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JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER XV.

"Alas! and do we meet again?"

She said in tones of deepest sorrow:

"Oh! that to-day would end my pain,
And leave no heart-break for the morrow."

THE cold rush of the night air recalled Rosamond to animation. She found herself seated in a rude market-cart, between two men. The arm of one was around her, and her head supported on his breast. Slowly she gathered herself up, and endeavoured to trace, by the dim, shadowy, indistinct light of the clouded moon, the features of her companions. A sort of chill crept over her—a suffocating conviction that they were not friends. She tried to speak, but her voice died away, in feeble, inarticulate murmurs, and she relapsed into silence.

"Lean upon me, Rosamond," whispered a voice, but too well known. "You are weak. It is well that I was at hand, to save you from that ferocious beast, or he might have been the death of you."

"Captain Doyle," exclaimed Rosamond—drawing as far back from him as she possibly could; "I had hoped, that we should meet no more. For what deeper misery am I yet reserved?"

"It is your own fault, Rosamond. You knew, but rejected the remedy."

"Thank God I did so—it is his will. I will try to bear my misfortunes with patience."

They journeyed on in silence. The cold, murky dawn, found them upon a lonely beach, and the hollow surging of the waves, heard, but unseen,

through the fog that hung upon the water, was dreary and monotonous in the extreme.

Captain Doyle exchanged some words in native Irish, with his servant, who immediately checked his horse, and his master dismounted, and assisted Rosamond to alight.

"We must stay here for the boat," he said, "I wonder Hogan is not in readiness. I am true to my appointment—and he might have kept his."

"Please your honor," said Pat Dolan, "its the fog that has bothered him. Whisht!—I hear the stroke of an oar—an' shure its the boy himself that is to the fore."

As he ceased speaking, a small boat loomed through the fog, and presently touched the beach.

Rosamond, benumbed with the cold, wretched and heart-sick, had seated herself upon a heap of pebbles, and covered her face with her coarse plaided shawl, in order to screen herself from the rude air, and to hide her fast flowing tears. Her arm pained her exceedingly, and the thought of leaving her native shores thrilled her breast with anguish hitherto unknown. While she yet breathed the air of England, the hope of escape continued to bear her up; but once upon those fearful waves, what remained to her but despair!

"Take my life, Cousin Doyle," she sobbed, as he came forward to assist her into the boat. "Bury me beneath these white sands, or plunge my wretched body under the waves that roll at your feet, and I will forgive you with my last breath—but take me not to a strange land, to pine away a miserable existence among stran-

* Continued from page 500.—Conclusion.

gers. Have you no compassion? Is your heart utterly dead to my distress?"

"I felt deeply for you, Rosamond, a few days ago. I have overcome my weakness, and can behold unmoved, your present agitation. In a few days we part, and you will be rid of me forever. Rise quickly—the men are growing impatient. All remonstrances on your part come too late. My resolution, like yours, is taken, and I mean to abide by it."

Rosamond endeavoured to rise, but, giddy and faint, the power of volition seemed to have deserted her. Doyle raised her slight form in his arms, and carried her to the boat. As it pushed off from the beach, Rosamond turned her streaming eyes to the land, and, stretching forth her arms towards it, uttered one short and agonizing cry, and sank upon the breast of her betrayer, in a state of total unconsciousness.

For a moment Doyle believed that she was actually dead, but the strong and vigorous constitution of the country bred girl, was not so easily destroyed; and after some time, his unhappy victim recovered from her swoon, just as the boat came along-side of a small fishing smack; and she was assisted into the vessel, by Doyle and the captain of the craft.

"Well, my pretty run-away, you see I am here before you,"—said the woman who had betrayed her premeditated flight, to Captain Doyle—stepping forward to receive Rosamond. "I thought you would find riding better than walking through muddy roads on such a dark night. How are you—tired with your journey, hey?—I fancy you will not wish to be hugged by Master Png a second time—ha! ha!—That was an excellent joke—I thought my man would have burst his sides with laughing."

Rosamond turned away, disgusted with this brutal speech, yet bad as the woman was, the presence of another female was a protection to her, in her forlorn and isolated position.

"I am ill and tired," she said. "Do take me to some place where I can lie down and sleep."

"If you go below—you will be sea-sick," said the woman. "I will make a bed for you here upon the deck, with these old cloaks; and I warrant you that you will sleep as soundly as upon a down bed."

Grateful for this little act of kindness, the poor girl lay down her weary head upon the rude couch, and fell into a slumber so long and deep, that the day wore away and midnight came, and the wind arose, and shook the shrouds, and impelled the vessel gallantly upon her course, but she still slept, nor awoke to a consciousness of

her painful situation, until the sun glanced upon the Irish shores.

On attempting to rise, she found her arm so stiff and sore, that she could not lift it, without great pain, and her limbs numb with having slept in the open air. The man at the helm was alone upon deck, and she closed her eyes, and lay still until the woman made her appearance.

"You are a fine sleeper," she said. "Come get up and take a turn—it will do you good. We are in sight of Belfast, where the Captain means to stay for a day or so, and you will be able to look about you."

"I cannot rise," said Rosamond, shuddering. "My limbs are all set fast, and my arm and head ache dreadfully."

"Why the beast did not bite you?—did he?"

"He did, most severely, but I have not been able to examine the wound. I only know that it is dreadfully painful."

The woman knelt down by Rosamond, and stripped up the sleeve of her gown. The teeth of the monkey, had lacerated her arm, just above the elbow; the wound was much inflamed, and the arm greatly swollen.

"The Lord preserve us, child! what an awful wound, and you so quiet about it. Why, I should not wonder if it were to bring on a locked jaw, and cause your death. I will go and speak to the Captain, and tell him the state you are in."

"No, no," said Rosamond, "I would rather bear the pain. We will bathe it with a little warm water, and bind it up with my handkerchief, and it will soon be well."

But Rosamond grew worse, and before night was in a high fever, and Captain Doyle went ashore, to fetch a surgeon to examine and dress the wound.

The girl, he told him, was his niece, whose parents had died in distressed circumstances in England, and he had taken charge of her, and was on his way to Cork, to join his family there. But unfortunately, she had been bitten by a large monkey which had escaped from a caravan, and hid itself beneath the bed, in the inn where they last slept. The girl had been awakened by a noise in the room, and on getting out of bed, in order to ascertain the cause, had been attacked by the savage creature.

Interested in the delicacy and beauty of his patient, and the strange accident that had caused her illness, the doctor advised Captain Doyle to have her removed from the close berth of the vessel, and carried on shore, but this he said was impossible, and the girl must take her chance; the utmost he could do for her, was to delay his voyage for a few days. The medicines and fomen-

tations administered by the doctor, soon produced a favorable effect upon Rosamond, and before the evening of the third day, the fever had left her, and she had recovered her senses.

Fearing lest she should make some communication to the doctor, Doyle enclosed a handsome fee, in a note, thanking him for his services, and pursued his voyage to Cork. Before they reached that city, Rosamond was able to dress herself, and resume her place upon deck. It was noon, one clear, frosty morning, when they entered the Cove of Cork, and enchanted with the beautiful scenery, Rosamond almost forgot the past and the present, while contemplating it.

Directly the ship came to anchor, Captain Doyle and his servant went on shore to make some arrangements for their journey to Skibbereen, leaving Rosamond as usual in charge of the woman, who, never for a moment, suffered her out of her sight. Pale and emaciated, the mere shadow of her former self, Rosamond leant over the side of the vessel, watching the little boats darting to and fro upon the bosom of the blue and glassy water. The air was cold, but pure and serene, and the overpowering beauty of the landscape before her filled her soul with admiration, and her eyes with tears. It was her mother's native land she now gazed upon; and why did she feel such a painful dread at the idea of putting her own foot upon its emerald shores? Might it not be to her a harbour of refuge, a land of promise! She had often seen it in her sleeping moments, and now it was before her, was it not weak to repine? A way might be opened to save and restore her to her distant home; she would yet trust in the mercies of her God.

While these thoughts floated through her mind, a small boat containing two gentlemen, passed under the bows of the vessel, and in one of the strangers, she recognized the never to be forgotten face of Edgar Hartland.

Yes, there he sat, calm, melancholy and pale, pale and altered like herself, regarding the noble scene around him with the deep soul-entranced glance of the painter, as if every feature in the landscape was daguerrotyped upon his memory forever.

"Edgar! Edgar Hartland! my friend! my brother! save me!—Ah! save your poor Rosamond!" exclaimed the distracted girl, stretching her arms towards him. His eye glanced not upwards. Deaf, he heard her not. His friend touched his knee—and pointed towards the vessel; but the boat had passed onward, and the frantic cry of the peasant girl, as the other supposed her to be, died away in the distance.

"Ah, my God! this is dreadful—too dreadful"—she cried, sinking down upon the deck, and weeping in uncontrollable agony. "To be so near—to see him, and not myself be seen. To cry to him for help, who would die to save me, and receive no answer. This, this, is the madness of grief!" Again she started to her feet, and cast her hurried glances over the shipping. The boat she sought was first at the landing. She could dimly discern the noble figure of the man whose love she had rejected, for one most unworthy of her regard, and she now felt that to be a hired servant at Oak Hall, would be more congenial to her feelings, than to be the mistress of Westholm, and the wife of Dunstanville Sternfield.

The sight of Edgar had given rise to a thousand hopes and fears. Should the vessel remain at anchor another day, perhaps she might see him again, and he might recognize her!

What had brought him to Ireland? Was he in search of her? Did he know of her flight from Westholm, and if he did—would he not think that it was voluntary upon her part? How tormenting were these reflections; how deeply they added to her misery; how vainly she endeavoured to merge the present in the past!

In the afternoon, Captain Doyle returned to the vessel, and telling Rosamond that all things were prepared for her journey to Skibbereen; he bade her put on her shawl and bonnet, and come with him and the woman, whom he called Liddy Linton, ashore.

The vessel had been to Rosamond a sort of ark of safety, and she now left it with regret. The Captain lowered her into the boat, and in a few minutes she was landed upon the emerald isle; that land of thrilling interest, and of horror—of gay warm hearts—of splendid talents, and—of crimes.

Night was closing rapidly in, when they passed up one of the principal streets, whose brilliant gas lights cast the shadows into deeper shade, while all in their immediate vicinity was as distinctly revealed as at noon-day. Stopping under the archway of one of the principal inns, Captain Doyle sent his servant to bring from the yard a jaunting car, which he had hired for their journey.

"Do we leave the city to-night?" asked Rose, in an anxious tone.

"Immediately!"

"I should have liked to have seen it by day light—cannot we stay until to-morrow?" A shake of the head was her only answer.

While standing in the shadow of the arch, two gentlemen came from the inn.

"What a strange romantic story," said one to the other, "is this that Hartland gave me on his tablets. Did you hear it?"

"No—what was it? That Hartland is a fine clever fellow, in spite of his infirmities. Did it in any way concern him?"

"Well, I believe from his agitation while writing down the story, that he had been an admirer of the lady's. But this is the tale:

"Miss Sternfield, a grand-daughter of old Dennis Doyle, of Dublin, whom you and I knew so well, when we were boys, ran off lately with that wild, ne'er do well, Maurice Doyle. A damned unprincipled fellow, but handsome, and audacious enough for anything. The girl it seems is heiress to some ten thousand a year; and Ireland for ever, when money and beauty are to be exchanged for a little blarney, and cool impudence—he persuaded the girl to go off with him to Gretna Green, but in attempting to ford the Esk, the carriage was overturned, and the young lady was unfortunately drowned. Doyle passed the night in the utmost distraction, and then left the place, and has not since been heard of. It is supposed that he destroyed himself."

"Not very likely that," sneered the other. "Who ever heard of an Irish adventurer dying for love? But what has Hartland to do with all this?"

"Why, there's the rub—Hartland will not believe that she is dead, and actually came here in the hope of finding her."

"The man's mad," said his companion. "Yours is a sad tale—let us in, and drown the recollection of it in a bottle of claret. If I were lucky enough to persuade an heiress with ten thousand a year to run away with me, I would take good care not to let her slip through my fingers."

They turned back into the hotel, and Pat Dolan came up to the astonished Rosamond with the jaunting car.

"I hope you have been amused by that fine romance, Miss Sternfield," whispered Doyle. "I wish Mr. Hartland success in his wild-goose chase. Little he thinks, that his divinity is so near."

Rosamond smothered a bitter sigh, and they commenced their journey.

After three days travelling over the most dreadful roads, they at length reached the place that Doyle had destined to be the prison and the grave of Miss Sternfield. The old tower stood upon a rocky eminence that overlooked a romantic valley among the mountains, but so completely shut in on all sides with high rocks and hills, that none but those acquainted with those parts, would have been able to find it.

Maurice congratulated Rosamond on having at last completed her long journey, as he led her into the interior of the place.

Before a large turf fire, in the lower part of the dilapidated building, the family of the Cogans were gathered together, to witness the arrival of their master, and the stranger. Tim Cogan was a big-boned, broad-shouldered, red-haired man, with a very wide mouth, projecting teeth, and light grey eyes. A broad, short nose, and a curved chin, gave him a repulsive, and deceitful expression, which his wife, who was nearly related to him, shared with him, in common. A brood of six bare-legged, dirty, freckled, carrotty, sun-burnt boys and girls, of all ages, from twelve years to two months, were disposed in various attitudes around the fire, but upon the entrance of the travellers, they all turned round to stare at them at their leisure. The woman and man pressed up to Captain Doyle, and with the most violent gesticulations, and doubtless, lots of the blarney, welcomed him in their own tongue, to the home of his infancy.

Captain Doyle took the man to the other side of the room, and continued with him some time, carrying on a conversation in a low voice, scarcely above a whisper. Rosamond felt certain that she was the subject of their conversation, from the sinister glances that from time to time the peasant cast upon her. The woman, after a long and deliberate investigation of her person, pushed towards the fire a three-legged stool, and motioned Rosamond to take it. Cold and weary, she silently accepted the uncouth attempt at hospitality; and burying her face in her hands, to shut out the dismal scene, she remained in a sort of stupor, until Captain Doyle touched her shoulder and said,

"Come, Rosamond, and partake of a real, (real I should say) Irish supper."

"I am not hungry."

"Oh! nonsense—you have taken no food all day. It will not be an act of wisdom to starve yourself—that you know, would preclude all hope of escape—of being rescued by the gallant Lord of Oaklands. Besides, as a daughter of Erin, you should certainly patronise the pratees, the fruit of the Irish soil, which give life and energy to so many brave soldiers and sailors, to fight the battles of their tyrant England."

"Leave me—to mention England in this place is an insult. Be happy if you can, Cousin Doyle, and make a jest of the misery you inflict. This is the hour of my desertion and sorrow. But yours, cruel man, is coming."

Table in the apartment, there was none. A large wooden bowl heaped up with potatoes, hot

and reeking, was placed in the middle of the floor; to which was added some red herrings broiled upon the peat ashes, a large, coarse jug of butter-milk, another of the cruthur, the soul-inspiring, mischief-brewing, home-distilled pot-teen, and an old fashioned, silver rimmed horn, some relic of by-gone barbarism, which passed from mouth to mouth, as the universal drinking cup for the whole party. Lounging in various attitudes upon the floor, and forming a fantastic circle in the red fire light, the party commenced an eager onslaught upon the homely provisions; while occasionally loud bursts of laughter, and coarse jests, told that the whisky was performing its part upon the ruder portion of the guests.

Rosamond sat by the fire, gazing like one spell-bound upon the group.

And was it among such savages, she was to spend the rest of her life? Bitter and despairing thoughts filled her breast, and almost shook her reason; yet her soul was firm. True to herself, true to the high cause of morality and virtue, not for one moment would she entertain the hope of deliverance, by sacrificing truth or honor.

She turned her eyes upon Captain Doyle, and simply asked herself the question: "Could I reverence such a man as my husband, or render to him love or obedience?"

His face, flushed with liquor and excitement, gave to his features the same coarse, brutal, deceitful expression, which so strongly marked the ferocious countenance of his foster-brother. They had been nourished at one breast—had imbibed their infant training from the same lips, and though placed in different circumstances, as they grew up to manhood, the same soul seemed to animate the twain. They sang the same uproarious songs, uttered the same wild yells, and were the master spirits in that low scene of coarse debauch, and vulgar revelry.

Disgusted with the scene, Rosamond beckoned to the woman, Liddy Linton, who acted as Hebe to the bacchanals, filling the horn from the old broken pitcher, and inspiring the revelers with snatches of comic songs—and beating time to the uncouth vocal music, on the back of a rusty tin waiter.

"Is it a drop of the good crater you want, my pretty lass?—well,—that is right. I thought you'd come to at last; its no use being squeamish. It's only punishing yourself, and spoiling good company," and the vixen reeled across the floor, bearing the horn of liquor, which she presented to Rosamond.

"I do not want the liquor, good Liddy," said Rosamond, coaxingly; "but I am tired to death.

Is there no other place than this, in which I can lie down and sleep?"

The woman went round, and whispered to Captain Doyle—and he again whispered, in a low voice, to Biddy Cogan.

The woman rose, unwillingly, from her squatting posture on the floor; and without taking the short black pipe from her mouth, took from an old wooden box, hung against the wall, a piece of twisted flax, dipped in fat, and lighting this primitive taper at the fire, she motioned Rosamond to follow her.

Gladly the poor girl obeyed the summons, and after descending a broken, rickety, flight of circular steps, in the wall of the old tower, the woman conducted her into a room, lighted by one iron-barred, narrow window, through which the moon streamed, and the winds swept, for it was unglazed; and pointing to a mattress on the floor, covered with a coarse, woollen blanket, she hastily withdrew, taking the light with her, and drawing after her a heavy iron bolt.

Rosamond stood for some minutes in the centre of the worm-eaten floor, with her hands clasped tightly upon her breast, and her eyes lifted to the cold wan moon, that lighted up her pale, woe-begone countenance, with an expression of hopeless dejection and utter self-abandonment, then with a heavy groan, she flung herself upon the rude bed prepared for her, said her prayers, and endeavored to sleep; but the sounds of the distant revel came to her startled ear, like the yell of fiends, and she vainly endeavoured, by covering her head, to shut out the odious sounds.

To live—to die—to be forgotten in this dreadful place—to be mourned for as already dead, by those to whom her heart clave—was it not the climax of all her misery! Could she imagine a situation more frightful! And then she wrung her hands and wept, until sleep in pity steeped her senses in oblivion.

With the sun, Rosamond unclosed her eyes, and the wild visions of the night became reality. There was the circular apartment, the iron-barred window, and the bed of straw; and that, which in sleep had appeared as a frightful dream, she found on waking but too true an episode of her strange, eventful life. She arose, paced the floor, and tried to think calmly, to reconcile herself to her lot—to resolve on the best course to pursue, in her present difficulty.

Complaints and remonstrances were alike vain. Without consenting to marry her cousin, there was no escape from her rude prison—yet, God was all powerful, and merciful—her deliverance might be nearer than she thought. She would wait patiently, endure calmly, cherish the health

of her body, and the purity of her soul, and rely solely upon Him, and she felt a voice within, which bade her have faith, and be of a good courage, and all would yet be well—and then she knelt and prayed, and rose up, full of high resolve, and elevated hope, and was cheered and comforted on the first dark morning of her stern captivity.

About eight o'clock, Captain Doyle entered, followed by the woman, Biddy Cogan, who brought buttermilk and potatoes, in a wooden bowl for her breakfast.

"This is coarse fare, Rosamond," said Doyle; "but pride and obstinacy deserve to fast."

"I have merited no better, when I remember my own, and my father's sins," said his victim, with a sad smile. "Time will reconcile me to my prison. One thing I must request of you, Cousin Doyle, proper change of raiment, however coarse; and the means of keeping my person clean, for these necessities are not denied to felons—surely you will not, out of the abundance of my fortune, deny them to me?"

"I have given Biddy orders to that effect," said Doyle. "You will not be treated unkindly. I have provided coarse, warm raiment, for you—a table, a chair, and a few books, which are on their way from Cork, and once a year I shall see you—perhaps oftener. And now we part."

He turned suddenly, and held out his hand, and to his utter astonishment, Rosamond placed her small thin hand in his.

"Go," she said, "and may God forgive you for the evil you have done to me. I thank you for the indulgence you have granted me, and I shall not cease to pray that God may give you repentance. On His mercy I rely. Farewell."

CHAPTER XVI.

Behold the wages of the grievous sin,
Plotted in secret, now proclaimed aloud
By heav'n's heart-searching vengeance.
What's the reward of all thy impious toil?
Despair and abject fear, and burning shame,
Remorse that comes too late; while hissing scorn
Mutters your name between her close clenched teeth,
As one too vile for honest utterance.

THE death of Rosamond plunged the family at Westholm into the deepest sorrow. Her loss was deplored by all with the most unfeigned grief. Mrs. Sternfield considered it the climax of her other afflictions, and for a long time refused to be comforted. Not the death of her husband, or the premature end of her first-born, had given rise to such intense anguish. Rosamond was the last link in her own immediate line, the best and

brightest in her chain of humanity, and nothing now seemed left to bind her to the world. Arthur subdued his own sorrows, to administer what consolation he could to the aged mourner, and the hope of soon rejoining the beloved in heaven at length reconciled her to the dreadful bereavement.

Not so, Henry Arnold. His grief for the loss of his young mistress was a phrenzied despair, which the common-place condolence offered to him by the inferior members of the household, awoke into fury. He wept, and raved himself into fever, and when the violence of his disorder abated, he refused to rise from his sick bed, and obstinately declared that he would die—for life had become hateful to him, without the presence of her who had given it a value in his eyes. Deeply commiserating the distress of the unhappy man, Arthur left the sick bed of his aunt, to endeavour to reason him out of his insane resolution.

"For what end should I seek to prolong my wretched existence?" cried the wilful man, rising up in his bed, and grasping Arthur's arm. "Was it not for her sake that I consented to live? My heart is withered and dead—the world is a blank. Her presence filled it with light and life—but she is gone, and there is nothing under the sun I care for now."

"My friendship—is it indeed a thing of naught?" said Arthur.

Arnold groaned. "No compensation for hers? Ah! remember, remember, what she was, and is to me."

He clenched his hands in agony, but large tears fell in heavy drops from his eyes, and he became more calm.

"And Mrs. Sternfield—has she no claim, Arnold? Ah! think how precious your life is, and may become in reference to her?" said Arthur, bending over him.

"Oh, God!" sighed Arnold. "There is a sore temptation in my heart to curse her. Had it not been for her unjust partiality, this hour of bitterness would never have weighed me down with its iron load of despair, and I should have stood up before the face of heaven, an innocent man."

"Hush!" said Arthur. "The past is no longer hers or yours; and worse than useless are all these fierce recriminations. A mere beating of the air. You both reap the fruit of the moral laws you violated, and have no reason to complain of the punishment due to your crimes."

"Yes,"—exclaimed Arnold fiercely; "and I could bear my share with manly fortitude, had it not fallen upon the dear, and guiltless Rosamond. Why—why—must she suffer for my crimes?"

"The consequences are inevitable. Certain effects will follow certain causes, and the innocent are unavoidably involved in the penalties inflicted upon the guilty. My dear, unhappy friend, you have yet to learn that God is just, and that those who defy his power, and break his holy laws, must suffer in this world or the next. I feel for your distress. I share your sorrows; at the same time, I must acknowledge that you have deserved them. Rise up like a man. Shake off this despair. Out of this great grief much joy shall spring, and your soul, regenerated by suffering, shall own a loftier and purer existence than it has ever known. Yes, the hour is at hand, when you shall bless the good and merciful God for your present desolation."

"Impossible!"

"All things are possible to Him who made the human heart, and who beholds all its sufferings, its weakness, its want of faith. Abandon all self-reliance, and depend wholly upon Him, and you will soon realize the glorious truth, that His strength can be made perfect in your weakness—that, like a tender father, he wounds but to heal, punishes but to reform. May his peace and blessing rest upon you, and restore your shattered reason."

"Let him restore the lost angel to my sight, and then I will believe and acknowledge His power," said Arnold bitterly. "Ah! these are dreams, mere dreams—delusions—lies—invented by priests to secure their own influence, by providing a superstitious balm for the sorrows of mankind."

"Is conscience a delusion?" said Arthur, sternly. "Are your present sufferings imaginary?"

Arnold writhed in agony. His face became convulsed and livid. Arthur raised him up in the bed, and supported him upon his arm.

"All extremes have their opposites, even disease its remedy. Every grief its redeeming joy. Oh, thou of little faith! How could evil exist without the presence of good to condemn its deformity, and mark the difference between vice and virtue? To abandon the one, is to leave your heart open to the gentle convictions of the other; and the darkness of sin cannot long obscure the soul that the spirit of God has opened to the light of truth. All men are slaves until this light glances upon them, and sets the prisoners of the world free. Ah! Arnold! my friend, no longer grovel in the mire of despair. Look up and see this light shining upon you. The clouds of sorrow are about to part, and the glorious sun beam upon you in his full strength and beauty. Thorny and steep is the path that leads up to that world of truth and loveliness; but, oh! re-

member that it guides you to God." He spoke with such earnestness that tears filled his eyes. The mourner did not answer; but he buried his face in the bed-clothes, and Arthur heard him sob.

"Arnold," he continued earnestly. "What positive evidence have we of Rosamond's death? For my own part, I do not for one, believe that she is dead."

Arnold sprang up in the bed, and stared wildly upon him. "Not dead?"

"Yes—I repeat it. I cannot realize her death. I know Rosamond's mind as well as I know my own. I know that she never could have been induced to marry Captain Doyle under any circumstances. Her body has never been found, and, mark me! vain and foolish as he is—I do not believe that Captain Doyle would murder a virtuous, high-minded girl, so nearly related to him, and in his power. I have too good an opinion of our poor fallen humanity for that; but I think it not impossible that he may have been bribed by Marianne Sternfield, to take her to some distant land, where no tidings of her fate could reach us again. I feel in my soul, that she is not dead—that her spirit pleads with me, and calls upon me for help and succour. Last night, I dreamed she came to me, pale and sad, and laying her hand upon mine, she said in her own soft accents: 'Cousin Arthur, I am not dead, but in prison. Come and help me.' I am not apt to be superstitious, but this dream has greatly strengthened my former impressions. Dreams are mysterious things, and instances are not wanting, in which, through them, the voice of God has spoken to men. Mrs. Major Sternfield takes possession of Westholm next week, and Captain Doyle has returned, I am told, to London. If we could but get a sight of that rascally servant, who helped him to carry off Rosamond, something might be elicited to throw a light upon this mysterious affair."

A light gleamed from beneath Arnold's shaggy brows. "Leave that to me. I will trace him out. I am well now. You have given me a hope—a motive for exertion." He attempted to walk across the room, but staggered and fell.

"I thought you were stronger," said Arthur, as he assisted him to rise. "This mental malady has reduced you sadly."

"I shall soon be strong again," returned Arnold, seating himself on the side of the bed, "I must try and get a sight of that scoundrel. I think I should know his villainous countenance anywhere. It would serve for a model of his who betrayed the Saviour of the world for thirty pieces of silver."

"Go to your bed now, Arnold—no longer refuse the nourishing things prepared for you; and in two or three days, you will be able to accompany us to London."

"Ah! this Westholm is a sorrowful place. I never loved it, I must confess," said Arnold, as he drew the clothes over him. "The air has always a charnel-house taint for me. Oh! Rosamond, would that I could regain, or forget thee, altogether."

The next week, Mrs. Sternfield returned to London, and the Major and her niece took possession of Westholm. But the place was too lonely and sequestered for such an aspiring spirit as Marianne; she soon grew disgusted with solitude, and as she and her husband, after the first few months of their marriage, had ceased to regard one another with real affection, they knew not how to be happy alone together. The bitter, ironical spirit, of Marianne, soon fretted the proud, irritable mind of the sensitive East-Indian, and a feeling of distrust, almost amounting to hatred, had succeeded the first burst of passion. Dunstanville was proud of the beauty of his wife, but extremely jealous of her love of admiration, and the many vain idlers whom she suffered to hover around, and pay her homage. Her love for him had been entirely of a personal nature, and she soon learnt to think that there were other men as handsome as her husband. Men of higher rank, and far greater wealth, who paid her that homage which he had long ceased to bestow. She fancied herself neglected, and lost no opportunity of shewing him, there were others who thought him a more fortunate man than he considered himself. After the death of Rosamond she was haunted by an avenging conscience, that rendered a constant round of dissipation necessary to drown remorse. The reckless levity of her conduct was most galling to Dunstanville, who fled to the gaming table, as a resource from the disputes and discords which rendered his elegant home a place of mental disquiet, and torment. It was there that he again encountered his old antagonist, Captain Doyle.

"You and I, Captain Doyle, are destined to be rivals—to make or mar each other's fortunes," he said, bitterly, after a run of luck, in which, as usual, he was the successful player.

"My loss has ever been Major Sternfield's gain," said Doyle, haughtily; "the death of your old flame made me a bankrupt, in heart and pocket, while it conferred upon you a princely fortune."

"Which has brought little happiness to the envied possessor," sneered the Major. "The

lost bride is the happiest of the three. Will you try your luck at *ecarté* again?"

"Not to-night—I will pay my debts, and try my chance under some luckier star."

The winter stole away, slowly and heavily, to the friends of the lost Rosamond; and gaily and heartlessly to the thoughtless, fickle, votaries of fashion. Maurice Doyle had already forfeited the yearly price of his crime at the gaming table, and was deeply in debt to the husband of his accomplice in guilt. Rendered desperate by his necessities, he, like all agents in nefarious deeds, concluded that it was but just that his principal, should suffer all the anxiety and inconvenience that he himself endured. Marianne was compelled to pay heavily, for her conspiracy against her cousin's life, in the large sums of money that her weak and wicked agent continually extorted from her. These heavy demands upon her purse, greatly diminished the fine income which she derived from her marriage settlements, and as she could not well retrench her expensive style of living, without awakening the suspicions of her husband, she lived in a constant state of anxiety and alarm. A note, in the hand of Captain Doyle, was sufficient to blanch her cheeks; and his presence filled her with an indescribable fear; yet she dared not deny herself to her tormentor, because she felt that he was too desperate, and too weak, to be trusted with the awful secret which he held.

After a night of ill-luck, Maurice Doyle, worked up to a pitch of frenzy, determined for the last time to make Mrs. Sternfield responsible for his debts, and then leave the kingdom for ever.

At an hour too early for her to be interrupted by fashionable visitors, he sought her mansion, and requested to speak with Mrs. Sternfield, on a matter of the utmost importance. He well knew that the Major was absent from home, and that his haughty wife, however imperious to others, was obliged to be humble to him. He sent up his card, with the words, "I must see you before I leave England," inscribed upon it.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the tortured woman. "I will free myself from this wretch, cost what it may." She rang the bell, and ordered the footman to shew Captain Doyle up.

He came, and for some minutes the twain regarded each other in gloomy silence. Marianne was the first to speak.

"You are about to leave England, Captain Doyle, and I suppose your visit to me this morning is in order to extort more money from me, for that object. What sum do you require? Be

moderate, for you have greatly impoverished me by your cruel and unjust demands already."

"Blood always commands a heavy price, and the debt is in reality never paid," replied her companion coolly. "If you comply with my present demands, I will trouble you no more."

"Name them!" said Marianne. "I know what I have to expect from your rapacity; but to get rid of you, I would sacrifice much."

"What sum do you want?"

"Three thousand pounds will pay my debts, and enable me to embark for America. You have lost nothing by me, Mrs. Sternfield; for all I received from you has been won back by your husband with interest. So you perceive," and he laughed scornfully, "that it has not gone out of the family."

"This is a large sum," said Marianne bitterly. "I am utterly unable to furnish it at this moment. Besides—it is only a fresh imposition, an artful invention, in order to extort money from me. God knows," she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, "how heavily I have paid for my guilt. Were it only to find myself in the power of a low, mean wretch like you, it would be punishment enough for a proud spirit like mine to bear."

"You should have thought of that before," said Doyle, lashing his boot with his ebony cane. "I want the money—and the money I must, and will have."

"You cannot. It is impossible!" exclaimed Marianne, rising, and all her vindictive spirit flashing in her face. "I will not be made a slave any longer. Go, and proclaim my guilt. I defy you to do your worst. You cannot implicate me, without betraying yourself, and becoming an object of universal detestation."

"What folly is this?" cried Doyle, unmoved by this burst of passion. "Why do you endeavour to exasperate a desperate man? I have nothing to lose; while all that you possess in the world is at stake—fame—fortune—the respect and affection of your husband. Consider one moment the fearful odds that are against you, and write me a check for the money. I told you before, that it is the last time I shall ever trouble you."

"I do not believe you," cried the enraged woman. "You have deceived me too often. Were I to pay you this sum to-night, you would come to me on the same plea to-morrow. You have extorted from me many thousands. I will be your dupe no more."

"I can breathe one word into your ear, which will compel you to grant what I ask, in spite of your most obstinate resistance." Then drawing

nearer, he whispered with a smile of malicious pleasure: "You are not a murderess. Rosamond lives! Can be produced in warm flesh and blood, to contest your right, and set aside the claim of your unborn child to her inheritance."

A short convulsive cry burst from the lips of Mrs. Sternfield, and she fell back upon the sofa, pale and livid as a corpse.

Greatly embarrassed, and not daring to call for assistance, Captain Doyle raised her drooping head upon his shoulder, and tried to chafe her clenched and rigid hands.

A proud step crossed the floor. He raised his eyes, and his own cheek blanched to a hue as livid as that of the woman's he supported, when he beheld Major Sternfield before him, regarding him and his insensible wife with a look of withering hatred and scorn.

"What explanation am I to ask Captain Doyle, of this extraordinary scene—for the strange situation in which I find him and my wife?" he asked in a cold, sneering tone, while his white quivering lips, and pale face, told the intensity, the concentration of his passion.

"I have none to offer," returned Doyle proudly. "Ask your wife. She can tell you all. I can assure you that no wish to supplant you in her affections brought me here. The affair between Mrs. Sternfield and me, is one of *hate*—not of *love*."

"The answer shall be rendered at a fitting time, and in a fitting place," replied the Major. "You understand me?" He turned his dark blazing eye upon his adversary, measured his person with an air of contempt, and then gazed upon the insensible form of his wife with a glance that might have scorched her brain, had that brain been in a state to reflect the terrible vision.

"Understand you, Major Sternfield! Yes—you have anticipated my wishes," said the Captain. "There is my card. You have only to name the weapons, the time, and the place. You will find me ready. Good morning."

He left the room, and Dunstanville Sternfield sat down and watched the countenance of his wife. There was something so cold, so dreadful, so determined in his glance, that when her eyes unclosed and met his, she involuntarily uttered a piercing shriek.

"Be quiet, madam," he said. "This noise will alarm your servants. I should imagine that it could not be very congenial to your feelings, to give publicity to the scene I have just witnessed."

"Appearances are strongly against me, Major Sternfield," said Marianne, rising and advancing towards him; "and the most painful part of this distressing business is that I am unable to offer

any explanation. Yet I should hope that you know me too well to imagine that anything of a criminal nature could exist between Mr. Doyle and me. Words are too weak to convey my hatred, my contempt of the man."

"You best know, madam, the bond of union that exists between you; and it is enough for me to know, that my wife has degraded herself in my eyes—in the eyes of an impudent adventurer. Whatever your secret is, you may keep it. I have seen enough to convince me of the impossibility of our remaining longer together. I cannot live with a woman I have ceased to respect."

"Oh, Dunstanville! Oh, my husband! for God-sake, throw me not from you!" exclaimed Marianne, casting herself down beside him, and laying her head upon his knee, while deep and agonized sobs convulsed her breast. "I have never wronged you, in word, thought or deed; and my unfortunate connection with that man, was in order to secure to you the fortune you lost."

"Good Heavens! what do you mean?"

"Ah! I cannot, cannot, tell you. The words would choke me. A secret it is—and must remain so. I acted madly, foolishly, wickedly; but it was in the hope of serving you, that I placed myself in that man's power."

"In *his* power?"

"Alas, yes!"

"Rise, madam, from this humiliating position, and tell me the truth—the whole truth. It will save much trouble—perhaps blood. Let me know how far my wife has deceived me?"

"Not now—not now. I will tell you all to-morrow."

"Now, madam, or never!" cried Dunstanville, clutching her shoulder. "To-morrow will be too late!"

The harsh tone in which he spoke, and the violence of his action, wound up the fierce spirit of Marianne to resistance. She struggled to release herself from his grasp.

"I will choose my own time," she said. "I will not yield to brutal violence or compulsion. Had you adopted a different course, I would have told you all, for my heart was full to bursting; but now—the fatal secret shall die with me."

She burst from his grasp, and fled from the room, leaving her astonished partner lost in amazement, and his mind agitated by a thousand painful conjectures. * * * * *

While these scenes were passing in Portland place, at the town residence of Major Sternfield, Henry Arnold was dodging the steps of a ragged, dirty, ill-looking man, through one of the narrow alleys in the purlieus of St. Giles'. The

fellow at last turned into a low tavern, and thither Arnold followed him. The person of the latter was enveloped in a large great coat, and a broad glazed-leather hat was drawn over his brows, the better to conceal his features from observation. Several low wretches were gathered round the tap, where a tawdry, dirty woman, acted as the presiding genius of vice and folly. Pat Dolan, for it was he, threw down a few coppers upon the counter, and demanded a drink of beer.

"It's devilish poor lap," quoth he. "But, by the powers!—not another red-face can I hunt out of the ould pocket to get a drop of the ra'al crathur. Botheration take the dhrink of these English clowns. It is as muddy as the wather of their rivers, or their own brains. It never puts a bit o' life into a ould belly—like the blessed mountain dew. Oh! that's the stuff to make a man fancy himself in Heaven."

"I have been in luck to-day," said Arnold, in a careless voice. "I will stand treat. Sit down, my pall, and we will have a bit of bread and cheese, and a horn together."

Pat cast a doubtful glance at the speaker from under his red shaggy eyebrows; but upon Arnold drawing from his pocket a yellow canvas bag well filled with pieces of silver, he held out his hand.

"With all my heart. The light of these shiners is as refreshing as the bames of the sun on a wintry day. Och! if I had but that bit of a purse, I'd be a king on my throne this day."

Arnold called for a bottle of whiskey, and bade the woman bring her best, for he liked to do the thing in a decent manner, when he had the honour of asking a gentleman to drink with him.

The twain sat down on a bench in a corner of the dusky room, with a small rickety table between them, on which the woman placed pipes, tobacco and bread and cheese. The bottle of whiskey, glasses, and hot water, were supplied by a ragged, barefooted urchin, whom Pat called a treasure of a *garsoon*—a ra'al imp of Sathan's own breed; a recommendation which Arnold thought by no means a compliment.

After drinking several glasses of toddy, and pretending to sing and rave like his companion, Arnold suddenly asked him: How such a capital fellow came to be so poor, and out of employ?

"Och! shure, its no fault of mine. I was for three years dancing attendance upon the best of masters; barring that he never paid me a farad of the wage. But I liked him, in spite of all his extravagance an' his divilttries; but as ill luck would have it, I helped him to run away wid a

fine young lady, and he swore me to secrecy, and paid me off; an' the devil knows what has come of him. The money is all spent, an' my toes are walking out of my shoes entirely, and my elbows are free of my coat; but if I could hunt him up, I would make him pay a little interest for the secret I have to keep for him."

"A great secret! Is it worth knowing?" said Arnold, carelessly.

"Shure an' it is, then," said the man with a knowing wink. "But, my boy, it's not you that will worm it out of me."

"Here, landlady, bring us another bottle of whisky," cried Arnold; "but as it is the last time I shall have the honor of this gentleman's company, perhaps he would prefer brandy." The brandy came, and before the Irishman's brains were perfectly steeped in oblivion, Arnold had drawn from him the history of Rosamond's flight, and a description of her present abode. Without betraying the least consciousness that the communication of the drunken man was of the least importance to him, Arnold left him in a state of insensibility, and returned home.

It was near midnight when he tapped at Arthur Wallbrook's study door.

"Arnold, you are very late—I was just going to bed."

"And I am just going to start upon a long journey. Perhaps a wild-goose chase; but I have a clue, by which I hope to get some trace of Rosamond. Fill my purse quickly, and let me be gone. I will write to you, my beloved, best friend, the first good news I have to communicate. In the meantime, God be with you, and my poor —;" the word was said too low to be audible. "Farewell."

Excited and agitated by the sudden departure of Arnold, Wallbrook continued to pace his chamber for the greater part of the night. The morning post brought him a letter from Edgar Hartland, in which he informed him that he had finished making a collection of splendid views, in the vicinity of Cork, and that he was about to start upon a tour on foot, through the Emerald Isle, in company with a friend, who understood the native language, and would be his spokesman, managing the financial department during their expedition. Edgar wrote in better spirits, still expressing the hope, he, in common with Arthur, entertained, that some news of Rosamond might yet transpire on his journey.

This letter made Arthur more anxious to know what circumstances had given rise to Arnold's sudden journey; but he well knew, that that strange, wayward individual, would not breathe a hope that was entirely without foundation. He

must have received important communications from some quarter, and his curiosity had worked up his feelings to no common pitch, when he was handed a note by his servant, in a hand but too well known to him. It was from Marianne, and ran as follows:

"Come to me, Arthur. Come instantly—my husband has been mortally wounded, in a duel with Captain Doyle. I am distracted—my hand trembles so—I cannot write. Come, and you will learn all."

Arthur threw himself into the first coach he met, and in a few minutes found himself in Portland place. He sent up his card, and was instantly admitted. All was hurry and confusion—mournful and amazed looks pervaded every countenance. No one spoke above a breath.

"Is your master still living?" asked Arthur, in the same low tone, of the servant that conducted him up stairs.

"He is, Sir, but he cannot live long. He suffers little pain, and is quite sensible. He wished much to see you."

"Is Mrs. Sternfield with him?"

"No, Sir—he refuses to see her, or to let her enter his room. In some way or other she is connected with this fatal accident. It is a mysterious business, Sir. A very mysterious business."

On reaching the second landing, a door opened, and Marianne presented herself before her cousin. She was muffled in a white morning wrapper. Her face deadly pale, her eyes tearless, but red, and swollen; her fine dark hair loose upon her shoulders, and her whole appearance indicating an utter abandonment of every feeling, but intense anxiety and despair.

"Cousin Arthur," she said. "I must see my husband, before he dies. He will suffer me to enter his apartment with you. For the love of God! do not deny me the first—the last favor, I shall ever ask of you."

"Tell me, my poor cousin," said Wallbrook, forgetting all his own wrongs, in her intense misery. "What has been the cause of this frightful accident?"

"Not now—not here—but you shall know all. For I feel so ill, that I do not think I have myself many hours to live."

Arthur remembered her critical situation, and his compassion was more deeply excited.

"Remain in the passage," he said, "while I first speak to the wounded man. I will try and reconcile you, if possible. Alas! Marianne, these are the bitter fruits of evil deeds."

"I know it now; but it is too late. Cousin Arthur, when you know all, my fate will serve

for a horrible warning to others. But lose no time; I must unburthen my heart to Dunstanville, before he leaves me for ever."

Marianne remained in the passage. Arthur entered the room, and approached the bed of the dying man. He had bled so profusely, that he had fallen into a sort of stupor. Two eminent surgeons were in attendance; one of the gentlemen was in the act of applying restoratives.

"You have come, I fear, too late, to receive the last requests of your friend," said Dr. H., turning to Arthur. "The poor gentleman has not many hours, perhaps minutes, to live!"

"Is there no hope?"

"None; he is mortally wounded, and must soon sink under the loss of blood. There—he revives; it is but a lightening up before death. I fear he will not be able to speak to you."

Major Sternfield now opened his eyes—they fell upon the person of Arthur Wallbrook, with a dull, and leaden look. There was but little life or speculation in their fixed, rayless gaze. He beckoned him to come close up to him.

"Mr. Wallbrook," he slowly and faintly articulated, "I have something of great importance to communicate, if I can find breath to tell it to you."

There was a pause—he gasped fearfully for breath—his fingers grasped tightly the hand of Arthur Wallbrook, and then, with a great effort of will, he said: "Rosamond lives—is concealed in —" Arthur bent down to listen; the intense interest he felt convulsed every feature in his face.

But at this critical moment, Mrs. Sternfield rushed into the room, and throwing herself upon her knees, exclaimed: "Tell me that you forgive me, or I shall go distracted. Speak to me, my dear husband—tell me that you forgive me, or I shall go mad!"

"Take that dreadful woman out of my sight," he murmured. "May God forgive me for ever listening to her artful tales. Rosamond! Ah! my lost Rosamond, you are indeed avenged!"

He fell back upon his pillow, and never spoke again, leaving Arthur to form a thousand vain conjectures, as to the fate of his beloved Rosamond.

Mrs. Sternfield was carried from the chamber of death, in strong convulsions; before morning she gave birth to a dead son, and almost instantly expired.

The mysterious events connected with this fearful tragedy, became a matter of painful investigation; but all the actors, who could have given any information on the subject, were dead.

The gentleman who had acted as second to the

Major, stated that Dunstanville had called upon him, on the afternoon of the previous day, and requested him to carry a challenge to Captain Doyle, and to make all the necessary arrangements for a hostile rencounter. That these arrangements had been made, by himself and a Lieutenant Wade, who had acted as the friend of Captain Doyle. That they had both endeavoured to reconcile the parties, and prevent a fatal meeting, but the quarrel appeared of a nature which entirely precluded all hope of an amicable termination; the principals seemed actuated by one feeling, that of deep personal hatred to each other. Major Sternfield was so eager for the life of his adversary, that he insisted on their meeting at a tavern, in the suburbs of London, and firing across a dining table.

To this murderous proposal Captain Doyle made no objection. They were to fire simultaneously, at a given signal. They did so—and both were wounded, Captain Doyle exclaiming as he fell:

"Thank God! my troubles will soon be over for ever." He then enquired if his adversary was dangerously wounded. The seconds did not think so at the time, as he appeared collected, and perfectly in his senses. Captain Doyle then begged them to move him nearer to his opponent, as he wished to make a communication of importance before he died.

His wishes were instantly complied with. They conversed for about a quarter of an hour, until the arrival of the Major's carriage, and a surgeon, put an end to their conversation. Captain Doyle was put to bed, and his friend and the medical man, attended the Major home. He appeared in deep, and sad thought. Once or twice tears sprang to his eyes. "You are in pain," his friend remarked.

"The pain is here," he replied, laying his hand on his heart. "I do not feel the wound. Captain Doyle's communication has made me insensible to all other pain. Poor man, I hope *he* may live. I should be sorry were I the cause of his death."

The surgeons at first entertained hopes for Major Sternfield's life, but the great mental agitation brought on a hemorrhage, which terminated in death.

He died fully convinced of the innocence of Rosamond, and the guilt of his wife. As to Captain Doyle, he had confessed his guilt to his rival, and died without leaving a written clue by which Rosamond could be traced; thinking, doubtless, that the Major would communicate the intelligence to her friends. Thus was Arthur doomed to experience the most bitter disappointment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Oh let me breathe the pure, fresh air,
 And feel it fan my burning cheek;
 My limbs are shrunk with secret care,
 My strong heart flutters low and weak;
 I long to be a child again,
 And gather wild flowers on the plain—
 To lay my head on nature's breast,
 And bid my weary spirit rest.

IN following the history of Rosamond Sternfield, we have quite lost sight of her first, and dearest friend, Jane Redgrave. To this beloved friend, Rosamond seldom let a week elapse without writing. The sudden, and unaccountable silence of her adopted niece, had filled Jane Redgrave with fear and alarm. The last letter she received from her, had contained the history, as far as she knew it, of Henry Arnold. Her description of his person, of his strange attachment to herself, and of his intimate knowledge of her father, and the remarkable events in his life, had awakened a powerful interest in the breast of her friend.

Jane Redgrave felt an intense desire to see Henry Arnold, and question him herself, upon a subject so painfully dear to her heart.

She wrote a long letter to Rosamond, to that effect, begging permission, either to come to Westholm, and converse with Arnold, or that he would come down to the Moorlands, and see her. To this letter she received no answer. Week after week passed away, in cruel suspense; and the idea that she had offended Rosamond, by making this request, haunted her continually. She wrote again, and the same painful silence, gave an additional pang to her heart. Then she thought that Rosamond must have left Westholm, and returned to London, and her letters could never have reached her. Unable longer to bear this state of uncertainty, she determined to visit London, and clasp her dear child once more to her bosom; for she would not entertain for a moment the idea, that Rosamond had become cold and indifferent to the friend of her youth.

On the evening of that sadly eventful day, that followed the death of Major Sternfield, and his wife, Arthur Wallbrook was sitting alone in his study, deeply pondering over these melancholy events, when he was informed by one of the servants, that a lady wished to speak to him in private. A strange flutter stirred his heart. Could it be Rosamond? The thought was scarcely formed when the door opened, and the thin, tall figure of Jane Redgrave, presented itself before him.

"My name," she said, "is Jane Redgrave.

May I request the favor of being allowed to speak with Miss Sternfield?"

"Would that it were in my power to grant your request, Mrs. Redgrave," said Arthur, regarding the still beautiful woman with a glance of painful interest. "But sit down, and I will tell you all that I know of your dear, lost child."

It was a relief to Arthur Wallbrook to unburden his oppressed mind, to a woman of Jane Redgrave's acute sense, and deep feeling. Her very misfortunes, and her connection with Rosamond and her unfortunate father, awoke in his breast the deepest sympathy in her situation.

Poor Jane Redgrave! The assurance that Rosamond was yet alive could scarcely soften the deep anguish which she felt at her loss. After a long burst of weeping, she rose to go.

"Mrs. Redgrave," said Arthur, respectfully, "I beg that you will consider this house your home, until Rosamond's return. I am certain that you could not remain an indifferent visitor to Mrs. Sternfield, when to your care she was indebted for the life and early education of her grandchild. Stay here a few moments and I will introduce you to her."

Mrs. Sternfield had never left her chamber, since the departure of Rosamond; and she now sat in her easy chair, propped up with pillows.

The awful death of her nephew and niece had filled her mind with solemn thoughts. The Bible was open on the small table before her; and tears still lingered on her emaciated, care-worn cheeks.

"Dear Aunt, can you bear the sight of a stranger?" said Arthur, taking her small thin hand, and affectionately pressing it between his own. "Jane Redgrave is here—the early protectress of our dear Rosamond. She is a most superior looking woman. I think you might feel her society a relief."

"Is that the unfortunate woman whom my son betrayed into an unlawful marriage?"

"The same."

"Yes, I will see her; and if I can in any way repair the injury which Armyn inflicted, I shall only be too happy."

Pleased with the issue of his negotiation, Arthur hastened to introduce Jane Redgrave to his aunt.

"She lives—my child still lives, Mrs. Redgrave," exclaimed the old lady, grasping her hand. "We must be thankful to God for this great mercy, and wait patiently for his appointed time."

Jane was deeply affected; she pressed the old

lady's hand to her lips, and bedewed it with tears; but was unable to speak a word.

"You will leave me no more, Mrs. Redgrave. Whatever the world may think of you, I shall ever regard you as the wife of my unhappy son. Speak—will you be my daughter—dare I hope that you will look upon me as your mother?"

"You overwhelm me with this goodness, dear madam. I am not worthy to address you by the blessed name of mother; but I will be your faithful, your devoted servant till death."

"My friend for life," said Mrs. Sternfield, clasping her to her bosom. "We have known many sorrows, henceforth we will share them together."

From that hour, the most tender friendship existed between Jane Redgrave and Mrs. Sternfield; and the attention and unremitting care of the latter contributed greatly to the comfort of the aged sufferer. Arthur rejoiced in this addition to their family circle, while the beauty and unaffected piety of Jane Redgrave ensured the general respect of the household, to whom her early history was unknown. * * * *

We will now return to Rosamond, whom we left on the first sad morning of her captivity, and see how time had passed with her in that lonely place.

During the first few weeks of her confinement, she saw no one but the woman who brought her food. Doyle had fulfilled his promise, and forwarded a few coarse changes of raiment, and some books for her use; but pens and ink were denied her, and the monotony of her existence was rendered still more irksome, from having nothing to do. Determined to keep her mind as cheerful as possible, and by her affability to her keepers, endeavour to awaken an interest in her favour, Rosamond intimated to the woman, Bid- dy Cogan, as well as she could, that idleness was a sin; that she had hands to work, and rather than waste her time in doing nothing, she was willing to work for her and her family. Bid- dy supplied her with coarse yarn to knit into socks to sell at a distant town; and Rosamond found great relief in this homely employment.

Sometimes the woman was accompanied in her visits by a little girl, who though plain and repulsive, was a fellow creature, and therefore an object of interest to the gentle philanthropist. She tried to attach the child to her; and was not long in winning her regard. Her ignorance of the native Irish made her advances slow, and not easily understood; but her uniform kindness and patience, worked miracles in her behalf.

From the books in her possession, she commenced teaching little Katrine her letters; the

child was quick, and soon learned to spell, and from spelling to read and understand the language of the stranger. The little girl was so fond of the poor prisoner, that she seldom left her apartment, and, after a time, preferred remaining with Rosamond altogether. They mutually assisted each other in acquiring the mysteries of their mother tongue; and Rosamond often laughed heartily over their respective blunders. Rosamond lived in the hope of this child one day assisting her to make her escape; but she well knew that to make this attempt in the winter, without money, would be an act of madness.

As the spring advanced, the desire Rosamond felt to tread once more upon the green grass, and stand free beneath the canopy of heaven, became almost irresistible. She lost her appetite, and became listless and dejected.

Biddy Cogan remarked to her little daughter, the change in the appearance of their prisoner.

"What ails the crathur?" she asked in her own tongue. "Shure it's not the faver she is after?"

"No mother," said little Katrine. "She pines for the fresh air. She wants to put her feet upon the green grass, and see the butter-cups and the daisies, once more. Ah mother! sure you may trust her. She will not deceive you, or run away. She is good as an angel of heaven."

"I never saw her like," said the woman. "I believe that she is a good fairy, for everything has prospered since she came to the ould place. But Katrine, my darlint, if she was to get away, we should lose the pension, and the mother would turn us off the place."

"Oh! do trust her once," said the child. "I will watch her all the time, and we will run about the hills, and have such sport. Ah! do mother."

"Biddy's heart was softened. Tim was away, and she yielded to the entreaties of Rosamond and the child, and allowed them to leave the tower, on condition that they did not stray out of sight; and she set her oldest *garsoon* to watch them at a short distance.

No bird, long pent in a close cage, ever rejoiced so much in regaining its liberty, as did the poor Rosamond, on once more breathing the fresh air. She sat for hours upon the emerald turf, gazing upon the flowers, or glancing up with eyes full of tears at the smiling heavens. It was an ecstasy to feel herself at liberty, to listen to the warbling of the birds, the voice of the breeze stirring the budding branches; and chasing onward the wavelets of the mountain stream, as they tumbled in breathless haste from the brow of the rocky height.

"Let us have a race down the hill," said the

child; "there is a pretty pond in the valley beneath; and such a beautiful may-tree, all in blossom. Do come!"

"Let me sit here, Katrine. I am so happy. I never knew the real blessing of freedom before."

"Come, do come. Mother will not miss us for a moment. The pretty pond is close by the road; and maybe we may chance to see a stranger pass."

An idea struck Rosamond. Yes—if she could but speak to some person, and explain her situation, there was a possibility of making her escape. She would at least reconnoitre the capabilities of the place.

"Lead on, Katrine!" she cried, "and I will follow you."

The child ran down the hill at full speed; and Rosamond pursued her as well as her bare feet, unused to the rough ground, would allow her.

"I have won the race!" cried the young thing, clapping her hands. "Yet your legs are longer than mine."

"I shall be in luck next time," said Rosamond; then stopping at the entrance of the narrow valley, through which the rugged road lay, she exclaimed:

"God of Nature, what a lovely scene!"

The brook which had brawled down the mountain sides, now leaping headlong from the height, now winding serpent-like among the hills, here spread out into a wild mountain tarn, surrounded with emerald turf, and fringed with green bushes and tall trees. At the upper end of the valley the road led across a rude bridge, composed of huge blocks of stone; and to crown the scene, the ruined tower, frowning on the height above, was reflected in the last beams of the sun, upon the clear, pure waters of the fairy lake. The bridge was about half a mile distant from the spot where Rosamond stood, and she could distinguish the figures of two men, in a sitting posture, on a small eminence above it, busied at some employment. The hope of escape tempted her to go thither, and reconnoitre the strangers; but then she had passed her word of honour to Bidly Cogan, that she would faithfully return, and make no attempt to steal away.

With a heavy sigh, she abandoned her first project; and sat down by the liquid sheet of blue, and fell into a waking dream. Lulled by the soft rippling of the water against its rocky banks she soon forgot the present scene, so completely was she lost in the sad recollection of the past. She had remained some time in this state, when a voice near her exclaimed in tones that thrilled through her heart, and roused her instantly, to life and action.

"Yes! it is she—Rosamond, my child! my child! Oh! turn those dear eyes, and look once more upon your father!"

The next moment she was clasped to the heart of Henry Arnold.

A light flashed through the mind of Rosamond; with electric force it revealed the secret which the yearnings of nature had but ill-concealed. Ardyn Redgrave and Henry Arnold were one, and clasping her arms about his neck, the twain wept together, in an ecstasy of joy and grief.

"This hour repays me for a life of guilt and agony," sobbed Arnold. "Oh! my blessed child! how have I longed to hold you thus, to my poor aching heart, to shed these burning, contrite tears, upon your gentle head; to ask your forgiveness for all your mother's wrongs—to live for your sake a new life—to become a better and a wiser man."

"Dearest father; for I feel you are my father, and that now explains to me the interest I felt for you, from the first moment I saw you; why did you lock up your heart so long from me? Did you think that your poor Rosamond believed you guilty of the frightful crime laid to your charge? Though I could not excuse your conduct to my mother, and Jane Redgrave, yet I pitied and loved you. Look! here is your picture, which has lain warm upon my heart, since the hour I received it, and which death alone shall wrest from me. Father, forget the cruel past. We will strengthen each other in every virtue, and God shall bless us, and render us happy in his love."

At this moment Bidly came running from the house.

"Come, come," she cried. "You have stayed here long enough; I must not trust you out again."

This was said, partly in her own language, partly in English.

"Tell your mother, Katrine," said Rosamond, "that this gentleman is my father; that he has discovered me, and that if your people do not let me go quietly away, with him, he will take you all up, and put you in jail for a conspiracy; but if they let me depart in peace, I will amply reward them—and you, Katrine, shall live with me, and be my little maid."

The woman and Katrine held a long consultation together. Rosamond took this opportunity of asking her father a thousand questions about home, and those dear to her. The woman at last seemed to have made up her mind; she returned, but spoke slowly and hesitatingly. "She dared not let them go, without the knowledge of her

husband, whose return from a distant fair was hourly expected. She was afraid that they would lose the reward that Captain Doyle had offered them, for taking care of the young lady—but if he could indemnify them for that, she did not know but that Tim might consent to the proposal." This speech, or the substance of it, was interpreted by the girl, in the best English she could muster.

Arnold enquired the amount of the sum promised by Captain Doyle, which the woman exaggerated, with the cunning common to her class, into twenty pounds a year, which was double the sum they were to receive from the Captain.

"But, my good woman, you cannot hinder me from taking away my child."

"Ah! ha!" exclaimed Biddy; "might is right here. All these mountains are full of men, lonesome as they seem. One screech of mine would bring the boys to my help. There are two or three on the rock just above us."

Arnold instinctively looked up, and beheld the shaggy, dark locks, and wild, glaring, blue eyes, of several mountaineers, peering over the rock above them. The sun too, had sunk, and the wild landscape was fast shrouding itself in the deep shadows of approaching night.

"Come up to the ould place, then," said the woman, "and you can talk the matter over wid Tim. It will be no night to stay abroad, among the hills, for there is a big cloud in the west, and did ye not here the brattle o' thunder among the mountains? It is better to travel in these parts, by the blessed light of the sun."

"She is right," whispered Rosamond. "They are not bad people, and have been as kind to me as circumstances would permit. I do not much like the look of the man—but we should not condemn people for their ugliness."

"Perhaps it will be best to stay here all night," said Arnold, "and commence our journey, early in the morning?" To this proposal Rosamond cheerfully, and gladly consented, for she had some little matters to arrange, and she felt a perfect confidence in the good will of her jailors. The party returned to the old tower together, all but the little girl, who, to the surprise of Rosamond, kept aloof. The woman led the way, to the chamber occupied by her prisoner, and hastened to prepare them supper. This she did with such a smiling countenance, and with so much alacrity, that Arnold was sorry that he had entertained suspicions of her sincerity.

After their sorry meal was ended, she brought several armsful of heather, which she flung down in a corner, to serve for a bed for the stranger, and throwing over it an old horsecloth,

by way of blanket, she locked the door and left them in darkness alone together.

"The sound of that rusty bolt is painful to my ears," said Arnold. "I hope no evil is premeditated?"

"Ah! that is nothing, dear father. They lock me in every night—yes, both by day and night: therefore you need not entertain the least fear. The poor creatures are ignorant, not bad, and their very strictness in taking care of me, shows their fidelity to the master they really love."

"Well, I am prepared for the worst," said Arnold, taking a couple of revolving pistols from his breast pocket, and laying them on the table. "I have lived too long in the world to trust a man of whose principles I am entirely ignorant."

He then sat down, at the feet of his daughter, and taking both her hands in his, he talked to her of his mother; of the strange sensations he always experienced when near her; of the astonishment he felt, at her never recognizing her long lost son; of the difficulty he had to restrain his emotions, when speaking to her, and rendering her the least assistance."

"And your motive for this unnatural silence, to her and me, dear father? You must explain that to me."

"Alas! dear, innocent child, you cannot comprehend the bitter sense of shame and degradation, which overwhelms me, whenever I would say to Mrs. Sternfield, 'Mother behold your son. Pity and forgive the repentant prodigal!' Then I wished to ascertain if it were possible for my mother to feel any regard for me, under an assumed character—whether my child could love me, without making it a matter of duty."

"And were you satisfied?"

"Yes, my angel girl. From the first moment that you sought to shun me, I knew that you felt a deeper interest in my forlorn destiny than you thought it prudent to avow. You loved me, you knew not why, but it was the awful voice of Nature speaking in mysterious tones to your heart; while mine clave to you with an agony of affection, too deep for words, or even for tears to describe. You were a pure beam shining in utter darkness, a well-spring of happiness, watering my parched and arid soul; and you were mine—mine own—the last, the only thing belonging to me on earth."

"Jane Redgrave"—murmured Rosamond.

Arnold sprang from the floor with a convulsive start.

"Oh God! why name that name to me?"

"She loves you still. Oh! how deeply, how truly. Could the tears she has shed upon your

supposed grave have washed out your sin against her, you had long ago been restored to her a wise and a good man."

Arnold mused awhile. "My grave, Rosamond—how often you have alluded to the unexisting spot. What circumstances led her or you to suppose that I was dead?"

Rosamond related to her father the events of that fearful night that made Jane Redgrave a widow on the day of her bridal.

"I see it all now," he said gloomily. "And poor Kent, whom I sent to see Jane safe home, perished in the pond; and his body was afterwards supposed to be mine. We were much about the same height, and he was dressed in a shooting jacket and trowsers of the same material.

"Jane was ridiculously obstinate that night—she suspected that I had an intention to murder her." He paused. "Yes—I will tell the whole truth. I had committed a crime in marrying her. I still loved my poor Ellen and you—I wished to return to you. She stood in my way, had grown querulous and unreasonable. I wished her dead. To entertain such a wish for a moment, is to perpetrate the act. I determined to drown her, in that pond, and fly with my wife and child, to America. When Jane accused me of seeking to kill her, my resolution wavered. It was as if a voice spake from heaven, and unnerved my hand. I had left my companion to hold the horse and cart I had hired, to convey me some miles on the London road. I told him the situation in which I had left my mistress; and as I was sorely tempted to rid myself of her altogether, I dared not trust myself longer in her company, but I begged of him, as a friend, to walk home with her to her brother's, and I would share with him the contents of my purse. He had often seen Jane, and thought her very handsome, and perhaps imagined that my desertion was his opportunity. Of his dreadful fate I never until this moment heard. I left the horses and cart at the next inn, where he had promised to call for them in the morning, and pursued my journey. When I reached the farm house, in which I had left my wife and child, they were gone, the people of the house said, in search of me. Not daring to remain longer in England, I left for America; you know the rest—at least all that is necessary for you to know."

As he ceased speaking, a vivid flash of lightning glared through the gloom; and the father and daughter looked into each other's eyes. Rosamond's were wet with tears. Arnold stooped down to kiss them away. She slightly shuddered. The tale he had just told had made her very sad

—if not actually a murderer, he had planned the death of the noble woman she loved, and whom he had so deeply injured—and that had been the immediate cause of a fellow creature's death.

Arnold read her thoughts—"Rosamond," he said in a solemn tone. "You are right to regard such conduct with abhorrence. I could not love you, did you attempt to extenuate my crimes. It is your moral worth that fills my soul with repentance and despair."

"All that you admire in me, my father, I owe to Jane Redgrave. No child ever loved a mother with more devoted affection than that I feel for that dear, excellent, much injured woman. You do not know, my father, that it was in her arms my poor mother died, that it was her gentle humanity that reared your deserted orphan child, in the paths of peace and virtue! Never, while I live, shall Jane Redgrave want a home to shelter her—a heart to love her."

A loud burst of thunder shook the old tower, and rolled away, among the distant hills, calling forth a thousand stunning echoes.

"This is indeed dreadful!" cried Arnold, burying his face in Rosamond's lap. "Heaven speaks its wrath in these terrific tones. Never, never, since my soul was first steeped in crime, could I listen, unappalled, to its heart-searching voice."

"Ah! my father—the good alone are brave," said Rosamond, laying her hand upon his head. "Purge your soul of sin, and you will hear, in these sublime harmonies of nature, the voice of a loving God."

The thunder became more terrible; hollow blasts of wind roared through the gorges of the mountains, and the rain descended in torrents, flooding the ruined chamber with water.

"What a dreadful night," said Rosamond, hiding her eyes in her father's bosom, to shut out the red glare of the lightning. "It is well that we are safe here, under the shelter of a roof, and not wandering houseless among the hills."

Nature, like a passionate child, soon sobbed herself to rest, and by the deep breathing of her father, Rosamond perceived that he too slept. The moon broke out from among the parting thunder clouds, and after a while, all was still—still as death. Sleep was fast stealing over the senses of the mind-wearied girl, when the sound of footsteps approaching the tower, startled her; she shook off the drowsy sensation—sat erect, and listened. It was Tim Cogan, returning with a set of drunken companions, from the fair. They were yelling forth native songs, laughing and shouting; profaning the peaceful air with their unholy riot. She heard Tim's voice, above

all the others, and rightly concluded that he was mad with liquor.

A feeling of alarm, she knew not why, took possession of her mind. She had often heard him thus, and nothing had happened to disturb her peace, but then her own safety was alone involved; now the life of a dear, and newly restored father, was at stake; and as she listened, she trembled. She heard the voice of Biddy, in high altercation, and she shuddered at the deep, and terrible oaths, which burst from the lips of those savage men. At length peace seemed restored. Doors were slapped to, and retreating steps splashed through the pools of water, left by the storm. Rosamond drew a freer breath, when her fears were again called forth, by hearing a heavy step upon the stairs leading to her apartment.

She touched her father—"Awake!" He sprang to his feat.

"Danger is near—listen!" Arnold answered by seizing his pistols, and stood confronting the door. The heavy bar was withdrawn, and the brawny figure of Tim Cogan presented itself, armed with a large bludgeon, and followed by another man, and Biddy holding a light.

Then, to the infinite surprise of Rosamond, the people, who pretended that they knew no English, spoke in words perfectly intelligible to her.

"What business have you here—what do you want, you big blackguard, wid that woman?"

"I will soon let you know that," said Arnold, fiercely confronting him. "I am her father—and you shall dearly pay for her detention here, if you do not let us leave early tomorrow."

"Her father! an' the devil, I suppose, is yours!" sneered the man; "but father, or no father, you shall be off, or my name is not Tim Cogan."

"If you wish to try that game," returned Arnold, with a scornful laugh; "there is only one of us shall leave this spot alive. But listen to me, ruffian—if money can purchase the safe departure of my child, for I hate strife and unnecessary blood, you shall have it. Name your price."

The men looked at each other—the woman pressed nearer to her husband, and gazed anxiously in his face.

"Aye!" said the man. "You talk of money, my boy, as if you had enough of it to buy the repa'al of the union; an' I dare lay my life, that you cannot muster enough to pay for a new sole to my old brogue."

"There are twenty sovereigns," said Arnold, taking a handful of gold from his pocket—more or less—and this shall be yours when you con-

duct us in safety to Dennis Maguire's cabin, which stands at the foot of the steep hill, about two miles from this place."

"I know it," said the man, nodding his head, while his eyes glanced at the gold; "well, 'tis a bargain. Excuse my want of respect, sir. We'll make all straight in the morning—I wish you a good night's rest."

The door closed, and the two descended the stairs.

"Biddy," said the man, "our fortin is made entirely. I will go to Pat Phelan's cabin an' call in the two boys, and we'll secure the goold of the Sassenach, and keep the pinshun the Captain promised, besides."

"An' kill the gentleman—the leddy's father?"

"Aye—as dead as a door nail!"

"Hold on, Tim, not so fast," cried his companion. "Did you perceive the English bulldogs the stranger held by the muzzle? I'll not be to the fore when he gives them tongue."

"Och! Darby, you devil, you were always the loudest in the brawl, an' the last in the fight. It's not you that we look to for help, nor thy to attack an arm'd man when he's wide awake. Is it a fool you take me for? Wait a wee bit, and by and by he will sleep as sound as a top, afther the storm. Then, by the powers! we can rush in upon him, and overwhelm him entirely."

The woman remonstrated, but she only got several blows for her pains; and little Katrine, who sat crouched up in the corner, was given a knock on the head for sitting up listening to the conversation. The child crept away to her straw bed, and the men went out to summon their comrades to the work of death. The mother threw her ragged apron over her head, and dozed on her stool beside the hearth.

Rosamond and her father had determined not to undress or go to bed; but they dared not talk for fear of awakening the suspicious of their jailors. Arnold was restless and anxious; he put no faith in the promise of the man; his face was a libel on the divinity of man's origin—a frightful abortion—a living lie. He heard steps leave the tower, and he sprang to the iron-barred window and looked out. He saw Tim and his companion take a path that led to the hills, and this he conjectured rightly boded no good. He tried to wrench aside the bars of the window, but they were embedded in the stone-wall, and defied his utmost efforts. He tried the door, but no hope existed in that quarter, and he sat down on the floor in moody silence, determined, when the murderers would come, to sell his life as dearly as possible. He had not remained many moments in that position when he heard the door slowly

unbarred. The bolt was only removed by repeated efforts, and the arm seemed to exert all its strength to accomplish the task. A light figure crossed the floor, and Katrine, touching Rosamond on the shoulder, said in a low whisper:

"Come away—come now—this minute—mother is sleeping—and father is gone with Darby Halloran to get the two Phelans. They will murder you. Come—the dog is with them—we need not fear him—I will show you a hiding place till the morning."

The father and the daughter said nothing, but both rose to follow the child.

"Pull off your shoes and carry them in your hand. If mother should hear them creak upon the stairs, you would be lost."

Taking her advice, they descended the stairs with noiseless tread, and entered the kitchen. Biddy was still sleeping; unfortunately, in passing her, Rosamond happened to sneeze, and she started up and stared wildly around her. Arnold stepped to her side, and pointing his pistol to her breast, told her that if she attempted to cry or move, he would shoot her instantly.

"Is it me—your best friend—me, that went to sleep praying the good Virgin to save your lives! Go, and the God of Heaven protect you! Biddy Cogan gives you her blessing for the kindness you have shown her child."

Katrine went up to her mother, kissed, and whispered something in her ear; then followed Rosamond and her father out.

The ground was very slippery and wet after the rain, and in spite of all their efforts at speed, they made but slow progress.

"We must not go by the road," whispered the child, "for they would be sure to find us there. I know a path among the hills that leads round to the back of Dennis Maguire's cottage, and in less than an hour we shall get there."

She struck into a wild rocky path, and Rosamond, who had never lived among hills, and was much weakened by six months' strict confinement, soon began to feel her strength fail her, as she stumbled up the ascent.

"Whisht!" said the girl, putting her hand to her ear; "I hear steps coming down the path above us. It is my father!"

"Wretch!" muttered Arnold, grasping her arm; "you have betrayed us?"

"I could not do that without betraying myself," said the child. "Father has been to Phelan's cottage and has found them from home, and followed them to Rory O'Rourke's cabin. I could not guess that; but lie down flat behind this great rock—they will pass without observing us."

There was no other alternative, and they had

hardly screened themselves from observation, when the rapidly approaching steps of the four ruffians were upon their track. The dog sprang upon the rock, at the back of which they were crouched, with a loud deep bark. The men stopped. The dog perceived the child, and ran up to her, wagging his tail. Arnold had already risen to his knee, and cocked one of his pistols, when on the air arose a wild piercing yell, so shrill and loud, that it awoke the echoes of the rocks, which thundered it to the sleeping vales below. A ruddy spout of fire shot high into the midnight sky, and shriek after shriek arose with stunning sound. The men with answering curse and yell started and ran down the hill at full speed.

Arnold sprang to his feet and turned his eyes in the direction of the tower; the old castle was in flames, and forms were hurrying to and fro, in the red glare, while others, like black apparitions, were pouring down the hill side, to view the appalling spectacle. The child stood gazing upon it in silent horror.

"How can it have happened?"

"The lightning must have struck some part of the ruin during the storm," said Rosamond; "or a spark may have fallen upon the straw-bed in the corner of the kitchen, while your mother slept."

The latter was indeed the case, and it seemed as if kindled by the hand of heaven to preserve the life of its late tenants.

The fire put an end to all fears of pursuit, and in a few minutes Arnold rapped at the door of the cabin where he had left his horse on the preceding day.

No one answered. The people had gone off to see the fire. Arnold lifted the latch and entered the house. The turf was smouldering on the hearth, and a figure, wrapped up in a dark cloak, was stretched upon a bench beside it, asleep.

The excitement which had given strength to the limbs of Rosamond, and served to keep up her spirits in the hour of danger, now yielded to a chilling lassitude. She sat down upon the end of the bench upon which the man was sleeping, and shivered from head to foot. Arnold raked the fire together, and a cheerful blaze soon animated the shadowy gloom of the cabin. The little girl crouched down upon the hearth—now fixing her wild gleaming eyes upon the pale face of Rosamond—now turning them with an inquisitorial glance upon the sleeper. The face of the latter was covered with his cloak, but the hand which grasped the folds around him, was as delicate and white as that of a woman. This had not escaped the observation of Arnold.

"That hand belongs to no inhabitant of this rude district," he said. "The dress and figure are those of a gentleman."

"He is a sound sleeper," returned Rosamond; "when he never awoke with the noise of our entrance."

As she spoke, the sleeper, with an impatient movement of his hand, flung back the cloak from his face; the red fire-light flashed upon the clustering curls, the lofty intellectual brow, and beautiful classic features, of Edgar Hartland. A cry of surprise burst from the lips of Rosamond—she clung to her father for support. To the latter the person of the possessor of Oaklands was unknown; but in the stranger he recognized the gentleman whom he had passed the day before on the rude bridge, taking a pencil-sketch of the old tower and surrounding scenery.

Unconscious of the presence of her who was his light of life, Edgar slept, for fatigued with a long ramble through the mountains, the loud thunder that had shaken, a few hours before, the everlasting hills, was unheard by him, and Rosamond continued to gaze upon the noble face of her voiceless lover, now mellowed into manhood, with a sad and pleasing interest, and she marvelled how she could have suffered the haughty, handsome features of Major Sternfield, to efface an image so good and pure.

The soft spring morning spread slowly along the hills; a faint grey light peered in through the narrow unglazed window of the cabin, while the shrill crowing of the cocks in the neighbouring dwellings, announced the blessed approach of day. Although unheard by the sleeper, he seemed to awake by a natural instinct. Throwing off the cloak that covered him, he rose to his feet, and Rosamond as instinctively shrank behind her father—wishing, yet dreading, the recognition which must take place.

Arnold addressed the stranger with the usual salutations. He smiled and shook his head; at this moment his eye encountered the timid gaze of Rosamond. With an electric start he was at her side in a moment; her hand was clasped in his, and he continued to gaze upon her with quivering lips, until sinking down at her feet, he bowed his head upon her hand, and wept.

Not a word was uttered. So deep was the hush of feeling in that lonely cabin, that the dropping of those waters of the heart was distinctly audible.

Arnold watched the scene in silent amazement. It was evident that Rosamond and the stranger were well known to each other; at length Rosamond mastered her feelings, and introduced her

father, by the aid of Mr. Hartland's tablets, to her old friend.

All now was hope and joyful anticipation. The return of Edgar's companion, who had gone with Maguire to witness the conflagration, set them about preparing for their journey. It was agreed that Rosamond should mount Armyn's horse, and proceed to the next town, which was some miles distant, and the gentlemen should accompany her on foot.

No lives had been lost in the fire; and, turning to their little friend, Katrine, Rosamond kissed her sun-burnt cheek, and told her that she rejoiced to have it in her power to reward her services by relieving the wants of her now distressed family.

"And what do you mean to do wid me?" said the child, looking piteously up in her face. "Was it not in the hope of living wid you for ever that I saved your life. Och! if it's to go away and leave me you mean, I wish I had staid behind and died in the flames."

"Do not cry, Katrine, dear! You shall not leave me; but your poor mother—how can you leave her?"

"Did she not give me the consint last night?" returned the child, her eyes brightening through her tears. "An' shure it's but a trifle of expense that I'll be to you."

Armyn left a sum of money with Dennis Maguire, for the relief of the Cogans, although he was obliged to admit that the parties were more deserving a halter—and the party commenced their journey to Cork.

CONCLUSION.

My tale is ended—like a sudden burst
Of gleaming sunshine after April rain,
Hopes long obscured by dark and stormy clouds,
Steal forth to chequer life's eventful scenes,
With hues of that bless'd Eden—ours no more.

THE news of Rosamond's safety, and her daily expected return, had gathered all her friends under Mrs. Sternfield's roof to welcome her back. Mrs. Dunstanville, much aged since the supposed death of her niece—Mr. Bradshawe and Jane Redgrave—were assembled in Mrs. Sternfield's chamber, when a thundering knock at the door, and the hurry and bustle below, announced the arrival of the eagerly anticipated party.

Pale and trembling, Jane Redgrave turned to the window, while Mrs. Dunstanville and Mr. Bradshawe hurried to the top of the stairs, to receive the dear Rosamond.

Then came the hearty salutation, spoken in the merry ringing voice of overflowing happiness—the long shake of the friendly hand—the tearful

bright gaze of eyes full of mutual love and sympathy.

"But my dear grandmother—where is she?" cried Rosamond, as she ran into the room, and flung her arms about the old lady's neck. "Oh! I am so happy to see you again!"

Mrs. Sternfield folded her to her heart as she said:

"My blessed child! I hope we shall part no more on this side of the grave."

At this moment Jane Redgrave advanced, and without speaking a word, held out her arms, and Rosamond sank in silence into her embrace.

"Jane!" she whispered, "raise your drooping heart to heaven, for bright days are yet in store for you."

Then turning to Mrs. Sternfield, as Arnold, Arthur Walbrook, and Edgar, entered the room, she took the hand of her father, and leading him up to her grandmother, exclaimed:

"If there is one drop wanting in our cup of happiness, let this fill it to the brim. Mother! behold your long lost son! Son! rejoice in a full restoration to that afflicted mother's heart!"

Then beckoning to the rest, she left Armyr and Jane Redgrave with Mrs. Sternfield, to heal by their mutual confessions and sympathies, the sorrows and agonies of years.

Not many weeks elapsed before the village church of Bramby was wreathed with flowers for a double wedding; and the happy Edgar Hartland led to the altar the good and beautiful Rosamond Sternfield, and Jane Redgrave became the legal wife of Armyr Sternfield.

A sumptuous breakfast was given by Mrs. Dunstanville to the family party, for no strangers were admitted to the festival. Mr. Bradshawe, in high spirits, sat beside the bride, whom he teased not a little about the silence of her bridegroom—declaring, that she was a most fortunate woman, for though she had promised to obey her husband, he had not heard one word of the matter.

"I shall therefore consider myself more strictly bound in honor to perform my part of the contract," said Rosamond, laughing. "Besides I have the key of Edgar's heart, and can read all he wishes me to know in his eyes."

At the earnest request of Mr. and Mrs. Hartland, Armyr and his now happy Jane, consented to live at Oaklands, and both found active employment for their leisure hours, in visiting daily the charitable institutions founded by its noble and benevolent possessor, in the immediate vicinity of the Hall.

A year of peace and love flew by on rapid wings, only broken by the death of Mrs. Stern-

field, who expired in the arms of her son, once the sorrow of her heart, now the solace and delight of her age.

But to make amends for this bereavement, heaven presented the lord of the manor with a son.

Edgar had passed an anxious night, eagerly expecting, yet dreading, the announcement of an event, which might either increase or destroy his happiness, forever.

The rising sun had just poured a flood of light into the open window at which he stood, when the door softly unclosed, and Jane Sternfield slowly approached, and, withdrawing the fine linen folds, that shrouded the tiny face of the young heir of Oaklands, held him up to his delighted father's gaze.

Edgar received the precious gift, with a throb of proud ecstasy; and after imprinting a long, fond kiss, upon the brow of the babe, he suddenly, to the horror and astonishment of its grandmother, fired off a pistol, until then concealed in his hand, close to the head of the child. The babe started and screamed.* The delighted father clapped his hands joyfully—then clasped them together, in deep, and fervent prayer. God had given a living answer to his earnest petition; his child was not deaf—would never suffer from those infirmities, which his father had, with such meekness and patience, endured.

FAREWELL TO CATHERINE.

BY H. R. O.

I cannot forget thee, as o'er the bleak mountain,
And through the lone valley my footsteps shall roam;
O'er the lake, on the stream, and beside the pure fountain,
Thy image shall cheer me, when far from my home.

I cannot forget thee, when sun-light is stealing
Away in the bright beams that rest on the wave,
That hour, when affection lies buried in feeling,
And sorrow sheds round us the gloom of the grave.

Ah! no, when the cold dews of twilight are falling,
And nature weeps tears for the light that is past;
Remembrance, each day-dream of fancy recalling,
Shall paint thee as pure as I gazed on thee last.

I cannot forget thee, when o'er the bright waters,
The wind of old ocean shall waft me along;
But amongst the loved group of fair Canada's daughters,
Thy name shall be echoed in story and song.

Then fare thee well, Cath'rine! I cannot forget thee;
On memory's page thy bright image is graven;
I shall see thee again, and if not where I met thee,
Let us hope that our Spirits shall mingle in Heaven.

* This anecdote is told, of the deaf Countess of Orkney, who, by this strange experiment, discovered by the start of the child, that he possessed the faculty of hearing.

TIME'S CHANGES IN A FAMILY.

BY R. E. M.

"They grew together, side by side,
They filled one house with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide—
By mountain, stream and tree."

MRS. HEMANS.

They were as bright and fair a band as ever filled with
pride,
A parent's heart, whose task it was an offspring dear to
guide;
And every care that love upon its idols bright may
shower,
Was lavished with impartial hand upon each fair young
flower.
Theirs was the father's merry hour sharing their childish
bliss,
The mother's soft breathed benison and tender, nightly
kiss;
Whilst strangers who by chance might see their bright
and graceful play,
To breathe some word of fondness kind would pause
upon their way.
But years rolled on, and in its course, what changes time
had brought!
What changes in that household fair, his silent power
had wrought!
The sons had grown to gallant men, of lofty heart and
brow,
Whilst the fairy-like and joyous girls were thoughtful
women now.
The hour of changes had arrived, and slowly, one by
one,
The playmates left the parent roof, their own career to
run.
The eldest born, the mother's choice, whose soft and
holy smile,
In childhood e'en, had told of heart as angel's pure from
guile;
Had ta'en his part, and scorning all earth's pleasures, and
its fame,
Had offered up his life to God, a teacher of his Name.
But that spirit sighed not long on earth, and he found a
quiet grave,
'Mid the forests wild whose shades he'd sought, the Red-
man's soul to save.
How different was the stirring choice of his youthful
brother gay,
His was the glittering sword and shield, the drum, the
war-steed's neigh;
And the daring sprit which had marked his childhood's
earliest hour,
Distinguished still the warrior proud, in manhood's lofty
power.
But alas! for him, and the dreams of fame, which had
falsely lured him on,
An early grave in a distant land was all the prize he
won;
A third, with buoyant heart, had sought far India's
burning soil,
Thinking to win vast stores of gold, by a few years eager
toil—
But ere those years had run their course, from all earth's
cares was free,

And he dreamless sleeps 'neath the arching boughs of
the date and mango tree.
But the sisters who had filled with light the home now
desolate,
Had they lived to mourn each brother's loss? Was
theirs a brighter fate?
The tall and dark-eyed girl, whose laugh, so full of
silvery glee,
Had ever told of a spirit light, from care and shadow
free,
Had early left her happy home, the bright and envied
bride
Of a noble high, whose lofty name told of ancestral
pride.
Ah! not for her, who from childhood's hour had basked
in love's sunshine,
Was the ruler stern who left her soon in cold neglect to
pine.
The merry smile soon left her lip—the sparkling light
her eye—
With her Lord she sought Italia's clime, but it only
was to die:
And two brief years from her bridal morn—those years,
how sad they passed!
In a foreign land, and 'mid stranger hands, that loved one
breathed her last!
And now, of all the lovely band who had joined in mirth
of old,
There is, alas! but one sweet flower whose tale remains
untold:
She was the joy, the pride of all—that one so soft and
fair—
With her deep and dreamy azure eyes, her shining golden
hair!
E'en her bold brothers, in their youth, were gentler
when she played,
From all their reckless daring games, their eager hands
they stayed;
And when amid their thoughtless mirth, harsh feelings
might awake,
They ever yielded to her prayers, and rested for her
sake.
Oh! hers was far the brighter lot in life's eventful race,
She passed from earth ere care had left upon her brow
one trace;
She passed from earth with loving ones grouped round
her dying bed,
And a mother's fond and yearning heart pillowed her
throbbing head.
She had no lesson learned yet, in the sin and strife of
earth,
Her soul return'd to its native heaven, pure e'en as at
her birth.
And it was thus each well loved one of that bright joyous
band,
Save she, had found a lonely grave in a far and foreign
land.
In childhood's sports and youth's delights, they jointly
bore a part,
But alas! they soon were severed, e'en in death they
slept apart;
Yet let no sinful murmurs rise—thoughts impious as
vain—
For in far happier regions will that household meet
again.

JACQUES CARTIER AND THE LITTLE INDIAN GIRL.*

BY H. V. C.

It was not till many days after the death of Donnacona,—when the excitement of that scene had passed away, and the old chief was honorably interred with Christian rites, in consecrated ground,—that the Count de Roberval awakened from his happy love dream, to an awkward consciousness that his imprudent passion had led him into a most critical and embarrassing position, that, with unpardonable rashness, he had pledged a heart, which should have been guarded by knightly honor, from the very thought of inconstancy and change.

“Could his engagement with the Countess Natalie, formed in childhood, sanctioned by approving friends, and, till of late, regarded by himself with complacency, if not with rapture,—could it—ought it to be cancelled? Or would the king permit such an insult to his noble ward? Would he not be disgraced—cut off from royal favor, and all his fair visions of glory and ambition frustrated? And for whom would he cast away this proud beauty, rich in all the world most covets and admires? For an untutored Indian girl—the wild denison of untrodden forests, whose only dowery was her simple loveliness, and her warm affection? Yet, these,” continued De Roberval, as he brought his argument to the last climax, while he paced his room with agitated steps, “these are dearer to me than aught else the world can give, and for these I would gladly sacrifice all that the world can offer me—all—but honor,” he added with a sigh. “A true knight may never compromise that!”

De Roberval had just returned from M. Cartier's villa; he had seen Fayawana for the first time since Donnacona's death, for her heartfelt and passionate sorrow for her loss, had so wrought on her delicate and excited temperament, that she was attacked by serious illness, and for many days the attending physician enjoined strict seclusion in her own apartments. Madam Perrot watched over her with tender solicitude; and when, from day to day, De Roberval called with anxious enquiries, and she noted the tell-tale blush on Fayawana's cheek, and the sudden animation of her languid eye, when these inquiries met her ear, the secret of the lovers, long suspect-

ed, was unconsciously betrayed to her. The consequences of their imprudent attachment were obvious to her experience. She saw the impossibility of De Roberval's breaking an engagement, sanctioned by royal approval, and the impolicy of doing so, even were it in his power, and she felt deeply interested for the young stranger, whose innocent confidence had thus placed her happiness in jeopardy. Probably she did not give the count sufficient credit for his really unselfish nature, or place over-much confidence in his good faith; for she knew well that even the marriage vow was lightly held, and too often it placed little restraint on the roving inclinations of courtly cavaliers.

With ready invention, the Marquise contrived to keep Fayawana secluded as long as possible; and when, at length, the physician absolutely prescribed exercise, and social amusement, and De Roberval could no longer be excluded, she secretly resolved to keep a watchful eye on their proceedings, and to impose the restraint of her presence, at all their interviews. But love laughs at all prudent devices, and, though present at their first meetings, Madam Perrot was quite forgotten, when De Roberval again clasped the hand of the young Indian girl, with the fervour and tenderness of undisguised affection, and she, in the artless confidence which could suspect no evil, and dreamed not of change, looked up to him, with her deep, soul-speaking eyes, in which every loving thought of her pure heart was most clearly mirrored. Nor could Madam Perrot find it in her heart to follow them, when De Roberval, gently drawing the arm of Fayawana within his own, led her to an open balcony, and passing out upon the terraced walks, they roamed with loitering steps among the mazes of the shrubbery, stopping often in the earnestness of sweet discourse, until at last they were far beyond the vision of her watchful eyes.

Madam Perrot was not a little disconcerted by this signal defeat of her premeditated surveillance; long and anxiously she waited their return,—day deepened into twilight;—the moon lifted high her crescent, and a few pale stars came out upon the fading sky, and many colored

flowers sent up their evening incense, ere they folded their silken petals in repose. Still the lovers came not, and at last, quite out of patience, the Marquise sent her page to seek for them, and to request Fayawana to hasten her return, before the evening dews began to fall.

Startled by the message, and fearing Fayawana might already suffer from exposure, after her recent illness, De Roberval led her hastily back to the house, though both of them were quite unconscious how much time had passed, since they last quitted it. Madam Perrot waited for them in the balcony; and Fayawana, stopping but a moment, passed on to her own apartments, too much engrossed by her happy emotions, to observe the unusual shade which clouded the Marquise's sunny features.

A slight embarrassment was perceptible in De Roberval's countenance and manner, as he met the expressive glance of Madame Perrot.

"Count de Roberval," she said, abruptly breaking the awkward silence; "I need not inform you, that M. Cartier's protégée is placed under my protection; and that I feel the deepest interest in all that concerns her."

"Well, Madame?" asked the Count, as she paused in some perplexity, how to proceed.

"Well, Monsieur," she continued with vivacity; "when a young creature, gifted with so many attractions as this fair Indian child, is committed to my trust; one removed from her natural protectors, and whose ignorance of the world exposes her to temptation—and when I see her the object of so much gallant attention to one whose station places him so far above her—pardon me, but I am compelled to ask why are these attentions lavished, and what, but disappointment and misery, can result from them?"

"Madame," returned De Roberval, calmly. "I pardon your suspicions, for I believe them foreign to your nature, though perhaps warranted by your knowledge of the world; but they are most injurious to my honor, which would be foul indeed, if it did not reverence the purity of one, whose confiding innocence is her best, and strongest protection."

"I trust it may be so," returned the Marquise warmly. "But love is a subtle casuist, Monsieur, and the warm feelings of youth are treacherous counsellors! Twilight tête-à-têtes," she added, with slight sarcasm, "have a dangerous charm, and methinks the Countess Natalie might well be asked to share the influence of so sweet an hour."

De Roberval started, as if a serpent stung him; but restraining his feelings, by a strong effort, he answered carelessly.

"The Countess Natalie is not exacting, thank the Saints! Woman though she be, she has not that folly, and I, in gratitude, place no spies upon her actions. Commend our mutual discretion, my dear Marquise, and pardon me; but time presses, and I must away. Adieu, au revoir."

The next moment he was mounted on his gallant steed; but at the entrance of the long avenue of ancient trees, he suddenly reined him in, and looking back, his eye rested on a solitary casement, half hid by clustering jasmine, at which was seen the graceful figure of the Indian girl, who stood there, in the pale moon-light, watching his departure. It was a brief glance they interchanged, but what a world of feeling may a glance express.

De Roberval again put spurs to his horse, and was soon lost in a deep reverie, more perplexing, it must be confessed, than lover-like, but from which he was not aroused, till the hoofs of his good steed rung loudly on the pavement of his own court-yard. He hastily dismounted, and throwing the bridle to an attendant groom, passed with rapid steps to his private cabinet. His valet waited at the door, with a perfumed billet, inscribed in the most delicate characters; a glance told him, it was from the Countess Natalie. With some trepidation he cut the silken cord, and read as follows.

"MON CHER AMI,—I hasten to apprise you of my return to Paris, which has been unexpectedly hastened, not doubting your impatience to cast yourself at my feet, after an absence of so many days; but I would have you understand, that time has flown gaily enough, with me and our merry friends, at the old chateau, even though you could not break through the multiplicity of your engagements, to attend upon us. And *à propos* of those engagements, I shall expect some explanation from your gallantry, for rumor has been over free with your name of late, though *my* faith remains unshaken, and I still subscribe myself, Your own, betrothed,

"NATALIE."

"Explanation!" muttered De Roberval, as he cast the note hastily from him. "What explanation can I give, or what right has she to demand one!" He paused suddenly, in great perplexity, for the inward monitor reminded him that he had, on slight pretexts, withdrawn from an engagement, made long since, with the Countess Natalie, and their mutual friends, to pass some festive days at a country residence, near Paris, and that his anxious interest in Fayawana was the secret motive of his uncourteous withdrawal. But at that moment, desirous above all things to delay the unwelcome interview with Natalie, with hasty

resolution he wrote a brief reply; and the light words, how strangely they contrasted with his excited feelings!

"MA BELLE,—I am ill and weary to-night; to-morrow I will seek the light of thy countenance, from which I have been so long banished. In haste, your—"

"Faithful," he would have added, but the word seemed a mockery—he simply signed his name, and calling his valet, who waited in the ante-room, he bade him send it without delay, to the Countess Natalie, and to refuse admission to any one who might ask for him that night.

It was then for the first time, as we have said before, that De Roberval felt to its full extent the folly and imprudence of his rash conduct. The charm of a disinterested, romantic attachment, had stolen upon his heart and imagination, almost unconsciously in its first advances, and with an ardor of mind, singularly impulsive and uncalculating, he had yielded to the fascination, without a thought of the consequences to himself or others. His connexion with the Countess Natalie involved little feeling, and it was not till a new object awakened the latent emotions of his unguarded heart, and stirred the deep fountains of his affections, that he came to perceive the wide difference between a calculating, worldly union, and the spontaneous and reciprocal interchange of young and impassioned hearts. He believed that Natalie, vain, worldly-minded, and ambitious could not love with the true, fervent, disinterested affection of the young Indian girl; but with all her faults, he had wooed her, and bound himself to her, and he could not sever that tie, without the basest perfidy and dishonor.

But Fayawana! how had he won her guileless heart? With what out-pourings of fervent love—with what eloquence of affection had he gained her unsuspecting confidence? Every thought of that innocent heart was revealed in her expressive countenance, and he read in it love the most devoted, simple, and confiding; and how had he betrayed it? How could he confess his treachery? How could he bear her merited reproaches, or the anguish of her silent wretchedness? In Countess Natalie, he might encounter the stinging resentment of outraged pride; in Fayawana, he must meet the deep, though perhaps unuttered, reproaches of betrayed affection!

The morning dawned, and found De Roberval still pacing his apartment—still undecided what course to pursue—his heart torn between the claims of duty and affection; conscience, which no sophistry could blind, urging the justice of Natalie's claims; and love, with all its thronging emotions, pleading for the innocent object, who

yielded to him the passionate tenderness of her trusting heart. With the nervous impatience of an impetuous temper, he suddenly determined to hasten the interview which could not be escaped, feeling that it must be the crisis of his fate; and secretly hoping the Countess Natalie's pride might still interpose some obstacle to avert the sacrifice which he dreaded.

As he entered the boudoir where she sat alone, lightly touching the strings of her lute, in spite of the gay indifference he attempted to assume, his cold, constrained manner, might have been remarked by the least discerning eye. Whether it was overlooked by the Countess Natalie, in the pleasure of meeting him again, or whether the unusual *empressement* of her manner was really the overflowing of warm friendliness and unsuspecting confidence, it matters not—never had she seemed more cordial and happy—never was her voice sweeter, or its tones more gentle and affectionate.

"Ah! my dear Count!" she said, gaily, offering her fair and jeweled hand; "M. R  n   told me you were pining in my absence; but in truth, and without the least flattery, I never saw you looking better."

"I took hope for my companion in your absence," he replied, assuming a like tone; "and you know her voice is always cheering, and her promise fair."

"And pray what hope, Sir Knight, has given such rainbow tints to your dull existence of late?" she asked, and her beautiful lip slightly curled, as she fixed her eye, searchingly, upon his countenance.

"Can you ask, my lady fair!" he said, evasively; "and dost thou think that absence could be borne if hope withdrew her light?"

"Your flattery is ill-timed, Count de Roberval, and your words evasive," said the Countess, her bland expression yielding to the excitement of wounded pride; "and it is not the first time I have, of late, observed the coldness of your manner, and remarked the studied flattery so ill exchanged for truer words. I am not one," she added, "to sue for your compassion, or to solicit justice at the hands of any; my rights, as a woman, are clearly defined, and your honor, as a cavalier and a knight, may not be compromised. Listen to me!" she continued impatiently, as he was about to interrupt her; "it is no breach of maidenly modesty to remind you of the relation which has subsisted between us, almost from our cradles; that, with our growing years, we have continued to sanction the wishes of our guardians, and looked forward, without repugnance, to the period which is so soon to unite us.

I ask not for confessions or excuses; your altered manner is more truthful than your words. I had confidence in you, De Roberval; the words of idle rumor fell heedless on my ear—your estrangement—your ill-concealed admiration of another, I bore with—for I believed not, you had the presumption to raise another to rivalry with me, nor that you held your honor so lightly as to forget the vows which have so long bound you to me."

"And what," asked De Roberval calmly, "what, Countess Natalie, has led to these reproaches? how am I so changed? Have I ever spoken to you in the language of extravagant affection? or have we ever felt, that to part would make the misery of our lives?"

"We are not speaking of the past, De Roberval; it has been tranquil enough; and in all the observances which our position imposed on you, you have borne yourself as a *preux chevalier, sans reproche*. And it is not your affection that I cavil at," she added bitterly; "I ask for no more of that than you choose to give,—but another shall not receive what you withhold from me,—he whom I honor with my hand, shall not lavish his smiles secretly on an obscure and humble rival,—an untutored, nameless, Indian girl."

The contemptuous reproach of Countess Natalie's words, uttered with sarcastic coolness, cut De Roberval to the quick. He started to his feet, pale with emotion; but a moment's reflection calmed the angry spirit, and he answered gravely, but without excitement:

"It is not too late, madam, to redeem the past,—not too late to assert our independence, as free agents, and to cancel those bonds which were imposed on us, ere we were conscious that we had hearts too free to be bound by conventional ties, and affections too warm and generous to be restrained by prudential calculations. If mutual recrimination, and jealous bickerings, are to haunt our lives, in God's name, Countess Natalie, let no earthly considerations impel us to unite our destinies."

"De Roberval," the Countess replied, with haughty calmness, "I regard you too sincerely, and your honor is too dear to me,—too closely associated with my own, to suffer your idle words—the ravings of a perverted fancy—to arouse my indignation, or to move me from my purpose. Again, I speak not of affection,—were my love resistless as the ocean wave, I could curb it at my will; but my pride, the heir-loom of my honor, was born with me, it has grown with my growth, and to it, all circumstances, and all other interests, must yield. Shall it be said, that I, to whom countless suitors, pre-eminent above aught

that you can aspire to, have sued in vain, choosing you, clinging to you through the fairest years of youth, and amidst many trials of faith and constancy,—that you have now turned from me,—scorned me,—rejected my hand? For what? for whom? Not for worldly ambition, that I could forgive—not for a noble bride, whose name and wealth would exalt your station,—but for an obscure and unknown child—untutored—unendowed—a wily savage, who, with savage arts, has perverted your better reason, and woven charms to lead you blind-fold to your utter ruin."

"You know not of whom you speak," said De Roberval with firm composure, for her impetuosity stilled his own resentment. "Passion and prejudice render you wilful and unjust! It is useless to discuss the merits or demerits of another, it concerns us most of all to understand what relation we are henceforth to bear towards each other. Bitter words sink deep into the heart, Countess Natalie, and where suspicion is allowed to take the place of confidence, there is small hope of happiness in the marriage union. Others, far superior to me, as you have said, seek the honor of your hand, and among them you may doubtless select another, far more deserving of that honor than I can ever be."

The Countess Natalie felt keenly the cold indifference of his words, and by a strong revulsion, all the tenderness of her nature was aroused; she struggled painfully with her feelings, the color came and went, on her fair cheek, leaving it of marble paleness, and tears unbidden rushed to her eyes, and trembled on the long dark lashes. Womanly pride, affection, of which till then she knew not the depth and fulness, stirred her heart, and when she spoke, it was in a subdued and gentle voice, so different from her late proud vehemence, that De Roberval's heart was touched, and the spirit which rose to resist her haughtiness, bowed before her softened emotions.

"De Roberval," she said, "your own heart is your best counsellor, for I believe it true and noble; I have perhaps spoken harsh and hasty words, and I pray you to forget them; but whatever are your feelings towards me, I ask you to respect your own integrity, and to preserve your knightly honor untarnished and inviolate."

Never before had De Roberval seen her thus,—the charm of soft and delicate expression, and awakened feeling, adding new grace to her exceeding beauty, and as he thought that for his sake she had thus humbled her proud spirit, that his indifference had roused her heart to overflowing tenderness; a sense of his unworthiness, his injustice, overwhelmed him the past rose in rapid review, the days of childhood, and its careless

enjoyments, the growing intimacy of later years, the generous confidence which she had ever reposed in his honor and affection.

Ah, man! so strong in thy fancied security, so proud of thy imagined strength—how soon is thy weak heart subdued by a woman's tenderness, how lightly is thy vanity moved by the flattering preference which exalts thee to an idol of her affections!

"Natalie," said De Roberval, gently, and he took her passive hand, and pressed it to his lips. I have wronged thee, I have been unjust; forgive me, and let all unkindness be forgotten between us."

Lovers' quarrels are proverbial, and their reconciliations, if not always lasting, are generally overflowing with sweetness; but it was fortunate for De Roberval that this interview with Natalie was not prolonged, for his over-excited feelings began speedily to ebb, and before he left her presence, the gentle image of the Indian girl rose up before him, in her meek reproachful loveliness, and his heart was again torn by the conflict which is ever waged in the human breast, when passion wars against principle, and self-discipline has yielded the reins to ungoverned impulse.

Fayawana, in the mean time, happy beyond expression in the enjoyment of her new emotions, loving with an ardor, a confidence, which could not dream of coldness or change, and which in the simplicity of her happy ignorance, beheld no shadow, darkening the heaven of her serene and trusting faith,—she sat long at the casement after her last interview with De Roberval, reveling in the beautiful visions of her young imagination, and her eye long lingering on the dark line of noble trees which lined the avenue, and through which her lover's knightly form had just been seen riding at full speed, after stopping a moment, as we have seen, to exchange a silent adieu with her.

Shortly, however, she was interrupted by the entrance of Madam Perrot, who, "tired of her own thoughts," she said, "came to have a little conversation with her." Fayawana looked up enquiringly, for the Marquise's manner was unusually *distract*, and her placid countenance wore a perplexed expression.

"Do not be alarmed," my dear, she said, smiling, "for I have not come to lecture you, and if I was so inclined, I am sure my resolution would fail, you look so surpassingly lovely with that silver moonlight stealing through the starry jasmine, and resting on your brow like the glory on one of Raffael's Madonnas."

"Ah! Madam, you will spoil the poor Indian

girl if you begin to flatter her," said Fayawana sportively; "our race are renowned for truth, and such words are never spoken to us."

"The saints grant that they may never be spoken to you by lips less sincere than mine," returned the Marquise fervently; "but, in truth, my simple child, thou must soon learn that fair words, and gallant promises, are lightly spoken and soon forgotten in this great world, of which thou yet can'st know so little."

"It is a world which Fayawana cares not for," she answered with a faint-smile, and a swelling heart; "here with these sweet flowers, and those spreading trees, and the birds which sing to her of home, and with thee, my kind friend and Maraquita, would the wild girl whom thou hast sheltered, dwell contented, unnoticed, and unknown."

"And are there no others whom you would care to see, none whose absence and forgetfulness would pain you?" asked the Marquise.

"Oh, yes," she answered, quickly. "M. Cartier,—he is so kind to me."

"And no other?" continued the Marquise.

"Yes: and M. De Roberval," she answered with a blush. "I would not be ungrateful, for he too loves to make me happy."

"And you love the Count De Roberval, my poor child," said Madame Perrot, tenderly.

"Should I not love him?" said Fayawana, with enthusiasm, "him, so beautiful, so noble, whom all admire! yet he loves the Indian girl; he would take her to his heart though the fairest and the proudest wooed him, and offered their broad lands, to win his love!"

"The Count de Roberval," said Madame Perrot, gently, "bears an ancient name, and stands high in royal favor; and the nobles of our land, my Fayawana, are wont to choose them noble mates."

"He told me not of this," said Fayawana, musingly; "he only said he loved me."

"Fayawana," continued the Marquise, after a moment's pause. "If you love M. De Roberval, what would you do to make him happy?"

"What would I do?" she asked, "what would I *not* do! Fayawana would lay down her life to make him happy."

"Could you resign his love," asked Madame Perrot, nerving herself to the task she had undertaken; "if his happiness, and his honor required it?"

Fayawana clasped her hands, and gazed at Madame Perrot, with a perplexed, and enquiring look.

"Listen to me, my child," continued the Marquise tenderly. "I would not wound your

gentle heart, but your peace of mind is deeply concerned in what I have to tell you, and I would fain speak, before it is too late to save you. De Roberval was affianced in early youth, to one who is rich, beautiful, and high-born—it was their parents' will that they should be united. I say not, that the young Count loved with ardor the lady selected for him, but he offered no objection to the choice,—*she* had no reason to suppose his heart averse to it—but that matters not—in a few weeks, their union is to be celebrated.”

Madame Perrot paused, and gazed anxiously at the Indian girl, who sat, looking at her, with fixed eyes, and pale and rigid as a statue. Fayawana motioned her to proceed.

“I cannot think, my child,” she continued with great kindness, “that De Roberval intended to deceive you; I believe he is too honorable—I doubt not that he loved you; but his nature is impulsive, and he forgot, in the excitement of a new emotion, the duty he owed another. But you have a generous and noble soul, my Fayawana, you will forgive him; and since no circumstances can alter his destiny, or revoke his engagement to another, I trust you will forget the past, and soon learn to regard him with entire indifference.”

Every word that Madame Perrot uttered, fell like an ice bolt on the heart of Fayawana; she was as one stunned by a sudden blow, so motionless, so inert was every faculty; but the fatal truth stood before her—she could not evade it; she could not conceal or fly from it.

Wronged—deceived—forsaken—she who had just heard the sweet confession of his love—who had so often listened with blind credulity, and never for an instant doubted the truth and fidelity of his heart!

Alarmed at her unnatural calmness, Madame Perrot took her tenderly in her arms, and whispered soothing words, and her voice was tremulous with emotion. Her heart-felt sympathy at length touched the heart of the poor, lonely girl, and leaning her head on Madame Perrot's breast, the fountain of tears burst forth, and she wept long and bitterly.

The Marquise trusted these tears would prove a friendly relief, but when they ceased to flow, and she observed the death-like paleness of her face, and the languor which seemed to paralyse her faculties, she became seriously alarmed, and in the utmost perplexity and distress, vainly wished she could retract the words, she had too faithfully, though in kindness, spoken.

“Leave me,” said Fayawana, with touching sadness, and shrinking even from the glance of

her kind eye; “as you love me, dearest Madame, let me be alone—alone this night!”

Her look of earnest entreaty could not be resisted. Madame Perrot would fain have seen her composed for the night's rest, but she declined all assistance, and the Marquise, kissing her affectionately, and somewhat consoled by her calm assurance, that “she should feel better tomorrow,” left her to the companionship of her own sad thoughts.

Still Madame Perrot passed an almost sleepless night; the calm of her tranquil life had been unusually disturbed, and with anxious steps she went many times to the door of Fayawana's apartment, where she heard always her restless step, her heavy sighs, and knew that she was passing the weary hours, in wrestling with her bitter trial. But Madame Perrot forbore to disturb her, for she believed that solitude was her best consoler, and, with easy credulity, she fancied that when the first moments of disappointment were passed, all would be soon forgotten, and that love must of necessity expire with hope. She could not reproach herself, for aught that she had said, for duty to the friendless girl impelled her to speak the simple truth, and save her, perhaps, from life-long misery.

Already she knew, the rumor of De Roberval's estrangement from the Countess Natalie, and the cause was whispered in courtly circles, and her worldly experience led her to believe that he would never compromise his honor, and sacrifice his ambitious prospects, by withdrawing from such a union, almost on the eve of its fulfilment. And what then was his passion for Fayawana—to what could it lead? and was it not better, more prudent, at once to end it?”

She had also acted by the advice of M. Cartier, who could not be blind to De Roberval's growing attachment to Fayawana, and who rightly supposed that she was ignorant of his real situation.

Madame Perrot was sanguine and hopeful; she had never, herself, felt the influence of a powerful, all-absorbing passion, and could not judge of its effects on another, gifted with warm sensibilities; her kind heart was touched by Fayawana's grief, but she consoled herself by answering to her own thoughts: “The poor child feels ill and sad enough just now, heaven knows! but it cannot last long! so young and beautiful as she is too, many a one may be proud to win her love! These cavaliers,” she added with unwonted bitterness, “think lightly of stealing the affections of an innocent young heart, for their own brief amusement, and to gratify their selfish

vanity! but I would have thought De Roberval had more knightly honor!"

Madame Perrot slept till a late hour, the following morning, as an antidote to the fatigue of her restless night; but, her first waking thoughts were given to Fayawana, for the scene of the last evening lay upon her memory like a troubled dream. She rose quickly, and approached her apartment with noiseless steps, and tapped lightly at the door. No answer was returned and opening the door softly, and with some anxiety she passed in, and stood a moment, unobserved, behind an intervening screen.

On a low couch, shaded by transparent curtains, reclined the little Maraquita, the shadow of her former self, for illness, slow, and scarcely perceptible in its ravages, had lain heavily on her, for many weeks, and to all, but the loving, self-deceiving Fayawana, her days were surely numbered. The casement stood open, as on the preceding evening, and the fresh morning air stole coolly in, bearing the almost overpowering fragrance of the clustering jasmine. Near it, in a small recess, which formed a sort of oratory, Fayawana knelt before a silver crucifix; her slender hands were clasped upon her breast, and her eyes rested on the divine image, with an expression of resigned and trusting faith. Her raven hair floated loosely on her brow and shoulders, giving an intenser paleness to her complexion, and a fading rosebud, which De Roberval had placed there, still lay undisturbed among the silken tresses. Her unchanged dress betrayed a sleepless night, but the hour of bitterest agony had passed away, and that peace of mind, which the world cannot give, had not been sought in vain. Madame Perrot stole away, unperceived, and closed the door; but she felt inexpressible relief, from witnessing the calmness of the Indian girl.

The day passed away, the first for many weeks, that De Roberval had not enquired for Fayawana. She felt his absence a relief—to know that he was near her, even though she saw him not, was a trial her pained and wounded spirit could not yet endure. Another day, and still he came not! "It is but too true," she thought, as hour after hour passed away, and she sat in lonely watching, by the drooping Maraquita, and she knew not that she still clung fondly to a shadowy hope. "It is but too true! Madame Perrot could not be deceived, and he must wed another! and yet, he should have told me. I can forgive him, all—I may not forget, but no reproachful word shall ever pass my lips; he has yet to learn that Fayawana loved not with a selfish passion—that his fair name, and loyal faith, is dearer even than his love!"

But no visionary thoughts, or selfish regret, could withdraw her attention from Maraquita, to whose comfort she was entirely devoted, and whose hourly increasing debility became so obvious, that Fayawana's thoughts were necessarily diverted from her own immediate sorrows. With anxious foreboding, she began to realise that this little companion, whom she loved so fondly, would soon be taken from her, and the last tie severed, which bound her to her kindred, and her home. Maraquita's sick couch was surrounded by every comfort, which skill or affection could bring to her relief, and the child, in her tranquil and slow decay, seemed scarcely conscious of suffering, and evinced no impatience, or any desire for recovery. The apathy, which had long been stealing over her, seemed to increase day by day; she seldom spoke, and then, always in her native tongue, and if she ever smiled, it was at the cunning tricks of her pet monkey, still a cherished favorite, which exhausted its invention for her amusement, and on all occasions, evinced an affection for her, truly singular and touching. Like her poor mother, whose last hour, probably, left its impression on her mind, volatile as she then seemed, she refused all the offices of religion; her thoughts seemed to dwell much with Donnacona and her home, but in her most restless moments, the voice of Fayawana, sweet and low, singing the songs of her childhood, could lull her to repose.

M. De Roberval again called daily, but was not admitted. Madame Perrot cared not to see him, under existing circumstances; and Fayawana shrunk from the dangerous influence of his presence, so fatal to her resolutions of forgetfulness; and nobly did that simple child, strong in her inward resolution, struggle with the weakness and sorrow of her heart. Madame Perrot saw that her cheeks were wan, and her countenance tearful; but she knew that she was worn by anxiety, and watching at the couch of Maraquita, and she was willing to believe, no deeper grief lay hidden beneath the open and avowed.

"It is more than a week, my child," she said to her one evening, "since you have kept your vigils in this sick room, and not once even stepped into the garden. See now how quietly Maraquita sleeps, and I will watch her carefully till you return; a stroll among the flowers will refresh you, after such close confinement, and you are so delicate! Come," she added, leading her gently to a window; "you love this twilight hour, so hasten and enjoy it, before those rosy clouds have all faded into night!"

Fayawana could not refuse her kind entreaties; she would soon return, and satisfied that Mara-

quita was calmly sleeping, she left with quiet steps, and passed on to a balcony which overhung the terraced walks, stopping there to admire the lovely sky, and enjoy the freshness of the dewy air. Passing down the marble steps, she entered a thick shrubbery, fragrant with many blossoms, and bordered with choicest flowers. It was there she had wandered with De Roberval, on that evening when they parted, so full of love and hope; and the flowers which they had stopped to admire, and the rose tree, from which he gathered a bud to deck her hair, were rich in bloom and fragrance still; but she,—in thought, and hope, and feeling, how changed!

She walked on, though the blinding tears fast filled her eyes, threading the well-known path, which led to a rustic summer-house, all overgrown with trailing vines; there had she sat with him, and the moon, now waning, had then looked down in its young light, upon their happiness. She entered it with trembling steps, and casting herself on a mossy seat, covered her face, and relieved her full heart by a passionate burst of tears. She was startled by hearing her name pronounced in a tone familiar, but of touching sadness, and looking up, saw De Roberval, who, unperceived, had followed her to the entrance. She rose hastily, but a sudden faintness came over her, and she must have fallen, had not his arm supported her. It was a momentary weakness—the blood rushed back to cheek and brow—and releasing herself, she removed from him, and stood with averted eyes and throbbing heart, not daring to look upon one whom she was so vainly striving to forget.

“Fayawana!” he said again, and the tones of his voice thrilled sadly on her heart; “I know that you must scorn me, must believe me weak, dishonorable, unworthy your regard; you have heard from other lips what I could not, dared not, tell you! what, in my new found happiness, had well nigh seemed a troubled dream; alas! that I should wake and find this sad reality!”

He paused a moment, in great agitation, and then approaching nearer to her, continued:

“Pardon me! that I have intruded on your privacy; I have sought you day after day, and been refused admittance, and each night, since we last met, I have paced these grounds, hour after hour, watching the shadows as they crossed your casement, and hoping, trusting, that some chance would bring you to me—not to extenuate my guilt, but to seek your forgiveness—if indeed I have not sinned beyond the hope of mercy! And yet,” he added, passionately; “my crime to thee, has only been that I have loved too well! Not a word has passed my lips to which my heart

did not fervently respond! not a feeling have I expressed, that was not kindled by my love for thee!”

Fayawana pressed her hand upon her heart, to still its tumultuous throbbing; she would have spoken, but her tongue refused its utterance; she would have turned from him, but her feet were spell-bound to the spot; she raised her eyes to his—those gentle eyes, so sad, so uncomplaining—no murmurs or reproaches could have touched him with so keen an anguish as their silent eloquence.

“Fayawana!” he resumed, with a strong effort to regain his calmness; “they wrong me cruelly—they wrong thee too, if they have said I sought thy love, when my heart was given to another; never, till I saw thee, did I know the truth and blessedness of loving—never, till then, did I look upon a face, which could charm and subdue my soul by its loveliness and grace! My hand was pledged by others, before I could know or understand the contract, and I was taught to regard the playmate of my childhood, as the affianced wife of my maturer years. Her beauty and high-birth gratified my pride and ambition, and in a union, planned for no higher objects, what deeper or more tender sentiment could be anticipated or felt? I loved her not—through so many years of intimacy, a warmer sentiment than friendly interest was never felt by me. But you, Fayawana!” and he took her trembling hand, “in the moment that I first saw you, a new existence opened before me; I have lived but in your presence—to look upon you—to hear your gentle voice—to win your smiles. This has been my thought by day, and my dream by night; and for this—oh! for this, I have forgotten all other ties—even the cruel bonds which unite my destiny to another, and which, in my blind folly, I thought not she would deem so sacred.”

“But *she* loves you,” said Fayawana, with emotion; “could she know you so many years, and yet not learn to love you! De Roberval,” she added, after a moment’s pause, and summoning all her strength of purpose, “we have erred, but another may not suffer from our errors—thou hast perilled thy peace of mind, by yielding to ungoverned impulse, and I too have gone astray, through ignorance of thee, and of the world’s customs, and its heartless observances. Ah! in my forest home, our hearts and hands are free; and could the forest child have dreamed that here, in this fair land, love might be bought for gold, and the heart’s wealth exchanged for noble heritage! De Roberval, I would not wrong thee,” she added, with a softened voice—“thou art too generous to deceive, and I believe thy

words too truly speak the language of thy heart; but never, by word or deed, will Fayawana lead thee to forget thy duty—thy vows are plighted to another, and thy knightly honor requires thee to fulfil them."

"But if my heart go not with them," he said, in pleading accents, "if every thought, every emotion of my soul leads me to another, can I, ought I, to forswear myself?"

"She knows thy weakness," answered Fayawana, deeply blushing, "and the good saints will aid thee to fulfil thy duty. Fayawana is weak and ignorant," she added, with touching simplicity; "but ask counsel of our holy father, Ambrose, and he will teach thee from that blessed book, whose words have spoken consolation to my heart, and given wisdom to my troubled mind."

"Fayawana," he answered sadly, "thou can'st not love me, or those words, so cold, so different from thy former self, could never pass thy lips."

"Not love thee!" repeated Fayawana, with sudden emotion, but checking it, she quickly added; "believe it, De Roberval, it is better thus—better that we learn to forget—better learn to believe our hearts are cold and changed, and the sacrifice which we are called to make will lose half its bitterness."

"Why," said De Roberval, with impassioned energy, "why should we sacrifice our happiness to a false idea of duty and of honor? Did she, to whom you wish me to resign so much, did she love, as you can love, my Fayawana, then indeed, though my heart rebelled against it, faithfully would I redeem my promise, and fulfil my vows. But pride and ambition divide her heart, and each have stronger hold on it, than love. She lives but for the world—to be admired—idolized by its flattering throng, and while it follows her with smiles, I should be soon forgotten. But what is the world to us? In each other's affection, is the world we covet, in their enjoyment, a bright and beautiful existence opens before us, and in thy own wild home, or in some glorious ocean isle—wherever fate may lead us, we may create a paradise—the home of happy love, the resting place of all sweet and virtuous enjoyments."

Fondly he pressed her to his heart, and gazed upon her changing countenance. A moment—but a moment only, she yielded to the sweet illusion, the fond dream of love and happiness. Better thoughts arose, and firm resolves, formed in the first hours of blighted hope, when, taking counsel of her own pure heart, she looked with steady eye upon another's rights, and true to conscience and to duty, allowed no selfish thoughts

and no deceitful casuistry to draw her from the generous sacrifice. Clearly too, had she discerned the position of De Roberval, and knew that his honor, and his worldly prospects, would be irrecoverably lost, if he followed the impulse of his passion, and she resolved, that not for her, should a stain rest on his fair name, or a cloud shadow his prosperous career.

Tears stood in her eyes, but her voice was firm, and her countenance serene.

"De Roberval," she said, "this may not be; forget that we have loved,—return to your duty, and be faithful to its bidding. The heart of Fayawana will follow you with prayers, and rejoice in your happiness—but seek her not—think of her as of one far away, whom you may never meet again, and let no lingering hope destroy the peace which may be yours, if you truly seek it."

She turned to leave him, but he seized her hand, and said, in a voice of deep emotion.

"Fayawana, have you ever loved me, and can you leave me thus?" Touched to the heart, and unable to restrain her tears, she repeated:

"Have I ever loved thee? Ah! if it is any consolation to know that I have loved thee, De Roberval—if thy heart is soothed by learning the anguish which mine has suffered, in thus tearing myself from thee—receive the confession! God, only, who knows the heart, has witnessed the agony of mine! but it is passed—and our holy Mother, who was mortal, and pities the sufferings of humanity, will still be with me, to strengthen and sustain!"

She pressed her lips to the hand which held her own, and gently disengaging it, before he had power to reply, turned from him, and fled like a young fawn, along the path which led to the lawn and house.

De Roberval stood like one transfixed, and the last ray of hope and happiness seemed to fade before him.

Scarcely had he left the Countess Natalie, after their interview and reconciliation, before his thoughts returned to Fayawana, and the influence of Natalie's transient tenderness, and his own brief enthusiasm, soon passed away. Again yielding to the impulse of his affection for the Indian girl, he sought her every day, and each night, as he said, watched to obtain a glimpse of her, his anxiety increased by the knowledge that his position with Countess Natalie had been communicated to her.

Another week passed away, marked by many changes at the villa of Jacques Cartier. Maraquita's illness took suddenly an alarming turn, and Fayawana's thoughts were diverted from all

other subjects, and absorbed in anxiety for her. She never left her, by day or by night; she watched over her, and clung to her, believing the last earthly tie was about to be sundered, and the nearest earthly friend removed from her. But the spirit's flight could not be stayed by anguished prayers, or fond embraces, and, ere many days had passed away—and gently as she slumbered in her happy infancy, the forestchild breathed her last sigh, upon the loving breast of Fayawana.

On account of Maraquita's illness, Madame Perrot had delayed a long projected visit to her country estates, whither the Indian girls were to have accompanied her. As soon, therefore, as circumstances would permit, after Maraquita's death, she made arrangements for the journey, desirous to hasten it, in the hope that Fayawana's health and spirits would be benefitted by the change. But Fayawana, who longed most earnestly, for perfect repose, and communion with her own mind, entreated permission to retire for a few months, to a convent of Ursulines, the good nuns of which, sisters of charity, had often visited Maraquita in her illness, and their kind offices and holy prayers, had made a deep impression on the mind of Fayawana.

Not without reluctance, Madame Perrot yielded her consent, which was sanctioned by M. Cartier, and though Fayawana entered only as a boarder at the convent, the tranquillity of the place was most grateful to her feelings, and her heart soon expanded warmly to the kindness and cheerful piety of the nuns. Six months passed away in this quiet seclusion, and the thought of returning to the world was insupportably painful to her; she would gladly have entered on a novitiate, but her promise to Donnacona, that she would return to her country, if opportunity offered, as yet restrained her.

Rumours from the world sometimes entered the convent cells, and she learned, with mingled feelings, that De Roberval still delayed the fulfilment of his engagement with Countess Natalie, and that he had been many months absent on foreign service, and was gathering well earned laurels, in the armies of his warlike sovereign. Before he left, he made many attempts to see Fayawana, or communicate with her, but she had resolutely declined any interview with him.

But in 1540, five years after Jacques Cartier returned with the Indian captives to France, another expedition was fitted out, and the Count de Roberval was appointed viceroy, by Francis, to establish a permanent settlement in Canada. M. Cartier received a commission as second in command, and was ordered to sail from Rochelle,

with five vessels, well supplied with every necessary, for trade and settlement with the natives.

Fayawana was then a novice in the Ursuline convent, and when M. Cartier communicated the intelligence to her, it was with reluctance that she turned her thoughts again to the world, from which she was soon to have been shut out forever. But her promise to Donnacona was too sacred to be disregarded; and as her thoughts became accustomed to the change, the charmed remembrance of home, again returned, and with pious enthusiasm she vowed to devote her future life to the improvement and enlightenment of her countrymen.

With most affectionate regret, Fayawana took leave of the kind nuns, and her parting with Madame Perrot was like that of a daughter from her beloved parent. M. Cartier delicately forbore to mention the name of De Roberval, and as his departure was delayed for several weeks, she remained long ignorant that he was associated in the expedition.

With what mingled feelings she looked, for the last time, on the fading shores of a country, where she had experienced so much of joy and sorrow! The voyage was prosperous and short, for that early navigation, and they entered the noble Gulf of the St. Lawrence, in the brightness of a brief Canadian summer, and anchored, in gallant show, beneath the rocky promontory of Quebec.

The natives received Jacques Cartier less cordially than on a former occasion; they seemed to view him with suspicion, on account of the bad faith he had kept with them, and the death of Donnacona, and the other Indian chiefs. With great lamentations, and all the parade of savage ceremony, they laid the bones of Donnacona, which were brought back, among the graves of their fathers; and Fayawana, the singing bird, was received almost with reverential welcome. Her mother had been long dead, and her brother had departed on some warlike expedition; but every wigwam was opened to her, and every rude heart warmed with affection towards her. In the simple dress of a novice, she walked amongst them, beautiful in her pale and gentle loveliness; and her refinement and intelligence, which placed her far above them; and in their eyes she seemed a spirit from some brighter sphere, come down to bless them.

In charity and love, she dwelt amongst them, instructing them in the arts of life, and in that sublime and simple faith, which had elevated her own spirit above the world, and taught her to resist its temptations and overcome its trials. But she seemed too pure and fragile for earth,

and most of all, for the rude elements among which she mingled; yet, cheerful, serene, and regardless of herself, and her own privations, so strongly contrasted with the luxurious refinement she had of late enjoyed, she performed her self-appointed duties—happy that she was made the instrument of imparting comfort and instruction to those around her.

Jacques Cartier left Stataconda, or Quebec, early in the autumn—impatient that the Viceroy had not yet arrived. His parting with Fayawana was affecting in the extreme, for he well knew that they should never meet on earth again. At Newfoundland, he met M. De Roberval, with his ships, well filled with settlers and provisions; but unwilling to return again to Canada, he weighed anchor in the night, and proceeded directly to France. He made no subsequent voyage, but, according to an historian of the times, “died soon after his return home, having sacrificed health and fortune in the course of his discoveries.”

It was late in the autumn when Count De Roberval anchored at Quebec, with his gallant little armament. What were his emotions when he first saw the land which gave birth to Fayawana—when he pressed the soil, and felt that she was near him—that there, their fates might be united. He came too late! a green mound decked with flowers—the tribute of all nations to the early lost—told the story of her brief life, and her untimely death.

M. De Roberval passed the winter at Quebec, where he erected fortifications, and established his settlers. In the spring, he returned to France, and soon after, his marriage with the Countess Natalie was celebrated with unusual pomp and ceremony. Of his private history from that period, we have no record; but his life was spent chiefly abroad, in the service of his country, and amid the stir of camps, in which he sought to forget his early and ill-fated attachment.

He gained high reputation, as a military commander, but he seemed to bear with him a restless spirit, and ambition could not satisfy his heart. Several years after, he again bore a royal commission to the shores of the New World, and he left France, with his brother, Achille de Roberval, who was equally renowned in the military history of the times. A numerous train of brave, adventurous young men, accompanied them, many from among the noblest families of France; but months and years passed away, and no tidings were ever heard of them again; they were probably shipwrecked, or foundered in the ocean depths, but their memory was long cherished, and their uncertain fate universally lamented.

ORIGINAL LINES,

WRITTEN

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A BROTHER CLERGY-
MAN, AND HIS FAMILY,

FOR A DISTANT LAND.

BY THE REV. J. B. READE, A.M., M.R.S., VICAR OF STONE,
BUCKS.

“Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you:
not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your
heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”—John xiv., 27.

“Peace I leave with you!”—you need it below,
Where the black waves of trouble unceasingly flow;
But I will be with you, on life's stormy sea,
Your friend and your helmsman; Believeest thou me!

“Peace I leave with you!”—you need it below,
’Tis the shield that shall blunt every dart of the Foe,
Though he shower them in fury, advance without dread,
For my Banner of Peace waveth over your head,

“Peace I leave with you!”—you need it below,
A peace which the world cannot take or bestow,
For its sweetness is bitter—its blessing a curse—
No joys can it give you—no sorrows disperse—

“Peace I leave with you!”—you need it below,
For the sorrows I send you, are part of your woe;
But affliction is ever the proof of my love,
To prepare you for joys that await you above.

“Peace I leave with you!”—you need it below,
When your home is the ocean, and wildest winds blow;
When the summer sun smites you, and winter is drear,
And the friends that have loved you, no longer are near.

“Peace I leave with you!”—you need it below,
Or your heart would soon fail you, and melt like the snow
Pursuing then, faint not—my peace I will give,
No grief shall o'erwhelm you—in death you shall live!
Stone Vicarage, March, 1848.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN,

BY H. B. M.

Look upon yon azure night,
On yon lamp of pearly light;
Not a gale doth wander by,
Trembleth not one star on high!

Only here the nightingale,
Warbling his impassioned tale,
’Mid the hollows of the grove—
Calls unto his listening love:

She, whose ear the call receives,
Scarce, when gliding through the leaves,
Answers while she stealeth near,
“Weep not! weep not! I am here.”

What sweet plaints are those I hear?—
What fond sighs are in mine ear?
When, dear maid, wilt thou agree
Sweetly thus to answer me?

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY J. P.

THE subject of repealing the law of capital punishment has, we are aware, neither the novelty attached to it, nor the attraction of those which the reader is accustomed to peruse in those pages; but it nevertheless involves questions of vital importance to our well being as individuals, and as members of society. We repeat, this is a question of solemn importance to those who have the welfare of their fellow beings at heart, and who are desirous to assist in arresting the progress of crime. It is of no less importance to the criminal himself—with him it involves the question of life or death, of heaven or hell—whether he shall live or die—whether he shall have time and opportunity for repentance, or be suddenly cut off in the midst of his crimes. This is important, although the subject is a felon; it becomes awful when we recollect for a moment that even he has a soul to be saved!

We have, however, drawn together a few facts, proving the inefficiency of hanging as a punishment, and its immoral tendencies on society. But allow us to add another introductory remark; there are some, and we fear many, who oppose the abolition of capital punishment without being able to assign any ground for doing so; they have been told, perhaps from childhood, that the man who slays another deserves to be hung; they have read the Old Testament, and there found, that under the Mosaic dispensation, it was decreed—"that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." They have perhaps mixed with those who reverence old customs merely because of their being old, and heard them laugh at the idea of abolishing the gallows, and accuse those who oppose capital punishment of having a mistaken sympathy for criminals; and having thus been told on all hands, that hanging is necessary, they embrace the belief, as conclusive, and deem a moment's independent examination unnecessary. Now, if the reader is influenced by any such feelings, we would ask him, as a favor, to lay aside his prejudices for a moment or two. We are not so vain as to suppose that what we are about to bring forward will carry immediate conviction to his mind of the truth of our views; but we do flatter ourselves with the hope that they will be the means of suggesting others, which will convince any who give the question

an unprejudiced enquiry, that the abolition of capital punishment is not extravagant and anti-christian, as some of its opponents have asserted, but practicable, christian-like, and humane.

Our reasons for advocating the repeal of capital punishment are these: First,—because we believe that the practice of capital punishment has a tendency to increase crime; secondly,—because it is cruel, and opposed to the spirit of religion; and thirdly,—because imprisonment for life is more just and humane, as a punishment, and may be rendered far more effectual as a preventive to crime.

The first division of our subject, namely, the tendency which capital punishment has to increase crime. This we propose to subdivide into three parts, in the first of which, we shall attempt to show that it is in the nature of all cruel punishments to produce an insensibility to pain; secondly, that the practice of capital punishment has the effect of producing an indifference towards death; and thirdly, that its continuance as a law, at the present day, affords to many a culprit the opportunity to escape from the hands of Justice.

Now in regard to the insensibility to pain which cruel punishments have the effect of producing on society. Experience has clearly shown that the feelings of people are greatly influenced by the laws, under which they are governed; for it has been observed, that in countries remarkable for the leniency of the laws, the inhabitants were as much affected by slight penalties, as in other countries by severer punishments; and again, that in proportion to the cruelty of the laws of a country, is the want both of morality and humanity in the people. As for instance in Spain, where even robbery is punishable by death, yet a robbery is rarely committed there without murder; and in Japan, where the smallest offence is capital, yet, notwithstanding this severity, we find that murders exist there to an extent, perhaps unknown in any other quarter of the globe.* Nor are we without examples, in the History of our own Fatherland, of the demoralizing influence of severe laws; for it is well known that in periods of English History, while the laws were most severely enforced, crime, instead of being checked by the severity, increased to an

* Montesquieu, *Esprit des Loix*, lib. 6, c. 13.—

unusual and alarming extent. Mr. Wade, in remarking upon the disordered state of English society, in the sixteenth century, says: "This, however, did not result from a lenient infliction of criminal punishment; for never were severe laws issued in greater profusion, nor executed more rigorously, and never did the unrelenting hand of Justice prove more *ineffectual*. Harrison assures us that Henry VIII. executed his laws with such severity, 'that 72,000 great and petty thieves, were put to death in his reign.' He adds, that even in Elizabeth's reign, rogues were trussed up apace, and that scarcely a year passed, wherein three or four hundred of them were not devoured, and eaten up, by the gallows."* When we consider that the population of England, at that time, was scarcely five millions, not one third of its present amount, the number of criminals yearly hung appears truly fearful. And yet, in spite of this barbarous severity, we are told by unquestionable authority, that every part of the kingdom was infested by highwaymen and murderers, "who frequently strolled about the country, in bodies of three or four hundred, and attacked with impunity the sheepfolds and dwellings of the people."

Another period of an unusual increase of crime took place in the reign of George II., when people "were not without danger in venturing abroad by night or day, in the very streets of London;" and yet severe and frequent punishments were not wanting; for Fielding says, "cart loads of our fellow creatures were once in every six weeks carried to slaughter."†

The increase of crime, and the disregard for the sacredness of human life, in the examples we have just given, is a natural consequence of the indifference in which it is held by the law. If any kind of physical punishment is intended to inspire fear in others, then the way to do so, would be, to make its enforcement as rare as possible, and it will be found that the fear produced, will be in proportion to its rarity; for the frequent custom of the severest law, will in the course of time, disrobe it of its terror, and make it cease to act as a warning example to others. Go, for instance, to any medical gentleman, and he will tell you that the first wound and amputation he witnessed gave him much mental pain, but as he became accustomed to those sights, this feeling wore off, and he can now view them with comparative indifference. The warrior too, however humane and tender his natural disposition may be, yet after having been accustomed to the carnage of the battle field, the natural sensitive-

ness of his feelings becomes blunted, and he is thus enabled to view death in almost any shape, with the same indifference as the doctor. The case of the individual doctor and soldier becomes equally applicable to the people. Accustom them to the sight of painful operations and they will soon cease to think any thing about the pain; accustom them to capital punishment, and in a like manner, you gradually take away from their minds the terror and fear of death, and you thus lessen the value, and the sacredness of life. So that the gallows will at last cease to act as a warning; and though we again truss up criminals apace, and execute 72,000 in a reign, we shall find that the evil created by our severity, will produce a worse consequence on society, than that which it removed.*

Some of the ancients appear to have been cognizant of this demoralizing tendency, for we find several places in history, where fears were entertained of the safety of a State, from the severity of the laws. Montesquieu observes that it is a constant remark of the Chinese authors, that the more the penal laws were increased, the nearer they drew towards a revolution;‡ and Blackstone, though in favor of capital punishment, furnishes from the History of Rome, a vivid illustration of the injurious effect of severe laws: "The laws," says he, "of the Roman Kings, and the 12 Tables of the Decemviri, were full of "cruel punishments; the Porcian Laws, which "exempted all citizens from the penalty of death, "silently abrogated them all. *In this period the "Republic flourished; under the Emperors, se- "vere punishments were revived, and the Empire "fell."*† Such are some of the evidences, which prove that cruel laws have a pernicious tendency.

And secondly—Proof may now be called for, to show that capital punishment is a cruel law, and that its practice has an immoral effect upon the people. If we show (as we hope to do as we proceed) that it is useless, that it defeats the object it professes to have in view, and that it may be replaced by another, which will effect that object, without any of the injurious consequences which follow the steps of the gallows; if we prove these things, we say, we certainly shall prove, at the same time, that capital punishment is a cruel law. If again evidence is required to prove that it has a depraving tendency, how easy is that obtainable! For that object, we need pay but one visit to an execution. Let us but once watch

* "Linguet speaks thus—'L'administration la plus douce, la meilleure, la plus sage, la plus humaine, est—celle où l'ordre est rétabli aussi promptement qu'il a été enfreint.'" Quoted by Woolrych on Cap. Pun. p. 35.

† Esprit des Loix, Lib. 6, c. 9.

‡ 4 Bl. Com. c. 17.

* Wade, His. of Working Classes.
† Ibid, p. 39.

the rabble that collect together at these scenes; let us but once listen to the obscene ribaldry which issues from their lips on these occasions; let us but once view the moral apathy, the indifference, the callousness, which characterize their whole conduct, and, we think, we shall require no further evidence to convince us that they have a depraving tendency. Yes, it is a fact easy to be proved, that every public execution is a moral curse to society, for there is never one which does not draw together all the rogues and pick-pockets in the neighborhood, who attend with the same zest and excitement as they would any other species of amusement. We have several evidences that it is here the first step to crime has been made; and we very rarely read a report of a capital punishment, which is not followed by an account of three or four robberies, committed at the same time.* Hanging is in fact looked upon by the thief as an excellent opportunity for pilfering, and by some others, as a dramatic performance, and the conduct of the victim is commented upon with the same sang-froid,† as we would an actor on the stage. In most parts of England, persons attend for the purpose of des-

* One instance of this is so remarkable that I cannot omit its details. In the year 1822, a person named John Sechler, was executed at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, for an atrocious murder. The execution was, as usual, witnessed by an immense multitude; and of the salutary effect it had upon their feelings and their morals, we may judge from the following extract, from a newspaper, published in the neighborhood. The material facts which are stated in it, have been since confirmed to me by unquestionable authority: "It has long," says the judicious editor, "been a contriverted point whether public executions, by the parade with which they are conducted, do not operate upon the vicious part of the community more as incitements to, than examples deterring from crime. What has taken place in Lancaster, would lead one to believe that the spectacle of a public execution produces less reformation than a criminal propensity. While an old offence was atoned for, more than a dozen new ones were committed, and some of a capital grade. TWENTY-EIGHT PERSONS were committed to jail, on Friday night, for divers offences, at Lancaster, such as murder, larceny, assault and battery, &c., besides, many gentlemen lost their pocketbooks. 'In the evening, as one Thomas Burns, who was employed as a weaver in the factory, near Lancaster, was going home, he was met by one Wilson, with whom he had some previous misunderstanding, when Wilson drew a knife, and gave him divers stabs in sundry places, which are considered mortal. Wilson was apprehended and committed to jail, and had the same irons put on him which had scarcely been laid off long enough by Sechler to get cold.'

† A letter, in answer to some enquiries I made on the subject, adds to this information, that Wilson was one of the crowd who left his residence expressly to witness the execution."—Livingston's Criminal Code of Louisiana, p. 121.

‡ "Pour la plupart de ceux qui assistent à l'exécution d'un criminel, son supplice n'est qu'un spectacle; pour le petit nombre, c'en est un de pitié mêlé d'indignation. Ces deux sentimens occupent l'âme du spectateur, bien plus que la terreur salutaire, qui est le but de la peine de mort. Mais les peines modérées et continuelles, produisent dans les spectateurs le seul sentiment de la crainte."

"Dans le premier cas, il arrive au spectateur du supplice, la même chose qu'au spectateur d'un drame; et comme l'avare retourne à son coffre, l'homme violent et injuste retourne à ses injustices."—Beccaria, des Délits et des Peines, c. 16, p. 113., Paris, 1822.

cribing the appearance, life, and the dying words of the criminal, which is afterwards printed, and sold in immense numbers. In France, during a period of the revolution, it became fashionable for the condemned to make a *bon mot* upon the event, just as he was about to place himself in the hands of his executioner, and the spectators would hiss or cheer him, according as they admired or disapproved of the joke. In Great Britain, any act of apparent indifference which the poor wretch may display on the scaffold, is received with shouts and cheers by the crowd, and the most important thought which occupies their mind, is, whether he died "pluck." Where, then, can be that efficacy, that warning, which our opponents preach about, as resulting from a view of those barbarous exhibitions? To us they appear in a very opposite light; they seem in our eyes more like incentives to crime; unless terror and fear be construed in the shouts, cheers and pickpocketing, which accompany them. Historians tell us, that the brutalized and degraded state of the Roman people in the latter days of their Empire, was produced by their gladiatorial exhibitions; and ought we not to fear the vicious tendency, which our gladiatorial exhibitions are assuredly producing, in the present day?

Thirdly,—with regard to the opportunity of escaping from the hands of Justice, which this law at present affords the criminal. This is mainly produced by the aversion which many judges and juries have, in the present day, to put it into execution, and the consequence is, that many a murderer is allowed to escape without punishment. The efficacy of laws consists more in the certainty than in the severity of the penalty. When a man knows to a certainty that he will be punished if he infringes a law, he will more likely be deterred from committing it, than when there is hope of escape; and how great is that hope in the present day, with regard to capital punishment. Need we go beyond our own city to seek for examples? Have we not, within the last two or three years, three or four instances where a murderer has been acquitted, evidently from a repugnance towards capital punishment? for as the law at present holds forth no alternative in the penalty, juries have preferred to give an entire acquittal rather than a conviction. In Great Britain, this practice has become a subject of public notoriety. The Crown officers often forbear to produce sufficient evidence to substantiate the prisoner's guilt. Juries, from compassion, often forget their oaths, and upon the slightest ground return a verdict of "Not Guilty;" and the judges will use their influence to lessen the magnitude of the prisoner's crime, or recom-

mend him to the mercy of the Crown; and thus many a murderer escapes from justice, and is allowed to endanger the safety and morals of society through the severity of the law. If some other punishment than that of death were adopted for the crime of murder, this evil would be removed, and the scruples of juries no longer bar the administration of the law. It is somewhat amusing to find that the argument which is so exultingly brought forward by our opponents, as a proof that a leniency in the law of murder will increase crime, goes in fact to prove the very reverse, namely, the doctrine which we are contending for, that is, that leniency in the present case would be a more effectual check, as regards the committal and conviction of the offender. Their argument is this, that as the statistics of those crimes, from which the penalty of death has been abolished, shows an increase since the abolition; that, consequently, if the penalty of death be repealed for the crime of murder, murders will also increase. At first sight, one would be apt to say that their conclusion is just and natural; but we hope to show that it is not so. The conclusion which we would deduce from that fact is this, that while death was affixed as a penalty for those crimes, humane persons were shocked at the severity, and thus forbore to prosecute; but as soon as death was superseded by a more lenient punishment, then prosecutions and convictions became more frequent, because the removal of the penalty of death had also removed the reluctance which was formerly felt by the injured party to prosecute, and the disinclination which juries had to convict. And if the Government were to follow in the same lenient course in the punishment of the crime of murder, life would be safer, instead of being more endangered, and crime more effectually checked, for the murderer would be less likely than at present to escape from punishment—the witnesses would no longer give their evidence with reluctance, and juries would cease to grant their acquittal, as is now too frequently done, in the very face of guilt.

Seeing then the heartlessness of feeling, the depravity of conduct, and the indifference towards death, which capital punishment produces on society, and the opportunities of escape which its continuance as a law affords the criminal, we feel we are sufficiently justified by these facts in asserting that capital punishment *increases* crime!

And now to the second division of this question, namely,—Its cruelty, and opposition to the spirit of the Christian religion. And, first—in regard to the cruelty of this punishment we would urge, that it is not only pernicious but unnecessary; and if so,

we are sure no further argument need be advanced before a christian public to prove that an unnecessary shedding of human blood is cruel. It is unnecessary, because it has been, and may still be, advantageously abolished. We recollect hearing a reverend gentleman state, last winter, in a lecture room, in this city, while speaking in favor of capital punishment—"that the crime of death had in all ages, and all times, been punishable by death." Now we would respectfully beg to differ with him, and we think he will find that there are several instances on record, where punishment by death has been totally abolished, and with triumphant success. Herodotus tells us that Sabaon, King of Egypt, abolished capital punishment during his reign of fifty years, and substituted in its stead stated kinds of labor, which experiment proved highly successful.* He likewise mentions, in commendation of the Persians, that for several reigns they likewise abolished the punishment of death. During the most flourishing period of Rome's history, the Porcian law existed, "which exempted all citizens from death;" and we have a few instances in our own times where it has been abolished, each of which produces a result which gives a direct lie to our opponents, when they so unhesitatingly tell us, that there would be no security for human life if capital punishment was repealed. The first of these is related by Benjamin Franklin and Dr. Rush. Leopold, Duke of Tuscany, soon after the publication of the excellent treatise of the Marquis of Beccaria,† on crimes and punishment, abolished death as punishment for murder. A gentleman who had resided five years in Pisa told Mr. Franklin that only *five* murders had been committed in his dominions for *twenty years* ‡ The same gentleman added, that after his residence in Tuscany, he spent *three months* in Rome, where death is still the punishment of murder, and where executions are conducted, according to Dr. Moore, with peculiar circumstances of public parade. During this short period there were *sixty* murders committed in the precincts of the city. It is remarkable that the manners, principles, and religion, of the inhabitants of Tuscany and Rome are exactly the same. The abolition of death *alone* produced this difference in the *moral character* of the two nations.§ Sir James McIntosh, while Chief Justice of Bombay, abolished capital punishment, and even there among

* Herodotus, Euterpe, Boh. Edition, p. 137.

† It was first published at Milan in 1764.

‡ Upon the subjugation of this country by Napoleon, capital punishment was again introduced through his Code. Recently, it has been again abolished, and the news was received by the Tuscan people with vehement demonstrations of joy.

§ Montagu on Capital Punishment, vol. 1., p. 294.

the ignorant worshippers of Brahma, it produced no injurious consequences; but on the contrary, by the valedictory charge, which this talented and humane gentleman delivered, upon resigning his judgeship, we find that crime had, in consequence, decreased in a period of seven years, during which he had made the experiment, in the proportion of sixteen to forty, when compared with the criminal statistics of the previous seven years. The late Lord Metcalfe, we believe, abolished capital punishment at Delhi, with equal success. Even half civilized Russia abolished punishment by death, and substituted banishment, during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth; and the Empress Catherine inflicted death only for high treason, yet history nevertheless assures us, that Russia was never more prosperous than during their reign. Dr. H. Patterson says, that "Russia still continues the policy of the Empress Elizabeth; and the present Vice-President of the United States,*—himself an ardent supporter of the abolition, and recently United States Minister at St. Petersburg—testifies to its practical advantages, and the unanimous approval of its workings, by the jurists of that country,†"

If capital punishment could be advantageously abolished in those countries, surely it may be in our so-called enlightened and christian country. If the Egyptian, the Russian, and the Hindoo, could be governed without the aid of the gallows, why may not the subjects of Great Britain in the nineteenth century? If not, then we must cede our boasted superiority to them, and acknowledge the civilization of three thousand years ago, as being superior to our own. But we believe in no such groundless theory. We believe we are as far advanced beyond the Russian as he is beyond the savage; and that the brightest day of ancient civilization is insignificant in comparison to ours; and we venture to add, without fear of contradiction, that if, in the cases we have cited, a people could be advantageously governed, notwithstanding the abolition, we may be likewise with ten times the advantage.

Capital punishment is as much opposed to justice as it is to humanity. It is opposed to justice, inasmuch as a fallible tribunal undertakes an infallible act. It is opposed to justice because the wisest mind is liable to err, and we venture to inflict a penalty for which, if unjust, we have neither the power nor the means to afford restitution. It is unjust and cruel, because we are liable, from ignorance, to deprive an innocent man of his life. We need not, we are sure, descant here upon the value of human life, confident that all are

more or less aware of its incalculable value, and therefore we console ourselves with a hope, that the Christian public need but be told of the liability and the frequency of this fatal error, to set aside the scruples which they may have raised in favor of capital punishment, and recommend its immediate abolition. The death of one innocent person is a juster cause to be deplored, than the escape from punishment of *fifty* criminals; but, would it be believed, that within the last *fifty* years, it is ascertained that no less, than *forty-one* innocent persons have been hung! *Forty-one* innocent fellow creatures have been torn from their homes, their families and friends, dragged within the prison walls, and after suffering from the deprivation of everything which endears us to life, after enduring that intense mental agony which such a situation must produce, their sufferings in this world have closed, in being publicly hung from the scaffold! Such a fact ought to appal every breast in which a spark of humanity exists. The blood of the innocent victims of a bloody law rests on the heads of its supporters, and they cry to us from their graves to do away with this cruel and unjust law, which is ineffectual in its object, barbarous in its practice, and immoral in its results.

And secondly, with regard to its opposition to the spirit of the Christian religion. Our opponents feeling the weakness of their cause on all other grounds, now seem to lay their last hope of support on the Bible. How strange it is, that the noblest of all books should so often be used for the worst of objects;—that the Bible, whose principles are so plain, that "he who runs may read," should be so often twisted and perverted; that that Book of books, whose every page preaches unity, brotherhood, and universal love, should, have been quoted by the pitiless Inquisitor as his guide, by the priest as his authority to burn his fellow, and by the soldier, as his warrant to destroy. Finally, it has been held up as the justifier of torture, and the burning of witches, and therefore we need not be surprised, that it is brought forward, in our day, as a witness in favor of the gallows! The passage which is so often, and so exultingly produced, is this:—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;"* and we are told that though delivered under the Mosaic dispensation, it is applicable to the present time. In preference to any opinion of our own, upon this passage, we would submit the remarks of the Rev. William Turner, in a paper read before the Manchester Philosophical Society, in 1785. "I hope," says he, "I shall not offend any one, by taking the liberty to put my own con-

* Mr. Dallas.

† Nineteenth Century, vol. 1, No. 2, p. 263.

* 9 Gen., v. 6, 21 Ex., v. 12.

structions, upon this celebrated passage, and to enquire why it should be deemed a precept at all. To me, I must confess, it appears to contain *nothing more than a declaration* of what will *generally* happen: and in the same view, to stand exactly upon the same ground as the following:— ‘He that leadeth into captivity, shall go into captivity;’ ‘He that taketh up the sword, shall perish by the sword.’ The form of expression is exactly the same in each of those texts. Why, then, may they not all be interpreted in the same manner, and considered, not as commands, but as denunciations? And if so, the magistrate would be no more bound by the text in Genesis, to punish murder with death, than he will, by the text in Revelations, to sell every Guinea captain to our West India Planters.*” Benjamin Franklin took the same view of the passage: “I consider it,” says he, “rather a *prediction* than a law:—as by the natural depravity of man, murder will beget murder.” But if this is actually a command, as our opponents affirm it is, and applicable to us, then they must be guilty of a heinous sin for not *carrying out* the other retaliatory laws, which accompany this passage in the Bible. By their own doctrine they are bound to recommend the principle of “an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; burning for burning; wound for wound; foot for foot;” for these laws were made at the same time; they may be found in the same chapter, and adapted for the same people, and have equally as strong a claim for our observance, as the maxim of “blood for blood.” Would not our feelings revolt at the idea of renewing the practice of burning persons accused of witchcraft? Yet we are told in the 18th verse of the 22nd of Exodus, “Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.” All these laws may have been very applicable to God’s chosen people, four thousand years ago; but we are sure, we should offer an insult to the feelings of the public, to suppose for a moment, that they considered them either intended, or applicable to the present day. But, say our opponents, “the laws relating to witchcraft, and ‘eye for eye,’ &c., were abolished under the Christian dispensation.” If so, then we reply;—so was also the law, which required blood for blood; the dispensation which abolished the one, abolished all; it made no exceptions.

We venture to affirm, that our Saviour, whose every act illustrated the words, “I will not the death of a sinner, but that he shall repent from his wickedness and live;” we say, his every act, and word, and deed upon earth, was opposed

* It will be remembered that the Slave trade existed in the British Colonies, at the time this was written, and Guinea captains then traded eagerly in slaves.

to the principle of blood for blood. But further, if our opponents conscientiously believe, that this passage in Genesis ix. 6., is really obligatory upon us, and support capital punishment on that ground; then let us draw their attention to another chapter in Genesis, where a direct precedent is established by God himself, which, we humbly conceive clearly establishes, that capital punishment is offensive to Him. We are all acquainted with the murder of Abel, by his brother Cain, and as God personally interfered in this case, it will be well, before we come to a conclusion whether or not it is lawful for us to punish murder by death, to first ascertain how He acted thereon. Let us commence with the eighth verse of the fourth chapter of Genesis:—

8. And Cain talked with Abel his brother, and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.

9. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother’s keeper?

10. And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother’s blood crieth unto me from the ground.

11. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which has opened her mouth to receive thy brother’s blood from thy hand.

12. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.

13. And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear.

14. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me.

15. And the Lord said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him.

We have here, a clear, and unmistakeable example of what we have been contending for, namely, that it is beyond the power of man, to deprive even a murderer of life. Here is a murder of the most aggravated form. This man Cain, without any cause, slew his kind, innocent brother. As soon as this awful deed was done, God, we find, personally interfered; and what was the course adopted? Did He act upon the principle of “blood for blood?” Did he conceive that Cain’s act of murder merited the punishment of death? No; even God, the giver and creator of life, permitted him to live. Shame, disgrace, and a mark, which excluded him from the society of his fellow men, was the punishment He awarded to him,—and to show still more conclusively, that He disapproved of man taking upon himself to punish a fellow being by death, he makes use of those memorable words: “And the Lord said unto him, whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him *seven-fold*.” God’s conduct here, ought to silence all quibbles, and form an example which all Christian nations are bound to imitate.

The course He followed is susceptible of only

one interpretation; namely, that capital punishment is unjustifiable; for God cannot err, nor swerve from his immutable laws, and if the act of Cain merited death in His eyes, Cain would assuredly have suffered death.—But no, disgrace and banishment are the instruments used, and the man who should dare to take his life is threatened with seven-fold vengeance!

If all this be true, where can be the use or legality of capital punishment? If it be criminal to commit murder, it must be equally unjust to punish by death, when it is proved useless, although sanctioned by man's law. And if we dare, in the face of experience, which proves it to be futile; in the face of humanity, which shudders at its practice; in the face of religion, which denies its legality; if we, in the face of all these, still adhere to this barbarous custom, we shall assuredly entail a wound on society, and oppose the spirit of that Gospel, on which we have pledged our belief, and on which we hope for salvation. If it be true that the exhibitions of these scenes are nothing less than a haunt of the pickpocket, then a public sense of justice should call for its suppression. If it can be proven that they tend to deaden the feelings, and weaken the sensibility of our minds, and create a disregard for life, and an indifference to death; then, humanity demands its abolition. And lastly, if the Bible comes forward with the memorable example of God's treatment of the murderer, Cain, and tells us in unmistakable language, that man has no right, in any way, to take the life of another; then, our own consciences must tell us, that if this be so, by acting in opposition, every victim of the gallows will rise in judgment against us, on that last great day! We feel it to be a solemn duty to ourselves, to our fellow creatures, and to our Maker, to denounce capital punishment, not from that maudlin sensibility, and mistaken humanity, which those whose views we hold upon this subject have been accused of, but upon those broad principles of human feeling, which are implanted in every one worthy the designation of a Christian.

We have now arrived at the third, and last division of our subject, namely, that imprisonment for life, is more just and humane, as a punishment, and may be rendered more effectual, as a preventative to crime, than capital punishment. We would subdivide our grounds for this belief, into three parts: *First*, Because we believe it would be a more effectual check to crime. *Secondly*, Because it is more in accordance with the spirit of religion and humanity. *Thirdly*, Because we conceive it would be unattended with those injurious

results, which are entailed on society by the practice of capital punishments.

And first of all, with regard to the check this substitute would have against crime. It is commonly known that to remove an effect, we must first ascertain and destroy the cause. In looking then for a moment upon the cause of crime, it will be apparent that it springs from the natural depravity of the human heart, but in most cases this depravity is heightened by minor causes, the principal of which are ignorance and sloth. It is foreign to this subject, to make mention of the moral responsibility of the educated classes to instruct the uneducated; we have now only to deal with what may be done towards the repression of crime, by the aid of punishment. An aversion to labour, we have stated to be one of the chief agents of crime. This will be apparent from the following facts. Three fourths of criminals are from the poorest class of society, who have no honest means of maintenance but by labour. Uneducated, ignorant of their duties as responsible beings, (as unfortunately too many of them are,) and averse to labour, they were consequently, necessitated to seek for some method of maintenance, and in those cases, this method is generally pilfering. Crime once commenced, rapidly increases, and the petty thief oftentimes ends in the murderer; most murderers, were once but petty thieves. There are some, we know, who have committed this fearful crime, upon an impulse of the moment; these are exceptions, as a general rule, the case we have described, will we think, be found a correct one. Selecting one of these persons then, it will be just to infer, that, had he been willing to maintain himself by industry, he never would have resorted to thieving, and that, had he not been guilty of thieving, he would never have become a murderer. It is therefore, palpable, that one of the chief causes of his guilt was an aversion to labour. Laziness being the cause, our surest antidote, and best punishment, would be hard work. Labour will be far more dreaded by men of this kind, than death; it would have greater terror in their eyes, and be considered a severer punishment than the gallows. We have read of several instances where criminals condemned to transportation for life, have expressed their preference for the gallows. Nor is this surprising; few of them were brought up as subjects of a civilized country should be; few of them were ever taught in their childhood the distinction between right and wrong; few of them were ever told of that hell which awaits the sinner, or the heaven prepared for the righteous—those who could, and should

have taught them, were perhaps, afar off preaching to Hottentots or the Sandwich Islanders, instead to their own ignorant and misguided countrymen. And in ignorance of those things, most of them continue, until the gaol Chaplain performs his duty, during the few moments which stand between them and death. Have we then cause to wonder, that life has in their eyes but little value, and death no fear? Some have opposed the abolition of capital punishment, on account of the depravity existing among some of the lower classes of society, as well as criminals;—we urge this, as a strong reason for demanding its abolition; because, being too hardened to see its disgrace,—disregarding its pain, and having no fear of death, the gallows cannot have in their eyes, a warning example, and its exhibition thus becomes a cruel, useless mockery.† The victim of this law is hurried on the gallows before a heartless crowd, and, hardened, unrepentant, and heedless, he is hurried before an avenging God! Is this, we would ask, a fit state for a man to die in? No. Then, by every principle of justice, ought we not to let him live? for we have the means in our power to disarm him from further mischief, to substitute labour as a punishment, which has a more fearful example to men of this kind, than death; and at the same time, afford him opportunity for repentance.

And secondly,—That the substitution of imprisonment for life, with solitary confinement, will be more in accordance with humanity and the spirit of religion.

We have shown that capital punishment does not benefit society; we know that it cannot benefit the murdered; and we also know that hanging is no way likely to benefit the murderer. Let us now come to the consideration of the effect which would likely be produced, by allowing him to live until God saw fit to deprive him of life. First of all, it will afford him the opportunity to repent and seek forgiveness from his Maker, so that, when leaving this world, it will not be with a crime-stained soul, and the certain doom of destruction hereafter; but with a heart softened, sins repented for, and, we may add, with every hope of forgiveness. Let us suppose, for instance, a murderer to be confined in prison, kept on the Pentonville system, where he will be separated from bad company, separated from his fellow prisoners, forced to perform a stated amount of labour daily, with a small room set apart for himself, and at certain times the privilege of a visit from the gaol chaplain. It would be natural

* These remarks upon the general depraved state of criminals are intended more for Great Britain than Canada. With regard to the former country, those who are in any way acquainted with the subject, will acknowledge that the picture is not overdrawn.

† The following case (one among many) was stated at a public meeting in Southampton, in England, by Mr. Buxton:—

“An Irishman, found guilty of issuing forged Bank Notes, was executed, and his body delivered to his family. While his widow was lamenting over his corpse, a young man came to her to purchase some forged notes. As soon as she knew his business, forgetting at once both her grief and the cause of it, she raised up the dead body of her husband, and pulled from under it, a parcel of the very paper, for the circulation of which he had forfeited his life. At that moment an alarm was given of the approach of the police; and not, knowing where else to conceal the notes, she thrust them in the mouth of the corpse, and there the officers found them.”—Cited by Mr. Livingston, Criminal Code of Louisiana, p. 121.

to infer, from our knowledge of human nature, that his separation from bad company, and the occupation of his time by hard labour, would have a strong tendency to weaken the evil promptings of his mind; it would be natural to infer that this, added to his solitary confinement, would call forth his hitherto dormant conscience, whose stings would, in this case, have a redoubled force, and bring before his mind's eye, every sinful action of his life. Again, it would be equally natural to infer, that the visits of a clergyman in this state could not fail to be attended with beneficial consequences. We think we may safely claim those inferences as a general rule, and if so, we would ask, if it would not be more creditable to us to use a punishment which would tend to christianize an unfortunate portion of society, than one which adds to its demoralization? Would it not be more consistent with that humanity which we lay claim to, to preserve life, than to destroy it? Would it not show a more Christian-like conduct, to use those means which would afford the criminal a hope for eternity, instead of hurling him there with scarcely a moment's warning? Unless we deny the common principles inherent in every reflective being, we must answer those questions in the affirmative.

Thirdly, and lastly,—As to the injurious consequences which this punishment would remove from society, if allowed to supersede that of death. We believe that this change would remove all evil consequences which are connected with capital punishment. There would be then no opportunity for the dregs of society to glut their eyes upon the suspended criminal; there would be then less opportunity for gangs of pick-pockets to pursue their guilt with comparative safety; our feelings would be no longer shocked by the description of the savage-like insensibility of the criminal, or the reckless indifference of the spectators. Society will become purified, in proportion as impure spectacles are removed; crime will be checked, as its opportunities are lessened, and human life will be more valued and respected by the people, in proportion as it is valued and held sacred by the law. The moment that our statute book declares it beyond their control to punish, by taking away life, from that moment an additional garb of sanctity will be spread around the human form; and in this noble road of humanity and reform, we would be materially elevating the moral standard of society, by thus infusing a strong feeling of interest in each other's “weal or woe;” by thus removing scenes which tend to create and arouse the evil passions of our nature, and calling forth, in a greater degree, the exercise of the mind and reason, which scout at all physical agency in the instruction of man. And last, though not least, we should be drawing a step nearer to that era, when “man shall look upon shame as his scourge, and the severest punishment of a crime, to be the infamy attending it.”

Finally we venture to hope, that the day is not far distant, when the gallows shall cease to exist and when capital punishment shall be among the things which have been.

A R I A .

Bellini.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (one flat) and common time (C). The music begins with a half note B-flat in the treble and a half note B-flat in the bass. The melody in the treble staff features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features similar notation with two staves. The treble staff has a melodic line with some chromaticism, including a sharp sign (F#) indicating a change in pitch. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with steady rhythmic patterns.

The third system shows a more dynamic section of the music. The treble staff has a melodic line that rises in pitch, ending with a fermata. The bass staff has a strong accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is present in the lower right of the system.

The fourth system features a more complex melodic line in the treble staff, with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is visible.

The fifth and final system of the page shows the concluding part of the aria. The treble staff has a melodic line with various accidentals, including flats and sharps. The bass staff provides a final accompaniment. The system ends with a fermata in the treble staff.

pia cere

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a melodic line of eighth notes, followed by a phrase of quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the musical piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with some slurs and accents. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment with various chordal textures.

The third system shows further development of the melodic and accompaniment parts. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment with various chordal textures.

The fourth system features a melodic line in the upper staff with triplets. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment with various chordal textures.

The fifth system features a melodic line in the upper staff with slurs and accents. The lower staff has a dense piano accompaniment with many chords.

The sixth system concludes the piece. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and accents. The lower staff has a dense piano accompaniment with many chords, ending with a final cadence. The page number '8' is visible at the bottom right.

OUR TABLE.

ANGELINA LUXMORE; OR THE LIFE OF A BEAUTY.*

A VERY clever and a very interesting book, full of beautiful passages and beautiful characters; and with a little unintentional caricature. The story is very good, and the actors perfect in their parts. Mr. Luxmore, the husband of a scheming beauty, and father of *the Beauty*, is a very loveable character, though his gentleness being in the extreme, loses some of its grace from the danger of confounding it with tameness and docility. "Poor Eva Morris" is drawn in a masterly style—beautiful and gentle—yet with a spirit shrinking from the dependence she so long endures, only because, without her guidance, the Young Beauty would have been altogether lost. The "Auld Leddy McGrigor" is an exaggeration—we might almost say a caricature—and even that too broad. The author fails dreadfully in the attempt to introduce the dialect of the "North Countree." All the purely Scottish characters indeed, are badly conceived, and badly executed, scarcely, if at all, deserving to be classed among the pictures of "living manners as they rise." Fortunately, however, this is a small portion of the book, and though an unsightly speck, it cannot be said to mar the beauty of the whole. We have read it through with a deep and lively interest, and we consider it among the very best of the fashionable novels which for many days have fallen into our hands. We therefore cordially advise its perusal to all who have leisure to indulge the luxury.

THE CHURCH REVIEW AND ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER.

WE have only room to say of this work, that it will be an invaluable one to all who take an interest in the affairs of the Church of England, in this Province. We understand that copies may in future be found at Mrs. Walton's, in Great St. James Street.

In our January number will appear "A Trip to Walpole Island and Port Sarnia;" including a letter to the author, by an Indian Chief, giving the only true particulars of the fate of Tesumseh, and the place of his interment. The information contained in this letter, bearing the seal of the

* John M'Coy, Great St. James street.

chief, and faithfully interpreted, sets at rest all question as to the actual fate of the renowned warrior, and cannot fail to prove highly interesting to the public.

In our January number will also appear a new story by the author of "Ida Beresford," which at one time we thought would have helped to adorn this the closing number of the year. The large space devoted to the conclusion of "Jane Redgrave," and that occupied by the close of the melancholy but beautiful story of "Jacques Cartier and the Little Indian Girl," will explain the cause of its postponement.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt, from Philadelphia, of a beautiful collection of original "Christian Songs," which we shall refer to more at large on a future occasion.

A "Winter Scene on the Ottawa" will be deemed, we trust, an appropriate picture for the season, when the grim visitor is knocking at our doors, and the snow, falling reluctantly and at intervals, is warning us of the approach of a New Year. We hope the embellishment will be welcome to our readers. We had a Bear Story to accompany it, but the necessity of closing all arrears and promises, has made it necessary to postpone everything subject to our discretion, until 1849.

WE bring, with this number, the tenth year of the Garland to its close, and we take the opportunity to thank the many friends who have supported, through evil and good report, our attempt to maintain with honor a purely Canadian Magazine. The volume now closed, we may remark, is entirely the produce of Canadian talent—scarcely ten pages of matter, selected from other sources, being contained it.

WE have only further to say, that we shall, in future, endeavor to surpass the past, and that our exertions will be, as hitherto, solely directed to the cultivation and improvement of the literary taste of the Province, and to the publication of a Magazine, which will afford pleasure and gratification to its readers.

