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BEATRICE; OR, THE SPOILED CHILD;

A TALE.

BY E. M. M.

*Continued from our last Number.*

We should not stoop so greedily to swallow  
The bubbles of the world so light and hollow,  
To drink its frothy draughts in lightsome mood,  
And live upon such empty, airy food ;  
Fools that we are to follow forms that spurn us,  
And spend our breath in fanning flames that burn us.  
We do the thing we hate, and would pursue, not,  
And what we most desire to do we do not ;  
Leave what we dearly love, with weeping eyes,  
And closely cling to what we most despise.

WHAT new feelings were awakened in the young heart of Beatrice, when she pressed her infants to her bosom, and daily marked fresh beauties unfolding themselves to her view. She would kneel by the side of their cradle, watching them as they slept, with a countenance thoughtful yet beaming with the love she felt ; and when they began to know her, and would smile in her face, how intense was her delight. They were considered so much alike that their head nurse, Mrs. Golding, found it necessary to tie a ribbon round the arm of one to distinguish him from his brother, but in the sight of Beatrice there was a very perceptible difference. Both resembled their father ; but while one promised to possess all his fire and energy, which were exhibited in his eagerness, when stretching out his dimpled arms to catch at any desired object—in the other there appeared a pensive softness, a placidity—a something indescribable, and so eminently superior to frail mortality that she almost felt, while she gazed, that a being of a brighter world was before her. The disposition of this babe, as he grew older, seemed to strengthen this idea. No passion—no waywardness, for a moment disturbed the beautiful serenity that was spread over his whole character. He would fix his soft dark eyes, in astonishment, upon the various things presented to his notice, while in his smile there was an expression so seraphic that Sir Claude would playfully say : “ This can never be the child of my wild and wilful Beatrice.” But from the period of her becoming a mother a change evidently

took place in Beatrice, who at once seemed to rise from the thoughtless girl into the elegant woman ; graceful she had ever been, but that brusque manner which had given offence to so many, was now succeeded by one both dignified and attractive. This she may have possibly acquired by constant association with one like Lady Brereton, and the select friends, who, at the earnest desire of Sir Claude, were once more admitted as guests at the Abbey. From whatever cause, she certainly appeared a new creature, although there were times, even now, when the errors in her mother's education were still too apparent in those sudden bursts of temper, and impatience under disappointment which, on reflection, would cause her the bitterest remorse. Warm and ardent in all her feelings, her children now formed her principal happiness, and beautiful it was to behold how entirely this interesting young creature devoted herself to them, forgetting in their caresses those pleasures which formerly had afforded her so much delight. Why was she not suffered to remain in this tranquil abode, exempt alike from temptations and trials—why ? Because, alas, it was not so willed ; her course had been marked out for her by a higher power, and who could control or alter that.

Sir Claude having, in accordance with the expressed wishes of his dying father, given up the army, began to long for some more active mental pursuits than those which a country life afforded him. His gifted mind panted to exercise itself in a wider, nobler field ; and he determined to become a candidate for a seat in Parliament. This would of course oblige him to have an establishment in town—that acmé of all Mrs. Annesley's hopes for her daughter, and once the desire of Beatrice herself—but now when she was informed that the time had at length arrived when this desire was to be accomplished, she felt only regret and sorrow. Her long sojourn with Lady Brereton had attached her strongly towards her, added to which every spot around the old Abbey was united in her remembrance with some scene of happiness. Within its walls had she learnt to love

him who held the highest place in her affection. Here too had their children first beheld the light, and given to her joys unknown before. She beheld them blooming in health and infantile beauty, and she dreaded lest the change might prove injurious to them. All the precepts of her sister Mary against the gaieties of fashionable life, were still fresh in her memory, strengthened yet more by the letters she continued to receive from her, though Mrs. Annealey endeavoured to counteract their impression by setting forth, in vivid colours, the advantages she would derive from the high and elevated society into which she was going. Lady Brereton shared in all the regrets of our young heroine, to whom she gave many valuable counsellings; but aware that the superior abilities of her son were wasted in a life of inaction, she reconciled the prospect of their leaving her in the reflection that the line he had chosen to adopt would bring these into full play.

It was not, however, till the spring of the second year, after the birth of his children, that Sir Claude proceeded to London. The day previous to their departure Beatrice wandered with him over the extensive grounds of Norwood, to take leave of all her favourite haunts—the flower garden, where she had spent so many hours—the lawns—the splendid avenues, amongst the trees of which the rooks were cawing, and the blackbird and the thrush sent forth their melodious strains. All were visited. Innumerable lovely flowers were springing into life at this delicious season, impregnating the air with their fragrance. Tears filled the eyes of Beatrice, as she exclaimed:

“And must I, indeed, leave these sylvan groves—these scenes of peace, and love, and joy. Oh! Claude, I cannot express to you my sorrow, since a painful presentiment tells me that, in quitting them, I bid farewell to happiness.”

“Do not yield to such a thought, my beloved girl,” replied Sir Claude, pressing her tenderly to his bosom; “you will but change the nature of your happiness, and in so doing realise the wishes of your mother—for now you will go to court, and be introduced to all my great friends—attend the balls, the operas, the concerts,—think how charming.”

The last few words were spoken ironically, and called a faint smile to the lip of Beatrice.

“Do not compare them with the scene now spread before us. Can the artificial splendour in crowded rooms equal the rich verdure of those magnificent woods on which the setting sun now sheds his golden beams? Can there be music so sweet as the song of those dear birds? Oh! no, no, I will not believe it.”

“Still the same sweet enthusiast as ever,” replied Sir Claude; “but to judge the merits of each, both must be tried. Three years ago, I confess, I would not have plunged you into the life you are about to

enter, but now you are better prepared to resist its temptations.”

“Ah, do you indeed think so. I hope you are right, yet I cannot help indulging fears even for us both.”

“For us both—that is capital,” returned Sir Claude, laughing. “What is it you fear for me, dear?”

“Oh! you would not understand me were I able to tell you,” said Beatrice, blushing deeply. “Thoughts will crowd upon me like dark shadows—but I am sad today, and I cannot help them.”

While they thus conversed they were sitting beneath the spreading branches of an aged oak tree, round whose venerable trunk twined the youthful ivy—the clear, fine stream that rolled majestically past them, reflected on its bosom the old Abbey with its Norman architecture and proud battlements. Sir Claude now rose and stood gazing on the scene with folded arms, while Beatrice yielding to the romantic feeling of the moment, cut on the bark of the tree the initials of her own name, and underneath a heart, transfixing by arrows. Sir Claude smiled on perceiving her occupation.

“Come away, foolish child,” he said, taking her hand and kissing off her tears; “I have half a mind to leave you here and depart alone tomorrow.”

“Oh! no, no, never?” cried Beatrice, clinging to him. “In a desert with you rather than in a paradise without you.”

“You are a loving little mortal, my fairy queen,” said Sir Claude, stroking her face. “It is almost a pity to blunt those warm, fresh feelings, yet we must run the risk. Come, dearest, let us return to the house, for I promised to see old Harleigh, the steward, at this hour.”

Beatrice followed him with lingering steps, stooping to gather the flowers as she went along, and forming them into a bouquet, with the intention of carrying them with her on the morrow, to speak to her (as she said) of dear Norwood when far distant.

One short week after this found Sir Claude and the youthful Lady Brereton established in a handsome house in Grosvenor Square. What a new existence now opened on the still unsophisticated Beatrice from this time, whether for weal or for woe, remains yet to be told. At first she felt like a newly caught bird, whose wings have been clipped, and she sighed for the freedom of the wide open fields, where she could bound along in all the freedom of her happy childhood, regardless of those forms and ceremonies to which she found herself obliged to conform. Her new home possessed every luxury that money could purchase, and it was certainly pleasant, she thought, to see a retinue of servants entirely at her command, and to only wish for a thing and be able to obtain it in five minutes. Yet the lengthened absences of Sir Claude, who, necessarily much engaged in public matters, could

seldom return home until their late dinner hour, was a sad alloy, until she became more accustomed to the loss of his society. Her children were a never failing source of delight to her, and though their nurseries were small, compared with the dear old tapestried room at the Abbey, yet as they continued well and lively, and perfectly unconscious of the change, she could feel no uneasiness.

As soon after their arrival in town, as possible, she was presented at Court in due form, by the Countess of R——, and the effect which her beauty and simplicity produced was quite equal to the expectations indulged in by her mother, and sufficient to turn her young head. Then followed dinners, balls and operas, in such rapid succession that she almost felt bewildered; it is true there were moments when she suffered some uneasiness at the thought of the days and weeks which were thus entirely consumed by pleasure. The education she had received from Mr. Mortimer, and the advice of her sister Mary carrying the conviction to her heart, that she was not walking with God, while so employed; but this was again relieved by the remembrance that her husband had led her into her present mode of life; how then could she be to blame? She had just enough religion to cast a shade over every scene of gaiety she entered, without possessing sufficient to guard her from their snares. The beautiful letters she received, both from Mr. Mortimer and Mary, tended to keep alive the sacred fire within her breast; but faintly it flickered amidst the numberless fascinations which daily decoyed her away from the paths of peace. She occasionally expressed her uneasy doubts to Sir Claude, but he could not comprehend them, or if he did, his own pursuits engrossed him too entirely to permit his entering into all her feelings: although he watched over her with sedulous care, allowing no unsafe intimacies that could possibly be avoided, and admitting none to his home save those from whose society she might reap advantage and improvement. His success in the House had far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his friends; his fine decisive spirit, united as it was to so sound a judgment, being quickly recognized, became duly valued, while his speeches, at once manly and sensible, were admired, and himself courted and flattered in all the circles he entered: could pride and ambition (his two idols) desire more? He was pleased to perceive the admiration which Beatrice called forth wherever she appeared, as it was a compliment paid to his taste; and a gratification afforded to his vanity as well as to his affection.

One morning an invitation to a ball at the Countess of C——'s, was presented to Beatrice, and as ——— house was considered amongst the most fashionable in town, she anticipated it with infinite pleasure. Never had she looked so exquisitely lovely as on this night, when she entered her own drawing room, where Sir Claude awaited her: and the affec-

tionate pressure of his hand as he led her down stairs expressed that he thought the same. Most graciously were they received by their noble hostess, to whom Beatrice, as a stranger, was presented: her cheek at the moment tinged with crimson, for she FELT that every eye was upon her, while the whispered remark caught her ear: "Who is that very beautiful young creature hanging on the arm of that distinguished looking man?" The answer given in the voice of Lady Julia Russel caused her to start round. "Good heavens! Sir Claude and Lady Brereton, I protest," and she flew forward as she spoke, grasping the hand of Beatrice most tenderly, and expressing her delight at once more meeting her. Beatrice who was happy to see one familiar face, received her salutation with much cordiality—not so, Sir Claude, who returned her address to him in his stiffest, coldest manner, and passed on. The rooms were already crowded to excess, and brilliant even to dazzling. The heart of Beatrice fluttered with pleasure, as she listened to one of Strauss' most beautiful waltzes.

"Now do let me waltz tonight, Claude," she whispered, "if not with another, at least with you." Sir Claude shook his head.

"Then why was I taunt if it is considered indecorous?" asked Beatrice, rather mortified.

"To please your mother, I imagine—certainly not me," replied her husband. "She would like to see you in the arms of every man in the room could she only hear your dancing praised. I confess I have no such ambition."

Beatrice pouted at this sarcasm, while her little foot continued to beat time with the tempting music. Lord Stormont at this moment advanced, offering her his arm to lead her away.

"When I am tired of my husband I will accept it," she replied; "at present I prefer to remain where I am."

Sir Claude smiled.

"You must pardon her country manners, my lord," he said. "When she has spent a few more seasons in town she will have acquired the polish of Lady Stormont."

"Then I hope I may never spend a few more seasons in town," muttered Beatrice, colouring.

Sir Claude checked her with a frown, while Lord Stormont walked away; but as the laws of fashion did not permit his remaining too long with his wife, Sir Claude, after he had conducted her to a seat, left her, when a crowd of admirers immediately surrounded her, in whose attentions she soon forgot her vexation and recovered her good humour. The first opportunity Lady Julia could obtain of getting near to converse with her, was eagerly caught at.

"Now do come and sit in this quiet recess," she said, linking her arm within that of Beatrice; "for I am dying to hear all about dear, delightful, gloomy Norwood Abbey. I am told great changes have taken

place since I left it—that Lady Brereton has become serious. Is this really the case?”

The question was ironically asked, and replied to with some warmth by Beatrice.

“She has become extremely amiable, and I love her dearly.”

“Indeed! that is change the first; and Sir Claude, has he too become infected with the religious mania? Nay, does that offend you; let me amend my error and enquire for *les jumeaux*, whose praises I hear so extolled. When will you show them to me?”

“Whenever you please, I shall be delighted to do so,” returned Beatrice, at once appeased and gratified. “But tell me, Lady Julia, is not that Lord Stepney coming towards you? If so, I must leave you; how dreadfully ill he is looking.”

Lady Julia applied her glass to her eye.

“Yes, it is his lordship: but why shun him, perhaps it is you who he wishes to speak to.”

“Oh! no, no; I must not, I dare not,” said Beatrice, rising in confusion, as he drew nearer. Her voice attracted a knot of gentlemen, who were standing near her, and one advanced to enquire “if she had any commands.”

“Have the goodness to lead me to Sir Claude,” she replied, accepting his arm, and walking quickly away, to the evident surprise of Lady Julia, who received Lord Stepney with a most gracious smile, entering into an earnest conversation with him. After some trouble, Beatrice found Sir Claude talking with Lady Stormont, who appeared to be deeply interested in his discourse. She was looking elegant and very fashionable, but several seasons spent amidst scenes like the present, had robbed her of her natural colour, which was replaced by art, to light up a face that had prematurely lost the freshness of youth. Beatrice could not control a secret exultation as she glanced towards a glass, and contrasted her own young and beautiful form with the fading charms of her still hated rival. She passed on through the crowd until she drew quite near them.

“Well, what do you want,” enquired Sir Claude, in that careless indifferent tone, which he always assumed when addressing her before strangers. She quickly replied to the salutation of Lady Stormont, who had started in sudden admiration at her lovely appearance, and whispered a few words in the ear of her husband, whose eye flashed indignantly as he drew her arm within his own. Lady Stormont, in the next moment, left them standing together to join the gallopade.

“Did you say that Lord Stepney had presumed to speak to you?” enquired Sir Claude.

“Oh, no; I only feared that he might do so, as he was coming up to Lady Julia. But see, there is Lady Stormont waltzing; if you wish me to acquire her polish, surely I ought to follow her excellent

example,” she added, looking archly in his face. “Is she not sadly changed, Claude?”

“Poor thing,” was all the reply of Sir Claude, who shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

A later hour again found Lady Julia Russel at the side of Beatrice.

“You cannot think how severely you wounded Lord Stepney, by shunning him so palpably,” she observed; “of what dire offence can he have been guilty, to tempt you to do so?”

With all the ingenuousness belonging to her character, Beatrice confided to her the quarrel of Sir Claude with Lord Stepney, and its unhappy cause, the fate of Fanny Belson, and her maniac grandmother. Lady Julia listened to her with deep attention, fixing her large dark penetrating eyes upon her as she narrated the story with pathos and feeling; but when she ceased she burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

“Oh! Lady Julia, is this the way you receive a tale so full of misery!” exclaimed Beatrice, shocked at her ill-timed mirth.

Lady Julia laid her hand upon her arm to support herself, while yielding to the impulse.

“Pardon me, my dear creature, I entreat of you; but indeed it was irresistible. And for this you have been commanded to shun poor Lord Stepney. How very absurd of Sir Claude! Pray did it never occur to you that he must have taken great interest in the young peasant girl, whose destruction caused him such regret, that you say he cannot even bear to hear her named before him?”

“Oh! no, no; never,” said Beatrice, turning very pale, and clasping her hands. “Lady Julia, why torture me with such an idea.”

Again Lady Julia laughed.

“Cara mia, I shall certainly expire under the influence of your simplicity, it is so amusing. And so you imagine him to be immaculate, do you; that arrived at his age he can have passed unscathed through the numerous temptations that must have been cast in his way. If I did not fear to make you unhappy I could many a tale unfold; but that would be cruel.”

The beautiful countenance of Beatrice betrayed that she had already done so. She pressed her hand over her eyes, while her whole frame trembled with emotion. Lady Julia looked on her with a malicious satisfaction, then feeling that she had said enough, and anxious to change the subject, she exclaimed: “Ah! there is Signor Rubicani, the *Improvvisatore*, quanto mi gioja di vederlo,” and as she spoke she lightly tripped away, leaving the agitated Beatrice standing alone. She raised her head and perceived the crowd thronging to one spot, but her gaiety had vanished and she remained quite still, unconscious of the observation of a young guardman, who for some time had been gazing on her with admiring eyes; he now approached her and

asked her to advance with the rest and listen to the Signor. In perfect indifference she acquiesced. The Improvisatore was a little dark man, whose foreign aspect and peculiarly melodious voice bespoke the Italian, while, with vehement gesticulations, which would occasionally soften into a melting tenderness, he recited the German tale of "the Enchantress," who once had dwelt (he said) amidst the Erzberg mountains; and such was her dazzling beauty that the flowers hung their heads and withered away at her approach. On her head she wore a talismanic diadem, that rivalled the stars in its lustre, and clasped round her waist a girdle wrought in strange and magic characters; her power was unlimited; the desires of her heart under her own control, and yet Zerlina was not happy. A void, an aching void, she experienced, which she knew not how to fill. The streams murmured past her—the winds lent their soothing sounds—the birds their melody—but the voice she sighed for was not amongst them—at length it came. One evening as she sat listless and sad on the banks of the Elbe, her lovely head resting in her hand, music the most ravishing fell on her ear. She started—she gazed, and beheld a small boat in which appeared a youth, on whose cheek the sun had rarely shone, so fair, so beautiful it appeared. Zerlina uttered an exclamation when his soft eyes met hers—in another instant he had leaped on shore. Upon this mortal the enchantress bestowed an affection so devoted that all her supernatural gifts became as nothing, in comparison. She carried him to her palace, and displayed to him her treasures and her power—the youth was ambitious—he cast himself at her feet, vowing eternal fidelity—how did he fulfil the bond. One by one, at his earnest solicitation, she parted with them all; first her wand, then her magic girdle—her talismanic diadem—last of all her immortality—then, then it was that he laughed her to scorn, and told her he loved another; she wept, she raved, but it was all too late, he deserted her. She watched his departure with straining eyes until the boat became a speck upon the waters. The winds howled—the torrent rushed in maddening violence down the rock on which she stood—one wild look of unutterable woe she cast around her—one cry of agony and then she cast herself into the abyss beneath. "Lost, lost forever," she exclaimed, as the waters closed over her; "lost, lost forever," was repeated from afar; alas, it was the voice of echo, and all became hushed.

The Improvisatore ceased and retired from the crowd amidst their deafening applause. Beatrice, whose interest had been gradually excited by his wild tale, remained for an instant in an attitude of intense and evidently painful thought, as the circle dispersed. Nearly opposite to her, and leaning against a pillar, appeared Sir Claude; a slight smile curling his lip while replying to some remark made by Lady Stormont, who stood near him. The ima-

gination of Beatrice sketched a picture in which she beheld herself as the forsaken one; while she gazed upon them her feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of suffering, and could not be suppressed. She rushed forward, and clasping her arms round his neck, she burst into a flood of tears. A titter ran through the room, when Sir Claude, astonished and much annoyed at this public display, hurried her into one of the ante-rooms, followed by the sister of their noble hostess, the Lady Harriet Lauriston.

"Why expose yourself in this absurd manner, Beatrice," said Sir Claude, rather angrily, as he placed her on a sofa. "Will you never cease to be a child?"

Beatrice sobbed, but she could not answer him.

"Leave her in my care, Sir Claude," requested Lady Harriet, in a kind tone of voice, and sitting down by her. "I can sympathise in woman's weakness far better than you can: you are but young in the ways of this fashionable world of ours, dear Lady Brereton," she continued, when Sir Claude had withdrawn; "else would you be aware that the emotions of the heart must be kept in complete subjection; any evidence that you possess one will only meet with ridicule. You have been much petted at home, I should imagine."

Beatrice smiled through her tears.

"I fear too much so for my happiness," she replied. "Reared by one of the most indulgent, the most tender of mothers, I am indeed unprepared to resist the indulgence of those sensibilities, which I am quite aware must appear very foolish; yet it was not the story related by the Improvisatore that affected me so powerfully, but other thoughts which the catastrophe called forth."

"Ah! my sweet young friend, waste not your sensibilities upon imaginary misfortunes," returned Lady Harriet, mildly, yet impressively; "but reserve them for real woes. I could introduce you into a scene where you would witness penury, sickness and sorrow, which would teach you thankfulness to God for your numberless blessings: would you fear to enter it with me?"

"With you I would enter any spot however desolate, because you remind me of my sister Mary," replied Beatrice, looking eagerly in her face.

Lady Harriet smiled, and pressing her hand, said: "Tomorrow, then, I will call for you; remember."

Sir Claude now reentered to announce their carriage, which he did in a hasty impatient manner, but when he perceived the affectionate earnestness with which Lady Harriet was regarding the beautiful and ingenuous countenance of Beatrice, he advanced towards them, saying:

"You perceive, Lady Harriet, that she is quite a spoiled child."

"Indulged, but not spoiled," returned her ladyship, with great kindness. "You must deal gently with her, Sir Claude, for you will not find many

such blossoms growing in this one gay metropolis."

Sir Claude drew Beatrice tenderly towards him, and smiled as she said this: "Ah! I see you need not the caution," she added, rising, and waving her hand; she then repeated her promise to call for Beatrice on the morrow. In passing through the card rooms to the crowded staircase they encountered Lord Stepney, who cast on Beatrice a glance so full of commiseration that she could not forbear being struck by it. She deeply blushed, but dared not acknowledge him. "Sir Claude Brereton's carriage stops the way," was now vociferated by the numerous lackies in attendance; and in the next moment she was handed into it, and very gladly found herself driving rapidly with her husband through the thronged streets towards her own home.

Lady Harriet Lauriston proved true to her appointment on the day following—and after paying a visit to the children of Beatrice, and admiring them as much as their fond mother could wish, she proceeded with her on their errand of mercy, leaving far behind them the mansions of luxury and magnificence, to enter the garrets of the destitute and miserable, where Lady Harriet was no stranger. On arriving at the dwelling they sought, down a dark alley, they ascended a wretched and broken staircase, and knocked at the door of a room, which, when it was opened, did indeed present an appearance of the most abject distress. It was small and crowded to suffocation, with a numerous family of children, all clamorous for bread: their father lay stretched on a bed of rags apparently in the last stage of a consumption, while their mother harrassed and worn, was endeavouring to satisfy the demands of her young brood. The room had just been wetted, and on a line hung a few old clothes to dry, adding yet more to its confusion and discomfort. Beatrice started back, painfully struck by the scene before her, while Lady Harriet approaching the bed of the sufferer, asked him in kind accents how he felt: his pale emaciated countenance lighted up on beholding her.

"Oh, my dear lady," he feebly replied, "I had such sweet dreams last night that I feel quite happy."

"Happy," thought Beatrice, "can such a name be known here?"

The woman, who had stood silent and abashed on the entrance of strangers, now offered chairs, apologising for the confusion they saw, by saying that her husband needed her whole attention. "He cannot even turn himself in his bed," she said, "and is constantly craving for something which I too seldom have to give him."

"Has he been long ill?" enquired Beatrice, round whom the ragged children had flocked in wondering admiration, one venturing to lay his chubby hand on her bracelet.

"Nearly twelve months, my lady," replied the woman, at the same time rebuking her child for his freedom.

"Poor little fellow," said Beatrice, patting him on the head; "I love you for those deep blue eyes, so like my boys."

She gave him money as she spoke, and then turned towards Lady Harriet, who, taking up a small testament that lay on the bed, addressed the sick man thus:

"You have derived much comfort, I trust, from this precious book."

"Comfort, lady," repeated the man; "that is too poor a term. I have found life, eternal life, bestowed on me by the grace of God, through the atoning blood of Christ. I have found redemption for my sins, which are many, but which he has washed away forever. What matters it to me that my soul is pent up in this miserable and suffering body for a few short days: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I shall see God.'"

"And are you quite assured of this, my friend?" inquired Lady Harriet, mildly, and with solemnity.

"I have fled to him for refuge, and his word tells me that neither height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. How then can I doubt?"

A violent paroxysm of his distressing cough now seized him, and he was unable to say more. His wife flew to his assistance, while Lady Harriet whispered to Beatrice:

"Is not this a beautiful instance of faith, which can thus overcome all the horrors of the dark valley through which he is passing?"

"It is indeed," replied Beatrice, deeply moved, "and may I never forget the lesson he has taught me of patience. God knows how I needed it."

A gleam of the sun now pierced through the half broken casement stuffed with rage. A lark suspended in a cage carolled a few notes at the cheering sight; but to Beatrice they sounded most melancholy.

"Nancy," said the sick man, endeavouring to raise himself, "listen to that poor thing singing in his prison. Why should we detain him when he might be soaring aloft in the skies and rejoicing in his freedom? Open his cage and give him liberty."

The woman hesitated, but her husband waved his hand, when she instantly obeyed him. The bird, for a few seconds, seemed to linger in the cage, where he had been long confined, hopping from perch to perch. He then approached the door, fluttering his wings. Suddenly he expanded them, and flew forth into the open air, with a note so joyous, so thrilling, that it seemed to vibrate on the hearts of all who heard him.

"Thus will my ransomed spirit escape from its house of bondage and flee away," murmured the dying man. "Oh, Lord Jesus come quickly ! release me from this loathsome and suffering body, I beseech thee !"

Lady Harriet was much affected, while tears streamed from the eyes of Beatrice.

"He will come, dear friend, at his own appointed time : await him patiently," said the former.

"Ah, Robert, and what will your poor wife and your babes do when you are taken from them ?" asked his sobbing wife, as she cast herself on her knees by the bedside. Her husband gazed on her for a few moments in silence, one tear tricked down his wasted cheek.

"Leave thy fatherless children, and let thy widows trust in me," saith the Lord," he feebly murmured. He then raised his eyes, and appeared offering up a prayer, after which he closed them and spoke no more.

"Lady Harriet waited a little to offer consolation to the poor woman, promising to call soon again, and to send a few things which her husband most needed. She then signed to Beatrice to follow her, which she did after placing her purse in the hands of the woman, who followed them to the door with blessings and heart-felt expressions of gratitude. While groping their way down the dark staircase, Beatrice could not help contrasting the brilliant scene of the preceding night with the dismal one she had left, and on entering the carriage of Lady Harriet, which awaited them at the end of the alley, she revealed to her her thoughts.

"Yes, my dear Lady Brereton," replied her amiable friend, "those who are revelling amidst every indulgence which wealth can purchase need to be reminded of their heavy responsibilities, and of their debt of gratitude to their Maker. The sight of real sorrow is a salutary check to imaginary evils. How often have I beheld a sister of affluence impatient under the annoyance of a smoky chimney, or a wet day, which has disappointed some purposed pleasure. A visit to the garret of poor Barker would surely correct such faults as these."

Beatrice blushed. "You have probed me unintentionally, dear Lady Harriet," she said, "and have displayed to me my own picture. How frightful does it appear to me after what I have witnessed."

"If we examined our own hearts more frequently than we do it would be well for us all," rejoined Lady Harriet ; "but we shrink from the test that displays to our view what we really are, and rest satisfied with what we seem to be, forgetting that God beholds the evil within, while the world sees only the outward adorning of the temple."

It was a pity that a morning so well spent should not have been followed by a quiet evening, when reflection would have improved the lesson, and im-

pressed it yet more on the mind of Beatrice ; but unfortunately an engagement to dine with Sir Claude at the Earl of Ardrossan's, was yet to be fulfilled ; and in the brilliant assemblage she met there, and the adulation paid to her beauty, the home of the destitute faded from her remembrance.

It is not our intention to follow Beatrice into every scene of dissipation, to which, at this dangerous period of her life, she was exposed, since it would be unprofitable as it would be useless. Our object is rather to press on to the consequences that arose from such constant intercourse with that gay world, where all serious and holy feelings must eventually become lost. How could prayer or communion with God be supposed to go on while thus engrossed amidst those pomps and vanities, which at the baptism of every Christian are nominally renounced. While her mornings were wasted in sleep, or in languid listless indulgence, to prepare her for the excitement of each night, the rest of her precious time was consumed in driving, visiting, and in all those frivolous rapid pursuits, inseparable from a woman of fashion. And was she happy ? Far, far from it. Her naturally jealous disposition was constantly roused by the slightest attention or admiration bestowed upon others by Sir Claude : Lady Stormont especially called this passion into frequent exercise, from the very evident pleasure she always evinced when in his society. Beatrice watched her husband in feverish anxiety, annoyed to see him so courted and admired, not only by her ladyship, but by many beautiful women, whose homage it would have been difficult to receive with cold indifference, and she frequently risked his displeasure by her remarks in their disfavour, and her childish upbraidings. Lady Julia Russel soon discovered all that was passing in the mind of our poor heroine, and exulted in it, striving to aggravate her jealousy by invidious remarks, whenever she could obtain an opportunity to make them ; but as Sir Claude would not permit his wife to be on terms of intimacy with her, these happily were infrequent. Oh, how many heart burnings would Beatrice have been spared could she only have learnt to regulate her affections within due bounds, and have given to God the time she wasted so fruitlessly ; but, alas !—

"We barter life for pottage—sell true bliss  
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown :  
Thus Esau-like our fathers' blessings miss,  
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded crown."

The friendship of Lady Harriet Lauriston, which might have proved so eminently useful to her, was suddenly checked by her ladyship being called away to attend the sick bed of a beloved mother, thus leaving Beatrice entirely bereft of Christian counsel, yet not forgotten by her God, who had already prepared the rod to chasten this his beloved though erring child.



A billet from Lady Julia arrived one day, requesting she would accompany her to Hamlet's, as she wished to consult her taste upon the setting of some ornaments. Beatrice knew not how to refuse, though she was aware that Sir Claude objected to her associating with this designing young woman. After a moment's hesitation, she wrote a hurried answer, promising to call for her at the hour she had named. This she accordingly did, when they drove together to the jeweller's. While there, and deeply engaged in the examination of some splendid gold ornaments, Lord Stepney, with his friend, Lord Charles Clapperton, suddenly entered. Beatrice, who was sitting with her back to the door, and at the moment inquiring the price of a small heart, transfixed by arrows, which had particularly struck her fancy, from its being the device she had carved on the tree at Norwood, perceived them not, until Lord Charles, laughingly, said to her:

"You are not selecting that as emblematical of your fate, I trust, Lady Brereton?"

Beatrice turned round, and seeing Lord Stepney, she started up, while the colour rushed to her cheek, her brow. In confused accents she made some reply to Lord Charles, then desiring the man to send the ornament to Grosvenor-square, she whispered her request to Lady Julia to come away.

"Presently, presently, my dear creature," returned Lady Julia, pretending not to perceive her alarm. "Spare me only five more minutes," and she resumed her occupation, appealing to Lord Stepney for his opinion in the choice of a bracelet. He was looking miserably worn, and while replying to her question he turned very pale, and sank into a chair, covering his face with one hand, as if in pain.

"Good God! are you ill, Stepney?" exclaimed Lord Charles. "Quick! bring a glass of water!" to one of the men who hastened to obey him, while Lady Julia loosened his collar. Could one warm-hearted as Beatrice remain passive on such an occasion? No. The commands of Sir Claude were disregarded and forgotten, while with true feminine feeling she approached with her vinaigrette, and held it herself for the fainting man to smell to. He smiled, and ventured to detain the hand thus employed, as he said:

"This is being too kind, Lady Brereton. I am better now. The heat of today has been insufferable. Pray do not let me intrude upon you. Clapperton, give me your arm."

He would have risen as he spoke, but Beatrice detained him.

"Pray remain till you are more recovered," she said; "indeed you are still looking very ill. See, here is the water, take some, it will revive you."

How could he refuse when the glass was offered by her. He cast one tender glance upon her ere he drank off the whole contents.

"Was ever nectar presented by such a Hebe,"

said Lord Charles, smiling. "I would faint every hour to receive so much sweet sympathy."

Beatrice blushed; and, drawing herself up with some dignity, turned to Lady Julia, saying:

"If you are not ready, Lady Julia, perhaps you will permit me to call for you presently, as I have another place I wish to go to."

"I am quite ready, my dear love," replied Lady Julia, who, giving a few more hurried orders respecting her ornaments, sprang after our heroine, as she, bending her head to Lord Stepney, entered her carriage, which immediately dashed from the door.

"Bravo, my boy," said Lord Charles to his companion; "when the ice begins to thaw how quickly it melts. By Jove, you performed your part admirably, and to the life."

"Hush, hush, Charles. I assure you it was no pretence. I am really not well," rejoined Lord Stepney.

"And yet you knew that Lady Brereton would be here when you entered."

"I did, and I was resolved that she should speak to me. Aye, more than this, I have vowed to humble the cursed pride of that arrogant fellow, Brereton, till my revenge for his insolence is fully and most completely satiated."

Lord Charles laughed and shook his head incredulously; they then quitted the house together.

When Lady Julia found herself alone with Beatrice, she rallied her upon her encounter with the "prohibited," as she termed Lord Stepney.

"Do not laugh, Lady Julia," replied the still agitated Beatrice, "since I consider it very unfortunate. Under such circumstances, I could scarcely avoid speaking to him, and yet I shall fear to tell Sir Claude that I have done so."

"There can be no occasion to tell him if you think he would be angry," observed Lady Julia.

"Not to do so would pain me still more, who have never yet withheld a secret from him," said Beatrice.

"Pretty dear, how very commendable. I hope he is equally confiding. Trust me, 'cara mia silenzio' is a wise motto—take it as yours upon this occasion. You understand me?"

Beatrice made no reply, and continued thoughtful until the carriage stopped before Lord Morton's house, where she left her wily friend, and then proceeded homeward, harassed by a thousand painful reflections.

"Shall I follow her advice or not?" she mentally said, on entering her room to dress for dinner; "and yet why should I when I have done nothing of which I may be ashamed. No, I will not hide it from him: I had rather meet his anger than deceive him."

But when she met Sir Claude in the drawing-room, he was looking so unusually grave and abstracted, that she could not at that time venture to perform her wise determination. "I will wait till

the evening, when he will be more disposed to listen to me," she thought; again was this resolution forgotten in the winning society of her children, with whom she was romping with all her wonted glee, when at a later hour her husband rejoined her. He was a proud and fond father, and as the dear group gathered round him on his entrance, he alternately pressed them in his arms. Beatrice gazed earnestly in his face, while her confession hung on her parted lips. Sir Claude knew not what was passing in her mind, and he kissed her affectionately, remarking, that she looked pale. This brought the colour to her cheek, and she followed him to the sofa, where he sat down, taking the babies on his knee, while she knelt on a stool before them, endeavouring to summon courage to reveal her first secret. At this moment a servant entered, who approached her, with a small packet, which he informed her had come from Hamlet's. Beatrice received it in evident confusion; but Sir Claude was now so entirely engrossed with his children that he did not perceive it. When she showed him the heart, and reminded him of the similar device at Norwood Abbey, he smiled, calling her a silly romantic girl.

"No, I cannot tell him tonight," thought Beatrice; "tomorrow will be quite time enough. After all, of what consequence can it be: I am a fool to think so much about a trifle?"

When the morrow came, Beatrice found that procrastination had rendered her task still more difficult. She suffered this to pass also. And when another and another came, she felt that it was too late.

A few days following brought her a letter from her sister Mary, a part of which ran thus:

"MY DEAR BEATRICE,—I received your last letter with mingled feelings of pleasure and of pain. All that it contained respecting your children caused the first: all that it said about yourself, the latter; and with this I must commence, since dear as they are to me, still are you dearer. You tell me that 'you do not think your religious feelings have declined, though you are so constantly mixing in gay company;—that you still love and venerate holiness, and abhor sin.' My beloved sister, in this ignorance of your state lies your chief danger, since you rush into temptations, trusting in your own strength, and forgetting that without God's help you can do nothing. Think you that He follows you into the scenes of dissipation you are entering night after night? Oh, no. And will you venture into them without his guidance and protection? Are you not striving to unite what he has forever separated?—to be conformed to this world, and yet to call yourself a child of God? Beatrice, my sister, a great gulf divides the two, and those who halt between them are only what have been termed 'borderers.' They are not Christians, save in name. To be considered one in deed and in truth you must act consistently. Choose you then this day whom

you will serve, God or Mammon. Yet pause ere you make the awful choice, for on that depends the salvation of your immortal soul! and dwell on these words of Scripture: 'Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind; for what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? wherefore come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord.' You remind me of the words of our blessed Saviour: 'In my Father's house are many mansions;' and you think, though you may not attain the highest, yet would you be safe and happy in the lowest. And ought this to satisfy her for whom Christ died? Is your own safety all that concerns you? Is there no love, no gratitude, due to Him? no desire to obtain the highest degree of glory he has prepared for his faithful servants? If this be indeed the case, then are you in danger of gaining none. Reflect on what I have said, I implore you, and do not cast my admonition away as being too strict. You remind me that you are only in the path of duty, while following your husband from one scene of pleasure to another, that necessity, more than inclination, leads you into them. I feel so convinced that our prayers for your safety will be heard, that in His own good time, God will rescue you from the life you are now leading, if he has to scourge you out with a rod of thorns. Edward, who cannot forget that you were once his dear pupil, has made up a small parcel of books. Take time from your sleep, rather than not read them attentively; and may the blessing of Almighty God accompany them, and imprint their valuable truths on your heart, my own darling's sister."

This letter was read and re-read by Beatrice with the deepest interest, until it made so great an impression on her that she declined accompanying Sir Claude to the opera that night, pleading, in excuse, a violent headache. The self-satisfaction she experienced in making this sacrifice was, however, swept away on the day following by Lady Julia Russel, who kindly informed her that Sir Claude had sat in Lady Stormont's box during the whole evening, and that indeed his attentions to her looked very particular. The heart of Beatrice swelled almost to bursting on hearing this, while hatred and jealousy strove for the mastery over all her new formed resolutions. Anger flashed from her eyes, as she inwardly exclaimed: "Never shall he go any where without me again, I am determined. Mary may preach as she likes: she cannot understand the position in which I am placed, or how widely dissimilar are our respective duties." Thus, when a card was put into her hand, announcing a fancy ball at Mrs. Heathcote Sutherland's, she made up her mind to attend it, notwithstanding all the warnings she had received, or the convictions she felt that she was not acting conformably to the precepts of her Bible.

Beatrice received from Sir Claude a most liberal

allowance for her personal expenditure; but from inexperience, and want of management, she was so much in arrear that she was obliged to apply to him on the present occasion for more, which, as he had recently supplied her, drew forth a surprised remark. His rebuke, gentle though it was, wounded her pride, and she replied rather petulantly:

"If you think I ought not to require it, pray refuse me, and I will write to mamma, who I am sure will grant my request at once."

"Beatrice," returned Sir Claude, with grave displeasure, "you have never yet found me less ready to accede to your wishes than your mother, unless when I have thought them unreasonable; but for gold I would not quarrel with you. Here is what you desire."

Beatrice now repented her haste, begging him, with tears, to forgive it, and promising to be more careful for the future.

"Go, go, you are the same wayward child as ever," returned Sir Claude, as she clung fondly to him. "Disappointment ought to be more familiar to you, to teach you patience. I see I have yet much to do before I undo your mother's work."

After many consultations and deliberations on the character she would adopt at the fancy ball, Beatrice resolved upon appearing as the "Morning Star." The dress she ordered did not arrive until the very day, and she was busily engaged fitting it on with her maid, when an attendant hastily entered, saying:

"Mrs. Golding begs you not to alarm yourself, my lady, but she thinks Master George by no means well."

In an instant the beautiful dress was thrown down, while Beatrice, pale as death, hastened to the nursery. She found the child in his nurse's arms, motionless, yet not sleeping; for his eyes were open, yet glazed and dull in their expression. His little brother hung over him, occasionally stroking his face with his dimpled hand, and lisping: "Poor, poor Geordie!"

Beatrice rushed forward in great alarm, inquiring what was the matter.

"I think it is only his teeth, my lady; do not be so terrified," replied Mrs. Golding; "but perhaps Doctor Jefferson had better see him."

Instantly was a note dispatched for the physician by the agitated young mother, who, unaccustomed to the sight of illness, imagined that her baby must die. Sir Claude unfortunately was from home, and she knew not where to send for him, but she desired Antonio to seek him at his club. Each moment seemed an hour to her until the arrival of the physician, who, on seeing the child, relieved her worst fears, by assuring her that he was not in the slightest danger. Remedies were applied, and in a little while she was rewarded for her agony, by seeing him sink off into a gentle slumber. On the

return of Sir Claude, he expressed great alarm at the indisposition of the babe; but when the assurances of the physician were repeated to him, this was in a measure calmed though not removed. He informed Beatrice that a very interesting debate was expected to come on in the House that night, which would prevent his attending her to the ball. "But perhaps you may not like to go yourself now?" he added.

Beatrice had not thought of this, and her countenance became overcast.

"If the slightest apprehension remained, of course I would not leave him for the world," she returned; "but Mrs. Golding says there is none. How very provoking that you will not be able to accompany me, Claude. Are you quite sure that you will be detained so long?"

"Quite sure," repeated Sir Claude, disappointed by her answer, and leaving the room without saying another word.

Beatrice stood awhile thoughtful, after he had closed the door, doubt and anxiety gathering on her brow. She felt that she had not her usual excuse for wishing to go to the ball. Since her husband would be absent, her duty evidently was to remain at home with her sick child. But in opposition to this, the love of pleasure, of vanity, were to be gratified, and she silenced the upbraidings of conscience, by postponing her determination until her child awoke, when, if he appeared recovering, she thought there could be no earthly reason why she should give up the promised gratification of a night. It came—and the dear baby smiled, and held out his arms to her as she knelt down by his cradle to kiss him.

"He is quite well now, nurse, is he not?" she inquired eagerly.

"I hope so, my lady," replied Mrs. Golding, anxiously.

"And you will not leave him for one instant when I am gone?"

"Oh no, my lady; you may depend on my acting a mother's part by the sweet lamb. I love him too well to leave him."

These words grated painfully on the heart of Beatrice.

"Ought not my love to prompt the same devotion?" she thought. She lingered in the room until it was time to dress, when she stole away, and in another hour beheld herself glittering as the "Morning Star." Once more she entered the nursery to take a last look at her baby, who was again sleeping. She hung fondly over him, gazing on his angelic beauty, while she repeated her injunctions to Mrs. Golding, to be careful of her charge, and to send for her immediately, should her presence be deemed necessary. She pressed her lips on his infant brow again and again.

"Do not disturb him, my lady," said his anxious

nurse, as the child moved. "I trust you will find him quite well tomorrow."

"Heaven grant it," murmured Beatrice, rising, and going over to the bed where reposed her other boy, blooming in all the pride of health: his arms tossed above his head—his glossy ringlets shading his soft and rosy cheek as it rested on the pillow. she gently drew them back to kiss him. "God bless you, my darling ones; may all good angels guard you till we meet again," she said ere she tore herself away, and running lightly down the staircase, she entered her carriage and was driven off to Mrs. Heathcott Sutherland's.

The throng of carriages detained her for a considerable time, during which uneasy thoughts assailed her; but when once she found herself amidst the blaze of light and beauty in the glittering ball room, these were banished. Her hostess received her at the door, expressing her regret at the absence of Sir Claude, which Beatrice did indeed feel, having never entered so gay a scene without his supporting presence before. And though the eye of admiration followed her wherever she moved, and smiles, and homage greeted her from all, yet her heart was sad, for above the music there arose a wailing cry; and a sweet young voice that she could not silence. The Countess of R— came forward to her most kindly, offering to become her chaperon for the evening, an attention which Beatrice very thankfully accepted. She was crossing the room to address some one she knew when she started and turned pale at the sight of Lord Stepney, attired as an Albanian, who whispered to her in soft tones: "Why is that fair and radiant brow so overcast and sad to-night?" She made some slight and confused reply, and immediately passed on, delighted to meet Major Boileau, one of Sir Claude's most intimate friends, to whom she extended her hand with a smile. He pressed it warmly, saying: "How is it that Brereton has trusted you here alone: why is he not here to watch over you?" Beatrice told him; adding that she was under the charge of the Countess of R—. "I am happy to hear it; you could not have a better guardian," returned Major Boileau. "But was not that Lord Stepney who I saw speaking to you just now: I was not aware that you knew him."

"I met him once at Norwood Abbey," replied Beatrice, blushing at the abrupt question.

"I am surprised at his presuming on that circumstance to press himself on your notice," returned Major Boileau.

"Then why is he here: and why do I meet him in every fashionable house if he is so lightly esteemed," enquired Beatrice.

"I beg your pardon, Lord Stepney is by no means lightly esteemed; he is considered one of the elite in the highest circles—easy, elegant, and agreeable in his manners and person—what more

can society require. I know of many a fair lady who has laid her heart at his feet, and he has not even stooped to accept the prize."

"Then she cannot know him as he is," said Beatrice.

"God forbid," murmured Major Boileau, in an under tone.

Beatrice now was urged to waltz, which she declined, to the evident mortification of the one who asked her.

"I thought you were very fond of waltzing," said Major Boileau.

"You are right: I am passionately fond of it, but Claude will not allow me."

"And are you so obedient as to withstand it in his absence?"

"Oh, yes: if he were here I might rebel," returned Beatrice, smiling; "but now I am upon honour, and you know how sacredly that ought to be kept."

Major Boileau gazed admiringly on her ingenuous face as she said this half playfully—kissing her hand to him at the same time; and running over to the friend she wished to speak to.

The evening wore quickly away, and Beatrice, having forgotten all her anxieties, was standing near one of the doors talking and laughing, when suddenly her colour fled. She clasped her hands, and would have fallen, had not Lord Stepney, who happened to be near, sprang forward and caught her.

"For God's sake what is the matter! What has alarmed you, Lady Brereton?" he enquired.

"Oh! the note! the note! Will no one give me the note?" cried Beatrice, in a voice of agony.

Lord Stepney looked all astonishment, until he perceived a servant endeavouring to press his way through the throng, holding up a note, and looking anxiously towards her. He snatched it from him and presented it to her: she tore it open and read, in the hand writing of Sir Claude, these two words, "home immediately." She almost screamed, while Lord Stepney entreating her to compose herself, asked what he could do to assist her. "Home! home! I must go home: my child is ill," she exclaimed, gasping for breath. He hurried her down stairs, followed by the servant, and remained with her until her carriage was announced. She trembled violently, forgetting in that moment all causes for avoiding him, and only thankful for his sympathy. He would not leave her until he had himself assisted her into it, when he raised her hand to his lips, saying, tenderly: "Heaven bless you, beautiful creature." Beatrice was scarcely conscious of the freedom of his words and manner till the door was closed upon her; when from agitation and a thousand conflicting feelings, she burst into a flood of tears.

On arriving at home she found all in alarm and confusion. The physician had just been sent for,

and was now in the house. Beatrice flew up stairs and into the nursery; what a fearful sight there met her view. Her child—her beautiful child was in strong convulsions, and in the arms of his distressed father, who, as she entered cast on her a look of the bitterest reproach. This was, however, softened on perceiving her anguish, and hearing her self-upbraidings for having left him. She cast herself on her knees at his feet, sobbing as if her heart would break. Every means had hitherto been ineffectually tried to restore consciousness to the little sufferer, whose distorted features and deathlike face struck terror on his unhappy mother, who covered hers with both her hands. Sir Claude said very little, but sorrow was portrayed on his manly countenance as he tenderly held the child to his bosom. The physician appeared to feel for both parents, endeavouring to soothe and comfort Beatrice by words of hope.

"Oh! no, no; he will die—I am sure he will die," she exclaimed in piercing tones. "And nothing less than this severe and terrible chastisement could have brought me to a knowledge of myself. I deserve it all for my heartless, selfish conduct. Oh! my child—my own—my beautiful!" and tears of the bitterest agony fell fast down her cheeks.

"Look up, my dear lady," said the sympathizing Mrs. Golding; "there is consolation near; the dear babe seems to know you; I am sure he is recovering."

Beatrice started wildly at these words: she ventured to raise her head, when she beheld the soft eyes of her boy fixed upon the brilliant star that was glittering on her brow.

"The fit has passed—he is out of danger," said the physician, confidently.

What blessed sounds were these. Sir Claude placed the child in the eager arms of its mother, and then walked over to the window to conceal his emotion. A little wine was after this administered, when he was laid in his cradle: they watched him until his eyes gradually closed, and his breathing became easy, and then they knew that he slept. How fervent was the prayer offered up by Beatrice as she stood with clasped hands gazing upon him; they would have persuaded her to retire to the rest she appeared to need, but this she refused to do, and she sat down by her sick child, determined to remain with him the remainder of the night—trembling each time that he moved to behold his face again become convulsed. But from this misery she was happily spared for he slept on till daylight, and when Sir Claude stole into the room to see him he found Beatrice fast asleep in her chair, the star she had worn laying at her feet, and her long tresses in wild disorder falling over her shoulders. The traces of tears were still visible on her pale cheek; and as he continued to look all the anger he had felt on finding her gone to the ball, when he returned home the previous night, seemed to fade away before his

anxiety on beholding her so fatigued and exhausted by mental suffering.

But though forgiven by her husband, Beatrice, when she came to reflect on her conduct, felt humbled in the dust, unable as she was to find one single excuse to reconcile it. For the first time in her life she was self-abased by the discovery that, when left to her own will how incapable she was of acting aright—that to the guidance of the Almighty alone she must look for help and strength to resist the sins of her fallen nature. "How often has Mary told me this," she mentally said; "but till my own vileness was displayed to me in the present instance, I never could have believed her, or conceived myself capable of so flagrant a departure from the paths of duty. If God only mercifully spares my precious boy, I trust I may never forget the salutary warning I have received, but always pray to him for grace to resist the evil and choose the good."

Beautifully did Beatrice adhere to this pious resolution, and tenderly did she strive to make amends for her past fault by her sedulous care of her child, who was so much reduced in strength by the severity of his illness, that his physician strongly advised his being sent, for change of air, into the country, whenever he became equal to the journey, for fear of a relapse. This was a trial, but one which his parents found it necessary to submit to, if they wished to preserve him. It was impossible for Sir Claude to leave town at the present time, and as Beatrice expressed great unwillingness to separate from him for an indefinite period, it was proposed to send little George with his nurse to Norwood Abbey, while Harry should remain with his mother at home. But when the day came that her baby was to be taken from her—and he was brought in to bid her farewell, she half repented her resolution, as the child clasped his arms round her neck, saying "good bye, mamma—kiss Geordie." She could not answer him—she could only fold him again and again to her bosom, while his "don't cry, mamma—Geordie come again," only wrung her heart the more. When he was gone she entered his solitary nursery, where she found his twin brother sitting on the floor; his merry laugh hushed, and his face bedewed with tears; his nurse had offered him all his toys, but he threw them from him, shaking his head and repeating, in sorrowful tones, "no, no; poor Geordie gone away." Beatrice, nearly heart-broken, lifted him in her arms, and carried him to her own room—but all her efforts to console him were of no avail: he continued to repeat the name of his brother, desiring to go to him, and impatient at her attempts to divert his attention from the painful subject. How was she now reminded of all the care and trouble she had given to her own tender mother, whose devoted affection she had so often tried in a similar way. And how deeply she regretted having caused her so many anxieties by her wilful conduct when she felt

the pain it produced; yet she shrank not from her task, hoping, that in a few days, he would become reconciled. She had his small bed removed next to hers, that she might keep him constantly in her sight, refusing all engagements on his account; still he pined, calling for his brother to come back to him—nor would he be comforted.

It was during this season of trial, when Beatrice having flown for that support under it from her Heavenly Father which the world could not give her, remembered the poor family she had visited with Lady Harriet Lauriston, her own anxieties melting her heart towards those of others, and she determined to drive one morning to see how they fared, taking her boy and her nurse with her. She left them in the carriage at the entrance of the alley, desiring the footman to follow her. With some trouble she again discovered the wretched abode, and was preparing to ascend the narrow staircase, when loud and angry voices made her pause.

"You had better return, my lady," said the servant, respectfully; "this is no place for you."

But she would not be deterred. On she went till she gained the door of the room. Just as she had put her hand upon the lock to turn it, a fearful oath, followed by a scream and a heavy fall, struck on her startled senses. The door in the same moment opened, and she beheld a ruffian looking man, dressed as a sailor, standing over a woman, who too evidently was in a state of intoxication. He kicked her as she lay upon the ground, using horrible language; but at the sight of Beatrice he started as if he had seen a vision, gazing in awe and astonishment upon her. For an instant, fear had rooted her to the spot, but in the next she fled aghast from a scene so terrific, her servant assisting her with his arm down the broken steps. In the lower passage she met a woman who she ventured to accost with an inquiry for poor Barker and his family. He had died several weeks previous, she was informed, and his family had gone none knew whither. Beatrice thanked her, and with a heavy heart hastened from an abode that inspired now only terror, so unlike the feelings with which she had quitted it before. So true is it, that where the spirit of God dwells a heaven may be made in the darkest and most dreary spot on earth. When that is withdrawn, and man left hardened in his sins, how awful becomes the contrast.

On regaining her carriage, to her astonishment and vexation she found Lord Stepney there, who appeared to be amusing himself by talking to her child. The boy had drawn a ring from his finger, which he refused to give back, shewing it in great glee to his mother. Lord Stepney expressed great pleasure at meeting Beatrice, asking her if this was the little fellow who had caused her such alarm. Beatrice, confused, replied in the negative, trying at the same time to recover the ring.

"Do not make him cry, Lady Brereton," said Lord Stepney, as the wayward child held fast his treasure. "Dear little boy, I wish you were mine," he added, kissing him.

Beatrice remembered that he was a father, and lifting her child on her knee she offered him a ring of her own, if he would only give her the stranger's. But no: he screamed whenever she attempted to take it from him, while Lord Stepney, who appeared to enjoy her vexation, said, smiling:

"Pray keep it till we meet again. Happy is the jewel so guarded by you. Fare you well," and, waving his hand, he hurried away, leaving Beatrice, her cheek glowing with crimson at the untoward circumstance.

This was her fourth meeting with Lord Stepney, unknown to Sir Claude, and she could not but observe the increasing familiarity of his manner towards her. More than ever did she repent the not having mentioned her interview with him at Hamlet's, as that, which at first would have been easy, seemed now as it were hedged up with thorns. How to return the ring she scarcely knew; yet to keep it for a single day was most repugnant to her feelings. After due deliberation, she resolved upon sending it to Lady Julia Russel, who was intimate with him, and explaining to her how she came to have it in her possession. Once determined on this, she stole it from the hand of her child when he slept, and carefully sealing it up, she addressed it to Lord Stepney, enclosing it in a note to Lady Julia, most thankful when once it was out of her keeping.

Sir Claude was engaged to dine on this day with one of the cabinet ministers, and in the evening, when Beatrice was sitting lonely and thoughtfully in her luxurious drawing-room, listening to the numerous carriages as they rolled past to some scene of gaiety, she was startled by a vociferous knocking at the street door, and the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs.

"Claude cannot be returning so soon!" she exclaimed, as she listened. In the next moment her servant entered, announcing Lady Julia Russel.

"My dear creature, I see you are surprised at my late visit," said her ladyship, advancing in the most friendly manner towards her; "but I knew you were to be alone, and so I came to sit with you for an hour."

"This is really being very kind," replied Beatrice, who was not sorry to have her solitude so interrupted. "You received my note this afternoon, I hope."

"Oh, yes, my love," returned Lady Julia, laughing; "and I am dying to know more than it contains. I confess I could not help being highly amused at your little embarrass. I only hope you have confessed to Sir Claude, and that he has given you absolution."

"Indeed no, I grieve to say, he has no idea that

I have ever spoken to Lord Stepney, and how to tell him now fills me with many fears," said Beatrice.

"Poor child, I pity you," rejoined Lady Julia. "You may remember that I warned you long ago how severe he could be, but you would not believe me."

"Do not imagine, Lady Julia, that any unkindness on the part of Sir Claude has taught me to fear him," said Beatrice, earnestly. "Oh no, most ungrateful should I be to allow you to think so, since I have ever found him most indulgent, and I may add, patient under my faults."

"And why should he not, when his own wear a darker hue? You start! Pray tell me, how is it that you have suffered him to go so frequently into society without you of late? Is it wise, think you?"

"You know how deeply anxious I have been about our dear little Harry, who, since the departure of his brother, has never ceased lamenting him. I could not leave him alone. Indeed I have had no spirits for gaiety for many weeks past," and tears filled the eyes of Beatrice as she thought of her absent child.

"I could make a remark, but perhaps I ought not," said Lady Julia; "and yet as it is not my own, but one I heard made by Lord Stepney, I see no reason to withhold it. (How prettily you blush at mention of his name). He met Sir Claude a few evenings ago at Sir Hugh Goring's, and on seeing him in the gay waltz with Lady Stormont —"

"Sir Claude waltzing with Lady Stormont! I am convinced that it is untrue!" interrupted Beatrice, vehemently.

"Perdoni, signora, è vero," retorted Lady Julia, "for on the occasion he said, 'that were he blessed with the young and lovely wife possessed by Sir Claude, he would not leave her to watch alone over her child, while he amused himself by flirting with every other woman.' But I vow I am making you look sad when I came purposely to amuse you," added Lady Julia, rising and running over to the piano forte, where she sat down and commenced playing a beautiful gallopade, which she had seen Beatrice dance with Sir Claude at Norwood Abbey.

"Oh, do not play that, it recalls such melancholy reflections!" exclaimed Beatrice, pressing her hand quickly over her eyes. "Dear kind Sir George, I fancy I see him now looking so delightedly at us. Ah! those were very happy days, Lady Julia!"

"More so than the present, cara?" inquired Lady Julia, carelessly running her fingers over the keys.

"More exempt from care, certainly," rejoined Beatrice, with a sigh; "and yet I would not return to them, or be without my darling children, (anxious though they make me), for worlds."

Coffee was now brought in, and while Lady Julia sipped it, she exerted herself to amuse Beatrice so successfully, that when the hour came to say "good

night," she cordially returned the fond pressure of her hand, and the kiss bestowed on her cheek, expressing her regret that they could meet so seldom. After she was gone, Beatrice took up the book she had been reading before her entrance to proceed in it, but soon found that the light conversation she had indulged in with her fashionable friend rendered it dry and distasteful, and she left it to return to her instrument, suiting her present humour by singing a melancholy little air, which had of late become a favourite. When she ceased, she leant her forehead against the music book, unheeding the approach of Sir Claude, who had stolen in and laid his hand upon her shoulder before she was aware of his presence. She started round, uttering an exclamation of pleased surprise.

"Those were sad strains you were singing, love," he said, drawing her tenderly towards him.

"How can they be gay when you are absent?" replied Beatrice, smiling. "I had no idea it was so late."

"Then your evening must have passed pleasantly in that case?"

"Lady Julia Russel kindly came to beguile an hour or two with me," said Beatrice, colouring.

"Lady Julia Russel! I could have wished you a safer companion. You did not invite her, I hope?"

"Certainly not; yet was I glad to see her, for these solitary evenings are unsuited to me, Claude."

"Then why spend them? surely it is by your own choice. All the world are at Lady Stormont's soirée. I looked in there for half an hour, almost expecting to meet you."

"You did?" said Beatrice, biting her lip. "Perhaps you waltzed with her charming ladyship to console yourself for your disappointment."

Sir Claude looked intently at her, as she uttered this half angrily, and then smiled:

"Lady Julia has been amusing you with tales out of school, has she?" he said, throwing himself on a sofa. "Poor Beatrice, you must come out again to take care of me, you perceive."

The indignation of Beatrice increasing with this badinage, she retorted:

"Then it really was true—after refusing me so often. I owe you many thanks for your gallantry, Sir Claude."

"But Lady Stormont asked me: how then could I say nay?" he rejoined, laughing at her childish anger.

"What a bold creature. I wish her husband were worth flirting with, how I would annoy her; I should have liked to hear her presume to ask you, indeed."

"Why, what would you have done? Boxed her ears, as you once did mine, do you remember that?" and he drew her by his side on the sofa, as he said this, while Beatrice, instantly forgetting her anger in the recollection he had called up, laid her face

upon his bosom to conceal her smiles, wishing in that moment of brief happiness, that she had never withheld her confidence from one so well beloved.

Daily letters were received by Beatrice at this time from Norwood, with accounts of her child's health, which Lady Brereton informed her did not rally in proportion to their sanguine hopes. He had suffered no return of the convulsions since his arrival, but seemed to pine in unison with his twin brother for his society. The physician who attended him said that he had never met with but one instance before, where such extraordinary sensibility had been displayed by children of their age, and he strongly advised their no longer being kept separate, since there evidently was a mysterious sympathy between them which none might unravel. Beatrice rendered still more uneasy by this intelligence, as well as by the altered appearance of Harry, whose constant fretting had robbed the bloom from his cheeks, went one morning in great perturbation to Sir Claude for advice how to act.

"Proceed without delay to the Abbey," was his prompt answer; "you ought to have done so in the first instance."

"You seem very anxious for my departure," replied Beatrice, wounded more by his manner than his words. "Could I have left you without regret, I had not been here now."

"Pshaw, folly; you must allow wisdom and your duty to guide you in this emergency," said Sir Claude, who, alarmed at the unfavourable account given of his child, spoke rather more hastily than he ought to have done.

This the too sensitive Beatrice attributed to a want of affection for her, and bitterly she upbraided him, unadvisedly repeating many things that Lady Julia had said to her respecting his attentions to Lady Stormont. His eyes flashed indignantly at the charge, which he made no attempt to repel, but telling her that she might act as she pleased, but that his child should be sent with his nurse to the Abbey forthwith. He left the room with a flushed and angry countenance.

A party had been formed to attend the Opera on this very evening, and Beatrice was engaged to join it, but after this little *brouillerie* she could not bear the idea of going into so gay a scene, and she returned to her own room, there to dwell on all her griefs and many causes for anxiety. She now felt sure that she was not beloved with the ardour her warm nature demanded, and who can express the anguish she endured. As the idea strengthened she forgot the repeated provocations she had given to Sir Claude, so trying to the patience and affection of man, or the numberless grave matters upon which his mind was harassed. The first always in her mother's thoughts to the exclusion of all else, she looked for the same devotion from him, and when

she met not this his faith was doubted, and herself made miserable.

A few gentlemen were expected at dinner, but poor Beatrice being unfit, from weeping, to make her appearance, sent down an apology, pleading, in excuse, the indisposition of her child. She indulged a hope that Sir Claude might come to see her before he went out, but knowing him as she now did, it was but a faint one, which died away in despair, when she heard his carriage drive away from the door. She tried to find comfort in the society of her boy, and desired that he might be brought to her, but his wayward humour, and childish impatience, so like her own, rather added to her distress.

"Take him away, nurse; he wearies me with his crying," she said. "Oh? shall I ever know peace again?"

"I trust so, my lady," replied the nurse, taking the child from her arms; "when once the dear babies are together again, all will come right, please God. Sir Claude has ordered me to set out with Master Harry tomorrow morning."

"So soon!" exclaimed Beatrice; "alas, how sternly resolute he is: this night then must I decide what I had better do. God in Heaven guide me," and she sat down as the door closed—then starting wildly up again, she added: "Can there be a doubt? Why should I wish to stay here when my husband desires my absence; where is my pride that I should thus demean myself before him? I will go; I will leave him for weeks, for months, and let him see how well, how happily I can live without him," and she laughed, but there was no joy in its sound.

A message was brought to her at this moment that Lady Julia Russel was in the drawing-room, who wished to speak to her.

"I cannot see her this evening," replied the agitated Beatrice; "and yet," she mentally added, "have I not always found her kind, and ready to enter into my feelings? A friend in an hour like the present is what I most want. Request Lady Julia to come to me in my boudoir," she said aloud to the servant, who, retiring, returned immediately conducting her ladyship.

"My dear Lady Brereton, I am quite concerned to see you thus," she exclaimed, on perceiving the eyes of Beatrice heavy with weeping. "I called at your door on my way to the Opera, merely to enquire whether you were going, and learnt that you were too much indisposé. I hope you have received no ill news about your dear child, pray tell me, for you well know the interest I take in you and yours."

There was at all times a winning softness in the manners of Lady Julia, most pleasing to those, who, guiltless as Beatrice, suspected not that they were but as the golden leaf that covers a baser metal—



they harmonised so entirely with the present feelings of our heroine, that as she returned her embrace, she wept on her shoulder, revealing to her all that had caused the distress she witnessed. Lady Julia listened to her while a sardonic smile curled her lip, when she ceased, she replied :

"You have only confirmed me, my love, in that which I have long, long suspected, that the affections of Sir Claude are not wholly yours—others have remarked his estranged manner as well as I ; nay, do not start and gaze so wildly upon me, but call to remembrance his coldness to you whenever you have been in public together : his disposition, I know, is to conceal his real feelings in the most repelling way, yet would they not sometimes display themselves in a look, a word, a smile ; but no, indifference has always been stamped upon his countenance, and I have often, often wondered at it, particularly when comparing it with the deep, nay, affectionate interest felt for you by others who I might name if I did not fear to offend you ; but Sir Claude has ever been fickle in his attachments, and I have no doubt that Lady Stormont, his present favourite, will give place to some one else soon ; therefore, do not make yourself uneasy about her, *ma chère Beatrice*."

Terrible was the emotion of Beatrice, as Lady Julia proceeded in her cruel and unfounded assertions, yet with these came a rush of fond recollections, which seemed entirely to contradict them.

"You are wrong, Lady Julia ; you must be wrong," she said, with great vehemence. "You have never beheld us in our own quiet home, therefore you can form no idea of what he really is."

"Well, my love, indulge the pleasing delusion ; far be it from my wish to shake your confidence in your husband ; yet, surely facts speak for themselves. Has he not expressed an eager desire that you should leave him ?"

"Yes, for the sake of our children," said Beatrice, pacing the room with agitated steps.

"Admit that, though you ought to be dearer to him than fifty children, and defend his going out this evening, knowing your anxiety, your sorrow, without even attempting to soothe you—is this love such as you feel or merit. No, no. Beatrice, give me credit for my penetration, the heart of Sir Claude has been drawn aside—it is no longer yours."

"Dare not to tell me so !" shrieked Beatrice, springing forward and clinging to Lady Julia's dress. "It is false ! he loves me still. Tell me that he loves me still, and I will bless you ?"

"If you think so, it little matters what I think," returned Lady Julia, perfectly unmoved ; "yet if you would like to assure yourself, come with me to the opera, and observe him closely : he always sits in Lord Stormont's box, and if you find me

wrong in my supposition, heaven knows how sincerely I will share your joy."

Beatrice paused at the proposal, and then resolutely refused compliance with it—she felt too miserable to make the effort ; but Lady Julia, when she marked the hesitation, pressed it upon her, with every argument likely to induce her, until at length she was unfortunately won to consent.

"One thing promise me faithfully, Lady Julia," she said, as she rang for her maid to dress her, should Lord Stepney come to your box, that you will not admit him ? he will know your reason when he sees me there."

"I faithfully promise you, *carissima*," repeated Lady Julia. "We shall be as private as you please, save from the intrusion of my father, who said he would meet me."

"She threw herself on a sofa as she spoke, taking up a book to read until Beatrice was ready. Never had the latter dressed so unwillingly in her life, and heavy were the sighs she breathed as her woman arranged her beautiful ringlets, in silent wonder at her lady's sudden determination to go out, when she appeared so unfit to do so. Her toilette being completed, and with the traces of tears still visible on her pale cheeks, she descended with her treacherous friend to the carriage. Lady Julia never ceasing talking to divert her thoughts, until they arrived at the opera house, where they entered by a private way to Lord Morton's box. Beatrice sat as far back as she could, while Lady Julia drew forward and applied her glass to her eye to look round the house, which was crowded to excess. The opera was Rossini's "Otello," and as Beatrice listened to the beautiful and affecting music, her feelings became wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, the subject too well according with them all—the dark passion of jealousy so fearfully delineated in the Moor of Venice—the mild, patient endurance of the innocent Desdemona—and the fiend-like Iago, severally pourtraying in vivid colours every thought that was corroding her own mind ; but her attention was not suffered to dwell on the stage, for Lady Julia, with a glance of exultation, suddenly turned to her, saying :

"There he is, I protest, sitting with Lady Stormont. Come and watch them, but take care that they do not discover you."

A faint sensation stole over Beatrice, as she moved her chair and gazed through the curtains towards Lord Stormont's box, where she did indeed behold her husband, his elbow resting on the front and his face partly concealed by his hand. He appeared to be taking no part in the conversation around him, but sat silent and absorbed. Immediately opposite to him was Lady Stormont, talking and laughing with another gentleman, standing by her side, and occasionally making a remark to her

lord, who was also present. With what intense interest did Beatrice continue to observe the party, so intense indeed that she heard not the entrance of any one into the box, where she herself was, until addressed by Lord Morton, when to her extreme vexation she perceived that he had not come alone. Who his companion was she knew not, for she quickly turned away avoid their notice, and again rivetted her eyes on her husband. Lady Stormont now touched him on the arm with her fan, whispering something at the same time in his ear, when he raised his head and faintly smiled; but the whole expression of his countenance wore so melancholy an aspect, that the heart of Beatrice became touched with remorse. Suddenly the terrific cry of "Fire! fire!" resounded through the house, followed by awful shrieks. Beatrice wildly clasped her hands together. She had only time to see Lady Stormont fall forward on the bosom of Sir Claude, who starting to his feet, threw his arm round her, when her sight became dim, and she sank to the ground. Some one instantly raised her and carried her out.

"Oh! let me die! let me die here! do not save me!" murmured the unhappy creature, struggling.

"Dearest Lady Brereton, compose yourself, I implore you," replied the voice of Lord Stepney, who supported her. "Lord Morton is on before, let us follow him."

"Ah! Lord Stepney! leave me, I beseech you! Where is Sir Claude? let me go to him!" and she wildly screamed.

"Most beautiful, most injured of women, another than yourself engrosses the protecting arm of your husband," returned Lord Stepney, still impelling her forward: "mine I devote to you. For God's sake, linger not here, for the danger increases with every moment."

He pressed his way with difficulty through the dense crowd, almost carrying the terrified Beatrice, who, but for his support, must have been crushed to death. He endeavoured to keep the tall figure of the earl in view, on whose arm hung Lady Julia, as with Herculean strength he forced a passage to the private entrance, already thronged with affrighted females. From this, after considerable delay, they gained the street, where the vociferated appeals for the earl's carriage rose above the din of oaths, and cries, and lamentations. The night was pitchy dark, with a drizzling rain. Beatrice spoke not, moved not; despair apparently having paralyzed all her powers. She clung helplessly to her companion until the carriage dashed up, when she was carefully lifted into it.

"Take me home! oh! take me home!" she cried, as Lady Julia, followed by the earl and Lord Stepney, entered it after her.

"To Sir Claude Brereton's, Grosvenor-square," ordered Lord Morton, who, when they drove off,

turned towards her, attempting to soothe her distress and alarm.

Lady Julia was too much occupied with self to heed her friend: her dress having been torn in the crowd, her Parisian head dishevelled, her shoes lost, and herself in a high state of nervous tremour, which was increased yet more when on rapidly turning the corner of a street one of the horses fell down. Both gentlemen instantly alighted, while a crowd collected round the carriage.

"Oh giorno infelice! Oh notte sfortunata!" screamed Lady Julia; while poor Beatrice, rendered desperate by the delay, could only wring her hands and weep. When again they proceeded, Lady Julia implored her father to allow her to be set down in Portman-square, alleging that she should expire with the fatigue and terror she was suffering. This occasioned the loss of more time, and to the unfortunate Beatrice every moment appeared an hour. The earl and Lord Stepney would not relinquish their interesting charge; but after depositing Lady Julia at her own home, insisted on escorting Lady Brereton to hers. They had not gone far when, in a very crowded street, the carriage became locked in the wheel of another.

"Evil spirits are abroad this night, most certainly," said the earl, putting his head out of the window, while the angry voices of the coachman struck Beatrice with dismay.

"You are not alarmed Lady Brereton, I trust," said Lord Stepney, observing her deathlike countenance, as the passing lights gleamed upon it; "there is no cause I assure you; only a trial of your patience—grudge me not these only fleeting moments of happiness I may ever enjoy in your sweet society," and he pressed her hand tenderly as he spoke. Beatrice replied not, she scarcely heeded his words, or comprehended their meaning, so lost was she in her own uneasy reflections. She felt indeed that he had been her preserver, and she continued to look to him for that protection which he seemed so willing to afford her, yet great was her relief, her gratitude, when, after all the cruel delays she had endured, they arrived at Grosvenor Square; she scarcely waited to thank her escort for their attentions ere she sprang into the hall, exclaiming eagerly:

"Where is your master, is he yet returned?"

"Sir Claude has been here my lady," replied the footman, as he ushered her up stairs, "but when he heard that your ladyship had gone to the opera with Lady Julia Russell, he went out again immediately."

"How unfortunate," said Beatrice, "desire Rawlins to come to me."

On the entrance of her woman she enquired if she had seen Sir Claude.

"Oh yes, my lady, and he seemed so alarmed when I told him where you were gone that he

scarcely staid a moment to listen to me; but dear me, your ladyship is looking dreadfully ill, you had better not wait up, for it is very late."

"I am indeed far from well," returned Beatrice, shading her eyes with her hands. "Would to Heaven that I had remained at home; but whenever we act against that secret monitor within us, surely shall we be punished for our faults."

She retired to her dressing-room as she said this in an under tone, whither Rawlins followed to undress her: but she refused to go to bed until the return of Sir Claude, desiring her attendant to inform her the moment he came in; she then threw herself down on the couch, and burying her face in the pillows yielded herself up a prey to the most harrowing and miserable reflections that can possibly be imagined.

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

## LINES ON THE "INDIAN TOILET,"

BY CHAPMAN.

[Painting and Poetry have long run a race of amicable opposition. Like the famous contest of Cicero and Roscius concerning expression, it is still doubtful which has borne the palm in the hearts of mankind. It can be no otherwise than gratifying to the Painter to find his works the source of inspiration in others, even if it be deemed the most moon-struck or mundane ever plumed. The following lines are an attempt at a "Picture;" let not Mr. Chapman be disconsolate. Such mangling is Genius ever subject to.]

Deep within the forest shade,  
By a cool brook's verdant side,  
There reclines the Indian maid,  
Gazing down the glassy tide.

Flowers adorn her shining hair  
Graceful o'er her shoulders flung;  
Fragrant flowers of beauty rare,  
Cull'd the farthest groves among.

And the parti-colour'd gem,  
Pendant from each waving tress,  
Forms a sparkling diadem  
To enhance her loveliness.

Beaded scarf, in loosen'd fold,  
Round her beautiful form is seen;  
And one small foot's dainty mould  
Courts the softness of the green.

Happy the romantic girl  
Sits beside that fountain's brim,  
Luring from its quiet whirl  
Her resemblance faint and dim.

Yet, methinks, a pensive beam  
Dares across her brow to stray;  
As when love-lorn maidens dream  
Of the false one far away!

Whence this seeming sorrow's flush?  
Why sits grief a moment there?  
And those sighs that break a hush  
Of the summer's desert air?

Ah! the distant hills in view,  
Can the secret well disclose—  
Echoing still the wild halloo  
Of the hunter as he goes.

There the youthful warrior strays,  
Loud the merry chase to wind;  
While the tall hound blithely bays,  
Far the timid stag behind.

But, at ev'ning's happy hour,  
Homeward shall his footsteps tend,  
And, sweet maiden, in thy bower,  
All thy fears may have an end.

Then thou'lt sigh no more—no more—  
When his tale of love he tells;  
But thou'lt bless the pebbly shore,  
Bless the music of its shells.

H. B. W.

Luna Lodge, Prescott, 1841.

### THE SCRIPTURES.

WHOEVER expects to find in the Scriptures a specific direction for every moral doubt that arises, looks for more than he will meet with. And to what a magnitude such a detail of particular precepts would have enlarged the sacred volume may be partly understood from the following consideration:—The law of this country, including the acts the legislature, and the decisions of our supreme courts of justice, are not contained in fewer than fifty folio volumes; and yet it is not once in ten attempts that you can find the case you look for in any law book whatever; to say nothing of those numerous points of conduct, concerning which the law professes not to prescribe or determine any thing. Had, then, the same particularity which obtains in human laws, so far as they go, been attempted in the Scriptures, throughout the whole extent of morality, it is manifest they would have been by much too bulky to be either read or circulated; or rather, as St. John says, "even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."  
—*Paley's Moral Philosophy.*

### THE MIND.

THE mind, like a bow, is sometimes unbent to preserve its elasticity; and because the bow is useless in a state of remission, we make the same conclusions of the human mind; whereas, the mind is an active principle, and naturally impatient of ease; it may lose indeed its vigour, by being employed too intensely on particular subjects, but recovers itself again, rather by varying its applications, than by continuing inactive.—*The World.*

## BORDER LEGENDS.

BY A MONK OF G— ABBEY.

NO. IV.

## "RECKLESS ROBIN."

*Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.*

## CHAPTER V.

—Th' assieged castle's ward,  
Their steadfast stands, did mightily maintain.  
*Spenser.*

As we should weary the reader, were we to drag him through all the desultory details of this famous siege, we will trespass no further upon his patience, than to give a sort of outline of the principal events that occurred, as contained in the rough notes, from the very minute and circumstantial communication made to us by a real descendant of one of Robin's followers, whose deeds of high daring, according to his account, were only second to those of that reckless and renowned leader himself.

Men were despatched by Colonel Briggs to Kendale, for scaling ladders, and several days elapsed before they arrived; an escalade was then attempted, but failed, with no small loss to the assailants,—and, a few days afterwards, another was made with the same result. Approaches were now commenced in form, traces of which are to be seen to this day, but the besiegers were so harrassed and annoyed by their watchful enemy, that they could only work during the night, and then only when there was no moon, however they managed to complete them so far as to be able in a short time to open their batteries; but their guns, as they feared, proved too light, being only six pounders, and would make no impression on the heavy masonry of the old walls. Despatches were consequently again sent off to Kendale, for heavier ordnance, which was intercepted and taken by that portion of Robin's band which had been repulsed and driven back, by Colonel Briggs, on his arrival at the lake.

A considerable body of men, to be strongly reinforced at Kendale, was, therefore, dispatched for another, but as the mountaineers kept a watchful eye upon them, this movement did not escape their notice, and they accordingly prepared for their return, which they doubted not would be, as the event proved, with a much stronger force, and another gun.

And now commenced a march, which in the annals of mountain warfare is perhaps without a parallel.

The communication between Kendale and Bowness, now a wide and beautiful turnpike road, consisted, at that period, of a narrow rugged path,

winding round the foot of the hills, overshadowed with hedge-rows of heavy timber, or else through precipitous and dangerous passes. Under such circumstances, we need hardly relate how a handful of men should have so harrassed and retarded the progress of four or five times their number; how, to this end, they filled up the road, with rocks rolled down from the hill-sides, or blocked it up by throwing trees across it; nor how Colonel Briggs, wearied in waiting, and fearing the worst, at last set out to meet them, with all his forces, except two sentries for each boat, to guard the island; suffice it to say, that that fatal gun did reach its destruction, but not till the eagle and the raven had preyed upon the unburied corpses of more than half of its original escort.

The little garrison improved the time they were there left in undisturbed possession of the island, in destroying the breast-works of their enemy; cutting down the wood, which sheltered his position; picking up the balls, for their own guns, which had been innocuously fired at their little fortress; laying in an additional stock of fuel, and, above all, in digging a ditch deeper and wider, under the only face of the building where a breach was to be apprehended.

When the enemy reached the island a second time, they had, therefore, to begin their works anew, under more harrassing circumstances than at first; but their resolute determination, instead of being shaken by these repeated disasters, seemed to gather new energy from every failure; until the great gun, stained with the blood of many a brave soldier, was brought to bear upon the doomed little fortress; the first shot from which gave fearful warning of what they might expect, as it knocked two embrasures into one, and was succeeded by a cheer from the assailants, which was heard on the "main," as distinctly as its import was understood.

Fires were seen that night, not on Ambleside-fells, but on almost every other peak, throughout the distant mountains as far as the eye could reach, and men were busily employed, as it afterwards appeared, in constructing rafts and floats, in order to make what they well knew would be a desperate attempt at the rescue of their comrades.

As Reckless Robin and his subaltern were walking backwards and forwards on the heads of the mansion, keeping watch while the men were at their

suppers, their conversation naturally turned upon the signals they were looking at.

"Strange!" said the former, with something of the serious and thoughtful air of his companion, "strange! that all, all, save our head quarters, should thus be lighted up; what *can* it mean?"

"These signals," observed Bowther, "are not for us, but to muster the band, and tomorrow night we may see one on the heights of Ambleside, when we might hope for some diversion in our favour, if we—"

"Well! well!" hastily interrupted the other, "if the brave fellows are not in time to save, they may, at least avenge our fall; but surely we can hold out one day longer?"

"Not an hour," was the instant reply; "half a dozen shots will tumble the old house about our ears; that last one told a terrible tale."

"Then we must cut our way out tonight, seize the boats and be off!" said the reckless leader.

"Or be cut to pieces in the attempt!" rejoined his companion.

"Even so! Better that than be hanged like highwaymen."

A better plan, however, was adopted, and they determined once more to deceive, if possible, their wily adversary; this they conceived would be the more easily effected, as he must now consider them as a defenceless prey within his grasp. From his low position he could not have seen the signals, and if he had, he would hardly have regarded them.

Accordingly, the next morning at daybreak, the besiegers, to their astonishment, beheld a white flag floating on the ramparts;—a parley was demanded and granted, and a treaty for their surrender set on foot, and prolonged by every art the most acute diplomatic subtlety could invent, till near sunset, when the Oliverians, perceiving that they had been trifled with, renewed the attack, and with vigour that before it was quite dark a breach was considered practicable, thus fearfully proving the accuracy of Bowther's opinion, "that the old house could not endure such a bombardment for an hour."

Our hero and his little band were now anxiously looking, as to their last ray of hope, for the expected signal fire, and they were not disappointed, for it suddenly blazed up for a few minutes and then disappeared as if suddenly extinguished lest it should be seen by other eyes than those it was meant to cheer.

That long, long night,—to many a sleepless one, —to many others their last on earth,—became darker as it wasted away. The pale moon had sunk below the horizon. Thick and heavy clouds obscured the sky. The cannonading, which, at long intervals, had waked up the booming echoes of the mountains, had ceased altogether; and all was serenely still, save the slight murmur of the rippling wave as it dashed its tiny spray upon the rocks,

mingled occasionally with the fitful moanings of the night wind, as it rustled through the young foliage of the surrounding forest, rather aiding an anxiously listening ear to catch any other sound, however slight, than rendering it less audible. "They come! they come!" was breathed, in a hurried whisper through the band, and a moment after a loud hurrah announced the long apprehended assault from the enemy with all his force. This was as instantly responded to by a wild and deafening shout from the rear, accompanied by a well directed volley of small arms and a shot from their own fatal gun, which fearfully thinned their ranks. Appalled and panic-stricken as they were, it was sometime before they could be sufficiently rallied, either to repel this new enemy, or to beat back the old one; and when they did succeed they had the mortification of seeing their boats taken away and a few lumbering rafts left in their place.

Robin and his men, on being driven back into their fortress, commenced immediately to repair the breach, and, hopeless and useless as the task appeared, by daylight they had made considerable progress in their work, when, instead of being interrupted with those irresistible messengers from the destructive gun: they were saluted by a shot from the harmless six-pounders, whose echoes mingled with the triumphant cheer from their friends still hovering on the lake, which was instantly returned by their delighted comrades,—*for the great gun was gone!*

Colonel Briggs had now no alternative but to turn the siege into a blockade and starve them out; this he supposed could not require a very long time as they had already been shut up for more than three months without a possibility of obtaining any fresh supplies. He had yet to learn—even yet—that the resources of the men he had to deal with were inexhaustible.

One incident may here be mentioned not only as illustrative to this, but also of the belief which prevailed amongst Robin's superstitious enemies, that he was endowed with supernatural powers, as the name they had given him implied.

Being sorely in want of provisions, and the fish having failed them, (for situated as the mansion was on the very brink of the lake, these supplies could not be intercepted,) his friends on the "main" being aware of his distress, had a large boat well laden with provisions, which they towed out one very dark night to where the wind was direct for the lower end of the island, which, when they had properly trimmed the sails and lashed the helm amidsthips, they set adrift, with a pale dead white flame, such as is produced by salt sprinkled upon burning spirits, faintly burning in the stern sheets. The sentries did not see it till it was upon them when they instantly hailed it, but no answer was returned; they then fired a shot over it, still no answer, then a volley

from the two boats which were closing upon it, but no! On, on it pressed, and seemed to dash the hissing spray from its bows with increased velocity as it sped between the guard-boats, which they had so arranged to ensure its capture; but just as a brawny arm was stretched out on each side to seize the prize, they both shrank back with horror, for at that moment they caught a glimpse of the fearful and ghastly countenance of the man at the helm, who glared upon them with eyes of livid flame, which cast an unearthly and deathlike hue upon the terrified boatman as he laughed and grinned in mockery at their futile attempts to stop or turn him from his course.

The Phantom boat soon reached its destination, when the famishing garrison, guided by the light emitted from the grim visage of its *turnip* lantern, soon had its welcome freight within the walls of the mansion, when a cheer announced to their delighted friends the success of their ingenuity.

As all else that is known of this famous seige, or of the adventures of our hero, are matters of history, we mean written history in contradistinction to traditionary, of which as it justly bears a higher character, we shall freely avail ourselves for the principal materials of our concluding chapter, promising by the way that the strict resemblance they bear to each other in this portion of our narrative, affords some grounds upon which the degree of credit due to the other may be awarded.

"But the spy!" I observed to my old and circumstantial narrator, as it occurred to me that so important a personage had not again been adverted to, and not a little curious to learn his fate, "what became of him?"

"Oh!" he said, with a contempt approaching to disgust, "as to *him*!" laying a peculiar stress upon the last word.

"Whither he went or how he fared,  
Nobody knew and nobody cared."

CHAPTER VI.

All eyes upon the gateway hung,  
When through the gothic arch there sprung  
A horseman armed, at headlong speed—  
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.

• • • • •  
Three bounds that noble courser gave,  
The first has reached the central nave,  
The second cleared the chancel wide,  
The third

*Sir W. Scott.*

In a note upon the above lines, the author says:

This and what follows is taken from a real achievement of Major Robert Philipson, called, from this desperate and adventurous courage, "Robin the Devil," which, as being very inaccurately noticed

in this note upon the first addition, shall be now given in a more authentic form. The chief place of his retreat was not Lord's Island, in Derwentwater, but Curwen's Island, in the Lake of Windermere:

"This island formerly belonged to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the civil wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, served the king. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.

"The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprise, and for his many feats of personal bravery, had obtained, among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of 'Robin the Devil.'

"After the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals. Colonel Briggs, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendale, and, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a justice of peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Philipson was at his brother's house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. How it was conducted, my authority does not inform us. Whether he got together the navigation of the lake and blockaded the the place by sea, or whether he landed and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within, nor of the works without. All we learn is, that Major Philipson endured a seige of eight months with great gallantry, till his brother, the colonel, raised a party and relieved him.

"It was now the major's turn to make reprisals. He put himself, therefore, at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendale. Here, being informed that Colonel Briggs was at prayers (for it was on a Sunday morning), he stationed his men properly in the avenues, and himself, armed, rode directly into the church. It is said he intended to seize the colonel and carry him off; but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the spot, and in the midst of the confusion to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated, for Briggs happened to be elsewhere.

"The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man on horseback make his appearance among them; and the major, taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assaulted as he left the assembly, and

\* Dr. Burns' History of Westmoreland.

being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed.

“ At this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants, and the major killed, with his own hand, the man who seized him, clapped the saddle ungirthed as it was, upon his horse, and vaulting into it, rode full speed through the streets of Kendale, calling his men to follow him, and, with his whole party, made a safe retreat to his asylum on the lake. The action marked the man. Many knew him, and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit, that it could be nobody but ‘ Robin the Devil.’

So grave an historian as Dr. Burns would hardly have admitted into his matter of fact, though very elaborate work, any thing like legendary lore, or he might have supplied from popular tradition, the deficiency here complained of, as from his long residence in almost the immediate neighbourhood of the principal scenes, he can hardly be supposed to have been ignorant either of the particulars of this famous siege, or of many other incidents in the life of this extraordinary man, as they are so carefully preserved in the annals of that wild and pastoral district, as to form, even to this day, the fruitful source of many a winter's evening tale.

According to this authority, Major Robert Philpison was a man of extraordinary muscular powers, although in appearance rather slightly made than otherwise. His eyes, which are particularly described, were very dark, small and penetrating, almost overshadowed by a profusion of thick curly hair of the same hue. Possessed of an equanimity of temper which nothing could ruffle, cheerfulness was the predominant characteristic of his disposition.

Whatever of military tactics he might have learned in his early career, or whatever of gentlemanly manners, might then have adorned and distinguished him, we know not; but long years of privation and suffering, although they could neither tame nor subdue his bold and dauntless spirit, might have assimilated his habits, if not his manners, in no small degree, to those of the simple but brave mountaineers, the worthy descendants of those fierce borderers of former days, who flocked to his standard, however hopeless the cause in which it was unfurled, surrounding at all times as with a panoply of proof, devoted in life and limb, to do his bidding, whether to shoot a stag on Ambleside fells, or Colonel Briggs, in Kendale Church.

All that could be gathered by the most diligent enquiries concerning the subsequent fate of our hero, may be told in few words.

At the restoration he retired, with his happy family, to his house on the lake shore, where, from some unknown cause, probably a pension, he lived for many years in ease, if not in affluent circumstances, surrounded by his faithful and attached fol-

lowers, from whom he received unremitting tokens of respectful attention and affectionate regard.

At length, one bright and balmy summer's evening, the little skiff, in which he was in the constant habit of amusing himself by angling on the lake, was missed at its wonted station, and a whispered rumour of melancholy import threw a dark and sorrowful gloom over the farthest recesses of the mountains, and on the third night afterwards signal fires were seen on every height, and the next morning had hardly dawned, when bands of armed men came pouring down from the fells as in days of yore, but for a far other purpose,—to convey with military honours to his quiet grave, all that remained, but the long and fondly cherished memory of Reckless Robin.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE CONVICT'S WIFE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Pale Matron! I see thee in agony steep  
The pillow on which thy young innocents sleep;  
Their slumbers are tranquil—unbroken their rest,  
They know not the grief which convulses thy breast;  
They mark not the glance of that red-swollen eye,  
Which must weep till the fountain of sorrow is dry;  
They guess not thy thoughts in this moment of  
dread,—

Thou desolate widow! but not of the dead—  
Ah! what are thy feelings whilst bending o'er those  
Who unconsciously smile in their balmy repose;  
The pangs, which thy grief-stricken bosom must  
prove,

Whilst gazing through tears on those pledges of  
love:—

Who murmur in slumber the dear cherished name  
Of that sire who has covered his offspring with  
shame;

Of that husband whom justice has wrenched from  
thy side,

Of the wretch who the laws of his country defied—  
Poor heart-broken mourner!—thy tears faster flow,

Time can bring no oblivion to banish thy woe;

The sorrows of others are softened by years,

Ah, what now remains for thy portion but tears?

Anxieties ceaseless renewed day by day,

While thy heart yearns for one who is ever away—

No hope speeds thy thoughts as they traverse the  
wave,

To the far distant land of the Exile and Slave!

PREJUDICES.

ALL mankind, more or less, labour under error and prejudice: as our conclusions are drawn according to our education, our religious instruction, our association, or the manners and customs of our country, or of the times in which we live.—*Mental Recreations.*

## APRIL-FOOL-DAY.

BY ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

*" Dulce est desipere in loco."*

APRIL, with its smiles and tears, heralds in the beauty of the year. Its breath imparts new vigor to health, and plants fresh roses upon the cheek. The voices of the streams fall upon the ear with soul-subduing melody. The waters of the rivulet, released from the frosty embrace and icy thralldom of grim-visaged Winter, dance and gleam in jocular ripples under the azure sky. The swallows once more float in the air and skim gracefully over the fields and near the reposing lake. The song-birds which sing ere the sun mantles in the east, are "cheerily hymning th'awaken'd morn." Man goes forth from his dwelling with his soul alive to the beauties of Spring and the goodness of its Creator. Nature is aroused from the rigidity of her annual sleep, and, now robed in gladsome smiles, presents herself before the admiring eyes of him *once* created in the image of God.

The first day of the month, as all are, probably, aware, is more especially consecrated to fun and practical jokes. The spirit of Comus is paramount throughout all Christendom. The precocious youth, on this day, shew the cunning and roguery of advanced years. Many a malicious rascal sends a letter to some lovely maid, full of dismal emptiness! Many a frown will be generated thereby, and sundry speeches, perhaps not commendable, will be uttered. Many eyes, not remarkable for powers of vision, will gaze through optical instruments into the heavens, for eagles which are not! Many will stoop to pick up some valuable lost parcel from the walk, and stare on finding it endowed with powers of locomotion. If they be philosophers, and search out "causes," they will find at the end of a string some cunning urchin, with a very grave and parson like countenance. Many such lamentable pranks will be played on this holiday which would not be tolerated on any other. Some luckless elder brother, for instance, will draw his besmeared foot from his boot, wherein have been deposited sundry oval embryos of future chickens: golden yolks will be picturesquely attached to stockings, and smashed shells will embellish the same. Laughs from sisters and brothers will fall upon the ear, sounding louder and louder if he grumble or swear, and the hateful "April-fool," then jars one of the chords of his memory.

Some humorous writer, whose name I have forgotten, or—to speak more critically—never knew—venerated the fulfilment of April-fool-day observances, and, in his Diary, has recorded the proceedings, doings, and so on, which for the gratification of some we here transcribe:

"April 1st.—Opened my eyes at day-break; remembered it was the first of April; determined to be brisk, and as far as I was concerned, that it should be All-Fools'-Day. Woke my wife, after much jogging; told her the nursery maid was knocking at the door, with the infant, very poorly. Chuckled, when I saw her jump out of bed and unbolt the door. "Why, dear Fred, there's nobody here!" Called her an 'April fool,' and laughed like fun. Wife, very indignant and very eloquent, put me in mind of a locomotive letting off extra steam. In the torrent of her passion, she poured the contents of the water-pitcher over me, and thus emptied the vials of her wrath—thought it no joke! Got up. Went down stairs. Sent for Sam the servant. Told him to go to Messrs. Gripe, Rumble, Pinch, Twist & Co., the celebrated chemists, get two pounds and three ozs. of subclavian syncopes and a dwt. of didactics. Looked out of the window after him and almost burst my pantaloons with laughing, when he was hooted from the shop. Sneaked into the kitchen, filled the pepper-caster with gunpowder, and placed a cartridge in the ashes. Ordered cook to keep up a good fire, and have some beef-steak for breakfast. Determined my dear wife should see that other people could *blow up* as well as she. Kept very dark and busy and waited for the row. Cook peppered the steak on the gridiron, and frightened at *fizzigs*, dropped pepper-caster into fire. Both went off—gunpowder and cook—caster into atoms—cook into hysterics. Never ha-hawed so much in my 'born days,' &c. &c. &c.

Leaving this diary, we will remark this is the witching time of the year when lovelorn young men are addicted to "fine writing;"—when they sigh like furnaces, and (if able to write,) indite woeful ballads to some Miss's eyebrow; the time when they quote poetry and babble about "running brooks"—"murmuring streams" and "flowery leas," and prate of music,

"Of cowslips, butter-cups and roses,  
Thyme, with dulcet dew-drops wet,—  
Sage and onion, pink and poses,  
Cauliflowers and mignonette,"

and so forth.

But, before we close, we must broach a mythological fact which it were well to consider: On the first of April, according to classic mythus, Venus arose from the foam of the sea,—Venus, the goddess of love and mistress of the graces. On this day, the Roman matrons performed ablutions under the myrtle, sacred to Venus, and crowning their fair temples with its leaves, offered homage to the goddess whose birthday they had met to celebrate. The marriageable maids repaired to the "Fortuna Virilis" and exposing their personal deformities prayed for power to conceal them from those who



wished to espouse them. This practice, I must say and it pains my gallant spirit to do so, was the bona fide origin of the custom of fool-making, and has been carried to a fearful state of perfection in modern times! Requesting the particular attention of those interested, or likely to be so, to this remarkable fact, I dismiss the subject—very reluctantly as I am forced to admit.

(ORIGINAL).

## MORNING AND EVENING BITTERS.

A MEDLEY.\*

BY ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

“Our bitter hours of pain when gone—  
Gone!—they ne'er go;—when past, they haunt  
us still.”

• • • • •  
“Man's grief is but his grandeur in disguise;  
And discontent is immortality.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

*De omnibus rebus et de quibusdam aliis!*

BITTER are the east wind's blast and the demagogue's reign. Bitter is the pelting storm that maddens the widow and fatherless; bitterer still is the unprovoked cruelty of man. It is bitter to fall from the proud eminence of Virtue; bitter is the gloomy abyss of Vice. It is bitter to taste the first crumbs of poverty; bitter is tough beefsteak! • • • • • It is bitter to leave our father's hearth with a curse. Bitter the mother's gnawing grief and the sister's tearful woe. Bitter are the jockey brother and the sulky daughter; bitterer still is a step-dame's kiss. Bitter is a dun! Bitter, aye bitter, is Vanity's ragged coat! • • • • • “Bitter are hope deferred, and self-reproach and power unrecognized.” Bitter is the remembrance of former innocence. It is bitter to muse on vanished youth; bitter to lose an election or a suit. Bitter are rage suppressed, vengeance unreaked, and the hypocrite's smirk. Bitter is a tax if misapplied; bitter is “duty” if embezzled. Bitter are boxed ears!!!

It is bitter to lose an only child; bitter the stifled sob and the mother's tear. Bitter is a doltish doctor. Bitter are the lonely home and deserted hall. It is bitter to die alone, with unpillowed head—without a mourner! “It is very bitter to be neglected; bitterer to be misunderstood.” It is bitter to shave with cold water and a dull razor! • • • • •

It is bitter to note the grief which we cannot relieve. Bitter is a small pittance for daily toil. It is bitter to hear the winds howl when friends are at sea; it is bitter to hear our relations defamed. It is bitter to lie awake in one's coffin without the means

\* A passage in one of D'ISRAELI'S beautiful romances suggested the idea of this dose of bitters. *Vide* “Young Duke.”

of release. Bitter are the slanderer's slime and the traitor's smile. Bitter are friendship scorned and trust betrayed. It is bitter to lose one's hair or teeth. Bitter is a knock on the pate; but bitterer far are tight boots!!

Bitter are manufactured music and a cat-like voice. Bitter is swipes! Bitter is a lady's sneer. Bitter is the “frsgrance” of the filthy weed; bitter the ribald jest! Bitter are ill manners! Bitter are logwood port and Newark champagne; bitterer far is the unceremonious wind that blows a glossy wig off flaming red hair!!

Bitter is detection. It is bitter to be reminded of our dishonour. Bitter to remember our ingratitude; it is bitter to weep over the grave of an injured friend. Bitter is a tattler! • • • • • It is bitter to be the town's bye-word and laughing-stock of the impertinent. Bitter are conceit and imbecility. Bitter the public hiss and the private sneer. Bitter is deception! Bitter the bad bargain and the losing bet. It is bitter to be lazy or ugly; it is bitter to be a “flat;” bitter is a male bore! Bitter is unrequited love; bitterer far is indifference! Bitter is an unsuccessful pop of the important question!!!

But bitterer far than all of these is the awakening from our dream of wisdom,—from our life's delusion! Then our ignorance and nothingness are bitterer than private scorn or public hate. All behind is blank, empty and dreary! All before is damp—misty and cold!! Our guardian angel leaves us; Fancy weeping flies! Our imagination's pinions droop;—our sun of Hope goes down in a darkened sky, and the murky brow of night shows only phantoms! Our awaking from a happy delusion is frightful, and then, THEN we weep ONCE, and weep tears of agony!!

• • • • • Bitter is the experience of a muscular wife's pounding; bitter is too intimate an acquaintance with the broom-handle. It is bitter to be everlastingly tormented by a scolding—prudish—whimsical.”.....

“And pray, my dear sir,” screamed a fierce-looking lady, brandishing two formidable fists,—“pray tell me, sir, what is not bitter under the canopy of Heaven? Tell me that, sir?”.....

“Lord! my good madam, how should I know?”

## MONEY.

MONEY, being the common scale  
Of things by measure, weight, and tale,  
In all th' affairs of church and state,  
'Tis both the balance and the weight;  
Money is the sov'reign power,  
That all mankind falls down before:  
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all,  
That man divine and sacred call;  
For what's the worth of any thing,  
But so much money as 'twill bring?

HUDIBRAS-

## THE FIRST DEBT.

A TALE OF EVERY DAY.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

## CHAPTER I.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practice to deceive.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

“DEAR SOPHIA! do think what you are about?” said Alice Linhope, drawing her sister into the recesses of the be-ribboned and be-flounced bay window of a dashing milliner, who had lately opened a small shop in the little town of B—, and whose display of fashions, newly imported from the metropolis, had turned the heads of the youthful belles of the place. “You cannot afford to buy that expensive hat; this neat genteel-looking straw bonnet would suit you much better.”

The village beauty threw back her head disdainfully, and her red pouting lips curled into a contemptuous smile, as she replied:

“It might suit you, Alice; but I will not wear any thing so ugly and unbecoming.”

“Sophia, you cannot buy the hat: you have not the money to pay for it; and it would grieve mamma exceedingly if you were so imprudent as to contract a debt.”

“Nonsense, Alice! It would only be for a few days. You know that we shall either hear from my uncle Richard, or see my cousin Arthur, within a week, and he always sends us more pocket money than would pay for the hat. Three guineas, indeed! a mighty sum to make such a fuss about.”

“If you have not the money to pay for the hat,” said Alice, “it little matters whether the sum you require be three guineas or thirty guineas, the principles on which you act are the same. Take my advice, Sophia, leave the shop, get out of the way of temptation, and think no more about this piece of coveted finery, until you can bring the money in your hand.”

“And let some other person purchase the hat?”

“Why not? the milliner can make another like it.”

“And I should lose the pleasure of being the first to set the fashion in B—?”

“A small loss that,” said Alice. “For my own part I should not like to buy a pattern hat which had been exhibited to all the ladies of the place, and had been tried on to a score of heads at least. We both look very foolish. Let us go home and discuss the matter with mamma.”

“Will you permit me, Miss Sophia, to send home the hat?” said the milliner, who had been obse-

queously displaying her collection of finery to a party of ladies, whom she had just curtsied out.

“You will never suit yourself with a cheaper or more becoming article. I get all my fashions from Bond-street, and I assure you that this is the last mode from Paris.” The wary milliner, perceiving that Sophia Linhope wavered between pride and duty, seconded her appeal to the young lady’s taste, by carelessly placing the disputed article upon the graceful head of the beautiful girl; and by a movement equally dexterous, suddenly turned her round, and displayed her fine form and face in a large mirror that hung opposite. “Well, I declare I never saw any one look more charmingly. Dear! what a complexion Miss Sophia has. I do not wonder at her turning the heads of all the beaux of B—. Its a thousand pities, with such a face, that she should ever wear a shabby bonnet. Miss Linhope,” she continued, turning to Alice, and affecting an intense stare of admiration, “does not your sister look delightfully in that hat?”

“I think Sophy looks every thing but well in it,” was Alice Linhope’s laconic reply.

“You cannot be in earnest, Miss Linhope? None but an elder sister could be blind to such beauty. Miss Sophy and I will not allow you to be any judge of such matters.”

“Perhaps not, Mrs. Lawrence; but I never was more sincere in my life. Such expensive hats may suit ladies of rank and fortune, but they do not become the daughters of a curate’s widow.”

“Oh, to be sure: you know your own circumstances best,” returned the woman of caps and frills, with a supercilious smile. “The carpenter’s daughters, over the way, gave me an order for pelisses last week, which cost them five pounds each, and it would be a strange thing if young ladies could not afford to dress as well as them.”

“Take off the hat, dear Sophy,” said Alice, paying no attention to the insulting speech of the low-bred woman; “your own simple cottage bonnet is far more becoming. Without the whole of your dress corresponds with your hat, it would give you an immodest and presuaining air.”

“A what!” said Sophy, turning angrily from the glass, in which she was busily adjusting the huge French puffs, into which she had with difficulty succeeded in torturing her hair. “You do not presume to say that I look immodestly?”

“In that vulgar hat,” said Alice, calmly. “In

your cottage bonnet, you look a lady; in the other, a pretender. I do not know my sister in that monstrous canopy of silk and gauze, which displays without improving the face it ought to shade."

Sophia's pride was deeply wounded: she took off the hat and pushed it from her; but her eyes still rested upon the coveted article, with a mingled expression of admiration and disappointment. Alice endeavoured to break the spell by drawing her from the spot. The quick eye of the milliner detected the movement, and with the low cunning so common to persons of her profession, she determined to frustrate her intention, and induce the young lady to buy the hat, on which she expected to realize an enormous profit. Addressing herself to Sophia, whilst she intended her speech as an answer to Miss Linhope's attack upon the use and becomingness of the article in dispute, in which she felt her dignity, as the manufacturer, greatly insulted, she said, with an affected smile:

"If I were a young lady and a lovely woman, like Miss Sophia Linhope, no sister should dictate to me what fashions I should wear. I would please myself, and dress in what I thought most becoming."

"Oh, I never mind what Alice says," returned Sophy, making an attempt to laugh off her chagrin; "we all know her antediluvian notions. I never care, Mrs. Lawrence, for what women say of me. I do not dress to please them. You may send home the hat: I will call and pay for it in a few days."

"Oh, do not mention it, Miss Sophia: I wish it were twice the sum. Your own convenience will suit me. And what about the pelisse to suit your hat?"

Alice cast a hasty look at her sister, her countenance expressive of alarm and anxiety.

"I will call upon you in a few days," said Sophia, and we can then decide upon the colour. Come, Alice, I am ready."

"Mrs. Lawrence," said Alice, shaking off her fit of abstraction, "I have still to pay you for the gloves and ribbon I purchased of you."

"A mere trifle, ma'am, which you can settle at any time. Pray let it stand till your sister pays for her hat."

"I don't know when that will be," said Alice, putting down the money. "I will thank you for a receipt."

With a contemptuous shrug, Mrs. Lawrence pocketed the money.

"I am not in the habit," she said, with a sneer, "of giving receipts for such small sums. The ladies who deal with me never require it. If all the customers who come to my rooms for a few yards of ribbon were to make the same request we should have nothing else to do."

"It may be an old-fashioned custom," said Alice, carefully depositing the vilely scrawled slip of paper in her reticule, "but it is a safe one, and prevents

all unpleasant mistakes. Good afternoon, Mrs. Lawrence."

"Good morning, ma'am," said the milliner, carefully marking the difference between five o'clock in the country and the same hour in town. Then turning to her assistants, she said, with a contemptuous smile: "That foolish vain girl had better have followed her sister's advice. I dare say I shall never get paid for the hat, but I let her have it on purpose to spite her shy puritanical-looking sister, who, by-the-bye, if she were well dressed would be the handsomest of the two."

Sophy did not hear what the milliner said. She thought that her beauty had made a very favourable impression, and that the woman despised Alice for her meanness. Thus the world ever deceives those who have not sense enough to discriminate between respect and flattery.

"Alice!" said Sophia, as they walked slowly up the street; "how could you be so ridiculous as to ask such a respectable woman as Mrs. Lawrence for a receipt; she must have thought that you entertained doubts of her honesty."

"She would not have been far wrong. An honest person never objects to giving a receipt. I do not like Mrs. Lawrence. Her manners are forward and insulting, and I felt very little inducement to trust to her honour. It would have been well for you, Sophy, if you had always used the same precaution; in which case you would have been spared the mortification of paying Mrs. Arkwright for your cloak twice."

"I would rather incur the loss twice over than appear mean and illiberal."

"But can you afford it?"

This was an unanswerable argument, and the girls continued their walk some time in silence. Like most people who have done wrong, yet wish to convince themselves that they are in the right, Sophia was in a very ill humour, and as is often the case, endeavoured to dissipate her own self reproaches by quarrelling with her sister. She was angry with herself too—but it was not that species of self-consideration which leads to moral improvement; which, convincing us of the folly of our conduct, makes us anxious to amend it. Her present feelings were the result of pride, and she was just in that frame of mind, in which petulant persons anticipate the reproaches of another, and try in brief skirmishes of angry words to disburthen themselves of their own unpleasant reflections, and to excite in others the same disagreeable feelings, as an excuse for their own. She wanted Alice to scold her for her late imprudent conduct, and felt doubly irritated by her provoking silence. Aware of her sister's failing Alice gave her no opportunity of using her hostile weapons. She knew that her late act of imprudence would bring upon her a severe punishment, and she forbore making any remark upon the subject, feel-

ing assured that in her present humour advice or remonstrance would prove alike ineffectual.

Finding there was no prospect of a quarrel, Sophia contented herself with muttering some unintelligible animadversions upon her sister's conduct, and commenced a mental review of her genteel, but scanty wardrobe. She at length broke the painful silence by suddenly exclaiming, as if totally unconscious of her sister's presence: "I have not a single dress that will match my beautiful new hat. I wish with all my heart I had never bought it!"

The eyes of Alice Linhope brightened. This declaration was just what she wanted to hear, and she turned to the beautiful and erring girl with a lively and affectionate air.

"It is not too late to retract the order. Let us go back and tell Mrs. Lawrence that you have changed your mind."

"It will look so silly—no—I cannot do it."

"Never sacrifice your integrity for a look. You looked far sillier, dear Sophia, when you ordered an article you could not pay for. If you are ashamed of doing your duty, I am not ashamed of doing it for you. I will take upon myself the unpleasant part of the business and countermand the order; she will only attribute it to my antediluvian notions."

"You are very good, Alice," said Sophy, pausing, undecided how to act; but before the important question could be settled to the satisfaction of either party, Sir Philip Ogilvie's carriage drove past. His only daughter and heiress was dressed in a hat similar to the one Sophia had just ordered. Miss Ogilvie was a handsome fashionable girl, and looked as well in her new hat as any well bred woman could look.

"How beautifully Amelia Ogilvie looks in that elegant hat!" exclaimed Sophia, forgetting in a moment all her half-formed resolutions; "and it is exactly like mine. Stay, Alice! I must! I will have the hat! You know I want a bonnet badly. This one I have on is so deplorably shabby, I look a perfect fright in it."

"That old despised bonnet," said Alice, with a sigh, "is far more becoming to you than the new one can ever be. It shades a modest—and what is far better, an honest face."

"I should hope these good qualities do not belong to my old bonnet," said Sophia, striving to laugh. "You do not suspect me of harbouring any dishonest propensities, that you lay such a peculiar stress upon that word. I have often been told by the gentlemen," she continued, in a livelier tone, "that I steal hearts. I hope you do not consider that a crime deserving a capital punishment."

"I would rather wit one good heart fairly and openly," said Alice, "than reign a queen over a thousand involuntary subjects. But this is straying from the subject I had nearest my heart. How, dearest Sophy, can you be strictly honest when you

wish to make an appearance which you cannot afford, and to dress in fine clothes which you cannot pay for?"

"Other young people, far below us in rank, exceed us in dress. How do they procure their smart clothes?"

"In the same way that you did your new hat."

"Really, Alice, you view this matter in too serious a light," said Sophia, colouring. "I will not submit to be lectured by you in this manner, though you are my elder sister."

"Dear Sophia, what I said was meant for your good. Do you imagine that the circumstance of my being your elder sister makes me feel less interest in your welfare? What is the great difference in our ages—two years. Have we not slept in the same cradle—drank from the same cup—learned from the same books, and should we not be one in heart and purpose? Oh, Sophy, how little you understand me, if you think me capable of exercising a tyrannical influence over you." In spite of all her fortitude, tears filled the blue eyes of the high-minded Alice, as she continued: "If you persist in your late foolish bargain you will have reason to repent it as long as you live. Consider the matter calmly over before you resign your peace of mind for the possession of a toy, which must make you appear little in your own eyes. Let me go to Mrs. Lawrence and beg her not to send up the hat?"

"You may spare yourself the trouble, Alice; I will have the hat!"

"Sophy, I wish you could be persuaded."

"Hush!" said her sister, "here is Roland Marsham."

The gentleman who joined them was a person of singular manners and appearance—not handsome, but possessing a smart and dashy exterior. His fine tall figure was set off to the best advantage in a naval uniform, and he had the frank courtesy and manly bearing peculiar to a sailor. After exchanging the compliments of the day he attached himself to Alice, and continued walking by her side for some time in silence; at length he said to her, in a low and reproachful tone:

"Miss Linhope, you have quite deserted us of late?"

"I have been very much engaged," said Alice, in a faint voice, whilst a deep blush overspread her generally colourless cheeks.

"Too much engaged to remember old friends?"

"I never forget my friends, sir."

"I am glad to hear you say so: I hope you consider us as such. My poor grandfather misses you much. He has no one to read to him, now you have discontinued your visits of mercy."

"Has he not you?"

"Me—I hate reading—I cannot read aloud—I would rather hear the burst of a whole broadside of artillery than read for ten minutes to a blind, cross

old man. It requires the patience of an angel—such an angel as Alice Linhope.”

“Roland Marsham, do you wish us to remain friends?”

“How can you imagine aught to the contrary?”

“Do not insult me by flattery.”

“It was the farthest from my thoughts. My mother pines for your company. She says that you used to read aloud for two hours every day to my grandfather whilst I was at sea, but you never come near us since my return.”

“I did not think my presence was necessary,” said Alice; “supposing, as I did, that you would supply my place.”

“I cannot command my thoughts,” said the young officer. “They will wander back to you. If you were present I might get on better. Oh, do come and make us all happy?”

“I will be sincere with you, Roland Marsham; I cannot come, whilst you continue to address me in this strain! Drop this subject, or I must forsake you altogether, and for your grandfather’s sake, I should be sorry to do that.”

“Oh, why not for mine?”

“It cannot be—how long do you remain on shore.”

“The sooner I go the better,” said the officer, “since my presence frightens you away.”

“And your poor mother.”

“Will soon be reconciled to my absence.”

“How can you speak so coldly of a mother’s love; for the sake of indulging a foolish whim, can you consent to give pain to a bosom whose affections are all centred in you?”

“The fault is not mine,” said the young man, with a deep sigh; “before I saw Alice Linhope, I was a dutiful son.”

“Forget me, Roland, and return to your duty.”

“When the small thread of life shall be severed in twain,

And death receives orders to take it;

When the soul of the brave can no longer remain

In the hull of a British blue jacket,”

sang the young sailor in a rich deep voice, a little broken by the strong emotion which shook his breast.

“You have lost your voice, Lieutenant Marsham,” said Sophia, who had been too much engaged in thinking of her hat, to take any notice of the conversation:

“My heart you mean, Miss Sophia.”

“Perhaps you may find it on the road,” said Sophia, laughing, “you and Alice are looking so sentimental.”

“Do not turn a subject so distressing to my feelings into a joke,” said Alice. “Let us say no more about it; will you not walk in, Mr. Marsham,

and speak to mamma?” she continued, opening the little gate which led into the garden.

“Not tonight; make my compliments to the ladies. Miss Linhope, my mother is sick, will you not come and see her tomorrow?”

“Sick!” said Alice. “Ah, why did you not tell me this before?”

I was afraid it might alarm you; she is indeed very ill, and wishes much to see you.”

“I will step up after tea,” said Alice.

“Will you allow me the pleasure of accompanying you?” asked her companion eagerly.

“No,” said Alice, “I would prefer walking alone.”

“Cruel girl!” murmured the young man, “you seem to take a pleasure in tormenting me.”

“God forbid!” said Alice, hurrying into the house. “I cannot love him, why does he persecute me thus?”

## CHAPTER II.

IN the parlour, the sisters found a gentleman in earnest conversation with their mother. He was handsome and young, with a most winning expression; and the girls rightly concluded that in the stranger they beheld their long expected cousin, Arthur Fleming.

Of this cousin they had heard much from their infancy; though, until this moment, they had never before met. He was the only son of their mother’s only brother, a wealthy merchant, who had been settled for many years in Rotterdam; and having no brother of their own, or any other male relative besides Mr. Fleming and his son, they both entertained the most lively feelings of affection and regard for these unknown friends, to whom they were bound by ties of gratitude as well as kindred. The girls had corresponded for some years with their good uncle, and the old gentleman had hinted, at various times, to their mother, in his letters, that he should send his son to England, as Rebecca did Jacob to Padan Aram, to choose a wife in his own land, and from among the daughters of his father’s house. These intimations had given rise to many sanguine expectations in the breast of the prudent mother, as to the probability of one of her girls becoming Mrs. Fleming. Arthur had been reported to her as an excellent and dutiful son; and a young man of high principles could scarcely fail in making a good husband. In the old lady’s fertile imagination, the fortune of one of her girls was already made; none had been more captivated with the character that Mr. Fleming had drawn of his son than Alice. He was the hero of all those airy castles which young people will build, and fill with imaginary forms of beauty and excellence. She had drawn such pictures of domestic happiness united to such a man, that in moments of youthful enthusiasm she had wished her favourite day-dream

true. Sophia was not less sanguine; but it was not the moral worth of Arthur Fleming that excited her admiration, but his wealth. The situation he was likely to fill in England, and the consequence that such a match would give her in the eyes of the ladies of B—. She made no doubt that her great personal attractions would effect the conquest of his heart, and she determined to leave no art untried to accomplish this purpose. Her rich cousin was at length before her. At a glance all her hopes were realized. He was handsome and intelligent, and though dressed with quakerlike simplicity, he looked the gentleman from top to toe.

Alice greeted her cousin with the frankness and cordiality of an old friend. Sophia timidly returned the pressure of his hand, and shrunk blushing away. Arthur followed her graceful figure with admiration, and a novice to the little wiles of woman-kind, mistook that for extreme bashfulness, which was only done for effect. "Ah," thought he, "what an interesting and lovely girl. If the charms of her mind at all correspond with the elegance of her person, my choice of a wife is already made." From these reveries he was roused by Mrs. Linhope enquiring of her daughters if they had bought new bonnets."

"I made no purchase, mamma," said Alice; "Mrs. Lawrence had no hats that pleased me. but I have bought a new ribbon which will make my old bonnet look as good as new."

"Always prudent Alice," said her mother, "what did my little Sophy buy?"

"Oh, such an elegant, fashionable hat, mamma, so cheap, and so delightfully becoming. It is exactly like Miss Ogilvie's, and she looks so well in it; but Alice says, that I look immodestly in mine. She said it too, before Mrs. Lawrence, and a room full of people. It would make me very unhappy if I thought I could look immodestly."

Arthur cast a reproachful look at Alice, whose meek countenance expressed no angry emotion at her sister's false statement, while Fleming approaching the offended beauty, said in an affectionate manner. "My dear cousin, your sister could not have been in earnest. It is impossible for you to look immodestly in any hat."

Alice would not defend herself from this unjust charge, lest by so doing she should make her sister appear less amiable, and without uttering a word, she withdrew to her own chamber, and gave vent to her wounded feelings in a burst of tears.

"Alice is always too severe upon her sister," said Mrs. Linhope, as the door closed upon her eldest daughter. Her lectures are meant for Sophy's good, but they are too rigorously enforced; she hates the present extravagant style of dress, and expects Sophy to do the same. However, Alice is a good girl, and bestows in charity what she spares from dress."

Arthur turned to his aunt with an air of interest, but the question which rose to his lips was interrupted by the entrance of the tea equipage.

We will leave the inhabitants of the cottage to take tea at their leisure, while we solicit the patience of our readers until we give that generally dull, though absolutely necessary portion of every tale, whether simple, natural, or romantic, viz, the family history.

The Reverend George Linhope, the father of the two girls so abruptly introduced to our readers, died about two years before the period at which our tale commences. This circumstance had deprived his wife and children, who depended upon his exertions, in the double capacity of curate and school-master, of all means of support. The interest of a friend obtained for them Queen Ann's bounty, a pension of fifty pounds per annum, settled by that benevolent queen on the widows of poor clergymen. This was but a scanty pittance, and for some time the bereaved family struggled with great poverty and were taught in the bitter school of adversity many trying things.

Their father, an excellent and conscientious man, had been a child of misfortune from his birth. He was the only son of one of those unfortunate and misguided Irish gentlemen, who paid the forfeit of their political creed with their lives. His father died upon the scaffold, and left no other heritage to his infant son than a name blackened by the foul stain of treason. His mother did not long survive her husband, and a distant relation taking pity upon the orphan, adopted him as his son, and brought him to England, where he was educated as his own. This humane man, who was an old bachelor, carefully concealed from the boy, who was of a thoughtful and melancholy temperament, the name of his father, and the nature of the crime for which he suffered death. George was lonely from his childhood, an isolated being in the world, a stranger among his kind. His early reminiscences were hallowed by no kindred ties; besides his generous protector there was no other being with whom he could claim affinity, and when other boys talked of their family connexions, George envied his light-hearted companions, and would say with a bitter sigh:

"Oh, how sweet it must be to have a mother—how I wish I had a mother."

This craving for kindred companionship left a void in his young heart, which the hopes and fears and sports of childhood could never fill up. The boy was grave and studious beyond his years, and his mind early took a decided religious bias, which predilection induced his guardian to bring him up for the church. The circumstance which gave rise to this choice, though exceedingly simple, is not unworthy of notice.

One night, as Mrs. Morris, his guardian's house-

keeper, was putting the little George and her own son, who was about a year older, to bed, William Morris shewed George a plaything his father had bought for him, exclaiming with the vivacity of a happy and indulged child:

"Look, George! father gave me this pretty horse—oh, how I love him!—he is always giving me pretty things."

George burst into tears, and the good natured matron, grieved to see the affliction of the child, kissed his white brow, and said in soothing accents:

"Do not cry, George, I will buy you a nice horse tomorrow."

"I did not cry for a horse, nurse," said the sobbing boy.

"For what then, George?"

"A father," whispered the child, hiding his face upon her shoulder, and weeping afresh.

"You have a father, my son—God is the father of the fatherless, and if you are a good boy, you will be his child."

The good woman then endeavoured, in her simple way, to explain to the attentive and delighted child, the relationship which existed between him and his Heavenly Father. George listened to his worthy nurse in a sort of extacy—a light appeared to dawn upon his youthful mind, and the love of God pervaded, and filled his heart with an intense desire to become acquainted with those sublime truths, which formed the comfort and happiness of after years. The next day, the melancholy child appeared before his guardian with such a cheerful aspect, and performed his tasks with such diligence, that it did not escape his observation.

"George," he said, "what makes you so happy today?"

"Because, sir, I have found a father,"

"And who is this father?"

"God, sir!" replied the child, looking up with a solemn but serene countenance; "nurse tells me, that if I am good, I shall go to him when I die. Oh, teach me to be good, that I may go to my father!"

Not a little touched by this pathetic appeal, which produced a great change in his own character and conduct, his guardian determined to cherish these religious impressions, and in endeavouring to make a Christian of his adopted son, he became one himself. This simple event marked the future course of George Linhope's life—all the energies of his mind were directed to the attainment of one object, to become a worthy minister of the Gospel of Christ.

On entering into holy orders, George Linhope's earnest desire was to become a missionary—but in this he was prevented by the delicate state of his health, and he thankfully accepted a small curacy near Liverpool. It was here that he became acquainted with Mr. Fleming and his family, a

wealthy merchant, who possessed considerable influence in the town. The Flemings had sense enough to appreciate the talents and amiable qualities of the young curate, and he became domesticated in their hospitable circle, the chosen friend of Richard Fleming, and the accepted lover of his pretty and accomplished sister.

During the first six years of their marriage, all things combined to bless and increase the happiness of the youthful pair. Mrs. Linhope had married the man she loved, and his want of fortune was more than compensated by his many virtues. These ensured her that domestic felicity, which riches alone could never bestow. She had not formed a splendid alliance; but she had chosen a good man, and weighing comfort against luxury, she found the scale preponderate on her side. Her fortune, added to her husband's curacy, enabled them, with prudent management, to maintain a genteel establishment, and mingle with the best society. Nor were their poor parishioners forgotten—they enjoyed the luxury of relieving their necessities, instructing them in health, and administering to their comfort in sickness. Oh, what a blessed thing it is to feel, that life has not been bestowed upon us in vain—that we have been instrumental in the hands of Providence in relieving the wants and sufferings of our fellow creatures. But no happiness is without alloy, and Mrs. Linhope had yet to experience the fallacy of all human hopes.

Early in the spring the measles and scarlet fever appeared in the town, which soon became the theatre of contagion. Mrs. Linhope became greatly alarmed for the safety of her family, which consisted of three fine promising boys. The anxious young mother was for immediately hurrying her children from the scene of infection. Her mother and nurse declared that they could not have these unpleasant complaints at a better age, and strongly advised her to let them take their chance with the infant population of the town. The curate, whose parental feelings were not less acute than his wife's, warmly seconded their advice, and thought it best to leave the event to Providence. Before, however, the council of matrons had come to a decision, the infant was attacked by the dreadful evil. The fond mother nursed him with the most devoted care; yet the poor babe became daily worse, and finally expired in her arms. The tumult of anxiety which had shaken Mrs. Linhope's frame, while watching beside the bed of her child, brought on an attack of the same dangerous fever, and long before she recovered a recollection of the grief which had nearly deprived her of life, the grave had closed over her two remaining children.

This was the severest trial the curate had ever known. He bore his domestic calamities with the fortitude of a Christian; he felt the blow as a father and a man. What a consolation was religion to a

mind like his in an hour like this. It was his painful duty to watch by the sick bed of his afflicted wife; to overcome his own heart-felt sorrow, in order to administer comfort to her; to divert her mind from dwelling upon the son she had lost, when he knew himself childless; and never did he feel more forcibly the insufficiency of all earthly hopes than in that bitter moment.

We cannot dwell upon the mother's grief: she wept for her sore bereavement as one without hope. Like Rachel, her children were not; and she refused to be comforted. Years rolled on; but no smiling infant supplied her loss, or filled up the blank in her heart. The devoted attachment of her excellent partner, and the tender solicitude of her friends, could not remove the despondency which hung like a cloud upon her mind, obscuring her intellectual faculties, and depriving her of all spiritual consolation. Solomon has said, "there is a time to mourn." Mrs. Linhope affixed no definite period to this time: her sorrow appeared as if it would only terminate with her life.

One beautiful summer evening the poor mourner had taken her accustomed walk to the churchyard, to visit the grave of her children, and overcome by a thousand sad reflections, she sunk upon her knees, and burst into a passion of tears.

"My boys! my boys!" exclaimed the weeping mother, "I call to you, but you do not answer me. No voice comes up from the silent grave to comfort the heart of your desolate mother!"

"Anne! dearest Anne!" said Linhope, who had followed her unobserved to the churchyard, "it is not from the grave that the voice must come which must speak peace to your heart. Seek for it in the blessed word of God, and your labour will not be in vain. You weep for the dead—that will teach you to rejoice with the living—to wait with patient hope for the restoration of all things."

Mrs. Linhope still continued to weep, and taking her hand, the curate resumed his discourse:

"Supposing a man of large fortune had offered to bring up one of your sons, and to leave him a fine estate at his death, and you knew that his benefactor was a good man, and that the child would be treated with greater kindness than he possibly could receive at our hands,—how would you have acted?"

"It would have been painful to part with the child," said Mrs. Linhope, "but under such circumstances, it would have been an act of duty."

"Then why continue to grieve for the loss of our dear children? Your sons have received a better inheritance at the hands of their Maker than ever they could have obtained from an earthly benefactor. You weep that they are forever exempt from the sins and sorrows of humanity: you weep that they were accepted without trial, and were found worthy to join those blessed spirits who constantly stand before the throne of God; yes, Anne, you

weep that your sons are angels in Heaven! Oh, think of your monstrous ingratitude, and dry these unavailing tears."

Mrs. Linhope silently obeyed, and they returned to the house together; nor from that hour did she again, in the presence of her husband, give way to the excessive indulgence of grief.

Her brother, Richard Fleming, had for many years been in partnership with his father, and possessing a restless and enterprising disposition, he persuaded Mr. Fleming to embark a large part of his property in several great mercantile speculations then afloat. The old man was not fond of this hazardous method of realizing a fortune, but Richard was his only son, and he yielded at length, though rather unwillingly, to his entreaties. For awhile they were very successful, and continued to realize wealth beyond their most sanguine expectations. Like too many speculators, not contented with a fortune already made, Richard ventured a still higher stake, in which he won over Mrs. Linhope to unite, promising her golden returns for the small property she risked. The failure of a great house in London with which they were connected, frustrated all these brilliant schemes, and involved the poor Linhopes in their common ruin.

Mr. Fleming's health had been for some time declining, and the announcement of his name in the gazette hastened his passage to the tomb, leaving his distressed widow and his son without provision for the future. The former accepted with gratitude an asylum offered her by the Linhopes, whose loss, though small when compared with hers, was not less their all.

Unbaffled by his late disappointment, the energetic mind of the younger Fleming rose superior to distress. The loss of his sister's property affected him more deeply than his own, and he determined that no exertion on his part should be wanting to restore those comforts, of which, by his rash speculations, she had been deprived.

"This heavy reverse," he said, "had given him experience. He already found himself a wiser and a better man, and he resolved to overcome his present misfortunes by vigorously meeting them. The world was before him. Patience and industry would soon enable him to regain the wealth he had lost. The curate regarded the young merchant with feelings of admiration and respect, as folding his mother and sister in a parting embrace, he declared himself still rich in their love, and with only twenty guineas in his pocket, he bade adieu to his native shores, and embarked for Holland. He arrived at Rotterdam in safety, obtained the situation of head clerk in the compting-house of an old friend and correspondent of his father's, and for many years all communication, save by letters, ceased between Richard Fleming and his family.

Shortly after these domestic troubles, Linhope



was offered the curacy of B—, and as the emoluments arising from it were better than those which he at present enjoyed, he immediately closed with the offer, glad to remove from a spot in which they had known so much of grief. It was with deep regret that Mrs. Linhope consented to leave her native place, to sojourn in a distant part of England among strangers. The imperative call of duty, however, was felt and obeyed; but she often turned her tearful eyes to take a last look of the peaceful home they were leaving forever. No murmur of regret rose to the lips of her aged mother. Weary of the world and all its fleeting vanities, Mrs. Fleming no longer suffered its ills to trouble her. Confidence in the mercy of her Redeemer had dispersed the dark clouds which had gathered so heavily over the evening of her days. The blue heaven of hope shone serenely above her, and she reflected on the wealth she had lost with the calm indifference of one whose treasure is in the skies.

They had not been many months in B— before all parties were reconciled to the change, and the birth of Alice, which happened within the twelvemonth, obliterated from the mind of the delighted mother all her past sorrows. The young child grew and prospered, and the glance of long passed happiness shed its enlivening influence round the curate's fireside. Two years after Sophia was added to his domestic circle, and her great beauty and vivacity excited the admiration of all beholders; and induced her too indulgent mother to humour her in all her infant whims and caprices.

The girls were yet in their infancy, when a serious accident deprived their worthy father of more than half his income, and left them for years to struggle with the chilling grasp of poverty. One dark and wintry evening as Mr. Linhope was returning through a narrow lane from a visit to a dying man, he was alarmed by the sound of a waggon advancing at a furious rate, and as he rightly conjectured, without a driver. The high trees which overshadowed the narrow path, rendered the darkness which surrounded him more intense, and while endeavouring to climb the bank, in order to avoid the horses, he stumbled over the projecting roof of a tree and fell across the road, and the heavy vehicle passed over his body. Fortunately the waggon was empty, but the poor curate received an injury to which broken limbs would have been, comparatively speaking, a mercy. He was discovered a few minutes after the accident took place, by the owner of the waggon, whose team had started from the public house at the end of the lane, whilst the driver was refreshing himself with a drink of ale. Mr. Linhope was conveyed in an insensible state to his home. Medical aid was called in, but the skill of the surgeon could only alleviate without removing the injury he had sustained. The crush of the wheels had so materially hurt the spine, that for many years he was unable either

to walk or sit upright, and was wholly confined to a recumbent posture, which forced him to relinquish his ministerial duties, and support his family by educating six young gentlemen for college. Thus was the pious clergyman enabled to overcome his bodily sufferings, and administer to the necessities of those dear to him.

(To be continued.)

## THE SNOW DROP.

BY MISS HELEN MATHEWS.

A SNOW-FLAKE fell from the summer sky,  
As though it had burst its chain,  
Where it lies enthralled in the realms on high  
Until winter appears again.

It chanced to fall in a garden fair,  
Where every flowret grew,  
Watched by a guardian angel's care,  
Who bathed them all in dew;

It rested near a blooming rose,  
That shed its fragrance round,  
Folding its leaves in soft repose  
To a fountain's silver sound.

The angel smiled on its resting there,  
And thus addressed the snow:—  
"What dost thou here, fair child of air,  
While the summer sunbeams glow?"

The snow-flake said, "Thy flowers have died,  
"From the scorching sun on high;  
"And, when above, I have often sighed  
"To see their colours fly.

"Then I vowed to visit the earth, and give  
"New life to each rosy flower,  
"Bidding each drooping blossom live  
"To deck the angel's bower."

As the snow-flake spake, the flowers that lay  
All withering on the ground,  
Bloomed with the blush of a new-born day,  
And brightness reigned around.

Then the angel said, "If thou'lt stay with me,  
"Sweet pitying spirit of air,  
"A beauteous form I'll give to thee,  
"Than all these flowers more fair."

Waving her hand, there rose to view,  
In the place where the snow-flake came,  
A pure white flower, fresh crowned with dew;  
And the SNOW-DROP is its name.

### THINKING.

THINKING is the least exerted privilege of cultivated humanity.—*Evans' Sketch.*

## SKETCHES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

*Continued from our last Number.*

## CHAPTER III.

THE reader has already been made partially acquainted with the history of Albert and Emily Dartmouth. What more need be said of them here can be expressed in a few words. Born of wealthy parents, they had neither of them been accustomed to depend upon their exertions for a livelihood. But, in addition to a sound education, they had been taught all that is requisite to make the one a good and useful citizen, and the other a virtuous and shining ornament of her sex. Albert was now about twenty, and Emily a couple of years younger. Albert was tall and slenderly built, but possessed a keen black eye, and an intelligent, expressive countenance. They loved each other with a fervent and confiding love, which their orphan state and destitute circumstances tended to heighten.

It was, therefore, with melancholy sighings after the society of old and well-*tried* friends and acquaintances, and no little distrust in their own abilities, that they thought of undertaking to conduct a high school in the village of G—. At the same time they felt that this was the only means in their power of enabling them to gain a respectable livelihood, without being dependant upon their only friends—the good and generous Bartels—for a support. Consequently they proposed to undertake the school; and, after undergoing the necessary examination before the select men of the village, they were recommended as well qualified for the task.

Preparations were immediately made for a large number of scholars, which it was calculated the character of the school would draw to it, for the purpose of acquiring a more thorough education than the common elementary schools of the country had been in the habit of giving.

In less than a fortnight every thing was made ready, and the two orphans entered upon the duties of their new situation with heavy hearts. They applied themselves, however, with diligent and singular ability to forward the interests of the school, and with admirable success, for in a very short time their fame spread abroad—every mouth was full of their praise, and the school went on under the most flattering auspices.

Amongst their warmest supporters was James Pestley. He entered warmly into the arrangements for the establishment of the school. He lost no time in making the intimate acquaintance of Albert Dartmouth, to whom he was profuse in his offers of assistance, and whom he endeavoured to persuade no one could be more devoted to his interests than he was. Improving every opportunity to be in his

company, both at home and abroad, he took unwearied pains to acquaint him with every particular regarding the village, its history, society, trade, and prospective advantages; not forgetting all the while to hold up to view, in the most conspicuous light, his own acts, and artfully insinuating that Chauncey Bantwick was not just such a person as would be likely to promote his interests, or who was worthy of his private friendship, and darkly hinting that his sister would do well not to listen to any tender advances he might be disposed to make her, as there were more than *one* young lady he knew of, who should be nameless, but who, if they were consulted, could “tell a tale of woe” that the fair Emily would shudder to hear. All these dark insinuations were told with an air of friendship, and so ingeniously wrought into the common course of conversation, that, although they avoided any direct allegation, they were explicit enough to convey to the mind of Albert that Chauncey Bantwick was that sort of a man, from whom female virtue and modesty should recoil with horror.

Pestley's sole object in all this was to forward his suit with Emily Dartmouth. For he had good reason to fear that for him to attempt to sue for her hand, on fair and honourable grounds, with Chauncey Bantwick, would be to result in his own discomfiture and his rival's success. He therefore resolved on adopting bold measures to obtain his end—to destroy Chauncey's character with the Dartmouths, and while the deception should last, to drive his suit for Emily's hand with all possible dispatch; and he hoped that on the strength of his great exertions to advance their interests, he might succeed in gaining his point without much difficulty.

His intimacy with Albert gave him frequent opportunities of seeing Emily; but at first he artfully confined his conversation to topics which generally had more or less bearing upon the business of the school. By this means also he was enabled to further his designs against his rival, by insinuating to her what he had done to her brother, and by the anxiety he always manifested for her welfare—his protestations of friendship—and his bland and assiduous conduct towards her on all occasions, he completely succeeded in this part of his object.

In the mean time, Mr. Bantwick, unsuspecting of the foul means resorted to by his partner to blast his reputation in order to advance his interests with the Dartmouths, had also been active in his endeavours to establish the school. He improved every opportunity to set forth the orphan state of the teachers, and their character for amiability and

capacity. Through his influence many pupils were brought from a distance, and it was mainly through his exertions that the prosperity of the school became permanently established.

In this way did he readily benefit the Dartmouths, though unknown to them—his nobleness of soul, unlike that of the arch Pestley, preventing him from sounding his own good deeds in their faces, and making false declarations of friendship, which were to consist for a time in mere words, until the accomplishment of some sinister views, and then evaporate like the morning mist before a burning sun.

He, however, made several attempts to cultivate the friendship of Albert Dartmouth; and his love for Emily prompted him to address her whenever he met her; but he was surprised at being received by them both with cold and distant formality. At length, perceiving that his presence gave them uneasiness, he discontinued his visits altogether. This conduct on their part gave him great distress, and it pained him still more to observe that Pestley was at all times received with warmth and friendship, and that all their movements appeared to be influenced by his advice.

It happened about this time, that Chauncey was obliged to go to town with Mr. Cotts, to purchase goods. Pestley seized upon the occasion to blacken, still deeper, his rival's character, in the minds of the Dartmouths, and he began now, under favour of the great services he had rendered them, to break gradually, though cautiously, to Emily, the matter nearest his heart.

When Chauncey returned from his journey, he discovered from unequivocal signs, that matters were grown no better, but rather worse with him; and he gave himself up to gloomy anticipations. He made no efforts to renew his acquaintance with the Dartmouths; and, whenever they happened to meet in the street, (for they met no where else), a formal nod of the head was all the recognition rendered on either hand, and the unhappy man abandoned in despair, all idea of ever gaining the hand and heart of Emily Dartmouth; still he felt that without her, life would be, to him, but an aching void; so deeply had his affections already been rivetted upon her.

In the meantime, James Pestley was delighted with the favorable operation of his plan. He flattered himself that he had not only forever prevented Bantwick from becoming an accepted lover of Emily's, but that he had made considerable progress towards gaining her heart to himself, and in order to carry on his operations in greater security, he concealed his conduct from his intended victim, under the most marked good feeling, and Chauncey was surprised to find him so cheerful and friendly, when, from their relative situations, he expected different feelings from him.

Chauncey's despondency increased from day to day, so that he found it difficult to keep his mind at all upon business, and in order to hide his melancholy from the notice of his friends, he sought solitude, frequently indulging in long walks along the sequestered banks of the lake, and in the thick foliage of the adjoining woods. He neglected his dress; suffered his beard to grow to a great length; and became greatly altered in his personal appearance.

One evening, whilst on one of these solitary rambles, he chanced, in turning a sharp angle of a cove of bushes, to encounter Calista Bartel and Emily Dartmouth, who were enjoying an evening walk. He was so deeply engaged with his own gloomy reflections, that he did not discover them, until Calista exclaimed, as she quickly extended her hand to shake his: "Why, Mr. Bantwick, where have you been this long while that you have not called to see us?" then starting back in alarm as she observed his dejected appearance, she continued, "Mercy on us! what has happened to you; you look ill, Chauncey. Say, what has happened?"

Emily Dartmouth, at first sight of Chauncey, started back half frightened, and gently pulling Calista's arm, whispered in her ear to return; but Miss Bartel stood firm, and looked with astonishment at Mr. Bantwick; who, at her exclamation of surprise and alarm, had suddenly stopped and was looking her mournfully in the face. A tear started to his eye, and he was about to answer, when casting a glance upon Emily, and observing her evident desire to be gone, he suddenly arrested his speech; and turning aside, said with a faltering voice as he bowed low, and then walked rapidly away, "I beg pardon ladies, for this interruption to your walk. I did not expect to have met either friends or enemies here tonight, or I should not have intruded my presence in this place."

There was a peculiar emphasis placed upon the words "friends" and "enemies," which made Calista suspect all was not right; and when she saw Chauncey leave them so abruptly, and hurry from their sight, she remarked to Emily "that there must be something the matter with him, for she never before had seen him appear so odd."

"Indeed, Calista," said Emily, after watching Chauncey's retreating figure until it receded from view. "I am surprised you should take so much interest in that young man?"

"How so, Emily?"

"Why I should think that no young lady, who valued her reputation much, would be so eager to shake hands with a man of Mr. Bantwick's character."

"Indeed, Miss Dartmouth, I do not understand you!" said Calista, colouring, and looking hard into her companion's face for an explanation.

“Can you be ignorant then that Mr. Bantwick is — is —”

“Is what?” ejaculated Calista, wondering; and impatient to know what Emily would say.

Surprised at the warmth of Calista's manner, Emily still hesitated to speak what was on her mind, but at length she said:

“Why I am told he has many bad faults, but I should judge from your manner that you must be entirely ignorant of them.”

“Believe me, Emily, you have been wrongly informed. I have known Mr. Bantwick for more than ten years; and I can truly say, a more exemplary young man, or a better companion, I never knew,” returned Calista, earnestly.

“Has he never been in love?” timidly enquired Emily.

“Not that I ever knew or heard of,” replied Calista, smiling.

“And do you say that he never has paid his addresses to any young lady in any manner within your knowledge?” continued Emily, looking into Calista's face with an earnestness that startled her.

“No! But why all these questions, Miss Dartmouth? Surely you must have been grossly deceived by some designing person,” replied Calista, her curiosity becoming greatly excited.

“I will explain to you another time,” said Emily, then looking searchingly into Calista's face as if to read her inmost thoughts, she added. “Upon your word of honour, Calista, is what you have told me the truth?”

“Most certainly it is, my dear Emily. Do you think I would lie to you? least of all in this instance, wherein I have not the least motive for uttering a falsehood? No! Emily, you may rely upon what I tell you as a fact,” replied Calista, with animation.

Miss Dartmouth's countenance brightened up; and drawing a long breath as if relieved of a heavy burthen, she said: “I am satisfied, I know, my dear Calista, that you at least have no motive for deceiving me; and I feel that I can rely upon you as a friend in all cases: and be assured what you have told me tonight has relieved me of a great deal of unhappiness. I promise you shall know all soon. It is now getting late, so let us go home,” and the two ladies, locking arms, bent their steps towards the house.

Miss Dartmouth went immediately to her brother's apartment, intending to reveal to him the discoveries she had made. But upon entering whom should she behold but Pestley in deep conversation with Albert. She would have retired, but Pestley observing her intention, arose from his seat, and flying to her side, exclaimed, as he seized her hand to lead her to a chair: “My dear madam, you will not leave us? We have been awaiting your return for some time: we have a small matter on the tapis upon which we

desire your opinion;” and putting on one of his blandest smiles, he, in the politest manner possible, led her to a chair and seated himself beside her; whilst Albert, taking advantage of the manoeuvre, left the room to the young couple.

Miss Dartmouth's late exercise had given to her face an animated flush; which was now heightened to a deep crimson by the marked attentions of a man whom she had never regarded in any other light than as a common friend, but whom she now looked upon as an object of disgust. As she threw off her bonnet and shawl, her hair fell in loose curls on a neck and shoulders of snowy whiteness; and at this moment she appeared more beautiful and interesting to her enamoured lover than he had ever before seen her. “How happy,” thought he, “must that man be who can call such charms his own!” But, unfortunately for him, there were feelings at that moment at work in the breast of Emily, which indicated that those charms never could be *his*.

As she sat in her chair she searchingly eyed him from head to foot; and whilst his deformed person underwent the strictest mental examination, she thought how much more deformed and base must be the mind it contained, which could resort to such unmanly means to gain her affections. She turned over in her mind all the circumstances of his pretended friendship: how he had succeeded in persuading her and her brother to cast off Bantwick, whose engaging person and manly bearing appeared at that moment in striking and agreeable contrast to that of Pestley; and how, under pretence of forwarding their interests and welfare, he had artfully insinuated his intention to apply for her hand. As she thought of all this she absolutely loathed his presence. How unlucky, therefore, was Mr. Pestley, to have pitched upon this very time for explicitly declaring his love, and demanding the fair hand of Miss Dartmouth in marriage. He had been conversing with her brother during her absence, and had laid open to him all his hymenial schemes, and gained his consent to “pop the question.”

Possessing none of the timidity of character of Chauncey Bantwick, and urged on by his violent passion, he, after a few moments of thought, opened his business, and, without any circumlocution of language, came right to the point.

“My dear Emily,” said he, drawing his chair nearer hers and attempting to take her hand, but which she prevented by withdrawing it from his reach, “I can no longer refrain from openly declaring my love for you. This is my object here tonight, and this is the matter upon which I am impatient to get your opinion. I shall be miserable until I hear from your sweet lips what my fate is to be. Speak, dearest Emily, will you make me forever happy, by consenting to become my wife?”

This passionate appeal again brought the crimson

blood into the face of Miss Dartmouth, and when Pestley had concluded, she arose, and in all her native ease and dignity of manner, replied, as her keen eye sparkled with indignation :

“ Sir ! I can no longer patiently bear with the protestations of a man who has basely deceived me ! a man who, under the garb of friendship, has stooped to villify the character of an innocent person ! What may have been your ultimate designs in all this, sir, I shall not pretend to inquire—it matters not, since I have been enabled to find you out before you completely succeeded in your object. I beg you will trouble me no more with your hollow professions, put reserve them for some person who may possess tastes and dispositions more congenial with your own. Good night.” Saying these words, she turned on her heel, and walked out of the room, leaving Pestley,—who had, during the delivery of her speech, risen to his feet,—petrified with astonishment, and fixed to the spot.

Pestley saw at once that his well-laid schemes were frustrated—the possibility of gaining the hand of his captivator forever crushed—and all his dreams of bliss dashed to the earth at a blow.

The violence of his character, overcoming the soft impulses of love, suddenly burst forth in invoking a torrent of curses and imprecations on the head of her who, but a moment before, he would have given all he possessed to call his. He stamped on the floor in the greatest rage, and called loudly upon Emily to return ; but receiving no answer, he seized his hat, and rushed out of the house, swearing vengeance on all its inmates.

He flew directly to Joshua’s chamber, and rushing in, without ceremony, he threw his hat down on the table, and tearing open his coat and vest, as if to give vent to his laboring and almost stifling breath, he again broke out into the most violent language and gestures. He paced the room backwards and forwards with rapid strides, calling down curses on the head of Miss Dartmouth and all her friends, in such a manner that Mr. Cotts, although familiar with his violent temperament, for a while looked on in silent astonishment.

At length, however, after recovering a little from his first shock of surprise, he exclaimed, as he laid hold of Pestley’s shoulder and endeavoured to calm him. “ For God’s sake ! what is the matter now Pestley ? I say,” shaking him, “ stop ! you are beside yourself.”

“ Let me alone, Cotts, I have been insulted, degraded ! yes, degraded ! and by whom, do you think ?” continued Pestley, as he suddenly stopped in the middle of the floor, and sternly looked Joshua in the face, the fire sparkling from his excited eyeballs, his nostrills alternately dilating and compressing with the violence of his emotion, and his whole countenance expressing the most bitter hatred and contempt. “ By that despicable orphan girl ! whom

I have foolishly laboured to keep from absolute beggary, and to whom I have been weak enough to make an offer of my heart and hand ! and would you believe, Cotts ? the ungrateful creature has rejected my honourable proposals. Yes ! she has literally spurned me from her presence, as though I were a dog, or a reptile ! By Heavens, Cotts, she shall repent of this. The day will come, when she will be glad to purchase my forbearance from persecuting her to overwhelming ruin, by prostrating her proud self in the very dust at my feet, and begging for mercy, as she has, this day, prostrated all my fondest hopes of happiness to the earth,” and the enraged man broke away from Joshua’s grasp, and continued frantically to stamp and rave, up and down the room, until nature becoming fairly exhausted, he sank into a chair gasping for breath.

“ Well, well !” exclaimed Joshua, when Pestley was at length silent, “ this is a pretty mess of fish you have got yourself into. Didn’t I warn you of it, James ? But it is no more than I expected ; there never can be one of your *pic-nic* ladies won, without just so much fuss. I knew from the beginning, that you would have to give up to Chance ; for, you know, he is a right lady-man, he has the sentiment, the feeling, the devil may know what, which is always sure to take with your sentimental girls. But you are destitute of these, Pestley. Besides, who do you expect is going to fall in love with your one arm, your lockjaw, and your halting gait, to say nothing of other equally prominent qualities ? No, no, James, you must look for a wife amongst those who regard riches and their concomitants, more than personal attractions ; and, by the way, I have one in my eye who will make you a good wife ; and, besides, bring you a handsome dowry in addition to her personal charms ; which is worth all the unmeaning sentimentalism you can produce.”

Joshua saw that he had aroused his partner’s attention by these remarks, and assuming a more earnest manner, he continued, “ I consider this a fortunate occurrence for us both ; it will enable us to work together for our mutual advantage ; and, now hearken to my advice James, let alone Miss Dartmouth, and go to work like a sensible man—court up Miss Norvel, marry her, she will bring you a cool thousand ; which is no small matter these days ; settle down, and be steady. Let Chance, if he will, throw himself away on a poor unknown girl, I should like nothing better ; he will find that beauty will not compensate for wealth ; and when the honey moon is over, he will look back with regret on the good offers he has slighted. His love will turn to hatred, disagreement and unhappiness will follow, then look out for breakers.”

As Joshua continued, Pestley’s attention seemed to be more and more fixed. He bent forward and eagerly devoured every word that was uttered, a

dark smile played upon his coarse feature, a new light seemed to have burst upon him; no longer was he moved by the soft impulses of love,—gold was now the ruling passion, and already he enjoyed, in anticipation, the advantages that would accrue to him, from the accession of fortune which was to fall to him with the person of Miss Norvel: Joshua proceeded:

“I will marry the widow Comstock. Then, with the united means thus gained by these advantageous connexions, we shall be enabled to pay off old Bantwick, and do without Chance, whom we must get rid of as soon as possible; for his head is fairly turned; and if he marry that girl, he’s done for. Besides,” here Joshua drew his chair nearer that of Pestley, and in a lower tone of voice went on, “besides, between you and me, Pestley, I don’t like Chauncey’s being considered the fairest dealer by our customers. Haven’t you noticed James, that they wont trade with either of us, when he is present, and can wait upon them? This doesn’t look right to me, I’ll assure you; we must work the card so as to cure this business,” concluded Joshua with a mysterious shake of the head, and looking stedfastly at his partner, awaiting his opinion.

Pestley replied, “dear Cotts, I am delighted with your plans, you could not have hit my mind better. As it respects my marrying Miss Norvel, I shall make no objections, seeing the money she will bring with her. But as for loving her, that’s out of the question, I’ve no longer love for any female living; that passion will forever remain dormant; but let that pass! What you have noticed about Chance, has not escaped my observation, I have, for some time, felt that we must separate, our dispositions are not alike. He is too generous and open hearted for a trader; besides, after having been rejected by the woman whom he will undoubtedly make his wife, if let alone, I cannot do business with him. So, I agree with you, that we must get rid of him as soon as possible, and I must further stipulate, that I am to have your assistance in bringing about my revenge on that wretch! that——!! for I swear, I’ll never rest, until I am amply repaid for the wrongs she had done me; do you consent?” concluded Pestley, again awaking into passion, at the thoughts of the rejection of his suit.

“Why, as to that matter,” replied Joshua, “as our interests appear to be about the same, I see no reason why we may not safely pull at the same string. But, I must insist upon your not engaging in such measures, for it behooves us to work warily.”

“Let me alone for that,” said Pestley, knowingly shaking his head; “and, as we now understand each other, let’s to our work,” and the two friends shaking hands as if to seal their covenant, took leave of each other for the night.

## CHAPTER IV.

IT was all very true what Chauncey Bantwick’s partners had said of him in regard to the partiality of their customers for him, as related in the preceding chapter. He had indeed stolen their hearts. His warm feelings, open, frank and honest dealings had engaged their affections. They loved him for his good qualities, as much as they hated Pestley and Cotts for their cold, calculating and overbearing dispositions. They were, therefore, ever ready to speak well of Chauncey, and do him any little favour, when they would not lift a finger for either of his partners. In a word, Chauncey was a favourite. Cotts had seen this, and he foresaw to what it would lead if not checked in season; and he had long been studying what method to hit upon to destroy Bantwick’s popularity and build up his own on its ruins, when the incidents just related furnished him good grounds to work upon, and happily ensure him the undivided support and concurrence of Pestley. Henceforth, therefore, the interests of this worthy couple became one and the same—they thought, spoke and acted in unison—their ultimate aim being to acquire wealth at all hazards; and in the prosecution of this object to make no bones of removing every obstacle, of whatever nature, that might oppose itself to their designs. As a necessary consequence the ruin of Chauncey Bantwick and the involving of Miss Dartmouth in the same vortex was determined on. But, as Joshua had said, it was necessary they should proceed with great circumspection. They, therefore, shaped their measures so as to appear in Mr. Bantwick’s eyes the same friends as ever; and they succeeded in carrying on their secret operations without eliciting the least suspicion but that all was right.

Albert Dartmouth, who had heard Pestley’s violent language when he left the house, hastened to Emily’s room and demanded the reason of her strange conduct; for he at once guessed the cause of Pestley’s anger to be a rejection of his suit. Emily, when she had sufficiently recovered from her agitation to enable her to relate a straight story acquainted him with what Calista had told her in regard to Bantwick’s character, and then set forth, in lively colours, Pestley’s unmanly conduct; and concluded by saying, “that were his personal attractions ever so great, (and she was sure he could not boast much on this head) she could not consent to receive his attentions a moment after she had found him guilty of such baseness.”

Albert felt that she was right, but still he could not but feel sorry that she had been so hasty in rejecting the suit of a man, who, from the influence he was able to command over their affairs, had it in his power to injure them greatly; and from whose vindictive disposition they could expect no mercy.

Emily noticed his embarrassment, and becoming alarmed lest she had gone too far, said:

"Dear brother, I have done wrong?"

"I have been thinking, Emily, that the course you have taken will give us trouble: but upon the whole, I cannot blame you. Indeed it is better we should suffer the consequences of Pestley's rage than allow ourselves to be participators in his villainy. Our blessed parents ever taught us to pursue the path of rectitude in all circumstances, let the consequences be what they might; and, I know of no better course to pursue in this instance. Let us do right, and trust in God for protection."

"My dear brother," said Emily brightening up, and wiping a starting tear from her eye; "you make me happy by coinciding with my view of the case. We shall, I am sure, be borne out in doing right by the respectable portion of this village. At all events, let us do our duty and hope for the best."

"And, Emily, I think one of our first duties is to make due reparation to Mr. Bantwick for the injury we have ignorantly done him. Indeed it is strange how Pestley succeeded in blinding our eyes so as to induce us to refuse his offers of friendship and assistance, for he certainly always appeared like a gentlemanly, highminded young man; and I even now recollect having heard him well spoken of by many of his customers whilst casually overhearing their conversation. But really I placed so much confidence in what Pestley told me, that I could not believe him anything but an unprincipled man for all that. But now our eyes are opened to the truth, we ought to apologise."

If there had been lookers-on present they might have detected a modest blush on the smiling countenance of Miss Dartmouth, at hearing this pleasant announcement; but although she felt very anxious to second her brother's proposition, she merely, and in as unconcerned a manner as she could command, gave her consent as a matter of course. This business being settled Emily embraced her brother and hastened to Calista's room to acquaint her with what had transpired; as well as to explain to her the motives of her questions concerning Bantwick.

"Why, Emily," cried Calista, as she entered the room, "I did not expect to see you again tonight: what has brought you here so late?"

"Don't be alarmed, Calista, I only want a few words of conversation with you before I sleep. You know I promised you an explanation?"

"Well, I am impatient to hear it," said Calista, putting herself into an attitude.

Emily then went on to state the course Pestley had been pursuing, and how he had succeeded in turning her and Albert against Mr. Bantwick; and wound up with a full detail of her last interview with Pestley.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Calista, when Emily had finished her relation, "that James Pestley has resorted to such dishonourable measures to gain your hand? That is what I should not have dreamt

of; but one does not know what the heart of man is made of until it has been tried; and it seems Pestley's does not stand the test honourably. Heigh day! what will not love prompt one to do. But I am so thankful, Emily, that you have found him out—and how he stormed, poor fellow! when he found himself foiled. Ah! ah!" and Calista enjoyed a hearty laugh.

"Don't carry on so, dear Calista," said Emily, seriously. "For my part I feel more like crying than laughing."

"Why! are you sorry you have given him the mitten?"

"No!" rejoined Emily, emphatically. "It is not *that* I am sorry for, I assure you, but it is the dreadful oaths and imprecations he uttered, and his violent manner when he heard my refusal, which gives me uneasiness. I am afraid he will commit some terrible crime to get revenge of me."

"La, do not you mind his threats; you have friends who will rally around you, and protect you from his impotent rage," replied Calista, endeavouring to calm her fears. "But," she continued, changing the conversation, "I am so glad for poor Bantwick—I now see the reason of his strange conduct of late—I could not divine why he should stay away so long; but this news will give him new life, and one bright smile from that face of yours will make him himself again. Shan't I just give him a hint that all's right again?" enquired Calista, roguishly.

"My brother will apologise to Mr. Bantwick," replied Emily, endeavouring to hide another blush which came unbidden to her cheek.

"And you, Emily, do you think you owe Mr. Bantwick no personal apology? I am sure that he will not be satisfied with any '*amende honourable*,' that shall not proceed from your own lips."

"I am certainly ready and willing to make all necessary acknowledgments to one whom I am sensible we have injured."

"Ah! now you speak out, Emily: but tell me, wouldn't you feel a sort of *pleasure* in doing so in this instance?"

"Why, certainly, Calista; one ought always to take pleasure in doing one's duty," replied Emily, with nonchalance.

"Yes: but would not your duty in this particular instance be a very pleasant one?" demanded the persevering Calista.

"Really, Miss Bartel, I cannot divine what you would have me say: you seem as eager to pump me now as I was a short time ago to question you," said Miss Dartmouth, confused.

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed Calista, laughing; "it is my turn now, and I mean to improve my opportunity; and, to come to the point at once, I wish to know, that if in case Mr. Bantwick should just hint—barely hint to you what Mr. Pestley has had the au-

“dacity to declare openly tonight, whether you would be pleased to render him a similar answer,” and Calista, with an arch smile, looked keenly into Miss Dartmouth’s face for an answer.

“Really, Miss Bartel, if you are *determined* to go on in this way you will force me to leave you: so good night,” and Emily darted out of the room, though with a smile on her countenance, and a blush mantling her forehead, which gave a better answer to her tormentor’s enquiries than any words could have done.

The fact was, Emily Dartmouth was herself not far from being in love. Her first meeting with Chauncey produced an impression which was greatly increased by her second interview at the ball. His handsome exterior, modest deportment and manly bearing, did not fail to have their effect upon her young and innocent heart; and it had required a strong effort over her natural feelings to bring herself to deny his visits, after Pestley had succeeded in making her believe that he was an unprincipled man. Now that she had learned the falsity of these representations, and Chauncey’s character again shone out brighter than ever, her former feelings returned with redoubled ardour; and, although she would not acknowledge to herself that she was in love, still it was evident that the tender passion was insensibly stealing over her. At all events, she retired to rest that night full of pleasing anticipations; and withal, impatient to see the day that should bring about a reconciliation.

When Mr. Bantwick arose the next morning after meeting the ladies as before related, and whilst mechanically putting on his clothes, his mind being occupied as usual with his gloomy prospects, a servant entered the room and handed him a letter. Chauncey examined the superscription very attentively for a moment, then broke the seal and read as follows:—  
“DEAR SIR,—Feeling that something is due you from myself and sister, by way of apology for our conduct towards you of late, I hasten to say, that, having been grossly deceived in regard to your character, by a person high in the public esteem, we were led into that course of conduct towards you, which you have no doubt painfully noticed, and for which we now feel the most unfeigned sorrow. Our ardent desire is to renew your acquaintance, if you, after what has happened, can feel free to forgive the injury we have unintentionally done your feelings, and may think us worthy your regard.— Hoping to see you soon, I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

“A. DARTMOUTH.

“Saturday evening, — 179—.”  
Chauncey read this letter over and over again, and weighed well its contents in every point of view. The more he studied, the more he became convinced that some dark intrigue had been going on against him; and that it was through this means that the

Dartmouths had been turned against him. This thought rejoiced him exceedingly, as it showed him that there might yet be a possibility of his gaining the hand of Miss Dartmouth. He therefore banished every other thing from his mind, and with a glad-some heart set about making preparations to comply with the closing part of the letter, “their wish to see him soon.” He shaved off his neglected beard, had his hair dressed in the latest style of fashion, and ordering his best suit of clothes, made his toilette with the nicest care, then sallied forth, with a lightness of step and a buoyancy of spirit, strikingly in contrast with his sad walk and mournful feelings the night before.

Arrived at Mr. Bartel’s, he, with a palpitating heart, knocked lightly at the door. In a moment or two he heard light footsteps tripping softly along the passage way, and his heart beat still more violently when the door opened, and Emily Dartmouth stood before him, in all the morning bloom of virgin beauty and innocence. With an easy grace, she politely invited him into the parlour, and handing him a chair, said:

“My brother is out just now, but he will return immediately. In the mean time you can amuse yourself with this book,” putting into his hand a late annual, “or —.”

“I thank you,” stammered Chauncey, for his bashfulness, and the embarrassment incident, I suppose, to almost all lovers when on the point of making a first declaration of their tender passion to their adored, almost choked his utterance, “I thank you, Emily, I did not—that is— I was not in a hurry to see your brother, nor am I much inclined to read at present.”

Here Mr. Bantwick had to stop and get breath, and Emily, in much confusion, said:

“Perhaps then you would like to walk until Albert returns?”

“By no means, my dear Emily, unless you will favour me with your company,” said Chauncey, a little recovered from his first shock.

Miss Dartmouth made no answer, but cast her eyes to the floor and blushed deeply. Chauncey continued:

“I have just now received a note from your brother, informing me of the cause of my being so coolly received by you of late. You cannot imagine my happiness at finding it was nothing worse that drove me from your presence, since I flatter myself there is yet a hope that I may be allowed to pay my court to so much loveliness and beauty, as no other but yourself possesses, dearest Emily.” As Mr. Bantwick delivered himself of this bold speech, he summoned his courage up to a point which enabled him to draw his chair close beside Emily’s, and to take her hand in his, which, though not withdrawn as it had been from Pestley’s touch on a similar occasion, yet trembled like an aspen leaf,



and through the instinct of sensitive modesty, partially recoiled from his passionate pressure.—Mr. Bantwick continued to hold her hand whilst he went on: “You cannot imagine what pangs I have endured whilst under the ban of your displeasure; and I cannot live longer without hearing from your sweet lips my doom, whether of happiness or misery. Speak, dearest, am I to be happy or miserable?”

Miss Dartmouth, colouring deeply, put her handkerchief to her face with her disengaged hand, in order to hide her emotion; a gentle tear moistened her soft blue eye, as it meltingly fell on Bantwick’s, and a gentle, warm, life-inspiring pressure of the hand that grasped hers, was the only answer returned. And what more rapturous one could man wish for? Who that has ever experienced the like could say they would exchange it for all the words that could be uttered? Chauncey was satisfied—extatic feelings filled his breast, and a thrilling joy pervaded his whole system. He clasped the lovely girl in his arms, imprinted a burning kiss upon her rosy lips, and for a moment the hearts of the youthful lovers throbbed in unison, drowned in all the rapturous emotions of that first and never to be equalled embrace. But it was only for a moment that these wild expressions of love were allowed to gain the mastery over sober reason. Emily, who was the first to feel the peculiarity of their situation, quickly disengaged herself from her lover’s arms, and endeavouring to arrange her head dress, which had suffered a partial destruction in the occurrence, said, with a reproachful look:

“This is going too far, Mr. Bantwick. Indeed you ought to have been satisfied with less.”

“I ask a thousand pardons, dear Emily, but I could not withstand the temptation. And then, you know, I wished to make up for time lost while under banishment from your presence,” said Chauncey, laughing.

“You have my pardon for this time, sir, on condition you acquit me of the wrong I have done you in that disagreeable business?”

“Most freely I do, Emily, and were your crime a thousand times greater than it is, it would be more than wiped away, by one approving smile from that sweet face of yours.”

“Come now, have done with your flattery, Mr. Bantwick.”

“I am ever ready to obey your commands, madam; but I beg to say, you have made me one of the happiest of men today, as you but yesterday made me one of the most miserable.”

At this juncture the door opened, and Albert entered, leading in Calista. They had been enjoying a morning walk, and their smiling, blushing countenances told that it had been one of *éclaircissement*. In a word, they had that morning exchanged their vows of love, and they were full of those happy feelings consequent on such an occasion. No sooner

did they enter the room than the two parties instantly conjectured what had transpired between them respectively. Albert shook Chauncey Bantwick warmly by the hand, and welcomed him to his fire-side; whilst the ladies hid themselves to a window to felicitate each other upon their mutual happiness.

Mr. Bantwick soon took leave, and returned home filled with the most delightful anticipations of future bliss. Scarcely a day passed, after this happy reconciliation, without his spending a portion of his time in Emily’s society; and many were the blissful hours they enjoyed together, rambling in the evening shades, through sequestered groves, and over romantic hills and dales, breathing into each other’s ears the warm and glowing feelings of their youthful love. And perhaps there never were two spirits more congenial in temperament, tastes, and disposition than theirs. The beauty and loveliness of their persons and characters rendered them a couple not often to be met with. Being now open and declared lovers, it was in every one’s mouth that they were soon to be married, and all uttered their heartfelt prayers for their prosperity. Even Pestley, from whom the most bitter opposition was expected, *appeared* to participate in the general rejoicings; and Mr. Bantwick was surprised to find him so kind, so obliging, and so good.

Would that we could end our tale here, before this felicitous state of things should be marred by the crosses and bitter disappointments which the future holds in store; but our duty compels us to proceed now, to recount the secret operations of Pestley and his plotting partner.

We will, therefore, just take the liberty to introduce the reader into Mrs. Norvel’s drawing-room; where, on the afternoon of a pleasant May day, whose date was a short period subsequent to Pestley’s last interview with Emily Dartmouth, were collected a select réunion of choice spirits, at the special invitation of Mrs. Norvel, though at the instance of Pestley and Cotts. The party consisted of those two gentlemen, the widow Comstock, Mr. and Mrs. Norval and their daughter.

The intermediate time between the occurrence of the aforesaid event and this meeting, had been occupied by Pestley and Cotts in putting into a proper train, the secret plans, for the maturing of which, all parties interested were now met in full conclave. A perfect understanding had already been come to, in regard to the contemplated marriages of Pestley with Miss Norvel, and Cotts with the fair widow Comstock. These points had been duly settled by proper course of propositions and acceptances, between those parties respectively; and the sanction of parents and friends had been obtained. The object of this gathering being to arrange as to the manner, the time and place, in which these happy events should be consummated; and more particularly, to come to a general understanding in regard

## THE DEATH OF A SCHOOLBOY.

BY BOZ.

He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprung up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear, kind friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be, heaven knows," said the poor schoolmaster.

"Who is that?" said the boy, seeing Nell. "I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me."

The sobbing child came closer up, took the little languid hand in hers. Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

"You remember the garden, Harry," whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come, my dear, very soon now—wont you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them no, not a sound.

In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick boy, opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green."

He took a handkerchief from his pillow and tried to wave it above his head; but the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head and glanced from the fluttering signal of his idle bat, that lay with slate and book and other boyish property upon a table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward, and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall and fell asleep.

The poor schoolmaster sat in the place, holding the small cold hand in his and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child! He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

to the system of operation it was proposed to be adopted, in order to bring about the objects so much desired by all, viz: the overthrow of Mr. Bantwick, and the revenge on Emily Dartmouth.

The discussion which these last mentioned points elicited, was very animated; and if there were not splendid patriotic speeches, such as would grace a legislative hall, put forth on the occasion, it cannot be denied, that these were rare samples of the ingenuity of invention, and refined specimens of the depravity of human nature, proclaimed both from feminine lips, and manly tongues.

Pestley's impatient nature prompted him to recommend the adoption of open and avowed measures; but he was overruled by the more cool and prudent Cotts, who said truly, that such a course would not only fail to bring about their ultimate designs, but would lead to disastrous consequences. He insisted on the most secret, plausible, and deep-laid measures, as the only means of effectually gaining their points, and at the same time, enabling them to rise unsuspected, and unharmed above the ruin; and to enjoy peaceably the fruits of their victory. Cotts' views were at length fallen in with by the unanimous voice of all present, and after explaining the details of their measures, and designating to each, his or her share of action, and designating the time, place, and means of operation, this noted assembly adjourned its sittings, *sine die*.

Soon after this event, the marriages of Pestley and Cotts were consummated with great pomp and circumstance, and the occasion was made the opportunity of drowning all suspicion of their designs against their intrepid victims, in the most studied kindness and good feeling. Chauncey Bantwick, and his friends, and the Dartmouths, and their friends, were specially invited to be present. Even Emily and Calista were honoured with a particular request to act the part of brides' maids to the fair brides, as also were Chauncey and Albert assigned the honour of performing corresponding services on the part of the bride-grooms. During the whole course of the ceremonies and of the amusements which followed, the most cordial good will and the greatest desire to please, were manifested on the part of the new married people towards Chauncey and the Dartmouths; and they expressed a desire to bury all former misunderstandings in oblivion, and to live in future friendship with all the world. Thus were Chauncey and the Dartmouths lulled into a feeling of perfect security, and led to believe that those, who were actually plotting their ruin, were their greatest friends.

(To be continued.)

A MAN cannot call in a better physician than himself; he will take all the good advice he gives away to others.—Old Humphrey's Observations.

## PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

THE philosophy of the human mind (and this is not the least of its excellences) will fill the soul with charity, and keep the sacred flame always alive, and always bright. His equal and complaisant feelings who understands it, will seldom be interrupted, and but for a moment. The errors of his fellow-mortals will not sever the link which binds him to all of human kind. Willing to sacrifice on the altar of truth all that is dear in life, and life itself, he will deeply lament whatever obstructs his progress, and will exert himself to the utmost of his ability to remove it; but even the grossest and most pernicious errors will excite in his bosom no resentment. He will bear in mind that men's opinions result from circumstances over which they have themselves little or no control: that if they are really and conscientiously believers in any doctrine, they must have such evidence of its truth, as appears to them solid and conclusive; that they cannot believe it without such evidence, and with it, if their discernment enables them to detect no fallacy in it, they cannot avoid believing it; that it is not in the power of the mind to adopt or reject what opinions it pleases; that the measure of knowledge possessed by the individual determines entirely, independently of volition, the conclusion in which he rests; and that to regard him with aversion because he rejects or receives a particular doctrine, is as absurd as to resent his thinking the colour of an object red which is red, or which, from some defect in his organ of vision, or some deception in the medium through which he views it, appears to him to be so. If he perceives that his own mind is better informed than those around him, he will avail himself of every means in his power, to impart the light of which they are destitute; but that he should regard them with ill will for this which is his misfortune, that he should exclude them from his society and heart, torture their bodies and enchain, as far as he can enchain, their minds, is as impossible as that he should seriously propose to amputate their hands or their feet in order to remedy a defect of their sight.

Not even on account of their crimes does he cherish the least degree of bitterness against them. Viewing them as placed in unfavourable circumstances for the cultivation of the better principle of their nature, either not knowing or not considering in what their true dignity, honour, and happiness consist, and accustomed to confound their immediate gratification with their ultimate felicity, and their direct gain with their final well being, he regards them with unfeigned compassion; and because those errors are productive of a deeper misery than any bodily maladies, he feels on their account a more profound sorrow. Never does he think of the prison, or the manacle, or the lash, or of the infliction of punishment in any shape, but as it may be

the means of correcting their evil propensities, and of establishing better views and forming better dispositions. And the influence of these enlightened and generous principles extends to the closest and dearest connexions in life, imparting to the father, the husband, the friend, the master, a forbearance and benignity, which can be produced so fully and sustained so equally by no other means.—Dr. Southwood Smith.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO —.

THEE, the wedded of another;  
 Could I know it so and live—  
 All the gushing feelings smother  
 That my love for thee doth give?  
 Is it not enough to know,  
 To feel I am not loved by thee,  
 And could I bear the added wo,  
 To see thee smile, but not on me?

In vain, in vain, my woman's pride  
 Would unrequited love restrain—  
 The heart's strong overwhelming tide  
 Must still rush on, although it drain  
 The ebbing founts of life itself—  
 Oh, could that life avail thee aught,  
 To me, the sacrifice of self,  
 Would gladly seal my love unsought!

MARIANNE.

(ORIGINAL.)

THERE IS A STAR WHOSE BRIGHTEST GLEAM

THERE is a star whose brightest gleam  
 Is borrowed from another's beam—  
 The moon that shines so paly bright  
 Owes this too to another's light.  
 There is a bow in yonder heaven,  
 To which prismatic hues are given;  
 But they are false, and not its own,  
 But borrowed from another's zone!

Thus all I own of peace below,  
 The balm that covers every wo—  
 The sun that brightens stormy hours,  
 The bow of hope, in falling showers,  
 Is love reflected in my breast,  
 Shedding around peace, joy, and rest—  
 Without which life itself would be  
 A dark cloud in eternity.

MARIANNE.

He who hopes to go to Heaven for good works, and he who expects to go there without doing any, may shake hands, for the one is as deep in the mire as the other is in the mire.—Old Humphrey's Observations.

## JUDGMENTS OF THE DUKE OF OSSUNNA.

THE Duke of Ossunna, viceroy at Naples for the King of Spain, to whom the Neapolitan territory was then subject, acquired great celebrity for the tact and wisdom of the judgments he delivered. This nobleman, on visiting the galley one festival day for the purpose of liberating a captive, according to use and wont, found all the prisoners loud in asserting their innocence. One declared that his condemnation was the work of enemies; another asserted that he had been informally and unjustly convicted; a third declared that he had been mistaken for another person, and so on. All declared themselves guiltless as cradled babes. At last the duke came to one man who took a very different tone: "I do not believe, my noble lord," said he, "that there is a greater rascal in all Naples than myself. They were too lenient with me to send me to the galleys." The duke, hearing these words, turned immediately round to the keeper of the galleys and exclaimed: "Loose this scoundrel's chain, and turn him immediately about his business. If he is allowed to stay he will certainly corrupt these honest, innocent men here. Take him away!"—While his orders were being obeyed, he turned round to the other captives, and said to them, with the most civil air imaginable: "Gentlemen, I have no doubt you will thank me for ridding you of this pestilent fellow. He might have undermined your innocence."

The duke of Ossunna was somewhat like Haroun Alraschid, a little despotical even in his good doings. Ferromelle, a rich merchant of Naples, whose predominant passion was avarice, chanced to lose an embroidered purse, containing fifty golden ducats, fifty Spanish pistoles, and a ring of the value of a thousand crowns. This loss vexed him grievously, and he caused a proclamation to be made, offering fifty Spanish pistoles to any one who should restore the missing articles. An old woman found the purse, and brought it to the owner. Ferromelle, as soon as he saw his property, could not stand the temptation of trying to avoid the payment of part of the reward. In counting the fifty pistoles, he dexterously laid aside thirty, and said to the finder: "I promised fifty pistoles to whoever found the purse. Thirty have been taken out of it already by you; here are the other twenty, and so you are paid."

The old woman remonstrated in vain against this treatment, but she would probably have remained content with her twenty pistoles had not some one advised her to apply for justice to the duke of Ossunna. The duke knew the man well, and sent for him. "Is there any likelihood," said he to Ferromelle, "that this old woman, who had the honesty to bring you the purse when she might have taken all, would have been guilty of taking your thirty

pistoles? No, no. The truth is, the purse cannot be yours." The merchant stammered out, "My lord, I know the purse, the ducats, the ring ——" "Nonsense!" exclaimed the duke; "do you think there never was a purse, or ducats, or a ring, like yours? Here, good woman, take you the purse and its contents. It cannot be this good gentleman's, since he says he had fifty pistoles." This judgment was enforced. The duke might have been morally certain of the miser's attempt to cheat, but, as has been said, this was a very Haroun Alraschid-like kind of decision.

The duke had one day to hear the case of Bertrand de Solos, a proud Spanish gentleman, who was in the habit of walking the streets with his head erected like a cameleopard's. While thus marching, a porter carrying a heavy load had run against him, but not without first crying "Beware!" which is the ordinary method of giving warning in such cases. The porter's load consisted of faggots, and one of them fell off in the occasion, and tore the Spaniard's silk mantle. He was mightily enraged, and sought redress from the viceroy. The duke knew that porters usually cry "Beware," and having seen the porter in this case, he learned that he had cried the word, though de Solos avouched the contrary. The duke advised the porter to declare himself dumb when the cause came for judgment. The porter did so through a friend, and the duke immediately said to de Solos, "What can I do to this poor fellow? You see he is dumb." Forgetting himself, the enraged Spaniard cried out, "Don't believe the scoundrel, my lord; I myself heard him cry 'Beware!'" "Why, then, did you not beware?" replied the duke, and he made the mortified Spaniard pay all expenses and a fine to the poor.

## F E A R .

—Some, for fear of want,  
Want all their lives; and others e'ry day.  
For fear of dying, suffer worse than death.  
Ah! from your bosoms banish if you can  
That fatal guest, I mean the demon Fear,  
That trembles at impossible events,  
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,  
And Heaven's eternal battlements rush down.  
Is there an evil worse than fear itself?  
And what avails it, that indulgent Heav'n  
From mortal eyes has swept the woes to come,  
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,  
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own.  
Enjoy the present, nor with needless cares  
Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's womb,  
Appal the surest hour that life bestows;  
Serene and master of yourself, prepare  
For what may come, and leave the rest to heav'n.

Armstrong.

# THE UNION MARCH.

(FRENCH AIR.)

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

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRETTO'. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, repeat signs, and dynamic markings. The dynamics are marked as *fp* (piano forte) and *for* (fortissimo). The first system has three *fp* markings. The second system has three *for* markings. The third system has two *fp* markings. The fourth system has two *fp* markings. The score concludes with a double bar line and the number '87a' at the bottom right.

*fp* *fp* *for*

*fp* *fr* *for*

*fp* *fp*

87a

fp

8va

This system consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music features a series of chords and melodic lines. A dynamic marking of *fp* (fortissimo piano) is placed at the beginning. An *8va* marking is located below the lower staff.

fp

This system consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues with chords and melodic lines. A dynamic marking of *fp* is placed at the beginning. An accent (>) is placed above a note in the upper staff.

cres

ff

This system consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music features a series of chords and melodic lines. A dynamic marking of *cres* (crescendo) is placed at the beginning, and a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is placed later in the system.

BIS.

tr

1

pia

fr

This system consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music features a series of chords and melodic lines. A dynamic marking of *pia* (piano) is placed at the beginning, and a dynamic marking of *fr* (forzando) is placed later in the system. A *BIS.* marking is placed above the upper staff, and a first ending bracket labeled *1* is placed above the upper staff.

This system consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music features a series of chords and melodic lines. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed at the beginning.

## OUR TABLE.

BARNABY RUDGE—BY BOZ.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK having been brought to a close, has been immediately followed by a new tale, under the somewhat indefinite title of "Barnaby Rudge," the first number of which only has reached this city. From so small a portion of the contemplated book it is of course impossible to judge what its merits may be, but as far as the style is concerned, and the opening of the plot may be discovered, we think we may venture to predict for it a popularity equally great with the last of the author's works, though that it will equal the "Pickwick" or the "Nickleby" is more to be hoped for than expected.

The genius of "Boz" is of a very peculiar character—even at the present day we can easily find writers not inferior in the humorous—superior in boldness and vigour—few, if any, who can compete with him in the eloquent and natural simplicity which steals as it were noiselessly into the citadel of the heart, and wholly leads it captive. In this is the secret of his success. An occasional burst of feeling, when he becomes excited with his subject, startles the reader with the wondrous power which his pen wields over the mind; but with these rare exceptions, his tales lean for their support upon their quiet and unpretending character, which, as it were, takes the reader unprepared for what he finds in every succeeding page, to pursue which he is impelled by a fascination as pleasing as it is resistless.

The story of Barnaby Rudge opens at a country hostelry, known as the "Maypole Inn," in the neighbourhood of London, where, on a boisterous night in March, a party of village gossipers are assembled, discussing the news of the day and the landlord's best. Among the guests is a bold, weather-beaten traveller—a stranger in the country, who inquisitively seeks information regarding the neighbours of the inn, particularly in reference to the ownership of a somewhat distinguished mansion, occupied by a Master Geoffrey Haredale and his niece. With this mansion and its owner a tragic tale is connected, the telling of which is the especial property of the parish clerk, one of the fireside party. Upon this tale, if we do not greatly err, so small a portion of the interest hangs, the stranger doubtless being connected with it in no very honourable manner. We quote this short narrative, as given in the first chapter of the book:

"It was Mr. Reuben Haredale, Mr. Geoffrey's elder brother, that twenty-two years ago was the owner of the Warren, which, as Joe had said—not that you remember it, Joe, for a boy like you can't do that, but because you have often heard me say so—was then a much larger and better place, and a much more valuable property than it is now. His lady was lately dead, and he was left with one child—the Miss Haredale you have been inquiring about—who was then scarcely a year old."

Although the speaker addressed himself to the man who had shown so much curiosity about this same family, and made a pause here as if expecting some exclamation of surprise or encouragement, the latter made no remark, nor gave any indication that he heard or was interested in what was said. Solomon therefore turned to his old companions, whose noses were brightly illuminated by the deep red glow from the bowls of their pipes: assured, by long experience, of their attention, and resolved to show his sense of such indecent behaviour.

"Mr. Haredale," said Solomon, turning his back upon the strange man, "left this place when his lady died, feeling it lonely like, and went up to London, where he stopped some months: but finding that place as lonely as this—as I suppose and have always heard say—he suddenly came back again with his little girl to the Warren, bringing with him besides, that day, only two women servants, and his steward, and a gardener."

Mr. Daisy stopped to take a whiff at his pipe, which was going out, and then proceeded—at first in a snuffing tone, occasioned by keen enjoyment of the tobacco and strong pulling at the pipe, and afterwards with increasing distinctness:

"—Bringing with him two women servants, and his steward and a gardener. The rest stopped behind up in London and were to follow next day. It happened that that night, an old gentleman who lived at Chigwell-row, and had long been poorly, deceased, and an order came to me at half after twelve o'clock at night to go and toll the passing bell."

There was a movement in the little group of listeners, sufficiently indicative of the strong reprobation any one of them would have felt to have turned out at such a time upon such an errand. The clerk had understood it, and pursued his theme accordingly.

"It was a dreary thing, especially as the grave-digger was laid up in his bed, from long working in a damp soil and sitting down to take his dinner on cold tombstones, and I was consequently under obligation to go alone, for it was too late to hope to get any other companion. However, I wasn't unprepared for it; as the old gentleman had often made it a request that the bell should be tolled as soon as possible after the breath was out of his body, and he had been expected to go for some days. I put as good a face upon it as I could, and muffling myself up (for it was mortal cold,) started out with a lighted lantern in one hand and the key of the church in the other."

At this point of the narrative, the dress of the strange man rustled as if he had turned himself to hear

more distinctly. Slightly pointing over his shoulder, Solomon elevated his eyebrows and nodded a silent inquiry to Joe whether this was the case. Joe shaded his eyes with his hand and peered into the corner, but could make out nothing, and so shook his head.

"It was just such a night as this; blowing a hurricane, raining heavily, and very dark—I often think now, dearer than I ever saw it before or since; that may be my fancy, but the houses were all close shut and the folks in-doors, and perhaps there is only one other man who knows how dark it really was. I got into the church, chained the door back so that it should keep ajar—for to tell the truth, I didn't like to be shut in there alone—and putting my lantern on the stone seat in the little corner where the bell-ropes is, sat down beside it to trim the candle.

"I sat down to trim the candle, and when I had done so, I could not persuade myself to get up again and go about my work. I don't know how it was, but I thought of all the ghost stories I had ever heard, even those that I had heard when I was a boy at school, and had forgotten long ago; and they didn't come into my mind one after another, but all crowding at once, like. I recollected one story there was in the village, how that on a certain night in the year (it might be that night for anything I knew), all the dead people came out of the ground and sat at the heads of their own graves till morning. This made me think how many people I had known were buried between the church door and the churchyard gate, and what a dreadful thing it would be to have to pass among them and know them again, so earthly and unlike themselves. I had known all the niches and arches in the church, from a child; still I couldn't persuade myself that those were their natural shadows, which I saw on the pavement, but felt sure there were some ugly figures hiding among 'em and peeping out. Thinking on in this way, I began to think of the old gentleman, who was just dead, and I could have sworn, as I looked up the dark chancel, that I saw him in his usual place, wrapping his shroud about him, and shivering as if he felt it cold. All this time I sat listening and listening, and hardly dared to breathe. At length I started up and took the bell-ropes in my hands. At the minute there rang—not that bell, for I had hardly touched the rope—but another!

"I heard the ringing of another bell, and a deep bell too, plainly. It was only for an instant, and even then the wind carried the sound away, but I heard it. I listened for a long time, but it rang no more. I had heard of corpse candles, and at last I persuaded myself that this must be a corpse bell tolling of itself at midnight for the dead. I tolled my bell—how, or how long, I don't know—and ran home to bed, as fast as I could touch the ground.

"I was up early next morning, after a restless night, and told the story to my neighbours. Some were serious, and some made light of it: I don't think anybody believed it real. But that morning, Mr. Reuben Haredale was found murdered in his bed-chamber, and in his hand was a piece of the cord attached to an alarm-bell, outside the roof, which hung in his room, and had been cut asunder, no doubt by the murderer, when he seized it.

"That was the bell I heard.

"A bureau was found opened, and a cash-box, which Mr. Haredale had brought down that day, and was supposed to contain a large sum of money was gone. The steward and gardener were both missing; and both suspected for a long time; but they were never found, though hunted far and wide. And far enough they might have looked for poor Mr. Rudge, the steward, whose body—scarcely to be recognized, but by his clothes, and the watch and ring he wore—was found, months afterwards, at the bottom of a piece of water, in the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast, where he had been stabbed with a knife. He was only partly dressed; and people all agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed, before his master.

"Everybody now knew that the gardener must be the murderer, and though he has never been heard of from that time to this, he will be, mark my words. The crime was committed this day two-and-twenty years—on the nineteenth of March, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-three. On the nineteenth of March; in some year, no matter when—I know it, I am sure of it, for we have always, in some strange way or other, been brought back to the subject on that day ever since—on the nineteenth of March, in some year, sooner or later, that man will be discovered."

When the clerk brings his tale to a close, the stranger immediately leaves the inn, and, heedless of the darkness and the weather, mounts his jaded roadster, and dashes recklessly towards London, in his progress meeting with various adventures, to detail which would tax our space too greatly. The name of the story is that of "Barnaby Rudge," the idiot son of the murdered steward, and the instrument by which the destroyer's destiny is to be accomplished. We promise ourselves and our readers much pleasure, in quoting occasionally from the numbers of this work, as they appear.

#### FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE LAWS OF CANADA—BY N. B. DOUCET, ESQ.

MANY months ago, on the publication of the prospectus of these "Fundamental Principles," we had the pleasure of conveying to the public an able article, from the pen of a valued contributor, containing the happiest anticipations from their publication. Since then, the book has often been anxiously inquired for by many persons deeply interested in the important subjects it is designed to elucidate.

It is now before us—and we confess we have found it very different from what we had expected. It is indeed, we take the liberty of suggesting, inaply named—the title conveying a totally inadequate idea of the vast range of research and thought which the compilation of this book must have required from its indefatigable and untiring author. Indeed, if this first



number be a specimen of those which are to follow, the whole labour of an ordinary lifetime can scarcely have sufficed to render perfect this most laborious and eminently patriotic undertaking.

The most common fault attributed to the fashionable writers of the present age is prolixity, and a departure from the simple rules of composition—a heaping of sentences together where words would answer. This is a fault, however, which cannot be laid to the charge of the author of these “Fundamental Principles.” He has studiously avoided the use of a single word not necessary to render his subject clear.

We had intended to devote considerable space to the consideration of this work, as its numbers successively appeared, an intention we may perhaps follow up with reference to the forthcoming portions. This number, however, has already been ably reviewed by a gentleman connected with the press, as eminent for his professional talents as for his literary abilities, and we cheerfully lay our own pen aside, and avail ourselves of the more valuable matter ready furnished to our hand, convinced that in the concluding portion alone the book is more lucidly and pithily commended than it could be by us, if we occupied as many pages as there are lines in the extract:—

We shall conclude the present notice of the first number of Mr. Doucet’s work by remarking that, according to us, he has traced with admirable precision and conciseness the separate histories of the material, political and moral worlds from the reign of Chaos to the promulgation of Justinian’s celebrated compilations. His historical positions—his rapid notices of the various religious systems, and theories of political society, which have found acceptance and prevailed among men, are sustained by the most ample references to the most enlightened and philosophic writers of all nations and ages, and upon all subjects. The mind of the reader is not wearied by long and patient investigation to comprehend and appreciate the meaning of the writer,—nor is it distracted by wandering and frantic episodes upon subjects unconnected with the main object of the work, whatever it may be. As we said above, this number is merely introductory, and the points treated therein lead more or less directly to the investigation of the first principles of some great science.

Chaos, creation, and the deluge—the rise, progress, decay, and ruin of empires—the early history of the children of Israel—the theocracy of Moses, and the captivity of Judah—the religious, political, and military annals of the Babylonian, Persian, Assyrian, Egyptian, and other monarchies—the once mighty dynasties of antiquity—now mouldering beneath the sod—the destinies of the most renowned republics of ancient times—the inviolate freedom—the graceful and polished splendour of the beautiful Ionians—the social and political refinements of the Athenians—the severity of the Dorians and the pompous triumphs of the haughty Romans, the betrayers and masters of the ancient world—the decline of Roman virtue, Roman patriotism and Roman valor—the public and private disorders of that mighty empire, of that all-subduing, all-binding and universal despotism—the invasion of her dominion by the pastoral nations—their innumerable armies—the appalling and triumphant energy of their arms—the wide extent and decolation of their conquests—the rude annals of primitive communities on this and other continents—all these, we say, pass before the moral eye, the long mournful procession of dead Empires, of broken and buried republics—a review of centuries of alternate barbarism and civilization—of idolatry, paganism and Christianity—of the fall, intermediate ages of degradation, and the final redemption of the human family—surely no student of good principles and a fair education can hereafter complain that he has not an ample introduction to the laws of Canada and every place else. We earnestly recommend the work to the patronage of our readers.

#### THE AMARANTH.

We have neglected noticing this new accession to our colonial literature, although two numbers of it have been for some time before us. It is published at Saint John, New Brunswick, and is, we believe, the first attempt made to establish an exclusively literary publication there. The *Amaranth* is principally filled with selected matter, although containing an occasional original contribution of merit. We confidently anticipate for it a circulation, which, notwithstanding its cheapness, will remunerate its publishers for their outlay and trouble.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to return our cordial thanks to many correspondents, for favours received during the month, a number of which have been laid aside for insertion—some have, in the multiplicity of business, remained unread.

“The Early Bereaved,”—“Lines by a Lady,”—“The Giant’s Fall,”—“The Lyre,”—the tales entitled “Parents and their Sons,” and “The Magic Urn,” are respectfully declined.