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ARABELLA STUART,

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY E. L. C.

Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.

The Lady Gervase paused, and the flowing tears of Lady Arabella, the silent yet fervent kiss which she impressed upon the hand of her venerable and afflicted friend, alone attested the deep and intense interest with which she had listened to her touching narrative. She had no power for words, and silently both walked onward, when suddenly two gipsies, a man and a boy, sprang from the opposite side of a hedge, and remained at a short distance apparently regarding the ladies with interest and curiosity.

"Ha! our gipsy gang have returned to pay us their yearly visit," said the Lady Gervase, looking towards them; "they are accustomed every summer to encamp for a few weeks in the glen at the foot of the miller's hill, as it is called, and I make it a point never to have them molested; I feel a strong interest in this wild roving race of beings, and aware that I befriended them, they have gratitude enough to refrain from committing depredations on my domains, though my steward is always on the alert to detect them, if they attempt to encroach."

She paused in her walk as she ceased speaking, and turned towards the gipsies, supposing they waited to address to her some petition. The man retreated when conscious that the lady's observation was upon him, but the boy, doffing his little tattered hat, pressed eagerly forward, the soft air blowing back his tangled curls, and shewing his brown face lighted up with pleasure.

"Ah, Janson, is it you come back amongst us," said the Lady Gervase kindly; "and so grown, one would scarcely have known you again, but for those sparkling eyes, and that ragged hat, which it is not easy to forget; and pray is pretty Meta with you still—and is that Joseph, waiting for you by the tree yonder—Joseph, the most honest of gipsies?"

"No, my lady, Joseph is fishing in the mill-stream under the hill—and Meta—Meta is ill my lady, and I am sent to the Hall to beg of your ladyship some of the medicine you gave to Kerah last year; and

I should have been back with it before this, but Jack o' the mill met me, and took me to see the ~~my~~ sports down yonder, and there I saw your ladyship and——"

"Never mind a longer story my little truant," said the lady smiling, "but come home with me and you shall have what Meta requires. I am weary, or I would go down and see the poor thing, if she is really ill and suffering, but perhaps, my dear Arabella, you may like to prolong your walk to the pretty glen, this lovely evening, and bring me some account of the girl, that will enable me better to minister to her comfort, than I know how to do, from the disjointed statement of this little mad-cap."

The Lady Arabella gladly consented to depart on this mission of charity, happy ever to be engaged in acts of benevolence, and loving nature with an enthusiasm that made her always rejoice to be wandering at will among its fair and fragrant scenes; and leaving the Lady Gervase to proceed to the Hall with her little petitioner, she turned into a foot-path that led from the park through a grove of oaks, on to the encampment of the gipsies. Slowly she passed on under the broad gnarled arms of the old oaks, and had just gained the brow of the hill that overlooked the glen, when she heard footsteps behind her, and on turning round, recognized the gipsy, who had been the companion of little Janson, pressing on, as if desirous to overtake her. There was something in his appearance which made her wish to avoid him, wrapped as he was in a loose coat of coarse material, with a broad brimmed hat slouched over his face so as almost to conceal its features; but before she could execute her purpose of bounding down the steep acclivity into the glen, he signed to her to pause and await his approach. Naturally timid, she feared to offend him by flying, but still gently retreating as he advanced, she said in an entreating accent:

"Do not detain me, I am in haste to visit one of

your tribe who is ill, and the twilight is already beginning to deepen."

At that instant two gipsies, who had sat unobserved upon the twisted root of an old oak, rose and came forward, evidently, to the chagrin of him whom she addressed. One of them was a lad of eighteen, the other, a sturdy female of fifty, with bronzed features, and long elf-locks, of a raven hue, that, partially silvered by the touch of time, streamed out from beneath a hat of coarse straw, on one side of which, the stripling had stuck a bunch of may-flowers, whose tender and delicate hues contrasted strangely with the masculine face beneath.

"Ha! wild Will," cried the amazon as she advanced; "take heed how thou dost proffer free word or look to this bonny maiden. If I guess aright, she is from the Hall yonder, and to all beneath that lordly roof, we are bound to render homage and respect, for the good Lady Gervase has eye been a kind friend, and a true, to our people, and suffers none to molest or make us afraid, during our yearly sojourn in the glen yonder."

"Far be it from me, mother, to render rude word, or bold look, to this young and peerless lady, but as she passed on, I read that, in the lines of her fair brow, which should not remain untold, and I followed to uncloset her view the book of fate, wherein her destiny is writ. If she will deign to listen to my prophecy, she may hear that, which will be as a sunbeam to the future, and cast brightness even on the shadows of the past."

The Lady Arabella started, there was something in his voice, subdued and constrained as it evidently was, which made her heart thrill, and awoke within it a wild tumult of emotion—she looked earnestly towards him, but he was stooping down, as if searching for something in the grass, and the brim of his large hat hid his face from her searching gaze.

"Cross his palm with a silver sixpence, maiden," said the woman, "and I warrant me, thou shalt learn all that is to befall thee and thy true love till the morning of thy marriage day. Wild Will is but a novice among us, but he has an eagle's eye with which to read the secrets of the future."

"Mother, thou knowest I ask no guerdon for my knowledge," said the gipsy, "silver and gold are unworthy to purchase it, but what I have, is freely imparted to those who ask. Maiden, show me thy tiny palm, and in its lines I will read to thee, the mysteries of the future."

"I have no faith in such charlatanism," said the Lady Arabella, in a voice which in spite of her efforts was unsteady; "yet to put your skill to the test, I will yield my hand to your scrutiny, and challenge you to name one probable event, which the future may have in store for me!"

She drew off her glove as she spoke, and stretching forth her small white hand, turned up the rosy palm

to his eager gaze. As he slightly touched it with the tips of his bronzed but slender fingers, Arabella perceived that his hand trembled even more than her own, and with excited interest she waited to hear his prophetic words.

"I seldom speak of the past, lady," he began, "but I see by this slender line losing itself in those blue veins, that thou hast been a sufferer by it; there is a baleful influence hanging over thee—it has already cast a blight upon fair hopes, and if thou dost not flee from it, thy happiness, like the tempest driven barque, will be wrecked amid the quick-sands of despair. Thou wilt ere long meet one, to whom if thou give ear, thy evil genius shall desert thee—listen to him, lady, give deep heed to his words, and let them guide thee to peace. Regard my prophecy, for more depends on it, than this waning eve will give me time to tell."

As he uttered this last injunction, the Lady Arabella involuntarily looked up—the broad hat was pushed from the brow of the speaker, and their eyes met. That glance contained volumes. The burning glow which rushed to the face of the pretended gipsy was visible through the artificial olive of his skin, while the almost colourless lip and cheek of the lady Arabella, told how deep, how joyous, and yet how agitating, were the hidden emotions of her heart. For one instant she stood irresolute, then sprang down the hill-side, and mingling with the gipsies in the glen, bade one, in hardly articulate accents, lead her to the side of the invalid. She was instantly conducted to a sheltered nook, where, with the aid of old cloaks and blankets, a sort of tent was formed, beneath which the sick girl lay sleeping on a bed of freshly gathered fern. Her quick respiration, her parched lips, and burning hand, indicated a high state of fever, and the compassionate Arabella, absorbed as she was by her own emotion yet felt her interest strongly awakened for the sufferer. She neglected no inquiry that might enable the Lady Gervase to send her proper aid, and enjoined upon those around her, constant watchfulness and care. With her own fair hand she smoothed back the disordered hair from the face of the gipsy girl, and drew over her the scanty covering that sheltered her from the dampness of approaching evening, then promising to send immediately all that was requisite for her comfort from the Hall, the Lady Arabella again made her way through the motley group who were now beginning to kindle the fires for their evening repast, and hastily ascending the hill, passed rapidly on, till again she stood within the shelter of the grove. There, as she paused for an instant to recover breath, the question involuntarily arose to her lips.

"Shall I, dare I meet him, in defiance of the king's command, and of my promise positively given, to hold no intercourse with him? No, I am bound to fly him—let me then begone before my heart betrays me into disobedience."

A quick step at this instant approached—a manly arm encircled her—she was pressed to a fond and throbbing heart, and the words, “my Arabella! my beloved, we are once more happy,” were uttered with a tender and impassioned accent in her ear. For one brief moment she remained passive in his arms, then with a sudden bound she darted away, wildly exclaiming :

“Seymour, this must not, cannot be. Ah, why have you sought me, only to increase our misery, and rend our hearts, by another, and a final separation !”

“My Arabella, we separate no more—nay, look not thus doubtingly, my love, for never, unless your lips pronounce the sentence of my banishment,—no never, will I quit you more. How I have suffered since the hour of our cruel separation, heaven only knows, and welcome death, sooner than a repetition of the pangs I have for months past endured.”

“Ah, would it might be, that we were never again to be disunited ! But I am pledged to the king, by a binding, though an extorted promise, to see you no more, and what perils may we not brave, by daring even for one brief hour to violate it.”

“For myself I care not,” he exclaimed, “welcome, far more welcome, the headsman’s axe to this poor neck, than the crushing tyranny that would put gyves and fetters on the freeborn and pure affections of my soul. Let us endure it no longer, my Arabella ; the sun in his daily circuit smiles upon many a fairer land than this mist-clad isle which, we call our home ; let us then seek those shores where we may find peace, and see the beautiful blossoms of our love expand in an atmosphere of joy and quiet. Breathe but one low word of assent, and my happiness is insured.”

“Ah, Seymour, how willingly would I sacrifice all for you ; but I fear, let us fly whither we will, the wrath of the king will pursue us, and blast our stolen joys. Think you, it would be a vain thing to make one last appeal to him—he may have changed, perhaps, or his conscience may ere this have told him, that it belongs not even to princes, to doom the innocent to utter wretchedness.”

“Deceive not yourself by such a hope, my Arabella, since I have tried in vain, both by entreating letters, and the intercession of friends, to move him to our wishes. He is fixed as adamant in his purpose, and we are forever disunited if we wait for him to yield. Consent to be mine, then, dearest one—irrevocably mine, by holy and indissoluble ties, and no power on earth shall dare to tear asunder, those whom God has solemnly united.”

Arabella shook her head with a sad and doubting smile, and unable longer to struggle against the mingled emotions that oppressed her heart, she burst into a passion of tears, and leaning on the shoulder of her lover, wept without restraint. With all the tender blandishments of love, Seymour sought to

soothe and reassure her. He spoke of the misery of an eternal separation—of the wretchedness she had endured her life long, and which still to its end must be hers, from the jealousy and injustice of the king ; he told again, of his own unbounded affection, and how, for weary months he had pined for her presence, and sought her in a thousand places, yet still with baffled hope ; how at last, he had learned that she sojourned with the Lady Gervase, when he repaired hither, and fearing to be recognized and betrayed, he had purchased the disguise of a gipsy and joined the tribe who were located in the glen below. He spoke with deep and tender emotion of the joy which had been his when he again beheld her, as she stood to witness the sports of the may-day revelers, and of the gush of happiness which had come over him, when once more he felt her slender fingers trembling within his, and read in the glow of her cheek, and the glad glance of her soft eye, that he was recognized, even through his wild and strange attire.

The Lady Arabella listened in tearful silence to the low and gentle tones of her lover, while he recounted his sufferings and his love, and when he paused, she could not find it in her heart to extinguish at once, and forever, all the fond hopes and cherished anticipations, to which he had given utterance, and she yielded to his earnest solicitation, to meet him in the grove at an early hour on the coming morning, when their decision for the future was to be finally made. The fast gathering shadows of evening now warned them to part—a tender farewell was taken, and the promise of another meeting reiterated, when with a flying step, the Lady Arabella retraced her way to the Hall.

She found Lady Gervase anxiously expecting her in the library, and Father Everard with little Janson, awaiting only her report of the gipsy girl, to set forth to the glen, with such alleviations as her situation required. Arabella gave all the information necessary, and when the priest had departed, and she was left alone with her friend, finding it a vain effort to subdue the emotions which her interview with Seymour had awakened, she plead fatigue as an excuse for retiring, and gladly sought the solitude of her own apartment. She loved not concealment, yet she feared, should any untoward event occur, to involve Lady Gervase in censure or difficulty, by making her a confidant, of her renewed intercourse with her lover. She, therefore, spoke of it, only to a faithful attendant, who had been about her person from infancy, and who was familiar with the peculiar trials and disappointments of her life. This woman had long been indignant at the restraints imposed by the king on her young mistress’ freedom of choice, in the concerns of the heart ; she had been particularly annoyed at the rejection of Seymour ; declaring she could see no reason why, if others had been spurned, he was not in all points

worthy to become the husband of her lady. Her advice, in the present circumstances, was given accordingly, and it found a warm response in the devoted heart of Arabella.

Yet she could not resolve to yield to Seymour's wishes for a clandestine union. Implicit obedience to her sovereign, she had not only been taught to consider a duty, but it was a long confirmed habit, which she had not courage to defy. Cruel and unjust, as she now felt his commands, she trembled at the fearful consequences, both to Seymour and herself, should she dare to violate them, and wished rather to trust to the softening influence of time, which might at length incline the king to permit, if not to sanction, their attachment. Yet, again to part—to live on in absence and uncertainty, trusting to an almost baseless hope—the thought was terrible, and she shrunk from it in dismay.

In this state of irresolution and excitement, midnight found her. She had paced her apartment with unquiet step, till weary of its narrow limits, she stole softly out upon a balcony, where standing in the calm moonlight, she watched the soft shadows that slept upon the lawn, and found refreshment in the dewy air that played upon her cheek. She felt her troubled spirit hushed in the deep quiet of nature, and tranquillized by the sweet communion which in that lonely hour she had held with its author, and hoping now to find that repose which during the earlier hours of the night, she had courted in vain, she turned to re-enter her apartment, when the appearance of two figures, that suddenly emerged from an angle of the building, and advanced into the clear moonlight, caught her attention. They came forward, and passing beneath the balcony, on which she paused to observe them, moved across the lawn in the direction of the oak grove. In the person of one, who wore the slouched hat and loose coat of a gipsy, she instantly recognized Seymour; the other, she knew by his tonsured head, for it was bare as he passed, to be Father Everard. In a few minutes they were hidden from her view by intervening trees, but the priest shortly appeared, retracing his way alone, and again passing round the angle of the building, she saw him no more. Unable to solve the conjectures which arose in her mind, relative to the companionship of Father Everard and her lover, she wisely dismissed them, waiting for the morning's interview to explain the mystery, and retiring to her couch, shortly forgot her cares and hopes, in calm and quiet sleep.

But with the first ray of light she was again awake. Her morning duties performed and her toilet made, she set forth with a beating heart, attended by her faithful Jean, to fulfil her appointment with Seymour. The Lady Gervase was a late riser, but it was no strange thing to see the fair Arabella go forth with the first sunbeam, to imprint with her airy step the early dew, and listen to the matin song

of the lark, as he soared upward, to meet the rosy cloud of morning. Of course, the few individuals who were now stirring, beheld without surprise or curiosity, the Lady Arabella and her attendant issue from a postern gate, and take their way across the lawn. Not even yet, had she resolved what answer to render to her lover; her heart decided in his favour, but her extorted promise to the king, and the dread of some fatal issue to their happiness, should they presume to set at nought the royal mandate, had nearly fixed her in the purpose of resisting Seymour's importunities, and enduring still, the pain of a lengthened separation.

Thus revolving painful thoughts, and tortured by distracting fears, she reached the grove of oaks, at whose entrance her attendant paused, while she pursued her way to the little shaded dingle, near its centre, where Seymour was to await her coming. At the first sound of her approaching step, he sprang forth to meet her, and casting his arm around her trembling form, bore her to a mossy seat, and threw himself upon the turf at her feet. The dark hue which on the preceding evening had stained his complexion, was removed—the gipsy hat was in his hand, leaving exposed the classic contour of his noble head, and the intellectual beauty of his manly face, which now, upraised to hers, beamed with the silent eloquence of deep and rapturous love. As Arabella met that fervent and expressive gaze, her heart thrilled like the chords of an æolian harp, when the soft breeze of summer awakens it to melody, and though her eye sought the ground, her smile, her lovely blush, told how dear to her soul was the tender homage of his love.

"Ah, would I might interpret as I wish that flitting blush, and the sunny smile that beams upon me from those dove-like eyes," he said in almost whispered tones, "would that they told me, she who is my life had come to cast herself upon this faithful breast, to accept the shelter of these loving arms, that like a shield, would guard her from all ill, and from every blast that threatened to annoy her.

"Alas," she said in a low and trembling accent, "how gladly would I nestle, even as a weary bird, within that gentle covert! but ah, I fear it may not be—I was born to be the mark of jealous eyes, an object of contention to worldly and intriguing hearts, and do I right to link my fate with yours, when doubtless I must then involve you also, in my bitter doom."

"I fear it not, my Arabella—I ask but to share your fate whatever it may be, to receive the blessing of your plighted love, and by the holy sanction of a husband's name, be permitted avert from you the jealous scrutiny that has so long and cruelly disturbed your peace."

"But can we do we, right, to brave the fearful vengeance of the king?"

"Believe me, dearest, it will expire like the spent fury of a tempest, when he can no longer disunite

what God has joined. And you love not as I do, if through any fear like this, you can resolve that henceforth we shall part, and live as though we had never exchanged fond vows, or cherished hopes, that death alone should render vain."

"My Seymour," she said, and as she made the fond confession, a deeper glow heightened the delicate hue of her cheek, "loved I not so tenderly, I should have nought to do with fear. For myself, I dread not the king's wrath—once separated from you and I should have nought to hope—nought to tremble for. But to think, that by yielding to your wishes, I may bring down fearful vengeance on your head, is terrible indeed!"

"Cherish no fear for me, my Arabella; once mine, and I am persuaded the timidity of James will deter him from offering us serious molestation. In the mean time, I have that to tell, which may convince you that a decision in my favour, is the only means of saving you from the 'king-craft' of this treacherous monarch. Listen to what I shall relate, and then choose between the fate your royal kinsman is preparing for you, and the lesser evils that await you with your proscribed and banished lover. Last evening, after you left me, I still lingered in the grove, nursing, as you may suppose, many sad, and some joyous fancies, when the priest, father Everard, I think you call him, passed me, on his return from the gipsy encampment, whither he had been on a visit to the sick girl, Meta. Prepossessed by his benignant smile, and courteous salutation, I immediately formed the resolution to accost him, to unfold to him my situation, my wishes, and seek his aid in my almost hopeless intercession with you.

My purpose was executed without delay. To his infinite astonishment, I disclosed to him my name and rank, and when I had ended my brief detail of past events, and present hopes, he expressed with friendly warmth his sympathy and interest in our united welfare, and promised to do all in his power, to render the jealous policy of the king in regard to us, of no avail. He, moreover, informed me that he was even then hastening home to seek an interview with you, as he had only an hour before received letters from London, that contained intelligence of deep interest to you. The letters, he said, were from a nobleman, on terms of intimacy with the Earl of Rochester, from whom the information had been derived, and stated that the king was at that moment negotiating a marriage for you, with Lord Cameron, one of his Scottish nobles, who was to receive with your hand, a considerable dowry, on condition of his conveying you immediately to his Highland home, where for the remainder of your life you were to be immured. He further asserted, that an instrument had been drawn up, which was to be signed by you and your future husband, requiring you to renounce, both for yourselves and your heirs, all claims and pretensions, henceforth

and forever to the throne of England. Lord Cameron had been summoned a few weeks since on business of a pressing nature to Scotland, but he was to return at midsummer, when you were to be recalled to court, and the nuptials solemnised in due form. This, my Arabella, is the snare spread by your royal kinsman to entrap you, and now declare whether you any longer owe him either faith or loyalty."

"Neither, neither!" exclaimed the Lady Arabella, the proud, indignant spirit of her kingly race, crimsoning her cheek and brow. "He has absolved me from my oath by his treacherous design, and also from that obedience, which, while my freedom and my person, were unprofaned, I deemed it a duty to accord him. Seymour, it is time that we consulted our safety. I resist your wishes no longer, and I am ready to flee with you, when and where you will."

"Bless you, my own love," he exclaimed, as with impassioned tenderness he pressed to his lips and heart the hand she extended towards him, "this night, then,"—she started—"may be not dismayed—I do but repeat the counsel of Father Everard—he departs for London tomorrow, where he will remain a month, and he advises that our hands be joined before he goes, and that our longer sojourn here, or our speedy departure, be regulated by intelligence which he shall be able to transmit to us from the capital—as, through the friend from whom he has already been informed of the king's purposes, he trusts to gather still further knowledge of them, and also to learn, if any immediate steps are to be taken, concerning this projected marriage."

"And the Lady Gervase, that kind and true friend," faltered Arabella; "are we to make her a party in our disobedience, and involve her in the misery and ruin, which for aught we know, it may bring upon our heads?"

"By no means—her ignorance of our act shall shield her from censure, whatever may be its consequences to ourselves. Father Everard proposes to meet us in the private chapel of the Hall, at twelve tonight, with your faithful Jean, and my trusty follower Vincent, as the only witnesses of the ceremony. But tomorrow, let us reveal all to the Lady Gervase, and I doubt me much, if we need fear from her, an over sharp rebuke for an act, which Father Everard has sanctioned."

The Lady Arabella, pale from excessive emotion, attempted no reply—it was no longer a fear of the king's vengeance, nor the dread of a separation from her lover, that agitated her, but the thought of taking the step proposed by Seymour, with such precipitation—of that very night entering into the most solemn and holy covenant, with the warning only of a few brief hours, and under circumstances of a peculiarly singular, and trying nature,—this it was, that overwhelmed her with dismay and doubt; and prostrated the last remnant of that fortitude, which

had hitherto sustained her through many and bitter trials. Yet she saw no other alternative—no means of escape from the fate which the falsehood and cowardice of James was preparing for her, and though she wept with almost childish violence upon the bosom of her lover, his soothing and persuasions were not lavished in vain. Calmness and serenity gradually returned to her agitated soul, and when, after the elapse of an hour, she rose to depart, she had yielded her assent to the midnight nuptials, and he bade her farewell in the glad conviction that when next they met, it would be to call her irrevocably his own.

* * * * *

Midnight came, and at the dimly lighted altar of the little chapel, Seymour knelt with his fair and youthful bride, to plight with willing hearts, their marriage vows of eternal fidelity and love. The Lady Arabella bore herself with wonderful firmness through the solemn ceremony; but when she heard herself pronounced the wife of him she loved, and received the paternal benediction of the good priest, her fortitude forsook her, and, but for the relief of tears, she would have fainted. Seymour fondly soothed and supported her, and when she was sufficiently recovered, led, or rather bore her back to the head of the staircase, from whence he had with trembling hope received her, and left her to the charge of her attendant—but not till he had first addressed her, by her new and tender name, and with a husband's right, impressed a long and lingering kiss, upon her bashful, but yielding lips.

On the following morning, before his departure, Father Everard made known every occurrence to the Lady Gervase, who heard him with astonishment, and though hoping for the best, could not but cherish many fears for the safety of her young friends; but she was too grateful for the motives which had induced them to deny her their confidence, not freely to forgive them the concealment they had practised.

For Seymour and Arabella life now assumed a new and joyous aspect, and in the exquisite bliss of that tender and intimate union, which made them but as one soul, they seemed for a while to forget that any cloud could arise, to sadden the glowing tints of their horizon. It was their purpose, at all events, to depart for the continent before midsummer, the time named for the recall of Lady Arabella to court,—but for the present, Father Everard, though he had twice written, gave them no warning of impending ill, and their seclusion seemed so entire, their happiness so complete, that they still lingered on, amid the peaceful shades and calm quiet of Gervase Hall. Yet not without at times indulging a shadowy dread of coming evil, that should change the colour of their fate, and rouse them from their dreams of joy. Nor were their fears without foundation, for their halcyon days were destined to be as brief, as they were bright.

The period of Father Everard's absence was drawing to a close, when letters were received from him, containing intelligence of the most alarming import. He stated that a rumour was then afloat in London, of the Lady Arabella's stolen marriage with Mr. Seymour—that it had been traced to a gipsy, who, having been sentenced to the gibbet for the commission of a capital crime, had promised to reveal an important secret connected with a member of the royal house, on condition of having his punishment commuted to banishment. The king's curiosity had been excited by this overture, and he ordered the culprit to undergo a private examination, when he had made the following deposition:—That having on a certain night, a few weeks previous, slept in a hollow oak in the woods of Gervase Hall, he had, before quitting his lodging-place in the morning, overheard a conversation between two persons, whom he afterwards found to be the Lady Arabella Stuart and Mr. Seymour, in which they mutually agreed to brave the king's displeasure, and meet that night, in the private chapel of the Hall, secretly to plight their marriage vows,—that as he lay behind a hedge, about midnight, two persons passed along, whom, by the light of the moon, he easily recognized as Mr. Seymour and his servant, when he heard the former say: "We have fairly baffled the king, Vincent, and this may be a dear night's work to us—but I fear little, and care less, since she is at last my own, and none have now a right to take her from me."

The priest went on to state, that the king was fearfully wroth, at these tidings, and had sworn to take summary measures for the immediate separation and punishment of the disobedient pair, and he recommended them, if when they received his information, they were not already prisoners, to depart without delay from Gervase Hall, and embark at the nearest seaport for the continent.

It is impossible to paint the consternation of the unhappy lovers at this intelligence. The few bright days of happiness which since her marriage had fallen to the lot of the persecuted Arabella, rendered her unable to bear up against this sudden shock of adversity; and as she finished reading the fatal letter, it fell from her hand, and she sunk fainting into the arms of Seymour. Fearing nought for himself, and forgetful that every moment of delay, was one of danger, he hung over her with frantic tenderness, reproaching himself for having lingered an hour, after his happiness was secured, upon the soil of England, and waiting only for her revival to depart forever from the country of his birth. But even while with joy he hailed her return to consciousness, a train of horsemen, headed by Lord Bevil, wound into the court-yard of the Hall, and Seymour's heart sunk within him, as he clasped still closer the form of his beloved, and felt that they were betrayed into the king's power, and that now

their escape by flight was vain. Lord Bevil bore the royal order for the arrest of Mr. Seymour and the Lady Arabella Stuart, and though his manner was courteous, it was plainly to be seen by the decision of his tone, and his air of command, that he came to execute the will of his sovereign, and to do it resolutely, whatever might be his personal sympathies and opinions.

It was in vain that the Lady Arabella by turns implored and remonstrated, or that Seymour, with indignant, yet manly feeling, plead the sacred ties which made him the lawful protector of the Lady Arabella, and which no human power had a right to disregard. The only answer given, was,—“It is the king’s will, and we, as his liege subjects, are bound to obey his behests. We are commanded to conduct you to a certain place of destination, and then if you choose to make an appeal to your sovereign, there will be none to hinder you.”

Longer resistance was useless, and amid many tears and sad forebodings, the Lady Ger vase embraced, and bade adieu, to her young ill-fated friends. By the king’s especial command,—for he had condescended even to this refinement of cruelty, the prisoners were not permitted to ride together, during their progress to London. Lord Bevil stationed himself at the bridle rein of the lady, while Seymour was placed under the charge of another nobleman in the train, and it was only when they stopped for rest and refreshment, that they were allowed any intercourse, and then only in the presence of those who conducted them. Yet this petty annoyance, the Lady Arabella endured with patient sweetness, comforting herself with the thought that the separation would be transient—for she felt it impossible to believe, that the king, when assured of the legality of her marriage, would remain inexorable. She was prepared for a violent burst of wrath; but that over, she confidently expected to be forgiven—since she knew of no cause sufficient to justify any human authority, in annulling her union, or even in separating those, whom the rites of the church had solemnly joined.

What then was her consternation, when, instead of being conducted to the presence of James, she was carried to Lambeth, and placed under the charge of Sir Thomas Parry, while her husband, her idolized Seymour, was separated from her, and lodged a prisoner in the Tower. It was then, that her last hope faded into darkness, her hardly sustained fortitude forsook her, and she lost in deep unconsciousness, the bitter sense of her despair and misery. It was not till the noon of the following day, that she revived to a fearful recollection of the past, when she found herself lying on a couch in a strange apartment, with her faithful Jean chafing her hands, and a lady of mild and dignified aspect, standing beside her, gazing upon her with looks of pity and concern. It was Lady Parry, who instantly

addressed her in a mild and soothing tone, nor would she have alluded, fearing to agitate her, to her present situation, but was compelled, in answer to Lady Arabella’s importunate enquiries, to inform her where she was, adding, that though it was the king’s pleasure, she should remain here for a short time, yet no restraint was to be laid upon the freedom of her person, but all that the house and grounds could yield her of exercise or amusement, were to be at her disposal—moreover, she was in the keeping of gentle hands, and should be cared for, and dealt with as a daughter.

The Lady Arabella strove to thank her; but the recollection of Seymour, a dweller in that fearful abode, whence so many hapless victims had issued, only to end their sufferings on the scaffold, arose in her heart and swelled it almost to bursting. Her cheek became flushed, her lip quivered, and turning her face upon the pillow, she wept with passionate violence. The kind-hearted lady compassionated her sorrow—so young, so beautiful, wedded to a virtuous and noble gentleman, from whom she was cruelly, and without warning, severed—she felt, indeed, that hard injustice had been shown her. With gentle words, and cheering hopes, she strove to offer comfort; but finding all her efforts served but to increase the emotion she would gladly have allayed, she wisely judged it best to retire, and leave her alone with her attendant.

Several days passed thus away, and the Lady Arabella, from the indulgence of excessive grief, became so much indisposed that she was unable to rise. Towards the evening of the fourth, however, ill and weak as she was, having obliged her unwilling attendant to dress her, she was sitting sad and sorrowful at the window of her apartment, when, upon Jean’s answering a low knock at the door, a woman, decently clad, entered smiling, and with many curtseys, presented a basket of flowers, which she had brought for the “stranger lady.” Arabella thanked her, and taking up one of the roses, was turning away, subdued by the recollections which its perfume awakened, when the significant look of the woman, as she glanced cautiously around the apartment, attracted her attention.

“My husband is Sir Thomas Parry’s head gardener, my lady,” she said in a whispered tone, “and he has a cousin, who is servant to the keeper of the Tower, therefore, my lady, keep up good heart, for through his means, you may trust to hear often from your lord, as he is an old friend of Vincent’s. It was he that brought this letter, and he will be here again tomorrow, and take back whatever your ladyship may wish to write. And as you, or your maid, my lady, walk in the garden tonight, I will be at the end of the shell grotto to take it. It is a sin to have wedded love crossed, and I care not who hears me cry, shame to the king, for such cruelty.”

As she spoke she thrust her hand into her bosom, and drew forth a letter, which the Lady Arabella eagerly received, a flush of joy mantling her pale cheek as she saw and pressed to her lips, the dear, and well-known writing of Seymour. With what a beating heart did she tear open the precious letter, and devour the few hurried lines traced by the hand she loved, and what hope and comfort they brought to her desponding mind. He entreated her not to give way to despair, but for his sake to bear their separation with patient endurance. He trusted it would be of brief continuance, for, though a prisoner, he was not kept in rigorous confinement, but had many privileges granted him, and was allowed the freedom of the Tower. He said that through the medium of the keeper's servant, with whom his own was on terms of intimacy, he should be able constantly to write to her, and receive her letters in return. Nor was he without a hope that they might concert a plan of escape, which, if effected, would place them forever beyond the reach of their enemies. He ended with many fond expressions of affection, and begged her immediately to write him, as he suffered much on her account, and should find no relief to his anxiety till he heard from her.

A change from despair to hope, from misery to comparative happiness, came over the heart of Arabella as she read these cheering lines. The one thought that he lived, and was her own, and that there might yet be years of happiness in store for them, absorbed every fear, and with a buoyancy of spirit, she had thought never again to know, she sat down to write a reply full of tenderness and hope. It was sealed and entrusted to Jean, by whom it was that evening given to the gardener's wife, who, true to her word, waited at the appointed place to receive it.

From this time the health and spirits of the Lady Arabella rapidly amended, as her intercourse with Seymour continued constant and uninterrupted. History has preserved some of the letters which passed between them, and also a petition, or rather a remonstrance, which she at this period addressed to the king, and which, notwithstanding its style of touching and noble eloquence, was without effect in softening the heart of the obdurate monarch, who, as he folded up the document, briefly remarked, "She has eat of the forbidden fruit," and coolly cast it aside. Cheered by almost daily tokens of Seymour's love, and encouraged by him to look to their final escape as certain, she wore an air of peaceful serenity, and repaid the kindness and urbanity of her hosts, (for so they insisted upon calling themselves,) with a sweetness, and anxious attention to their wishes, which, though faithful to their sovereign, won for her their sincerest sympathy and affection. She beguiled much of her time with her needle, for like most high-born ladies of that age, she was

skilled in the art of exquisite embroidery, and we read of her presenting some of the fruits of her industry to the queen, through Sir Andrew Sinclair, whom she thanks, to use her own words, "for vouchsafing to descend to these petty offices, to take care even of these womanish toys, for her whose serious mind must invent some relaxation." Her books also, and her pen, with an occasional ride round the park on her gentle palfrey, and frequent walks in the garden, afforded her pleasant and varied occupation, and still feeding on the one dear thought of Seymour's love, and the final success of a plan for escape, which they were secretly maturing, she could not fail, with her humble trust in an overruling and beneficent Providence, to be calm and cheerful, though clouds would sometimes arise to overshadow her hopes.

But this reign of tranquillity was suddenly and cruelly terminated. The person employed by Vincent to carry his master's letters to and from the Tower, was so heedless as to draw one forth by mistake, in the presence of the Earl of Rochester, when searching for some other papers with which he was charged to that nobleman. The Earl's quick eye instantly detected the man's embarrassment, as he strove to conceal the fatal letter, and sternly demanding its surrender, he immediately recognized the hand-writing of Seymour, and delivered it forthwith to the king. It contained only an assurance of health, and continued affection, and fortunately made no allusion to their meditated plan of escape; but it was sufficient to show, that a secret correspondence existed between the separated pair, and James' wrath burst forth without control. Enraged at the audacity of those, over whom he assumed a right to exercise the most arbitrary authority, he commanded that Seymour should henceforth be placed in close confinement, and the Lady Arabella be removed to a distance from the capital, and consigned to the strict charge of the Bishop of Durham.

This sentence was communicated to Arabella, when, two days having passed without the customary letter from Seymour, she was beginning to torment herself with a thousand doubts and fears relative to the cause of his silence. Fearful, beyond her worst imaginings was its explanation; but with a wild vehemence, an energy of despair, that one so gentle seemed hardly capable of displaying, she resisted the designs of those who sought her, to execute the mandate of the king—she wept, she entreated not to be borne away from the sight of her husband's prison—she turned her tearful eyes towards those dark and gloomy walls, and supplicated them to take her thither, and let her share his fate. But her tears, her cries, her humble supplications availed her nought—and when she was told that it could not be, that the king had decreed otherwise, and on the morn she must depart, she sank exhaust-

ed by the violence of her emotions into the arms of Lady Parry, whose compassionate heart pitied, and would gladly have relieved her sufferings.

All night she remained delirious, raving alternately of Seymour, and of the scaffold with its fearful accompaniments, and when the morning came, although she ceased to wander in mind, yet she remained in a stupor of grief, and so ill, that, it was the opinion of her physician, she could not be removed with safety. The king was informed of the medical gentleman's opinion, but his royal pleasure was, that the lady should at all events set forth upon her journey, and if she was not able to sit upon her palfrey, that she should be carried in a litter, and attended on the way by her physician. There was no appeal from the arbitrary decree of the king, and he was accordingly obeyed. Too feeble to make resistance, yet pale and almost as lifeless as a corpse, the unhappy Arabella was placed within a litter, and borne, like one going to her burial, from the house of Sir Thomas Parry. But often her conductors were compelled to pause in their progress, to revive her from long fainting fits, and administer cordials to keep alive the vital spark, which seemed on the eve of being quenched forever. And by the time they reached Highgate, so alarmingly had her illness increased, that the physician declared it would be at the risk of her life to proceed farther, and for himself he would not take the responsibility of it.

The party accordingly halted at the house of Sir Giles Manby, a good and loyal subject, where the Lady Arabella was conveyed to bed, when the good physician left her, to repair to London, and report her state to the king. James was excessively chagrined by the delay, for he was solicitous to remove her as speedily as possible from all danger of Seymour's influence, resolved, if he could not disannul the marriage, to separate the parties at once, and forever. He therefore listened with angry impatience to the physician's statement, and without one touch of pity in his heart, replied in a peremptory tone:—

"Your report, for aught I know, may be the simple truth—yet, nevertheless, my will hath been spoken, and she shall proceed to Durham if I am king!"

"I will not answer for the lady's surviving such a journey, your majesty," said the physician; "but, as is my duty, I will repeat your royal command, and I make no doubt whatever of her obedience, if she has power to render it."

"Obedience is that which we require," said the king, "which being performed, we will do more for her than she expects."

The physician made his obeisance and retired; but he knew too well the king's dissimulation of character, and the arts he scrupled not to practice, when bent upon effecting any favourite project, to

build, with any confidence, on this indefinite promise, and, filled with pity for the helpless victim of his tyranny, he returned with all the speed he could make to Highgate. But he found no change for the better in his patient—on the contrary, her disease had assumed so alarming a character, that once more he repaired to London, and, backed by the intercession of Lord Cecil, obtained from the king a hard-wrung permission for her remaining a prisoner in the house of Sir Giles Manby, till such time as she could be removed with safety.

Long and dangerous was her illness, and for weeks she hovered on the verge of the grave; but with returning strength came the harrowing fear, lest her sentence of banishment should be carried into execution, and the dread of this, so wrought upon her, that no sooner was she able to hold a pen, than she again addressed a fervent petition to the king, imploring his mercy in her behalf, and intreating permission to remain for a yet longer time in her present quiet-asylum. This letter, or petition, was full of touching eloquence, and "it was often read without offence; nay, it was commended by his highness, with the applause of prince and counsel." At all events, it won for her the wish therein expressed, and the royal consent was granted, for her remaining yet a month longer at Highgate.

But the Lady Arabella was not without a motive, and a stronger one than mere unwillingness to quit the vicinity of Seymour's prison, in making this request. The intercourse between them, which had been so abruptly suspended, was again resumed, and maintained as secretly and as constantly, as before its interruption. Markham, the man who had so undesignedly betrayed their correspondance to Lord Rochester, had never ceased to reproach himself for his inadvertant act. He had moreover been dismissed from his situation in consequence of his secret services to Mr. Seymour, and regarding the obnoxious Earl, as the cause of his being thrown out of employment, he resolved still to outwit him, while he made atonement to those, whom he had unintentionally betrayed, for the injury he had done them. For this purpose he entered the service of a person who was in the habit of furnishing fuel for the Tower, as well as vegetables, and other articles of daily consumption. Assuming a dress, that he knew would effectually disguise him from all whom he had there been in the habit of seeing, he commenced his new vocation, and was gratified to find himself wholly unrecognized. To Vincent only, he made himself known, who speedily communicated the information to his master, and it was with inexpressible joy, that the almost despairing Seymour, again found a channel of communication opened with his Arabella.

He lost no time in writing to her; and she was just beginning to recover from her long illness, when the welcome letter, which brought joy and healing on its

wings, was delivered her by Jean. She had received it from a newly hired servant of Sir Giles Manby's who, it is hardly necessary to add, was a friend and associate of Markham's. Ill as she still was, Arabella, insisted upon immediately replying to it, and supported by pillows, she poured forth the feelings of her heart, in a flood of impassioned tenderness, that brought tears of grateful joy to the eyes of the desolate Seymour. From this time they enjoyed constant intercourse, and again their former plan of escape, with some changes, rendered necessary by circumstances, was agitated. With the assistance of Markham, Seymour had contrived a plan for his own flight which he confidently hoped would prove successful, and at the same time the Lady Arabella was to effect hers, disguising her person, and attended by Jean and Robin, the servant of Sir Giles Manby, who was in their interest. It was agreed that they should meet at Lee, where, through the agency of Father Everard, with whom they had also communicated, a French vessel was to be in waiting to convey them immediately across the channel.

The Lady Arabella felt that it would be no difficult thing for her to achieve her liberty at any time, since Sir Giles and Lady Manby treated her with extreme indulgence, and harbouring no suspicion, every day relaxed in vigilance towards her. But freedom was no longer dear to her, unless it could be shared with Scymour, and therefore she remained a patient dweller in her prison, till impelled by the dear hope of a re-union with him, she at length prepared for flight. It was a bright and lovely day towards the close of July which was to witness their attempt, and till the appointed hour arrived, the Lady Arabella, overwhelmed with conflicting emotions, was scarcely able to sustain herself. Sir Giles Manby had been absent from home since an early hour of the morning, and was not expected to return till evening, and the weather being fine, Lady Manby went out at two, to take her accustomed ride. Directly after her departure Jean prepared to attire her mistress, in the disguise she was to wear, striving as she put it on, to divert her melancholy, by mirthful remarks touching her strange and uncouth appearance.

And, in truth, no eye could have recognized the beautiful and high-born Arabella Stuart, beneath the coarse and masculine attire that enveloped her delicate person. She turned shuddering from the reflection of her own image, and intreated that she might wear a female garb, however coarse and rude; "the dress of a gipsy or a beggar," she said, "any thing that did not violate the modesty of her sex, and force her to affect that, which she never could appear." But when assured by her attendants, that under no other disguise could she be so effectually concealed, that indeed there was no other, so calculated to ensure her safety, the dread of failure, induced her to consent, and without farther resistance she sub-

mitted to wear the frightful and *outré* garments which the assiduity of Robin had provided for her. They consisted, to quote the veritable words of the chronicler, of "a pair of large French-fashioned hose or trousers which were drawn on over her clothes, a man's doublet or coat, a peruke such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets, a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side."

Thus accoutred, and trembling with shame and fear, the lovely Arabella followed by Jean, wearing a more simple, but also a masculine disguise, passed down a private staircase, and issuing into a thick grove in the rear of the house, crossed it to a gate at its extremity, which was immediately opened by Robin, who waited on the other side with three stout horses, ready saddled for their use. Silently and with the speed of thought, they mounted, and set off at a brisk pace towards London, the Lady Arabella scarcely realizing that all was not yet a wild and fevered dream. But as the certainty of her escape forced itself upon her, she trembled at her daring, and overpowered with fear for the result, grew sick at heart, lest even yet she might be re-captured, and doomed to imprisonment for life. These emotions, combined with the oppressive heat, and the fatigue of riding, to which she had so long been unaccustomed, completely subdued her; and when they had proceeded a mile or two, she was scarcely able to sit upon her horse. They drew up for a moment, at a little solitary inn by the road-side, that looked as if no traveller ever disturbed its quiet; and here her attendants besought her to dismount, and rest. But nothing could induce her to grant herself the repose she needed; she asked only for a cup of milk, and drank it without alighting. But it refreshed her greatly, and by a strong effort, rallying her fortitude, she resolved to give no more indulgence to her fears, but trust to a directing Providence, and look forward with certain hope to her speedy meeting with Seymour.

Drawing up her rein, she thanked "mine host," for his kindness, and turned her horse's head again towards the road; but he looked doubtfully at her as he arranged her stirrup, observing that "the gentleman could hardly hold out to London." She waited to hear no more, and with renovated courage spurred on her steed, followed by her faithful and trusty attendants. As the day declined and the shadows lengthened on her path, she began even to enjoy her favourite exercise of riding. With every onward step her spirits rose, and the fresh air, as it blew gently in her face, tinted her pale cheek with a glow of health, and brought back something of its wonted radiance to her soft blue eye.

Towards evening the fugitives reached Blackwall, and proceeded directly to the river's bank, where, joy to behold! a boat was waiting to receive them. At its bow stood Father Everard, who, as he lifted the

Lady Arabella on board, greeted her with tender words of comfort and encouragement. The watermen were immediately ordered to ply every oar, and offered a large reward if they would convey their passengers safely to Lee by the break of dawn. Instantly they were in motion, and as they glided, almost with the speed of light, over the waveless bosom of the Thames, Arabella felt, for the first time since her flight, that happiness was yet in store for her, and while tears of joy and tenderness rained from her eyes, her heart sent up a silent prayer of grateful thanksgiving to her heavenly Benefactor and Preserver.

All night, beneath the starlit skies, the fugitives sped on. Robin had not embarked with them, and the wearied Jean slept profoundly—but between Father Everard and the Lady Arabella, there was too much to hear, and to communicate—too many topics of engrossing interest to discuss—to permit the indulgence of slumber. The priest informed her, that he had seen Markham at noon, from whom he learned, that all things were in readiness for Seymour's escape, and that if no accident befel to defeat their plan, he would join them at Lee by early dawn. He had already left a suit of his own clothes, coarse and blackened with coal for Mr. Seymour's use, and on that afternoon he was to carry a load of coal to his apartment, then watch his opportunity for returning to the cart when no one was by, and dexterously conceal himself beneath a pile of straw, which he should leave there for the purpose. Vincent was to give notice to his master when this was done, and then it was arranged that Seymour, habited in Markham's clothes, should come boldly forth, and drive the empty cart away, leaving his servant stationed at the door of his apartment, to prevent any one from entering, by saying his master was ill of a raging toothache, and requested not to be disturbed. If Seymour passed the warders without being recognized, all would go well, for a boat with a trusty man, was to be in waiting for him at the wharf, to bring him speedily on to the appointed place of meeting. With what intense interest Arabella listened to the details of a plan for her beloved Seymour's escape, of which, hitherto, she had known scarcely more than the outline, may perhaps be conceived by those, whose all of happiness, if such there are, has hung upon a solitary event. Yet hope now preponderated over fear in her bosom, and seeing no probability of a failure in a plot so well arranged, she gave herself up to the indulgence of sweet thoughts, and bright anticipations, which she trusted, that a few brief hours were to change into glad reality.

The first light of dawn was purpling the horizon, when true to their engagement, the boatman touched the wharf at Lee, and the first object which encountered the eager gaze of Lady Arabella was the French vessel with her sails, idly flapping in the

wind, as she rode at anchor to await their coming. How her heart bounded at sight of the gallant barque, which she fondly thought, was soon to bear her, and her beloved, to peace and happiness. With what an elastic step she climbed her tall side, and sprang upon her deck, trusting to be received in the out-stretched arms of her husband. Eagerly she looked around, casting off her frightful disguise, that he might know her on the instant. That noble form, that bright expressive face, which she had fondly pictured radiant with love and joy as again he clasped her to his heart, met not her longing view. Seymour had not yet arrived, and once more her glowing hopes faded into darkness. Hour after hour passed on, and in a state of almost frenzied feeling, Arabella paced the deck, straining her aching sight to the most distant point of the horizon, and watching every speck that appeared upon the waves, in the vain hope of beholding his approach, on whose coming she thought her reason, if not her life, depended.

But he came not—some fatal event must have occurred to prevent his escape, and the captain asserted that their own safety was endangered by longer delay, that already curiosity and speculation were awakened on shore, by seeing a French vessel lying so long, apparently without an object, in English waters. But still with tears, Arabella entreated him to delay—her own safety, and freedom, unshared by Seymour, were indifferent to her, and if he still remained a prisoner in the Tower, she wished not to flee from the land that contained him. The captain yielded to her earnest intercession, and waited yet another hour, but when that passed wearily away, and still he arrived not, both the captain and Father Everard felt convinced that his attempted flight had proved abortive, and as the winds and waves were fair, the former decided to weigh anchor and sail for France. The motion of the vessel under way, was the signal for life and hope to desert the heart of the unfortunate Arabella, and sinking into the arms of Jean, she was carried insensible to her berth.

In the meantime, Seymour had succeeded in effecting his escape in the manner before mentioned, had safely gained the boat which was prepared to receive him, and with a buoyant and happy heart, felt himself once more breathing the air of freedom. Stimulated by his offered bribes, the boatman rowed him rapidly over the waves, till one of the oars snapped in his hand, and having neglected to provide another in case of accident, they were obliged to land at Tilbury to get it replaced. The man's delay, who was tempted to stop and drink with a boon companion on shore, seemed an eternity of suspense to the impatient Seymour, while he sat awaiting his return in the boat. On this fatal accident, was wrecked the happiness of Seymour and his Arabella; to this was it owing, that he failed to reach the destined place at the appointed time, and when he at last arrived, the vessel had sailed—that vessel, freight-

ed with his love, his dearest and most treasured hopes.

In despair he stood gazing over the wide waste of waters, to descry if possible her distant sail, and there, on the verge of the horizon he beheld it! Yes, it must be hers, and every moment was bearing his lost love farther from his arms. Time pressed, and the rising waves warned him to begone, if he would overtake her. The boatman who had rowed him hither, pleaded fatigue as an excuse for not pursuing the vessel, but Seymour found an idle fisherman who consented to his wishes, and instantly springing on board his craft, the man hoisted his little sail when favoured by light breezes, they were soon within hailing distance of the receding barque. What then was the chagrin, may the utter despair of the baffled lover, when instead of the vessel freighted with his Arabella, he discovered the object of his pursuit, to be an English ship bound on a distant voyage. What now was to be done; he was hopelessly separated from his friends, his enemies were by this time in pursuit of him—to return was to cast himself into their arms, and to seek a foreign shore, in that frail boat, impracticable. After a few moments perplexed thought, he bade the fisherman row under the bow of the English vessel, and having hailed her, was immediately taken on board. A brief conference with the captain, ended in his consenting, on condition of receiving a large reward, to alter his course, and land Seymour in Flanders, who, once there, trusted to obtain some tidings by which he might trace, and be enabled to rejoin his lost Arabella.

But alas! the meeting to which his fond and fervent hopes still pointed, was destined never to be his. The vessel which bore away his bride kept swiftly on her way, and had entered Calais roads, rapidly nearing her destined haven, when she was hailed by a rough English voice, a demand to be admitted on board was made, and a requisition in the king's name followed, that the persons of the Lady Arabella Stuart, and Mr. William Seymour, which were believed to be therein concealed, should be delivered up to the royal authority. The unhappy Arabella heard in her berth the unusual commotion above, and yielding to her first fond thought, that Seymour had pursued her, and was already on board, she rushed upon deck with the eager rapture of one, who from deepest misery, has been raised to sudden and perfect happiness. But in an instant she comprehended the scene, for the English officers were conversing with the French captain and Father Everard, and by a few brief words that met her ear, she understood that they were in pursuit of Seymour and herself. He then had escaped! The joy of that thought shed a ray of sunlight on her blasted hopes, and advancing towards her countrymen, she bade them convey her back to prison. Since freedom and safety were his, who was far dearer to her than life, she could endure

the evils of her lot with resignation, trusting that God would yet deliver her, and deal justly by those who had made shipwreck of her happiness.

Not a word was uttered, as with meek and gentle patience, that fair and helpless creature, thus quietly surrendered herself to imprisonment, perhaps to death; but many a moistened eye in that stern group, gave evidence, that there were kind and pitying hearts, beneath those harsh exteriors. The Lady Arabella was immediately conveyed on board the English vessel, accompanied by Jean, and Father Everard, who, in spite of her fears for his safety, refused to quit her in this hour of hopeless desolation, and he remained with her, offering for her support, the consolations of friendship and religion, till they arrived in London, when she was borne from him, all young, and lovely, and innocent as she was, to be immured in that dreary and fatal prison, from which her lover and her husband had so recently escaped.

* * * * *

Four years passed slowly away, and still the Lady Arabella remained a sad and lonely prisoner, within the gloomy precincts of the Tower. Bright and beautiful she had been when those gloomy gates closed upon her, but who could now have traced in that worn and wasted figure, in those hollow and sunken features, any remnant of the perfection, which once marked that form, or of the spiritual beauty that with almost celestial radiance lighted up that face. Four years of intense suffering, made up of deep despair, of blighted hopes, of grief which none may paint, had done the work of time, in despoiling that exquisite temple of its attractions, and prostrating the energies of that fine and gifted mind, till reason fled affrighted before the wild imaginings of passionate despair, and the victim of royal tyranny became a wretched and unconscious maniac.

But now her sufferings were drawing to a close. The last sands were running from her glass of life, and as the pulse grew weaker and the laboured breath came faint and fainter, a ray of intelligence lighted up her pale features, and lent brightness to her dim and glazing eye. On one side of her couch stood the faithful Jean, watching with tears, the deepening shadows that gathered fast around her marble brow, and on the other, knelt the kind and tender Father Everard, he, before whom, with a heart full of trusting love and fond hope, she had pronounced her marriage vows, and who had now sought her prison, to speak peace to her departing spirit. As the frail and wasting body fell a prey to disease, the pure light of the ethereal soul shone forth bright and beautiful through its decay, and the Christian's hope, and the Christian's patience, triumphed over the fears of the flesh, and the wrongs and sufferings of the crushed and wounded heart.

She had that morning received the last rite of her religion from the hands of Father Everard, and had

spoken with faith and joy of her approaching departure, after which she sank into a stupor, from which her watchful friends thought she would not again revive, but while they waited to catch the last flutter of her breath, she opened her eyes, and taking from her bosom the miniature of Seymour, strove to gaze upon its lineaments, but they were dim to her fading sight, and gently she laid it back upon its resting place.

"Let it be buried with me, Father," she said, and tell him that my latest earthly thought was of him—say to the king, I forgive him for all the wrong he has done me, though he has blighted my youth, and turned its joy into bitterness, I pray God to bless and prosper him, and if he would render justice to the living, and offer some atonement for past injustice, entreat him to recall Seymour from his exile, and let my sufferings expiate the remembrance of his errors. And now, dear friends, farewell,—kind Jean, your hard service is at an end, and God will reward your fidelity. I am going, and joyfully I bid farewell to earth—farewell to this dark prison, whose walls have witnessed so many tears of agony, and whose every stone could tell a tale that would cast reproach on England's king forever."

Exhausted by this unwonted effort, the Lady Arabella sank upon her pillow, and Jean as she leaned over her, smoothed back the rich, soft hair, which fell around her face, still beautiful as it had been in days of early happiness. She remained for a few minutes motionless, then pointing upwards with a radiant smile,

"I go," she said, "to receive my crown—it is the only one which I have ever coveted—say so to the king, and bid him fight the good fight of faith, that he too may obtain it."

She feebly pressed their hands, as she again murmured a low farewell, and while Father Everard was devoutly commending the parting spirit to its Maker, the fluttering pulse paused, the heaving lungs grew still, and the Lady Arabella slept in death. She, in whose veins flowed the blood of kings, expired within the walls of a prison, and none stood beside her bed of death, save a foreign priest, and the humble but faithful follower of her varied and melancholy fortunes.

Whatever punctious visitings of conscience might have arisen to disturb the peace of James, when informed of the Lady Arabella's death, they were soon hushed in the consoling certainty, that one individual, nearly allied to the throne, and whose claims though never urged, still hung, like the sword of Damocles suspended over him, filling him with dread and terror, was forever removed from his path, leaving it undarkened by the shadow of a rival. In compliance, as he said, with the Lady Arabella's dying request, but in reality to rid himself of the

impertunities of Seymour's family, the king shortly recalled the self-exiled fugitive to his country.

But the young man nobly dared to disobey the royal summons, he felt that he could render no true allegiance to the sovereign who had inflicted on him such bitter wrongs, and with the proud, indignant spirit of a deeply injured mind, he refused to return. But a second appeal from James, backed by the entreaties of his father, and of his venerable grandfather, the Earl of Hertford, came to shake his stern resolve, and win him over to their wishes. Once more he sought his native shores, but changed in heart, and with the bright hopes, and goodly promises of his youth shorn of their glory. Loyal he was, and valiant—able, in the council and the field, but he no longer loved the song and dance, no longer sought the festive hall, where fair forms vied with each other in beauty, and bright eyes looked lovingly upon the gallant knights, who wooed their glances.

Only in the quiet bower of the sad and lonely Lady Gervase, did Seymour love to linger. There, week after week, he would pass in solitude with her and Father Everard, roving through those scenes which had witnessed his transient happiness, and dwelling ever with untiring thought, upon his lost and early love, and when years had rolled away, and through the intercession of his family, he gave his hand to a lady of their choice, noble and virtuous though she was, his heart still lingered with the dead, and on the daughter which she bore him, he bestowed the dear, and fondly cherished name of Arabella Stuart.

Montreal.

DIALOGUE.

"PAPA, one one of my schoolmates says his brother wears mustachios. What are mustachios, papa?"
 "Mustachios, my son, are bushes of hair worn on the lip by certain dandies, as a substitute for brains."
 "Well, papa, are those who wear mustachios what are called *hair-brained people*?"

IRISH POLISH.

A person who accused the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met hard rubs enough to polish any nation on earth."

THE WORKS OF NATURE.

NOTHING surely can be better adapted to turn man's thoughts off his own self-sufficiency than the works of nature. Wherever he arrests his attention, whether on matter organised or unorganised, there he will discover convincing evidence of his own ignorance: and at the same time the omnipotence of a first cause will be impressed on his mind, and influence his understanding.—*Maud.*

TO THE SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

All hail! thou smiling infant!

Thou fondling of the year,
We give thee kindest greeting,
With thy flower basket here.

Ha! ha! hast thou returned,
With thy fair and smiling face,
To fill our hearts with pleasure—
Thy sunny steps to trace.

That mind, dost thou remember,
Ah! could thy mem'ry chill?
She loved me then, that maiden—
That maiden loves me still.

For her I prayed thee often,
Thy brightest flowers to bring,
And now again I woo thee,
Wilt thou grant me more, thou spring?

All hail! thou smiling infant!
Thou fondling of the year,
We give thee kindest greeting,
With thy flower basket here.

ALVAR.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES TO A FRIEND.

What think you of, in that sweet, early hour,
When morning wakes all nature from repose—
The dew-drops glisten on the drooping flower,
With pensive sighs the faint breeze softly blows,

And when the sun sets in the beauteous west,
Its glorious rays are ling'ring in the sky,
Reflecting softly on the streamlet's breast,
While fragrant zephyrs in the green woods sigh.

What think you of, when pensively above,
And brightly shines the moon and evening star?
That is the hour of all bliss and love,
When echo's sigh around us and afar,

What think you of, when tempest wildly roar!
Afar the lightning flashes o'er the sea,
And loudly break the billows on the shore,
Ah, do you give a sigh or thought to me?

Or are those hours when your spirit soars,
Above this scene of trouble and of care?
With silent rapture that Great Power adores,
Which made all things so beautiful and fair?

What think you of? The world is then forgot,
And feelings which have slept awake again,
Yet though we sigh, for sorrow is our lot,
The feelings of those moments are not pain?

What think you of, upon the world above,
Where sin and sorrow will be felt no more—
But where the law that governs all is love,
And bliss awaits we never knew before?

What think you of? Each passion is at rest,
And o'er our souls a blissful peace will steal,
As light reflecting on the streamlet's breast,
So is that peace which shows us all we feel.

AMY.

VILLANY AND VIRTUE.

LECON, among many good things, says truly:
"Villany that is vigilant, will be an overmatch for
Virtue, if she slumber on her post; and hence it is
that a bad cause has often triumphed over a good
one; for the partisans of the former, knowing that
their cause will do nothing for them, have done
everything for their cause; whereas the friends of the
latter are too apt to expect everything from their
cause, and nothing for themselves."

FEMALE RESIGNATION.

DEACON Marvin, of Lyme, Connecticut, a large
land-holder and exemplary man, was exceedingly ec-
centric in some of his notions. His courtship, it is
said, was as follows:—Having one day mounted
his horse, with only a sheepskin for a saddle, he rode
in front of the house wherein Betty Lee lived, and,
without dismounting, requested Betty to come to
him; on her coming, he told her that the Lord had
sent him there to marry her. Betty, without much
hesitation, replied, "The Lord's will be done."

"You are an excellent packer," said Theodore Hook
to a waiter at the Athenæum. "How so, sir?"
returned the other. "Why," responded the wit,
"you have contrived to pack a bottle of wine into a
pint decanter."

A MAN RESCUED FROM A TIGER BY A LION.

IN Batty's menagerie, in Dublin, there are two lions
and a tiger, tamed together in the same cage. Dur-
ing the exhibition, at Roserea, a few months ago,
the keeper of these animals, whilst in the cage with
them, missed his foot and fell upon the tiger, which
was asleep at the moment. The animal became
enraged, and, jumping up, caught the unfortunate
man by the thigh. A thrill of horror pervaded the
hundreds of spectators who were visiting the exhi-
bition at the time, and the man's destruction was
deemed inevitable, when, to the inexpressible joy, as
well as amazement of all present, the lion seized
the tiger by the neck, and caused it at once to relin-
quish its hold, whilst the man was dragged out of
the cage, bleeding in a dreadful manner. He was
immediately placed under the care of Dr. Tynam, of
that town, and is now quite recovered.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE RUINS OF HOHENSTEIN.

BY E. M. M.

THOSE who are lovers of the picturesque and romantic, and have the opportunity to visit the glorious scenery of the Rhine, let them pause for a few days at Coblenz, and having duly performed a pilgrimage to the summit of Ehrenbreitstein, and enjoyed from the proud battlements of that noble fortress, a view beautiful and magnificent beyond all words, let them then proceed through the most fertile, rich and undulating country to the sweet valley of Langen Schwalbach, in the Duchy of Nassau, where, should health have deserted them, they will find her hovering like an angel over its delicious springs—there let the “pilgrim drink and pray,” not “for the soul of the Sybil grey,” but in thanksgiving to a kind Providence who in “that little fountain cell,” affords relief to the sufferings of man by its clear and sparkling waters, even as our blessed Saviour, while, resting on the well of Samaria, promised eternal life to all those who should drink of the living waters presented in love by him.

Amongst the attractions in the immediate neighbourhood of the valley, are the interesting ruins of the Castle of Hohenstein, standing proudly on their rocky eminence, at the base of which runs a narrow yet pellucid river, its sides are covered with various wild plants and flowers, while rich woods and towering mountains, add very considerably to the grandeur of the scene. The ruins are replete with interest, and while contemplating their fine baronial character, one recalls the period when gay knights and squires and beauteous dames must have graced its now deserted halls, and the melody of song and harp have resounded from its galleries, which now only echo to the hootings and screams of the midnight owl.

It was early in the month of August, during a sojourn of many weeks at Schwalbach, that I was induced to accompany a young party in a visit to Hohenstein. We set out in the cool of the evening, and after a delightful drive arrived there just as the glorious sun was shedding his declining beams over the venerable pile. My youthful friends soon left me to ramble amidst the wild and steep pathways which surrounded it, while I sat down to await them, on a rude stone covered with moss—their merry voices borne upon the breeze reaching me at inter-

vals. It was a scene well calculated for meditation, and as I continued to gaze in admiration upon it, I could not but reflect on the mutability of all sublunary things, the vast importance they assume over our thoughts, our affections, the time we waste upon these which are formed, but to moulder into dust, and the few hours we comparatively give to those higher, holier subjects, which involve our eternal welfare, and speak to us of endless joys.

I was arrested in this train of thought by the tinkling of a sheep bell, and the lowing of the herds returning to their homes, and on looking up I beheld approaching me an old man, whose long white locks were waved from off his furrowed brow by the light summer breeze. He was attired in the coarse blue coat worn by the peasantry of Nassau, with a red sash girdling his waist, and a cloth cap on his venerable head, which he uncovered as he drew near me, and made his obeisance, for there is a natural courtesy in these amiable people that will not permit their passing the stranger without offering him this little civility. He paused on observing the interest I appeared to be taking in the romantic scene before me, and addressing me in the language of his country said:

“You may traverse many lands, lady, and yet I think you will scarcely see a more beautiful spot than this.”

“You are right, old man,” I replied, “and I have been allowing my imagination to dwell on the splendour and happiness which must have once enlivened the now desolate walls of yonder castle.”

“Splendour enough, it has witnessed no doubt lady,” returned the peasant; “but the castle and the palace are not always the chosen abodes of happiness.”

I was struck by the remark of the old man, and its truth, and I enquired:

“Do you know aught of its early history, there must surely be some legend attached to a place of such importance.

“I have heard my father relate a story connected with the last possessions of Hohenstein, but it is a long one lady—and my memory begins to fail me, yet if you wish it I will endeavour to recal the leading events.”

Most gladly did I avail myself of the peasant's offer for he had found me just in the mood to indulge his garulity, and inviting him to take a share of my seat upon the stone, I requested him to proceed with an eagerness which made him smile, he paused awhile to collect his thoughts and then turning towards me he commenced with the following tale which I shall record in my own words attaching to it the title of

RETRIBUTION.

A LEGEND OF HOHENSTEIN.

"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows ;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows ;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high ;
But lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die."

The Fire King.

THE last possessors of this noble castle, were the Baron and Baroness Waldberg, both allied to ancient families. In him his tenants were blessed by a kind and most munificent lord, to whom they were all devotedly attached. His mild and amiable deportment—his extensive charities, and, above all, his deep and fervent piety, rendered him an object of veneration and love to the whole neighbourhood. His lady they respected; but that was all—since she was proud and haughty, yet, withal, capable of performing noble actions. Her passions were, however, violent, and she too frequently marred the good she did by an overbearing arrogance, which robbed it of its lustre, and checked the feelings of gratitude she sought to produce. One daughter had blessed their union; but the hearts of each sighed for an heir. The Baron, indeed, expressed no strong desire on the subject, for he felt that all things being under the Divine guidance, God would grant them this blessing if it were needful and right, and if He chose, in his wisdom, to withhold it, still he must not murmur. Not so the Baroness; it was the constant untiring theme of her conversation—the never-failing source for repining and complaint. Frequently the Baron would gently expostulate with her, and tell her that she was arraigning the decree of Providence by her vain regrets; when she would answer him haughtily and proudly, that her desire was to have the ancient name of Waldberg perpetuated through many generations, and that a long line of descendants should grace the Halls of Hohenstein which, founded as it was upon a rock, would stand the test of ages.

"There is but one rock—the rock of Christ," replied the Baron, mildly. "Let us found our house on that—on none other can man build with security." He said no more, for the dark kindling eye of the Baroness augured a storm, which he always strove to avert. In the society of his little daughter, Frederica, he sometimes found pleasure;

but at the early age of three years, she had already exhibited the quick temperament of her mother, in her impotent fits of rage, when her nurse offended her; and indulged as she was in every caprice, this evil strengthened with her years, and rendered her an object of dislike—almost of fear—to her attendants.

At the period our story commences, the Baroness Waldberg was in the hourly expectation of presenting to her lord a second child, and, it is needless to say, with what anxiety the event was anticipated. It was night—and the Baron having returned from the chapel, where he had been offering up his fervent petitions to Almighty God—paced, with agitated steps, his hall. He had implored the Divine blessing on their hopes for a son, and that a gracious accordance with their desire might be granted, piously adding, however, that if it was the will of Heaven to deny the request of their lips, that strength might be given them to submit patiently and submissively to the decree.

The domestics of the castle were all collected in the servants' hall, conversing with deep interest on the coming event, and expressing their fears that if the Baroness were again disappointed in her wish for a son, it would be impossible to remain in her service, since her temper would become still more irritable, and difficult to bear. While thus engaged, Dame Ulrica, the old housekeeper, entered—her brow knit in anger, and shaking her hand menacingly at Rodolph, a simple lad, who, on perceiving her approach, slunk behind Agatha, one of the female attendants.

"Ah, young graceless, you may well hide yourself in shame and confusion," said the Dame.

"What has he been doing, Ulrica?" enquired several voices—"Rodolph stand forth and answer for yourself."

"What has he been doing?" screamed Dame Ulrica—"would you credit it, he has gone and tapped the largest barrel of ale, reserved until my lady's confinement, and has suffered it to float the cellar. Let me come at him—I will teach him to tread on forbidden ground."

"Tapped the ale, and suffered it to float," exclaimed Warbeck, the Baron's favorite domestic—"the young villian, he deserves to be drowned in it—what will Dame Marguerite say when she wants it for her caudle?"

The indignation against poor Rodolph was unanimous, and he would certainly have received some severe proofs of it had not the attention of all been suddenly arrested by a faint moaning, as of one in distress, immediately underneath the window.

"Hark, who was that?" cried Agatha, trembling,— "what a dismal sound."

"It was but the wind howling through the trees," said Warbeck.

"No, no, Warbeck—it is no wind, rest assured;

but some evil wood demon come hither to carry off Rodolph for his mischief," retorted Dame Ulrica bitterly. "Listen, there it is again—take care Rodolph, I thought I saw a frightful form appear at yon window."

"Don't terrify me so, Dame Ulrica," said poor Rodolph, clinging to the dress of Agatha, and looking fearfully round him. "Oh dear, oh dear, but it's very awful," he continued, as the moaning was repeated. All now listened with anxiety, for it became evident that the sounds proceeded from a human being.

"It is very strange," said Agatha; "and on such a night—it would almost seem prophetic."

"Let us send Rodolph to see who it is," suggested Dame Ulrica—"it will be the best punishment we can inflict for his curiosity and mischief."

"Oh, pray don't, good Dame Ulrica, kind, handsome, young Dame Ulrica," cried the terrified youth, falling on his knees. "I will never tap a barrel again, believe me, never taste a drop of ale—I will love you forever, Dame Ulrica—I will indeed."

"Hang thee coward, who cares for thy love?" retorted the Dame. "Rise, craven that thou art, and go forth; we must not suffer an unfortunate to perish at our gates;" but Rodolph was immovable, transfixed with terror, and continued his supplications, until Warbeck silenced him by announcing his determination to learn the cause of their alarm himself, and left the hall for that purpose.

The servants then crowded together, awaiting his return in anxious suspense. He soon appeared, and to their dismay and astonishment, carrying in his arms a female, apparently in a lifeless state, her long hair flowing in wild disorder around her—her eyes closed as if in the sleep of death. The compassion of the whole group was roused on beholding so piteous a sight, and Dame Ulrica immediately had her conveyed into her private apartment, where she sought to restore animation, by applying the most powerful restoratives on her temples and forehead. The appearance of our unhappy stranger was peculiarly interesting, and denoted her at once to be of gentle kindred. And the delicacy of her situation added yet more to the commiseration she inspired.

"Poor, dear young creature," said Dame Ulrica, brushing a tear from her eye; "what cruel fate can have exposed her to the rigour of a winter's night, unprotected, and at such a time? I must go to my lord and learn his pleasure concerning her—for it will be necessary to summon Dame Marguerite to her aid."

On her informing the Baron of the guest who had so strangely appeared at the castle, he desired that every kindness and attention should be shown to her, as if she were the Baroness herself. Thus authorised, the good housekeeper instantly had a

room prepared for her reception, into which the unhappy lady, who, by this time had recovered from her swoon, was removed and placed in bed. She spoke not, save by the same moans and heavy sighs; but in the expression of her soft eyes beamed the gratitude she felt towards those who were watching over her with so much tenderness. The moment Dame Marguerite beheld her, she pronounced her fears that the exhausted state of the stranger would render her unable to sustain her approaching trial. She dismissed every one from the room but Ulrica, with whom she conversed awhile in low tones. She then returned to the apartment of the Baroness, not daring to remain long absent from her at such a crisis. Ere another hour had chimed, the lady of Hohenstein and the poor friendless stranger had each given birth to an infant; and in the same moment that the joyful intelligence was conveyed to the Baron that a son had been granted him in answer to his prayers, was he informed that the unhappy stranger had yielded up her meek spirit to Heaven, leaving her innocent babe a sacred charge on his humanity.

"You tell me that it is a girl," said the Baroness, when, in a few subsequent days the story of the unfortunate lady was related to her. "Call her no more an orphan, I will adopt her as my own, and she shall share my love with Frederica and my precious boy—bring her hither, that I may behold my second daughter."

On the little stranger being presented by Dame Marguerite, the Baroness received her in her arms, and gazing in pity on her sweet face, while tears fell over her, she enquired if they had endeavoured to learn from whence the unhappy lady had wandered, and her name. The reply was, that every enquiry had been made for miles round; but from no person could any satisfactory information be gained. The name of Adelaide they discovered on a handkerchief belonging to the lady, and this the Baroness said should be given to her child. She then had her placed in the magnificent cradle in which her own infant was reposing, and smiled in maternal kindness as she beheld the two innocents together.

The warm-hearted Baron readily assented to all the wishes of his lady, respecting the little orphan, though he could not forbear doubting whether the happiness of their young charge would be secured by the favour so lavishly bestowed upon her in these early ebullitions of good feeling.

Great rejoicings took place at the castle on the night the young heir was christened. The Baroness, in splendid attire, entered the noble hall with her lord. It had been richly decorated for the occasion, and hung with the banners of many a warlike ancestor, who had fought in the Crusades; and as she gazed around her, and walked towards the font, where stood the Minister of God awaiting her—

happiness beamed in her eye, and pride marked her steps. The sacred ceremony was duly performed, and the outward signs of Christianity bestowed upon both the children, who were each blessed in an impressive tone by the holy man ere he returned them to the arms of their sponsors, with an earnest prayer that the Spiritual Grace might be given to them in abundance, rendering them not only Christians in name, but in deed and in truth.

The year which followed this one, so interesting to the Baron and his lady, passed in peace and tranquillity. The possession of her heart's yearning desire tended very considerably to soften the violent temper of the Baroness, who would spend hours in the nursery with her young flock, delightedly watching their opening beauties. Frederica she could not reconcile to these rivals in her heart, and she would stamp her little foot, and scream whenever she beheld them in her mother's arms, and even attempt to strike them. Towards her brother she particularly showed dislike. Nor were these unamiable traits checked, since none dared correct faults at which the Baroness only laughed.

The Baron looked on a silent spectator of these nursery scenes. His knowledge of human nature made him foresee storms gathering, the natural result of passions, uncurbed and unrestrained by wholesome and necessary discipline. He would have remonstrated, but he felt how useless it would be, and he retired to the solitude of his study, where alone he found peace and happiness.

The infancy of young Albert Adolphus was unmarked by any peculiar event. The idol of his mother, and the pride of his nurses, who could feel surprised that as he passed from this into boyhood, he exhibited the same violent temper, the same wayward disposition, as his sister Frederica, with whom his contentions were frequent. Neither had been taught to bear or forbear, nor could the Baroness conceive any other method of restoring union, than the pernicious one of offering bribes, and making promises which were seldom fulfilled. Happily for the little Adelaide, her doubtful position early taught her to be humble and yielding. In all their amusements she was required to submit her wishes to those of her young companions—this was rendered the less difficult to her, since she naturally possessed a most sweet and gentle disposition, which caused her frequently to shrink in fear from the haughty Baroness, and steal to the side of the Baron, in whom she had already discovered a friend, that never repulsed her or spoke harshly to her, but who treated her with the same uniform affection and kindness, for in truth he pitied her, as he marked the different treatment she too often experienced to that shown towards his own more favoured children, and she became, in consequence, the companion of his solitary hours, and learnt during these many a precept

and lesson, which proved highly valuable to her in after years.

When Albert had attained the age of eight years, the Baron engaged for him the best preceptors, and bestowed much of his own attention, in endeavouring to lead his young mind to religious subjects, well knowing that these alone could conquer the evil spirit, and render him really happy, and a blessing to those who might eventually become his dependents; but the boy soon evinced a strong repugnance to all study. The confinement, the thought, which it required suited not his taste; and while to his masters he would be rude and insolent—to his father he was inattentive and disobedient. As he advanced in age in all active pursuits he became an adept. He loved to wander over the wildest spots, and longed for the period when he would be able to join in the exhilarating pleasures of the chase. He frequently alarmed the Baroness by his lengthened absences from home, and if she ventured to express her fears, he would either laugh or show anger and impatience at the restraint. Indeed he seemed to retain little affection for his parents, whose control he disdained. The only being who possessed the slightest influence over him, or who called forth the better feelings of his nature, was Adelaide, who never dared to contradict him or thwart him in his will.

“And this then is the treasure upon which our hearts have been so long set,” said the Baron, in despair, as he witnessed the increasing wilfulness of his son's disposition. “Alas! how little we short-sighted mortals know what is indeed for our happiness; the things we desire may prove our greatest bane, while those we fear may lead to the most blessed results. Oh Lord, do thou take all our concerns into thy holy keeping, pity and forgive the resistance we make to thy will, when it seems to cross our hopes, and guide us in the paths leading to eternal joys.”

Albert sometimes would induce Adelaide to accompany him in his rambles, and as they walked along, the traveller would pause on his way, to gaze after them in admiration, for beautiful were they in form and feature—the dark complexion and black kindling eyes of Albert contrasting well with the exquisitely fair and delicate appearance of his companion. One day they had rambled into the woods, Adelaide amusing herself in gathering all the wild flowers which strewed their path, until wearied and exhausted, she threw herself on the grass to rest. They had not been long here when the baying of dogs and hallooing of huntsmen caught their attention.

“Hark,” cried Albert, delightedly, “there comes Count Woolstein and his pack—I hope they will pass this way.”

“Oh no, no, I hope not,” replied the terrified

Adelaide, clinging to him; "let us begone, dear Albert, I beseech you."

"Begone, indeed, that were a noble act for the son of Baron Waldberg—if you are afraid I will put you above the reach of danger." And he lifted her in his arms and placed her on a branch of one of the trees. He had scarcely done so when a huge boar rushed from the thicket, and dashed passed him, followed by his pursuers. Adelaide screamed, while Albert clapped his hands joyously. One of the foremost hunters turned to look at the boy, and as he did so his horse plunged violently, and threw him to the ground. Quick as the lightning's flash Albert darted forward, and caught the rein of the fiery animal, in the same instant, the stranger rose, and gazing in astonishment upon him, said, "In truth you are a brave fellow, youngster—who claims you as his son?"

"The Lord of Hohenstein," replied Albert, proudly.

"Ah, indeed—report speaks highly of him; but I may not stay," continued the stranger, remounting. "Thanks, young sir, for your prompt assistance—we may meet again, I hope," and bowing low as he waved his hand, he galloped off to join in the chase.

"That is one according to my own heart," said Albert, looking wistfully after him. "He consumes no midnight oil in dry study; but wisely enjoys nature's best gifts—freedom and the air of Heaven, and so will I before long, please the saints. Come Adelaide from your lurking place—yours is but a cowardly spirit after all."

"Albert, I will accompany you no more in these long rambles," returned Adelaide, springing lightly from the tree. "Those bold men, and their wild dogs, have frightened me—I would we were at home again."

"And conning some dull task in my father's study, perchance," remarked Albert, in a tone of contempt.

"I never find the lessons of our kind father dull," replied Adelaide. "To me they are full of interest—I delight to sit by his side, and listen to his beautiful stories of a Saviour's love, and sufferings for our sakes."

"Pshaw, such discourse is only suited to nuns and monks," returned Albert petulantly; "my father will never gain in me a patient listener to his prosy talk, I promise him."

"Oh, Albert, dear Albert, speak not so irreverently of what you do not comprehend," replied Adelaide, laying her hand impressively on his arm; "it distresses me to hear you, my brother."

"Does it, indeed, my pretty sister—I would not willingly do so. Come, change that grave countenance, and let us race down this bank. You are tired, say you; shall I carry you?" and without waiting her reply, he raised her from the ground and

bore her swiftly down the steep, while her arms encircled his neck, with all a sister's affection."

On reaching the gates of Hohenstein, they met the Baron and his lady, walking in the gardens.

"Upon my word, Miss Adelaide," said the Baroness seriously, "you have shown a truant disposition of late. I scarcely approve your rambling into the woods with your brother thus daily, (laying an emphasis on the term,) Frederica has been enquiring for you several times."

"And what if she has," replied Albert with a kindling eye; "Adelaide is not her slave I imagine."

"No, she is yours it appears," observed the Baron, taking the hand of Adelaide, whose eyes had filled with tears at the rebuke of the Baroness; "see she is quite pale and fatigued; you forget, Albert, that your sister is unequal to bear all that you are."

"I have not urged her to more than she wished," returned Albert angrily, "let me join in the chase with Count Woolstein, and I shall not care to have the company of a puling girl."

"Ah, my son, you waste too many hours in idleness," said the Baron; "yours is the age to gain wisdom and knowledge—if you seek not their paths now, you will never find them in after years."

"Give me the wisdom which I can glean from the book of nature, under the wide canopy of heaven," replied Albert; "not that procured from the study of musty books, in a dull dark room."

"I grant that you may gain valuable stores, while in the contemplation of nature's works, my dear boy," returned his father, "since you may trace in them all the hand of God, and if they lead your thoughts to dwell on his holy image, happy are you. Do you find this the case?"

"I will answer your question, when I have numbered more years," replied Albert carelessly, as he turned on his heel to enter the court yard; "at present I have not arrived so far in my vocabulary as the word contemplation."

"Nor ever will, I fear," sighed the Baron, gazing after him—"would that a less beautiful exterior had been thine, my son, with a heart more easily moulded to right impressions."

As his father marked the prevailing tastes, and the reckless turn of mind which were daily becoming more apparent in young Albert, his uneasiness increased; he held frequent conversations with the Baroness and his preceptors, on the subject, who tried to flatter him into the belief, that his faults merely proceeded from the thoughtlessness of youth—that when age and experience were his, they would behold a salutary change in his character; but their reasoning could not remove the parent's fears, for he knew it was only in accordance with the hacknied maxims of the world, and that if the good seed were not early sown, ere the soil became hardened, it would grow

up wild as the tares which were doomed to be gathered together and burned. He was strenuously advised by many of his friends, to send his son to college, but he justly feared that if he were entirely removed from under his own eye, and exposed to the example of evil companions, he would at once throw off all restraint, and plunge into their follies and vices; at present he retained a few lingering good feelings, but how soon would these be destroyed by that most dangerous opponent of all virtue—ridicule. He laid all his anxieties before God in prayer, and while he felt that he was exerting every energy in the cause he had so much at heart, he was fully aware that the result depended on divine goodness, that he must await patiently an answer, and not weary in well doing because it was deferred. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it," were words which often recurred to his mind, when in a mood to despond, and gave him new vigour in the prosecution of his duties. The gentle society of Adelaide, was a great solace to the Baron, during this anxious period, and the hours she spent with him, she ranked amongst her happiest, since she gleaned rich stores of useful knowledge from his intellectual and pious mind. She was devotedly fond of music, and as the best masters were engaged for Frederica, she enjoyed the advantage of their instructions, and soon far surpassed her sister, much to the chagrin of the Baroness, who beheld in her opening beauty and talents, a formidable rival of her daughter, whose appearance and deportment were by no means winning or engaging, and she constantly sought to mortify Adelaide by ungenerously reminding her of her dependent state, and that she must not presume to consider herself on an equality with Frederica, although she was indulged by being called her adopted sister. Poor Adelaide meekly submitted to these humiliations, and felt thankful for the blessings she possessed. She was much beloved by the domestics of the castle, and would listen with deep interest to the oft repeated tale of her unhappy mother, related by Dame Marguerite and Ulrica, who, with the garrulity of age, had added very considerably to its truth. Notwithstanding all his faults, she was fondly attached to Albert, who, exacting, capricious and passionate as he might be, never assumed that haughty manner towards her, which she experienced from the Baroness and Frederica, but she mourned over the uneasiness which he caused his amiable father, and offered many a humble petition at the throne of grace, that God would change his heart. She was considered too young to mix in the society, which the Baroness drew around her, nor did she regret this, since she was fond of retirement, she employed her chief time in all those pursuits which tended to advance her Christian knowledge, in a practical sense, and frequently became the Baron's companion, in his charitable visits amongst the peasantry. She took

an amiable pleasure in decorating Frederica for her gay parties, but never once envied her in the possession of her brilliant jewels or magnificent attire, for she was simple in all her tastes, as she was lovely in her mind and person.

A few weeks subsequent to her walk with Albert in the woods, he came to her, urging her to accompany him thither again, but she declined reminding him at the same time of the displeasure it had caused the Baroness.

"What is that to me," said Albert impatiently, "no woman shall control my will."

"You may set aside the authority of your mother, Albert," replied Adelaide in a sad tone, "but I dare not, and it were well for you if you thought the same."

"What, you set up for my counsellor, my wise young lady," returned Albert with a scornful laugh; "you are a sage mistress truly, but say, will you come with me or no—you will rue your folly in refusing, believe me."

"Dear Albert most happily would I accompany you," said Adelaide, while tears rushed to her eyes, "but indeed I may not today, the Baroness was angry with me this morning, and I should fear to ask her."

"Then you will not brave her displeasure for my sake."

"If it were to do you any good I would brave far more than that Albert, and you know it; urge me not then my brother, to an act of disobedience, which would punish me without serving you," and she would have taken his hand, but he repulsed her impatiently, as he said, while leaving the room.

"Wait till I ask you again, cold hearted Adelaide."

"Cold-hearted," repeated Adelaide, as the door was violently closed upon her; "that appellation I deserve not from you, Albert; alas, I wish that I could feel indifferent towards you, for then your faults would not cause me the same uneasiness."

Adelaide felt restless until the time drew near, when Albert usually returned. She looked towards the woods, in the hope of seeing him, but when hour after hour chimed from the castle bell, and still he came not, she became uneasy, and descended to the Baron's study, who she found in great alarm, Warbeck having informed him that Albert had taken his most fiery horse from the stable, and departed, none knew whither.

The day passed heavily and slowly away, already were the shadows of evening darkening the scene without—servants had been sent in quest of their young master, but had returned without gaining any tidings of him, and the anxious parents remained sitting up until a late hour in a state of suffering, not to be described. Adelaide had retired to her own apartment, and sat down weeping at the open lattice. It was a beautiful night, the moon shedding her pale lustre over the face of the earth, and the

stars rendering the heavens one blaze of light. Suddenly the warder's horn was blown at the gates. Adelaide started, and listened in trembling suspense; quickly were they opened, when the clang of a horse's hoofs were heard dashing up the court yard. She looked out, and to her relief and joy beheld her truant brother.

"Oh, Albert, why have you caused us all so much care and anxiety?—what has detained you?" she enquired, as she leant over the lattice to address him. He looked up laughing, as he replied:

"I have only punished you for your refusal, as I promised to do; you will come with me another time, when I ask you, I think."

Adelaide flew down stairs to meet him in the hall, and throwing her arms round him, she burst into a flood of tears—for a few moments he appeared touched by her emotion, and then, as if ashamed, he hastily broke from her, and entered the saloon. His parents were too thankful on beholding him to express their anger. In answer to the eager enquiries they made him, of where he had been, he informed them that he had spent the day at Count Woolstein's, who he met hunting in the woods. The Baron then mildly reprimanded him for his breach of all discipline, but perceiving that he was flushed with wine, he refrained from saying too much, until the following day, when he addressed him most seriously on the subject, telling him that as he found his authority inadequate to restrain him within those bounds which were absolutely necessary at his age, he had determined on sending him to college, in the hope that a more strict control might prove a check on his turbulent passions. He pointed out to him the fearful consequences of cultivating a friendship with one like Count Woolstein, whose dissipated habits and irregular mode of life were well known.

"My dear boy," said the anxious father, "at present all things assume in your eyes a false appearance; the bold darning of Count Woolstein and his associates, fascinate you; but what are the results of a career like his—ruin and misery. He is addicted, I am told, to play, and to the low vice of intemperance. Shun such companionship, Albert, as you would the evenomened reptile—soar above those grovelling tastes and pleasures, which debase the character, and are totally unworthy of man, who is gifted with reason by his maker, and formed for a higher existence; remember that "the plumage of the royal bird assists him in his flight, rob him of his feathers and you fix him to the earth." A mind chained down to the vices of a sinful world, becomes at length their slave, and loses the energy and the power to escape their fangs. And what are the wages of these servants of sin—death—and that death eternal. You are impatient, Albert, I see, at your father's admonitions, but the day will come, my son, when you will wish that you had attended to them."

The idea of going to college was not unpleasing

to Albert, who considered that he would, at least, escape from the trammels of home—the only being he regretted to leave was Adelaide, and having embraced her with more than usual affection, on the morning fixed for his departure, he entered the carriage, accompanied by his father, and had scarcely driven a mile from the gates, ere every feeling of sorrow was forgotten.

The Baroness felt this separation from her son most keenly. He was the object upon whom her fondest hopes were placed, and to the false indulgence which she had lavished upon him from his infancy, might be attributed, in a great measure, those evil propensities that now embittered both hers and her husband's peace, and which had rendered his removal from home a necessary expedient; but now that he was gone, all his faults seemed to be forgotten, while the reflection alone was cherished, that in him would the noble house of Hohenstein be perpetuated. She viewed with a jealous eye, his partiality for the humble dependent, Adelaide, whose display of grief, at the time and after his departure, was far greater than she deemed needful, and she expressed her fears to the Baron, on his return.

"Would to God, that Albert possessed a heart capable of loving so pure and good a being as Adelaide," the Baron replied; "I should then entertain some hopes of his reformation; but unstable and fickle as he is, he will not retain such feelings long, rest assured."

"And would you really wish to see your only son united to a creature whose birth is a mystery?" returned the indignant Baroness; "I would rather behold him lying dead at my feet."

"Your awful choice may be given you," sighed the Baron, as he left the room to escape the threatened storm.

From this period Adelaide underwent a new species of persecution from the Baroness, whose taunts upon the subject of her birth were frequent and cruel—but in the increased kindness and affection of the Baron, she was amply recompensed, while from religion she experienced a peace and joy of which none could deprive her. Dame Marguerite was much displeased at the treatment she received from the Baroness, but Adelaide always checked her expressions of anger by saying, "that the chastening came from the Lord's hand, and was sent for her profit, that she had many things to call forth her gratitude, and that she must not murmur when she was called upon to bear the cross, under which her Saviour had painfully toiled for her sake."

"Ah, well my sweet young lady," Marguerite replied, "the day will arrive I hope when these old eyes will behold you in your proper place; could I but have foreseen," here she paused, confused, and then left the room.

Amongst the visitors who had lately been introduced at the castle, was Count Ravensberg, a man ap-

parently about fifty years of age, and of most forbidding appearance. The moment Adelaide beheld him she recognised in his dark eyes, and swarthy cheek the stranger whose horse Albert had caught when it threw him in the wood—she shrank abashed from his bold gaze, on hearing him enquire who she was, and felt her heart throb with pain, and her cheek burn when on the Baroness superciliously replying that her name was unknown, she marked his look of surprise. Willingly would she have withdrawn from the circle, but as the Baroness, since the departure of Albert had expressed a desire she should appear at her parties, she knew that she dared not. The Count was evidently struck by her beauty, for he devoted his attentions exclusively to her; but there was a freedom in his manner and language from which she recoiled with a repugnance, she found difficult to conceal. What then was her dismay, when after a few weeks acquaintance the Baroness one morning announced to her that he had done her the honour to propose for her—Adelaide almost screamed, and covering her face with her hands, she replied in a tone of terror.

“Never Madame, I beseech you, tell the Count that my consent cannot be given.”

The Baroness gazed on her for a moment in speechless astonishment, and when Adelaide ventured to look up, she trembled for the consequences of her temerity, as she beheld the kindling eye and suppressed passion depicted on her countenance. At length it burst forth. “Can I believe my senses,” she exclaimed in raised tones—“that you dare presume to send such a reply to Count Ravensberg—you, a creature living on the charity of strangers, refuse the hand of one who has demeaned himself so far as to think of you—a man of rank, and wealth, are you deranged?—speak madam,” and she shook her violently by the shoulder.

Adelaide rose—she seemed to have been suddenly inspired with a miraculous courage—for with a dignity of manner which evidently astonished the Baroness, she replied—“You will pardon the ungracious way in which I received the proposal of Count Ravensberg—I was not prepared for it, and spoke from impulse. I sensibly feel [the honour he has done me, and I beg you will so assure him; but my resolution remains the same—I cannot consent to become his wife.”

“You cannot consent—and pray may I ask your reason for this most extraordinary resolve?” enquired the Baroness, pale from the violence of her emotion. “Perhaps,” she added, ironically, “you have placed your affections on a more fortunate object—if so, allow me to hear the name of him who is so happy as to have gained the heart of Adelaide, the nameless.”

Adelaide’s momentary courage became crushed under this bitter sarcasm, and sinking down on her chair, she burst into tears. “I know that I am a

beggar, beholden to your bounty for food and for shelter,” she said, sobbing; “but even this will not make me guilty of the sin of perjury. How could I vow to love and honour Count Ravensberg at the altar of my God, when in my heart I fear and hate him.”

“Hate, that is a very Christian expression for a young lady, who professes to be religious, truly; but I will not waste words upon you,” continued the incensed Baroness—“I give you a few days to reflect on the Count’s proposal—should you persist in your unwise determination, mine will be to withdraw from you my protection, and send you to seek your own fortune;” and as she spoke, she haughtily withdrew.

Poor Adelaide, this was the first severe trial she had been called upon to endure, and when she found herself alone, she clasped her hands in agony, and gazing wildly around her, she felt at that moment that she was indeed a friendless outcast—forsaken and despised by all; but soon more soothing thoughts, like a sunbeam gliding over the troubled waters, entered her mind. “God is still watching over me,” she cried; “he is the Father of the fatherless, and will not desert me in mine hour of need. If I implore the aid of His Holy Spirit to guide me in the way I should go—will he not grant it to me?” And casting herself on her knees, she buried her sweet face in the cushion of the chair, while with tears and supplications, she laid all her anxieties before that gracious Power, whose ears are ever open to the orphan’s cry, and to the voice of the mourner. She rose from this duty far more calm, and as she reflected that in the Baron she still possessed an earthly friend, she felt her spirit revive and her hopes return. Of Albert too, she thought, and with a tenderness unknown to her before. Earnestly did she wish that he could learn the painful position in which she was placed; but he very rarely wrote home. Not might she venture to address a letter to him—indeed what could she say, save that which would cast odium on his mother, and would this be right? Conscience whispered no, and to this silent monitor the will of Adelaide ever bowed. Her days of probation passed, and when the Baroness summoned her to learn her final resolve, and received from her a firm but respectful refusal of Count Ravensberg, her rage knew no bounds, and she upbraided her in such severe terms, that the unhappy girl, in a paroxysm of terror, fled from her presence. The Baron attempted to remonstrate with his lady—but his health, from anxiety, had suffered so much within the last few months, that he found his mild reasoning unequal to cope with the violence of her vituperations—completely borne down, and he could only soothe the innocent object of her anger, and lead her to seek for strength and comfort in the word of God.

The motives which induced the Baroness to desire the union of Adelaide with Count Ravensberg were two-fold. She could not be blind to her numerous attractions, and she dreaded least they might prove powerful enough to win the heart of Albert, and thus destroy her hopes of his forming a high alliance. Her presence was also highly detrimental to the interests of Frederica, whose far less winning manners, and heavy unmeaning face and form, were cast into complete shade whenever the graceful, sylph-like Adelaide appeared. She had threatened to expel her from the castle; but this cruel menace even the Baroness could not put into execution. Count Ravensberg for the present withdrew his visits, on receiving the unexpected answer to his proposals; but there was a secret compact made between him and the Baroness, that the will of the stubborn girl should be eventually moulded to theirs, when he determined to be amply revenged for the manner in which she had slighted his high pretensions.

Time passed away, and the dark clouds which had collected over the devoted head of Adelaide seemed to have all dispersed. Again was she received into favour by the Baroness, who had long since ceased to mention the name of Count Ravensberg, and Adelaide fondly hoped that she had beheld him for the last time. She learnt with infinite satisfaction that Frederica was shortly to be united to the Baron Lubenstein, a widower, possessed of vast wealth. Never had she experienced kindness from this companion of her childhood; but lately she had treated her with even more than usual haughtiness, and the idea of her departure from Hohenstein was hailed with real pleasure. Albert she knew, would be recalled home to attend at his sister's nuptials. Two years had passed since his departure, and the prospect of again beholding him lent an elasticity to her step, and a buoyancy to her spirit, that for months she had been a stranger to; but the persecutions destined her were reserved for this period, and fell the more heavily, since she was unprepared to meet them. Ere the arrival of Albert, the Baroness, fearful of the consequences that might arise from a renewal of their intimacy, ordered her to be removed to a distant part of the castle, under the care of Ulrica, with the strictest injunctions that she was not to leave her apartment, or appear before Albert, during his brief visit; but the Baroness had another motive for this extraordinary mandate, which she revealed to no one. Adelaide wept bitterly when she learnt that she would not be permitted to see her brother, and ignorant as she was of its meaning, she could not forbear thinking it most arbitrary and cruel. The room selected for her temporary prison looked dreary and forlorn; it had not been inhabited for many years, and Adelaide experienced a chill on entering it which was increased when she remembered that within the

richly canopied bed now before her, her unhappy mother had breathed her last sigh. She walked up to it with Ulrica, and gazed on it with awe, while tears coursed each other down her cheeks.

"And was there no holy man near to offer her consolation, and the last rites of the church, in so drear an hour?" she enquired with deep emotion.

"Yes, my dear young lady, assuredly there was," replied Dame Ulrica; "the Baron's own Chaplain, Heaven rest his soul, attended her; but she was too much exhausted, I fear, to benefit by his exhortation, since she could not articulate one word in reply to his enquiries; yet I think I never beheld such meek resignation and piety expressed on any countenance, as appeared on hers that night, when, with clasped hands and eyes upturned, she listened to the prayers which the minister breathed in behalf of her fleeting spirit."

Ulrica remained, conversing upon this theme, always so interesting to Adelaide, for a considerable time, when she left her with a promise to return in the evening. On her departure, Adelaide arranged her few books and her various works.

"Three days will soon pass away," she said mentally; "and with so many employments I shall not find them heavy—but oh, my dear brother Albert, to know that you will be so near and that we may not meet, is indeed hard."

The casements of the room, in which she was, were too high to admit of her seeing any thing without, but in the adjoining turret there was a window from whence a view of the whole surrounding beautiful country might be beheld, and here she took her station. It was an autumn day—and the varied tints among the foliage of the forest trees presented a sight, at once magnificent and melancholy, at this season, which has been beautifully termed "the Sabbath of the year." When the reaper's work is done, the harvest garnered and nature resting from all her rural labours, awaits the return of spring, to recommence her toils. Adelaide looked down upon the peaceful river, which glided past the base of the rock, and thought of the happy time when, as a child, she had sat with Albert on its banks, watching the tiny boat he would send adrift on its smooth waters, and laughing joyously when the current would sweep it swiftly along, or weep when some impediment would stop it in its course, and call forth his anger and bitter disappointment. For the tears and smiles of childhood, like the rain and sunbeams of an April day, come in quick succession, and as soon pass away, unlike to the darker and more lasting storms and passions of a later age and season. There was a saddening memory affixed to every spot, every plant, on which her eyes rested, and as the hours slowly wore away, and the light of day faded, her fortitude seemed to depart with them. Albert she knew was expected towards the evening, and she listened to each distant sound, in the hope of hearing his cheerful welcome

voice. At length Dame Ulrica reappeared with a lamp, and to her eager enquiry, whether her brother had arrived, she received an answer in the affirmative.

"And a fine stately youth he has grown," continued the Dame; "he is taller than the Baron and far more handsome—ah, well-a-day, would that he were as good as he is beautiful. My lady gazes on him in proud happiness—may it continue, but I have my fears."

"Do you know how my absence has been accounted for?" asked Adelaide, "and yet perhaps he may have quite forgotten his humble, unhappy sister."

"No, indeed, he has not, my sweet young lady," returned Ulrica; "you were the first for whom he enquired. I could not learn what excuse my lady made for your absence, but I only know that my young master was furious, and upbraided the Baroness for deceiving him. He has remained sullen and silent ever since, nor can she soothe him into a better mood. He has even threatened to leave the castle, by tomorrow's dawn, and not await the nuptials of his sister."

"And my dear, kind father, what says he, Ulrica, to these unhappy altercations?"

"Alas, my dear lord, fearful of increasing the evil he would avert, remains silent," replied the Dame; "he would interfere, I am convinced, in your behalf, only he thinks it might incense my lady the more against you."

"And what have I done to incur such harsh treatment, Ulrica. Oh, would that my unhappy mother had died ere she gave birth to so unfortunate a child,—and yet forgive the impious wish, my Father," continued the poor girl, sinking on her knees; "may not those few hours, thou granted to her within these walls, have been devoted to a saving, repentance for past sins. How know we what transpired between her soul and thee, on that awful night. All thy decrees are wise, and good, and merciful. Let me not shrink, then, from the furnace which thou wilt not heat beyond my endurance."

Dame Ulrica raised her in her arms and embraced her affectionately. She seemed oppressed by thoughts to which she would have given utterance had she dared, but she checked herself, merely addressing a few words of consolation, and bidding her take courage; she then trimmed her lamp and arranged her room for the night, after which she left her, commending her to the care of heaven.

Adelaide, as we have said, was deeply pious—yet there was a slight tincture of superstition united with her religion, which might be excused in one so young, considering the land of romance in which she had been nurtured, and the tales of terror she had been accustomed to hear repeated from her earliest childhood—and as she heard the door close on Ulrica, and the bolt drawn outside, she could not repress a sensation of fear, when she reflected how distant

she was from the inhabited parts of the castle. The melancholy recollections, too, connected with this room, added considerably to depress her, and she looked around on the tapestried walls, until, to her heated imagination, the figures traced on them appeared to start out from the canvas in menacing attitudes. She unclasped her Bible—that best support of the afflicted, and only hope of the penitent sinner—and read from its blessed pages; as she did so, she felt her courage revive under its powerful influence—its gracious promises of deliverance. "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom then shall I fear: the lord is the strength of my life; of whom then shall I be afraid;" she exclaimed with fervour and clasping her hands: "O, tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong and He shall comfort thine heart: and put thou thy trust in the Lord." Who could read such words as these and remain insensible to their divine force—to the merciful attributes of the deity, who, through his servant has conveyed promises, which are as the springs of water in the desert to the parched traveller—as the beacon's light to the shipwrecked mariner—giving life, and joy, and hope. While thus employed, and ruminating on her situation, in contrast with that of Frederica's, who, on the morrow, was to wed the object of her choice, and gain both wealth and honours, she said:

"Yet would I exchange with her, even at the moment, and take with her fair prospects, her sentiments. Oh, never, never, could wealth make me happy, if my heart were alienated from God. Could the possession of all that earth has the power to bestow, repay me for the loss of that peace which emanates from love to Him, and trust in a Saviour's atonement? Impossible—when I reflected that each day was passing from these to an unknown future for which I was not prepared. Now the thoughts of an eternal, home, fill me with happiness, since a blessed assurance in Christ's word is mine, given by his Holy Apostle Paul, "that no tribulation shall separate me from his love," what can I desire more?"

At this moment a slight movement in a distant part of the room, caused her to start round, when, to her astonishment, she perceived a part of the arras become agitated—could it be fancy, or might not the wind, as it moaned through the casements, cause the motion? were her thoughts, as she gazed fixedly upon it; but the rustling noise increased, and her eyes dilated in fear, and her cheek became pale as monumental marble, while she continued to watch until all doubt was removed, by the tapestry being drawn aside, and the figure of a young man, appearing on the threshold of a small door which had been concealed behind it. He was slightly and gracefully formed, while on his handsome face bloomed the freshness of early youth, no foreign air having as yet dimmed the brilliant hue of his cheeks—eagerness was expressed in his fine dark eye, as he stood viewing the beautiful girl, who, after a moment

ment's fearful doubt, recognised him, when he sprang lightly from the aperture and entered the room, followed by Marguerite, and received her in his embrace.

"Albert, my beloved brother, and is this indeed yourself?" exclaimed Adelaide, when the power to articulate was restored to her; "how have you come hither. I knew not of such an entrance—alas, I dare not suffer you to stay," and she burst into tears, as she laid her head down upon his shoulder.

"You may retire," he said, turning to Marguerite.

"Oh, no, no, she must not leave us," returned Adelaide, in a tone of alarm. "I beseech you, let her stay, your visit must be very brief."

"Retire and wait without," rejoined Albert, in a tone so imperious that Marguerite was constrained to obey, and she withdrew within the door by which she had entered.

"You do not fear me, Adelaide, I trust;" continued Albert, in a softened voice, and pressing her affectionately.

"Not you, my brother," she replied, "but I dread lest the Baroness should chance to come and discover you here with me."

"Dread nothing in my presence," said Albert tenderly. "Adelaide, what means this unnatural persecution—they told me you were married to Count Ravensberg. Nay, start not, dearest—what foundation is there for such a report?"

"The Baroness wished it, Albert," said the agitated girl; "she thought, no doubt, it would prove for my advantage, but God forbid I should give my hand to one like him."

Albert violently stamped his foot.

"She wished it for your good. No," he cried angrily, "now that I see you, I comprehend her full meaning; but she has fallen into her own snare—I knew her subtle nature, and the falsehoods with which she used to deceive me as a child—and I forced the truth from Marguerite, and compelled her to bring me to you. I am surprised at my father's weakness, in suffering her to act so tyrannically."

"Your father is shattered in health and spirits, Albert—he has much altered of late—his gentle nature shrinks from all contention—but, through his means, I have found a panoply in this which may resist every shaft," and she laid her hand on her Bible, which still lay on the table.

"My beautiful Adelaide," said the young man, gazing in admiration upon her. "My dreams never conceived you the creature I behold. I left you a mere child, lovely indeed, but the bud is forgotten in the blushing rose—Adelaide, had my mother suffered us to meet as brother and sister, my feelings might have remained dormant, but her deception has made me remember that no such tie binds us. I am not your brother—we must be more to each other, my

beloved girl,—you shall fly with me and escape her oppressions," and he pressed her with ardour to his bosom.

Adelaide shrank from his impassioned words and looks, and gently withdrew from his support.

"Oh, Albert, why seek to destroy my only earthly comfort, that of considering you my own brother," she replied; "your words make me tremble. I would that you had not uttered them."

"And why not, my sweet sister, if you like that appellation better—you think probably that I should make but an unsteady guardian," and he laughed.

Adelaide raised her face to his—manly beauty was indeed stamped on every feature, but there was a wildness in the expression of his full dark eye, which, at that moment, reminded her of Count Ravensberg. She shuddered as she again looked down.

"What thoughts troubled you, while studying me so attentively," said Albert, taking her hand:

"You have filled me with uneasy ones, Albert—this morning I was happy in the idea that I still possessed a friend in whom I could confide, and open my whole heart to; but you have destroyed the delusion, and made me feel more friendless than ever—if you are not my brother, away from me—I dare not listen to you."

"Adelaide, do me not injustice," returned Albert, assuming a more serious and distant manner; "I came to you this night, with a full purpose to offer you my aid in any way you might desire me—if I have been hurried into expressions offensive to you, I must plead for your forgiveness. God forbid that I should say or do ought to wound the feelings of one so pure and innocent," and he drew the weeping girl towards him. "I will not stay longer to distress you, my beloved Adelaide; tomorrow I will endeavour to see you at an earlier hour—nay, consider me still your brother Albert, and deny me not one sisterly embrace. There is a dear girl, confide in me, and you will have no cause to repent it. Here, you old Marguerite, you beldame," he continued, raising his voice; "I am ready to follow you."

Marguerite gladly attended his summons, for she had stood in fear lest her breach of trust might be discovered."

"I pray you be silent, as we enter the chapel, sir," she said, holding up the lamp to guide him as he placed his foot on the step; "my lord frequently remains there until a late hour."

"And what if he does?" returned Albert—"the Baron may fear his wife, but I fear neither man, spirit, nor devil; so here goes," and he would have vaulted through the aperture, had not Adelaide laid her trembling hand on his arm.

"Albert, tell me that you fear God," she said impressively; "you know not how your light speeches distress me, my brother."

He turned towards her, and beholding the agony

depicted on her sweet countenance, he lightly made the sign of the cross with his finger on her forehead, then bending to kiss the imaginary symbol, he waved his hand to her, saying :

“Farewell, my sister, and may the angels bring peace in thy dreams tonight ;” as he spoke he passed through the cavity, when the door was instantly re-closed—the arras replaced, and Adelaide again was left alone.

(To be concluded in our next.)

(ORIGINAL.)

STANZAS.

TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Which was visible to the naked eye, between the hours of ten and twelve, on the mornings of the fifth and sixth of December.

Fair gem of morning ! star of dewy eve !

Why, in the noonday sky,
Still ling’rest thou, when swift the bright hair’d sun,
Bids his fleet steeds their airy pathway cleave,
To the empyrean high !

Would’st thou look down from thine own ambient height,

On this terrestrial sphere,
To mark the turmoil of its emmet race,
Who for life’s bubbles toil, from morn till night,
Dreaming their rest is here ?

’Tis strange to see thy golden ray, scarce dimmed,
Before the radiant sun ;

Yet, though unseen, thou in his light hast bask’d
Since the creation’s birth,—when seraphs hymned,
The wonders God had done.

Thou, when the morning stars together sung,
Swelled the glad choral strain,
Glowing and sparkling in yon azure vault,
Where ’mid thy sisters bright, thou, beauteous hung,
The fairest of the train.

The Chaldean shepherd looks of wonder cast,
Up to thy golden urn,
Whose light refulgent, cheer’d his midnight watch ;
And still its fires, though ages since have past,
Unquench’d, and quenchless burn.

Bright Hesperus ! so named by ancient Greek,—
Methinks ’twas thy pure ray,
That eastern Magi guided to the spot,
Where, on his lowly couch, an infant meek,
The world’s Redeemer lay.

Thou didst look down on glorious Marathon,
And on Salamis’ field ;
And silent hung o’er fam’d Thermopylæ,
When the great Spartan led his phalanx on,
’Gainst Persian spear and shield.

O’er the imperial hills of mighty Rome,
In her proud, palmy day,
Thy glittering cresset shed its dewy light,
And still it gleams, where serpents find a home,
Amid her sad decay.

Yet, wherefore now, fair star, thou who hast seen,
Empires arise and fall,
Oh, wherefore in the garish pomp of noon,
Still ling’rest thou, casting thy ray serene,
On this low mundane ball ?

I better love to watch thy gentle light,
When, o’er some wood-crown’d hill
At dewy eve it streams, or when the morn,
Tints the soft orient with her blushes bright,
And the world’s voice is still.

Within thy radiant sphere, ’tis sweet to think,
Love leads the rosy hours ;
The blight of sin, curse of our recreant race,
Mars not their peace, who of joy’s nectar drink,
In thy perennial bowers.

Bright dream-like forms are there,—such as once roved,

Through earth’s fair Paradise ;
And gentle words of sweetest pœsy,
Meet language for the blest—in Eden loved,
Flow from their lips and eyes.

Such thoughts are fondly link’d, resplendant star,
With thy soft, golden light ;
And still, these musing fancies would I nurse,
In nature’s shadowy hour,—still, meet afar,
Thy beam at evening bright.

E. L. C.

Montreal, December 7, 1839.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

IT is like a stream which has no cataracts to astonish us with their magnificent thunder, but which winds along the tranquil valley, asserting its existence only in the life and verdure which appear along its course.

PATIENCE—A SCHOOLMASTER’S VIRTUE.

IN all studies, patience is needed ; and he who is studying for an educator, should particularly exercise the virtue and the power of patience in the course of his own private studies, whereby he will not only have schooled himself to bear with the obstinacy of a pupil, but will be enabled to appreciate the difficulties which lie in the way of the student, and to make proper allowances. The difficulties of study are to be overcome with patience ; the educator, therefore, must take time for himself, and grant it to others.

(ORIGINAL.)

GEOFFREY MONCTON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER IV.

"My dear George, what can you know of that horrible old woman?" I said, at length breaking the painful silence.

"Too much."

"How did you become acquainted with her?"

"She nursed me in my infancy."

"Why were you so reluctant that she should recognize you?"

"She believes me dead—she does more," he continued lowering his voice to a whisper. "She has every reason to believe that she murdered me."

His lips quivered as he murmured in half smothered tones: "And that unhappy girl!—May God forgive them."

"Your connection with this woman appears to have been one of a dreadful nature?"

"Hush, Geoffrey," he said, casting a hurried glance around, "this is no place to discuss important secrets—matters of life and death. If the welfare of your friend is dear to you, learn more prudence."

"Ah, Harrison," I exclaimed, deeply affected, as a thousand strange doubts of my friend's honesty crossed my mind. "What am I to think of these concealments? What am I to suspect?"

"Every thing but your friend's integrity," returned George, looking tenderly and reproachfully at me.

"All these mysteries will one day be cleared up. But tell me: how did Moncton receive her—that woman?"

I faithfully related all that had passed; but when I came to my own dereliction from the paths of rectitude, and mentioned the contents of the billet, his eyes flashed fire, and he dashed his clenched hand with violence against the desk.

"Unhappy, miserable Alice!" he said, "to what a frightful extremity has your headstrong passion driven you. How could a heart once so warm fix its affections on such a despicable wretch as Theophilus Moncton. Ambition, not love, has completed your destruction."

For some time he remained silent and thoughtful, till turning rather suddenly to me, he said:

"Geoffrey, did you ever see any of your father's relations during your sojourn in this house?"

"I was not aware I had any relatives in the world, besides my uncle and son."

"And your insatiable curiosity never induced you to make the enquiry?"

"It was a matter never discussed before me. I had always been given to understand that my father had but one brother."

"True, but that brother had an uncle, a man of great wealth and consequence. Did you never hear Theophilus mention Sir Alexander Moncton?"

"Never!"

"Did you never know to whom his long visits in Yorkshire were made?"

"How should I. What confidence exists between Theophilus and Geoffrey Moncton?"

"What confidence," he replied, "could exist between such opposite characters—and now I begin to see through the complicated villainies of both father and son. I no longer wonder at the manner in which you have been immured between these walls. They have an important game to play, in which they do not want you to act a conspicuous part. I can whisper that in your ear which will fully account for your present seclusion. You are Sir Alexander Moncton's heir."

A sudden thrill shot through my heart. It was not pleasure, for at that moment I felt very sad. Nor hope, for I had long accustomed myself to contemplate the dark side of the picture—but it was revenge! A burning desire to repay the insults and injuries I had received at the hands of Theophilus Moncton, and to frustrate the manœuvres of my uncle.

"Has not Sir Alexander any children?"

"Ah, yes, he has a daughter, a most interesting and highly gifted girl."

"How! Are you acquainted with Miss Moncton?"

"Geoffrey! these questions agonize me. What has a man of fallen fortunes and doubtful parentage to do with a girl of Margareta Moncton's worth and expectation. No! She, the noblest, the most disinterested of her sex, is destined to the arms of Theophilus Moncton!"

"Does he love her?"

"How can you ask that question, after having read the billet directed to your uncle?"

"But that was signed A. M."

"Alice Mornington, the unhappy girl, whom that vile wretch has seduced under false promises. But he will not escape unpunished. The arrow is already in the bow, and vengeance will one day overtake him."

"Oh, that you would enter more fully into these dark details," I cried; "I seem bewildered and lost among these half disclosures?"

"I have revealed too much already, Geoffrey. Try and forget this morning's adventures, nor let your uncle by word or sign conclude that you are in his secrets. His wrath is kindled against his son, and if I judge his character rightly, you will be called to fill his vacant place. His morose spirit once aroused is deadly and implacable, and to prove his resentment to Theophilus, he will exalt you."

The sound of my uncle's voice in the passage, put an end to our conversation, but it made a deep impression on my mind. A new world had opened upon me. I was called to act a part in some fearful drama, and my imagination found active employment in endeavouring to raise the dark veil of futurity, and penetrate the mysteries which it concealed. That night I could not sleep. The events of the past day swam continually before me, and if I dozed for a moment the demon who leads the soul astray in dreams conjured before me the form of Dinah North, who haunted my broken slumbers like the genius of the night-mare. There is a mystery in dreams which I confess I never could satisfactorily solve, and to which I still attach a sort of superstitious belief. I have been a dreamer from my cradle, and if any one could explain the cause or follow the spirit through all her airy flights, experience would have given me this knowledge. My eyes are scarcely closed before I am surrounded by fantastic forms, strange voices ring in my ears, and I become an actor in scenes of the most ludicrous or terrific description. Philosophers have said that dreams prove the immortality of the soul, and I have long ago assented to the truth of this proposition. When the senses are locked up in sleep—when eye and ear are alike closed, the soul enjoys all these faculties in the highest degree of perfection.

Glorious visions float before the mental sight, which the waking eye never could behold—upon which it could not gaze undazzled. The ear is ravished with music which no earthly skill could produce. The Italian musician acknowledged the truth of this when he composed the inimitable sonata which his satanic majesty favoured him with in his nocturnal visit to the shadowy hall of thought.

The dreaming imagination magnifies all sounds and sights of horror. The thunder deepens its tremendous roar. Ocean sends up a louder and more fearful wail, and the whirlwind shakes the bending forest with more awful solemnity. I have stood upon the lofty peak of some magnificent rock, gaz-

ing upon the midnight waste of storm-tossed waters till my spirit has mingled with the warring elements. I have seen the mountains reel, and the rocks rend, and the yawning earth disclose her hidden depths. I have beheld the fiery abyss swarm with living forms, which no waking eye could contemplate undighted.

I have seen the sun lose his balance in the heavens the stars forsake their spheres, and the moon become blood—I have seen the shrinking sea a lake of liquid fire, yielding up the dead of ages, and myself a guilty and condemned spirit trembling at the bar of the eternal.

I have traversed the crystal caves of ocean—I have seen beneath the green billows the palaces of the giant kings, who perished in the flood—I have flitted through the dark region of the shadow of death, and felt lost amid the silent immensity of a boundless space, peopled with phantoms. I have lived over the ages which oblivion has covered with his icy waters. I have sat amid the ruins of Palmyra, and beheld Thebes in her ancient glory—I have stood beneath the battlements of Troy, and wandered through the groves of the lost Atlantis.

I have been shut up, a living sentient creature, in the cold, dark, noisome grave—I have felt the loathsome worm slide along my warm quivering limbs. The toad find a resting place upon my burning brow, and the adder wreathes her slimy folds about my swelling neck—I have struggled against the earthy weight that pressed out my soul, and palsied my bursting heart—I have tried to exert my voice—to call for help—to burst the roof of my abhorred prison house. My limbs were motionless—my lips sent forth no sound—hope was extinct—I was beyond the reach of human aid, and agony rendered me as powerless as a moth in the hand of a giant.

I have stood upon the ridge of a mighty precipice, I have heard the volcano flood, chafing, and roaring far below, while my eyes vainly endeavoured to measure its fearful depth, yet by some fatal necessity I was compelled to cross upon a narrow plank, or the rounded stern of some sappling tree, this dreadful abyss. Then arose on every side frightful cries, and I was pursued by fiendlike forms, in the shape of animal life—I put my foot upon the narrow bridge—I tried its strength, and felt assured that I could never pass over in safety. My supernatural enemies drew nearer—I saw their blazing eyes—I heard their low muttered growls—the next moment I leaped upon the plank, with a fearful crash it severed; I anticipated my fate as with the velocity of thought I was plunged headlong into the horrible gulf. Intensely alive to my awful situation, the endless whirling, though it overpowered my brain, increased my consciousness. The cold flood rushed over me—I heard the waters roaring in my ears—I felt the iron grasp of death upon my gurgling throat, and awoke struggling with the dread futurity upon the threshold of time.

Most persons of a lively imagination keep a diary, I reversed this plan, and for some time noted down what I could gather from the transactions of the soul in its dreaming hours. So wild and strange were these records, so eccentric were these vagaries of the imagination, that I abandoned the task, lest my friends should examine the mystic scroll, and conclude that it was the journal of a maniac. I will give one extract from this book just to illustrate the nature of my dreams.

I dreamed one night that I stood in the centre of a boundless plain of land, which undulated beneath my feet like the billows of the sea. I heard the rushing of wind like the roaring of many waters—the whirlwind swept over the desert, clouds of dust were driven before it, I was lifted off my feet by the mighty gale which carried me along the tide of air as lightly as a leaf is hurried onward by the mountain blast. All objects fled before me, and every moment increased the velocity of my flight. A vast forest extended its gloomy arms athwart the horizon; but it did not arrest my aerial journey. The lofty boughs groaned and crashed beneath me, as I was whirled through their matted foliage, my limbs lacerated and my hair tangled round the thorny branches—
—I tried to cling to the twigs which impeded my passage, but they eluded, or snapping beneath my frenzied grasp, and my shrieks were drowned in the thundering sweep of the tremendous gale.

At last I was cast, wounded and exhausted, into the bottom of a deep pit. Oh! the luxury of repose—the deep calm which sunk upon my exhausted frame was grateful as the dews of heaven falling upon the parched and thirsty earth. I lay for some time in a sort of pleasing helplessness, too much overcome by my late fearful exertions to review my past perils. Suddenly, I beheld the sand at the bottom of the pit beginning to whirl round and round. I crouched down in an agony of fear, and clung to the bushes which clothed the rugged sides of the pit. But the wind-fiend caught me upon his broad wings, and I was again traversing, with the speed of lightning, the azure deserts of air. A burning heat was in my throat—my eyes grew dim—confused sounds murmured in my deafened ears. I was no longer borne along, but was rapidly descending from some tremendous height. I stretched forth my arms in vain to grasp some tangible substance; but all above, around and beneath me, was empty air, and I awoke with a short stifled cry, exclaiming with devotional fervour—"Thank God, it is but a dream!"

From such a dream as this I must have started about the dead hour of night, frightened by the hollow scream of agony that burst from my pale and quivering lips. The damp cold dew stood upon my brow—my hands were tightly clenched—my eyes appeared starting from their shrinking sockets, and every hair upon my head was stiffened by the

grasp of fear. "Thank God!" I exclaimed, as usual, "it is but a dream!"

What was the import of this dream? It had passed from memory; but I felt its effects through all my trembling frame—I felt it in my throbbing heart—in the ghastly cessation of every feeling, but intense horror. The ideal scenes which had shaken the throne of reason to its deepest foundations had left no distinct traces upon the mind they had convulsed and darkened. I tried to recall amid the strife of thought, the tempest of aroused passion, a faint outline of this terrible vision. Imagination could supply no image. I threw myself once more upon the pillow I had hastily abandoned, and began pondering over the mysterious nature of dreams.

"What are the apparitions which haunt the bed of the murderer," I thought; "but ghastly dreams—phantoms supplied by conscience and realized in sleep. Dr. Young, that melancholy dreamer of awful dreams, has said—

——— 'If dreams infest the grave —
I wake emerging from a sea of dreams.'

How terrible is this idea when examined by those whose dreams like mine are haunted by dreadful and unutterable things. An eternity of dreaming horrors! In dreams we behold the spirit in its natural state, unassisted by the divine guidance of reason. We find it often engaged in the commission of crimes from which, waking, it would shrink with abhorrence."

These cogitations were abruptly dispelled by voices whispering in the passage that led to my chamber. My heart began to beat violently. I softly rose up in the bed, and assumed a listening attitude. I could only distinguish for some time the hiss of the syllables pronounced in this unnatural key. The room in which I slept contained a vast many law books, and two large iron chests of family papers, and old records, of which my uncle kept the key, and from my earliest childhood I never recollected having seen these huge depositories of musty parchments unclosed. They were kept in my apartment for better security. It was situated at the top of the house, and communicated by a narrow staircase with the leads. In case of fire these papers could easily be removed, and I must confess I had never felt the least curiosity respecting them, till I heard my uncle distinctly repeat these words—

"The paper is in the chest in his room."

His companion replied in the same under tone, and the voice was one which I fancied I had very lately heard.

"You must be cautious in opening the door, or he will awake."

"Nonsense! young people sleep soundly."

"Aye, Robert Moncton, they are not troubled, like you and I, with a bad conscience."

This was accompanied with a ghastly laugh, and with a shiver of horror I recognized in the speaker Dinah North.

"Hold your tongue, you old fiend! What is the use of recalling unpleasant truths at a moment like this, when you call upon me to sear my conscience with a red-hot iron. But if the boy should awake how could he imagine that my visit to his chamber in any way concerns him."

"He has a shrewd eye."

"Pshaw! a babe might deceive him. Give me the light."

I felt an irresistible impulse to spring from the bed and bar the door; but on second thoughts I determined to feign sleep, and watch all that passed. Resistance I knew would not deter my uncle from committing a base action, and from the hints which Harrison had let fall, I concluded that his companion was one of those characters who would not shrink at the perpetration of any crime. I was not allowed much time for deliberation. The rays of the candle flashed against the opposite wall, the door slowly unclosed, and my uncle entered the apartment, followed by the abhorred old woman. My intention of watching all their movements was, however, frustrated. My uncle gently drew back the curtain, and placing the candle on a little stand, lighted the lamp which I had extinguished on retiring to rest, and for some minutes carefully examined not only my face but my attitude.

"Is he asleep?" he whispered to his accomplice.

"His eyes are closed, and I will keep them so," returned the hag; "but his countenance is composed, and he breathes like a person wrapped in profound slumber. 'Tis a fine lad. How much he resembles his great-uncle?"

"His own father you mean. Stand by the bed and keep watch over his slumbers whilst I open the chest."

The old woman took the candle from the stand, and my lively fancy portrayed her hideous face and withered form leaning over me like one of the furies preparing to cut with her deadly shears the mystic threads of life. It was a moment of awful suspense, and I tried to give vent to my agonized feelings by pretending to mutter in my sleep. I turned and tossed in the bed, and put on all those contortions which generally convulse the countenance of those who are writhing under the influence of some frightful dream. A perfect and unnatural state of quiescence might have aroused suspicion—the noise I made completely lulled theirs asleep. In the mean while, my uncle unlocked the chest, and I heard him toss the papers it contained to and fro, and from time to time he gave utterance to expressions indicative of deep vexation and disappointment.

"These papers," he said at length, "are certainly lost—Walters assured me that he placed them

with his own hands at the top of the chest. He must have abstracted them."

"Look in the other chest," said Dinah, in a hurried voice.

"That only contains the title deeds of Catherine Lee's estate."

"Who is she?"

"A young and beautiful heiress."

The old woman laughed. "The more unfortunate if her title to wealth lies in your keeping. But where is this Walters to be found?"

"In America."

"What part?"

"I am not able to say. I have never heard from him since he left England. He took this boy's nurse out with him, and Michael Azure, an old servant, in whom my brother Edward reposed great confidence."

"But you said the——" I could not catch the word, for Dinah only breathed it in the ear of Moncton; "are destroyed."

"They are. This was the only paper of consequence, and 'tis a hundred chances to one if he ever is able to recover it, or to meet with those——" Here again their voices were lowered, and my uncle locking the chest, extinguished my lamp, and followed the old woman out of the room.

CHAPTER V.

THE sounds of their retreating footsteps had scarcely died away, when in spite of my inclination to keep awake, I dropt into a profound sleep, and did not again uncloset my eyes till I received a summons to breakfast.

I found my uncle sipping his coffee as if nothing of importance had occurred to disturb his slumbers, or ruffle his immoveable countenance. I took my seat in silence, returning the salutation of the morning with an inclination of my head, for my heart was full to bursting, and my features betrayed emotions which I could not wholly conceal.

"You are late this morning, Geoffrey."

"Yes—I passed a very restless night, and the result is a very bad headache."

"How did that happen?" he continued, surveying me attentively.

"I was troubled with a thousand frightful dreams, and only awoke from one horror to be overwhelmed by some unexpected and appalling calamity."

"Do you often dream such distressing dreams," continued my uncle, without taking his eye from off my troubled countenance.

"Not often such as disturbed my slumbers last night," I continued, observing my uncle's drift in thus cross-questioning me, and anxious to increase his uneasiness without betraying my own. "I wish I had never beheld that ugly old woman who came to the office yesterday. She haunted me all night

like my evil genius. Sir Mathew Hale might have condemned her for a witch with a safe conscience."

"She is but a poor specimen of the fair sex," said my uncle, making an attempt at a smile; "what was the purport of your dream?"

"I thought in myself," I replied "that that old woman came to my bed side with an intent to murder me. For a long time I resisted her efforts to stab me with a huge knife, she held in her hand; at length I heard steps approaching. It was you uncle. I called upon you to deliver me from the power of the monstress who sought my life; but instead of assisting me in that direful extremity you plunged the weapon into my throat, and I awoke with a scream of agony."

I ceased speaking, my uncle's large eye was still rivetted upon me. The dream was no invention of the moment. After my nocturnal visitors had left my chamber, it had actually occurred—I wished to see what effect it would produce on him."

"Did you hear me come into your chamber last night?" he said, without relaxing a muscle of his face.

I gave an involuntary start; but immediately regaining my presence of mind, I replied, "Had you any reason to suspect my honesty, sir, that you thought it necessary to ascertain that I was there."

"Petulant boy," returned he, "how do you expect to steer your way through this evil world if you are so ready to take offence at every trifle. Business brought me into your chamber last night, some papers belonging to Dinah North were deposited in that chest, and I did not remember this circumstance till after the house had returned to rest. Anxious to satisfy her as to the safety of these documents—I rose from my bed and commenced my search. You were making a sad noise in your sleep, and I was half inclined to awaken you, but thinking that my presence in your chamber at that hour of night might alarm you, I let you sleep on. The sound of my steps in the passage doubtless increased the terrors of your dream."

This was a masterly stroke, and those who knew Robert Moncton would in a moment recognize the man. The adroitness with which in this instance he mingled truth with falsehood almost made me doubt the evidence of my senses, and I began to fancy the scene of the past night a mental delusion. Mr. Moncton was this morning unusually gracious. He entered into my future prospects with cheerfulness, and to my great surprise informed me, that he no longer wished me to be the drudge I had been, as he feared that my close application to study would injure my health. That all I now wanted to make me clever in my profession was experience, and a better knowledge of the world.

I was at a loss how to reconcile these apparent contradictions—his present condescension, and his past severity still less to imagine how my name could

be involved in the transactions of the night or what connection could possibly exist between me and Dinah North, Harrison and my uncle. I knew that I had no property. That my father died insolvent, that all his effects had been turned over to his creditors. That in the letter he wrote on his death bed to my uncle, he had earnestly recommended his portionless, and orphan boy to his protection and bounty. I had been educated at my uncle's expense; the tutor that instructed Theophilus imparted the same branches of knowledge to me. At the age of fourteen I had been articled into Robert Moncton's office, and was dependent upon him both for clothes and pocket money. A new suit each Christmas, and ten shillings a quarter, was all he allowed his nephew; and this trifling stipend entirely precluded me from mingling in company, or accepting the invitations of our senior clerks, who were genteel young men, and the sons of wealthy parents. With these I was seldom allowed to converse. The room which Harrison and I occupied was called the private office. It communicated by a dark passage with Mr. Moncton's study, and was more immediately under his inspection. Harrison, as engrossing clerk, was paid for his labour by the sheet, and was in consequence partly master of his own time. I was a very rapid writer, and never failed to make good the moments spent in conversing with him. Before the general superintendant, as we styled our stern master, Harrison was particularly reserved, and seldom mingled in the amusements of the other clerks. He was however a general favourite with all. His countenance was a passport to all hearts, and Mr. Moncton treated him with a degree of respect which he seldom shewed to the gay, high-spirited lads, who often laughed at his commands, and behind his back defied his control.

I had a vague idea that Harrison could throw some light upon the mysterious scene I had witnessed, and this morning I was extremely anxious to see him. The important secret I had to communicate appeared an intolerable burden, and I was actually bursting with impatience to make the disclosure. I had been so little accustomed to think and act for myself, that I relied upon George for advice, and assistance, at this critical juncture. He would arrange for me the line of conduct I ought to adopt towards my uncle, and would be better able to fathom his designs than a person so little experienced in the politics of crafty and avaricious men.

On entering the office, great was my disappointment in finding Harrison absent, and on further inquiry, I learned that he had not been there that morning. Hearing that my friend was ill, I gained leave of absence for a few minutes, and ran to his lodgings which I knew were in a small court near Fleet street, here I was informed, to my increasing vexation and regret, that he had left town, and had given his landlady leave to let his apartments for several weeks. "What can be his motive for such

conduct," thought I, as with slow steps, downcast eyes, and a heavy heart, I sauntered up Holborn, on my return home. How could he leave London without intimating his intention to his friend without bidding him one hasty farewell. Was this kind, was it generous—was it like Harrison's general conduct; was he too acting a double part, and by opening my eyes to my uncle's duplicity effectually concealing his own. If he were false, I would never again trust in man. I would forswear my belief in physiognomy, and learn to persuade myself that a noble and benevolent expression might serve as a mask to conceal the heart of a knave. Had I known his retreat, I should have written to him instantly, and loaded him with reproaches. As it was, I amused myself as I walked forward in mentally inditing a letter, which would have done but little credit either to my head or heart.

Whilst thus discontentedly employed, my attention was arrested by a piercing scream, and I beheld a lovely young woman, who had ventured incautiously to cross the street between two carriages, precipitated beneath the hoofs of the advancing horses. The cry for assistance was uttered by an elderly female, who stood upon the opposite pavement, for the object of her solicitude was no longer conscious of her danger. It was but the impulse of the moment to dash across the street, to seize the bridles of the horses and forcibly push them back. The coachman aided my endeavours, and I succeeded in lifting the lady from the ground, and conveying her across the street, in my arms, to her companion.

The lady, who was greatly agitated—too much so even to express her thanks for the unexpected deliverance of the younger female from certain death, motioned to me to carry my insensible burden into an apothecary's shop, which was near at hand.

The beautiful young creature was placed in a chair. The elderly lady removed her bonnet, in order to bathe her temples with sa'volatile, and her fair hair escaping from its bandages, fell in a profusion of glittering ringlets round her pallid brow. Nothing could exceed the delicacy of her features and complexion, the perfect contour of her face or the elegant proportions of her figure. The simplicity and purity of her expression made a deeper impression on my heart than the beauty which was the realization of all my poetic dreams, the glorious original of fancy's brightest pictures. There is no difficulty in finding words to express the peculiar train of thought which gives a colouring to the mind, marks the character, or influences our actions. The emotions produced by passion are beyond the reach of language, and can only be communicated to others through the same mysterious medium. Love, when most powerful, is ever silent yet its eloquence is irresistible, and finds a responsive voice in the proud-est bosom.

Whilst my trembling arm supported the fragile

form of that lovely girl, and her sunny ringlets were scattered over my bosom, my past sorrows were forgotten, and the difficulties which involved the future, no longer pressed upon my anxious mind. I was only alive to the rapture of the present moment, only conscious of the sweet sensations which infused a new being into my soul, and absorbed every mental faculty. This delicious trance was too soon dissolved, but not the spell which it had cast upon my senses. After proper restoratives had been applied, the deep blue eyes of the fair unknown unclosed, and the rays of the morning seemed to flash from beneath their snowy lids. For one brief moment those sweet eyes rested upon my countenance, with a glance of ineffable tenderness—the next brought the crimson flush of maiden shame into her delicate cheeks. She hastily rose from my supporting arms, and arranging her disordered tresses, in few and simple words thanked me for the service I had rendered her—then turning to her companion, she declared herself able to return home. I offered the assistance of my arm. It was politely declined. She waved her hand, took her aunt's arm, and left the shop.

I followed them to the door, I saw them enter a splendid equipage, and heard the elder lady command the coachman to drive to Bedford Square. I gazed after the vehicle till it was lost among the crowd of carts, waggons, and hackney coaches, that thronged the streets; and should in all probability have remained chained like a statue to the threshold of the shop door for an hour, had not the venter of drugs recalled me to my senses, by enquiring if I knew the young lady I had so providentially rescued from death?

"I was just going to ask you the same question," I replied; "she is a perfect stranger to me."

"Were I in your situation young man, she should not remain so long. Gratitude, like pity, often begets love. I would lose no opportunity of discovering her name and place of abode."

Though I was anxious to ascertain both these particulars, I felt angry with the apothecary for guessing my thoughts, and offering his advice, in the same common and coarse manner in which plain matter of fact people attempt to condole with those who have just been deprived of a dear friend. Their sympathy widens the stream of sorrow, and tears open recent wounds. The sound of this man's voice banished my elysian dreams, and recalled my thoughts to earth. I could not stay to hold farther colloquy with him, lest his vulgar remarks should tarnish the first lovely impression which female beauty had made on my heart. The apothecary thought me a conceited fool, and I in return considered him an intolerable bore.

I was so wrapped up in romantic speculations, and paid so little attention to the path I had taken that my readers will not be surprised, when I inform that, instead of reaching Hatton Garden, I found myself

at noon day in the centre of Bedford Square. So far from being annoyed at this circumstance, I considered it a fortunate omen. I would not allow that mere chance, or my own inattention, could possibly conduct me to the spot which contained, in all probability, the object of my reveries. With a beating heart, I perambulated the square, casting a long and anxious glance towards every window, in the vain hope of being again ravished with the same lovely vision; and when no fair damsel appeared to realize my expectations, lamenting in unequal rhymes my cruel destiny.

I had scarcely taken my accustomed seat, when one of our senior clerks reminded me of the lateness of the hour, and informed me that Mr. Moncton had sent repeatedly to know if I were returned, and the reason of my long absence. The probability of encountering a storm of angry words would on the preceding day have given rise to the most unpleasant reflections, but I was too much engrossed by recent occurrences to distress my mind about such a trifle, and I presented myself before my dreaded superior with a steady step and unruffled brow.

"You have broken your word, Geoffrey," he said, "and far exceeded the term of absence you received from me. Where have you been, and what has detained you so long from the office."

"I was fearful my friend Harrison was ill, and disappointed to find that he had left London for some weeks."

"Had you applied to me, Geoffrey, I could have informed you of the fact. Harrison is a clever man and a gentleman, but his situation renders him an illegible companion for my nephew. I would have you seek for friends among these who will improve your manners, and make you acquainted with the refinements of fashion, and the elegancies of the world. It was not to reprimand you for present disobedience, that I was anxious to see you, but to consult with you for your present good."

I looked the astonishment I could find no language to express, whilst he continued,

"Geoffrey, you had accounted me a hard taskmaster, and from earliest childhood, have resisted my commands, and rebelled against my authority. Children are naturally averse to control, and are unable to discern between severity of manner, and a cold, unfeeling hardness of heart. They mistake the one for the other, and construe into insults and injuries, every restraint and admonition that is enforced for their good. Your situation I admit, was a painful one; but you rendered it worse by withholding your confidence and affection from those who were rendering you the most essential services. You know not half the debt of kindness you owe to the uncle you despised, and treated with ingratitude and contempt."

He paused, and I remained silent. His address, though pushed home to the best feelings of my na-

ture, awoko no corresponding echo in my heart. The obligation to which he alluded had been cancelled by a thousand acts of needless oppression and cruelty. How could I give a satisfactory answer to the man whom I felt convinced was endeavouring to deceive me?

"You know not, Geoffrey," he continued, "how absolutely I have befriended you. There are circumstances connected with your birth which would for ever have excluded you from mingling in those scenes which your present education and profession entitle you to."

A vague suspicion, an undefinable doubt rushed across my mind, and crimsoned my cheek. I turned to my uncle with a look of desperation and defiance. "Sir, you dare not insinuate aught against my father's honour—my mother's fair fame."

"What, Geoffrey, do you know of either?" he replied, with a look which cut me to the heart. "Your father was a man of considerable genius, and like many of his species he acted more from impulse than principle. Your mother was a very beautiful woman, the only daughter of a country curate, who saw enough in your father's character to forbid him his house. He ran off with his daughter—she bore the name of his wife, and you were the fruit of that union; but I never have been able to ascertain where they were married, or among my brother's papers have I ever discovered any allusion to this ceremony. In his letter he recommends his widow and orphan to my care; but out of respect to the woman he loved he would have used this term. The world formed its own conclusions as to the legitimacy of your claims, and I fear that its suppositions were but too true. I received you into my house. The seclusion in which you have been educated passed an act of oblivion over your existence. Whether legitimate or illegitimate, you have no fortune to lose or to gain by either circumstance, and now that the name of Edward Moncton is forgotten, as if it never had been, I feel no scruple of introducing you to the world."

"If this statement be true," I cried, flinging myself into a chair, and covering my face with my hands—"the world is to me a blank—I have no wish to mingle in scenes to which I have no legal claims. But it is not true," I continued, springing again to my feet, and pacing the room with an air of distraction; "I feel that it is a base fabrication, invented to rob me of the only gem which fortune left me. When she deprived me of parents and wealth, she bequeathed me a good name. I will not part with it. I will maintain my right to an equality with you and your son to the last drop of my blood."

"What interest can I possibly have to strike the bar of bastardy across your escutcheon?" said my uncle, in a tone of persuasive calmness.

"You have a motive," I cried. "You know me

o be the heir to a title you are ambitious to fill yourself!"

"Who told you this? Who put such absurd notions into your head?"

"Harrison!"

"He is a villain!"

I felt that I had betrayed my friend, and in all probability marred my own fortunes. I could have cursed my imprudent tongue, and loaded myself with self reproaches. As it was, the big drops of perspiration stood upon my brow—my knees trembled under me, and my heart seemed bursting with suppressed passion. My uncle's next speech calmed my agitation with respect to my friend.

"Harrison," he said, "had better have attended to his own business than employed himself in filling your mind with such preposterous pretensions. But I will not blame him. He was not aware of the circumstances to which I allude. Prove your legitimacy, Geoffrey, when you come of age, and I will assist you to establish your claims. It is not in my power to destroy the one or validate the other. Why this ungenerous burst of passion? Why load me with reproaches at the moment when I was anxious to serve you."

"Because," I exclaimed, "you have never before proved yourself my friend, and I cannot help entertaining doubts of your sincerity."

"I have been endeavouring to convince you that I have ever acted the part of a friend."

"It is not fair words, but deeds, which must prove the truth of that assertion. Till this moment I have only experienced the harshest conduct from you—have been the butt at which you levelled all your ungenerous speeches."

"My temper, like your own," said my uncle, forgetting for a moment his assumed calmness, "is very faulty. But I forgive your present intemperance, which is produced by over excitement. What I have revealed to you was sufficient to mortify your vanity, and arouse the most vindictive feelings; but I thought it my duty to apprise you of these important facts, and I did so in the hope that it would animate you to make those exertions which would hereafter establish your reputation in the world."

Harrison's advice flashed across my mind. I became calm, and answered with composure. "That I knew my temper was irritable. That I might perhaps do him injustice—that I would endeavour for the time to come to accommodate myself more to circumstances, and bury the past in oblivion."

"You will act wisely. I am rich, and if you conduct yourself entirely to my satisfaction, I can so materially befriend you, that your doubtful birth and want of fortune will be no hinderance to your future advancement."

My heart felt bursting. I longed to level the

scoundrel at my feet. I mastered my passion by a strong effort—bowed and retired.

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE CAPTURE OF GHUZZEE.

BY M. ETHELIND SAWTELL.

India's bright sunset's calm resplendence slept,
Upon the waveless stream. The palm leaves wept,
The silent tears of evening's earliest dew,
And Cashmere's vale, the orient rose's huc,
In twilight's slumber folded—and its flowers,
The tall mimosa closed; as Ghuznee's towers,
Gleamed in the brilliance of the crimsoned ray,
Which on the mountain snow's pale azure lay.
And lit with radiance each majestic pile,
Whose lofty turrets glittered in the smile
Of glowing lustre, as its varying fringe,
O'er the white marble shed a hectic tinge.
In the lone beauty of its grandeur rose,
That tranquil city, o'er the far repose
Of India's pathless deserts, in the night,
Of its embattled splendour! and its height,
Adorned with stately fabrics, on whose crest
The light clouds sought their evanescent rest.
The star-like diamonds, and the pearl's faint huc,
O'er the rich sparkling of the ruby threw
Tints of ethereal softness. As that scene,
Lay in the loveliness of its serene
And still sublimity, which proudly won,
The parting glory of the setting sun,
And shining gold magnificently wrought,
With dazzling gems, of rare luxuriance, brought
From ocean's buried treasures. There enshrined
The lavished wealth which regal offerings twined
In their voluptuous tribute. As each fane,
Woke with devotion's duly offered strain,
By Afghan voices blended—sunset's prayer
Lulled the low breathing of the spicy air,
With solemn melody, the myrrh's perfume,
Through the pagoda's consecrated gloom,
Wafted its fragrance. And untarnished blades
Gleamed in the vista of the long arcades;
The placid waters of the Indus slept
In deep repose. And Moolah banners swept
Their heavy foldings, as the lingering flush,
Of fading crimson wreathed the forest's hush.
When the banana woods unruffled by,
The gentlest breeze—woke with the clarion's sigh!

Sleep lovely city in the twilight mist!
Sleep with thy beauty by its shadows kissed,
Sleep in the strength which hath so long defied,
The hosts of gathered armies. In thy pride
Repose fair city, for thy guarded towers,
Dim with imposing shade thy halcyon bowers:
Rest ye tall palms, till conflict's murmur waves,

Your foliage o'er the scattered Moolahs' graves,
 Shed peaceful moon thy vigils earliest beams,
 O'er the sweet slumber of the Hindoo streams,
 For when thy silvery crescent will emerge,
 From the still bosom of the heaven's pale verge,
 Thy saddened light will veil its radiance in
 The passing vapors which in silence win,
 A vision o'er thy path, for thou wilt view
 The gushing life-drops, as the midnight dew
 Lay on the field, on which the soft wind's breath
 Will lightly stir the battle shroud of death,

* * * * *
 The glorious sunlight streamed—the city lay,
 In the exulting glow of war array,
 As the loud bugle notes, in shrill reply,
 Urged on the tramp of thronging cavalry,
 And England's standard in its fearless pride,
 Floated with music by the courier's side,
 To lead the onset of the desperate fight,
 And gain fair Ghuznee's elevated height,
 Or sleep upon its plain—the sabres gleam,
 And dazzling lances in the morning's beam,
 Flash in the deadly combat. Briton's charge,
 And lead resistless on destruction's marge,
 As to oppose them, marshalled legions rise,
 But England's war-ery, myriad force defies,
 Though in the torrent of their comrades gore,
 They rush undaunted, glory's pathway o'er.
 Though mangled heaps of venerated dead,
 Are piled in carnage where their footsteps tread!
 Now from their towers the vanquished Moolahs fly
 For what can England's glittering steel defy.
 Defeated numbers in the trodden dust
 By death encircled, perish with the trust,
 Of Ghuznee's strength, for like the Simoom's blast,
 The conquering steps of Britain's hosts have past!
 Her shivered barriers may no more oppose,
 The ardour of her energetic foes!
 For their enthusiastic bravery hath
 Found o'er her battlements, a blood dyed path!
 And England's banner, borne on India's breeze,
 Unfolds its crimson. O'er the stately trees,
 Which long have waved their aromatic shade,
 O'er the armed turrets Ghuznee's height displayed!
 And now their leaves may with a mournful sweep,
 A requiem o'er her fallen greatness keep!
 While pealing clarions o'er the far repose,
 Of distant mountains, still and pathless snows,
 Awake the deserts with the tones of free
 Heart thrilling shouts of England's victory!

ELOQUENT DESCRIPTION.

“ISAAC, can you describe a bat?” “Yes, sir, he's a flying insect, about the size of a stopple, has India-rubber wings, and a shoe-string tail; he sees best with his eyes shut, and bites like the devil.”

(ORIGINAL.)

TRIFLES.—NO. III.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN OF CANADA.

It is a subject of a peculiarly grateful nature, to mark the rise and progress of literature and learning throughout the world, to trace the ripening intellect of mankind, and to view the advancement of science from its first dawning to the present time. Though the Egyptians were unquestionably the first who trod in the path of letters, literature may be said to have taken its rise among the Greeks and Phœnicians. It was not until the time of Homer that any thing like genius began to be displayed, and even then many of the writers may be regarded more as lunatics than poets. In this early age, literature was chiefly confined to works of the imagination and to the dramatic style of writing; but by the time of Aristotle and Alexander, (after a lapse of nearly six hundred years from the days of Homer,) the study of the sciences began to be not entirely overlooked amid the wild enthusiasm of the age. It is a source of considerable amusement and instruction, to mark with what assiduous energy the wise men of that day devoted themselves to the discovery of many things which now every child is supposed to know; and which, in fact, are almost looked upon as self-evident. Metaphysics then, however, had not as now become a science, and the art of generalising ideas was much more indeterminate than it is now-a-days. If we regard the dramatic writings of Sophocles or Euripides, the moral De-Staek-ism of Plato and Socrates, or the lively effusions of Pindar or Hesiod, we will find a strange chaos of indeterminate ideas, powerful and original indeed, but such as would by no means please the ear or reason of our modern Professors of Logic. The strange abstruse metaphysical disquisitions of the ancient Philosophers, lead us to mark the effect which the first wonderful flood of light produced on the dark and hidden cavities of their minds. Facts on which to rely, they had none; method and rule were unknown, and we find them floundering without compass or rudder in the great and newly discovered ocean of metaphysics: they followed no particular track, and the universality of their subjects may in some degree account for their incongruity. Following up the growth of Literature, we find the Latins occupying the same place as the Greeks, treading with implicit blindness in the paths of their predecessors, and receiving their theories and opinions with willing credence. By degrees, the doctrines of the pristine Greek philosophers lapsed into abuse, and their axioms underwent so great a change from their original simplicity, that philosophy and science had well-nigh receded into a more impenetrable abyss of darkness than ever. Few of the first writers among the Romans are now

heard of, though those whose works are still extant shew that they aspired boldly in the path of Grecian literature. The comedies of Terence, much in the same style of imitation, are the first works of literature worthy of being mentioned, and shortly after, we find Cicero attacking the system of implicit and blind reception by the Romans, of the doctrines and opinions of the Greeks. Until his time every metaphysical philosopher echoed the words and thoughts of Aristotle, the Pagan votaries clung with filial dependence to the gods of Homer, and morality and virtue sought no higher goal than the decrees and maxims of Socrates and his illustrious pupil. Freedom of thought seemed an unknown possession, and mankind was content to follow, in measured cadence, the voice of leaders long extinct. The brilliant lustre of the golden age, we need not allude to. For nine centuries after it, the human understanding seemed almost dormant, if we may judge from the paucity and insignificance of literary writers to which these ages can lay claim. It is true, indeed, that we read of occasional intervals of light when Arabian literature flourished, and when in Turkey, men arose whose genius, in some degree, illumed the pitchy atmosphere around; but there is no age so sunk in ignorance and darkness, but that some individual or nation must carry the palm of pre-eminence, in how small soever a degree may be the excellence; Charlemagne and Alfred the Great made a struggle to revive letters, but their efforts may only be regarded as the occasional glimmering of a star in the murky atmosphere of a winter's night. "In the revolution of ten centuries," says Gibbon, "not a single discovery was made to exalt the dignity or promote the happiness of mankind; not a single idea has been added to the speculative systems of antiquity; not a single composition of history philosophy or literature has been saved from oblivion by the intrinsic beauties of style or sentiment, of original fancy, or even of successful imitation. In every page our taste and reason are wounded by the choice of gigantic and obsolete words, a stiff and intricate phraseology, the discord of images, the childish play of false and unseasonable ornament, and the painful attempts to elevate themselves, to astonish the reader, and to involve a trivial meaning in the smoke of obscurity and exaggeration." It is not until the middle of the thirteenth century, that we can date the revival of letters, and we then find ourselves among a new race of beings and a new order of things. Rodger Bacon, the morning star of learning, Dante and Petrarch, Chaucer, and James the First of Scotland, gave a new inspiration to the time in which they lived, and in the beginning of the seventeenth century arose Sir Francis Bacon, and Sir Isaac Newton, whose astonishing genius, in science and philosophy, astonished the world, and broke forever the dominion of the philosophers of antiquity.

But we have been digressing, perhaps too widely, from the subject we intend to pursue, and we now come at last to our task, in the hope that it will not be altogether unprofitable, nor unacceptable. In our intention of extricating, and bringing to light the few works of literature that Canada can lay claim to, we are not perhaps sufficiently aware of the difficulty we shall encounter, both in obtaining materials for our undertaking, and afterwards in moulding these materials to the taste of our readers. Should we fail in the former, we must proportionately in the latter, and even should we succeed in obtaining the raw material it is with considerable diffidence that we undertake the task of moulding and fashioning it aright.

Without further preface, however, we give it as we have it; and if, after plodding through this initiatory exposition, any reader should be tempted to follow us throughout, let him look with a lenient eye on our unskilful handling and bad artizanship, in gratitude for our friendly forewarnment (if we may coin a word) of what he is to expect.

Though Canada can scarcely boast, as yet, of any works or writers of eminence, its advancement in the paths of literature, for the last few years, has been by no means inconsiderable, and if its progress be but continued, it will ere long be entitled to take its stand in the world of letters. Until of late years, the birth of literature in this country can hardly be said to have taken place, and this for obvious reasons. Canada has hitherto, for the most part, been inhabited, not by a people advanced in refinement and mental cultivation, but by those who are necessarily employed in providing their daily bread. Men whose bodies and minds are wearied with the every day affairs of life, cannot be expected to devote their energies to the pursuit of literature, a pursuit which will not procure for them the first cravings of nature. As the demand for this bodily and mental exertion, in providing for the present, is diminished by time and persevering industry, refinement and mental cultivation will proportionably increase, and when the appetite and desire for the pursuits of literature are once roused, there will not lack persons to administer thereto.

It will be my endeavour, in the following articles, to bring forward, in as brief a shape as possible, the various publications which have either appeared in Canada, or are the acknowledged productions of Canadian writers, and at the same time, occasionally to notice the most eminent men whom Canada has produced. I will also advert, in passing, to the relations of the various travellers, who have visited Canada, either for the purpose of amusement, or in the prosecution of statistical information regarding it.

From the first discovery of Canada until the year 1535, we have few or no writers worthy of mention. The voyages of Jacques Cartier, which took place about the latter time, seem to have been carefully

narrated and transmitted to France. His means for obtaining information regarding the country, however, must have been very limited, and the self-sufficient style in which his narrations are couched well sets off the gross ignorance he occasionally displays. His descriptions of the gulf of St. Lawrence, and of the river, are graphic, and are deemed to be correct, though his powers of observation can hardly be said to be very acute, since it was not until he had ascended the River St. Lawrence for five hundred and forty miles, that he discovered Canada was not an island. The next writer of whom we hear, is Champlain, the founder of Quebec, who published his account of the country about the year 1631, though some of his voyages were published antecedent to that date. His writings are evidently the result of personal observation, and his work contains what must have then been valuable, and is even now interesting, information; his character, as a Christian, is highly lauded by those who had an opportunity of judging of his merits in that respect, and his acts bespeak him to have been a man of talent and enterprise.

We shall reserve the remainder of the French publications for a future number.

JONATHAN GRUB.

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

LILITH.

Wer?—Adams erste Frau.

Gruff.

I.

Ages ago, when Adam lived on earth,
First man, first monarch, strong in limb and mind,
In whom a glorious beauty was combined
With thoughts of fire; when sin had not gone forth,
As a wide pestilence, among mankind,
Dulling the senses to the healing worth
Of woods, and waves, and sunshine unconfined,
Which then were audible with song and mirth,
Lilith had being. She was one of those
Shadowy spirits, from that twilight bred
Wherewith, at first the world was overspread:
But, three great periods past, the sun arose,
And one by one her sister spirits fled,
And she remained, hid in a cavern close.

II.

There was a broad, still lake near Paradise,
A lake where silence rested evermore:
And yet not gloomy, for, along the shore,
Majestic trees, and flowers of thousand dyes,
Drank the rich light of those unclouded skies:
But noiseless all. By night, the moonshine hoar,
And stars in alternating companies;

By day, the sun: no other change it wore—
And hither came the sire of men, and stood
Breathless amid the breathless solitude:
Shall he pass over? Inconceivable,
And un conjectured things perhaps might dwell
Beyond;—things, haply, pregnant with new good;—
He plunged: the waters muttered where he fell.

III.

And on, and on, with broad, untiring breast,
The swimmer cleft the waters. As he went,
Things full of novelty and wonderment
Rose up beside him. Here it was the crest
Of a steep crag, up to the heavens sent.
And here a naked pine trunk, forward bent
A hundred yards above him: still no rest,
Onwards and onwards still the swimmer pressed.
But now the lake grew narrower apace:
The farther shore curving nearer in:
Till, at the last, there towered before his face
A wall of rock, a final stopping-place:
But no—an opening! Shall he pass therein,
The way unknown, the day now vesper-time?

IV.

He entered in. How dim! how wonderful!
High-arched above, and water-paved below;
And phosphor cressets, with a wavering glow,
Lit up the mighty vault. A whisper cool
Ran muttering all around him, and a dull,
Sweet sound of music drifted to and fro,
Wordless, yet full of thought unspeakable,
Till all the place was teeming with its flow.
“Adam!—Strong child of light!”—“Who calls?
who speaks?”

What voice mysterious the silence breaks—
Is it a vision, or reality??
How marble like her face! How pale her cheeks!
Yet fair, and in her glorious stature high,
Above the daughters of mortality.

V.

And this was Lilith. And she came to him,
And looked into him with her dreamy eyes,
Till all his former life seemed old and dim,
A thing that had been once: and Paradise,
Its antique forests, floods, and choral skies,
Now faded quite away: or seemed to skim,
Like eagles on a bright horizon's rim,
Darkly across his golden phantasies.
And he forgot the sunshine, and sweet flowers,
And he forgot all pleasant things that be,
The birds of Eden, and the winged powers
That visited, sometime, its privacy:
And what to him was day, or day-lit hours,
Or the moon shining on an open sea?

VI.

So lived he. And she fed him with strange food,
And led him through the sparry corridors

Of central earth. How solemnly that flood
Went moaning by! How strange that multitude
Of moving shadows, and those strong ribbed doors,
Between whose earthquake riven chinks he viewed,
With gasping breath, the red and glowing stores
Whence the great Heart drives heat through all its
pores.

And Lilith's voice was ever in his ear,
With its delicious tones, that made him weep,
He knew not wherefore: and her forehead clear
Beamed like a star—yet made his spirit creep
With something of that undefined fear,
That shadows us, when love is over deep.

VII.

This might not last. What thunder shakes the arch?
What lightning, in its swift and terrible march,
Shatters the massy key-stone?—Sudden light
Leaps down, and many a column stalactite
Is rent and shivered as a feeble larch.

Alas for Lilith! Shrieking with affright,
He bowed, and felt the hateful splendour parch
Her soul away: yet, ere she vanished quite,
“Think of me sometime, Adam,” murmured she,—
“Let me not perish, and my memory be
Lost and forgotten. Now farewell, farewell!
We have been happy—that is past, and we
May love no longer.” Wakened from his spell,
He turned:—the sun was shining where she fell!

E. T. F.

Quebec, 1839.

MUTILATION OF WORKS OF ART.

THE mischievous propensity which is so often manifested by Englishmen and Americans to disfigure and mutilate works of art, or to handle them through an idle curiosity, is well satirized in the following extract from the second volume of “Little Pedlington,” just published:—“But what about the kangaroo!” said I. “Is it possible you did not hear of it? The town talk! Chickney, the poulterer, who has naturally been keeper of our zoological gardens, and honorary secretary, has presented us with a stuffed kangaroo. Yesterday there was a private view of it. Interesting sight! Subdued, quiet interest, though—not of an exciting interest, like the monkeys on the ladies’ days, Sundays you know. Interesting creature, though. Paper pasted on it:—‘Visitors are requested not to touch!’ Very foolish—gave great offence. How can one tell what kangaroos are made of if one isn’t allowed to touch!—and the moment Chickney’s back was turned, people *did* touch. And what harm did they do? Nothing but a little bit of its tail, one fore paw, and two claws of the other broken off. Chickney angry—very foolish to be angry—told him so. Easy to glue the pieces on again, if ever he should get them back. If not, what then? What is that

in comparison with the rights of the people? I don’t know how the case will be with you Londoners; but this I can tell you, my dear fellow, no free-born Pedlingtonian will relinquish his right, at an exhibition, of touching whatever he can lay his hands upon.” As I thought the tone in which Mr. Hobbleday uttered his last remark was intended to convey an offensive doubt of the patriotism of my dear fellow Londoners, I replied to him somewhat sharply:—“Mr. Hobbleday, allow me to tell you, sir, that the London public are as well acquainted with their rights, and as jealous of them, as the Little Pedlingtonians, sir, of theirs. And sir,”—I was vexed, and could not help siring him a little—“and sir, if in a picture gallery one entertains a doubt as to whether the varnish on a picture be dry, he will satisfy his very laudable curiosity by rubbing his hand over it; if as to what it may be painted on, he will prove it with his finger; and to point out its beauties, he, like a true-born Londoner, will use the end of his stick or his umbrella. In a museum, sir, doubting as to whether a statue be of marble, or stone, or plaster, he will exercise his right of twitching it by a finger, or any part most easily fractured, in order to inform himself; and in all places, sir, he will scribble or chop his name (and for the information of posterity, the date of his visit too) upon the most prominent object within his reach, no matter how much it may be disfigured by his handiwork; always taking care, sir, to assert these his unquestionable rights when the persons who might oppose them (those instruments of tyranny and oppression, the keepers or guardians) are absent.”

POLITICAL DUTIES.

CHUNNING in his remarks on self-culture, says, that among the best people there are some, who, through disgust with the violence of parties, withdrew themselves from all political action. Such, I conceive, do wrong. God has placed them in relations, and imposed on them the duties of citizens; and they are no more authorized to shrink from those duties than from those of sons, husbands, or fathers.

If a person is bent on quarelling with you, leave him to do the whole of it himself, and he will soon become weary of his unencouraged occupation.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say.

“Like Sampson, I may thousands slay!”

“Yes,” cried a wag, “indeed you do—
And with the self-same weapon too.”

BEAUTY deserts us; but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us to the grave.

(ORIGINAL.)

SONG.

O, say will ye be mine, lassie,
O, say will ye be mine;
I'll cozie keep—dawt ye weel,
Gin ye will be but mine, lassie.

The miser glowrin' ower his gowd,
May feast his greedy een,
But I love mair than a' his wealth
The blythe looks o' my Jean,
O, say will ye be, &c.

Though epicures on dainties rare,
May stech till they are fou,
I'd rather live on hamel fare,
An that fare share wi' you,
O say will ye be, &c.

Though toppers in their revels high,
May boast their sparklin' wine,
Wi' Jean I'd drink at nature's fault,
An' think my lot divine,
O, say will ye be, &c.

While blest wi' health I'll earn enuch,
To keep our bothie warm;
The arms that toil to win the brae,
Shall tent my Jean frae harm,
O, say will ye be, &c.

It may be fancy's dizzie dream,
Yet Jean methinks I see,
Consent tho' modest peepin' out,
Frae neath thy bonnie ee.

Then since ye will be mine, lassie,
O, since ye will be mine;
I'll cozie keep ye—dawt ye weel
When you are truly mine.

R.

BREAKING UP OF DOTHEBOYS HALL.

THE success of this first achievement prompted the malicious crowd, whose faces were clustered together in every variety of blank and half-starved ugliness, to further acts of outrage. The leader was insisting upon Mrs. Squeers repeating her dose, Master Squeers was undergoing another dip in the treacle, and a violent assault had been commenced on Miss Squeers, when John Erodie, bursting open the door with one vigorous kick, rushed to the rescue. The shouts, screams, groans, hoots, and clapping of hands, suddenly ceased, and a dead silence ensued.

'Ye be noice chaps,' said John, looking steadily round.

'What's to do here, thou young dogs!'
'Squeers is in prison, and we are going to run away!' cried a score of shrill voices. 'We won't stop, we won't stop!'

'Weel then, dinnot stop,' replied John, 'who waunts thee to stop? Roon awa' loike men, but dinnot hurt the women.'

'Hurrah!' cried the shrill voices, more shrilly still.

'Hurrah!' repeated John. 'Weel, hurrah loike men too. Noo then, look out. Hip—hip—hip—hurrah!'

'Hurrah!' cried the voices.

'Hurrah aegan,' said John. 'Looder still.'

The boys obeyed.

'Another!' said John. 'Dinnot be afeardon it Let's have a good'un.'

'Hurrah!'

'Noo then,' said John. 'let's have yan more to end wi,' and then coot off as quick as you loike. Tak' a good breath noo—Squeers be in jail—the school's brokken oop—it's a' ower—past and gane—think o' thot, and let it be a hearty'un. Hurrah!'

Such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and were destined never to respond to again. When the sound had died away the school was empty, and of the busy noisy crowd which had peopled it but five minutes before, not one remained.

'Very well, Mr. Browdie!' said Miss Squeers, hot and flushed from the recent encounter, but vixenish to the last; 'you've been and excited our boys to run away. Now see if we don't pay you out for that, Sir! If my pa is unfortunate and trod down by henemics, we're not going to be basely crowed and conquered over by you and Tilda.'

'Noa!' replied John bluntly, 'thou bearn't. Tak' thy oath o' thot. Think better o' us, Fanny. I tell'ee both that I'm glod the auld man has been caught out at last—very glad—but ye'll scoffer encaf wi'out any crowin' fra' me, and I be not the mun to crow nor be Tilly the lass, so I tell'ee flat. More than thot, I tell'ee noo, that if thou need'st friends to help the awa' from this place—dinnot turn up thy nose, Fanny, thou may'st—thou'lt foind Tilly and I wi' a thout o' old times about us, ready to lend thee a hond. And when I say that, dinnot think I be ashamed of waa't I've deane, for I say aegan, Hurrah! and curse the schoolmaster—there!'

His parting words concluded, John Browdie strode heavily out, remounted his nag, put him once more into a smart canter, and, carolling lustily forth some fragrant of an old song, to which the horse's hoofs rang a merry accompaniment, sped back to his pretty wife and to Nicholas.—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

KNOWLEDGE AND IGNORANCE.

THE man of knowledge lives eternally after death, while his members are reduced to dust beneath the tomb. But the ignorant man is dead even while he walks upon the earth; he is numbered with living men, yet existeth not.

TALLEYRAND.

"TALLEYRAND was as eccentric as he was clever. In his mode of living he displayed his eccentricity, even more than in his political character. Sometimes he would drink only water at his meals; at others, he would take an almost immoderate quantity of wine. He had a great dislike of medicine; and it was with difficulty, when he was unwell, that his niece, the Duchess de Dino, could induce him to take an aperient pill. Although few men were more disgraced by nature than himself, he was occasionally coquettish in his dress, and wore a coat which a dandy, for its tightness, would have chosen for the display of his shape. From parsimony, however, he was always desirous of seeing his servants in roomy clothing; for in the event of change, the livery would serve the successor. I was waiting one day at his house in Hanover-Square, whilst the Portuguese ambassador was closeted with him, when the tailor brought home one of the gaudy liveries which were to be worn on the occasion of the approaching visit of the Duke of Orleans. One of the footmen having put it on, he was sent by the chamberlain to ask me what I thought of the new livery. 'Why,' said I, 'my good fellow, it is not a coat that you have got; it is a sack.'" "Yes, sir," replied the man, 'I know that; but it is done purposely. If it were to fit closely, the prince would refuse all the liveries, so the tailor has made it very loose to please him; but when he shall have seen me in it, and confirm the order, the tailor will trick him by taking it in.' * * * * The last time that I saw Talleyrand was a few days before his death. He was then very ill, and told me that he felt convinced his end was drawing near. The library, which was the room in which he usually received his morning visitors, was nearly filled with peers, deputies, and men of letters, waiting for his appearance. At two o'clock, he hobbled into the room on his stick; and, although in an evident state of suffering, entered into conversation with his habitual readiness. It was in a private conversation, in an under tone, that he told me how ill he felt; but I heard him tell several persons that he was as well as usual, although some of the newspapers had announced that he was dangerously indisposed. In a few days more, the actor of many parts made his bow to the audience, and retired finally from the busy stage of this world.—*Frasers's Magazine*.

MUSIC IN SWEDEN.

THE ancient Swedes were influenced in their pleasures by customs as extraordinary as those which governed their laws. All the people, civilized or savages—barbarians or demi-barbarians, which may arise from the climate of that country, were ignorant of dancing, but the Swedes in not knowing this kind of diversion, had, at the suggestion of their legislators, interdicted music, and those following the pro-

fession were denounced as persons infamous and dangerous to the state; previous to the reign of Gustavus Vasa, a law was in force, banishing all musicians from the kingdom, and authorizing their destruction, wherever they were met with.

"This assassination," says Archenholz, (*History of Gustavus Vasa, vol. I., 113.*) was considered as a joke. The murderer was only held bound to give the heir of the deceased, one pair of new shoes, one pair of gloves, and a three year old calf. But even this miserable indemnity, granted as a sufficient compensation for the loss of a father, a son, or a brother, was sometimes illusory, and the heir could lay no claim to it, until he had submitted to a humiliating trial, worthy of those barbarous times. They plastered with grease the tail of the calf, which being brought to the top of a hill, the claimant took the tail in his hands, the murderer then struck the calf with a whip and obliged it to run swiftly; if the heir succeeded in retaining the tail, the animal became his, on the contrary, should he let it slip from him, he lost all right, and remained exposed to the sneers of the spectators. All these horrors which took place before the reign of Gustavus Vasa, vanished in 1523.

This prince abolished laws as ridiculous as they were ferocious; he called to his court foreign musicians and introduced into Sweden the art of dancing, before unknown in that city. This diversion frequently took place in the halls of the palace after the repast, to the sounds of the royal orchestra. Music is now considered by the Swedes as an important part of their education, especially amongst females. Professors of music enjoy a great deal of consideration, and are loaded with honours, by classes the most elevated in society. In the mountains, the shepherds use a kind of long trumpet, made from the bark of the birch, which they call "Mir." This instrument is sometimes four feet long, and sends forth a piercing sound; in calm weather it may be heard at a great distance, although the noise made by these trumpets is very great, and intended to frighten away the wild beasts, yet it is not disagreeable.

PHYSICIANS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

A gentleman who was accustomed to take his regular exercise on horseback, and whose chief drink was asses' milk, was asked by an invalid friend, to whom a doctor was daily administering pills and draughts, "how he contrived to keep always in such excellent health, and what medical man he employed?" To which the other gravely replied, "My physician is a horse, and my apothecary is an ass."

NOT SO BAD.

"I don't like the appearance of this salt beef, sir, it looks rather blue," said a lady to a butcher, in market. "That's very natural, madam," replied he "its come'd beef,"

OMNIANA.

(ORIGINAL.)

INVITATION TO DINNER TO THE REV.——

I hae, dear sir, ae wee fresh cod,
An' tho' that same is nae doubt odd,
We'll it divide in pieces sma'
To gust the gabs o' anc' an' a'

I hae forbye a gude fat hen,
Wha lately cackled her amen;
A piece o' beef, cut frae the rumple
Or doup, o' that fat ox ca'd Crumple,

A tongue that never evil spoke,
Will sure be there to help the joke;
Wi' routh o' reamin' nappy beer,
To synde weel doun the hamel cheer.

I hae besides some gude auld wine,
Drink fit for layman or divine;
But I hae branks to gird the mou,
An' fleg the chieis frae gettin fou.

Noo gin ye like the bill o' fare,
Stap ower the morn, an' tak' a share,
Precise at four,
Else my black cook will glunch an' stare,
Wi' visage sour.

R.

A HOLE IN THE WALL.

LADY Huntingdon once spoke to a workman who was repairing a garden wall and pressed him to take some thought concerning eternity and the state of his soul. Some years afterwards she was speaking to another on the same subject, and said to him. "Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Christ for salvation."—"Your Ladyship is mistaken," answered the man. "I heard what passed between you and James at such a time, and the word you designed for him took effect on me." "How did you hear it?" inquired her Ladyship? "I heard it," answered the man, "on the other side of the garden, through a hole in the wall, and shall never forget the impression I received."—*Countess of Huntingdon's Life and Times.*

CAMPBELL THE POET and TURNER THE ARTIST were dining together, with a large party, a few years ago. The poet was called upon for a toast, and, by way of a joke upon the great professor of the sister art, gave—"the painters and glaziers." After the laughter had subsided, the artist was of course summoned to propose a toast also; he rose, and with admirable tact and ready wit, discharged the debt of his craft to the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," by giving—"The paper-stainers!"

I'm rising by degrees," as the quicksilver said to the thermometer, as it was getting hot.

THE BOASTER.

TALK of bulls! I know an ox so fat that his shadow stuck to the ground for an hour after he was gone!—Talk of spirits! I had a cask of whisky so genooine, that after drinking a glass of it, you spoke broad Scotch perfectly; and after three tumblers, pure Gaelic!

INTERVALS BETWEEN MEALS.

As a general rule an interval of from five to six hours should elapse between the meals; but this must, of course, vary according to circumstances, and depend upon the appetite. Persons engaged in business frequently do themselves much mischief by disregarding its monitions, amidst the bustle and excitement of trade; after a time, it is true, the appetite subsides, but the necessity for food is not thereby removed. It is no unusual thing for a merchant to breakfast at eight o'clock in the morning, ride several miles to town, and return to dine in the evening, between six and seven o'clock, without having, during all that period, eaten any thing. This long fasting is injurious; and the subsequent full meal still more so. In such cases a luncheon ought certainly to be taken.

SIMPLE REMEDY TO PURIFY WATER.

It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large table-spoonful of pulverized alum, sprinkled into a hog'shead of water, (the water stirred round at the time,) will, after a lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pail-ful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single tea-spoonful.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

THE Vermont schoolmasters are up to a thing or two in the way of their duty. One of them lately flogged an unruly damsel attending his school, and to whom he was engaged. He said, "though he kissed her as a lover, it was his duty to lick her as her tutor." He'll catch it when she comes to monopolize the "unmentionables."

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGES.—AN EPIGRAM.

From Moliere.

Three things to womankind belong,
This universe of ours all over;
And from their use of right or wrong,
Not all the universe may move her;
The first, to tease her faithful lover;
The second, to coquette; the third—
And that which oft'nest we discover—
To urge points the most absurd,
And, right or wrong, to have the latest word!

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS,

ARRANGED AS A WALTZ.

MUSIC BY BALFE.

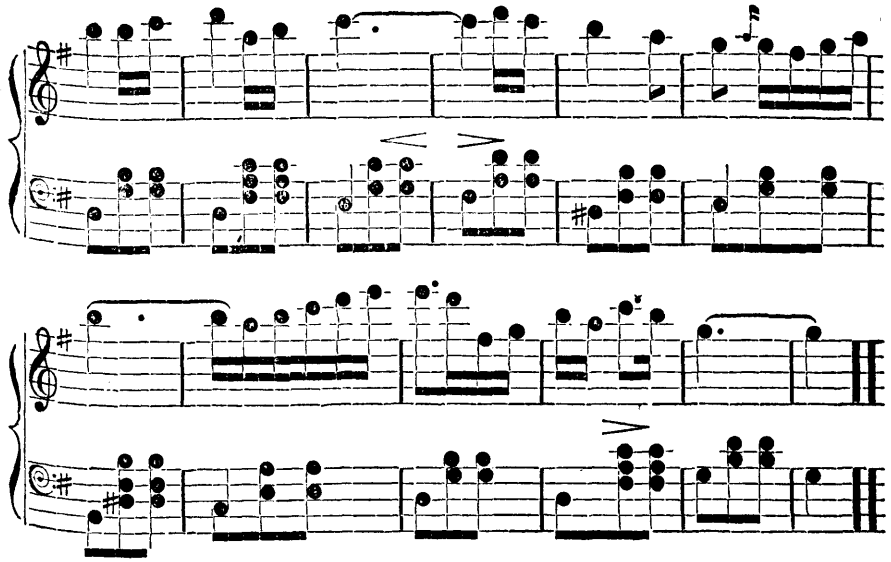
The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill in the second measure. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the piece with similar notation. The upper staff features a melodic line with a trill in the second measure. The lower staff provides a consistent harmonic accompaniment.

The third system shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff has a melodic line with a trill in the second measure. The lower staff includes a key signature change to one flat (Bb) in the final measure.

The fourth system continues the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with a trill in the second measure. The lower staff includes a key signature change to one flat (Bb) in the final measure.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with a trill in the second measure. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.



THE ISLAND QUEEN.

BY ALLAN GRANT.

How sternly beautiful art thou,
 Romantic northern land;
 Whose lofty cloud encompassed brow,
 And look of high command,
 Bespeak thee wont to have thy will,
 To wake or bid the world be still.

Amidst the surging ocean throng'd,
 That laves thy queenly feet;
 And round by girdling mountains zon'd,
 Thou tak'st thy regal seat,
 The sovereign lady of the sea
 Hope of the brave—home of the free.

I've seen the summer coronal
 Thy princely robe with flowers,
 The autumn gather sweets from all
 The upland dingle bowers,
 And breathe around thee the perfumes
 Of all his fairest mountain blooms.

But when hoar winter round thy brow
 His white tiara bound,
 And like a spotless vestal thou,
 (In dazzling beauty crown'd),
 Sat pinnac'd in grandeur there,
 What sight on earth so calm, so fair!

Now o'er thy vales the virgin spring,
 Her joyous smile hath thrown;
 And from thy woods, love warblings ring
 In many a varied tone;
 And lambs upon the green sward leap,
 And herds are lowing on each steep.

And all is fair and free from thrall,
 Where despot none is found;
 For shackles from the captive fall,
 Who touches English ground;
 And by each rude and gentle tongue
 Upon the earth, thy praise is sung.

Hast thou not to the nations been
 A hope inspiring star?
 When despots made the world a scene
 Of carnage, waste, and war,
 Till forth thy serried legions throng'd
 To spoil the spoiler—right the wrong'd.

But calmly thou'rt reposing now
 Like lion in his lair,
 And peace hath charmed from thy brow
 The tempest cloud of care,
 But woe to him who wakes thy ire,
 'Twere better rouse old Etna's fire.

All lovely art thou, ocean queen,
 Most beautiful and free;
 And where on this terrestrial scene,
 Is aught may vie with thee?
 For on thy consecrated sod,
 Hath freedom chosen her abode.

And long to her may incense rise,
 From city, cot and wold,
 Until the moon in dotage dies,
 The sun grow dim and cold;
 Then be dirge of nature sung,
 And heaven's last trumpet summons rung.

New York Albion.

OUR TABLE.

ARISTOCRACY OF AMERICA—FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF A GERMAN BARON—EDITED BY F. J. GRUND.
THE "Aristocracy of America," as the more wealthy and "exclusive" classes of society have been termed, have, by the author of these volumes, himself an American, been treated with a severity, we would willingly convince ourselves, borders on exaggeration and caricature. We say that the author is himself an American, for although Mr. Grund figures on the title page only as editor of these volumes, the disguise is too easily penetrated to leave the reader for one instant in doubt that the "Sketch Book of a German Baron," is only assumed as a *nom de guerre*. We have, in a former number of the *Garland*, alluded to the conduct of those travellers who have made use of their introductions into American society to hold their foibles up to the ridicule of the world, and have freely condemned such a course of a proceeding; but, when the strictures come from themselves, it is only just to suppose that they are intended to correct the evils, by holding, as "twere, the mirror up to nature," and shewing them to themselves, "as others see" them. In this light, we are disposed to view the production of Mr. Grund, although he has exhibited their social faults too broadly, and pointed with too rude a figure to their many weaknesses. Mr. Grund himself seems to belong to a very large class of individuals, who are determined to be pleased with nothing. Some years ago, he published a book, entitled "the Americans, in their moral, social, and political relations," in which he assailed the democracy of the Union with as much severity as he now lashes the "aristocracy," whom he characterises as "a considerable portion of all people worth from fifty to an hundred thousand dollars."

"They live," he says, "in houses a little larger than those inhabited by respectable mechanics, cover the floors of their parlours with Brussels carpets instead of Kidderminster, pay ninepence for beef which the labourer purchase for eight, pay a shilling more for a pound of tea, and keep a man-servant. Some of them keep a carriage, but by far the greater part are content with hackney-coaches. In point of accomplishment they are only inferior to the middle classes of Europe; but in pride and conceit they surpass the ancient nobility of the Holy Roman Empire, and the thirty-four princes of the actual Germanic Confederation. This circumstance does not add to their amiability, and does not in particular grace the boys and girls composing, "the first society." Some of them lay a great stress on family, when it is joined to money; but, without this most indispensable requisite, *la vertu sans argent n'est qu'un meuble inutile*. It is, however, to be observed that property not only produces respectability, but also acts backwards on a man's ancestry; there being not one rich man in the United States,—foreigners excepted,—who is not descended from a respectable father and grandfather. In politics they are the most implacable enemies to democracy, which, with them, is synonymous with mob-government and anarchy. They are for a strong administration, made out of their own party; and would hardly object to royalty, if the king would support himself out of his private chest. A court in Lower Canada, such as Lord Durham established there for a short time, would be a great attraction, and would undoubtedly cause many emigrations to Quebec."

Notwithstanding the spirit of severity, and occasionally of ill-nature, in which the book has been written, it is instructive and amusing, and might lead the reader to a conclusion, at which many passages point, that out of the apparently incongruous state of American society, some political change, bordering upon monarchy, may ultimately spring—in fact, there are in the Union not a few who look forward to such an end as, at least, doubtful. With speculations such as this, however, we have nothing to do, and only allude to them, as having been more than once made the ground of public discussion. Mr. Grund seems to be intimately acquainted with the subject upon which he writes, choosing his materials from all classes of his countrymen, canvassing men and manners in all parts of the Union, and introducing the reader to the dining, drawing, and ball-rooms of New York, Boston, Washington, and Philadelphia, as well as to the fashionable boarding houses and oyster shops, which, in the course of his travels, he has himself visited.

Having taken a rapid view of Mr. Grund's book, we proceed to make a few extracts, to verify the opinions we have ventured to express.

The following is a specimen of the homage to rank and title which the writer attributes to republican Americans. This sneer at "the English," will pass for what it is worth:

Go and visit all the courts of Europe, from Paris to St. Petersburg, and from Stockholm to Naples, and if you find a toad-eater caressing the feet of majesty, and exercising his utmost ingenuity to be on good terms with the most distinguished noble families, you may be sure he is either English or American. But

the American will outdo the Englishman. He will be twice as humble before ribands and stars, and three times as insolent to an inferior, as honest John Bull. He will feast six months on the breakfast of a duke, and then regale his countrymen six months longer with the recital of its splendours. He will actually beg himself into society, solicit letters of introduction on the most humiliating terms, pocket quietly a thousand refusals, and, when finally he succeeds in being smuggled into the drawing-room of a princess, is the first to betray her hospitality in publishing her foibles to the world.

The following is Mr. Grund's view of American freedom of action and opinion :

"Society in America," continued my friend, "is characterised by a spirit of exclusiveness and persecution unknown in any other country. Its gradations not being regulated according to rank and titles, selfishness and conceit are its principal elements; and its arbitrary distinctions the more offensive as they principally refer to fortune. Our society takes it upon itself to punish political, moral, and religious dissenters, but most of its wrath is spent upon the champions of democracy. That society is the means of seducing our unsophisticated country members, making them believe that republicanism is only fit for backwoodsmen, is a fact too notorious to be mentioned. It destroys our independence in words and actions, and makes our duties of citizens subordinate to the exactions of a *coterie*. What man is there in this city that dares to be independent, at the risk of being considered bad company? And who can venture to infringe upon a single rule of society without being published to the world, and persecuted for the remainder of his life? We take it as an insult offered to our joint judgment, when a man stubbornly follows his own mind; for we are accustomed to every thing, except seeing a man not influenced by the opinion of his neighbours.

How often have I envied Englishmen for the the privilege of being independent in private life! And how often did I wish myself in England, where I might be permitted to have an opinion of my own, and express it, without suffering in the consideration of my friends and the public! Political liberty is, after all, but an abstract and general good, never felt by individuals, unless it be joined to freedom of intercourse, and that degree of independence which leaves a man, in all matters relating to himself, sole arbiter of his actions. Intolerance and persecution, in private and social intercourse, are far more odious, and, perhaps, more destructive to the higher faculties of the mind, than the most systematic political despotism acting from above. And yet I would pardon our society all its faults if it did not act perniciously on the women."

We select a short passage as a specimen of that what we consider exaggerations. It refers to the entrance of a young lady and gentleman into a ball-room, when the following dialogue takes place between several of the guests already assembled :

"Do you know that girl?" demanded a young lady, who had just stopped dancing, loud enough for her to hear.

"I never saw her before in my life, I am sure," replied the *ballerina* who had been addressed, with a toss of her head; "do you know her?"

"Indeed I don't; I wonder how she got here!" resumed the first.

Here a third lady walked up, and examined the dress of the stranger; then, joining a small circle, "I am sure," said she, in an audible whisper, "It's not worth seventy-five cents a yard."

"And who is that unlicked cub that's with her?" demanded another lady.

"Heaven alone knows!" answered a voice; "I dare say, just come from the woods!"

"With his mouth full of tobacco!"

"I hope she is'n't going to dance; if she does, I shall leave the room."

"I sha'n't stay either."

One half of this conversation the poor girl must have heard, as she was standing close to the speakers, and could not even escape from the sting of their remarks through the crowd that obstructed the passage; for it is the custom in America, as in England, for people who give parties, to invite as many persons as possible, in order to have the satisfaction of a full room. She was on the point of bursting into tears; and yet the young, fashionable tigresses, of from sixteen to twenty years of age, had not feeling enough to take pity on her. I am aware that, in describing that of which I was an eye-witness, I shall scarcely be believed by any English or German readers, because it is almost impossible for an educated European to conceive the degree of rudeness, insolence, and effrontery, and the total want of consideration for the feelings of others, which I have often seen practised in what is called the "first society" of the United States. I have seen in Boston, or rather in Nahant, a small watering place in the neighbourhood of that city, two girls—one the daughter of a president of an insurance-office, and the other the child of a merchant—supporting their heads with their elbows, and in this position staring at each other for several minutes, across a public table; each believing that her standing in society entitled her to the longest stare, and that the other, being the daughter of a man of less consideration and property, should have modesty enough to cast down her eyes.

We conclude our notice of this amusing book, which, in spite of its exaggerations, contains many piquant truths, with the following remarks upon the "Aristocracy of America."

But it is not so much in America as in *Europe* that the true character of the American aristocracy can be successfully studied. At home the vulgar clamour of the mob, and a few silly editors, setting up for the representatives of public opinion, interfere too much with the display of their true sentiments. It is but in *Europe*—where they are relieved from these trammels—that they show the natural man, their *penchant* for the elegancies of society, their contempt for the poor, and their toad-eating to the higher classes, in which they even "beat the English." It is there they sink the "American citizen," in order to become noblemen without pedigrees, and courtiers without manners.

THE EPICUREAN, A TALE—BY THOMAS MOORE.

By several of the London Reviews, we observe that Moore has again taken the field—we are happy to state, with his accustomed success—his book being spoken of in terms of high commendation, which the extracts furnished seem fully to warrant.

The original intention of the author is stated to have been to publish the “Epicurean” in the form of rhythmical letters from the personages introduced into the tale—which intention he was induced to abandon, from the difficulty of managing the minor details in verse, so as to render them at the same time distinct and brief. The portions written before the tale was begun anew, are appended to the the volume, under the title of “Alciphron,” and are written with great spirit and beauty—many of the passages being nearly identical, in words, as in character, with the prose descriptions of the corresponding scenes.

Not having seen the entire work, we cannot enter as largely upon its merits as we would otherwise have done, but the well-known fame of the author of “Lallah Rookh,” as well as the beautiful extracts which have come under our observation, give promise of the pleasure to be derived from this new production of the Irish Bard. The following passage will shew that he has lost nothing of the fluency of style, and exquisite versification, which distinguish the former productions of his pen :

But short that hope—for, as I flew
Breathlessly up, the stairway grew
Tremulous under me, while each
Frail step, ere scarce my foot could reach
The frailer yet I next must trust,
Crumbled behind me into dust ;
Leaving me, as it crush'd beneath,
Like shipwreck'd wretch who, in dismay,
Sees but one plank 'twixt him and death,
And shuddering feels that one give way !
And still I upward went—with nought
Beneath me but that depth of shade,
And the dark flood, from whence I caught
Each sound the falling fragments made.
Was it not fearful ?—still more frail
At every step crash'd the light stair,
While, as I mounted, e'en the rail
That up into that murky air
Was my sole guide, began to fail !—
When, stretching forth an anxious hand,
Just, as beneath my tottering stand,
Steps, railway, all, together went,
I touch'd a massy iron ring,
That there—by what kind genius sent
I know not—in the darkness hung ;
And grasping it, as drowners cling
To the last hold, so firm I clung,
And through the void suspended swung.

Sudden, as if that mighty ring
Were link'd with all the winds of heav'n,
And, like the touching of a spring,
My eager grasp had instant given
Loose to all blasts that ever spread
The shore or sea with wrecks and dead—
Around me, gusts, gales, whirlwinds rang
Tumultuous, and I seemed to hang
Amidst an elemental war,
In which wing'd tempests—of all kinds
And strengths that winter's stormy star
Lights through the Temple of the Winds
In our own Athens—battled round,

Deafening me with chaotic sound.
Nor this the worst—for, holding still
With hands unmov'd, though shrinking oft,
I found myself, at the wild will
Of countless whirlwinds, caught aloft,
And round and round, with fearful swing,
Sweep, like a stone-shot in a sling !
Till breathless, mazed, I had begun.—
So ceaselessly I thus was whirled,—
To think my limbs were chained upon
That Wheel of the Infernal World,
To turn which, day and night, are blowing
Hot, withering winds that never slumber ;
And whose sad rounds, still going, going,
Eternity alone can number !
And yet, ev'n then—while worse than Fear
Iaith ever dreamt seem'd hovering near,
Had voice but ask'd me, “is not this
A price too dear for aught below ?”
I should have said “for knowledge, yes—
But for bright, glorious Woman—no.”
At last, that whirl, when all my strength
Had nearly fled, came to an end ;
And, through that viewless void, at length,
I felt the still-grasp'd ring descend
Rapidly with me, till my feet—
Oh, ne'er was touch of land so sweet
To the long sea-worn exile—found
A resting-place on the firm ground.
At the same instant o'er me broke
A glimmer through that gloom so chill,—
Like day-light, when beneath the yoke
Of tyrant darkness struggling still—
And by th' imperfect gleam it shed,
I saw before me a rude bed,
Where poppies, strew'd upon a heap
Of wither'd lotus, wooed to sleep.
Blessing that couch—as I would bless,
Ay, ev'n the absent tiger's lair,
For rest in such stark weariness,—
I crawl'd to it, and sunk down there.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1840.

THESE beautiful volumes have, during the present season, been received even in greater variety than in former years, and in this season of gifts and compliments, are among the most tasteful *souvenirs* which can be presented as tokens of friendship or esteem. Nothing can exceed the elegance of these delightful books, which may be taken as specimens of the pro-

press of art in England and America. We may particularly allude to the engravings in "The Book of the Boudoir," "Heath's Picturesque Annual," "Gems of Beauty," "The Belle of a Season," and the "Drawing-Room Scrap Book," as surpassing almost any thing that has hitherto appeared. We would recommend any one desirous of making an elegant present, to call at either of the respectable Bookstores, where specimens may be seen and purchased.

THE LADIES' COMPANION FOR DECEMBER.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the December number of this elegant Magazine, which is one of the best we have yet seen, containing, in addition to the usual variety of original articles, a very beautiful engraving, "The Spirit Bride," and a delicious song, which though not original, will not be the less acceptable to the readers of that interesting Magazine—the words are by Lover, and we here subjoin them.

Oh she is a bright-eyed thing !
 And her glances wildly playing,
 While they radiance round her sling,
 Set my loving fancy straying !
 Where to find a thing so bright.
 'Tis not in the diamond's light ;
 The jewels of the richest mine,
 Half so brightly may not shine,
 For gems are cold, and cannot vic
 With living light from Beauty's eye !

Oh ! she it a bright lipp'd thing !
 And her mouth, like budding roses,
 Fragrance all around doth fling,
 When its matchless arch uncloses !
 With a voice, whose silver tone
 Makes the raptur'd list'ner own ;
 It may be true what poets tell,
 That nightingales 'mid roses dwell ;
 For every word she says to me,
 Sounds like sweetest melody !

THE MOURNER'S TRIBUTE—BY MRS. SAWTELL.

We are glad to observe that this work will be published in a few days. Although not having seen it, we cannot give an opinion of its contents, further than by a reference to a couple of pieces which have appeared in the last and present number of the *Garland*. The peculiar circumstances under which the volume is published give it a claim on public patronage, which we are informed has been generously responded to—the subscription list being filled with the most respectable names in our city and neighbourhood. We cannot doubt that it will be found deserving of the liberality evinced towards it.

THE CANADIAN BROTHERS.

We are enabled to state that Major Richardson's Historical novel, the "Canadian Brothers," will be published at an early day—the first volume being already completed, and the second considerably advanced. It gives us pleasure to mention that the number of subscribers is rapidly increasing—indeed, the limited edition published, it is feared, will not supply the demand that will be made for the book, which in addition to its necessarily entertaining character, contains much important and interesting historical information.

MEDALS having been offered by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, for the competition of the public, upon subjects connected with the advancement of the Colonies in art and literature, we beg to mention that the period allotted for the transmission of the prize articles to the Secretary is rapidly approaching—the 20th of February being the last day upon which they can be received. We subjoin a list of the literary subjects open to competition :—

- On any department of Natural History, the subject having relation to British North America.
 - On any part of the history of Canada, its antiquities, or the language and manners of the Aborigines.
 - The best Poem on any subject relating to British North America.
 - For any good Historical Essay, tending to fill up the chasm in the history of Canada, between the close of Charlevoix's work and the year 1749.
 - For the best Paper on any subject connected with Science.
 - On any subject relating to the useful arts, particularly those that may be in any way more applicable in British North America.
 - The best Essay on useful and ornamental Architecture, applicable to public and private buildings in Canada, and which may tend to improve the taste in this branch of the Fine Arts.
- In addition to the above, the following have been offered to artists and amateurs in Canada, and the other North American Colonies :—
- For the best Oil Painting, historical or landscape, on any subject relating to North America—A first Prize Silver Medal.
 - For the second best ditto—A second Prize Silver Medal.

For the best Oil Painting on any original subject—A first Prize Silver Medal.
 For the second best ditto—A Second Prize Silver Medal.
 For the best original Landscape in water colours—A first Prize Silver Medal.
 For the second best ditto—A second Prize Silver Medal.

After the Prizes have been awarded, the paintings will, of course, remain the property of the artists.

The following are the conditions :—

The Prize productions to be in the English, French, or Latin language, and open to all persons residing on the continent or islands of North America.

Every Prize production is required to be accompanied by a sealed note, bearing as a superscription the title of the production, and containing the author's name and place of residence, and to be transmitted, post paid, addressed to the Council Secretary, and received by him before the 20th February next.

The Prizes will be awarded on the last Thursday of April next, at Eleven o'clock, A. M.

THE Natural History Society of Montreal, with a praiseworthy desire of encouraging the pursuit of useful knowledge in the Colonies, have offered Gold Medals for the best Essays upon any of the subjects included in the subjoined list :—

On the possibility of cultivating the Maple for the purpose of producing Sugar on a large scale ; on the preparation of the Sugar, and the best mode of refining it.

On the existence of Coal Fields in the District of Montreal or Three Rivers ; on the most probable locality of such Fields, with the modes of search.

On the destruction of Forest Trees for timber and fuel ; on the necessity of Planting for a future supply ; on the most desirable mode of raising Timber, whether in Woods, Hedge-rows or Coppices. Especial reference is made to the White Oak, Grey Ash, and the Larch and Tamarac, and on the qualities of the latter, as compared to Oak, for ship-building and other purposes.

On the practicability of Cultivating in the Canadas, the Weld (*Reseda*,) Wood (*Isatis*,) Safflower (*Carthamus*) and Madder (*Rubea*,) more especially the latter ; on Native Plants, suitable for Drugs or Dyes, especially Sumach (*Rhus*,) Blood-root (*Sanguinaria*,) Orchil (*Rocella*,) or other Lichens ; Red-willow (*Salix*,) Quercitros Bark (*Quercus*) ; on the Cultivation of Poppies and Sunflowers, for the expression of Oil from their Seeds : and, also, on the the Cultivation of Plants for Medicinal purposes.

On the Pigments discovered in the Canadas, Yellow Ochre, Indian Red, Yellow Sienna Terra Verte, Blue Earth, and others—with statements of their abundance, and their applicability to the purposes of Paint.

On the Ottawa River, the Animal Vegetable, and Mineral productions of its Shores and Streams, with descriptions of the more important Rivers that flow into it.

On the Mineralogy of the District of Montreal.

On the Botany of the Island of Montreal.

On the manner in which Hemp and Flax may be profitably cultivated in the Canadas, and whether Lee's system of preparing those materials could be adopted with good result.

On the Effects of Frost on Building Materials and on the Pavements of the Streets.

The conditions attached are :

1st.—The Essays shall be presented on or before the 20th February, 1840.

2d.—The essays may be in either French or English, at the option of the writer.

3d.—The name and residence of the Author to be concealed ; to ensure which, each essay shall have a motto, and shall be accompanied with a sealed note, superscribed with the same motto, containing the name and residence of the Author. This note will be opened only in the event of the Essay being declared worthy a Prize, otherwise it will be destroyed.

4th.—The successful Essays to remain the property of the Society.

5th.—The Society reserves to itself the right of withholding the Prize, should no one of the Essays on any particular subject appear deserving of it.

The Essays to be addressed to J. S. M'CORD, Esq. Corresponding Secretary of the Society.

The Medals will be of gold, silver, or bronze, according as the Committee, which shall be appointed for the purpose, shall report on the merits of the successful Essay.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have much gratification in acknowledging the receipt of the tale entitled " Henry Lawson," from the author of " Acquaintance with the Great," which will be published in our next number, if we can possibly make room for it, entire.

We have on hand several excellent papers, which we shall publish as soon as we find it possible.

The following are respectfully declined :—" Withered Hopes," " Ida," " Despair," " The Wildest Hour," " The Lover's Dream," and the " History of a Magic Ring." The several authors may have their articles returned, by calling at the office of the publisher.

We cannot sufficiently express our thanks to the numerous contributors who have favoured us with their assistance, and when occasionally compelled to decline the insertion of any article that may be sent to us, we trust that our friends will attribute it as much to our regard for their feelings as our jealousy of the fair name of the *Gazette*.