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THE PEARL-FISHER:

A TALE OF THE BUCCANEERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMMANUEL GONZALEZ.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

LII.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

JOACHIM was in despair at not having been able to speak to Donna Carmen. All his thoughts were concentrated in her, and a pang shot through his heart whenever he remembered that death was about to separate them. Even the endeavours of his uncle to rouse and cheer him, seemed irksome to him.

"The son of Bernard de Cossé ought to await his doom with calmness," said the Leopard to him at last.

"If I might have seen and spoken to her once more," replied Joachim. "I could have met death without quailing in the slightest. But her image is constantly before me; my thoughts are constantly occupied with her. Yes! this noble, generous girl, is the sole passion of my life. The air is not more necessary to my lungs, than the recollection of her is to my heart."

"Come, Joachim!" urged the Leopard; "meet your fate with the fortitude becoming a brave buccaneer!"

"Alas! my uncle!" replied the young man, with a melancholy smile; "this prison contains only the most miserable part of myself; all that is active and vigorous of my mind, wanders, spite of itself, around that charming countenance, pale with suffering and sorrow—those eyes which have shed their pearly tears over me—that mouth, whose sweet words have poured such consolation o'er my heart, under all the harshness of poor Michel le Basque. Oh! when I think that I shall never see her more, that my heart shall soon cease to beat for her, it seems to me almost as if such thoughts inspired me with the fear of death."

"Unhappy boy! darest thou to speak thus before me?" said the Leopard, sternly.

"Oh! fear nothing, uncle!" continued Joachim, sadly. "It is not Donna Carmen who will make me a coward—she for whose sake I would have marched through a city in flames. But at times I cannot help believing that I am not yet to die; even the last malignant words of Fray Eusebio sounded in my ears like a prediction of good fortune."

"You had better take some repose, my lad!" replied the buccaneer, gently. "Sleep will calm the agitation of mind which now troubles thee."

"Yes! I am agitated," returned Joachim; "for I expect and hope—what? I know not. Life, liberty, Carmen—all these, perchance! Oh! my brain reels; I nu—I must be mad!"

And the unhappy young man burst into a loud, wild laugh.

"The heat is intolerable here," said the Leopard, remarking with uneasiness the thick sweat that rained down from his nephew's forehead.

"Ah!" exclaimed the latter, as he went to catch a breath of fresh air at the small cross-barred window; "how torturing is such confinement, when doubt and hope have found their way into the heart! The blood rushes through my veins like fire. My mouth is parched with thirst!"

"I have still something in my gourd, Joachim!" said the buccaneer, his countenance suddenly lighted up.

Whilst Joachim, absorbed in reverie, was gazing through the grating, the Leopard hastily poured into the gourd a few drops from the silver flask he had received from Carmen, and then held it towards him with a trembling hand. The buccaneer shuddered as the young man raised it to his lips. Perhaps he had in his haste poured out too much of the opium, and the draught might be fatal; but it was now too late to remedy it, and he awaited the event with anxiety.

In a short time Joachim lay in a deep sleep, in a dark corner of the chamber.

The Leopard kissed the pale but calm forehead of the young man, with the affection of a father, and anxiously watched his heavy, but regular breathing. He knew not yet if he had slain or saved him, but he felt now much more confident of his own ultimate escape.

About an hour afterwards the churlish cry of the jailor rang through the grated door.

"Come, pirates, come! Up with ye, and march forth!"

The Leopard looked to Joachim with alarm; but his slumbers remained unbroken.

"Numbers Six and Eight!" continued the jailor, "it is your turn to-day!"

A cold sweat covered the forehead of the Leopard. Number Eight had already quitted the chamber.

"Number Six!" repeated the jailor, impatiently. "Must we come to seek you, my fine fellow?"

Joachim murmured in his dreams the name of Carmen, a happy smile passing over his features.

"Carmen, still Carmen!" exclaimed the Leopard. "He loves but her—he dreams of her alone. But the Spaniards want two victims, and they shall have them."

He took the Catalan bonnet of Joachim, which bore the number 6, leaving him his own, which was inscribed with the figure 9. He then imprinted a last kiss on the cheek of his sleeping nephew, wrung the hands of Pitrius and Jean David, the remaining buccaneers, who understood and appreciated his generous devotion, and then joined the impatient jailor.

"Should I meet my brother Bernard," he said to himself, "he shall have nothing to reproach me with. I have given my life for his son, as I would have given it for himself."

Ere they were conducted forth towards the place of punishment, he emptied, along with his companion, the flask given him by Donna Carmen, and its rapid and fatal effects were apparent in a few minutes. Nothing was left for the vengeance of the Spaniards but two lifeless corpses; and in place of stringing the two adventurers to the gibbet, they were obliged to cast them, beside their own dead, on one of the death-waggons we have previously described.

The pestilence continued to rage with increasing fury, although some alleged poisoners had been immolated by the people. Distrust and dread were visible in every countenance. The physicians proposed to establish a *lazaretto* for the plague-struck, but the Bishop of San Fernando had ordered fasts and processions, and the citizens preferred the latter means of safety.

No sound of mirth or gladness had been heard for some days in the streets. No young cavaliers were seen walking along displaying their gay attire; no mendicants imploring charity at the corners of the squares; no labourers at work, humming a popular air; no laughing girls standing at the doors of the now silent houses. San Fernando seemed changed to a vast hospital. The silence was only interrupted at intervals, by the melancholy toll of the death-bells, the groans of the dying, the shrieks of the mourners, the rude outcries of the yellow alguazils, and the creaking and rumbling of their fatal waggons.

All that the physicians could obtain, by way of precaution, was the shutting up of those houses, the inhabitants of which were infected with the pestilence. A cross of red chalk pointed out, to the yellow alguazils, where a corpse awaited their final ministry.

The sudden death of the Leopard and his companion had the effect of turning the suspicion of the multitude upon the buccaneers. According to some, the pirates were all infected with an epidemic fever, sent by Heaven as a punishment for their crimes. But, according to the general opinion, the Brethren of the Coast had introduced themselves secretly into the town, besmeared the walls of the houses and churches with poisonous ointments, and tainted the fountains with deleterious drugs. To believe these parties, the very air of the city had been by them impregnated with death. The popular terror touched upon madness.

The governor, Don Cristoval de Figuera, determined to profit by this frenzy in give more importance to the execution of the three last adventurers, making of it a grand spectacle to amuse the populace, and thus assuage their fury.

LIII.

THE PEST.

On the following evening, when the hour of execution drew near, the town was decked as for a festival. The balconies were illuminated with lamps and torches; the terraces laden with dwarf oranges and citrons; the walls covered with green branches, splendid tapestries, and gold-embroidered stuffs. The families of noble descent displayed their coats of arms; the wealthy exhibited their household treasures. To see the eager looks of the faces that crowded the windows, to mark the rich costumes of silk, satin and velvet, the jewels sparkling on the fingers of the ladies, and the splendid carcanets round their necks, who would not have deemed them a happy, contented people? who would have thought that deadly fear

lurked at the bottom of each heart? None, perhaps, but those who had remarked, here and there, dark, gloomy houses, breaking in upon the brilliant line of illumination; or seen, at the windows of such mansions, pale, sickly faces regarding the bustling crowd with the sullen look of despair, or engaged in prayer, their eyes fixed on the church spires that rose in the blue atmosphere like needles of gold.

Along the street, marched in double file, the fraternities of monks, with their banners and various costumes; the penitents, with their eyes glistening through their black silk masks; the priests and friars chanting penitential psalms: whilst the bells, with measured toll, mingled their sonorous voice with the solemn hymn. In the midst of this strange scene, a heavy black waggon rolled along, in which sat Joachim, between Pitrans and Jean David.

When the young man awoke, on the morning of that day, from his long slumber, he sought in vain for his uncle, till at length his urgent enquiries drew from his companions the fate, as far as they knew it, of the heroic buccanneer.

"He has taken my place, because he thought I feared to die," he cried, in bitter grief. "Ah! I ought to have foreseen and guarded against this. But it matters little," he added, with an expression of gloomy joy; "I shall follow him to-day!"

He now sat in the waggon, smiling with disdain on the Spaniards around him, who were more pallid and frightened by their own suspicions, than were the prisoners by the certain death to which they were now carried. Joachim endeavoured, but in vain, to catch a glance of commiseration from the female spectators of their route. Under each black mask he fancied to himself the beloved countenance of Donna Carmen. He watched the crowd of penitents for a passing glance, an involuntary gesture, any of these mute signs which go direct to the heart of one being, and are invisible to all the world besides. But alas! all around him were menacing and rancorous. Amidst these grave and plaintive voices that rose in mingled harmony, he could not trace that well-known voice, which, with the instinct of love, he could have told at once. On the contrary, he was soon roused from this state of sweet abstraction, by the hooting and insults which the mob showered on his companions and himself.

The slow progress of the waggon was here even slower than before, owing to a rise in the street at that place. The surrounding crowd, seeing the eyes of Joachim wander from balcony to balcony in search of the one loved form, thought him dazzled by the riches displayed there in such

profusion, and assailed him with jibes and jeers.

"Aye, pirates!" cried a young girl, with a tattered muslin scarf wound round her head; "if your hands itch for booty, there is enough and to spare! Help yourselves, friends!"

"Accursed heretics!" howled an old fury; "you see that we have still, in spite of your robberies, enough to buy halters for your whole brotherhood."

"Hola! friends!" shouted an *aguador*, or water-carrier; "you will find in the square of San Lsidro one of your old acquaintances."

"Her high and potent ladyship, Madam Gallops!" added another, amid the cheers and laughter of the crowd.

"But look how wan and ghastly these robbers are!" observed the young girl with the scarf.

"They are afraid!" replied the *aguador*; "we shall have them weep next. But see, comrades! the oldest one there is surely drunk. Look how his head rolls as if he could scarcely keep it on his shoulders!"

In fact, the prisoners were horribly shaken by the clumsy waggon, whose speed was again necessitated. The unhappy men could with difficulty preserve the calmness they had hitherto shown, and Pitrans was attacked by so severe a pain in the head, that he could not forbear exclaiming, in a low tone:

"Infernal torture!"

Suddenly Joachim perceived a motionless female figure in a balcony, unadorned and unillumined. His pulse stopped for a moment, and then rushed on with feverish speed; it was Donna Carmen. He raised himself upright by a violent effort, and saluting her with a gesture full of mournful grace, he said, in a firm and solemn tone:

"May you be happy! may you be happy!"

The young Spaniard pointed to the close-shut door of the mansion, and replied, with a melancholy smile:

"There will soon be a red cross there!"

The noise of the mob had been hushed, in the expectation of finding in this scene, some new food for its cruel enjoyment, and of hearing some insulting railery fall upon the adventurer. But understanding nothing of what passed, they broke in upon the interview with renewed cries and shouts.

Fray Eusebio, who was walking beside the waggon, in the hope of feasting his eyes on the misery of the young man, now pointed maliciously to the dark prison-like building.

"Donna Carmen shall never issue from thence alive," he said; "bear that in mind!"

The young man turned away his head without reply, and the monk made a signal to the con-

ductors to hasten the speed of the waggon, which seemed every moment on the point of being overturned by the rude jolts it received.

"Oh! how I suffer!" murmured Pitrians, slowly turning his blood-shot eyes towards Joachim.

"Courage, comrade, courage!" replied the latter. "Let not these wretches triumph by seeing you tremble now!"

"Die as you have lived, without fear," added Jean David.

But when the waggon stopped at the place of execution, in the square of San Isidro, and Pitrians was called on to descend from it, he tottered as he endeavoured to rise, and fell back with a violent shudder.

"Oh! the old pirate!" cried a voice, "how terrified he is!"

"Yet he has slain enough of Spaniards without the least show of pity," said another. "He did not tremble then!"

"You will see we shall have to carry him to the scaffold," added a third.

"Drink! give me something to drink!" stammered the prisoner.

"Untie the cord that binds his hands," said a female voice; "he has not the strength now to crush a fly."

"Drink! drink!" repeated the adventurer, in a choking voice.

"Courage, Pitrians!" urged Joachim. "A few minutes more, and all will be over. Up—up with thee, man!"

"I cannot—I cannot," he faintly murmured. "I feel like a weight of lead on all my limbs—a dim cloud gathering over my eyes. Give me to drink, for mercy's sake!"

"Coward! coward!" shouted the crowd, which was now gathered closely around the waggon.

At this insulting cry the buccancer opened with difficulty his glazing eyes. He slowly rose, and endeavoured to support himself on his trembling limbs. He then made a step towards the still jeering mob; but it was his last effort. He stretched out his arms and fell heavily back, exclaiming, in almost inaudible tones:—"Help me, Montbars!"

A mocking laugh burst from the by-standers. "The pirate will kill no more Spaniards!" cried the *aguador*.

"Terror has killed him," added one of the escort of the *lanceros*.

Fray Eusebio bent with a triumphant smile over the lifeless form of Pitrians, and shook him rudely by the arm. But he suddenly started back, with a face full of the utmost consternation.

"It is not terror!" he exclaimed, breathlessly; "it is the yellow fever!"

LIV.
L'OLONNAIS.

It was the first time since the commencement of the pest, that this name had been pronounced. All the Spaniards of Hispaniola knew, by report and tradition, of this frightful disease, the twin-sister of the *vaxito prieto*, which had so cruelly ravaged Brazil and Chili for many years, and had recently appeared in Barbadoes and Martinique.

All therefore recoiled in terror, the fatal word passing in whispered accents from one end of the procession to the other. The torches fell from the trembling hands of the penitents; the chant suddenly ceased; the circle round the waggon gradually widened. None dared to face the yellow fever, that invisible assassin that never warned before it struck, which, they conceived, instilled its deadly poison in the breath, the clasp of hands, or the contact of garments. The people seemed paralyzed. A word had sufficed to isolate every heart; each feared his neighbour as the agent of infection, and drew back as from his bitterest enemy. The mournful sound of the still-tolling bells increased the universal terror, and the crowd melted silently away.

"Fray Eusebio!" said the governor, Don Cristoval, sternly; "you were wrong to make such a revelation so publicly. We must proceed with these pirates. Resume the hymn for the dying," he added, turning to the priests; "Fray Eusebio may be mistaken."

"No! no!" replied the still terrified monk. "See, my lord! the face of the adventurer is tinged with a deep yellow."

"Why incur needless danger?" interposed the prior of one of the convents.

"The yellow fever is communicated with the utmost rapidity, my lord!" urged the physician of Don Cristoval, who stood beside him.

Without waiting for the governor's reply, the priors hastily retired, followed by their monks, to their several convents; the different fraternities had already disappeared, and the penitents and the rest of the people had fled, almost on the first alarm. None remained in the square besides Don Cristoval, Fray Eusebio, and the company of *lanceros* that escorted the former, except a few ill-clad men scattered here and there, who gradually drew nearer the waggon.

At the order of the governor, the *lanceros* advanced, although with much hesitation, towards the prisoners, with the intention of conducting Joachim and Jean David to the scaffold.

"Come, my bold fellows! do your duty quick-

ly!" cried the latter, with a smile; "otherwise I will escape your clutches as Pitrians has already done."

The soldiers paused, and the buccaneer continued:

"I am spared the shame of your gibbet. The rushing blood swells mine eyes and rings in mine ears. The yellow fever has again seized its prey. Draw near, brave *lanceros*! that even my death may be fatal to the hated Spaniards. Come! the yellow fever waits no one's leisure."

The soldiers looked at each other, hesitating and trembling before the feeble, dying prisoner. As he gradually yielded to the attacks of the swift disease, they drew further and further away from the infected waggon. At length, when they saw the blood gush in dark jets from his mouth and nostrils, they fled panic-struck, leaving Joachim bound in the waggon between his two lifeless companions. The governor and Fray Eusebio were left almost alone in the square.

"These mendicants will perhaps be more daring than those cowards!" cried the former, as the ragged-looking men we have mentioned drew around them. "They may assist me to fulfil my duty."

"Fly! my lord!" answered the monk, catching a glimpse of the countenance of one of the strangers. "These are Brethren of the Coast, who have entered the town during the excitement, disguised in these tatters."

It was as Fray Eusebio said, and before he or the surprised governor could make a movement, they were surrounded, seized and bound by the adventurers.

Joachim thought himself already free, and only felt his bondage when he endeavoured to leap from the waggon.

"Help, help, brethren!" he cried; "help, brave Olonnais!"

For in the leader of the troop he, as well as Fray Eusebio, had recognized that chief.

But for the first time terror had found its way into the bosom of the adventurers. They looked to the pest-stricken victims beside him, and none dared to make a step towards the fatal waggon.

"What keeps you, my brethren?" exclaimed Joachim, in surprise.

"The yellow fever," answered L'Olonnais, with hesitation, "is not an enemy that one can meet with the arms and the courage of a man."

"Are you afraid?" asked the young man, in the bitter anguish of hope suddenly raised and as suddenly quenched.

"Hark ye, Montbars!" continued L'Olonnais; "we came not to San Fernando to deliver thee, but to save our other companions. For this we

have come too late, for thou, we learn, art the last. As for thee—Didst thou not forsake thy service, when thou wert the attendant of Michel le Basque?"

"I deny it not," replied Joachim.

"Thou hast then violated our statutes," resumed the sibiustier, "and forfeited all claim to our aid. We are not bound to peril our lives on thy behalf."

"Even they abandon me!" murmured the unhappy man, his head falling despondingly on his bosom.

The adventurers gathered together, and with a last hesitating look of compassion at the waggon, prepared to depart. Suddenly a new idea struck Joachim, and he quickly raised his head.

"Stay, master!" he cried to L'Olonnais. "Grant me a last boon, in recompense of any service I may have rendered you!"

"Speak your wish!" replied the sibiustier.

"In the street of San Isidro," continued Montbars, "about ten doors from the square, you will see a large stone house, carefully shut up. Within that house they have enclosed, as in a tomb, a living, breathing woman. Oh! is it not horrible to take such revenge on a woman, young, fair and innocent? Promise me to open that door, to restore that poor girl to air, liberty and life!"

"Thy desire shall be accomplished. Farewell, brother!" returned L'Olonnais, with emotion; and the Brethren of the Coast slowly departed, almost ashamed of their weakness, but governed, in spite of themselves, by the irresistible dread of the pestilence.

As they passed along, they looked without desire on the rich stuffs hang upon the walls, the precious vases and other valuable objects still left on the deserted balconies; they dared not touch a single one of all the articles of luxury scattered throughout the now silent streets, which resembled those of the enchanted cities of the Arabian Tales. When they arrived opposite the house indicated by Joachim, they paused, and a few blows of their boarding-axes soon gave them entrance.

Donna Carmen had remained, statue-like, in the same position as when the procession passed before her. Roused by the noise this forcible entrance caused, and seeing the wild tattered figures grouped round the door, she supposed that Fray Eusebio had at last denounced her as the murderer of his brother, and that they had come to lead her to her doom. An involuntary shudder ran through her frame at this thought; but gathering resolution, she boldly descended the stairs, and advanced to meet the strangers.

"Joachim thought to save her," said the monk to himself, as he saw her appear, "but I may

destroy her still. *Senorita*, listen to me!" he added aloud, with a dark smile, which went to the heart of poor *Carmen*, as she caught it by the dim blaze of the torches.

"Ah! *Joachim* is dead!" she cried, "since you smile thus!"

"No!" replied the monk; "he is alive, *Donna Carmen*! but he is still a condemned prisoner, bound on the chariot of death, in the square of *San Isidro*."

"Hush, babbler!" cried one of the adventurers; "or this staff shall teach thee silence!"

"On! on!" exclaimed *L'Olonnais*, "every moment we remain in this pest-stricken city may be fatal to us."

The party resumed their march, and *Fray Eusebio* could only add: "You alone, *Senorita*, have the power and courage to save him."

As they moved away, he saw *Carmen* proceed towards the square, as rapidly as her weak limbs could convey her, and he murmured, with a fiendish smile:

"Yes! my brother, *Don Ramon*, shall be revenged—revenged on both; for she will perish by him and with him!"

LV.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

DONNA CARMEN meantime advanced through the deserted streets, pale and trembling, towards the place of execution. She remained for a moment struck with astonishment at the singular spectacle presented by the square, illuminated as it was by the glare of the still burning torches, yet deserted and silent as the grave, save that the solemn toll of the bells fell heavily and unceasingly on the ear. When she saw, by the fitful light, *Joachim* bound to the waggon, the only living creature in that vast square, so lately filled with the crowd that pressed to see him die, she could scarcely believe it aught else but the mockery of a dream.

"Can *Fray Eusebio* really have told me the truth!" she murmured, as she paused within ten paces of the waggon. "Can he really have escaped the doom for which they destined him! *Joachim*! *Joachim*!" she exclaimed aloud.

"Who calls that unhappy man?" cried the prisoner, painfully raising his head.

"Do you not know me, *Joachim*?" she cried, with transport, stretching out her arms towards him.

"*Donna Carmen* here!" he exclaimed; "snatched still living from her sepulchre! A thousand blessings on you, my brave companions! you have fulfilled your promise."

"And as soon as free," she replied, "I have come to you, *Joachim*!"

"You have not then forgot me, *Donna Carmen*!" returned he, in a voice full of sweet emotion. "But stay!" he added, as she drew nearer; "advance not! approach not this fatal waggon!"

"Why so?" answered *Carmen*; "shall I live, and leave you to die? Could you think me capable of so doing?"

"Ah! but you know not the events of the last hour," returned the adventurer; "you know not that these two men, my brethren, have been stricken by the yellow fever—that I singly have instilled mortal terror into the hearts of all the Spaniards of *San Fernando*. Oh! fly, *Donna Carmen*, fly! for my face shall soon be as horribly livid as those of my companions; I feel already a cold sweat bathing my forehead."

Donna Carmen approached still nearer. She shuddered at sight of the corpses of *Pitrius* and *Jean David*, but the force of affection overcame this instinctive terror.

"*Joachim*!" she calmly said; "what did you love in me? Were I no longer fair—should suffering bedim mine eyes, and furrow my countenance, would you abandon me? Would you love only the happy and smiling girl?"

"Can you really ask it, *Carmen*?" cried the young man. "To me, you are life itself. It is not *Donna Carmen de Zurates* that I love, but you. Were you a queen, I would dare to love you; were you the lowliest peasant girl, it would be the same. A love like this, is a continual aspiration after all that is noble, and great, and beautiful. When I examine my thoughts, I find but your image on my heart, and your name on my lips. This hour, fatal as it may prove to me, is the happiest of my life, since I dare unfold to you the secrets of my inmost heart. It is like a ray of the sun piercing the dungeon where the long-pent prisoner is gradually languishing away. Let death come now when he may; better to die thus, than pine away in hopeless separation from you."

Donna Carmen, without reply, advanced to the waggon, and placed upon it her wan and slender hand.

"But the death I spoke of was not for you," pursued *Joachim*, with eager haste. "I wish not to wind you in my shroud, like the miser that hides his treasure in the tomb; I love you not with so base and selfish an affection. Could I with indifference see you suffer through me—me, who would yield my life to spare you a tear or a sigh? Could you condemn me to the torture of seeing those bright eyes grow dim, those exquisite features contracted with pain, that lovely form shaken by the convulsions of the yellow fe-

ver? No! no! Avoid this spot, I beseech you, Carmen! Quick! ere it be too late; for I already feel dark shades passing over mine eyes."

"You suffer, then!" exclaimed Carmen.

And, mounting the waggon with an effort, she placed her trembling hand on the bound wrists of the prisoner. As she did so, she felt a burning tear fall upon it, and with much emotion she continued:

"Joachim! the courage of a woman may quail before the gleam of steel, or the flash of firearms; she cannot prevent her blood freezing, her face growing pallid, her eyes closing in terror. But sometimes, where the courage of the most resolute man recoils, her soul is firm and undaunted. Joachim! my pride has wronged you much; but I now expiate my fault; we shall live or die together!"

"Alas!" said the young adventurer, mournfully; "why will you perish by me? I would else have died so happily in the sweet knowledge of your love."

The young Spaniard smiled.

"Ah! that angelic smile will soon vanish in mortal pain and anguish," added Joachim, despairingly. "Oh! my hands are heavy as lead, and cold—cold as death."

Donna Carmen set herself eagerly to untie and break with her delicate fingers, the cords whose tight pressure had so swollen the hands of the adventurer. Then, kneeling before him, she undid those which were tied round his feet.

"Now that you are free, Joachim!" she said, proudly, yet affectionately, as she rose to her feet, "embrace your wife! for, before Heaven I swear that I will never have other sponse than thee!"

The young man looked to her with an air of doubt and hesitation, not daring to believe the transporting declaration; but ere the deep blush that crimsoned her cheeks had died away, it was recalled by the passionate ecstasy with which he clasped her to his heart.

"I am too happy now to die!" he exclaimed, as their souls mingled in that first embrace.

"If happiness has restored you sufficient strength," she replied, "we shall soon be far from this fatal spot. Gongora, our old boatman, has become, since he escaped at the pillage of Rancherin, one of the principal fishermen at San Fernando. He is thoroughly devoted to me, and his barque will transport us in a few hours to the Hatto where first you learned to love me, Joachim!"

An hour afterwards, they were on the sea, and the adventurer had recovered sufficiently to aid Gongora in managing the barque. A favouring breeze brought them, ere next morn, to Rancheria; and there, where their misfortunes had com-

menced, were they also destined to come to an end.

LVI.

THE CLOSE.

Six months had elapsed since the events recorded in the last chapter, when, one afternoon towards sunset, Donna Carmen, attended by a few negroes, awaited the return of Joachim from the chase, in the open glade where they had first seen the Leopard. In the centre of this clearing, on the spot then occupied by the *boucan* of the adventurer, two tombs had been raised, which contained the mortal remains of Melchior Requiem and of Margaret the Seigneuresse.

Carmen listened anxiously to the varying sounds that rose from the forest, and at times sent some of her attendants to watch the coming of her husband. At length the merry sound of a hunting horn was borne to her ears on the breeze, and a bright smile lighted up her features. The sound approached, but she had time to assume a calmer demeanour ere Joachim de Cossé, clad in a rich hunting-dress, entered the clearing, followed by half-a-dozen huntsmen, and a pack of dogs.

"Thou here, Carmen, at this hour!" he cried, with surprise.

"I was uneasy at thy long stay," she replied, with a look of affection; "and I came to await thee here, knowing that every day thou passest a few minutes in this glade."

"Art thou jealous of the dead, dear girl?" he asked, with a melancholy smile. "I am indeed later than usual," he continued, more cheerfully. "I thought I heard in the forest the shout of the buccaneers, and an involuntary curiosity drew me in search of them."

"Ah! thou hast not forgotten thy life of wild adventure," rejoined Carmen. "Thou wouldst see again thine old friends of Porto de la Paen."

Before Joachim could reply, a mournful cry was heard close at hand; and as all stood listening in surprise, a wain and menagre figure, in the dress of a buccaneer's attendant, rushed into the clearing and threw himself breathless at their feet.

"Help! help!" he gasped; "have pity on me, good strangers! I am a Spaniard—save me from the pirates!"

Joachim and Carmen regarded him at first with looks of compassion, but suddenly both started back with an appearance of aversion.

"Fray Eusebio Carral!" exclaimed Joachim.

At this name the wretched man lifted his eyes, and an expression of surpris and of hatred passed over his features, as in his turn he recog-

nised the young couple, and marked the air of happiness imprinted on their countenances.

At this moment a buccaneer, around whom bounded a number of *brachs* and other dogs, advanced boldly into the clearing, without heeding the presence of the other party.

"Lazy vagabond!" he exclaimed, as he raised his thick lash over the shrinking wretch.

"For what do you chastise this unhappy man?" asked Joachim.

"The fellow is too proud for his work," replied the buccaneer, roughly, without even looking at his querist. "He forgets that he is the attendant of a buccaneer, and would fain resume his idle trade of monk. I have endeavoured, but as yet in vain, to get him into better training!"

"I see that L'Olonnais is still the same," said Joachim, holding out his hand to the buccaneer.

The latter fixed his eyes in astonishment on his former companion.

"Joachim Montbars!" he exclaimed, grasping the proffered hand. "Is it possible? Is it really you whom I find in this brilliant costume?"

Then, looking to Donna Carmen, who met his glance with a mingled blush and smile, he continued:

"Ah! I see that a woman has had more courage than all the Brethren of the Coast. Well! I congratulate you, Joachim! yet without envying you. I would rather remain a free adventurer, rich to-day, poor to-morrow, and the next day wealthy again. Of what use are plasters in the pocket of a dead man?—and our lives are perilled every day. But the sun is down, and our *bon-car* is at some little distance. Adieu, Joachim! In spite of change we remain friends."

"And this poor wretch?" said Carmen, as Joachim and L'Olonnais again clasped each other's hands.

"He!" replied the buccaneer, rudely raising the monk to his feet; "he may bid adieu forever to Rancheria. He will die an attendant, for he will never be worthy of becoming a free buccaneer."

And, driving the unfortunate Fray Eusebio before him, he plunged, with his train of dogs, into the depths of the forest.

"Do you still regret that wandering life, Joachim?" asked Donna Carmen, catching his half-suppressed sigh as his old companion disappeared.

"Art thou not the universe to me?" replied the young man, tenderly. "Our union has been purchased by the destruction of all we love. But my parents, at least, are avenged, since this monk, whose hatred pursued them, and us through

them, with such fury, is so cruelly punished in his present lot, and above all, dearest Carmen! in the sight of our mutual happiness."

Thus affectionately discoursing, the wedded lovers slowly proceeded towards the Hatto, whilst the golden stars, emerging from the twilight, shone brightly down upon them from the blue sky above.

NATURE'S WHISPERS.

BY G. S. WYNN.

Oh! when the heart sinks chill and lonely,
Call soothing Nature to thy side,
And let her gentle whispers only
Thy wilful gloom and sadness chide.

Soft, blissful tears the spring-tide shakes
With emerald hand from portals shewn;
And laughing then glad earth awakes,
As iron winter ne'er had been;

And buds again the branch that late
Shook in the blast a stricken spray:
And streams dance down their course elate,
Though chain'd their tide but yesterday.

The waning sun now seeks the west,
Said from a day of gloom and sorrow—
Those streaks that show his bed of rest
Tell of a bright and joyous morrow.

The brooklet's wandering arms are stay'd
And darken'd by the envious willow,
But soon a shadeless path is made
To, leaping, clasp the ocean's billow.

Each rankled turf, that on the lea
Sank 'neath December's scythe, and perish'd,
Waits but green April's infancy,
To show the buds its shroud had cherish'd.

Where moulders lone the ruin'd keep,
The balmy wall-flower's breath is shed,
To bid the grave-wrung tears we weep
Be soothing fragrance o'er the dead!

'Neath curtain-clouds the queen of night
A moment veils her silver brow,
Then darting sheds a spell of light
To clothe the world, but darkness now.

No mist that shrouds the morning hills,
No hoar-frost wreath the wild buds leaven,
No dewy rear night's eye distills,
But lies the noon-day glance of heaven.

So, when thy heart sinks chill and lonely,
Call soothing Nature to thy side,
And let her gentle whispers only
Thy wilful gloom and sadness chide.

THE GIRL'S CHOICE.*

BY E. M. M.

—Reputation?—that's man's idol,
Set up 'gainst God, the Maker of all laws,
Who hath commanded us we should not kill,
And yet we say we must—for reputation I
What honest man can either fear his own
Or else will hurt another's reputation?
Fear to do base, unworthy things is valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too.

BEN JONSON.

On leaving his own house Captain Warburton proceeded rapidly towards the barracks. The rain was pouring in torrents and the night pitchy dark, but he knew the road well, and half an hour brought him to the gate. On answering the demand of "Who goes there?" from the sentry, he was admitted, when he ran across the square, and entering the passage, he rushed up a flight of stairs, pausing for an instant before a closed door.

"No, no, I cannot be mistaken!" he muttered between his firmly set teeth. "What could bring him so often to my house with notes and books? Why have I seen him hanging fondly over the child when in her arms, and so attentive to her upon all occasions? The hypocritical villain, with his pretended sanctity! He is going away on leave to-morrow, and went to bid her farewell, knowing I would be absent. And she who I thought an angel, whose apparent purity was the only check to my follies—she to deceive me!"

And with a fearful oath he now burst open the door and entered the room of Captain Beauchamp, who he found still sitting up in his dressing-gown with his Bible spread open before him on the table, over which letters and papers were carelessly thrown. He started round at the noise, and gazing in astonishment on the frantic young man, demanded the cause of his unaccountable visit:

"I am here for revenge," he furiously replied. "You have wronged me in the tenderest point, and one or both shall fall this hour!" and he threw his pistols on the table.

"Warburton! what means this strange conduct?" returned Captain Beauchamp, rising and confronting him, while his cheek became deadly pale from emotion. "You are surely deranged, or else have been drinking."

These words inflamed the passion of Captain Warburton, who in terms the most violent, accused him of deceit—of having robbed him of the affections of his wife, and of having visited her that evening in his absence, clothing his accusations in language highly offensive and improper.

Captain Beauchamp proudly drew himself up, replying to them in the sternest manner, and saying:

"Whoever has dared to utter such calumnies against an innocent lady, and against myself, has been guilty of the foulest falsehood. Warburton, calm yourself! you cannot believe them—Give up the name of your informer."

But Captain Warburton, excited far beyond reason, only became still more exasperated by the calm and dignified demeanor of his supposed enemy. And, for the purpose of rousing him he used the opprobrious epithets of "villain," "coward," "liar," in answer to his defence. Painful, yet terrible, was the struggle in the breast of the Christian soldier. Fiery passion for an instant gleamed in his eyes, but only for an instant; an ejaculation for divine help calmed him, and he said:

"Warburton! when you come to yourself, if you have any feeling at all, you will grieve that you have so bitterly tried me; you know that I cannot lift my arm against your life, or expose my own in meeting you, as men usually do in defence of their honor; my religion forbids it; but remember I am human, and that the same evil passions exist within me that rage in your breast, with this difference, that mine are restrained by grace, while yours are like the furious tempest that bears down all before it. Try me not further; I repeat that I am innocent of the crime you would lay to my charge, that if I have ap-

*Continued from page 395.

peared at any time to have regarded Mrs. Warburton with peculiar marks of friendship, they have been called forth by her Christian character. Had she been what women too frequently are—vain, light, frivolous, I never should have sought her acquaintance."

"Do you mean to deny, Sir, that you were at my cottage this evening to say farewell, and that my wife wept at the thoughts of your departure—that you held her in your arms—do you mean to deny all this, I say?" returned Captain Warburton, stamping his foot, while rage distorted his whole countenance. "Silence! who else could it have been?"

"I do mean to deny your charges, Sir," replied Captain Beauchamp, firmly, and with his steady, firm, open gaze meeting the eye of his accuser. "I have not seen Mrs. Warburton for many weeks; my mind has been engaged, painfully so indeed; and his voice faltered. "I had prepared this note to apologise to her for my not being able to call on her, previous to my leaving Canterbury, and had desired my servant to take it to her after my departure to-morrow."

And he pointed to one that lay on the table. Truth was so legibly stamped on his noble brow, that even Warburton could no longer doubt. His eyes fell in shame and regret for his base suspicions and for the folly of his conduct, and he remained silent several minutes; then raising them, he said, while his cheek reddened:

"Beauchamp! how can the stain be wiped away that I have cast upon you? demand what satisfaction you please."

"The only one I wish or can accept, is an apology; this you cannot deny me," said Captain Beauchamp, very gravely.

"God knows how freely I offer it, if indeed that be a sufficient recompense," replied the other. "I lament exceedingly that I was betrayed into expressions so improper to you, whose sentiments upon the subject of duelling I am fully aware of. Beauchamp, I beg your pardon!" and he held out his hand.

Warmly it was accepted by his friend, though at the moment he was unable to speak from agitation. When both had in a measure recovered themselves, Captain Warburton said:

"My mind is relieved from its weight of agony, for I am now convinced that all I was told must be as false as the woman who framed the slanderous tale."

"This should have been your belief at first, Warburton, ere you calumniated those who are striving to walk in God's ways—who would die a thousand deaths rather than be guilty of the sin you have laid to their charge. May I ask the name of your informer?"

"The woman servant in my house, who stated most clearly the circumstance of a visitor having been with Mrs. Warburton this evening."

"And pray, did you not inquire from Mrs. Warburton how far she spoke the truth?"

"No! I was too much excited and enraged to know what I was doing; indeed it is well that I came away without seeing my unfortunate wife, for in a moment of desperation I might have committed an act that years of remorse could not efface."

"May this painful circumstance make such impression on you, Warburton, as to prove a warning for the future, and a guard on your headstrong passions!" said Captain Beauchamp, earnestly. "Pardon me for saying that you are running a career of folly, to give it the mildest term, which you will have bitter cause to mourn. Blessed as you are in your amiable partner, why forsake your home and search for happiness where it never can be found; in the haunts of sin, or in the mad courts of pleasure? You are destroying your health, your peace, and what is far worse, your immortal soul."

At another time Captain Warburton might have received this reproach with indignation, but now, humbled and contrite before his nobler comrade, he replied:

"Beauchamp! it is poverty that has made me so reckless. I never should have become what I am, had the father of my wifeshown any kindness; but to dispel uneasy thoughts, I fly to scenes where for the time I forget everything."

"Yes! and to remember them with the more bitterness when reflection returns. Warburton! do you believe in a future judgment?"

The question was asked with great solemnity.

"I tell you, Beauchamp, if I were to sit down and think for one hour alone, I should go mad."

"Is it not madness to walk blindfolded to the edge of a precipice, when, by removing the bandage, you would see your danger?"

"It is too late to pause now; I am a ruined man, I have debts which I shall never have the power to pay, and sins to answer for, which can never be forgiven."

"Warburton, is the name of a Redeemer so utterly unknown to you—have you never heard that sins red as scarlet can be washed away in His atoning blood, and remembered no more? Oh! turn to Him, my friend; He waits but to be gracious."

"Beauchamp, you know not all that I am, or you could not offer me any hope."

"I know much more than you imagine; I am too fully aware of your infidelities towards your unsuspecting wife, of your gambling associates, and your almost nightly meetings amidst riot,

confusion and view; and yet I dare to assure you that if you will only come out from among them and repent, casting yourself, as helpless and undone, on the mercy of your Saviour, He will abundantly pardon, and restore peace to your wounded conscience."

Captain Warburton hung his head dejectedly, pressing his hands over his eyes.

"I do not say that in your own strength you can turn thus to God," continued Captain Beauchamp; "but He has granted us the power to pray, and prayer we know is the way to obtain all blessings."

"Prayer!" repeated Captain Warburton, with a laugh the most distressing to hear; "I know not how long ago it is since I ceased to pray—probably from the time when as a boy at College I was dragged off my knees in derision by my companions."

Captain Beauchamp shuddered.

"No marvel, unfortunate man, that you are become so lost to a sense of all that is right! Warburton, you know not how painful it is to a Christian to witness such a case. Still it is not hopeless," he added, with animation; "you are young; your day of grace has not yet closed. Kneel—kneel even now, and call upon your God ere the night cometh, when no man can work."

As he said this, a broad stream of light burst into the window, announcing that another morning had dawned. Warburton started to his feet and looked at his watch.

"Past four o'clock!" he exclaimed; "I must return home, I feel very chilly and cold."

Captain Beauchamp now perceived for the first time that he was completely wet, having run through the rain without his cloak, dressed as he had been at Lady Marley's party.

"Let me call my servant and order some hot coffee," he said; "you are looking flushed and worn."

"Not now, I cannot stay for it. Then you are positively off to-day, Beauchamp! I wish you God this scene had not passed between us."

"Out of evil good may spring," returned his friend. "May the Lord grant that such may be the case! One thing I would say before we part. You are in pecuniary difficulties; I have money at my agent's, which is entirely at your service for any length of time you please. I am a solitary being, and likely to remain so," he added, with a sigh; "pray therefore accept my offer, but promise me that you will not hazard it at the gaming table."

Captain Warburton grasped his hand.

"You are a noble fellow," he replied, "and I little merit such disinterested kindness. Should I be pushed hard by my creditors, I may proba-

bly take advantage of it. Fare you well, Beauchamp, till we meet again."

"Farewell, Warburton! and let not all I have said be in vain. Seek the Lord while He may be found, seek Him and live for ever; 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die, behold I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked!' are his own words. May they find a corresponding answer in your heart!"

A faint smile stole over the face of the self-destroyer; he replied not again, but waving his hand he turned to go, while the Christian sank on his knees as the door closed upon him, and prayed long and fervently to Him whose ear is ever open, whose hand is ever stretched out to save, whose goodness is infinite. He then threw himself on his bed to gain some repose ere he commenced his long journey, a measure he had proposed for Clara's sake as well as for his own.

And how fared Katherine during this interview between her husband and Captain Beauchamp? Did she slumber on unconsciously and in peace? Oh, no! her mind was far too anxious. She awoke some time after he had quitted the house, with a sudden start, and sitting up in her bed, gazed confusedly around her. A small lamp which she always kept burning at night, was waning low in the socket. It usually lasted till day-light.

"Has he not yet returned? how very strange!" she exclaimed, in alarm. "I never knew him to be so late before."

Unable to remain quiet, she arose, and slipping on her dressing gown, she took the lamp and went into the next room; no one was there. She then walked into the kitchen; the embers of a fire still gleamed in the grate, before which sat Bridget, snoring loudly. Katherine shook her to awake her, when the woman, opening her eyes, shrieked in terror.

"Oh, la! ma'am!" she cried, on discovering her mistress, "I took you for the ghost of poor Nelly Barnes, who hung herself and was buried at the cross-road—you do look so dreadful pale."

"Bridget, I am very uneasy at your master's long absence," said Katherine, not heeding her remark. "It is long past three o'clock, and the road he has to come is very dreary. May God in His mercy grant that nothing has happened!"

"Lauk-a-laisy! I hope not, ma'am," replied Bridget; "he is always late at my Lady Marley's, you know. Don't be alarmed."

"I cannot help feeling extremely so," returned the distressed wife. "Where is Harris? I should like to send him to the end of the lane to see if he is coming."

"Harris is not at home; he is often out at night unknown to my master. He left the house soon

after the young gentleman who came to see you." And Bridget looked inquiringly on her mistress as she said this.

"So long ago as that! how wrong! Would that my dear brother were with me now! he would comfort me in my trouble." And Katherine sank down into a chair, crying bitterly.

"Your brother! was the strange gentleman your brother? Oh dear! Oh dear! I am so sorry," inadvertently exclaimed Bridget, her conscience upbraiding her severely for her wicked suspicions; "shall I run to the end of the lane and look for my master? I would not be gone many minutes."

"No! no! it is raining fast, and indeed I should feel terrified to be left in the house alone. Come with me into the parlour, and we will wait for him there. Oh! merciful Father, relieve this agony!" she added, clasping her hands, and raising her streaming eyes to Heaven—"it is too intense, too trying."

She had scarcely uttered the prayer when a loud ringing at the door-bell at once dispelled her worst fears. Bridget, afraid to face her master, hesitated, while Katherine flew to open it herself, and exclaimed as her husband, dripping with rain, entered:

"Oh! dearest Neville, God be praised! I have been so uneasy about you; I feared some dreadful accident had happened to detain you. But you are quite wet, and without your cloak; come in and I will have a fire lighted in a moment."

"No! I will go to bed at once. Has Harris come in yet?" inquired Captain Warburton.

"No, indeed! he is not; he has been absent for many hours."

"A precious set we have about us! but I will clear the house to-morrow," said her husband, quite forgetting the evil example he himself was setting his own servants.

Katherine, perceiving that he was in no very happy mood, assisted in taking off his coat in silence, running for all he wanted, and anticipating his wishes with a promptness that by degrees softened his ill-humour. As she knelt before him, he laid his hand on her shoulder, saying,

"Kate, are you a true woman?"

She looked up with a smile of innocence in his face, surprised at the question, and replying to it:

"I hope so, dear Neville! But you have not told me the cause of your remaining so long absent; surely Lady Marley's party must have broken up long ere this."

Captain Warburton evaded the inquiry.

"They are always late at Marley Vale," he replied. "I could not come before. But tell me, Kate! how have you spent your evening—alone as usual?"

"Not alone, Neville!" replied his wife; "you will be surprised to hear that I have had a visitor, and still more so on hearing that it was dear Arthur."

"Arthur Atherston, your brother!" exclaimed Captain Warburton in astonishment; "Why, I saw by the papers that the Wolf had sailed a fortnight ago."

"Most true, but he was so unfortunate as to miss his passage in her. It is a long story, which I will tell you another time. You cannot imagine how tall he is grown, and so handsome, dear fellow! I wish you had seen him."

It will readily be believed with what remorse, mixed with satisfaction, Captain Warburton listened to this explanation of the mysterious visit. Severely he condemned himself for his base suspicions, but he said not a word to Katherine. Rising from his chair and pressing her to his bosom he kissed her with much affection. Little did she know all that was passing in his mind at that moment, or heed the coming of that storm which was so darkly gathering over her devoted head!

After a broken and unrefreshing sleep of a few hours, Captain Warburton awoke ill and feverish, the consequence of having remained so long in wet clothes, added to great excitement of mind. In considerable alarm, Katherine sent for one of the medical men belonging to the Regiment, Doctor Carter, who ordered him to remain in bed and take nothing but water gruel. This, to an impatient man like Warburton, was a severe trial, and at first he rebelled, saying, "He *must* get up—he had an appointment that he could not postpone—it was nothing but a cold."

"Which must be taken care of, my friend, or it will soon increase to something worse," returned the Doctor; "Mrs. Warburton, I shall depend on your seeing my instructions attended to."

"You hear what Doctor Carter says, dear Neville! pray be patient," said Katherine, hanging tenderly over him, but distracted as he was with many cares unknown to her, how severe was the effort!

He tossed about, unable to find rest in any posture, and uttering his complaints in tones of great suffering. Towards evening he became so much worse that his mind began to wander. Doctor Carter looked very grave when he saw him a second time, and Katherine instantly caught the alarm.

"You do not consider him dangerously ill, I trust?" she tremblingly inquired.

"Not at present, and if he only passes a good night I shall hope to see him better to-morrow," was the reply.

Poor Katherine! never had she felt so miserable before. At times when her husband had

treated her unkindly, she had fancied she could never love him again—that she would even be happier were he to leave her for ever. But now that she beheld him lying so helpless before her, the faintest idea of his loss made her almost shriek with agony. After the departure of the Doctor, she penned a few lines to Lady Woodford, acquainting her with the trouble she was in, assured that she would do all in her power to console her under it. In this she was not mistaken, for the kind lady and her excellent son Sir Henry, came to her on the following day, to offer her every assistance. They found her in a state of great distress, her husband being now perfectly insensible and considered in imminent danger. Lady Woodford embraced her with the affection of a parent, saying;

“Be comforted, my dear child! God will do all things well, and for your real benefit—lose not your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.”

“Ah! yes! He will do all things well, I know,” replied the sobbing wife, “but he may see fit to take my poor Neville—and that thought breaks my heart, so unprepared as he is. I had always thought that if he were ill, then would be the time to converse with him, to read to him, to lead his thoughts to religion, but I am denied this only consolation; he cannot listen to me, he does not even know me to-day.”

And a fresh burst of grief overwhelmed her.

“The blessing of prayer is not denied you, my love,” replied Lady Woodford, “and we know that the effectual fervent prayer of the Christian availeth much.”

“Weep not as one without hope,” added Sir Henry, affectionately pressing her hand, “God’s power is not limited, He can raise your husband again, as easily as He has smitten him; you know not for what wise and merciful ends He has sent this trial. Let faith enable you to trust Him for the result.”

There was comfort in these words, and Katherine strove to rise above her intense grief. Both Lady Woodford and her son visited the poor invalid, and joined in prayer for his restoration. He gazed on them all three as they knelt around his bed, but he spoke not; in truth it was a piteous sight to see the strong man so suddenly laid low, and reduced to the helplessness of childhood. Lady Woodford suggested the propriety of his having a nurse to assist Katherine, and promised to send one. She offered also to take charge of the little Amelia, to prevent her disturbing her father with her cries.

“It will be a pleasure to Clara to have her, and may divert her from her own sorrows, poor dear!” said the good lady, “I shall daily send

you word how she is, so pray divest yourself of all care on her account.”

Deeply gratified felt our heroine for all this kindness, and gladly she accepted it. The child was accordingly dressed, folded again and again to her mother’s heart, and then placed in the arms of Lady Woodford, who soon after departed with her precious burden, the little thing smiling and clapping her hands, perfectly unconscious of the misery she was leaving behind her.

For several days not the slightest amendment appeared in Captain Warburton. Incessantly he raved, calling on the names of Lady Marley—Katherine—Captain Beauchamp, and stating that he was a ruined man, and must end his days in prison. Painful was it to his wife to listen to such wild expressions, as she watched by his side, taking snatches of sleep to sustain sinking nature, more from the persuasions of the nurse, who saw how unequal she was for much fatigue, than from willingness to leave her dear charge one moment.

Sir Henry Woodford called almost daily to make inquiries, and to bring tidings of her child to cheer her. A groom was also sent from the Abbey with all that she could require for the invalid in the way of nourishment—cooling drinks to allay his raging thirst—and jellies, which Lady Woodford knew could not be procured at home. How welcome were these proofs of friendship at such a period, and how earnestly did our heroine call down blessings on her benefactors, for them! The kind little encouraging notes, too, from Clara, full of piety and love, what treasures they proved amid her anxieties! Nor was she forgotten by Miss Sykes, whose attentions were perhaps united with too much officiousness and curiosity—but the sympathy she evinced was so sincere, that they could not but be received with gratitude by one like Katherine.

Towards the close of the seventh day, Captain Warburton showed signs of returning reason, by asking his nurse the hour; with what delight our heroine hailed this favorable change, may be imagined. Soon after he fell into a deep sleep, the first he had enjoyed since the commencement of his illness; she watched with intense anxiety the result of this, and though faint and drooping from fatigue, and the want of food, for no one could prevail on her to take any this whole day, still she would not leave him until he awoke which was not till nearly midnight. Well was she repaid for her self-devotion by his first inquiry on seeing her.

“Is that you, my Kate? How pale you are looking.”

“It is, it is, beloved Neville! Oh! praise be to God that I again hear your voice addressing me by my name,” and Katherine pressed her lips on

his wasted cheek, as she spoke, bedewing it with her tears.

"I must have been very ill," rejoined Warburton in feeble tones, "such strange and horrible fancies have haunted me. I think I should be better were I to get up." And he made an effort to raise himself, but sank back again on his pillow in utter weakness. "Good God! all my strength is gone," he murmured, "Kate they have not thought me in danger?"

The question was asked in much alarm.

"Compose yourself, dearest," replied Katherine, deeply affected, "The danger I sorely trust has passed, but you must keep very quiet." This she soon found impossible for him, the impression having suddenly flashed upon him that he was going to die, and the terror with which he was seized in consequence, was even more trying to Katherine than his delirium had been. In vain she strove to soothe him, and lead him to trust in the mercy of God; large drops of agony stood on his forehead, while he exclaimed in piercing tones;

"What hope can I have from the mercy of God, I who have defied him, and trampled on his laws a thousand times? Kate! you don't know what a sinner I am."

"Christ Jesus came on earth to save sinners, my beloved! Oh turn to him in prayer and he will not cast you out," said Katherine, in great agitation, and kneeling by his side.

"Oh! it is an awful thing to die so ignorant and unprepared as I am," faltered Warburton, not heeding her words. "Kate, I must see a clergyman—send for one immediately!"

Fortunately at this moment Doctor Carter entered the room, and learning from Katherine the state of mind under which his patient was suffering, he administered a powerful opium; which soon took effect, when the unhappy young man dozed off into a lethargic slumber.

Katherine spent the rest of that night on her knees, pouring forth the most earnest petitions to her Heavenly Father that the light of the blessed gospel might shine on his benighted soul, and that he might live to repent, and to know Christ as his Redeemer.

Captain Warburton did not awake again, until the sun was high in the heavens. He gazed wildly around him for a few moments, and then, as if some sudden painful recollection intruded itself upon him, he asked for his wife. She was close by his side, pale, trembling, and full of grief, for he looked so wasted, and worn, and changed, that she began to give up all hope of his recovery:

"Had he only been fit to die I could have borne his loss with resignation," she mentally said, while tears streamed down her cheeks in quick

succession, "but to behold him thus a stranger to the way of salvation, and his sins unatoned—never, never can I recover it!"

"You are weeping, Kate," murmured the invalid, "you think I am dying, and so I believe myself. Have you sent for a clergyman?"

"I have, my beloved! I expect him with Sir Henry Woodford every minute."

"Who is it? Not Mr. Palmer, I hope; I have met him too many times in the ball room, and at the card table, to have any confidence in him at a time like this."

"I requested Sir Henry to beg Mr. Atherly to visit you—from him I am sure you will hear the truth," said Katherine.

"Yes, the truth! 'What is truth?' So Pilate asked and received no answer."

"Because he waited not to hear it, Neville! he cared not to know it."

After a pause Warburton asked for his child.

"She is at the Abbey, love! Lady Woodford has kindly taken charge of her to relieve me, and fearing she might disturb you," replied Katherine.

"How considerate! But I must see the poor little thing once more."

"Ah! do not speak thus despondingly, my own Neville!" said his distressed wife; "God may yet grant our prayers and restore you; remember he is all powerful to save."

"Yes, the good—but not a wretch like me, who have never mentioned his name except to blaspheme it."

"Christ came not on earth to save the righteous, for there are none righteous, no not one; for sinners he suffered, for sinners he died. If you will only turn unto him, he will have compassion on you." Katherine said this with great seriousness.

Her husband then inquired; "When did you learn these things, Kate? your French governess never taught this to you."

"Alas! no! At that time I lived in heathen darkness," she replied. "The death of my darling brother Ernest first roused me, and made me think—and it has pleased God to multiply my trials to show me what I am, and to lead me from the paths of error, into those of peace."

At this interesting moment, Sir Henry Woodford and Mr. Atherly were announced. It was with a feeling of inexpressible comfort, that Katherine beheld the latter approach the bed of the sufferer, with a countenance full of benignity and kindness, and inquire how he felt himself.

"I am very ill," replied Captain Warburton, considerably agitated. "I fear I shall not recover, and I would wish to receive the rites of the Church, and to make my peace with God."

Mr. Atherly shook his head.

"My friend, it is not in the hour of weakness, when the mind is unsettled and full of fears, that I would for the first time offer the communion of our blessed Lord," he said. "The outward observance, without the inward faith, would be of no avail."

This answer was most unexpected.

"Good God! you would not let me die without this last hope?" rejoined Warburton in great alarm.

"Not if it were a hope upon which you might safely rest," replied the minister calmly.

"Then there is none for me on earth or in Heaven," murmured the unhappy man, clasping his hands in despair, while his countenance expressed extreme agony.

"There is always hope in Christ," was the solemn and feeling reply.

"Who, then, are the condemned?"

"The hardened and impenitent, who reject all offers of mercy, and trample on the blood of the Lamb."

"Amongst them you class the adulterer, the swearer, the Sabbath-breaker?"

This was said in much terror.

"I do, remaining such; but if they repent and believe, God will abundantly pardon."

"But how can I know whether my repentance is sincere?"

"By an abhorrence of the sins you have committed, by deep self-abasement, and a determination, with God's help, to forsake the ways of Satan, and to flee now to the Saviour."

"But no time is given to repent. I am dying; I am already suffering the tortures of the condemned. Oh! you know not how wretched I feel!"

His gaze of agony in the minister's face was truly affecting. Deeply did the good man feel for him; but, faithful to his cause, he dared not offer him hope when he knew there was no hope. He opened the Scriptures at the twenty-third chapter of St. John's Gospel, and read the account of the thief upon the cross; explaining afterwards that this one instance of a sincere conversion in the last moment, has been recorded that none might despair. Warburton listened eagerly to every word that fell from his lips. When he had ceased, he despondingly said;

"Such mercy cannot be for me! Oh! can you say nothing to remove this dread of death and future judgment?"

"Let us pray!" solemnly replied the minister, kneeling down and offering up the most beautiful and fervent petition, that the Lord would mercifully open the heart and understanding of his

afflicted servant, to the blessed truths of the Gospel, and save his soul alive.

Captain Warburton seemed much affected, and even shed tears; when Mr. Atherly asked him if he were fatigued. He begged him to go on: he should like to hear more from the Bible. The story of Naaman the Syrian was then selected, the minister expounding it in the clearest manner. He described sin as a spiritual leprosy, which can only be washed away in the blood of Jesus Christ, as the disease itself was cured by the waters of Jordan. He enlarged upon the unwillingness of the warrior to believe in this simple remedy, comparing it with our want of faith in the efficacy of the atonement, and our desire to add something of our own to the perfect work. He went on to say that we have nothing to offer: that "by grace are we saved, not by works, lest any man should boast;" but that good works ever follow this belief, as the effect, and not the cause.

A deadly paleness soon overspread the face of Warburton. Mr. Atherly therefore closed the book, declining to hold any further conversation with him at present, but promising to see him again on the following day. He then affectionately bade him farewell, and adjourned to the next room, where Sir Henry and Katherine had retired, that the sufferer might the more freely open his mind to the Christian minister.

"What do you think of his state?" tremblingly inquired the anxious wife, on perceiving the gravity expressed on Mr. Atherly's countenance. "I was so rejoiced when he expressed a wish to see a clergyman! it was so very unexpected."

"My dear Mrs. Warburton! the thoughts of death are very different when viewed in the distance, to what they are when we believe the enemy at hand," he replied; "the most regardless then became thoughtful. I have promised to see Captain Warburton to-morrow. God grant that our interview may be more satisfactory, more hopeful!"

But when Doctor Carter called at a late hour, and found his patient so fearfully agitated and exhausted, he expressed much displeasure at his having been disturbed by the minister's visit. He it known that Doctor Carter was not a religious man, consequently the soul's health was of little importance in his sight, compared with that of the body.

"My dear fellow! I must positively prohibit you seeing any one," he said, after feeling his pulse. "How could you admit such indiscreet visitors?"

"I thought I was dying," murmured Warburton.

"Pho! pho! not this time. Keep your mind tranquil and easy, and I am confident that in a few days you will be convalescent; but if you suffer these canting parsons to come about you, in your present debilitated state, I will not answer for the consequences."

This was enough for Warburton. The fear of immediate death alone, had made him reflect on his sins, and desire the consolation of a minister of God; but when the hope of life was once more held out to him, he forgot the past, despised his terrors of conscience, considering them the mere effects of extreme weakness amounting to childishness, and, to the grief of Katherine, desired that when Mr. Atherly came again, he was to be told he did not wish to see him. Thus for the present her prayers seemed to be disregarded. Certainly she was cheered and not a little comforted at the prospect of his ultimate recovery—for she raised her meek eyes in heartfelt gratitude to her Heavenly Father—but the sad alloy to her future happiness was the indifference, and even dislike, which he manifested to the subject of religion; she dared not now mention it before him.

The first day he was permitted to leave his room, Lady Marley called to see him, laden with novels and beautiful flowers. She was in the highest spirits, and amused him with all the gossip and scandal of the neighbourhood. Her presence seemed in his eyes like that of an angel, after the darkened chamber and the gloomy faces he had seen hovering around him; and he told her so, begging her to repeat her visit as often as possible, till he was allowed his liberty again.

"I will! I will!" replied the light-hearted woman, "and, when you are strong enough, you must let me drive you out in my carriage. I want you to get quite well for my *dejeuner à la fourchette* three weeks hence. I am going to send out my cards in a few days."

A gentle sigh made her turn round.

"Dear Mrs. Warburton!" she continued on seeing Katherine, "how woefully ill you are looking—really far worse than your patient."

"I have had much fatigue and anxiety since I saw you, Lady Marley," replied Katherine, struggling against her tears.

Captain Warburton looked earnestly at his wife as she said this, and, touched by her tone of voice and jailed appearance, he observed, with more feeling than was usual to him;

"Poor child! you have indeed nobly performed your duty. But for your tender care, I do not think I should have recovered."

"Give God the praise, dearest Neville!" replied Katherine, much gratified: "His power alone has raised you up. May we ever remember His goodness and mercy to us both in a season of such distress."

Captain Warburton became thoughtful, while Lady Marley, to divert him, spoke of the books she had brought as highly interesting, full of sentiment and delightful feeling.

"I think even *you* will admire one or two of them, Mrs. Warburton," she said; "the heroines are described as so religious."

"I have not read a novel for a long time," replied Katherine; "I was advised to give them up, before I could discern their injurious tendency, which is now very apparent to me. I remember one particularly where the heroine, a married woman, is described as being religious, and yet she is attached to another man than her husband; a most fearful error in the author, and showing how perfectly ignorant she must herself have been of true religion."

Lady Marley blushed excessively at this remark, while her manner became confused. She uttered some folly in extenuation of such a character, and then starting up, said she had an engagement to fulfil, and that it was past the hour.

"Shall I come again to-morrow?" she inquired in the softest tones, as Captain Warburton rose to accompany her to the door.

He pressed the hand she laid in his, but made no reply. Full well, however, she understood his smile, and with light steps she tripped away, entering her carriage and desiring her servant to drive to Madame Lorraine's, a fashionable milliner who had recently arrived at Canterbury.

"And this is my reward!" murmured poor Katherine, as she closed the door of her chamber, and, sinking down into a chair, burst into a flood of tears; "the reward of all my anxiety, my affection,—my husband restored to me only to return to vanity, to folly and to sin. Oh my God! thou hast forsaken thy servant, and I am tried beyond my strength!"

This impatience, implying as it did a want of faith in God, was highly culpable, and rendered our heroine perfectly miserable. For days after this she never opened her Bible nor prayed, as she had been wont. A settled gloom overspread her countenance, and even her temper, usually so sweet and placid, seemed affected. No wonder, then, if the husband preferred the cheerful society of Lady Marley, who, when he was able to enjoy the air, came daily with her carriage to drive him out.

One morning Katherine was sitting sullen and sad by the window, watching Lady Marley's car-

riage, as it rolled away with Captain Warburton and his fair companion. No tear glistened in her eye, but from the frown on her brow and the firmly-compressed lips might be traced her thoughts. When Sir Henry Woodford was announced, he almost started on beholding her.

"Why, Katherine!" he exclaimed; "is this you with that lowering brow and pouting lip? What can have happened to make you look so unlike yourself?"

"Nothing unusual," she replied, without changing her countenance; "I am doomed to misery and disappointment. Can you be surprised if I grow weary sometimes?"

"I am indeed surprised, my, grieved," returned Sir Henry very gravely. "After the late mercies vouchsafed in answer to your prayers, is this your gratitude? Why question the dealings of your Heavenly King, because he sees fit to deny all your requests?"

"Have I not reason? It is true God has spared the life of my husband; for this I cannot be too thankful; but has He, with this boon, granted to my desire that saving change of heart, which I prayed night and day might be the effect of his illness? No! he is the same, preferring the world and its sinful pleasures, to the ways of holiness."

And Katherine wept passionately as she said this.

"Look at Lady Marley," she added with bitterness; "is she not far happier than I am? Every day brings her some new enjoyment, and yet she never thinks at all about religion, but follows her own will in every thing?"

"Oh Katherine! I had not expected this from you, and I am pained exceedingly," returned Sir Henry, sitting down by her, and speaking seriously yet kindly; "but, doubtless for some wise reason, God has hid his face from you, and permitted your spiritual enemy to assault you with the shafts of unbelief and distrust. As you value the peace of your immortal soul, listen not to the tempter, but cast yourself in humility and contrition at the foot of the cross, and pray that your sins may be forgiven you. You think Lady Marley happier than you, because you see her always gay and thoughtless, and devoted to this world's pleasures; but is the life she leads a preparation for a better, or will the remembrance of it prove consolatory in the hour of sickness and of death? Katherine, can you imagine happiness without God? Retrace the past, and amidst its many trials, have you not experienced boundless mercies? Pierce with the eye of faith the unseen future, and behold the bliss that awaits you in your Father's house. Quarrel not with the way that leads you to this, even though it may be

strewn with thorns. Doubtless when Lazarus lay in all his misery at the sick man's gate, he may have thought him an object of envy when contrasted with his own abject state; but lift the veil, and behold the one, lost through the snares and temptations of prosperity, while the other is safe in the bosom of his God. Do not then repine, my sister, under your trials, though you cannot penetrate the motives of the All-Wise. Let Faith have her perfect work, and trust in Him at all times."

Katherine still continued to weep, but with softened and repentant feelings, which her friend perceived, and thus continued—

"Allow me to ask if you would feel more happy in returning back to the world, and following its ways and customs, than you now are? You shake your head! I am persuaded you would not. No, Katherine, it is not religion that makes you less cheerful than Lady Marley. Trace all your misfortunes to that one act of youthful indiscretion you committed, and murmur against God if you can."

"Oh! I see it all now!" exclaimed Katherine, deeply moved, "the fault has been my own, and but for religion I should have sunk beneath its consequences. God has been only just in punishing my undutiful conduct to the best of mothers, in the very one for whose sake I forsok her."

"But has He not been merciful as well as just, Katherine, in bringing good out of evil, and restoring your precious soul?"

"Yes, I know He has; but oh! that He would prove as merciful to my dear, erring Neville!"

"And has He not? Surely, in restoring your husband from the verge of the grave and granting to him a longer day of grace, you must own that He has acted with the most unbounded mercy towards him?"

"Yes, so far, certainly! but when, during his illness, he seemed so penitent, so much in earnest upon the subject of religion, I confess I expected greater things than I now see. You must make some allowance for my grievous disappointment."

"You mistook the effects of fear for repentance, my poor Katherine!" returned Sir Henry; "this is yet to come, and, for your sake as well as for his own, may it come soon!"

In this way did her faithful friend continue to reason with her, until he saw Lady Marley's carriage returning, when he rose to depart. Warmly pressing her hand, he promised that his mother and Clara should very soon come to see her, and bring the little Amelia with them; charging her in the meanwhile to be cheerful before her husband, and to adorn her Christian profession with

those graces which are the best proofs of its sincerity.

In consequence of this excellent advice, Katherine rallied her spirits on the entrance of Captain Warburton, and was repaid for the effort by his affectionate manner towards her. He had been to the post-office, he said, where he had found a letter addressed to her.

"Oh! it is from Arthur!" she joyfully exclaimed, taking it from him and breaking the seal. "This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

"Where is he? what is he doing?" inquired Warburton, throwing himself on the sofa, and watching her animated countenance as she began to read the contents.

"You shall hear." And sitting down by him, she commenced reading aloud the following:—

"MY BELOVED SISTER!

"I left Canterbury the morning after I parted from you, and proceeded at once to London. Went to Mr. Chester's house, where I found him in great affliction from having just taken leave of an only son, who is supposed to be in a decline, and has been ordered by his physicians to try the climate of Madeira. Notwithstanding this, he received me with the kindness of a father, and forced me to take up my abode with him, until he could obtain some appointment for me, which I am truly gratified to say he has succeeded in doing, and I am going out to India in the Company's service—a much better thing than the Navy, with so little prospect of getting on in it as I should have. He insists on paying all expense of outfit, voyage, &c., and I am to pay him when I can. Is he not a noble fellow?

Write to me soon, Kate! and address your letter to the care of John Chester, Esquire, Park-Lane. Your sweet, pale face has haunted me ever since I saw you. Oh that we could recall the happy days at Granby Lodge!—but this can never be! Who knows, my sister, whether we may not meet in India! I heard a report, a few days ago, that the — Regiment, would go out there next year.

Remember me to Warburton. I regret now that I did not see him. Kiss the bairn; and take care of yourself, for the sake of your affectionately-attached brother,

"ARTHUR ATHERSTON.

"I shall write to you again before I sail, which I expect to do in the course of a week. Have you heard that my father's second wife has left him, in favour of some foreign Count? No wonder!!! He has gone abroad again, I am told."

"Well done, Arthur!" said Captain Warburton, on hearing this last piece of intelligence. "I confess I quite agree with him, and I rejoice in the circumstance."

"Eve, Neville! that is wrong," replied Katherine, smiling: "you cannot approve the lady's conduct in deserting her husband, because he does not in all things please her?"

Captain Warburton started at the question, while his cheek flushed; then, taking her hand, he replied,

"No, sweet Kate! a woman to be lovely, must endure all things."

"And hope all things," returned Katherine, stooping to kiss him. "But your eyes are heavy, love! I will draw the curtain, when perhaps you will sleep."

She did so; whilst he, covering his face with his hands, remained silent, whether to sleep or to reflect, we know not. Katherine staid near him, reading her letter again and again, and occasionally looking up, as some movement or indistinct murmur would draw her attention towards him.

And now, with the permission of our readers, we will convey them from the quarters of Captain Warburton awhile, into the little back drawing-room of Mrs. Cobb, where that worthy lady was sitting with her spouse at a late breakfast, the young ladies having vanished to consult with each other upon the important subject of their dresses, for the public breakfast at Lady Marley's. It was evident from Mrs. Cobb's silence, that something of importance was revolving in her mind, that some favour was to be asked, which she usually preface'd by a subject as foreign to the one nearest her heart as possible. At length, on perceiving Mr. Cobb lay down his newspaper to spread his toast, she remarked,

"What excellent tea this is, my love. I never taste any so good as at our house."

"Yes, my dear, it is very good. I flatter myself that whatever I choose is *always* the best," replied Mr. Cobb, who was a very small man, a very shrewd man, and, as Mrs. Cobb termed him, "a very crusty man."

"Did you remark how very indifferent it was at Lady Marley's the other evening?"

"I remarked many things very indifferent at Lady Marley's," replied Mr. Cobb drily.

"And yet it is a most agreeable house to visit at. Don't you think so, my love?"

"Humph!"

"What a very nice young man her brother, Mr. Wilkins, is; so obliging, so attentive!"

"I think him a pert, vulgar coxcomb, my dear."

"La, Mr. Cobb! how can you say so? I am sure to me and my gals he is particularly civil, especially to Arabella, who I am sure he admires exceedingly."

"How very obliging of him!" said Mr. Cobb.

"Don't you think, my dear, we ought to give a dinner to the Marleys, in return for all their civilities to us?" observed his wife. "Mr. Wilkins is to leave them in a few weeks, and I should like to have them while he is here."

"Time enough, my dear, to settle that."

"But really, Mr. Cobb, we have not entertained a soul for an age. We have no engagement for next week; suppose I name Thursday, and send out my cards to-day?"

"Thursday is not a good market-day, Mrs. Cobb; you can get nothing."

"Then Friday, love; say Friday."

"I have no objection. But who would you ask to meet the Marleys?"

"The Daltons, the Bradshaws, Mr. Collier and Mr. Spomer, my love, if you approve," returned Mrs Cobb, pleased to have gained so much.

"And none of the military, my dear?" asked Mr. Cobb, smiling.

"No, not one!" replied Mrs. Cobb with bitterness. "I am quite tired of wasting my civilities upon people who are very fond of flirting, and talking nonsense, and making love, but who have not the most distant intention of anything more serious. As to that little fellow Sinclair, I intend to forbid him the house. I have no notion of his coming here day after day, and sitting for hours keeping the gals idle, and nothing to come of it."

"Ho! ho! are we there?" returned Mr. Cobb, significantly applying his thumb to the side of his nose and spreading his fingers.

"La, Mr. Cobb! how can you be so vulgar?" exclaimed his lady, considerably disgusted. "I am rejoiced the gals were not in the room to see you. It is surely very natural in me to wish to see them settled in life," she continued, "and to take any proper means to effect so desirable an object. Six gals, Mr. Cobb, unprovided for, let me tell you, is no joke."

"Indeed it is not, my dear, as my purse can testify."

"The thought of it sometimes keeps me awake all night," proceeded the lady in a whining tone. "What—thinks I—is to become of all us Cobbs!"

"My dear, that won't mend the matter," returned her husband. "I have all along thought you proceeding on a wrong principle, in allowing the girls so much freedom. In every public place of amusement, there they are to be seen; forever are they riding, and driving, and walking, with all the idle young men in the neighbourhood. Keep them up, I say, Mrs. Cobb, make them more scarce, and they will be far more likely to gain real admirers."

"I am sure I would do any thing for their advancement in life," rejoined Mrs. Cobb, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "But I would not like to shut them up altogether, as Lady Woodford does her daughter. Lady Marley never gained a Baronet in that way, to my certain knowledge."

"I do not wish Lady Marley to be an example to my daughters," said Mr. Cobb, with more determination in his manner than he had yet shown.

Mrs. Cobb felt she was treading on dangerous ground, and replied very meekly;

"You know, my dear, that I always bow to your superior judgment in all things. Lady Marley certainly flirts too much, as a married lady; but she is a sweet woman, and always has the choice people at her house. I hear her public breakfast is to be a most elegant affair; she has invited upwards of a hundred guests."

"No doubt, my dear! Sir James has plenty of money to throw away, and a young wife to keep in good humour. But I much question his wisdom in keeping his doors so constantly open; her Ladyship will spend her wings and fly away one of these days."

"La! my love, what a shocking insinuation! But, talking of money—" Mrs. Cobb cleared her throat and tried to look as indifferent as she could—"I am going to draw on your good nature for a little this morning; the girls want a few things for the party, and I require a new head-dress. I cannot appear in my blue hat again; I have worn it so often. Mrs. Gayton looked most contemptuously at it last Thursday evening."

"You may draw as long as you please, my love, on my good nature," returned Mr. Cobb; "that is inexhaustible; but my money, I regret to say, is not so easily replenished."

"I am sure I have ever found both ready at all times," said Mrs. Cobb, who had lately discovered that flattery and a good dinner were the best methods of winning the little man.

"Well! well! how much do you want?" rising and looking at his watch. "Eleven o'clock, I vow, and I have an engagement at half-past."

"Twenty pounds, my dear!" replied Mrs Cobb in a subdued tone of voice.

"Twenty pounds, Mrs. Cobb! Bless my stars, do you want to ruin me?" exclaimed her husband, reddening.

"If you think that too unreasonable, say fifteen."

At this critical moment Miss Sykes was seen driving up to the door. In a few minutes she entered, saying;

"How d'ye do, good folks? how d'ye do? I am afraid I have interrupted a conjugal tête-à-tête. Mr. Cobb looks very like my turkey-cock in a passion. La! my dear, what has happened?"

"Nothing, Miss Sykes! I have been merely asking a little favour, which I feel sure will be granted; Mr. Cobb is always so ready to oblige. Aren't you, love?" said his wife coaxingly.

Mr. Cobb was bustling towards the door, with

his umbrella under his arm. The case was desperate.

"Perhaps you would prefer my having a running account with Madame Lorraine? It would save you trouble now, as you are in a hurry, dear!" she added, following him, while Miss Sykes stood as an amused spectator.

"A running devil, Mrs. Cobb!" replied her husband in raised tones. "No, no! when your accounts begin to run, there is no stopping them. How much will satisfy you, my good woman?" taking out his leather pocket-book and untying it.

Now Mrs. Cobb knew that he never called her a good woman but when he was displeas'd; fearing therefore a blank refusal, she left it, she said, to his generosity, adding,

"As I am going out, my love, shall I call at Fenton's? I saw some splendid fish there yesterday, and the finest lobsters I think I ever saw."

The countenance of Mr. Cobb relaxed a little.

"Perhaps you had better, my dear: I am extremely fond of lobsters. There will that do?" placing in her hand three five-pound notes.

"Ampl'y, my love. A thousand thanks," she smilingly answered. "The spring chickens, Beason tells me, are fit for the table; I must treat you to a couple to-day, with the ham sent us last week.

"Do, do, my love," returned Mr. Cobb, now all good humour again.

"And should I meet any of our friends—Collier or Spooner, shall I ask them to come to us at six?"

"If you please, my love! good morning, good morning, Miss Sykes!"

And the little man bustled away, as innocently ignorant that he had been cajoled—as men usually are. The instant he was gone, Miss Sykes threw herself into a chair, convulsed with laughter.

"Well, I never saw better management in my life," she exclaimed. "humour the man's palate, and you command him at once."

"I seldom found it fail," returned Mrs. Cobb, smiling, "though I began to fear at one time. He is certainly a very testy man, yet take him all in all, I consider myself a fortunate woman, as husbands go. I might have had a *jeu*."

"He is a *small evil*, doubtless," rejoined Miss Sykes; "you are not like poor Mrs. Buckland, who has got six foot four, and the worst tempered man in the world. I think it shameful that our laws have not provided for such cases; there ought to be menageries for all cross husbands. But, my dear, I must apologize for my early visit; I am on my way to Madame Lorraine's, for if we don't go soon, all her finery will be bought up for the

breakfast, and I thought I would just step in and enquire the character of a servant before you went out. As you say you are going there also, perhaps you will accept a seat in my carriage, and you can tell me all I want to know by the way."

"You are very obliging," replied Mrs. Cobb. "I shall have great pleasure in accompanying you, and will be ready in five minutes."

So saying she left the room, and in less than a quarter of an hour returned with Miss Augusta, who had expressed a wish to go with her mamma to the milliner's. Miss Sykes readily agreed, when the trio set off in the gayest spirits on their important embassy.

They found Madame Lorraine's house already thronged with visitors, and the lady, who was a dark and rather elderly person, displaying her finery, and flattering and chattering most volubly. She had in her hand a very fine gold turban to which flaxen ringlets were attached; this caught the admiring attention of the worthy Mrs. Cobb, who was easily persuaded to try it on. While she stood admiring herself before a large cheval glass, Lady Marley entered to look at some bonnets. One after another was shown her. Madame was profuse in her compliments of her "*charmant complexion*," and how lovely she looked in pale blue. Miss Augusta Cobb took up a simple lace cap, and turning to Miss Sykes, remarked, "how pretty Mrs. Warburton would look in this! don't you think so?"

"Warburton! Warburton!" repeated Madame, starting as the name caught her ear.

"Yes, Warburton, the Lady of Captain Warburton, of the — Regiment," said Miss Sykes, "a beautiful young creature; do you know her?"

"Ah! *Mon Dieu!*" know her! *Mademoiselle Atherston, mon élève!*" exclaimed the Frenchwoman, clasping her hands.

Surprise and curiosity were depicted on the countenances of Lady Marley, Mrs. Cobb, and Miss Sykes.

"Your pupil! how could this be? were you not always a milliner?" were the eager enquiries.

"*Mon Dieu!* no; I was *gouvernante* at Granby Lodge when Capitaine Warburton was introduced there and von the affections of *Mademoiselle*. Her father, was *très enragé* and forbid him de house, but still he came in secret and would meet her in de grounds. *Helas!* von windy night, when I had sad cold in my bed, they ran away together. Oh! *Mon Dieu!* how Monsieur Atherston stormed when he discovered it. I was sent away in disgrace, as if I had encouraged dem, and never after could I obtain situation again. I married Monsieur Lorraine,—he was usher at school, but *paurre homme*, he died von little year

afterwards, and to support myself I commenced in business as milliner."

Nothing could exceed the surprise of those who listened to this account, that Mrs. Warburton,—the retired, the demure, the religious Mrs. Warburton—should have eloped.

"Who can we believe correct after this?" said Mrs. Cobb, pursing up her mouth and looking proper.

"Let, my dear! don't alarm one so," exclaimed Miss Sykes. "I wonder if the Woodfords are aware of the circumstance; I think it would be only right to inform them. Lady Woodford is so very particular, who she allows her daughter to associate with. And yet, poor dear thing, I should be sorry to injure her,—she must have been almost a child at the time; and Heaven knows, she has suffered enough for her indiscretion. It is you, gay, flirting married ladies who pretend to be so innocent, and are in reality so much the contrary, that I hold in such contempt," and she looked significantly towards Lady Marley, who had withdrawn from the circle surrounding Madame, and appeared busily engaged in looking at the finery; but from her heightened colour and confused, agitated manner, any observing person might have discovered that her mind was absorbed with reflections of its own, resulting from what she had heard, rather than what seemed to engross her.

After selecting a few things, she told Madame she would call again, and hastily summoning her footman, she entered her carriage, desiring to be conveyed home. The moment she had driven from the door she burst into a flood of tears. The ladies were too much engrossed to heed her emotion, and continued asking a thousand questions, till the entrance of more visitors called off the attention of Madame.

When all the purchases and tryings on were completed, Miss Sykes asked her if she would like to see her old pupil.

"Oh! *Mon Dieu! Oui!*" was the reply.

"Then I will bring her to you, perhaps tomorrow, and say nothing about you till she discovers you herself."

And Miss Sykes did so. Under pretence of taking our heroine out to drive the following day, she called at Madame Lorraine's, saying she wished to speak to her respecting a bonnet she had ordered.

"Then I will wait for you in the carriage," said Katherine, unwilling to encounter the fashionable throng within.

"No, my dear! for I may detain you some time; besides I want you to see Madame's pretty things."

Most reluctantly did Katherine follow her com-

panion into the house and up stairs. At the door of the show-room stood Madame; her back towards it, but she turned hastily round on hearing the voice of Miss Sykes, when her eyes met those of our heroine steadfastly fixed upon her. In the first instant they recognized each other (—forgetful of all past unkindness, and remembering only that she had been the instructress of her childhood, Katherine flew forward, and, throwing her arms round her neck, wept like a child on her shoulder. Cold and stern as her natural character certainly was, Madame could not forbear being touched by this display of affection, and returning her embrace, she exclaimed,

"Ah! *Ma chere! Ma pauvre petite! Mon Dieu!* how you are altered."

The ladies who were present, surprised at this scene, but too well bred to express it, now walked into another room to look at some artificial flowers, leaving Madame and her old pupil to talk freely together. When a little more calm, Katherine asked her where she had been since last they had met. Madame then recounted her little history, and the many vicissitudes she had suffered in consequence of being sent away by Mr. Atherton. Our heroine severely felt the reproach thus conveyed.

"How much sorrow has been caused by my fault!" she said, deeply affected; "from that may be traced every evil that has befallen me and other dear ones connected with me; but God, I trust, has taught me to see myself a helpless sinner, and Jesus Christ as my only Redeemer. Such knowledge is worth any sacrifice."

Sentiments like these were unintelligible to poor Madame, whose vacant eye expressed no sympathy in them. After gazing a while on her, she began criticising her dress, and turning her round as she would have done when a child at Granby Lodge.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, "no style, no elegance! *Qui est votre modiste?* And your cheek no colour! *Mon Dieu!* why you no rouge?"

Katherine felt distressed that trials had made no change in her governess; that still the world and its miserable trifles occupied her thoughts; still she took her Maker's name in vain upon every worthless occasion.

"Never mind my dress, Madame!" she mildly said, "but tell me when you will come and see me? I should like so much to show you my little Amelia."

"I am very much engaged at present selling off on commission," replied Madame; "Sunday is my only leisure day."

"Then on Sunday let me expect you to dine; when we will have a long talk about past days."

Madame promised to do so; and as her rooms

began to fill she was obliged to leave Katherine to attend to the numerous wants of her visitors, when soon her tongue was heard talking most volubly upon the merits of blonde, lace caps, flowers and bonnets.

Katherine sighed heavily as she turned to go away with Miss Sykes.

"Poor soul! still the same frivolous being, immersed in trilles," she mentally said. "Oh! had my dearest mother made a wiser selection in an instructress for me; had she thought less of showy accomplishments and more of good principles, I should have been a happier woman this day. Yet, let me not cast one shadow of blame

on her sainted memory—she acted up to the light she then possessed. God be praised that this blazed forth so brightly ere she died, that He left her not in the darkness of error and indifference."

Miss Sykes, perceiving the melancholy that had overcast the countenance of our heroine, sought to divert her by continuing their drive on the cheerful common. For the time she succeeded; but when Katherine found herself once more alone in her own chamber, past memories and present anxieties came crowding so darkly upon her, that she could not forbear weeping long and bitterly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

BY E. L. C.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

Play on! Play on! so sweet the strain
We fain would hear it o'er again,
And still again.—Soft is the lute,
And the low breathing of the flute;
But to our ears, more sweet by far,
The music of thy light guitar.

Fragrant the breeze, and cool the shade
By these o'er-arching branches made;
Reclining here, we'll list thy song,
Nor weary though the strain be long,—
But linger with eve's latest star,
To hear thee touch thy light guitar.

The page o'er which we bend is fraught
With glowing word, and tender thought;
The inspiration sweet, and high,
Of rich poetic fantasy,—
We love the verse,—but sweeter far,
The music of thy light guitar.

How well it suits this greenwood bower,
And well, forsooth, this golden hour
Of summer prime,—its radiant skies,
Its dewy breath, its harmonies,—
A union sweet,—no sound to mar
The music of thy light guitar.

Turn, sister sweet, thine earnest ear,
The harmony divine to hear;
She heeds us not,—on earth are thrown
Her gathered flowers, while a dear tone,
Is whispering low, words sweeter far
Than thy soft strains, oh, light guitar!

But list! the minstrel higher soars,
With the full notes his soul he pours,
Out-gushing, like a river free,
In wild and joyous melody.
Play on! till beams love's radiant star
We'll listen to thy light guitar!

LITERARY LADIES.

BY S.

"WELL! there is half-past six o'clock, and I must be at Mrs. Winchester's party by seven. This is the fourth shirt I have tried on, and not a single button upon one of them! Here goes the fifth, and it wants one on the collar. Oh! what a delightful thing it is for a poor mortal to be blessed with two literary sisters,—young ladies who think making shirts and darning stockings beneath their dignity. Well! I must go, I suppose, and beg Seraphina or Amanda, (deuce take their sentimental names!) to sew one on. I will see if I have a pair of white socks now. There goes one pair—a hole in the heels; here goes another—out at the toes; another yet—and they are all holes together. There is a quarter to seven, and as Mrs. Winchester's 'blessed babby' is to be christened to-night, we are all particularly requested to be punctual. I suppose I must just wear the pair with the holes in the toes, as they will be most likely to escape observation; but, by Jove! I'll submit to this no longer. It's enough to make a poor fellow marry."

The unfortunate youth who had given utterance to this soliloquy, now proceeded up stairs to Amanda's room, and rushing in, exclaimed;

"Quick, Amanda, and sew a button on my shirt-collar. Be quick now, for I have not a moment to spare!"

"Oh! Charles, leave me, will you? Don't say another word. Go to Seraphina. The most beautiful original idea has just entered my head, and I can do nothing till I note it down."

Knowing by experience that it was useless to reply, when an original idea was manufacturing, poor Charles made a bolt into Seraphina's room, and found her, as he had her sister, with as many papers strewed in elegant confusion around her, as might have supplied a tobacconist's shop for six months.

"Here, Seraphina! Do, like a good girl, sew a button on my collar as quickly as you can!" for he thought he would succeed best in this quarter by speaking very sweetly.

"O! yes! Charles, just wait till I write two words and I will do it."

The two words were written, and Seraphina rose to sew on the button; but alas! not a button could be found, and thread and needle had likewise to be sought.

"Bless me, Seraphina, be quick!" cried the impatient Charles.

"I cannot find a single button," replied Seraphina.

"Well, fasten it any way you can—and I wish to goodness you would put buttons on my shirts and darn my stockings, instead of scribbling that vile trash, which no editor, gifted with common sense, would admit."

As the reader will perceive, Charles' impatience had completely got the better of his prudence, and this last remark was nearly a death-blow to his request; for Miss Seraphina immediately bridled up, and began very eloquently to defend her poetical genius at the expense of his good taste. But cutting short all her rhetoric, he said angrily,

"Fasten it this moment, and let me be gone."

Here Seraphina snatched up a penknife and very adroitly cut a hole in one end of the collar, and passing a string through it and the opposite button hole, tied it, exactly as the town clock rang seven.

Charles rushed head foremost down stairs to his room, dressed as hastily as possible, and jumping into the first cab he met, arrived at his destination after all the company had assembled. He was told by the servant, who opened the door, that the clergyman was already there, and they were just awaiting his arrival.

Now, to a very confident, self-satisfied young gentleman, (such as we sometimes see,) this would have been delightful news; for to be expected and waited for, is exactly what he desires, because when he enters the room with a graceful bow, and tripping up to the ladies on tip-toe, makes a most unexceptionable obeisance to each, he creates quite a sensation, which he generally contrives to keep up during the rest of the evening. Our hero was not, however, thus happily gifted. On the contrary, though possessed of an excellent fund of good common sense, and abilities of no mean order, they were accompanied as usual, by a good share of diffidence. He felt flurried and agitated, and lingered in the hall, putting on his gloves, as long as possible. But the important moment arrived; the drawing-room door was thrown wide open, and Mr. Charles Clifford announced in tones so loud, that all eyes were directed towards him in expectation of the long waited for guest. He felt every eye in the room bent upon him, and, aware of the hasty toilet he had performed, would gladly have

shrunk back and vanished : but the door had closed behind him, and he *must* advance.

The room and the lights danced before his eyes, as he attempted to make a graceful bow to the assembled company, and the lady of the house, observing his confusion, advanced and shook hands with him. This broke the ice, and now the ceremony of introduction followed, and he passed around the fair circle bowing like a Chinese Mandarin. This over, Mrs. Winchester resumed her seat, and Mr. Clifford, merely seeing a chair behind him, sat down upon it, or, rather upon the lap of the smallest imaginable young lady, who was already seated there. With a convulsive bound he started up, and blushing so deeply that the heightened colour of his complexion was reflected in that of the rather confused young lady, he stammered forth an unintelligible apology, and retreated to the most remote corner of the room.

O ladies ! ladies ! little do ye know to what important results abroad, your slightest negligence at home often leads. All this confusion and awkwardness on the part of a really good-looking and handsome young man, were simply the effects of the want of a button on his shirt-collar. Had it been there, he would have arrived at the party in good time, been introduced to the young ladies singly as they arrived, and not *en masse*, and would probably have been on excellent terms with himself, which generally has the effect of making us very agreeable towards our neighbours.

Charles felt dreadfully confused and ashamed, at the awkward figure he must have appeared before so many strangers ; and what was more tantalising still, the greater part of these were of the fair sex, who were neither old nor ugly, and it is well known how sensitive young gentlemen are, in their desire to appear to advantage before female beauty and female observation.

We will now give a short sketch of Mr. Charles Clifford's family, while he is endeavouring to regain his self-possession, and for that purpose will go back one generation in its annals. His mother had been a very novel-reading, sentimental lady in her younger days, and had carried her romantic notions to such an extreme, that she married Mr. Clifford on no other account than because she admired his name. Her own was Evelina Julia, and she was determined that sounds so euphonious should never be united to any vulgar, plebeian cognomen. A young gentleman had proposed to her about the same time as Mr. Clifford, but, though unexceptional in appearance, manners, sentiments and every thing else, he rejoiced in the plebeian appellation of James Brown. The young lady wrote "Evelina Julia Brown upon one piece of paper," and "Evelina Julia Clifford" upon another, and after surveying them both atten-

tively for a moment, she murmured with up-turned eyes, "Fate bids me wed thee, Clifford!" This decided the question, and in a few weeks she became Mrs. Edward Clifford.

This marriage, however, turned out very happy, notwithstanding the absurd fancy which on one side had led to it, for Mr. Clifford was a very plain matter-of-fact sort of gentleman, although possessed of such a harmonious name, and these solid qualities had a good effect in restraining his lady's high-flown ideas. In spite of this counter-acting influence she still continued so romantic, that when she presented her husband with a son and heir, she insisted that he should be named Constantine Theodore Clifford, but the husband was determined that he should be called Charles, after an old friend to whom he was much attached ; and the lady yielded, only on condition that he would not interfere with her good taste, if another name should be required in the family. This he promised, and the next, which was a girl, rejoiced in the celestial appellation of Seraphina. The husband, being probably quite indifferent as to the names she bestowed upon her daughters, she gratified herself by calling the next Amanda.

This was all the family Mr. and Mrs. Clifford possessed, and while Charles inherited all his father's good sense and sterling qualities, the daughters followed exactly the footsteps of their mother, with the addition of being authors. It is very proper that if a woman possesses a talent for writing she should cultivate and improve it ; but not when the time so occupied leads even to the partial neglect of her other more important and domestic duties. Her proper sphere is home, and to render that home comfortable to her parents, brothers, husband, or family, is her imperative duty. On her depends the comfort, economy, and regularity of the household, and without her guidance and authority, all becomes misrule and confusion. Seraphina and Amanda Clifford, however, were not of this opinion, but thought that literary pursuits were the most important occupation in the world, and that "household drudgery," as they styled it, was completely beneath their notice. Having now no mother to manage domestic affairs, the consequences may be easily anticipated. The servants had every thing their own way, therefore nothing was done in its proper time. Poor Charles often sat waiting half an hour for his breakfast, and when he would return to dinner and enquire if it were ready, Seraphina would say :

"Now, do, Charles, like a good boy, amuse yourself by looking over this beautiful piece of poetry which I have just finished, and I will run down to the kitchen and see if dinner is nearly ready."

Charles, though uncommonly good-natured, did not relish this work at all, and often used to remonstrate with his sisters upon their neglect of house-keeping, frequently threatening that he would marry the first young lady he could find who was a good housewife and *not* an authoress. The scene in which we have introduced Charles and his talented sisters to the reader's notice was of frequent occurrence, and he really began to entertain serious thoughts of selecting a matrimonial partner. His sisters were independent of him, therefore he felt that he would only add to his own comfort and happiness without diminishing theirs; so he forthwith resolved upon selecting an anti-literary lady, who had never written any thing beyond a letter or a receipt.

But we must now return to the party at which we left him, when we began this dissertation, and behold him still seated in the same corner. Even after the young olive-branch of the Winchester family had received its name, so unconscious was he of all around that he did not even know that it had one, till an elderly lady, taking pity upon the silent young man, went up to him very patronizingly, and enquired if he did not think it a most beautiful name.

"Beautiful!" he replied, keeping his eyes fixed in the direction of a very retiring, bashful-looking young lady in the opposite corner of the room; "beautiful certainly, but rather short."

"Rather short, indeed!" echoed the elderly lady, "how long would you have a name? If Frederick Augustus Howard Winchester is a short name, your ideas of length must be rather extensive."

"O! I beg your pardon, madam, it is the name to which you refer?" replied the stupid youth; "it is certainly most beautiful, and, quite long enough in all conscience."

The lady gave up her benevolent attempt at conversation, in despair, and left him to his meditations; and he immediately resumed his admiring gaze towards the young lady whom he had pronounced "beautiful, but rather short." Now, this was the identical damsel upon whose lap he had so unceremoniously sented himself that evening; and as he observed a vacant seat beside her, he thus reasoned with himself:

"That young lady must think me very clownish and awkward; I must go over beside her and apologize in a manner more intelligible than I fear I did, for my stupid blunder."

So Charles rose up and took a seat beside the pretty little lady, and began to apologize very earnestly. Though his excuses were very graciously received, he found his new acquaintance rather silent and diffident, and he felt more delighted with her on that account than if she had

been the most brilliant wit in the world. He never beheld a talkative, satirical young lady but he inwardly remarked, "I am sure she can write;" and now that he conversed with one so quiet and sensible, he was quite delighted, and felt certain that she must be no authoress. The longer he conversed with her the more he became enamoured, for, though not remarkable for brilliancy of wit, her remarks displayed great depth of thought and solidity of understanding.

During the evening she was requested to sing, and Charles expected to hear a fine Italian bravura, such as the other young ladies delighted in testing the strength of their lungs by; but he was agreeably surprised when, in a style simple and affecting, she sang an old ballad which had been a great favourite with him in his boyhood's days, and the pleasing associations it called up in the bosom of Charles succeeded in completing the conquest which her charms had already begun.

Her brother now came towards her, and saying, "Maud! Mrs. Winchester wishes to speak to you;" led her away.

Never had the most musical word sounded so harmonious to the ears of the enraptured Charles as that old-fashioned name.

"Maud!" he reported, dwelling with delight upon the monosyllable; "no one with that name can possibly be an authoress! I must get introduced to her brother, and try if I can by that means cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with her. I will endeavour to procure an invitation to her residence, and by its order or disorder, I will soon ascertain whether its young mistress is an authoress or a darning of stockings!"

Charles very easily managed to get an introduction to the brother (for brothers are the most useful creatures in cases of this kind,) and ere long he also contrived to procure one to the house. Though deeply in love, he still exercised his judgment,—and he very sagaciously reasoned thus with himself:

"I wonder at what time I shall pay this visit, if Sinclair told me I would find him not home any time after four o'clock. I shall not go in the afternoon, for then she will perhaps, like some young ladies I know, be dressed up expressly for the reception of visitors. I think I will just pop in upon them after tea, and thus will have a more favourable opportunity of judging as to her domestic qualities."

With this laudable resolution, one evening about seven o'clock our prudent hero set out for the abode of Miss Sinclair. The servant ushered him at once into the parlour where the brother and sister were seated, he reading aloud, and she, O fortunate Charles! darning stockings. Now, dear

reader, if you are a very fastidious and refined young lady or gentleman, you will probably say to yourself, they must have been silk, or at least fine thread stockings the young lady was darning. Quite the contrary. They were a pair of very large, grey worsted stockings, for they were her father's, and the old gentleman very properly preferred comfort to elegance. On these were her fairy fingers employed darning away very dexterously, and Charles thought them only the fairer when contrasted with their work. She did not appear the least ashamed or confused because she was caught thus usefully employed, but on the contrary rolled them up very neatly and placed them in her work basket, which, Charles particularly observed, was well filled with similar work. He now surveyed the apartment and thought it was a true index of its fair mistress. Every thing looked so comfortable and neat, from the pretty little work table to the well polished grate and fire irons. There were no large daubs of ink spattered over the table cover and carpet as in his own home, and the young lady herself, in dress and every thing else, even exceeded his fastidious ideas of female perfection and propriety.

By degrees, Charles became a constant visitor at Mr. Sinclair's residence, and never did he detect Maud inditing poetry or prose. While he or her brother read aloud during the evening, she industriously plied the needle or joined in their conversation. Affairs were rapidly coming to a crisis, and Charles, being pretty certain that he was not quite indifferent to the object of his affections, joyfully anticipated a life of domestic bliss. In conversing with her, he often spoke of female writers, but it was always in a tone of ridicule and contempt. He insisted that it was impossible for a lady to write and attend to her domestic duties, and yet do both properly.

Once or twice while he was thus venting his dislike to female authors of every denomination, he observed a peculiar smile upon the placid countenance of Maud Sinclair. This smile, which was very expressive, puzzled him exceedingly, for there was a kind of exulting meaning about it, which he could not fathom. Once the thought entered his mind, that she was perhaps also an authoress, but it was quickly vanished, for, according to his experience, domestic comfort and literary pursuits could not be combined.

One evening, when, as usual, he was seated in Mr. Sinclair's parlour, the servant delivered a parcel to Miss Sinclair, who, upon opening it, found that it contained a new publication. She handed it to Charles and desired him to select a tale and read it for their amusement. He obeyed with pleasure, and began reading one

which so delighted him by the masterly style and playful humour with which it was written, that he became quite enthusiastic in its praise. It was an original piece and had a lady's name, though probably an assumed one, attached to it.

"Now," said Maud, laughing very heartily, "I suppose you will no longer admire that tale, since you have discovered that it was written by a lady."

"You mistake my sentiments altogether," replied Charles, "I admire the production as much as ever, though I may perhaps reflect upon the neglect of other duties which it has occasioned."

"But," said Maud, "do you not think it possible, that by a proper management of her time and a judicious method, a lady may fulfil all her domestic duties and still amuse herself by writing?"

"I fear," replied Charles, "that such a person can rarely be found. A man of genius can seldom make his intellect stoop to participate in the every day business of life, in which men of ordinary capacity take a delight. With a lady it is much the same. She cannot, while her mind is occupied in the composition of a poem or a novel, bring her mind to think of those necessary but troublesome occupations connected with a household. For example, the lady, whoever she may be, who wrote this tale—and she must be possessed of superior abilities—while engaged with it, must have been unable to think of her other active duties. If she could properly perform them, while thus employed, she must, indeed, be perfection."

Maud appeared a little confused, as Charles concluded this sentence, and her brother, who had been listening very attentively, gave her an arch look, and said,

"Indeed Clifford you are far too severe against literary ladies, for I know—"

Here Miss Sinclair rose up hastily and left the room, and as she made her exit, she put her finger upon her lips, and looked at her brother as if imploring silence, and he, understanding her request, finished the sentence by adding—

"Many clever women, who can think of 'sub-lunary things.'"

Miss Sinclair soon returned. She felt glad that this discussion was over, and started a more agreeable topic of conversation.

William Sinclair was soon after called out of the room and the lovers were left alone. Though a similar circumstance had often occurred before, strange to say, they both appeared very much confused, and sat a long time in silence. At length Charles looked in his fair neighbour's face, and at the same moment, she looked in his, and their eyes meeting, were quickly withdrawn.

Charles now very courageously seized hold of

a small white hand next him, and in much the same manner as others similarly situated do, begged that he might become its happy possessor.

Though he made this request with the utmost humility, and expressed himself unworthy of such an inestimable blessing, nevertheless, when the lady gave him a decided refusal, he was quite astonished, and begged to know her reason; "for," he very modestly added, "he had entertained such ardent hopes of success."

Without replying to his agitated question, she opened the book which he had been reading, and with a smile in which archness and embarrassment were mingled, she pointed to the tale in the praise of which he had been so eloquent, and quietly said;

"I am the authoress. This is my signature attached to it. My father and William call me Maud, but my proper name is Madeline."

"You the authoress! and your name Madeline!" exclaimed the astonished youth, surveying the young lady with looks of admiration and wonder. "How? When did you write that beautiful production?"

"It was written since I had the pleasure of Mr. Charles Clifford's acquaintance, and if he will examine it narrowly, he will perhaps recognize some of his own sentiments in it, though perhaps disguised in the author's own language."

Now, considering all that Charles had said against "Literary Ladies," and his determination never to marry a lady who could write anything more learned than a letter or a receipt, it is most astonishing that he was more delighted than ever with Miss Sinclair.

In vain she told him that "Literary Ladies," could not attend to domestic matters, and that her intellect was too refined to stoop to the ordinary occupations of less intellectual minds; and she ended by very candidly assuring him that she would certainly make a very bad wife.

He exclaimed, enraptured, "You are an angel! Forgive all that I have said; but it was only against those who neglect all other pursuits that I spoke. To you my remarks could have no reference, for one who can attend, as you do, to woman's noblest and most useful employments, and at the same time have her mind occupied in the composition of such a production as this, must indeed render home an earthly paradise to him with whom she deigns to link her fate. Maud, say you will now be mine!"

Need we say that Charles was accepted, and that he never more railed against "Literary Ladies."

It is now nearly a year since he was married.

and he assures me, (for I am his most intimate friend,) that he can lay his hand upon his heart, and say that he firmly believes himself to be the happiest mortal in this world.

Maud, or rather Mrs. Clifford, is still the same quiet little lady as ever, though her fame is now widely known, for her husband is so proud of her abilities that he has insisted she should no longer use the simple and unpretending signature of Madeline, but avail herself of that name which he has conferred upon her.

The example of Mrs. Clifford has had such a salutary effect upon the conduct of her husband's sisters, that they are rapidly becoming exemplary housewives, and a noted gossip informed me the other day, (of course as a great secret, and as such, dear reader, to you I communicate it,) that William Sinclair is actually paying particular attentions to Miss Seraphina.

In conclusion, I only wish, that all who rail against "Literary Ladies" may be punished as the happy Charles has been, and that all those ladies, who, by an exclusive devotion to literature, and their neglect of domestic duties, give occasion to that raillery; may, like Seraphina, reform, and, like her, receive "particular attentions."

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY J. H. C.

The wreath of orange blossoms that once decked that brow so fair,
Is gone, and in its stead, the widow's cap is there;
No more her merry laugh is heard; her sunny smiles are fled;
Her heart is gloomy, lone and sad, her thoughts are with the dead.

Few years have passed since at the shrine her plighted hand she gave,
To him her bosom's chosen lord, now tenant of the grave;
Ah! little thought that happy one, then standing by his side,
That thou, oh, Death! so soon would'st tear that husband from his bride.

Her grief is not forbidden, from the purest source it flows,
The widow's stricken heart has borne the load of human woes,
Still she bows in meek submission, and gently bears the rod;
For well she knows the orphan's hope, and widow's stay is God!

Maitland, Feb. 15, 1815.

THE FIRST EWE.

BY MRS. FLEMING.

"Though very poor, may yet be very blest."

GOLDSMITH.

It was April—the close of one of its finest days, and the soft breath of the south wind had not passed over the Township hills in vain. A slight tinge of pale green was visible on the slender shoots of the willow; the trickling sound of tiny rills, seeking their way amid stones and tree-roots, fell pleasantly on the ear; and on the southern slopes little tufted hillocks were peeping through the waning masses of surrounding snow.

The rays of the setting sun brightened the dark tops of the pine trees, and threw a cheerful gleam on the low-roofed dwelling of the clergyman of the district, while within its parlour a brief conversation between the mistress of the mansion and the wife of one of the settlers, whose daughter had for two or three months been employed in the family, was closed by the following question and reply:

"Tell me, Mrs. Martin, do you wish Agnes to have the straw bonnet, she has been speaking of getting from town?"

"O no ma'am; its a thing she has nae need o'; it was just a thocht cam in her ain head; but she'll be easy advised gin ye speak till her yoursel'."

It was morning—a bright and smiling morning, and Agnes was putting by the breakfast cups.

"Now Agnes, do give up all thoughts of that split-straw bonnet; one heavy shower of rain would spoil it, and you know you have no umbrella; besides, you have so far to walk to church that it would soon be burnt brown. Wear your home-made straw—it becomes you; and, if you must have a nice bonnet, wait till the autumn rains are over, and then get a silk one for winter; it will serve you two seasons, perhaps three."

"Do you think, ma'am, I should buy a frock?"

"You might; that would be laying out your money better; and yet I do not see that you require a new one, and you are growing very fast. The fact is, Agnes, that you are earning higher wages than little girls generally get;" (Agnes was not yet thirteen,) "at the same time there is no occasion for your dressing in a different manner from your own cousins and companions. I think you might spare a month's wages to buy a ewe; your father would let it run with his, would he not?"

"O yes, ma'am," replied Agnes, her eyes sparkling at the thought.

"Mrs. Blake, I was wanting to know if you could let me home early to-morrow afternoon; I would like to go to the raffle."

"What raffle?"

"A raffle for a watch, ma'am; they say its worth eight dollars, and we have only to put in a quarter dollar for a chance."

"And if it be worth eight dollars there must be thirty-two throwing for it, and of these, thirty-one must lose. Do you not see how much more likely you are to be one of the losers than the one who wins, and will you, for such a poor chance, break on the money you were to buy the ewe with?"

"May be I may get it made up, ma'am."

"Not in time, Agnes; sheep will soon be higher priced if this fine weather continue."

Agnes answered not, but it was easy to see that illusive hopes of the prize were uppermost in her mind. And why were not reasons of a different kind brought forward against her going? They were left to one from whose lips they would come with more force.

"Agnes, is it possible that you are thinking of going to a raffle?"

"Is there any harm in it, sir? They said it was just like casting lots; is there any harm in that?"

"As to that, Agnes, a great deal depends on the occasion. For example: if you and your cousin Jane had found something on the road and could not discover the owner, and that it were something which would be of no use if divided, there would be no harm in your casting lots for it. Or, suppose two of the young men had taken land with the intention of dividing it equally between them, and found that one end had the advantage of a spring and the other none, there would be no harm in their casting lots for that. But if you go to this raffle, I think it is covetousness that takes you there, and discontent and envy will probably accompany you back. You go hoping to gain a great deal—not by persevering industry—not by any extraordinary exertion on your part, for which you are to be well recompensed, but by the chance of appropriating to yourself the earnings of others, some of them perhaps your friends and companions, all earning their money as laboriously, valuing, requiring it as much as you do yours. Will you not be much disappointed when—as in all likelihood will be the case—you return with nothing? And supposing that one of your young friends could have known that you were to lose and had not told you, would you think she had acted kindly? Now reverse the case: suppose you knew that should the watch be raffled you would gain, you would tell no one; you would feel wishful that

all should go, all lose, all have to endure the disappointment which you yourself could so ill bear, in order that you might win. Would this be doing to others as you would they should do unto you? And when, on the very next morning, you should hear the commandment, 'Thou shalt not covet,' how, knowing that you had deliberately acted in opposition to the spirit of it, would you be able to respond and supplicate the Almighty to 'write all these laws in your heart?'

"I will not go to the raffle, Sir," said Agnes. "I am glad to hear it."

This conversation passed in private, and not a word more was spoken about going or not going by any one in the house, till about two hours after. It was better she should feel herself quite unrestrained.

"Agnes, if you still think of going to the raffle to-morrow you will set the yeast now."

"I am not going to the raffle, ma'am," said Agnes, and she spoke neither exultingly nor sullenly, but modestly and yet firmly.

Agnes had few pretensions to beauty: her features had no share in the charm which at this moment played over them. It was the sweet yet dignified expression which the triumph of principle over inclination imparts.

The watch was raffled; many of the losers returned discontented, and some of them dissatisfied with themselves. This must always be the case where people go with the eager expectation of gaining. It is only when they have money to spare, and can consider it as in a manner thrown away, that they put up pleasantly with the loss. Agnes made no remark, did not even say "I am glad I was not there;" for the wish which prudential consideration could not conquer, had been subdued by high and holy thoughts, and therefore hers was a deep and quiet joy.

"Agnes, Mrs. Andrews told me that when you are no longer wanted here, if you go to her she will give you the same wages you are now getting."

"But, ma'am, that's far away; I couldn't get home; I couldn't see Sarah Jane."

"Well, Agnes, no one will send you there against your will, but as I promised Mrs. Andrews to mention the offer to your father and mother, I shall do so."

And who was Sarah Jane? The baby!—in a large family—a family of the poor, especially among the Scotch and Irish—the youngest child is often left to the care of the oldest girl, even when she may yet be called a child herself, and this early assumption of a mother's care seems to bring with it feelings approaching to maternal fondness. Such was the tie that linked Agnes to

Sarah Jane, who had, when but a few weeks old, been confided mostly to her care during the busy days of harvest, and occasionally even when harvest was over; and Agnes had a truly affectionate heart; she was a good as well as a careful nurse. Before she left home, the infant, then six or seven months old, had begun to show that it could love in return, and now, when her work was done it was but to cross two fields, the little arms of the child were extended to welcome her, the little lip was pressed to hers, and Agnes felt that she was again at home.

That home was soon to be her residence once more, for the father's reply to the proposal was,

"No, no, ma'am; I am obliged to you nevertheless, and obliged to Mrs. Andrews; as long as you want her, keep her, but she's too young to go far from home."

It was a Sunday evening in May. The buds of the beech were bursting into light, and I had been sauntering in a shaded spot where the breeze was fraught with the fragrances of the pine trees. As I turned my steps from the woods, the gay clouds of a radiant sunset gave promise of a lovely morning, and near my onward path, in front of her father's cottage, and not ten paces distant from the road, stood Agnes—the baby in her arms, and little Johnny, a boy five years old, by her side. She advanced two or three steps and paused; I stepped over the single rail which was left rather to mark than bar the entrance, and she advanced.

"Nursing again, Agnes?"

"Yes, ma'am."

But her eyes were beaming with something she wished to communicate.

"Look, Mrs. Blake, there's my ewe;" and sure enough, there, beside her father's three sheep, was a fourth quietly cropping the young grass.

"I hope she'll thrive with you, Agnes, and if she do—why, you'll soon be the richest girl in the Township."

"If she have two lambs, ma'am, I'm going to give one of them to Sarah Jane."

As she spoke she pressed to her own the clubby cheek of the child.

"Will ye gie me the tither ane?" said Johnny, looking up in his sister's face, and in a tone which implied he thought his claim a fair one.

No phrenologist had ever wandered over those hills to examine Johnny's head, and tell how well the bump of acquisitiveness was developed, but it had often been remarked in the family that Johnny "would look well out for himself," and this prompt speech was so characteristic, the demand was made with so much gravity, and Agnes felt so fully the whimsical dilemma in which it placed her, that first she raised her eyes to me as if to

say "What am I to do now?" and then she laughed outright. She extricated herself very naturally, and very kindly, too; replying in the same dialect in which the little fellow had spoken;

"Now, Johnny, gin I do that what will I hae for mysel'? But Johnny, I'll gie you wool for a pair o' socks whenever she's clippet;" and Johnny was satisfied.

Agnes was more. There may, perhaps, have been happier hearts in the Townships, but hers at the moment was as full of happiness as it could hold. I have said that she had few pretensions to beauty, but as she stood there in the evening light, her flaxen hair bound neatly back with a blue ribbon, the colour deepened on her cheek, and her eyes, lit up with unusual animation, glancing from her ewe to her little brother, she would have been no uninteresting subject for the pencil.

Seven years more have passed over the Township, and the green heads of many of its trees have been laid low. Whose is this new clearing? I can discern the shanty: it is not far from the road, though it must be far from any other dwelling. Let us go forward. Here is a maple grove, in Township phrase a *sugar-bush*. Have they been making sugar this year? They have; the trees have been tapped, and carefully tapped too, so as not to injure them; and the sap troughs have been gathered up when the season was over, and piled within the shelter of the sugar cabin.

Part of this clearing has been chopped the winter before last, for the raspberry bushes have sprung up thick along the fence, and yonder is a little girl disencumbering some of them of their rich, ripe, crimson fruit. There is a small field of rye and a larger one of mountain barley, and about an acre planted in potatoes, and beyond that a patch of oats, and two or three acres on which the last stage of *piling and burning* is marked by the smoke of the fires now dying away; and between us and them a cow, and four ewes, with their lambs, are browsing on the shoots and nibbling the blades of grass springing among the recently felled wood. Let us pass to the west of that large stump and we will not disturb them.

We are at the back of the shanty now. I can see a woman stooping over a cradle as if to lift a child. Pass on; we must go round the fence of the little garden to get to the door; it opens to the south. There is a window or rather an opening to admit air at this end near the top, and there must be a sort of garret—I can see the rolls of fleeces lying within. There are in the garden three young rose bushes, a few violets, and the buds of a yellow lupin are just peeping

out; and there are two currant bushes, some onions and carrots. There is no chimney to the shanty, but the usual substitute in summer, an out door fire-place not far from it. Potatoes, from which the water has just been poured, are smoking still, and by them, on the decaying *embers*, are trout, fine large trout, nicely browned and ready to put to table. A few paces from the door the linen, or, to speak with more truth, the cotton of the family is hung to bleach (*Township fashion*) on a pole placed horizontally; there, leaning against the fence, are two new cart wheels, and here comes the little girl. She has placed her basket of raspberries on a rough bench at the door and gone in; here she comes again with a *tureen*, as it is termed, of coarse earthenware, and picking out, as she turns them over, the little bits of straw and leaves that had got among the berries, she puts them all into it; now she is washing her hands in a sugar trough that stands by the garden fence, but she has no towel to wipe them on and is not going to get one; looking towards the wood as she shakes the water from her tiny fingers, she calls out "Here's Hugh! here's Hugh comin'!"

The mistress of the shanty is on the door-step now with her infant, of a few weeks old, in her arms. You may observe by the tinge on its little cheek that it is newly waked from a pleasant slumber; and now, through the trees, we can see Hugh. He is coming with his axe in his hand and a piece of half-squared wood, large enough for an axle tree, on his shoulder; but which of all the Township Hughes this is, or if indeed it be one of them, I cannot tell. A traveller on horseback is passing, and his dog, making a circuit through the clearing, has startled the sheep. They have all run up to the shanty; but one comes nearer than the rest, and standing there with two lambs beside her, she listens to the bark of the retiring dog, and stamps her foot again. "Poor Maggy," said the young mistress of the dwelling, looking kindly at her, and the ewe gave a bleat as if in reply. Reader! that little girl now seated on the grass, and extending her arms to take the infant, is Sarah Jane. Johnny caught the trout, and she carried them all the way from her father's that morning; that sheep close to the shanty, the mother of the flock, was Agnes' first ewe. Need I say who is the young and happy looking matron?

Long, long may it be ere a false and vicious taste for dress, or display of any kind beyond their means, blight the sweet buds of real happiness that can bloom so fair even on these rugged hills, or freeze the warm current of affection which has held its course, amid poverty and difficulty, a pure and sparkling stream.

THE VIOLINIST.*

BY E. L. C.

"ASK me not now, lady," returned Guiseppe; "now, when applause from lips whose praises I never thought to win, is ringing in my ears, and the glances of bright eyes, and the light of approving smiles are beaming on me, I feel it a hard struggle indeed to remain firm to the resolve of yesterday."

"And why should'st thou?" asked the Countess; "if it be fame, distinction, which thy parents covet for thee, may'st thou not as soon attain them by the lyre, as by the pen, or by the sword?"

"Ay, lady, sooner," he answered; "but a less enviable fame, a less honorable distinction—at least so they deem, in whose hands is the direction of my destiny."

"Thou should'st shape thine own destiny, Signor, and so I trow thou wilt, in spite of whatever others may do to control thee," said the Countess.

"I would fain do so, lady, but I may not," he answered; "and after this night of triumph and enjoyment, I have vowed to forswear the art I love, solaced only in the sacrifice I am about to make by the consciousness of having performed a filial duty."

"A foolish vow is better broken than kept," said the Countess.

"Ay is it, and so I absolve thee from thine," exclaimed the Bishop, who had approached the window unobserved, and at that moment stood before them with the lady *Ianthé* leaning on his arm. "Thou art endowed with rare talents, young man," he continued, "and would'st thou, like the unfaithful steward of the parable, hide them in a napkin?"

"Nay, my Lord, much rather would I add to the one I have received, five more," said Guiseppe, "and that I am not permitted to do so, is the grievous cross which I am constrained unwillingly to bear."

"And wherefore is this required of thee," asked the Bishop, "since if thou would'st gain wisdom, thou may'st surely do it without forswearing thy music?—or if it be wealth that thou covetest, or that thy friends covet for thee, I can tell thee many a tale of its emptiness, of the cankering care which it brings in its train, and of the vain glitter with which it mocks the disappointed expectations of its votaries."

The Countess *Bertha* smiled sally at the words of the Bishop, and when he paused she said with a sigh,

"Ah yes! believe me, Signor Tartini, if the deepest and purest longings of the soul remain unsatisfied, if the fountains of hope and affection within the breast well not up in brightness and in joy, we may look in vain to the outward circumstances of our being to fill the dreary void of our aching and disappointed hearts."

As she said this, her touching tone, and the shade of melancholy which stole over, and softened her brilliant beauty, affected the young man deeply, for they told that she had suffered, and he looked upon her with a degree of interest which she had failed to awaken in him before. Her conscious eye sank beneath the tender earnestness of his gaze, and a brighter colour glowed upon her cheek, as he said,—

"Experience has not yet taught me to feel the truth of thy words, lady, but an inward voice assures me of their verity; God knows how valueless is the world's wealth in my eyes,—how uncoveted is the warrior's or the scholar's fame by my soul; but the renown that will associate my name with melodies divine, I earnestly desire. Ay, let me pass on through life's lowly vale in still and calm retirement, unknowing and unknown, save by a choice and chosen few,—yet in my lone and far retreat, I would that I might awake such strains, as should resound through earth, and thrill a thousand souls with rapturous delight!"

"This then is thy ambition," said the Bishop, smiling, as he marked the flushed cheek and beaming eye of the youth.

"It is, my Lord," answered Guiseppe—"my only ambition,—it was the dream of my childhood, the hope and purpose of my youth,—and now is it the longing desire of my opening manhood—a desire, destined alas! never to be fulfilled."

"Nay, fuller not; if thou would'st achieve thy object," said the Bishop; "and if aid of mine can serve thee, thou may'st command it to what extent thou wilt; I would not see the pinions of genius clipped by the hand of ignorance or prejudice, nor suffer the gifted bard, who knows how to speak to the human soul in that universal language which all can comprehend, to remain deaf

to the heavenly inspiration which has been breathed into him by his Maker."

"My Lord," said Guiseppe, "I am more deeply beholden to thee for thy kind interest than I can express, yet I fear indeed, that consistently with my duty to my parents, I may not avail me of it."

"But thou shalt," said the Bishop, "for I will speak reason to them myself, in case they refuse to hear it from thee. In the meantime, there is a post, which will require the exercise of all thy talent, that I wish thee to fill, it being no other than that of conductor of the Orchestra in the church of St. Antonio. It is running into sad vagaries under the guidance of Cavilli, and for its own honor as well as for thy advantage, I would entrust its direction to thee. It will yield thee, beside, a sum by no means contemptible, and which, as I know somewhat of the expenses of a student's life, I think will not come amiss to thee now."

"My Lord, thy kindness so far exceeds my deserts," said Guiseppe, "that I scarcely dare accept it, nor have I words to express the grateful emotions of my heart."

"Timo will shew, young man, whether thou art worthy of it or not," said the Bishop; "I believe that thou art; at all events thou hast genius if not merit, and I trust thou dost possess both. And now, I have yet another boon to crave of thee—"

"Of me, my Lord! another! when,"—began Guiseppe eagerly, but the Bishop smilingly interrupted him,

"Well then to bestow one, if thou wilt have it so, though whether asked or offered, the proposal hath once been rejected by thee—but perchance thou art now inclined to treat it with more indulgence."

"Pardon me, my Lord, if"—stammered Guiseppe, full well aware to what the Bishop alluded, but powerless in his embarrassment to frame the apology he wished.

"I have nought to pardon, young man," again interposed the Bishop, "for though somewhat disappointed, I confess, that thou did'st decline to bestow instruction in thine art upon my niece, the lady Ianthé, yet I could not but honour the motive which prompted thy refusal; nevertheless, if upon further thought, thou can'st consent to my request, and that without neglecting the studies which are required of thee, thou wilt confer upon me an especial favour, which shall be, not only gratefully acknowledged, but amply recompensed."

"Willingly, my Lord," said Guiseppe; "and the act in which thou desirest me to engage will bring with it its own sufficient recompense, though still, I cannot be insensible to my own temerity in

venturing to instruct another in that noble science, beyond whose merest alphabet I have, as yet, myself but scarcely advanced."

Guiseppe marked not the joy which gleamed in the dark eyes of the Countess, as he uttered these words, for his gaze was fixed on the lovely Ianthé, who, with a sunny smile, silently thanked him for his acquiescence to her uncle's wishes.

"We understand each other then," said the Bishop, "and to-morrow, Signor, if nought prevents, I will expect thee to commence thy task. I think thou wilt find my little girl an apt scholar, for she has a true love for melody, and already, under but an indifferent instructor, hath made no inconsiderable progress in the art. And now I remember, my pearl," he said, addressing the young lady, "that thou wert this evening to try thy guitar with Signor Veracini, so that thy new instructor may be able, at once, to judge somewhat of thy capacity."

"Dearest uncle, I pray thee excuse me for this time," said Ianthé earnestly, as she turned her sweet imploring eyes towards him. "Will it not serve that I exhibit what little skill I possess, to Signor Tartini, on the morrow, for indeed I should fail to do common justice to myself were I to attempt anything before an audience like this."

"But thou knowest the piece was composed for thee by Veracini, and he expects thee to perform it with him," said the Bishop. "Thou must conquer thy timidity, my child, and thou wilt be best able to do so by accustoming thyself to play in the presence of competent judges. Nor hast thou much to fear from the most critical amateur, since, considering thy years and inexperience, thou art in my opinion no contemptible performer even now."

"I cannot hope to be judged so partially by all," said Ianthé, "and if thou wouldst but spare me for this time only, dear uncle?"

"Nay, thou must not ask it, sweet," he replied—"for see, yonder comes Fabian with thy guitar, and many eyes are turned towards thee with impatient expectation. Let us linger here no longer, for the evening is passing fast away."

So saying he took her reluctant hand and led her towards that part of the saloon where Veracini stood, the page beside him, awaiting her with her instrument. Guiseppe lingered not behind, but followed with the Countess Bertha, whom he led to a seat in view of the performers, himself occupying such a position near her, as enabled him to see and hear the graceful performer, to the best possible advantage. With a trembling hand Ianthé took her guitar from the page, but her courage grew with the breathing melody, and soon with bolder touch she

struck the echoing chords, pouring forth in a rich gush of sound, her thrilling voice, whose clear and bird-like tones formed an accompaniment of most rare and exquisite sweetness.

Blushing at her own temerity, and agitated by the clamor of applause which followed her performance, the young *lauthé* flung aside her guitar, with the last sweet note yet dying on its strings, and glided swiftly away, seeking to shun the observation she had drawn upon herself. Guiseppe found it a hard struggle to subdue the inclination which prompted him to follow her through a distant door, to the dim and silent balcony whither he saw her retreat. But he felt that the eye of the Countess Bertha was upon him, and he shrank from its searching gaze—he knew not why he did so, understood not the inward consciousness which made him dread her scrutiny, and caused him to withdraw his look from the door through which *lauthé* had passed, and assume an air of gay indifference, as he replied to her lively remarks, or joined in the praises which, with apparent sincerity, she lavished on her lovely niece.

But when again, and for the last time, Guiseppe executed a solo on the violin, *lauthé* re-appeared from the obscurity she had sought, and as her fair form glided dream-like past him, his hand for a moment trembled on the chords, and he found it no easy thing to recover his self-possession, while he saw her stand like one entranced by the melody, and met those angel eyes, whose soft glances penetrated his soul, fixed intently upon him.

But the evening at length drew to a close—that evening on which so many new and deep emotions had awoke within him, and into whose narrow limits so much of enjoyment, of hope, of exultation, had been crowded. As he left the lighted halls of the palace, and the beaming smiles that had shone on him so brightly, and wended his lonely way back to the city, he trembled at the position in which he found himself; for he felt that the events and associations of that night must give a new direction to his purposes, an altered hue to the whole of his future existence.

A lamp was burning dimly on the table of his solitary apartment when he entered, and beside it lay a letter directed in the dear familiar hand of his mother. He took it eagerly up, but the sudden flood of thought that overwhelmed his mind at sight of it, stayed him when he would have broken the seal. He could well imagine what it contained—the approbation, the hopes, the fond anticipations to which it would give utterance, and which but yesterday would have cheered and urged him onwards in his arduous

path of toil—lightening the tasks, and strengthening the resolves which were to him so difficult and hard.

But now he had yielded to an allurement which undermined the very basis of his most solemn promises; he had even consented to occupy a place, whose duties would entrench upon the time allotted to his studies, and be the means of nurturing that love of music which he had pledged himself to subdue. Tormented by regret and self-reproach, he sat for several minutes holding the unopened letter in his hand; but filial anxiety and affection soon triumphed over more painful feelings, and breaking the seal he read with a yearning heart the following words of love:

"I am alone this evening, my darling son, and yet not alone, for thou art with me,—thy smile is beaming on me, thy dark eyes in all their lustrous beauty, look into mine with love, and the gentle tones of thy voice seem borne to me upon the whispering breeze. My heart embraces thee, though my arms cannot, and it is filled with tender thoughts of thee,—with joy at thy progress, and with sweet hope that all we desire for thee may be accomplished.

"I said I was alone—alone in the dear summer chamber,—but thy father sits without, under the shade of the orange tree which showed its green shoot above the earth on the day when thy infant smile first blessed my sight, and his countenance wears a look of quiet and contented joy, for yesterday we heard good reports of thee from a learned counsellor of Padua, who spoke much in praise of thy modest deportment, and of thy diligence in thy duties. Thy own dear letter too, hath gladdened our hearts, and heavenly as we feel thy absence, we have joy in the thought that thou art feeding on rich fruit from the tree of knowledge, so that when the sun of our life shall be descending the horizon, thine, as it climbs the heavens, will be shedding abroad the glorious beams of science and of knowledge.

"Last night as I sat at thy favorite window in the summer house, I heard a peasant singing the sonata which thou used to love so much. He reclined upon the bottom of his boat, and as it glided slowly past, I had time to drink in the whole melody; and I need not tell thee, dear child, that it drew tears from my eyes; for it brought back again those sunny hours, when thou sat'st behind me in that chamber, and filled it with thy music. With what swift magic didst thou touch the chords of thy instrument, while I listened to thee entranced, till the cool breeze warned us that the brief hours were fast journeying on to midnight. And then came thy parting strain, and our walk back through the fragrant

garden to our home,—that happy home, and oh, those happy days!

"All around me remains the same as then—thy cherished flowers bloom on in beauty where thy hand planted them.—the golden laburnum showers its blossoms on the crystal lake, where thy tame swan sits waiting to receive from thee its wonted food; the ring-doves coo lovingly in the old lime; and daily the little blind girl comes with her fresh-gathered bouquet, and her artless inquiry, of when thou wilt return to cheer her with thy music. Ah! when indeed wilt thou come, to restore to every familiar object its former charm, and to beguile the long summer day with thy melodies? I have heard none like them since thou left us, and though I approve not, more than does thy father, thy devotion to thine instrument, I would not have thee wholly forego it, but in thy hours of relaxation from study, strive to perfect thyself in its use, that it may be to thee in graver years, and amid graver pursuits, a source of innocent enjoyment to thyself, and a means of bestowing pleasure on thy friends.

"I have written thee more, my son, than I purposed doing at this time, and yet I have not said that, with which I intended to commence my letter; which was, not only to commend thy diligence, and thy filial obedience, but also to encourage thee to perseverance in the course thou hast so well begun, which giveth great joy to thy father's heart; for it is so set upon thy achieving distinction in the law, that any remissness on thy part, would, I am persuaded, not only cause him great unhappiness, but seriously affect his health.

"Therefore, my darling boy, as thou hast thy parents' hopes and comfort in thy keeping, I trust the charge is so far dear to thee, that thou wilt hold it sacred, and in striving to fulfil thy desires, best promote thine own welfare and honour. And now, my beloved child, farewell—take especial care of thy health for my sake, and let me hear from thee speedily that thou continuest well and happy. That the good God may bless thee, my son, and send his holy angels to guard and watch thee, is the ceaseless prayer of thy fond mother,

PAULINE TARTINI."

The letter, wet with Guiseppe's tears, fell from his hand as he concluded its perusal, and with his face buried in his folded arms, he bowed down upon the table, melted by his mother's tenderness, and wounded to the soul by the consciousness, that never had he deserved it so little as at this time; for she commended his perseverance and his diligence, at the very moment when he had almost forgotten the promises made to her and to his father, and was voluntarily yielding to the fascinations of his favorite science.

"But yet," he said at length, with recovered

energy of mind and purpose, "even yet it is not too late to show them that I am willing to sacrifice myself to their wishes; ay, even though health and life fail me, I will press on, even to victory. The dark night shall lend me its silent hours for toil; when every eye is closed, and darkness is around me, will I redeem the moments given to music. Even now will I commence this course—now, will I shut out the bright and beautiful images which throng my mind, and for their sakes, who love me so well, strive to find interest and harmony in these volumes whose pages I so reluctantly unfold."

As he said this, he gathered his books around him, and strove to concentrate his thoughts upon their contents; bending earnestly over them till the first rosy streak of dawn stole through the windows, eclipsing the dim and struggling flame of his nearly expiring lamp. Sleep had fled from his eyelids, but the feverish excitement of his mind prevented his feeling fatigue. For a few hours of serious study, he had resolutely dismissed all other thoughts, but now the scene and events of the preceding evening recurred to him in vivid hues. Again he lived over those few brief hours of enjoyment; he heard again the murmurs of applause which followed his performance, and sweeter still, he saw the lovely smile and tender eyes of Lanthé once more beaming upon him in soft and eloquent approval of his strains. "I shall see her again to-day," he said, and that thought haunted him like some sweet dream, till the hour arrived when he was to fulfil his appointment at the palace.

His heart beat quick as he again ascended its steps towards the vestibule, where Fabian stood, waiting to receive and conduct him to the presence of his lovely pupil. He found her sitting on a cushion at the feet of the Countess Bertha, to whom she was reading aloud from the poems of Tasso, and both reader and listener were so absorbed by their employment, that they did not perceive Guiseppe's entrance till the page pronounced his name. Then, both looked up with a sudden blush and smile, as he saluted them with that graceful simplicity which was natural to him, for though not free from embarrassment, the feeling lent no *coqueterie* to his manner, but served rather to enhance that modesty which was one of its chief attractions.

Least he should seem to place himself upon the footing of a guest, he spoke directly of the object of his visit to the palace, taking up at the same moment Lanthé's guitar, which lay near by upon a table. But she gaily insisted that he should give her the first lesson by playing himself, that so she might know how he managed the instrument, and learn what sounds it was capable of producing

in the hands of a master. He pleaded, however, that he was to teach her the principles of music, as combined with singing, since the guitar was an instrument on which he had little or no experience, having always confined his practice to the violin. But he was constrained by the united persuasions of the two ladies to touch its strings, and then tune succeeding to tune was played and sung, the Countess and Ianthé joining often in the vocal melody. And thus the first lesson ended, to the mutual satisfaction of the trio, though had the Bishop been within hearing, it is more than possible he would have objected to this desultory mode of instruction. At the next one, however, he was present, when Guiseppe commenced his teachings so scientifically, and enforced them so eloquently, that the Bishop was charmed with the new tutor, delighted with Ianthé's quickness and talent, and prophesied that before long she would rival the Signora Victorine, a celebrated vocalist, who a year previous had made all Italy ring with her fame.

So passed on weeks and months, during which time Guiseppe filled, with honor to himself, the place to which the Bishop had appointed him in the Orchestra of St. Antonio; he was also constant in his instructions to the lady Ianthé, and yet with these duties to engross his time, he made such rapid progress in his legal studies, that he outstripped his competitors, and bid fair to obtain the highest prize in the University. But he was only enabled to achieve all this, by adhering strictly to his resolution of devoting the night to his books, which he regularly did, at least such a portion of it, as would redeem for study every moment which during the day he had given, either directly or indirectly, to music.

But these instructions at the palace soon produced other results than those which had been desired or foreseen, for in a brief time both Guiseppe and his fair scholar became initiated in a subtler science than the one he had engaged to teach. The Bishop was seldom present when Ianthé took her lessons, but the Countess made it a point never to absent herself, and her jealous eye detected in both, even before the secret was suspected by themselves, symptoms of an incipient passion which she resolved to crush, even in its very bud. Her own interest in the young musician had grown into an intense and absorbing feeling—there was a freshness, a purity in his sentiments, which charmed her, and independently of his personal grace and beauty, she was captivated by his generous and impassioned nature, whose ardent impulses were continually betraying themselves in the changing expression of his eloquent countenance, or in the utterance of feelings and opinions that found a

responsive echo in her own breast. Of his birth, or present position she thought nothing; his genius would achieve for him a name, and raise him to a place far above any that mere rank alone, however exalted, could attain.

Forned to please, and accustomed to conquer, the Countess fancied she had only to exert her power to bring the young student to her feet, and she was therefore equally surprised and piqued, when she saw him remain not only indifferent to her charms, and her undisguised preference, but actually testifying his admiration of her niece in a manner too pointed not to be observed. Too wary to betray her disappointment, and relying on the susceptibility and inexperience of Guiseppe, she exerted all her witchery to please, and if possible win his regards from Ianthé, before they became irrevocably fixed upon her,—striving earnestly to create an interest in him, by revealing, whenever opportunity offered, glimpses of those emotions which he had kindled in her breast.

Nor, with his quickness of perception, could he remain insensible to the favour with which she regarded him,—and though the discovery startled and pained him, yet he must have been more or less than man, had he not felt flattered in no common degree, on finding himself an object of decided preference to so beautiful and fascinating a woman. But as day after day the growing partiality of the Countess became more apparent, betraying itself in a hundred trivial acts, in the softened tones of her voice, and in glances too eloquent to be misunderstood, Guiseppe felt his position one of extreme delicacy and embarrassment. He could not return her affection, though she possessed every thing to win and dazzle an unoccupied heart, for, in this crisis, the veil had been rent away from his, and the secret, unknown to him before, of his deep love for Ianthé, was laid bare to his gaze. He knew it was presumptuous, and that if he cherished it, he must still love on in hopeless silence; for should he dare to breathe his passion in her ear, though she frowned not on his suit, the proud Bishop, he well knew, would spurn him with disdain.

The Countess Bertina, on the contrary, was her own mistress,—independent and free to choose for herself,—in which choice, though her brother might advise, he had been often heard to say, he would never again seek to control her inclination. She too, had declared that where in future she bestowed her hand, her heart should accompany it, and that it should be given only from the voluntary impulse of affection, uninfluenced by any worldly consideration of fortune or of birth. A sunny future then opened before Guiseppe in the love of the beautiful Countess,

and ambition whispered him to press on and enjoy it. But he turned coldly from its alluring voice, and with the sincerity of a first and fervid passion, he said to himself, "It would be greater happiness to die for Ianthé, than to live in luxury and pleasure, unloving, though beloved, with the gay and brilliant Bertha."

Ianthé knew not what was passing in his heart, and scarcely dreamed as yet, of the fond secret which lay hidden in her own. Her eye swam in tears of pleasure, and her cheek wore the blush of the summer rose when he was by, but her words were few—it was enough to listen to his gifted speech, or thrilling strain—enough to meet his speaking glance, his beaming smile, and treasure their remembrance in her soul. All delicious harmonies were associated with him, and so she grew to love her guitar with almost childish passion, and to anticipate the hours of instruction with impatience and delight. Never before had master so docile and so apt a pupil, and never pupil so patient and devoted a teacher, for he lengthened out his lessons beyond all precedent, and she listened and practised hour after hour without weariness or complaint.

The Countess was ill at ease to see another, and that, one whom she looked upon as an unformed child, engross so much of the time and attention of the man she loved; but while she sat in the same apartment, seemingly occupied with her pencil or embroidery, she continually kept his attention towards herself alive, joining occasionally in the lessons of the morning, or venturing from time to time such remarks as necessarily elicited replies, and often led to discussions which interrupted the course of his instructions. The Bishop in the meantime was enraptured with his niece's progress in music; he had never seen her so interested before, and, himself no mean amateur performer, he began to hope she would attain such excellence in the science as might enable her to bear an important part in the social concert which he gave monthly to a select circle of his friends. He expressed in warm terms his gratification, to Guiseppe, overwhelmed him with thanks, invited him frequently to his table, and lavished on him favors and attentions without measure.

Guiseppe had not courage to decline the courtesies which brought him into such familiar contact with Ianthé, though they threw him at the same time into the society of the Countess, and made him aware how difficult was the part he had to act, how great the peril to himself and her he loved, if he yielded to the passion with which she had inspired him, and how certain the ruin which awaited him, should he resist the almost openly avowed wishes of the enamored and vin-

dictive Countess. Agitated by these conflicting thoughts and feelings, his health became disordered,—his cheek grew wan, his eye languid,—even music seemed to have lost for him its charms, and the nocturnal hours he had so long given to study, were spent either in pacing with rapid steps the floor of his apartment, or in troubled musings on his sleepless and unquiet couch.

All observed the change in him, and when his physician urged him, as he valued his life, to quit Padua, and try the effect of his native air, he determined to follow his advice, assured his only safety was in flight. Yet day after day he lingered on, nor said aught to any one, of his intention; but there was a sadness in his manner, a subdued melancholy in the tones of his voice, which smote upon the heart of the tender Ianthé, and more than once brought the bright tears unbidden to her eyes. They were not unmarked by him, and he blessed her for her gentle sympathy, little aware, that she, in secret, loved and suffered no less deeply than himself.

One day, in the course of his instructions, the Countess was summoned suddenly from the room, when, at some casual remark of his, a pearly tear, fell from the soft eyes of Ianthé upon the music over which she bent. Guiseppe saw the precious drop fall glittering upon the page, and by a sudden and resistless impulse he snatched the book and pressed it to his lips. Nor was this all; they were alone, and caution was forgot,—the thought only, that he loved her, and was soon to see her no more, possessed his heart, and as he gazed upon her blushing face, downcast to hide its sweet confusion, he leaned towards her and imprinted a burning kiss upon the small white hand which rested lightly upon the chords of her guitar,

"Like magic's silver sceptre hovering.

To waken music from the untouched string."

Lower drooped her fair head at this first daring act of love; but no word escaped her lips—tears only, large and bright, fell from her eyes, and her bosom heaved with its restrained emotion.

"Forgive me," murmured Guiseppe, sinking on his knees beside her. "forgive me, sweet Ianthé, that I have dared to love thee,—that I dare at this moment tell thee of my presumption. It is the last time I can so offend thee, for soon I shall be gone from thee forever."

Her hand, which he had taken, lay passively in the fond pressure of his, while she raised her tearful face, and turning on him a look of bitter agony, said in accents scarcely audible,

"Thou wilt not—no thou wilt not surely leave us!"

"It must be so, or I am lost," he answered in

a choking voice, "since to see thee, and know that I may not seek to win thee, is a daily torture that is destroying both my happiness and life."

She inclined tenderly towards him as he spoke, but the words had scarcely fallen from his lips, when the door suddenly opened and the Countess Bertha entered. One flashing glance of scorn and anger she cast upon the lovers, and shrinking from its withering power, the maid Inanthe rose and fled from the apartment; but Guiseppe, who had instantly sprung to his feet, remained standing, erect and proud, with folded arms, and an eye of bold determination, that quailed not beneath the imperious glance of her's.

"Thou shalt answer for this presumption," she said, in a voice low and hoarse from emotion.

"I pray to do so, even now, lady!" he replied.

"Not now," she said contemptuously, yet scarcely able to control her agitation. "Tomorrow I shall see thee again," and turning from him she quitted the apartment.

"Thou wilt see me no more," he murmured, and drawing his cloak around him, he departed from the palace, and pursued his way back to the city.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO A FRIEND.

BY J. N. C.

Forget thee, dear one! never!
Thou ne'er shalt be forgot,
I'm thine alone for ever,
Whate'er may be thy lot.

Whate'er my fate in life may be,
My thoughts thou'lt ever share;
Wilt thou, dear one! remember me?
Deny me not this prayer.

"Twill lighten many a heavy task,
To know I'm loved by thee,
'Tis all, dear — on earth I ask,
Wilt thou remember me?

Thou'rt never absent from my mind,
My soul's far better part!
Within my breast thy name's enshrined,
Thou treasure of my heart!

St. Martin, September 3, 1815.

THE PAINTER DRAWING A LADY'S PICTURE.

The wretch* that Jove's artillery feign'd so well,
By real thunder and true lightning fell;
How thou dar'st thou, with equal danger, try
To counterfeit the lightning of her eye?
Painter, desist! or soon th'event will prove
That Love's no Jealous of his arms as Jove.

* Salmonus.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF THOMAS HOOD.

"They prop'd him up with pillows to write wit."

"He was engaged to the end, and sometimes in the intervals of delirium, in writing his last romance."—S. C. Hall.

"I am waiting for the last lurch."—Letter to *Moir*.

Oh! it was sad to die
With lightness on the tongue,
When the alarm bell
Of solemn death had rung!
When in the grave about to sink,
To trifle on the eternal brink!

He had a noble heart—
Poor dying Thomas Hood!
He would the weak oppress'd
Have shielded with his blood!
He lent their cause his deep-toned lyre,
And scatter'd words that kindled fire!

He sung the Shirt and Shroud;
He sung it right and well;
He sang it shrill and loud;
He sang oppression's knell!
A nation's heart was pierced and stirr'd,
And rous'd by his electric word!

Hut, was there none to tell—
In his expiring ear,
Of things, which, perchance,
He might have joy'd to hear:
Of rescue from oppressions worse,
From the soul's bondage and its curse!

No word of solemn fear—
No broken contrite sound—
No word of Faith or Hope,
When night was gathering round!
Sad was the case, though bright the mind,
Which in such mood left earth behind!

Oh! it was sad to die
With lightness on the tongue,
When the alarm bell
Of solemn death had rung!
When in the grave about to sink,
To trifle on the eternal brink!

TO A FRIEND.

BY J. N. C.

My dear happy friend! may thy young heart be light,
And ever a stranger to sorrow or woe;
May the sun of thy happiness ever be bright,—
Is the prayer that sincerely I breathe for thee now.

May the tide of thy life in tranquillity flow,
May Heaven's best gifts on thy pathway be strewn;
May the cares which await on thy mortals below,
Ne'er to thine innocent bosom be known.

May the clouds of misfortune ne'er shadow thy brow,
And oh! may'st thou ne'er feel the want of a friend;
May prosperity follow wherever you go,
And blessings for ever thy footsteps attend!

St. Martin, Isle Jesus.

IS IT A FISHING BASKET YOU WANT?

BY E. J. A.

We'll meet beside the dusky glen on yon burnside,
Where the bushes form a cosy den on burnside ;
Though the broomy knowes be green
And there we may be seen,
Yet we'll meet, we'll meet at 'en, down by yon burnside.

Now the phanting taps are tinged wif' gold on yon burnside,
And gloaming draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burnside,
Far frae the noisye scene,
I'll through the fields be gone,
There we'll meet, my ah dear Jean ! down by yon burnside.

TASSAHL.

By the banks of the Tweed, in my school-boy days, there dwelt an old, blind basket-maker, by the name of George Riddel. His small, ivy-covered cottage was situated in one of the loveliest spots with which the picturesque scenery of that river abounds, and it formed a perfect picture of rural peace and contentment. At one end stretched a small town, with its ancient Abbey, whose moss-grown walls stood a venerable relic of departed grandeur, and behind it, separated only by a garden and a sweet-scented hawthorn hedge, murmured the rippling waters of the Tweed.

George Riddel had formerly been the proprietor of a small estate, but by a rapid succession of misfortunes he had been ruined, and after a life spent in the practice of usefulness and integrity, poverty threatened to embitter his old age. This was sad enough; but when, after a tedious illness, caused by mental anxiety and bodily fatigue, he was restored to health, but without the hope of ever again beholding the light of day, his well-nigh yielded to despair. Death would have been preferable to this affliction, had he not possessed one tie to bind him to that world which must henceforth be invisible to him. Mary, his only child, the image of her departed mother, was the sole object which rendered existence desirable, but for her sake alone it was welcome.

Roused to exertion by her dependence upon him for support, he applied himself assiduously to, and soon acquired great skill in, basket-making; and taking leave of the busy world in which he had hitherto mingled, he removed with his child to the banks of the Tweed. He soon became very expert at his new business, and began to feel, that, in spite of his affliction, the close of his life promised to glide away more peacefully and happily than he had formerly expected. Three years had passed since he had taken

up his abode at Tweed-side, and, during this time, by his industry and cheerful resignation under misfortune, he had gained the respect and esteem of his neighbours. Though all admired the old basket-maker, none paid him so much attention as the neighbouring farmers' sons, who always contrived, as they were passing his cottage, to steal in and have a chat with him, and they were continually in want of some of his wares for themselves, and suddenly became very generous in presenting their sisters with work-baskets. Blind as old George Riddel was, he saw plainly the object of these visits, and shrewdly suspected that the society of an old blind man was not the only inducement which led so many rural beaux to his cottage.

Four years ago, before he had been afflicted by blindness, his daughter Mary had been an uncommonly beautiful child, and time had only improved and added to her loveliness. Though he could not behold her sweet face with his own eyes, the praises which he constantly heard bestowed upon her, and the many attentions he received on her account, plainly convinced him that she must be surpassingly fair. Though secluded in this rural vale, the fame of Mary Riddel, "the Flower of Tweed-side," had spread far and near—and she was well deserving of this celebrity, for she united to a face and form of uncommon beauty, a disposition kind and endearing. Strangers who passed through the neighbouring town, enquired of the inn-keeper who that fair girl was, with yellow hair and sylph-like figure, whom they had seen, in rustic dress, tripping lightly along the road-side, or gracefully bending over the flowers in her garden, "herself the fairest flower." Though old George Riddel was very justly proud of his daughter, he was still fonder of her; for she was the solace of his declining years, and

was ever at his side, assisting him at his work, or leading him forth by the hand and guiding his uncertain steps.

Seventeen summers had passed gently over the head of Mary Riddell, and she was now universally acknowledged to be the loveliest maiden in the whole country side. As may be supposed, she had many suitors, and several of them belonged to a much higher station of life than her reduced circumstances entitled her to expect; but to all she turned a deaf ear. A few, even after having received a decided refusal, rendered still more annoying by the kind and gentle manner in which it was given, persevered in their suit, and begged her father to exert his influence in persuading her to accept them; but in vain, for he told them that his daughter should be left to her own will in the choice of a husband, and to advise her was all he would ever attempt. So Mary remained free and unshackled by love and its anxieties, and the basket-maker's lowly cot still sheltered the lovely flower which many a wealthy lover would fain have transplanted to a less humble, but not a happier home.

During the summer, Mary's leisure-time was generally spent in her garden, weeding the flowers, and training the vagrant honey-suckle to spread its sweet-scented blossoms over a small arbour which stood at the further end, and was her favorite retreat. It was separated from the Tweed only by a hedge, and while seated in it at work, the gentle murmurs of the river, mingled with the rustling of the trees which shaded its banks, sounded like sweet music to her ears. One sultry summer's evening she was thus occupied in the garden, and had negligently thrown aside her bonnet on the grass at her feet, and allowed her long yellow ringlets to stray carelessly over her shoulders, while she gracefully bent over the drooping flowers, and flitted from one to another like a butterfly at play, her sweet clear voice warbling a favorite song. As she was thus carelessly employed, she was totally unconscious that a pair of most inquisitive dark eyes were peering over the top of the hawthorn hedge, and, with an expression of the warmest admiration, following her movements.

That afternoon a young man, evidently a stranger to the place, had been straying along the banks of the Tweed, and at length, fatigued by the heat of the day, had thrown himself down under the shade of a tree, close by the garden, and opened a book. For a while he read very attentively, but suddenly the tones of a melodious voice sounded from the other side of the hedge, and in an instant the book was thrown aside; curiosity was the first impulse which bade him listen, but a more powerful emotion quickly suc-

ceeded, and he eagerly bent forward to catch the sound. At length he muttered,

"Surely I have heard that voice before, but when or where I cannot remember. I wonder who the fair singer can be?"

To solve this question he crept toward the hedge, and, peeping through a narrow gap, he soon discovered Mary. He gazed with astonishment and wonder upon the graceful being before him, as she unconsciously flitted about, singing gaily, till upon her turning round to enter the arbour he got a full view of her face. In an instant he crept through the hedge, exclaiming,

"Mary Riddell, is it possible! can this be you?"

He stood before the astonished girl.

"Do not be alarmed, Mary!" he added; "look at me, and try if you cannot recognize an old friend, though the years that have passed since we last met, have doubtless made many alterations in my appearance, but I will not quarrel with them if they have dealt by me as kindly as they have by you."

"Allan Cunningham, my old school-fellow!" exclaimed Mary, extending her hand, which was eagerly grasped.

"Yes, Mary, I am indeed Allan Cunningham, your old school-fellow, the wild mad-cap who used to climb the loftiest trees to pull nuts for you; and, do you remember, Mary, who used to help you with your tasks at school, and do your sums for you, when old Dominic Grey was not looking?"

Mary remembered all this, for how could she fail doing so, when the tall, handsome youth beside her reminded her of it.

These reminiscences appeared to be very agreeable to both parties, for they remained talking of childhood's happy by-gone days, till the voice of her father calling her made Mary start.

"Good night, Allan, I must go," said Mary, "my father calls me. Dear me! how quickly time has flown—it is almost quite dark,—good by, Allan!"

"Stay, Mary!" replied Allan, detaining her by the hand. "you must not go till you promise to meet me here again to-morrow at twilight."

Mary was going to reply when she again heard her father's voice, more loudly than before, and she hastily snatched her hand away, and was running off, when Allan, in a sorrowful and disappointed voice, said,

"Will you not grant this request, Mary? I leave this place the day after to-morrow, and I wish to bid you farewell before I depart."

Now how could Mary refuse this reasonable request of her old companion and friend? She thought it would be cruel and unkind, and, be-

sides; it was so pleasant to talk of old times; so, turning to him with a smile, she said,

"I will meet you to-morrow evening at sunset, in this spot; and, should you be here first, wait for me in that arbour."

She then tripped lightly away, leaving Allan Cunningham completely fascinated and enraptured.

"Beautiful girl that you are," he exclaimed. "Little did I dream when I was asked if I had seen the 'Flower of Tweed-side,' that in her I should recognize you, Mary."

When Mary entered the house, her father enquired where she had been for such a length of time, and Mary told him the truth, for she said, "that the evening was so cool and pleasant after the sultry day, that she had been tempted to remain in the garden later than usual." But Mary never said that she had a companion there, for she felt a most unaccountable reluctance at mentioning this meeting, accidental though it had been. This was strange, for on former occasions she had always informed her father of the attentions and proposals she had received from her rustic admirers, and unhesitatingly asked his opinion regarding them. Once or twice she resolved to tell that she had met Allan, but she always felt a strange fluttering at the heart, when about to begin; so, very wisely concluding that such a trifling circumstance could be of no consequence, she said nothing on the subject.

The next evening Mary, after having seen that her father's wants were all supplied, repaired to the appointed spot, just as the sun was shedding his last rays upon the placid waters of the Tweed, but she found the impatient Allan already in the arbour, awaiting her arrival. Time flew as quickly as on the preceding evening, till Mary, surprised at the lateness of the hour, hastily rose to depart; but Allan, detaining her, said,

"Mary, I intended to have left this place to-morrow, but I find that I cannot tear myself away from you so soon after our happy and most unexpected meeting, and it is so pleasant to talk of those happy days. Will you meet me but once more?"

Mary again promised, and the setting sun next evening found them in the arbour.

Mary and her lover experienced in all their force those reminiscences which have been so simply and truly described by the poet. Mother-well:

"Twas then we lov'd lik'ither weel,
Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!

Oh! mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks bren't red wi' shame.
Whene'er the schule-weans, hughin' said,
We clee'd 'd thegither here!

I wonder, Jeanie, often yet,
When sitting on that bank,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof' loof'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think!

My head rhus round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea.
As ane by ane the thochts rush back,
O' schule-time and o' thee."

Again and again did they meet, for Allan could not summon resolution to bid Mary farewell, and he soon felt that his future happiness depended upon her, and that his heart, which had resisted the charms and attractions of innumerable city belles, had yielded unresistingly to the natural and unpretending loveliness of the gentle "Flower of Tweedside." Mary loved in return, and that for the first time, and she did not feel surprised that she had rejected so many wealthy suitors, for they were all both in appearance and manner, so inferior to Allan. She sat by his side delighted, listening to his descriptions of the many places he had visited, and all the wonderful sights he had seen, and she blushed when he ended, by whispering gently in her ear, that in all these places, none were so fair as his Mary. They could not meet thus often without discovering that they loved, and ere many weeks were over, the arbour had been the silent witness of Allan's vows, and Mary's promise that she would become his bride.

While these meetings were daily taking place in the garden, it was impossible but that old George Riddel should miss his daughter, who stole so regularly out of the house every evening, and was absent a certain period of time. Had he thought she loved any of the neighbouring youths, he would in an instant have suspected an assignation; but, long ago, she had satisfied them all on that subject, and her father well knew that none of her admirers were flattered with this proof of her affection. He was certain, also, that she did not go far out of the way, for on one or two occasions, on his approaching the gate and calling her loudly by name, she immediately came tripping along from the extreme end of the garden to attend to his commands,—but, that done, would steal off again. As may be supposed, this conduct puzzled the old basket-maker exceedingly, but as Mary forbore mentioning the cause of it, he did not question her on the subject, but left it to time and chance to effect the discovery.

One forenoon Mary had proceeded to the neighbouring town on an errand for her father,

and during her absence, he sat working away at his usual employment, while his mind was occupied thinking of the late change in her conduct. As he was thus engaged, a knock came to the door, and presently a little smart-looking woman entered, whose inquisitive sharp grey eyes, and restless expression of countenance, plainly indicated one who preferred prying into her neighbour's affairs, to minding her own.

"How's a wi' ye the day, Mr. Riddel?" said this lady, as she took a seat beside the blind basket-maker; and these words, few and simple as they were, were delivered in a tone which plainly indicated that business of importance, and not merely an enquiry after his health, had led to this visit.

She now proceeded to business, but in a manner so cunning and wary, that none but those who were well acquainted with her powers in this department, could have suspected at what she was aiming. Old George Riddel, however, knew her well, and he felt satisfied that he would now be enlightened upon the subject of Mary's mysterious absence.

She began very cautiously by endeavouring to discover if he already knew what took Mary so often out in the evening, and when she ascertained that he was completely ignorant on the subject, she remarked that it was doubtless a great misfortune for him to be deprived of sight, for that fathers who had pretty daughters had need of all their eyes about them.

George Riddel assured her that he never had cause to regret his deprivation on that account, for "his Mary," he said, "was as obedient and dutiful as she was fair."

She replied by an incredulous shake of the head and a smile at the poor man's ignorance, and then proceeded to inform him that a very fine looking, handsome young man, who was residing in the inn in the neighbouring town, met Mary every evening in the garden. That she had watched him for two or three weeks, and had seen him creep through the hedge every evening and enter the arbour, where Mary shortly afterwards met him.

"Such behaviour," she added, "was highly improper, and she was quite astonished that Mary should thus meet with an entire stranger so frequently and without her father's knowledge."

Satisfied that she had done her duty, she now exultingly bade him good morning, and proceeded homewards, pleased that she had left the basket-maker rather a disagreeable subject upon which to meditate.

For a long time after her departure, the old man, astonished and grieved at the information he had received, sat meditating in what manner

he could best succeed in putting an end to these proceedings, and by the time Mary returned from the town, he had decided upon a plan by which he might at least ascertain what rendered them so attractive. Without saying a word to Mary upon the subject, he awaited the approach of the hour at which she usually absented herself, and a short time previous to it, he dispatched her to a neighbouring house with a basket he had just finished. As soon as he thought she was a good distance from the cottage, he entered the garden and proceeded down the walk till he arrived at the arbour. This arbour was situated in the corner of the garden, and one side of it faced the river, while the other bordered upon a small adjoining field which was overgrown with brushwood. There was a narrow opening in the hedge by which he could enter this field, and he knew the place well; for in the evening rambles he and Mary used to have together before these meetings took place, she had often led him through it; so feeling his way very carefully he discovered the gap, and passing through it entered the field. He proceeded very cautiously till he found himself at the back of the arbour, when he seated himself among the thick brushwood, and with his hands felt all around him, till he ascertained that he was completely sheltered from observation. He had chosen his station with a great deal of circumspection, notwithstanding his want of sight, for he was so close behind the arbour that he could overhear every word spoken in it, and the luxuriant foliage completely sheltered him on every side.

His patience was not severely tried, for in a short time after he was seated to his satisfaction, some one crept quietly through the garden hedge, and presently entered the arbour. Neither was Mary very long absent. She had executed her errand with great alacrity, and now joined her lover. The old basket-maker listened very attentively to the conversation which followed, and made his own remarks upon it. He soon discovered that matters had proceeded rather further than he had anticipated, and that the lovers were engaged to be married. But one difficulty remained in their way, and that one related to himself.

Though Allan Cunningham had known Mary when they were children, he had never seen her father, and had often requested her, since the recent renewal of their acquaintance, to introduce him, but Mary had always avoided doing so.

She was not afraid that her father would object to Allan, for in worldly circumstances and station he was far above her, and the situation which he enjoyed proved that his character for industry and integrity must be excellent. But

Mary felt a reluctance about introducing him, and had often told him that he must manage to see her father himself. After having conversed a while upon subjects doubtless very interesting to themselves and their attentive auditor, Allan proceeded thus,

"Mary, I have received a letter from my father enquiring what detains me so long in this neighbourhood, and informing me that I am required immediately in town to attend to business. Now, Mary, I am resolved not to depart till I have received your father's consent to our union, so you will at length comply to my request, and introduce me to him to-morrow, will you not, dearest?"

"Indeed, Allan," replied Mary, "it is time that you should be acquainted with my father, but after having so long concealed my meetings with you from him, you must manage to become acquainted with him the best way you can, and if you only love me half so much as you tell me you do," continued Mary, looking into his face with a pair of most bewitching blue eyes, "you will not find much difficulty in managing this."

"Well, Mary, would not this do?" continued Allan; "I will call at your house to-morrow, and you can easily say to your father, 'Here is an old school-fellow of mine, who is residing for a short time in the neighbourhood, and he has called to see me.'—Wouldn't that plan do, Mary?"

Here Mary very gravely shook her head in disapprobation, and leaning her forehead upon her hand, she stood at the entrance of the arbour in an attitude of the deepest reflection.

It was harvest time, and the moon light, which in Scotland is peculiarly beautiful during that short season, streamed full upon the scene, and formed a subject well worthy the pencil of an artist. The moon, which had hitherto risen in the heavens, shrouded in a mist, through which it shone like an immense ball of molten gold, had now thrown aside this transparent veil and resumed its natural size, but it still possessed a peculiarly clear and brilliant light, which rendered every surrounding object distinctly visible.

In the distance lay the town, whence proceeded the cheerful hum of voices, and the shouts of the noisy children at play. A little nearer, rose the venerable ruins of the ancient abbey, whose grey time-worn walls looked yet more lofty and venerable when thus revealed by the pale orb of night. Then there was the humble cottage of the basket-maker, modestly peeping out from behind its dark mantle of ivy, and the silvery waters of the Tweed which rippled and murmured among the arches of the bridge, in a

voice mournful and complaining as if a solitary water-kelpie still lingered by the stream and wept. But the most attractive object in this moon-light scene was Mary Riddle, as she stood at the entrance of the arbour with her head now thrown back and her eyes fixed earnestly upon the starry heavens, while the bright rays which streamed directly into the interior of the arbour revealed the handsome, manly countenance of a youth, gazing with admiration and love upon the fair girl by his side. One object, however, still remained unseen, and that was the venerable figure of an old man, whose grey hairs might be detected by a close observer, peeping out like threads of silver from amidst the dark foliage on the other side of the hedge.

Allan suggested several expedients by which he might effect this important introduction to the basket-maker, but none of them satisfied Mary, so he remained with a countenance as thoughtful and serious as her own. Suddenly a bright idea seemed to strike him, and in an ecstasy of delight, he exclaimed,

"Now I have it, how stupid not to have thought of this sooner. Why, Mary, I want—I want a fishing-basket, and I will come round to-morrow to your father for one.—This will serve as an introduction to him, and I will take good care to profit by it, and who knows but he will ask me back again? Isn't that a good idea, Mary?" continued he, looking in her face for approval.

Mary smiled delightedly, and was going to reply, but, ere the words which were trembling upon her rosy lips could find utterance, a voice very different from that which Allan expected to hear, exclaimed in the gruffest tones, from the other side of the hedge.

"Is it a fishing basket you want?"

Thus was Allan's introduction to the old basket-maker effected, and in a manner most unexpected and abrupt. Explanations were entered into, and after having received a reproof from the old man, (who had heartily enjoyed his post at the other side of the hedge) for their clandestine meetings, they also received a welcome consent to their marriage.

By the banks of the Tweed there still stands that same small, ivy-clad cottage, and in the summer months there may be seen amongst its rose bushes and honey-suckle, a number of little curly-headed urchins playing about, and seated in the midst of them is a very beautiful and matronly looking lady, in whose soft, blue eyes and golden hair, may be easily recognized the once fairy and sybil-like "Flower of Tweed-side."

But look! two other persons are slowly enter-

ing the garden conversing together. One is a venerable, placid-looking old man, whose mild countenance is lit up by an affectionate smile, as the childish voices of his grand-children fall upon his ear, and he leans upon the arm of a young man, who, though no longer the slender youth we first introduced to the reader, peeping over the garden hedge, is not yet in the prime of life, and in whose frank manly countenance may be easily traced the lineaments of Allan Cunningham.

Upon seeing her father and husband enter the garden, Mary joins them, and they walk slowly along till they arrive opposite the well remembered arbour, when Allan Cunningham, looking fondly into the face of his still lovely and blooming wife, with a roguish smile points to the other side of the hedge, and with a laugh exclaims,

"Mary, Is it a fishing-basket you want?"

LEAVES

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN IDLER.

NO. III.

BY CLARENCE ORMOND.

As the title which we have prefixed to these vagaries, empowers us to wander about from subject to subject, our readers must not complain if we devote a few leaves to an account of American Novelists. To show that they have labored well we need only mention, that we have read above a thousand volumes of American novels, and we suppose we have not read near all. Do not imagine, dear reader, if you have "any bowels of compassion" in you, that in this list we include any of the mawkish works of Professor Ingraham, or Henry Hazel, or any other cur of the breed. No—we mean fictions in the regular two volumes, which have received the stamp of public approbation, and which accordingly we are justified to call *Romances*.

To begin with Charles Brockden Brown, who has been denominated the pioneer of his country's literature, is our purpose. Brown was a man of that retiring character who is happy and contented among a few friends, but is miserable when brought into rude contact with the world. Although always a resident of the city, yet nevertheless, he was a recluse. His weak frame was shattered and wrecked by the powerful pulsations of an ambitious heart. Brown, though he never transcended the real, was a lover of horrors, and his descriptions are so vivid and life-like, as to be oppressive to the reader—especially when describing the pestilence in Phila-

delphia, it seems as though the horrible scenes in all their loathsome details were actually before us. He has been accused of being an imitator of Godwin, but his mind was formed before he ever heard of that writer. He has also been accused of surpassing the natural; but Wieland, the most fanciful of his tales, is in its essential and most startling incidents, the real history of a family who resided at that time in Pennsylvania. Mere effect was, doubtless, often the sole object of Brown. His works written in great haste, are incomplete, and deficient in method; he disregarded rules, and cared little for criticism; his style, however, was clear and nervous, with little ornament, unaffected, and indicative of great depth of feeling. His best works are, "Wieland," "Arthur Mervyn," "Edgar Huntly" and "Ormond."

Timothy Flint, the successor of Mr. Brown, is better known by other works than his novels. "Francis Berrian," "Arthur Clenning," "George Mason," and "The Shoshonee Valley," are works of great merit. To the mere romance reader, who wants a succession of startling and dramatic adventure, these will not be agreeable, but Mr. Flint's novels are all exceedingly well told, and the moral inculcated by him is always a happy one.

Mr. Cooper is the next in order of succession. But while all Europe resounds with his praise, and some German and French critics even go so far as to debate the right of Scott to be ranked with him, his countrymen deride his pretensions. The cause is probably this; that Mr. Cooper is a man of independence, and has told his countrymen a few plain truths, besides having also offended certain editors, who have ample means of retaliation in their power. But this little affects either Mr. Cooper personally, or his future reputation. In each of the three classes of fictions of which he is the originator—stories illustrative of aboriginal history, romances of American history, and tales of the sea—Mr. Cooper is without a rival. His characters are always distinct, and delineated in a masterly manner. His Harvey Birch, Leather-Stocking, Long Tom Coffin, and other heroes, rise before us, not only as interesting, but as natural, portraits. Mr. Cooper's plots, however, are not well managed, but Cervantes' and Smolletts' works demonstrate sufficiently that a plot is not the main point. Notwithstanding his faults, he ranks at the head of American novelists.

The most voluminous novelist, next to Mr. Cooper, is Mr. Simms. He is a very powerful writer, and has the talent of interesting to a degree more than common. Mr. Simms resides in the South, and the scenes of his tales are ge-

nerally laid in the same locality. It is generally thought that the labor of this class of literature should be directed to civilize mankind, ameliorate asperities, and make the various conflicting prejudices of different regions harmonise. But Mr. Simms appears to think otherwise, us, with Southern prejudice, he makes his heroes Southern gentlemen, all honor—while all the vagabonds, cut-throats, and swindlers, are foisted most generally upon the six unhappy New England states, or, at any rate, north of the "Mason and Dixon line."* But with all his faults of haste and intention, Mr. Simms is entitled to a far higher rank than the critics have allowed him.

Mr. Hoffman, the author of "Greyslaer," is an acute judge and analyser of the emotions which swell the heart. He is, perhaps, the most accurate describer of scenery, and possesses more ability to give one an accurate idea of a scene he is depicting, than any other author I am acquainted with. Burt the Hunter, is a purely American character, and is admirably sustained throughout Greyslaer.

Mr. Kennedy, the author of "Swallow-Barn," "Rob of the Bowl," "Horse-shoe Robinson," and "Quodlibet," has, much to the regret of the reading public, retired from the alluring fields of literature to bury himself in politics. Mr. Kennedy possesses, in a remarkable degree, the power of graceful expression, and all the best qualities which should distinguish a national literature.

Dr. Bird, the celebrated author of "Calavar," has great dramatic power, and, while he is justly distinguished as the author of historical tales, he is no less eminent in the other departments of fictitious writing; witness "Nick of the Woods," "Hawks of Hawk-Hollow," "Robin Day," and "Sheppard Lee."

Mr. Paulding's novels are distinguished by no great intricacies of plot, nor startling adventures, but are well told and conducted—while the vein of quiet humour which runs through all his works, adds to their value and gives them so piquant an air as to make them really delightful. Of his novels, the "Dutchman's Fireside," and "Koningsmarke" are the best.

Mr. Neal, the author of "Logan," and "Seventy-Six," is a writer of singular power. His style of writing is his own, and the imagination of the reader is required to be kept to its utmost tension to keep up with the author; yet we feel as though relieved from a heavy oppressive burden when we finish a work by him. That his talent was not sufficiently sustained, is evident from the fact

that periodical writing now engages his whole attention.

The novels of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Fay, though generally well written and interesting, are, as compositions, very faulty. The best novel of the former is "Clinton Bradshaw," and of the latter "Countess Ida."

Mr. Mathews is a writer of the Dickens school, and, of their kind, his fictions are excellent and well finished. The best of his works are "Behemoth" and "Puffer Hopkins."

Mr. Longfellow's romances have never been surpassed in their style; Bulwer makes, comparatively, a signal failure in his "Pilgrims of the Rhine," a work intended to be of this class. His principal works are "Hyperion" and "Outre-Mer."

Mrs. Sedgwick is an excellent domestic tale-writer, but she is not fitted for historical novel-writing, for "Redwood" is far superior than the "Linwoods." Her principal works are "Redwood," "Hope Leslie," and "The Linwoods."

Here for the present we end our notice of American authors.

[The above contribution we give as received from the author, although much inclined to differ from him in his estimate of some of the writers named therein.—E. J. G.]

OCTOBER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Summer's gone and over!
Fogs are falling down;
And with russet tinges,
Autumn's doing broken.

Boughs are daily rilled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
Swallows as they flit,
Give, like early tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
Weep by turns and laugh—
Night and Day together,
Taking half and half.

So September endeth—
Cold and most perverse—
But the months that follow,
Sure will pinch us worse!

* The names of the two surveyors who fixed the boundary line between the Northern and Southern States.

A VENETIAN SKETCH.

BY M. A. M.

The placid glory of a summer night,
Shone brightly o'er the fair and slumbering earth,
To strange and undefinable delight,
And with poetic fancies giving birth.
And, e'en to say, ne'er shone a fairer scene,
Even there, in Nature's own most favour'd eline,
Than that which now so radiant, yet serene,
Stretches around—and hark! the rouseful chime,
By distance mellow'd, breaks upon the ear,
Breathing the very poetry of sound,
As on the midnight air—so pure—so clear,
It pours its full and solemn music round.

Around in dark and shadowy grandeur stand,
Each firmly seated on its island home—
Venice's palaces, a gorgeous band,
Whiteround their base the white-wing'd waters foam.
Silence enshades the "city of the wave,"
And Morpheus spread his silken curtain round;
Aged and young—the noble and the slave,
Allike by that most pleasing spell are bound;
Saw one who sits at yon high casement lone,
Gazing intently on the midnight star,
Though ever and anon a glance is thrown
All anxious, o'er the shining wave afar.

Now ever as the circling planets roll
Astronomers may read of years to come,
And even as though it were a mystic scroll,
Behold man's fate in that vast silent dome.
But not with scientific eyes doth she
Regard the glories of the moon-bright heaven
No knowledge seeks she of things yet to be,
Her thoughts are to the past and present given.
To her that star is as a beacon-light,
Watch'd with alternate fear, and anxious hope—
The while, in fancy's colouring delight,
Fair sunny vistas of the future ope.

He firmly promis'd 'neath her tower to be,
Ere its lone star its midnight height should gain,
Now its meridian beam is o'er the sea,
And yet she watches for his barque in vain!
But lo! a gondola is seen to glide—
Full lightly o'er the sparkling moonlit wave—
Near and more near (all happiness betide!)
"His he, the loved—the faithful and the brave!"

A moment and the colonnade is gain'd—
A hempen ladder from the boat brought forth,
The lofty balcony's proud height attain'd,
They meet—and truly is that moment worth
Whole years of anguish. Hours flew swiftly by
Unheeded by the youthful pair who sat,
Anxiously—but ah! how fruitlessly!—
Trying to peerce the mystic veil of fate.

At last Antonio cried, "It must be done!
I'll hence and seek the gilded bubble, fame—
Thy sire will bless my suit when I have won,
His darling object, an imposing name!"

"Then go!" said Beatrice, "and in glory's path,
Obtain the laurel to adorn thy brows—
Then may we cease to dread my father's wrath,
Then may we hope to ratify our vows!"

Scarcely had that voice of music ceased to pour
Its sweetness on the listener's raptur'd ear,
When, sight of horror!—from an opening door,
A dark and angry face was seen to peer.

"My father!" Beatrice screamed, in accents wild,
"Antonio! oh Antonio!—all is lost!"
To whom her sire enraged, "Yes, faithless child!
All my most cherish'd plans thou would'st have
cross'd!"

But thou shalt learn what 'tis to brave the wrath,
Of one who never yet hath pardon'd wrong!
Say, who is he" (he grasped her arm) "who hath
O'ercome thy sense of duty, erst so strong?
A coward he—for lo! he seeks to hide
In yonder corner both his fear and shame—
What lo! she kneels—say, would'st thou a fair bride!
Then by mine honour! we must hear thy name!
Approach!" he shouted in a furious tone.

The youth obeyed, stook back his drooping plume,
And proudly spoke,—"Ha! are these features known
To thee? Man! thou hadst well nigh seal'd thy doom,
For, by all things most precious do I swear,
If thou hadst but attempted hurt or harm,
To that most lovely maiden—pure as air,
No power had saved thee from this vengeful arm!"

The wondering Beatrice saw her father bow,
Aye! lowly kneel before the young unknown—
"My Lord, the Duke!—I knew not, could not know,
That 'twas thyself who nightly and alone,
Directed hither thy gondola's prow!—
Would that some friendly spirit had reveal'd
The secret to mine ear—now all too late
Th'astounding knowledge comes!—my doom is
seal'd!
'Twere vain to wrestle with my adverse fate,
Since Venice knows your grace doth ne'er forgive
An insult offer'd!—Oh! my fatal pride!"

"Arise, my lord? thou yet may'st hope to live!"
The laughing youth exclaim'd, "Whate'er betide,
Thou art not yet within the lion's jaws—
So cheer thee, Count!—and know that thou canst tank,
Or mar my future happiness, because
That this, thy 'faithless child,' for whose dear sake
I've nightly sought this lone and distant tower,
Declares that wanting thy most full consent,
She cannot be my bride!—I ask no dower—
Say, Count Bellamo!—wilt thou be content
To bless our union!"—"Oh! my noble lord!
"Too happy I—too honour'd by thy choice!"
"Then, Beatrice!" cried the Duke—"most loved—
adored!"

Now may we list to Hope's seductive voice
In very truth! Come dearest! let us kneel
And ask thy father's blessing!" As he spoke,
He took her hand—what rapture did they feel,
As thus Bellamo, from glad thought awoke,
Address'd them as they knelt!—"Oh! may your fate
Be bright and cloudless as the summer heaven,
May all the blessings of this mortal state,
To you and yours auspiciously be given!"

YE WHO SHUN THE HAUNTS OF CARE.

Duet from the "Zauberflöte"

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

Words by D. Thompson.

Mozart.

Ye who shun the haunts of care, To our forest wilds repair,

Where thro' clear co - ru - lean air, Pinchus rises brightly; Here thro' never

The musical score is arranged in two systems. Each system contains a vocal line for the first part (treble clef), a vocal line for the second part (bass clef), and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

ending shades, You may rove till ev'ning fades, you may rove, may
 Here thro' never ending shades, You may rove till ev'ning fades, you may

Ad lib.

rove till ev'ning fades. Never has the poet's rhyme Felgn'd a sweeter,
 rove till ev'ning fades.

softer clime, Where the rest-less foot of time, Moves a long more light-ly.

VERSE SECOND.

Naught is heard the gale to swell,
 Save the woodman in the dell,
 Or t' e so'ann Sabbath bell,
 Far along the mountain.

Here no voice at dawn of day
 Drives your dream of bliss away—
 Yet the woodlark hov'ring nigh,
 Sings as morning opens her eye;
 And at eve a lullaby—
 Near yon murmur'ing fountain.

OUR TABLE.

SATANSTOE; BY J. F. COOPER.

In this work, which he gives as one of "The Littlepage Manuscripts," it seems Mr. Cooper's intention to furnish only the first of a series of novels, which shall portray the progressive advance of Society in the United States for the last hundred years. We have said "in the United States," but the phrase is too limited; for the whole action of "Satanstoe" takes place previous to the separation of the American Colonies from the mother country, some of its most animated scenes depending for their interest on the military operations of Abercrombie against the French forces on Lake George in 1758.

The peculiar yet simple manners of New York and Albany at that period—the strange mixture of English and Dutch customs which then prevailed—have been very happily hit by Mr. Cooper. The latter portion of the tale is occupied with the stirring adventures we have already alluded to. The wily stratagem, the sudden onset, the hair-breadth escape, and all the other incidents of Indian warfare, are here told with a force and interest which few but Mr. Cooper could give to them, repeated again and again, as they have been, by himself and his host of imitators.

The author, in the present work, makes frequent allusion to the tenure on which the large grants of land, in the neighborhood of Albany, were originally held, and intimates his design of pursuing the subject in the continuation of this story; so that by the time he brings it down to the present day, the reader may expect to find himself in the midst of the "Anti-rent troubles," which now agitate that portion of the State of New York. Wherever he lead us, however, we shall be glad to follow him, provided the tale be told with the same nervous simplicity that characterises "SATANSTOE."

THE GRANDFATHER; BY MISS ELLEN PICKERING.

How many of the bright galaxy of female names, that has of late years lent added lustre to

the literature of England, have faded and disappeared ere they rose to their zenith! The names of Letitia Elizabeth Landon, of Mary Roberts, of Miss Jewsbury, of Harriette Campbell, and of many others, must occur to the reader; and to these we must now add that of Ellen Pickering, little known out of her domestic circle, save by her writings, yet, through these, loved and esteemed by many a gentle bosom, many a generous heart. "Many have wept over 'The Fright,' and who could help it? sympathised with the annoyances of 'The Quiet Husband,' or rejoiced in the reformation of 'The Grumbler,' whom we love from the very first, with all his faults." In addition to the tales here named, "Agnes Serle," (we believe her first publication,) "Nan Darrell," "The Expectant," and some others, have made Miss Pickering favorably known to the English public.

But it needs not the lyre of Moore to tell us that "all that's bright must fade;" and ere the work now under our notice had been completed, the hand that penned it was cold in the grave. It has, however, been finished with loving care by a friend of the authoress, Mrs. Youatt, who has herself won no mean literary name.

"The Grandfather" we do not hesitate to pronounce Miss Pickering's best tale, and despite the shade of melancholy cast around it by the untimely fate of the writer, it is one which will be read with much interest and amusement, and with much instruction too, by all who are willing to find instruction in such a form. The frank, sunny-hearted Amy Fitzwilliam, the sensitive, yet kind and generous Lord Dunroven, the good rector, Mr. Alleyne, and his talented grandson, Cecil, all these we regard with a favor and affection, no less than the awe with which we look upon the cold, haughty Countess of Castle Coombe, or the involuntary dread with which we are inspired by the mysterious Grandfather himself. Mrs. Youatt's part of the work is well executed, and the highest praise we can bestow upon it is to avow, that we cannot trace where the original tale ends, and where her continuation commences.