets who does not talk of it."

"What is it?" said the Mayor; "I have heard of nothing now. Francis, give me that bottle of wine and some glasses; we must wet our throats."

"Why only think!" continued the farmer; "you know the little Juliette wishes very much to marry my son, but I would not let her because she was poor; well, last night she brought home 20,000 francs in gold."

"Bah!" said Grandvoni, opening his great eyes, "where could she have got it?"

"Ah!" said Jacques, "she is bewitched by this love of Antoine, and must have robbed somebody; girls who love—why they are worse than a regiment of Grenadiers."

Here Catherine, blushing deeply, hastily interrupted the old soldier:

"Fie, fie for shame, to accuse the poor Juliette of such a deed—so sweet, so gentle, so loving and pretty."

"Ah! you know something about it; all the village say you helped her to carry the bag to her house."

"Certainly I did," calmly answered Catherine.

"Look, father Grandvoni, at Catherine, see how pale she is," said Jacques.

Grandvoni looked at his daughter, and said in a tone he intended should be very severe:

"Catherine, what does this mystery mean? what has happened? was it you who opened the door so late last night? I thought it was Francis, and I was trying to think where he could have been."

"Yes, my father, it was me."

At these words Grandvoni put his glass upon the table, Francis stopped his wheel, Bontemps twisted his whiskers, the farmer spun round his hat, and all four gazed upon Catherine with open mouths, and the poor child, looking at the farmer, said:

"Now, father Vermeud, you will make your son happy, Juliette is rich, and you came doubtless to have the papers drawn up, and to proceed with the necessary formalities."

"No, Miss," answered the farmer; "I shall not budge one step in the business till I know where Juliette procured the money."

"Then, my child, you must tell us whom it came from," said her father.

Catherine thus called upon, blushing deeply, related the apparition of the fairy, who came when the handsome young man struck the enchanted stone with his lamp; she told all she knew of the chemist's son, and her naïve eulogies excited all Bontemps' jealousy.

"I see it, I see it," said he, quickly; "this beautiful young man knows how to pay well for what he gets. By the smoke of my pipe! father Vermeud! you had better take care, or you will not be the grandfather of your son's child, for this magic hides some farce. I tell you it is only a pretence that Miss Catherine has been telling you—a lamp which spits out genii, who have crowns to lavish upon others—bah!"

"I have told the truth," said Catherine, with an accent full of innocence; "that which I related I saw myself, and as for Juliette,—I don't understand what Mr. Bontemps means."

"I know very well before the revolution," said the mayor, "that this cottage had a chimney like that of a blacksmith's forge, and when I went there by the curate's order, I saw devils; and perhaps this is money they have coined."

Grandvoni's siden was siezed upon with avidity, and Francis was immediately sent to find Juliette. She came, Antoine accompanied her; he held her hand; the most lively happiness spoke out in every movement; they could not look away from each other, they seemed to fear that time might ruthlessly snatch them from each other. Antoine,

large, strong, handsome: Juliette, a pretty, gentle, delicate thing. They stood before the mayor a model for an eternal image of a happy union.

"Let me see," said the Mayor, "one of the golden pieces of your dowry."

Juliette threw first one then another carelessly upon the table; each one examined it, dropped it upon the stone hearth, or the chimney piece, and it always threw back the ringing sound of true metal.

"It is very strange," said the Mayor, convinced it was without alloy.

"Then," said the farmer, hastily, fearing to lose the 20,000 francs; "as Miss Catherine is witness to the fact of Juliette having honestly received it, Antoine shall marry her; and what a blessing will this lamp be to the village if it gives us all we desire."

There was no longer any doubt as to the existence of the wonderful lamp; all the villagers turned their eager eyes to the cottage on the hill; some spoke doubtfully of other adventures, those who saw Juliette's dowry, wished the same to come to them, and all united in the wish to see the beautiful inhabitant of that cottage of the devil. A general joy prevailed at the prospect of the happy union of Juliette and Antoine; every morning the young girls brought garlands to hang upon the beams which were fastened to the door of the Mayor's house.

Catherine could not but feel sad when she saw these wreaths; they made her compare her fate with that of Juliette. Some days after the scene described by Juliette, she sought her and said:

"Thou art happy, oh! my dear friend, and I have inherited thy wretchedness; I love thy benefactor; aid me, I pray thee, do not tell any one the path to the cottage; all the people talk of going there, not so much to see him as his lamp. They will importune him, he will see other females; is it not enough I have a fairy to rival me? Let us then tell every one, he will have no communication except with us two; and if any one desires any thing, let them come to thee or me."

As Catherine spoke with such an accent of sadness, Juliette wept freely; she readily gave the promise required, only begging her in return to implore the beautiful unknown to come to her marriage, and witness the happiness he had created.

When this singular wish of the chemist's son, that he might only be consulted through Catherine and Juliette became known through the village, Jacques Bontemps, reflecting on the changed conduct of Catherine, began to suspect some jest, as he termed it, and he promised himself to discover the secret of this mysterious adventure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WIFE BEQUEATHED AND RESUMED.

A BEAUTIFUL girl of seventeen, in the convent-parlour of Saint Agatha. She is dressed as a novice, and the light breaks off from the curve of the raven hair put away under the close-fitting cap—breaks off almost in sparkles. For so it may—as an artist knows. Her eyes are like hounds in the leash—fiery and eager. And if, in those ever-parted and forward-pressing lips there is a possibility of languid repose, the proof of it lies in the future. They are sleepless and dreamless, as yet, with a thirst unnamed and irrepressible, for the passions of life. Her name is Zélie.

* * * * *

There was a ring at the convent door, and presently entered Colonel Count Montalembert, true to his appointment. He had written to the Lady Abbess to request an interview with the daughter of his comrade, dead on the frozen track of the retreat from Moscow. Flahault was to him as his right hand to his left, and as he covered up the stiffened body with snow, he had sworn to devote his life to that child whose name was last on the lips closed for ever. The Count Montalembert was past fifty, and a constant sufferer from his wounds; and his physicians had warned him that death was not far off. His bearing was still noble and soldierly, however, and his frank and clear eye had lost little of its lustre.

"I wrote to you the particulars of your father's death, my child," said the colonel, after the Abbess had left them alone, "at his request. I could not dwell on it again without more emotion than is well for me. I must be brief even with what I have to say to his daughter—for that, too, will move me overmuch. You are very lovely, Zélie."

"You are very kind!" answered the novice, blushing, and dropping her long lashes upon her cheek.

"Very lovely, I say, and must love and be beloved. It is a woman's destiny, and *your* destiny more than most women's."

The count gazed into the deep eyes of his eager listener, and seemed embarrassed to know how to proceed.

"Hear me through," he said, "before you form an opinion of my motives. And first answer me a bold question. Have you any attachment—have you ever seen a man you could love and marry?"

"No!" murmured the blushing novice, after a moment's hesitation.

"But you are likely to love, soon and rashly, once free in the world—and that is one evil against which I will make myself your shield. And there is another—which I am only sorry that I need your permission and aid in averting.

Zélie looked up inquiringly.

"Poverty—the grave of love—the palsy of the heart—the oblivion of beauty and grace! To avert this from you, I have a sacrifice to demand at your hands."

Again the count stopped in embarrassment almost painful, and Mademoiselle Montalembert with difficulty suppressed her impatience.

"My physicians tell me," he resumed, in a tone lower and calmer, "that my lease of life is wearing rapidly to a close. A year hence lies its utmost and inevitable limit. Could you live in the world, without love, for one year, Zélie?"

"Monsieur!" was her surprised exclamation.

"Then listen to my proposal. I have a fortune while I live, large enough for your most ambitious desires. But it is left to me with conditions which forbid my conveying it through any link save marriage, and to my widow only for life. To give it you, I regret deeply for your sake to say, I must wed you. You start—do not answer me now. I leave you to revolve this in your mind till to-morrow. Remember that I shall not trouble you long; and that the name of Montalembert is as noble as your own, and that you require a year, perhaps more than a year, to recover from your first dizzy gaze upon the world. I shall put no restraint upon you. I have no wish but to fulfil my duty to my dead comrade in arms, and to die, knowing that you will well bestow your heart when I am gone. Adieu!"

The count disappeared, and with her clasped hands pressed to her forehead, the novice paced the convent-parlour until the refectory bell rang for dinner. * * * * *

It was an evening of June, in the gardens of Versailles. It was an evening of June, also, in the pest-house of St. Lazarus, and in the cell of the condemned felon in St. Pelagie. Time, even in his holiday dress, visits indiscriminately—the levelling catiff! Have the unhappy any business with June?

But the gardens of Versailles were beginning to illuminate, and the sky faded, with a glory more festal than sunlight, with the radiance of a myriad of glittering lamps, embellishing even the trees and flowers beyond the meaning of nature. The work of the architect and the statuary at once stood idealized, and draped in an atmosphere of fairy-land, and the most beautiful woman of the Imperial Court became more beautiful as she stepped into the glare of the alley of fountains. And who should that be—the fairest flower of

French nobility—but the young Countess Montalembert, just blooming through the close of her first year of wedlock!

The Count Montalembert stepped with her from the shade of the orange-grove, and, without her arm, fell behind scarce perceptibly, that he might keep his eye filled with the grace of her motion, without seeming to worship her before the world. With every salient flow of that cloud-like drapery onward—with every twinkling step of those feet of airy lightness—the dark eyelashes beneath the soldier's brow lifted and drooped again, as if his pulse of life and vision were alone governed by her swan-like motion. The count had forgotten that he was to die. The year allotted to him by his physicians had passed, and, far from falling gradually to his doom, his figure had straightened and his step grown firm, and his cheek and lip and eye had brightened with returning health. He had drunk life from love. The superb Zelic had proved grateful and devoted, and at the chateau of Montalembert, in Southern France, she had seemed content to live with him, and him only, the most assiduous of nurses, in all her glorious beauty. But though this was Paradise to the count, his reason, not his heart, told him it was imprisonment to her, and he had now been a month at the sumptuous court of Napoleon, an attendant upon a wife who was the star of the time—the beloved of all the court's gay beholders.

As the Montalemberts strolled towards the chateau, which was now emitting floods of light from its many windows, a young soldier, with a slight moustache just shading his Grecian lip, joined them from a side-path, and claimed the hand of the countess for a waltz. The mercurial music at the same instant fled through the air, and under an exclamation at its thrilling sweetness, the countess concealed from her husband an emotion which the trembling of her slight hand betrayed instantly to her partner. With a bow of affected gaiety to the count, she quickened her pace, and in another moment stood blushing in the dazzling ring of waltzers, the focus herself of all eyes open to novelty and beauty.

De Mornay, the countess' partner, was but an ensign in the Imperial Guard. He had but his sword. Not likely to be called handsome, or to be looked upon as attractive or dangerous by any but the most penetrating of his own sex, he had that peculiar, that inexplicable something, which at once commended him to woman. His air was all earnest. The suppressed devotion of life and honor breathed in his voice. He seemed ever hiding his heart with pain—shamed with betrayed adoration—calm by the force of a respect that rebuked passion. He professed no gallantries.

He professed nothing. His eyes alone, large, steadfast, imploring, conveyed the language of love. An hour of that absorbing regard—an apparently calm, unimpassioned hour of the intercourse common to those newly met—sufficed to awaken in the bosom of the countess an interest alarming and dangerous to her content as the wife of another. Strange, she thought it, that, as the low and deferential tones of De Mornay fell on her ear, they seemed to expel from her heart all she had hitherto treasured—ambition for the splendours of the court, passion for admiration, and even her gratitude for her husband. A hut in the forest, with De Mornay only, was the Paradise now most present to the dreams and fancy of the proud wife of Montalembert.

As his wife left him, the count thrust his hand into his breast with a gesture of controlled emotion, and turned aside, as if to seek once more the retired covert he had left. But his steps were faltering. At the entrance of the alley he turned again, and walking rapidly to the chateau, entered the saloon trembling to the measured motion of the dancers.

Waiting for an opportunity to float into the giddy ring, De Mornay stood with his arm around the waist of the countess. Montalembert's face flushed, but he stepped to a column which supported the orchestra, and looked on unobserved. Her transparent cheek was so near to the lips of her partner, that his breath must warm it. Her hand was pressed—ay, by the bend of her gloved wrist, pressed hard—upon the shoulder of De Mornay. Her bosom throbbled perceptibly in its jewelled vest. She leaned toward him with a slight sway of her symmetrical waist, and away, like two smoke wreaths uniting, away in voluptuous harmony of movement, gazing into each other's eyes, murmuring inaudibly to the crowd—lips, cheeks, and eyes in passionate neighbourhood—away floated the wife and friend of Montalembert in the authorized commerce of the gay world. Their feet chased each other, advancing, retreating, amid the velvet folds of her dress. Her waist was drawn close to his side in the more exciting passages of the music. Her luxuriant tresses floated from her temples to his. She curved her swan-like neck backward, and with a look of pleasure, which was not a smile, gave herself up to the thrilling wedlock of music and emotion, her eyes half-drooped and bathed in the eager gaze of De Mornay's. Montalembert's face was pallid and his eyes on fire. The cold sweat stood on his forehead. He felt wronged; though the world saw all. With his concealed hand he clenched his breast till he drew blood. There was a pause in the music, and with a sudden agony at the thought of receiving his wife again from

the hands of De Mornay, Montalembert fled to the open air.

An hour elapsed.

"I ask a heaven for myself, it is true, but not much for you to give!" said a voice approaching through the shadowy alley of the garden.

The count lay on the ground with his forehead pressed to the marble pedestal of a statue, and he heard, with the voice, the rustling of a female dress, and the rattling of a sabre-chain and spurs.

"But one ringlet, sacred to me," continued the voice, in a tone feminine with its pleading earnestness; "not given to me, no, no!—that were a child's desire!—but mine, though still playing on this ivory shoulder, and still lying neatly beneath that veined temple—mine with your knowledge only, and caressed and cared for, morn and night, with the thought that it is mine! Oh, Zelic! there is no wrong to Montalembert in this! Keep it from his touch! Let him not breathe upon it! Let not the wind blow that one ringlet toward him! And when it kisses your cheek, and plays with the envied breeze upon your bosom—think—think of the soul of De Mornay, bound in it! Oh, God! why I am made capable of love like this!"

There was no reply, and long ere Montalembert had recovered from his amazement at these daring words, the sound of their footsteps had died away.

Pass two years. It is enough to wait on Time in the Present. In the Past and Future, the gray-beard, like other ministers out of place, must do without usher and secretary.

It was a summer's noon on the Quai D'Orsny, of Paris. The liveried lacqueys of the princely hotels were lounging by the heavy gateways of stone, or leaning over the massy parapet of the river. And, true to his wont, the old soldier came with the noon, creeping from the "Invalides," to take his seat under the carved lion of the Montalemberts. He had served under the late count, and the memory of his house was dear to the old veteran. The sabre-cut which had disfigured his face, was received, he said, while fighting between Montalembert and Flahault, and to see the daughter of the one, and the gay heir of the other's wife and fortune, he made a daily pilgrimage to the Quai, and sat in the sun till the countess drove out in her chariot.

By the will of the first husband of Zelic de Flahault, the young De Mornay, to become her husband and share her fortune, was compelled to take the name and title of Count Montalembert, subject to the imperial accord. Napoleon had given the rank unwillingly, and as a mark of respect to the last will of a brave man who had em-

bellished the title—for the eagle-eye of the Corsican read the soul of De Mornay like an illuminated book, and knew the use he would make of fortune and power.

In the quadrangle of the Hotel Montalembert, there were two carriage-landings, or two persons, and the apartments were separated into two entirely distinct establishments. In one suite the young count chose to live at his pleasure, *en garçon*, and in the other the mixed hospitalities of the house were given, and the countess was there, and there only, *at home*. At this moment the court was ringing with the merry laughter of the count's *convives*, for he had a bachelor party to breakfast, and the wine seemed, even at that early hour of the day, to have taken the ascendant. The carriages of the bacchanalians lined one side of the court, and the modest chariot of the countess stood alone at the door on the other; for it was near the hour for promenade in the Champs Elysées.

It was an hour after noon when the countess descended. She came slowly, drawing on her glove, and the old soldier at the gate rose quickly to his feet, and leaned forward to gaze on her. She had changed since the death of her father's friend—the brave Montalembert, to whom she owed her fortune. But she was still eminently beautiful. Thought, perhaps sadness, had dimmed to a sweet melancholy the bright sparkle of her glance, and her mouth, no longer fiercely spirited, was firm but gentle. The curtains of sable lashes moved languidly over her drooping eye. She looked like one who was subdued in her hopes, not in her courage, and like one who had shut the door of her heart upon its unextinguishable fires to let them burn on, but in secret. She was dressed more proudly than gaily, and she wore upon her breast one memorial of her first husband—his own black cross that he had worn in battle, and in the few happy days of his wedlock, and which he had sent her from his death-bed.

At the moment the countess stopped from her threshold, the door on the opposite quadrangle was thrown open, and with a boisterous laugh, the count sprang into his phaeton, calling to one of his party to follow him. His companion shrank back on seeing the countess, and in that moment's delay, the door of the carriage was closed and the coachman ordered to drive on. The count's whip had waved over his spirited horses, however, and as they stood rearing and threatening to escape from their excited master, his friend sprang to his side, the reins were suddenly loosed, and with a plunge which threatened to tear the harness from their backs, they leaped forward. In the next moment, the hersees of both

vehicles were drawn upon their haunches, half locked together in the narrow gateway, and with a blow from the crutch of the old veteran who rushed from the porter's lodge, the phaeton was driven back against the wall, the pole broken, and the count and his friend precipitated upon the pavement. The liberated horses flew wildly through the gate, and then followed a stillness like that of midnight in the court—for on the pavement, betrayed by her profusion of fair locks, loosened by the fall, lay a woman in man's attire, the companion of the count in his daylight revel. Uninjured himself, the count stood a moment, abashed and motionless, but the soldier, with folded arms and the remnant of his broken crutch in his hand, looked sternly on the scene, and as the servants started from their stupor to raise the insensible woman, the countess, reading her husband's impulse in his looks, spring from the open door of the chariot, and interposed between him and his intended victim. With the high-born grace of a noble, the soldierly invalid accepted her protection, and followed her to her chariot; and, ordered to drive to the Hospital of the Invalides, the coachman once more turned slowly to the gateway.

The night following, at the opera. Paris was on the *qui vive* of expectation, for a new *prima donna* was to make her *debut* before the emperor.

Paris was also on the *qui vive* for the upshot of a certain matter of scandal. The *éclaircissement* at the hotel Montalembert had been followed, it was said, by open war between the count and countess; and, determined to carry out his defiance, the dissolute husband had declared to his associates that he would produce at the opera, in a box opposite to his wife, the same person whose appearance she had resented, and in the same attire. It was presumed, by the graver courtiers who had heard this, that the actors in this brutal scene, if it should be carried out, would be immediately arrested by the Imperial guard.

The overture commenced to a crowded house, and before it was half played, the presence of the count and his companion, in a conspicuous box on the left of the circle, drew the attention of every eye. The Montalemberts were the one subject of conversation. The sudden disappearance of the old count, his death in a distant province, his will relative to his widow and De Mornay—all the particulars of that curious inheritance of wife and fortune, by written testament—were passed from lip to lip.

There was a pause at the close of the overture. The house was silent, occupied partly in looking at the audacious count and his companion, partly in watching for the entrance of the injured countess.

A sudden light illuminated the empty box, shed from the lobby lamps upon the curtains at the opening of the door, and the Countess Montalembert entered, with every eye in that vast assembly bent anxiously upon her. But how radiantly beautiful, and strangely dressed! Her toilette was that of a bride. Orange-flowers were woven into her long raven tresses, and her robe of spotless white was folded across her bust with the simplicity of girlhood. A white rosebud wreathed on her bosom, and bracelets of pearls encircled her wrists of alabaster. And her smile, as she took her seat and looked around her friends—oh! that was bridal too!—unlike any look known lately upon her face—joyous, radiant, blissful, as in the first hour of acknowledged love. Never had Zélie de Flahault looked so triumphantly beautiful. The opera-glasses from every corner of the house remained fixed upon her. A murmur of admiration succeeded the silent wonder of her first entrance; and but for the sudden burst of music from the orchestra, heralding the approach of the emperor, it would have risen into a shout of spontaneous homage.

The emperor came in.

But who is there!—at the right hand of Napoleon—smiled upon by the emperor, as the emperor seldom smiled, decorated with the noblest orders of France—a star on his breast?—MONTALEMBERT!

Montalembert! Montalembert!" resounded from a thousand voices.

Was he risen from the dead? Was this an apparition—the indignant apparition of the first husband—risen to rebuke the unmanly brutality of the second? Would the countess start at the sight of him?

Look! she turns to the illuminated box of the emperor! She smiles—with a radiant blush of joy and happiness she smiles—she lifts that ungloried and unjewelled hand, decorated only with a plain gold ring, and waves it to the waved hand of Montalembert!—the brave, true, romantic Montalembert. For, with the quickness of French divination, the whole story is understood by the audience. And there is not a brain so dull as not to know, that the audacious invalid veteran was the disguised count, watching over the happiness of her whose destiny of love he had too rashly undertaken to make cloudless—make cloudless at the expense of a crushed heart, and a usurped hearth, and a secret death and burial, if so much were necessary.

But he is a happy bridegroom now. And Adolphe De Mornay is once more an untitled ensign—plucked for ever from the chaste heart and bosom of the devoted wife of Montalembert.

GABRIELLE D'ESTRÈES.

BY C.

CHAPTER X.

Now Gabrielle sees the morn of life, glowing in the rose-hues of love and happiness, and as on the earth the morn's rays tints proclaim, not a calm and cloudless day, but one of storm and strife, to close in blackness. But mercy, denieth the prophet eye which would behold the storm silently, yet surely, gathering in those golden clouds: This is to her life's dream!—for a little longer then, let the rainbow of promise span the heaven of her soul. All too soon will the rainbow melt, all too soon the dreamer wake. Too happy for smiles was Gabrielle when the day following that of the Marchioness' interview with Henry, she playfully informed her of that adventure, telling her that not a little was she surprised to find in her mysterious lover an old and much loved friend. Gabrielle could not restrain a gesture of surprise as her aunt spoke of this friendship, for she remembered the not flattering remarks Henry had made respecting her, on the afternoon of their first interview. The lady remarked this, and with considerable tact, managed to inform her during the course of their conversation, that, owing to the intrigues of some third party, herself and the Count d'Albret had parted some ten months since with no very friendly feelings, but that now all was explained. "He will not however," she continued, "consent to visit us openly; he says he has good and sufficient reasons for not yielding assent to my invitation. I think it is a mere whim. Yet I suppose we must not pretend to understand, nor yet attempt to unravel the intricate windings of a soldier's and a statesman's policy. Howbeit, Gabrielle, my fair child, thou needest no longer fear my chiding, for even though thou hast not fixed on the one to whom I would thou hadst given, if not thy heart, at least thy hand, yet as thy choice hath fallen on one of as noble blood as aught in France, I will not blame thee for that thy youth and gentle folly prompt thee to seek rather the quiet, or compared with that other alliance, humble happiness, to high, perchance stormy ambition."

As the Marchioness spoke there flitted across her face an expression of sadness. Perhaps it was, that she recalled some far off time, when she too would willingly have sacrificed the glittering, though false prizes of that stormy ambition, could she thus have purchased her young

heart's dream. Gabrielle noticed the expression, and the half stifled sigh which heaved her breast, and following the prompting of her generous, trusting heart she for the first time threw herself on the Marchioness' breast, and twining her arms about her neck, tenderly kissed that face on which she had never before gazed without dread.

"Thou art sad, dear aunt, thou too knowest what is it to love. How low is any ambition to that of living but to bless another, how poor any riches to the heart's wealth of happiness."

The cold Marchioness was moved; she unwound, though gently, the arms that clasped her, and as she kissed the glowing cheek that was pressed to hers, she answered in tones somewhat less haughty than usual, "Love, child! Yes, I have known what you call love; and I have lived to learn that its true name is madness. But each must learn that truth for themselves—wise maxims do no good here. Time is the only teacher. And yet," she continued in a slightly sarcastic tone, "and yet you may find this love to be a something more than a poet's fiction; you may perhaps catch the flying shadow, find the dream a reality, live a romance."

She was silent for a minute and then resumed with a forced smile,

"Your mystery loving Count was much disappointed yesterday. I suppose you will not fail to repay him to-day. I will leave you now to your own happy thoughts, so for the present, adieu."

In that apparently utterly cold and haughty breast, conscience long had slumbered, or its whisperings been lost, in the strong voice of the restless stormy ambition that ever urged her on, over all, and in despite of all; yet not always had the springs of softer feeling been thus frozen; there had been a spring-time, brief perchance, when un-bittered, they gushed in bright sunny streams. Now that slumbering conscience, these deadened feelings, seemed awakened, roused to something like life, by that simple act of a generous impulsive soul—she paused even in the corridor, half resolved to reveal all and thus snatch Gabrielle from the gulf over which she all unconsciously hung. As she mused, she felt the blood rush quicker and warmer through her veins; she turned, her hand was already on the door; but—and alas for but,—how many a dark hour and heavy heart do they make! Her pride rebelled at being thus humbled. Was she to come before that

girl and confess guilt, then sue for pardon? No, in good sooth, no! Ambition, too, panted for the wages of sin, "Nay, nay, it is too late; after all I do not really injure her; she loves, and will be loved even as she yearns to be. Yet, tush! ignorance is no crime, and with pure lips from a guiltless heart she may still pray. If then she resigns aught it is her ambition, and that may find no cribbed field, even though it reach not the height to which the hot-brained Bourbon would raise it. Who will dare insult her, when the king honours and protects?" Thus said the Marchioness: and thus troublesome conscience and feelings were for the time lulled to their almost death-like slumber. Little knew she of those

*"Spirits more sensitive,
To whom dishonour's shadow is a substance,
More terrible than death here and hereafter."*

That afternoon Gabrielle, joyous now as a bird when it trills its first love-lay beneath a spring sky, met the Count. The hours passed like a summer day's dream. And yet strange though it seemed, never before had the Count's brow been so often clouded, his ear so often deaf to her loved voice as now on this happy day when to her all appeared so bright, so fair, so promising. Now that all was known, almost approved, why should his eye be so often cast down, as if in gloomy thought? Timidly she at length ventured to inquire wherefore he was sad! And oh! what excess of delight when in those tender words and tones which Henry knew so well how to employ, he calmed her fears and convinced her of that affection, whose truth she thought she could forever, untiringly have heard protested, with "all love's sweetest oaths."

"Nay, nay, it is not sadness," said he, "but the fulness of joy, that makes me thus thoughtful and abstracted. For now, that I know thy heart will throb quicker at the sound of my name, will I not dare and do till thou hear that name,—a name not now all unknown—yet oftener on the lips of the good and gallant? Pardon, therefore, if as for thee, I muse o'er the future, my thoughts seem wanderers. Believe thou art ever nearest and dearest, and for thee, will I win a fairer name, a prouder fame, than any in this broad realm."

"I covet nor the name nor the fame, and yet," and the glow deepened on the fair cheek, "and yet without thy soldier daring and courage, thy man ambition, thou would'st no longer be Henry d'Albret, and it is of Henry d'Albret that I have thought and dreamed —"

And passionately pursued her lover, the soldier's courage, the king's pride, and the lover's warmth united, glowed on cheek and eye:

"Of Henry d'Albret thou shalt still think and dream when you know him by a prouder name;

when this," and he touched his sword "hath secured a more potent wand than ever magician swayed,—a wand," he paused, and with a bright smile and in a gay tone concluded, "whose virtues and powers I will sing anon, when I hold it."

As Henry spoke Gabrielle felt her heart at first beat quicker, and why she knew not, but even while she yet listened to those words of proud daring, a thrill as of ineffable fear passed through her frame, her cheek grew cold, and her eye for the instant dim. Whence came? what induced that unwelcome, apparently causeless sensation? Did she, to her, dark future, at that moment mysteriously cast its shadow upon her soul.

CHAPTER XI.

WE pass an interval of some fifteen days; the scene of our tale returns to the old Castle of Cœuvres, whither the Marchioness, under various pretexts, had retired, hoping that in its retirement, her plans might be with more safety carried on and out.

It was sufficiently easy to deceive Gabrielle, as to the real rank and condition of her lover, but the Marchioness well knew that with her father this would be impossible. She had for some time apprehended that the fond father would steal time enough from the military duties in which he was engaged, to visit his daughter at Mantes. Gabrielle, who saw no motive for further concealment, would undoubtedly reveal all, and thus crush her projects. She feared that if she counselled her still to keep silence, without presenting better reasons for her advice than she had to offer, it might excite suspicions, whose results would be fatal to her scheme.

Gabrielle, knowing little or nothing of the family of d'Albret, save that Henry de Bourbon was on his mother's side thus descended, made no inquiries, nor felt any suspicions as to the validity of the title under which she knew her lover. Attached to the Royalist cause, a Huguenot, and by his intimate acquaintance with state affairs undoubtedly in the confidence of the prince, she had taken for granted that he belonged to some branch of that family. Not thus, however, would it be with her father, the Marquis, who even piqued himself on his acquaintance with such matters. He, who would undoubtedly discover immediately the assumption of a name of any of the noblesse, would most indubitably detect the fraud here, even though the Marchioness so managed that he should not see the *sordid* Count. This then was the real reason for the journey to Cœuvres. Henry had approved the plan and promised to follow. This was sufficient to gain Gabrielle's assent. As we have

before said, we pass an interval of between two and three weeks. In that same room in which our heroine was first introduced, her aunt the Marchioness is seated alone. The early part of the day had been gloomy and tempestuous, but now, the sun suddenly emerged from the mass of black, threatening clouds, which for a little time had veiled it. Beneath its beams, in quicker, and merrier flow, rushed the sparkling rivulet which wound and rewound, through the demesne, as if loath to quit so fair a scene. The flowers, which had bent before the storm, now raised their heads, each guarding in its tiny cup, glittering drops of the precious balm that had purified and refreshed their beauty; from branch to branch of the still dripping foliage, floated joyous birds, filling the air with their melodious notes. Through the clear still air, could be distinctly seen in the valley beneath, the little village, and its inhabitants, as many a door and window opened to admit the cool and fragrant breeze; while children, glad as birds, rushed forth with merry shout and laugh, to enjoy their evening gambols. Far onwards as the eye could reach it rested on fields of waving gold, or rich meadow land dotted with flocks and herds. But little heeded the Marchioness the fragrant breeze that fanned her cheek, the sunlight that played on the richly tinted glass, or the birds whose rapturous notes made the very air vocal.

On the small table before her was spread an open letter on which her whole attention seemed concentrated. With evident emotion she read and re-read the stiff, almost illegible characters, evidently traced by a hand much more used to wield the sword than pen. The letter was from the Marquis de Cœuvres, and in brief terms, conveyed the information that towards the end of the present, or the commencement of the ensuing month, he intended to visit them at Cœuvres, that he should, without fail, be accompanied by the Marquis de Liancourt, a gentleman whom he hoped and in fact intended should be his son-in-law. Relative to Liancourt, he concluded with the pithy remark that "he was sure Nicholas d'Amervale, the lord of Liancourt, would please as he was in every way the reverse of Antoine de Bellegarde."

The letter throughout was written in a more surly tone than was usual with the Marquis, who though a strict disciplinarian, had always been in family affairs peculiarly tractable, sometimes even weak. But now he was, evidently, galled by Gabrielle's final rejection of the Duke de Bellegarde, an affair in which he considered his own honour as so seriously involved that had not the young man positively and indignantly rejected his interference, he would in spite of all opposition have seen it through, according to stipu-

lation. Vague rumours, too, had reached him of the dangers to which his daughter was exposed by a residence with the Marchioness, and he had decided on placing her in a more safe asylum than he could himself provide. The Marchioness was fairly caught in her own net, for the Marquis mentioned, that had they remained at Montes, it would have been impossible for him to present de Liancourt before a considerable time had elapsed; but that business which called him into campaign fortunately favoured his wishes. The plot was thickening, becoming so intricate that it required the full exercise of the lady's subtle intellect to conduct it.

Everything was as unpromising as it well could be. Henry had left but the day before on most urgent business; his return could not be expected in less than a fortnight; that time she could not afford to pass in idleness. But how was she to communicate with him, for not only had she neglected to inform herself exactly as to his route? She also hesitated at raising suspicions by addressing her letter directly to the prince, and one directed to the Count d'Albret, she feared, would never reach its destination, without in some way betraying her secret. But there was no time for hesitation. Delay, she knew, would be fatal; though great hazard here, there was also great hope. Accordingly she immediately wrote to Henry, informing him exactly of the contents of the Marquis letter, advising him if applied to not to oppose in any way the Marquis' designs, to appear rather to forward them as much as in his power, as by so doing he would in reality advance his own. "Do not doubt the truth of this," wrote she, "for if, as I suspect, everything is in train for these inauspicious nuptials, and the Marquis supposes nothing but your consent is required, your refusing it, without better reasons for so doing than you could perhaps give, might rouse suspicions which would lead farther than we wish. If, however, you grant it, and Gabrielle really sees the royal assent which is to serve as an order for her marriage with the doltish Du Liancourt, from that time, believe me, we have the whole affair in our own hands. I must in the mean time persuade Gabrielle that it would be fatal to both your interest and her own, to inform her father even of her acquaintance with you. I think I can give her reasons for this concealment which will fully convince and satisfy her. The earlier you can make your appearance here with due secrecy the better it will of course be."

This letter she boldly addressed to the Count d'Albret, and confided it to the care of a trusty retainer of her own, with positive orders to deliver it in no other hands than those of the king,

who she said would immediately transmit it to the one for whom it was intended.

Now came the task of convincing Gabrielle that farther concealment was necessary. On first hearing her father's letter, she was dismayed, but then as she thought of all his fondness, she felt sure he would not willingly sacrifice her happiness. To her aunt's inquiry of what she purposed doing, she replied :

"I will tell him all from my first meeting here, to my parting yesterday; I know he will not force me to wed that De Liancourt, when he knows or even sees Henry d'Albret, for my father loves and honours courage and worth,—therefore he will approve my choice."

"Silly girl! your feelings blind you; recollect your father sees not as you see; his eyes have looked for some sixty years upon this world."

"All the better," exclaimed Gabrielle. "Will not the experience of sixty years confirm the truth, that courage and worth outvalue all else?"

"This is not, believe me, a mere play of words. Listen to what I tell you, and then, heed well how you act, for your steps cannot be retraced. You for a long time deferred, and have now rejected a union with the Duke de Bellegarde. Notwithstanding your partiality for another, you must in common honesty admit, that your father had reason to suppose, that if courage and worth, a soul noble and refined, a heart generous and devoted to yourself, with a form well worthy to be the abode of the highest virtue, could have won your love, Antoine de Bellegarde might have gained it; wherefore you could not give it, we will not now discuss. Your father is evidently more than irritated by your final decision, not only because you thus throw from you a splendid alliance, but also that he loves Bellegarde as a son; he pities, he sympathizes with him, and is angered against you, who have so cruelly disappointed him. You father, it is true, is naturally kind,—he is equally obstinate. He has now, under the influence of anger, favoured De Liancourt's pretensions. To oppose him would only hasten your doom."

"What! Would you have me consent to a union with De Liancourt? I cannot, no, not even for a moment can I pretend to do so."

"Be it as you list. Exasperate your already angered father, and before the autumn leaves are strewn, see yourself the wife of a man whose only recommendation is his gold. As yet, you have seen your father only fond and yielding, but he can be stern, and firm in his sternness. As he regards it, you have once played with his word, he will not brook it a second time."

"But do you suppose that I can, that I dare accept De Liancourt, when"—

"As a suitor," interrupted the Marchioness, "you will certainly accept him for the present, unless you wish to accept him as a husband ere many months have passed. To refuse now, or tell a tale of some other fancy, would be fatal to both yourself and the Count, to him in more ways than one;—your only hope lies in delay. And now, if you choose with fair warning to sacrifice both the Count and yourself,—the Count I repeat in more ways than one,—be it so!"

"But even," said Gabrielle, "if I do thus deceive, what good can possibly accrue to any? None. You say this avowal would be to the Count a most fruitful source of evil; I can prevent that; of myself alone, I can tell the tale. Think you that any threats, any fears would make me divulge his name, were it to cause even the shadow of evil to rest upon him!"

"Others," drily remarked the Marchioness, "own that important secret."

"Surely you will not,—you cannot betray me."

"I could save you, if you would submit yourself to me; but if you will not, I shall certainly feel myself in no way bound to leave a mysterious blank in the narrative, in place of your lover's name."

"Tell me then, how can you save us!"

"Be satisfied, that if you confide in me, I can do it, as surely as you can sacrifice yourself. I have told you that your hope lies in delay. Now listen; you know, that Henry d'Albret is a connection and favorite of Henry de Bourbon—that he is a Huguenot. But though a relative and favorite of the prince's, you well know that at present, this, instead of being a promise, is on the contrary a bar to his advancement. Henry is surrounded by the disaffected; Catholics and Protestants, all are eager to find cause of offence. Let him advance, or even smile upon a Huguenot, and the Catholics are in a blaze—look with any appearance of interest upon a relative, and it is common cause,—all are incensed. Perhaps you now comprehend my meaning, but I will explain farther. The Catholic party is as you know, the strongest, the most jealous,—if there can be a distinction here, the most to be feared. De Liancourt is a Catholic, and therefore, however well disposed, the prince might be under other circumstances to favour the Count d'Albret's pretensions to your hand, at the present juncture; he even dare not give umbrage to so large a body; by refusing his assent to your marriage with De Liancourt. Calm your father, if it be possible, by your submission; you may thus win from him a long respite, and time with us is every thing. During the interval, the prince may gain a strength that will enable him to favour worth in a man, and courage and ability in a soldier, even

though that man be a Huguenot, and his own blood may chance to flow in the veins of the soldier."

The Marchioness paused for an instant, and regarded Gabrielle, who sat, her hands clasped, and her form bent forward, as if to catch each word, while the varying hue of her cheek, now pale, now almost crimson, and the feverish brilliancy of her eyes, plainly revealed the cruel, the intense anguish, she suffered. The Marchioness proceeded:

"You now see, do you not, that it would be madness to oppose your father, when, if once roused, you have no strength to resist. If then your own happiness is dear to you, or you would save the Count from more of misery than you can conceive, misery to which death—but I will not pain you by proceeding. For if you love any one but yourself, you will no longer hesitate."

With consummate art, was the appeal made; the tone, the look, all proclaimed a something so terrible, that she dared not speak it. It roused in Gabrielle's mind, vague but horrible fears. She started to her feet, and in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion, said:

"Alas! If I loved only myself indeed, I would not hesitate, but now—misery to him! Oh, save him, and I will, I swear that I will do exactly as you direct!"

And pale, trembling, gasping for breath, Gabrielle sank back upon the seat, from which she had just risen. For as she pronounced that vow, and saw the triumphant glance and smile which the Marchioness was unable to repress,—heard her voice as she uttered, she knew not what words of comfort and fondness—Bellegarde's solemn, earnest, and reiterated warning, again rang in her ears; again she saw those melancholy eyes bent in pitying love upon her. The Marchioness rose, and approached—

"Courage, child! all will yet be well, do not fear; trust me!"

And with her arm she encircled her slender form. Gabrielle shrank, trembling from her embrace, as though it were indeed a serpent coiling about her. That involuntary shrieking, that glance of fear, of distrust, were not unnoticed. If her caress had moved, had softened the Marchioness, this movement also was not without its influence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"How long has Jervis, your butler, lived with you?" asked I, of Lord Saltwick. "Why, he lived nine years with me; and, since then, I have lived five years with him," replied his lordship.—*The Fergusons.*

CRUSADERS' HYMN

BEFORE JERUSALEM.

Now onward! for our banners in the wind are waving free;

The Sultan's troops are streaming forth like a surging sea;

'God wills it!' is our battle cry—Jerusalem our prize!
We crouch the lance, we wield the sword, beneath our monarch's eyes!

Hark! from the city of our God, our Saviour's hallowed shrine,

The Saracen's bold music floats, the silver crescents shine!

The Infidels have stalled their steeds within her sacred walls;

To draw the sword, our Christian faith, our Knightly honour calls!

The sun is up; on tower and wall he gilds the flashing spear,

But the Lord of Hosts is with us! shall Christian warriors fear?

Raise not the lance, nor stay the sword from slaughter of the foe!

Peace offerings to the Holy Shrine, the Moslem's blood shall flow!

Think on the weary pilgrim, o'er the long and poisonous way,

Who dragged his limbs to Salem's walls, his pious vows to pay;

Just Heaven! the blighting breath of war surrounds the sacred shrine;

His humble prayer is laughed to scorn, his march of [all] is vain!

Look on the Holy City, that hath kissed a Saviour's feet;
E'en there the unbelieving dog with scorn our prayers would greet!

Then spur the steed, and brace the arm, and shout defiance high;

For the trumpet-call hath sounded, and the turbaned host is nigh!

They come! they come! with hurra wild, and many a bristling spear,

And the war cry of the Payulim band breaks on the startled ear!

They call, with words of mystery, high-chaunted, earnest prayer,

On Mahomet, their Prophet false, his followers to spare;

But we unto the living God our hopeful incense send,
While the shouts of rival hosts with words of adoration blend!

Lo! in their van the crescent of bold Saladin afar,
Gleams brightly from the lesser host, and lights them to the war!

But our lion-hearted monarch waves aloft his trusty sword!

Then onward! we will triumph in our arm strength, the Lord!

"Grey hairs," says the wise man, "are a crown of glory," if the owner of them "is found in the way of righteousness."

"A hoary head, with sense combined,
Claims veneration from mankind;
But—if with folly joined—It bears
The badge of ignominious years."

THE COUNTRY OF THE SIKHS.

THE Sikhs whose recent incursion into the British territory has rendered them so famous, inhabit a district on the north of the territories already subject to the British Crown. This country is named the Panjab by the Hindoos, from the five mighty rivers, tributaries to the Indus, by which it is traversed, and for the same reason was termed Pentapotamia by the Greeks, to whom it was made known during the expedition of Alexander. It forms nearly a regular triangle, its base on the north-east being formed by the snowy ridges of the Himalaya, and its two sides by the Indus and Sutlej rivers, which unite near the small town of Mitun. The base may be about 500 miles long, and the sides about 600 each, whilst the area of the whole region has been estimated at above 100,000 square miles, or considerably more than that of the island of Great Britain. Its most striking peculiarity is the great rivers, which, descending from the chain of the Himalaya, divide it into various districts or "duabs," as they are named by the natives. Of these streams, the most important are the Indus on the north, and the Sutlej on the south, which, rising within a few miles of each other, on the eastern side of the Himalaya, unite after a wide deviation. In the first part of its course for about four hundred miles, the Indus runs north-west in a narrow valley, from 14,000 to 16,000 feet above the sea; it then turns to the west, and crosses the ridges of the Himalaya by narrow ravines, in which the river is pent up and runs with great velocity, foaming like the waves of a stormy sea. In one place, where only 120 yards broad, it has a velocity of ten miles an hour and is so violent that it cannot be crossed by boats. A little lower is Attock, a fort of the Sikhs, well named the "key of India," as in this place Alexander, Timur, and Sultan Baber passed the rivers in their expeditions to the south. The main stream is here 780 feet broad, with a current of six miles an hour when the river is in its usual state, but much greater when swollen by the rains. Below Kalabagh, where it finally leaves the mountains, the Indus is a broad, deep, but clear, and gentle stream. It forms many branches which often unite and again separate, but where crossed by Elphinstone in January, the main channel was more than a thousand yards broad, and above twelve feet deep. A few miles to the west, the chain of Soliman bounds the valley, whilst on the east, the country is level and very fertile in many parts. The Indus is thus not only the natural boundary of the Panjab on the north, but of the whole of Hindostan.

The Sutlej crosses the mountain chain much farther south, and not far from the sources of the

Ganges and Jumna. At Ludinah, after leaving the mountains, the Sutlej is sometimes fordable, but soon after receives the Beas, another of the five rivers, and then has a breadth of about three hundred yards, with a depth of twelve feet. The banks are often fertile and cultivated, but liable to be overflowed or carried away by the river, which frequently changes its bed. Below this, little is known of the Sutlej till after its union with the Chenaub, when it takes the latter name, and, with a breadth of 600 yards, has a depth of 15 to 20 feet, and runs about three and a half miles in the hour. Its banks are low, seldom rising above three feet, and covered with green reeds, and a shrub with leaves like the beech tree, but the country is intersected by many canals, and highly cultivated. The soil is very productive, the crops rich, the cattle abundant and large, the villages extremely numerous, and shaded by lofty trees. Round Ochel, on the east side of the stream, tobacco grows luxuriantly; the gardens produce the fig, vine, apple, and mulberry, roses, balsams, and the lily of the valley, with many other fruits and flowers peculiar to the country.

Above its union with the Sutlej, the Chenaub, the *Acesines* of the Greeks, receives the Ravee or Hydraotes, from the east, and still higher the Jilum or Hydaspes from the west side. In the upper part of their course, these rivers run almost parallel to each other, and the country between them is named "Duab," a term like the Mesopotamia of the Greeks, implying this position between two streams. The Ravee rises chiefly on the south side of the Himalaya, and the smallest of the Panjab rivers. It is navigable for the boats of the country from Lahore downwards, but the stream is sluggish, full of sand-banks and with many windings, so that a sail can rarely be used. Much sulphure is found on its banks, and the country on both sides is frequently very barren. Its waters are coloured red from the soil through which they run. Those of the Chenaub have the same tint. This river rises in the centre of the Himalaya chain, near the borders of Thibet, and is the largest of the five streams, receiving them all before its union with the Indus, where it is 1200 yards broad, and apparently equal to this river in size. Its waters are very cool, from their source in the snows of the mountains; and the flatness of its banks renders them subject to sudden inundations. This was experienced by Alexander, who, on his return, had to move his camp with all speed from the sudden overflow of the *Acesines*, which he crossed near the present Wuzcerbad. The last of these streams is the Jilum, also rising deep among the mountains, where it flows through the famous valley of Cashmere, now subject to the sway of the

Sikhs. Little is known of the under part of the river which has been rarely visited by Europeans since the time when Alexander set sail on it, on his adventurous voyage to the ocean.

The country comprised between these streams is the Panjab—the land of the Sikhs. Under the burning suns of India, water is alone wanted to produce the highest fertility; and the flat nature of the land, with the constant supplies from the mountains, renders this easily attainable. Hence, wherever population has assembled, as in the vicinity of the towns, the country is rich and productive. The most splendid trees and beautiful flowers flourish together—the finest fruits of Europe, apricots, peaches, figs, grapes, pomegranates, almonds, apples, oranges, lemons, grow in many places, besides those of the tropics—the guava, mango, dates, and others, whose very names are unknown in colder climates. Vegetation of a humbler but more useful kind is wanting, especially in the highest parts of the country, near the mountains, where the lofty forests of the Deodara pine furnish the best materials for constructing houses and boats. Another smaller tree, the turi or milk bush, probably a species of euphorbia, produces the finest firewood and charcoal, celebrated over the whole country for the manufacture of gunpowder. Grain of various kinds grows in abundance, more than sufficient for the scanty population. Wheat, rice, especially near the mountains, where there is abundance of water for irrigation, and several smaller species of grain and leguminous plants, grow in profusion. A kind of sugar cane, smaller in the stalk, but more juicy than the thick coarse cane of India, is extensively cultivated for the manufacture of sugar. Cashmere and Lahore yield wine of remarkable quality. Indigo is raised chiefly to the east of Lahore and Moultan, and exported to the Mahomedan countries on the west, where dark-coloured garments are in more request than among the Hindoos, who prefer white raiment. The tobacco of Moultan is only excelled by that of Persia. The cotton plant grows in several places, but neither the soil nor climate seem at all favourable to this production; and in some of the duabs it is wholly wanting. Most of that used in this country is therefore imported; and this is also true of silk, none of which is grown in the Panjab.

But this luxuriance of vegetation is not universal. The hand of despotism and tyranny has pressed heavily on the land, reducing many parts of it to a barren desert, or the abode of wandering tribes of herdsmen and robbers. In the south of the country, near the union of the streams with the Indus, these sandy wastes are most common, being covered with sandhills about twenty feet high, like those on the sea-coast.

Yet it is only the want of moisture that condemns these districts to sterility, as in the vicinity of the rivers they are always bordered by a stripe of fertile land; and a proper system of irrigation would reclaim most of them from the desolate wilderness.

Umritsir, the holy city of the Sikhs, has about 100,000 inhabitants, and is larger and stronger than Lahore. It is surrounded by a thick mud wall, and protected by a strong citadel. It is the emporium of commerce between India and Cabul. The merchants are mostly Hindoos, who have large blocks of red rock salt before their doors, for the use of the sacred city cows, which like and relish them much. Burnes visited the national temple of the Sikhs, in the centre of a lake, and covered with burnished gold. In it a priest sat before the holy book, the "Griuth Sahib," as it is named, fanning it with the tail of a Thibet cow to preserve it from impurity. There was another holy place, which he was not permitted to enter, as even the authority of the rajah, and the great men who accompanied him might not have proved sufficient protection from the fury of the Acalis, "a wrong-headed set of fanatics, not to be trusted," who are constantly committing various excesses. At that time scarce a week passed that some Sikh did not lose his life by them, though Runjeet Singh tried to restrain their violence with a firm hand.

Such are a few particulars of this country, which the interests of humanity, no less than politics, seem to require the British to add to their empire. The whole population has been estimated at three millions, but of these the Sikhs do not form a third part, and probably not much above half a million. Their mother country is the duab between the Ravee and Sutlej, and few of them are found in other parts of the country. Few are found below Lahore, and west of the Jilum none of them are constantly resident. They are thus mere rulers, or rather tyrants, of a land whose resources they waste and abuse. Of the whole country, about seventy thousand square miles belong to the plain, which should support a population as dense as any part of India. Yet even the highest estimate of its population is scarcely a third of that assigned to the regions under the immediate sway of the British; and instead of increasing it is every day diminishing, from the instability of the rulers and the constant oppression to which the natives are subjected. However much we may be inclined to deprecate war and conquest, it is scarcely possible to regret any event that may rescue a region of such fertility from the hands of the oppressor, and thus open up a prospect of extending the blessings of civilization and true religion over these benighted lands.



HIGHLAND MARY.

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave old Scotia's shore?

HIGHLAND MARY.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

"Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love?
Who that has felt forgets the song?"

CAMPBELL.

PETRARCH sang of his Laura, Tasso celebrated the praises of his Leonora, and many others of the most brilliant planets of the poetical hemisphere have each had "some bright particular star," whom they delighted to honour in their verse. Not so Robert Burns; the heroines of his songs are in themselves a legion. Charinda, Chloris, Jessie, Katie, Jean, Mary, Peggy, Molly, Nancy, and twenty others, were by turns the subjects of his muse. It might afford matter of curious speculation to enquire in which of these cases the genius of a lyric poet is best fostered, or his fame most extended; and it is one on which we may take some future occasion to enter.

Our present purpose, however, is to note how enthusiastically Burns addressed each of these fair ones, as if she were, and ever would be, the sole guiding star of his affections. A chance meeting on a summer evening, where not even a word was interchanged between the parties, gave rise to the impassioned stanzas which he immediately addressed to the "Lass o' Ballochmyle," and the origin of his exquisite lines commencing "Oh Mally's meek, Mally's sweet!" was a mere glimpse hastily caught of a bare-footed country girl trudging along the High Street of Dumfries.

But easily enlisted as the feelings of Burns were, and readily as he in most instances forgot these transient passions, such was not always their fate. His tender devotion to his "Jean," during many trying years of poverty and distress, and the ardent affection with which he ever cherished the memory of "Highland Mary," are proofs that his heart, though susceptible, was capable of the most enduring attachment. The history of the former, as Mrs. Burns, is interwoven with that of her husband, but some particulars of the simple life of the latter may not be unacceptable.

Mary Campbell was born, of humble parentage, at Campbelton in Argyleshire, and, while still young, entered into the service of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, of Coilsfield House, who afterwards succeeded to the Earldom of Eglinton. Here she became acquainted with Burns, then residing on the farm of Mossiel in the neighbourhood; and an attachment sprang up between them of the most pure and ardent nature. He attempted to pourtray his feelings in the following stanzas, which form one of his earliest lyrical compositions.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plains sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and vales mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my highland lassie, O.

But fie! fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my highland lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my highland lassie, O.

The cloud which "fickle fortune" had gathered o'er the poet's head grew darker and darker, and Burns at length determined to prosecute the scheme, hinted at in the above lines, of seeking some "distant shore". It was bitter to leave his native land, his friends and all the joys of home, but bitterer still to leave her, whose gentle modesty and confiding love had so endeared her to his bosom. It was then that he addressed to her the following lines:

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar?

Oh sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your ill-white hand;
Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!

But a brighter day dawned; the project of self-expatriation was abandoned, and Burns won Mary's consent to their union, that they might

"Blide the blasts o' fate thegither."

The conclusion is thus related by the poet himself: "After a pretty long trial of a most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarcely landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

Cromek, one of the biographers of Burns, adds some of the incidents which attended their last adieu. "The lovers stood on each side of a

small purling brook,—they laved their hands in the limpid stream—and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again."

This incident acquires a peculiar interest to those connected with this Province, from the circumstance that the Bible, which had been presented to Mary Campbell by Burns, and which had thus been made the witness of their mutual vows, was discovered a few years since, in the possession of a relative who had emigrated to this country. Through the exertions of several gentlemen of Montreal, and principally, we believe, of the late Robert Weir, Esq., then Editor of the *Montreal Herald*, possession of this relic was obtained; and having been forwarded to Scotland, it now occupies an appropriate place in the monument erected to Burns on the banks of the Ayr. The Bible, which is in two volumes, bears several inscriptions in the handwriting of Burns. On the blank board of the first volume is written—"And ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord."—*Levit. chap. xix, v. 12*; and of the second volume.—"Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths."—*St. Matth. chap. v, v. 33*. On the blank leaf of each volume, to his name "Robert Burns, Mossiel," is appended his "Mason-mark."

This bereavement, so sudden and unexpected, came upon the poet with crushing effect, and it was long ere he could dispel the gloom which it threw o'er his mind. This feeling breathes throughout the stanzas entitled,

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drummle!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I chus'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet highland Mary.

WT mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But, oh! I fell death's untimely frost,
That ayt my flower saw early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my highland Mary.

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly;
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lov'd me dearly?
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

Years afterwards, his loss was felt with keen and intense anguish, (although he seldom suffered it to appear,) as is very evident from the circumstances attending the composition of his lines "To Mary in Heaven." "This celebrated poem," says one of his many biographers, "was composed by Burns, in September 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love Mary Campbell. According to Mrs Burns, he spent that day, though labouring under cold, in the usual work of the harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow very sad about something, and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fire-side. On being again and again requested to do so, he promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eye fixed on a beautiful planet that shone like another moon, and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote exactly as

they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, these sublime and pathetic verses."

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 Oh Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love:
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace,
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hear,
 Twin'd and rous round the raptur'd scene;
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

E. H.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S WALTZ.

COMPOSED BY RODWELL.

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

The musical score is presented in four systems, each consisting of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bass clef part starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The treble clef part has a melody with dynamics of piano (*p*) and a tempo/style instruction of *Dolce e con grazia*. The second system continues the accompaniment with a treble clef melody. The third system shows the continuation of the piano accompaniment and treble clef melody. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final treble clef melody line.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S WALTZ.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (two flats). The music begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The upper staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking at the beginning. The upper staff continues the melodic line with various articulations, and the lower staff maintains the accompaniment with sustained chords and moving lines.

The third system of musical notation shows the continuation of the waltz. It includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The piece concludes this section with a double bar line and the instruction "D. C. S." (Da Capo Segno).

The fourth system of musical notation is marked "confusco" and begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The upper staff features a complex texture with many beamed notes, possibly representing a tremolo or a rapid scale. The lower staff continues with a strong accompaniment. The system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

The fifth and final system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic marking and ends with a double bar line and the instruction "D. C. S." (Da Capo Segno).

OUR TABLE.

ILLUSTRATED BOTANY—EDITED BY JOHN B. NEWMAN, M.D.

THE Student of the Science of Botany, as well as those whose "passion for flowers" is rather of the heart than of the head—will hail this work with pleasure. It is intended to appear as a monthly Periodical, and will be embellished with splendid coloured engravings of the most beautiful and interesting of the flowers and plants which come under the notice of the Editor. The numbers before us, if they may be taken as specimens, give flattering promise of the work as a whole. From four to six of these elegantly coloured flowers will adorn each separate number. The Editor is a medical gentleman, whose tastes have led him to explore the mysteries of the Floral Kingdom, and the gatherings of his researches and experience he has been induced to lay before the world. The result will be equally creditable to him, and useful to the Botanist as well as to the less scientific cultivator of flowers, to whom we cheerfully commend it.

Subscriptions will be received at the Bookstore of Messrs. R. & A. Miller, Place d'Armes, where specimens may be seen.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

IN England, where this work appeared originally, it was highly spoken of, not less on account of the accuracy and discrimination which distinguished the history itself as well as the explanatory remarks, than for the neatness and elegance of the manner in which the mechanical part of the work was executed. Indeed, in every point of view, the book was well entitled to, and received the public admiration, and a large edition was rapidly sold, even at the comparatively high price with which books, in England, are necessarily charged.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers of New York, have in press, and are issuing in semi-monthly parts, an American edition of the "Pictorial History," which, if not quite equal in outward seeming to the original, is still got up very handsomely indeed. Many of the wood engravings,—and it is profusely embellished—are equal to those of the English edition, and the letter press is unexceptionable. The names of the publishers are a guarantee for the care and faithfulness with which the book itself will be copied from the original. The price at which it is offered is such as to offer

a great inducement to purchase. Those who desire to become possessed of this most valuable book on the easiest possible terms, will find it at the Bookstore of Messrs. Miller, Place d'Armes.

THE CRUSADERS' HYMN BEFORE JERUSALEM.

IN a previous page we have copied from the New York Albion a poem from the pen of Mr. Breckanridge of Kingston, the gentleman to whom the public are indebted for the beautiful lines, under the title of "Moodkee and Ferozeshaw," which appeared in the last number of the Garland. The poem is extracted from a volume which has been lately published by Mr. Breckanridge, under the title of "The Crusades, and other Poems." We have not yet seen it, but we are certain, from what we have seen of Mr. Breckanridge's writings, that it will adorn the literature of this Continent, and, we would fain hope, win for the author a "European reputation."

NEW TOPOGRAPHICAL AND PICTORIAL MAP OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

WE have received from the publisher Mr. Mackay, 127 Notre Dame Street, a copy of this really useful, and equally ornamental work, and it affords us sincere gratification to be able to add our testimony, both as to its accuracy and beauty, to that of all of our contemporaries who have already spoken of it. The work, we understand, occupied nearly three years of Mr. James Cane's time in the Survey, and from what we know of many parts of the City, he seems to have performed his part both faithfully and effectively.

The ground plan of every block of buildings is distinctly laid down, and also every detached building which existed up to the completion of the Survey, and all the new streets, and separate lots of land, which have been laid out for building purposes are clearly and elegantly delineated. The border is beautifully ornamented with vignettes of various Public Buildings, and a panoramic view of the City from the Canal to the Foot of the Current, extends along the full length of the bottom of the map. Upon the whole the work is superior to anything of the kind that has heretofore been executed in Canada, and we can most cordially recommend it to the support of all who feel an interest in the prosperity of Montreal, and consequently necessary development of its present state and capabilities.