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THE BROKEN MIRROR.

A TRUE TALE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER I.

Providence is always true to those who remain true to themselves.

"Dry your tears, dear mother. This violent grief destroys your health, without altering in the smallest degree our present circumstances. Look forward with hope to the future. Better days are in store for us."

"Robert Harden, you speak like a boy perfectly unacquainted with the trials of life," said the widow, in no very gentle voice, for sorrow and disappointment had soured a hitherto even temper, and rendered her peevish and irritable. "What prospect have we of bettering our condition? Who is there amongst all our summer friends who would put themselves to the least inconvenience to help us? Have they not all deserted us in our distress? All—all," and here she buried her face in her handkerchief, and wept afresh.

"There is One, mother, who never deserts His children in distress; who, when the world forsakes them, has promised to hold them up. Trust in Him, and all will be well."

The poor widow looked up into the face of her fine boy, and smiled through her tears:

"Robert, where did you learn this lesson of faith?"

"Of you, mother. Who else taught me to love God, and to trust in His divine providence, but you?"

"Ah, my son! these heavy afflictions have made me forgetful of my duty. In the hour of trial I have forgotten God. Pray for me, Robert. I have often prayed and wept for you. Pray that strength may be given to me, to bear with resignation my present grief."

Her head sunk upon the bosom of the tall lad, whose willing arms fondly encircled her drooping figure, and, after some moments, their tears flowed silently together. Youth, especially virtuous youth, is ever hopeful; and Robert Harden

possessed a mind too active and independent to waste its energies in unavailing regret. He and a brother, two years younger, were the only children of a wealthy merchant in Edinburgh. During their father's lifetime, they had enjoyed all the comforts and luxuries which competence can bestow. Their education had been conducted on a liberal scale; and the boys were just beginning to profit by their advantages, when the head of the family was suddenly called away by death. This was a dreadful blow to his widow and young sons. It was so unlooked for—so unexpected. He had been taken from them, at a moment's warning, in the very prime of life. The affectionate, loving husband—the fond, indulgent father: could any grief equal this? was a question which they often asked themselves, in the first sad days of their melancholy bereavement. The friends and neighbours who called upon Mrs. Harden after the funeral, attempted to console her, by representing to her the independent circumstances in which she had been left. Mr. Harden had been a man of property—she and her children would want for no comfort—there were thousands in worse circumstances—this thought should be enough to console and mitigate her grief. Poor Mrs. Harden loved her husband tenderly, and those worldly considerations had never entered her mind since the dark moment in which she found herself forever deprived of her bosom friend and companion. Could she have derived any satisfaction from these circumstances, she was doomed to undergo a still further trial—a still deeper disappointment.

To the surprise of his friends and family, when they came to look into Mr. Harden's affairs—for he had died without a will—they discovered that he had died a poor man; that when all his creditors were paid, there would be no provision left for his family. He had entered into speculations of a very doubtful nature—whether deceived by himself or others, none could tell—and

his losses had been so extensive, that it was supposed that the sudden reverse in his fortune, which he had not had courage to declare to his wife, had pressed so heavily upon his mind, that it had led to his premature death.

The loss of her husband had been severely felt by Mrs. Harden; but when the loss of all his property left her entirely dependent for support upon the charity of others, the poor widow lacked fortitude to bear up against the blow. She wept unceasingly—refused all sustenance—and sunk into a stupor, from which the commonplace condolence of friends, who offered no other than verbal assistance, failed to arouse her. The return of her sons from school, and the bitter consciousness of all they had lost by their father's death, served for a time to renew her grief. Their presence, however, was a great comfort; and the manly and affectionate conduct of the elder, in some measure reconciled her to the mournful change.

Robert Harden, although a mere boy of sixteen, immediately comprehended their situation, and saw that something must be done to enable them to provide for the future. He had endeavoured to prepare his mother's mind for the alteration in their circumstances. He tried to convince her that poverty, although an evil, was an evil which, if borne with becoming fortitude, might be subdued, or, at any rate, softened; and that he was able and willing to work for a parent whom he dearly loved. But poor Mrs. Harden was not willing that her fine boys, who had been educated as the sons of gentlemen, should work; and the most severe trial she was called to endure, was seeing them forced to leave their studies, and give up the prospect of honourable advancement, to toil in some menial capacity, to obtain bread.

The mother and son were still locked in each other's arms, when a little round-faced man, in a broad-brimmed hat, with spectacles on his nose, peered into the room, and, seeing the widow and her son in tears, hurried forward, and commenced a conversation in the following abrupt manner:

"Hout woman! wilt thee never cease greeting? I have mair trust in God. I bring thee glad tidings!"

"What is it, Mr. Sylvester?" said Robert, advancing to meet the old Quaker, who shook him cordially by the hand: "Good news could never come at a more acceptable time."

"Can'st thee bear a little hardship, young man, for thy mother's sake?"

"Any thing, my dear sir. I will work for her—beg for her—do any thing, but steal, for her."

"Be not too confident, Robert Harden. Better men than thee have broken God's command-

ments to satisfy the wants of nature. Necessity, Robert Harden, knows no law. Hunger teaches men strange secrets. Albeit I am no advocate for theft; and I like to see thee so forward in spirit to help thy mother. The news I have for thee is simply this: thy uncle William and his family are about to leave Glasgow, and emigrate to the Cape of Good Hope. He and thy father were both engaged in the same speculations, which have proved their ruin. I do not wonder at thy father entering into such vain schemes, for he was a dreamer. But that thy hard, money-getting, worldly-minded, shrewd uncle, should be so deceived, doth surprise me not a little. Well, well, some men grow rich with little pains, and others take as much trouble to make themselves poor. But this has nothing to do with that which I came to tell. Several respectable families have joined themselves to thy uncle's party; and if thee and thy mother and brother art willing to accompany the expedition, and try your fortunes in the strange land, I will, out of respect to thy father's memory, pay the expenses of the voyage. More than this, though willing to befriend thee, I cannot do. I have a family, friend Robert—a large young family—and children must be fed."

"Ah, sir! how can I express my thanks?" cried the eager Robert, warmly grasping the old man's hand, and a prophetic glance into the far-off future flashed upon his mind. "Gladly do I accept your kind offer, and here faithfully promise to repay you any sum of monei advanced for our benefit, when God shall have blessed my honest endeavours to provide for the wants of my family."

"Softly, softly, friend Robert; many difficulties have to be met and overcome before we can talk of that. Be contented with the present: leave the future to Him, who has promised to provide for the fatherless, and has bade the widow trust in Him. We will talk of remuneration when thou art an independent man, which I one day hope thee to be. Dost thou think that thy mother and brother will be willing to accompany thee?"

Robert turned an enquiring eye upon his mother, and was not a little mortified and surprised to mark the anxious and alarmed manner in which she returned his glance.

"And what in the world should we do at the Cape?"

"As others have done before us, dear mother: learn to work."

"I cannot work, Robert. My constitution is broken: I am growing old and feeble."

"No one thinks of your working. William and I are young and strong. We will work for you —"

"In that weary land!"

"The climate is beautiful!"

"And the wild beasts!"

"Will not harm you, while the hunting of them will form delightful amusement for a leisure hour."

"And the dreadful heat!" cried the reluctant widow, heaping objection upon objection.

"Is not so great as you imagine it to be. I heard a gentleman, who had spent many years at the Cape, tell my master that it was far pleasanter than the hot season in Britain; that the sea breeze, which blows steadily on the shore all day, tempered, and rendered it far from oppressive,——"

"Say no more about it, Robert; I cannot consent to go."

"Anne Harden, thee wilt think better of it," said the Quaker, who had been attentively listening to the dialogue between the mother and son. "Robert is willing to sacrifice all for thee; wilt thou do nothing for him in return?"

The widow was struck with the old man's last observation. She looked down, and was silent.

"I have taken thee by surprise. The question I have put to thee requires *nature's* consideration. I will call again tomorrow, for when once thy resolution is taken little time can be lost. By the bye," he continued, with a lively air, "when does the sale take place? This splendid furniture, if it goes off well, will nearly satisfy all the creditors that remain unpaid."

"On Monday, I believe, sir," said Robert, glancing mournfully round the handsomely furnished apartment, which they could no longer call their own. "You, sir, are one of the principal of these creditors; will you grant my dear mother a small favour?"

"Let me hear it, friend?"

"You see that large Italian mirror: it was a present from my grandfather to my mother; it had been many years in his family, and she prizes it very highly; she cannot bear to part with it."

"A useless piece of ware," friend Robert. Ask something more profitable than the looking-glass."

"My poor mother has set her heart upon it."

"Nonsense, Robert Harden! The brook must serve thee for a mirror. I will not consent to part with this vain toy."

"There will be enough to pay the creditors without it," said Mrs. Harden; "at least so Mr. Munroe informed me. If we are obliged to go to South Africa, it might sell well at Cape Town—perhaps for double its value. It cost, I believe, a hundred guineas."

"Fools and their money are soon parted," returned the Quaker. "Friend Anne, there is more sense in thy last observation than has proceeded out of thy mouth the whole morning. If thee wantest the glass to sell, it is thine; but if it be only with the view of continuing a certain idol worship, which, at thy years, thou shouldst long ere this have lain aside, I should consider it an act of duty to deny thy request. Is there any other article thou wishest reserved for thyself?"

"The drawing-room carpet," said Mrs. Harden. "It was the gift of my dear uncle when I first went house-keeping—now eighteen years ago."

"Humph!" said the Quaker. "It has worn well, and seen good service. A real Turkey. We have no such carpets manufactured now. Well, thee shall have the carpet; but I can grant no more on my own responsibility. If thee wishest to retain all the gifts of thy kindred, we shall have but a *poor* sale."

"I am contented to part with all the rest," said Mrs. Harden, with a sigh. "Who knows but that this little may be the means of restoring to us the wealth we have lost? I feel something whisper to my heart that we shall have luck with it."

"Be not too sanguine, friend; winds and waves often disappoint our best hopes; hold all things here with a loose hand. Thee hast already experienced the instability of earthly riches. Seek for treasures in Heaven, Anno Harden; treasures of which no hungry creditor can deprive thee."

So saying, the worthy man withdrew, leaving the mother and her two sons to consult over their future plans.

"Perhaps there will be something over for us, mother," said William, who had just joined them, "after all things are sold. You know the sale of the landed property paid most of the heavy debts."

"I am sure there ought to be," returned Mrs. Harden, glancing with an eye in which pride still lingered, around the room. "The furniture is very handsome, and, if it sells for its real value, there must be a large sum to spare. The side-board alone is worth twenty pounds—the sofas as much more—and as to the dining-table, there is not one so handsome in any merchant's house in the city. It ought to sell for forty pounds at least." This was, however, valuing every article at the price it originally cost; for the poor widow, like many other elderly ladies, considered that years greatly increased the value of every thing belonging to them.

CHAPTER II.

THE SALE.

MONDAY came at last, and all the world went to the sale of Mrs. Harden's effects—that is, all the good people which composed the world of the large street in which Mr. Harden had for years carried on an extensive business, and had been looked upon by his neighbours as one of the richest men in the place. How condescending they all were to the poor widow on that day; how they commented upon and pitied the unfortunate circumstances which had placed her in her present mortifying situation; and that without any regard to the feelings of the poor sufferer, whose presence was deemed necessary by her friends, on this trying occasion. Whilst discussing the value of the beautiful mahogany dining-table, a group of these sympathizers quite forgot how often they had partaken from it of a sumptuous meal. But times were altered now. The widow of John Harden was poor, and they were rich. It was quite right that pride should have a fall, and her acquaintance was valued accordingly.

"What have you done with the fine mirror, Mrs. Harden?" asked one of the lady inspectors of the furniture. "If it went very cheap, I should like to buy it for my drawing-room."

"It will not be sold, ma'am," returned Robert. "My mother will take it with her to the Cape."

"Bless me! Mrs. Harden! what use will you find for such a costly mirror as that amongst the Caffres and Hottentots? One would imagine that it is one of the last things upon earth that you would require," said the disappointed applicant.

"The old fool!" whispered another kind neighbour. "I always told you, Mrs. Hutton, that Mrs. Harden was the vainest woman in town. You will believe me now."

"Does Mr. Sylvester know, ma'am, that the mirror has been kept back?" asked the aforesaid Mrs. Hutton, with a spiteful twinkle of her envious black eyes. "It will spoil the sale. For my part, it was the only thing that I thought worth coming so far to purchase. The rest of the articles," she muttered, in an under tone, to Mrs. Barry, "are old-fashioned trash—not worth looking at."

How the heart of the poor widow swelled at this affront to her household gods and goddesses. These Jares, that, for eighteen years, she had been accustomed to regard with such silent homage; in the keeping in good order of which, she and her numerous Abigails had bestowed so many hours of time, which might have been better employed, in the rubbing and polishing, and which she justly considered had been objects of envy and admiration to her less wealthy neighbours. And had it come to this? was she doomed

to hear them openly despised by a vulgar, low-bred woman, who had never been able to purchase any thing half so costly? A philosopher would laugh at such a ridiculous cause for grief. But Mrs. Harden was no philosopher; she was a weak, erring woman, still too much in love with the world, and the world's paltry prejudices, not to feel these things very keenly. How often must our hopes be disappointed—our warm affections crushed—and our generous confidence abused, before the mind rises superior to the selfish usages of society, and, leaving the friendships of earth, seeks the approbation of conscience, the confidence and love of God! Glorious adversity! despised as thou art by the sons of men, from thee all that is great and noble in our nature emanates. It is only thou which teachest us a knowledge of self, and the insufficiency of human means to satisfy the heart.

The sale went on without the mirror, and the furniture sold better than Mr. Sylvester expected; nay, such was the eagerness of people to buy bargains, that old, worn-out carpets and curtains sold for as much as they cost when new, while things of real value were purchased for a trifle.

"Is it not vexing," whispered the widow to Mr. Sylvester, as he hustled amongst the crowd, encouraging purchasers, or judiciously bidding on any article which he thought was going too low, "to see the good articles given away in this manner?"

"Never mind, friend," said the Quaker, rubbing his hands with a satisfied air; "the sale's a good sale after all. If the drawing-room brings but small returns, the kitchen and pantry do wonders. Why, friend, I saw a man, who should be a better judge of the value of such articles, buy an iron pot, with a crack across the bottom, for as much as it cost new. So cheer up, and set one thing against another."

The auction at last closed. The non-bidders were dissatisfied with their over caution, and the purchasers went away, rejoicing in their bargains. The more unprofitably they had laid out their money, the greater boast they made of their own sagacity. Mrs. Harden and her sons sat down to rest themselves in one of the unfurnished rooms, to partake of some ham sandwiches, which the good Quaker had provided before they bade adieu for ever to the home of years. Nothing of their former grandeur now remained to console them, but the large mirror, (which still hung suspended from the wall, reflecting soiled clothes and careworn visages), and the drawing-room carpet, which, rolled up at the end of the room, afforded them a seat.

The change seemed to strike painfully on every heart. The widow wept; and the boys, though

really hungry, scarcely tasted the food in the basket at their feet. Robert was the first to break silence :

"Well, dear mother, it's all over now," he said, affectionately kissing her pale cheek. "For your sake, I am glad that it is over. While we continued to live in this fine house, we could never convince ourselves that it had ceased to belong to us, and that we were poor and destitute. We know it now, and my mind is braced to bear it. The only thing which remains to trouble us is this large mirror. I almost wish that it had been sold with the rest."

"And so do I," said William; "but 'tis a whim of mamma's, and we must try to please her. Mr. Sylvester has sent a large case to pack it up in. You will find it in the next room."

"Well boys, you laugh at my venture," said Mrs. Harden; "but I trust, with the blessing of God, it may be the means of obtaining for us the necessaries of life in the strange land in which we are destined to sojourn."

"We will be very careful in packing it up, then," said William, with a sly glance at his brother; "for you seem, mamma, to think that it contains as many magical properties as Aladdin's far-famed lamp."

"We will wrap it up in the carpet first; it will protect it from injury," returned Robert, springing to the task.

It took the mother and sons about an hour to pack up the beautiful mirror to their own satisfaction, and when this important affair was adjusted to their mutual liking, it was carefully deposited in the hard-barrow, which the old Quaker had provided for the occasion, and, after many fears for its safety, and much fussing, conveyed to uncle William's lodgings, preparatory to being sent on ship board.

Uncle William was not a bad man, nor a hard-hearted man, but he was a commonplace, matter of fact man of business, and of the world. He was never known to do a wilfully unkind action; but he never attempted to put himself out of the way to do a kind one. He was a blunt man; that is, a man who loved contradiction for its own dear sake; who said and did rude things, to shew his own superior wit and sagacity, without reflecting what the effect might be which such conduct generally produces upon others. Blunt people are always great egotists, and not always sincere. Their aim is to appear clever at the expense of their neighbours; and the wanton disregard which they shew for wounding their feelings, betrays the selfishness and insensibility of their own.

"Well, Anne," said Mr. William Harden, regarding the huge package which contained the

poor widow's worldly treasures, with no very friendly eye, "that's what I call a useless package. You had better have sold it at the auction, and laid the money out in necessary articles for yourself and the lads, than encumbered us with it on the voyage. But silly women are hard to be persuaded. I am very sure that it will be smashed to pieces in the hold of the ship."

"Not a bit of it, uncle," said his namesake, William. "It is well packed, I assure you."

"Well, we shall see," said Mr. Harden, "who is the true prophet," and secretly in his heart he wished it might be broken, that his words might prove true; not that he really wished any ill to befall his poor widowed sister, but because he had said that it would be so, and his sagacity and powers of forethought were involved in the fulfilment of the prediction.

The mirror was safely got on board, and the emigrants, after breathing their last sighs and prayers for the dear land they were leaving, found themselves one morning steering their course across the wide Atlantic, under full sail, and driven onward by a spanking breeze.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT BEFELL THE MIRROR AND ITS OWNERS.

For the first three weeks of their voyage, the whole party felt too much indisposed, from the effects of their trip to sea, to indulge in speculations for the future. The present was sufficiently burdensome, without anticipating remote contingencies; and often, amidst the paroxysms of that most painful, but least compassionate of all aquatic ills, sea-sickness, they wished themselves at the bottom of the ocean, as the only means of terminating their sufferings. But, as this would not have been considered a legal method of curing the evil of which they bitterly complained, they were told by the initiated to take patience, in the shape of plenty of brandy and water, and to eat as much as they could, and the disorder would soon cure itself. The temperance pledge was not then in fashion, for the events of our tale really occurred in the year of our Lord 1817, and the improvement in morals and manners has greatly progressed since that remote period, or the suffocating smell of this universal panacea would have overcome the widow's scruples, and made her a teetotaller for life. But sea-sickness, like all other miseries, has an end; and Mrs. Harden and her sons, no sooner found themselves able to look upon the waves without changing colour, than they began to speculate upon the future.

"We shall obtain, through your uncle's interest with the governor's private secretary, a grant of

land," said the widow; "and the money that the sale of the carpet and the mirror will procure will stock it with sheep and cattle; and, with industry and prudence, my dear boys, we shall soon be as well off as our neighbours."

"That you will, sister," said Janet Harden, the meekest and most amiable of old maids, who bore the reproach of celibacy with the best grace imaginable; who, when tormented by one of uncle William's children, to tell him what an old maid was—for papa said that she, aunt Janet, was an old maid—answered the child, with a benevolent smile, instead of resenting the implied insult from her blunt brother—"A wise woman, child."

Aunt Janet, or Jessy, as the children called her, had kindly consented to accompany her brother William in his emigration; generously giving up a school, from the proceeds of which she obtained a comfortable living, to assist them in their first settlement, and superintend the education of their family. "You have no cause for despondency," continued this truly devoted woman. "The boys are healthy and strong; and even if you should be disappointed in the sale of these things, if they consent to work out for a few years, they will soon earn for you flocks and herds."

"Now, Jessy, don't go to break my heart, by talking of their working out as servants. Could you bear to see your own brother John's children brought so low? Is there one of William's sons to compare with them?"

"I hate comparisons among friends," returned Janet, without noticing her sister-in-law's, splanetic speech. "The children are all equally dear to me; and if God has given to some fairer faces and better talents than the rest, pray whose fault is that? Not the bairns; and to find fault with the all-wise Disposer would be to commit sin. As to work—to employ the hands in an honest endeavour to provide for the wants of a family, is no disgrace, but a virtue. If Providence has pleased the means of living at ease beyond our reach, it is our duty to work, in order that we may not be a burden to others. Besides, sister Anne, to work faithfully for another, teaches us to work profitably for ourselves."

"It is very well for you to preach, Jessy; who are so much better off yourself; but were you in my situation, the case would be different," murmured the widow, who had not yet learned to cast her burden upon the Lord.

"Do you suppose, sister, that because I have two or three hundred pounds of my own, that I mean to be idle?" said Janet. "To tell you the truth, I have already forestalled the larger part of this sum in paying the poor Giffords' passage

out. And as it may be years before they are able to repay me, if ever, I must work hard to make it up."

"I always knew that your sister Margaret was your favourite," said the widow. "For my part, I never could ask favours of any one, although I have conferred many in my time." And here she wiped away the tear, which, naturally enough, obtruded itself upon her cheek, as vain recollections of her former alluence crowded upon her mind.

"My dear Anne, I could not help you both at the same time," said the kind old maid. "Margaret has a sick husband, and four small children. The change of climate was recommended for his health, and I was only too happy to contribute my mite to effect this important object; for Gifford, you know, is an excellent man, and his valuable life of the utmost consequence to us all. It is little I want for myself; and if I live a couple of years longer, I hope I shall be able to assist my dear nephews, Robert and William, to settle in life."

"If the mirror sells for what it ought to fetch," said Mrs. Harden, proudly, "we shall not require any assistance."

"Confound that useless piece of trumpery!" cried Mr. William Harden, who had been listening unobserved to the conversation of the ladies; "I am sick of hearing about it. You had better not reckon too much upon the sale of it. You know what I have told you on that head before."

"I know your delight to vex me," said the widow, "and say these ill-natured things on purpose to wound my feelings; but, in spite of your ugly prophesies, I feel assured that the mirror will make our fortunes."

"You forget the old carpet?" said Mr. Harden, with a provoking laugh. "Is that to perform no part in this important object? But we shall see—"

"Yes, we shall see," responded the widow. "Why should not I be as good a prophet as you?"

"I have probability on my side."

"The most probable events are not those which most frequently come to pass," said the widow, "or most of the schemes of human forethought would be successful, whilst we constantly see them overthrown by circumstances, which no prudence could have foreseen. A few months ago, what would have appeared more improbable than my present situation? Who could have imagined that I should be forced to leave my comfortable home, houseless and penniless, to wander over the great deep, with my orphan boys, in search of bread." And here Mrs. Harden burst into tears, and her relatives felt grieved.

that they had said any thing to wound her feelings. Even the rude William Harden took her hand, and promised that she should never want a home while he had one to offer her.

A succession of violent storms put an end to family disputes. For many days the vessel was in imminent danger of sinking, and all minor considerations were forgotten, in the all absorbing thoughts of self preservation. At length it pleased the Almighty Mover of the elements to calm the winds and waves, and bring the poor wanderers in safety to the desired haven. On their first landing, all was bustle and excitement. With exaggerated feelings of pleasure, they trod, for the first time, the promised land. Its skies appeared clearer, its suns brighter, its mountains more lofty, and its scenery more magnificent, than aught they had ever witnessed. But these feelings gradually subsided, and, before they had secured lodgings for the night, the first painful symptoms of that deep heart-ache, which has been so pathetically designated home-sickness, was experienced alike in the rudest and most sensitive bosom.

"Ah, this is not like our ain' land!" sighed one.

"This will never be Scotland to me!" said another.

"I've a sair heart the night, sir," said a third; "but there's no help for it now. We must a' make the best o' a bad bargain."

And thus the poor emigrants complained and consoled each other for their mutual sorrow. None felt that deep depression of heart and spirits more keenly than Mrs. Harden; none looked forward with more eager hope into the veiled future than her portionless sons.

Several days were employed in getting their luggage on shore. To several persons who had called upon the strangers on their first arrival, Mrs. Harden had mentioned the mirror and carpet; and one wealthy Dutch merchant was desirous of becoming a purchaser of both articles. Mrs. Harden was delighted with her success. Nothing could equal her impatience for the arrival from ship board of this, to her invaluable, portion of the cargo. Mr. W. Harden alternately joked and sneered at his poor sister-in-law, assuring her that it would come time enough to make or mar her fortune. At last it did arrive; and, with eager haste, she and her sons and aunt Jessy commenced to unpack it.

"Do be careful, boys. William, don't shake the box so roughly. Jessy, give me leave—I understand these things much better than you," were expressions which burst continually from Mrs. Harden's lips.

"The salt water has penetrated the case,

mamma," said William, lifting from it a mass of wet tow. "I hope it has not spoiled the mirror!"

"Nonsense, child! it could never soak through that immense carpet."

"Indeed it has, mamma! The carpet is wet through!" The boy paused—looked at his mother—and turned very pale. Then holding up a piece of broken glass, he said: "Ah, aunt Jessy! look at this!"

The widow gave a faint cry, and sunk back on her chair. The mirror was broken into a thousand pieces.

"I was afraid of that storm," sighed Robert.

"Here end the hopes of a family!" said Mrs. Harden.

"Well, Anne, who was right?" said Mr. Harden; "I told you it would be so. You had better have sold it. But, like all obstinate women, you would not listen to reason."

"It's of no use reproaching me now," said poor Mrs. Harden. The carpet is spoiled—the mirror is broken—and we are beggars!"

"Not so bad as that, mother," said Robert. "Come, William, help me to pack up these pieces of glass; they may turn to some account."

"You may throw them away," said Mrs. Harden.

"I can pack them in a small box, with some of this tow," returned Robert. "Who knows what they may turn to yet?"

"Why, Bob, you are as bad as your mother," said his uncle; "a greater simpleton, still. Her hopes were founded upon glass; yours are built upon fragments of the same brittle ware, already washed by the waves."

"You make light of our misfortune, sir," said Robert, gravely. "My poor mother feels it severely. In pity to her, say no more upon the subject; and leave me to do as I think best with the wreck of our little property. Such is my trust in God, that I believe that He is able to turn these broken fragments, that you despise, to a good account."

"You are a good boy, Robert, though rather credulous, and I have no doubt that you will soon be able to support your mother by your own industry. But as to the broken glass—hoist, lad!—the very idea of the thing provokes mirth."

Robert did not listen to his uncle's last speech; he was busily employed in collecting and packing into a small compass the pieces of the splendid mirror, many of which he knew would cut into small dressing-glasses, which, if fitted into neat frames, might sell for something. The carpet he rinsed well in fresh water, and, with his brother's assistance, hung out to dry. This latter article was very much cut with the sharp ends of the broken glass, and the colours were all

run into each other. It was perfectly unsaleable.

"My poor mother!" said Robert, "we should never reckon too much upon any thing. Such is the end of most of our earthly hopes."

CHAPTER IV.

IN CONCLUSION—WHAT BECAME OF THE BROKEN MIRROR.

AFTER some necessary delay at Cape Town, the emigrants obtained a grant of land for their general location, on the frontier; and Mr. W. Harden engaged the services of his nephews, for the two ensuing years, promising, by way of remuneration, to provide for their wants and those of their widowed parent. This arrangement proved highly satisfactory to all parties; and, full of hope and happy anticipations of success, the emigrants commenced their long journey to the frontier. The sublime and romantic scenery, through which they had to travel for many hundred miles, in a great measure atoned for the length of the journey. The young people found objects to excite their interest and admiration at every step, and the spirits of the elder part of the community rose in proportion.

A beautiful fertile valley, between two lofty mountain ranges, had been granted for their location. A fine clear stream of water travelled the whole length of the glen, its devious windings marked by the fringe of Babylonian willows that shaded its rocky banks. A more delightful spot could scarcely have been chosen by the most enthusiastic lover of nature, than chance had thus provided them. The valley contained several thousand acres of excellent land, which was surveyed and equally divided among the males of the party. The lots which fell to the young Hardens stretched in opposite directions quite across the valley—the stream dividing them in front—the lofty mountains enclosing them in the rear; and the young possessors of this wild domain often sighed in vain for the necessary funds to enable them to make a settlement upon their useless lands. A situation of entire dependence is seldom to be coveted; and their willingness and strength were taxed to the uttermost by their hard, gripping uncle, who, if he did not treat them with actual unkindness, yet was a stern, exacting master, who made them feel that the bread they earned was not their own. For his mother's sake, Robert never complained of his uncle's harshness, although he confided to aunt Jessy his sorrows, and often consulted her on the most probable means of bettering their condition. Miss Janet deeply sympathized with the lads, and often remonstrated with her brother on his over-bearing conduct. Her appeals to

his better feelings were generally treated with contempt. "Women," he said, "were weak fools, who knew nothing about business, or the management of boys, whom they always spoiled with indulgence. To them he might seem a hard task-master; but he was only doing his duty, by making the lads attend to their work."

"But, brother! by exacting too much, you may lose their services altogether."

"Pshaw!" muttered Mr. Harden, in reply. "Who is to support their mother if they quit my service?"

"I will do that," said Miss Jessy, reddening. "rather than see my poor sister and her orphan boys imposed upon."

"I wish you would mind your own business," said Mr. Harden, tartly. "The boys would be quite contented if you would let them alone. It is a pity that old maids are such busy bodies."

"Brother William! you have sons of your own. If they were so situated, would you like them to be so treated?"

"I should be thankful to their employers if they made them attend to their business, and very much displeas'd with any meddling, mischief-making old body, who tried to render them discontented."

Miss Janet turned away with the tears in her eyes, while Mr. William Harden, who considered himself the injured party, walked off with great dignity, to inspect his flocks and herds, of which he already possessed a considerable number.

The two years of servitude were fast drawing to a close. The little settlement was in the most flourishing condition. Bee-hive cottages arose on every side, and the green valley was dotted over with sheep and cattle; every location had its primitive dwelling, and was possessed by a thriving family. All, but the pretty lots of the young Hardens, looked well and flourishing.

"Oh, that we possessed the means of purchasing a few agricultural implements, and a dozen head of sheep and cows," said Robert, with a sigh. "We would soon put up a cabin for my dear mother, and be as well off as the rest."

"If we had had the good luck to save the mirror," said Mrs. Harden, with a sigh. "It was the first time his mother had made any allusion to the loss for many months."

Robert started, and looked musingly at her: "The mirror—yes; I had forgotten the mirror. By the bye, aunt Jessy, I wanted a bit of the glass to shew my favourite old Caffre, Gaita; tho' reflection of his own face. Do you know what I did with the box containing the pieces?"

"You will find it in the outhouse," said aunt Jessy. "I wish you could frame us a small dressing-glass out of the fragments."

"I will try," said Robert; and, finding the box, he selected several square pieces of glass, and put them into plain wooden frames, which he fashioned tolerably well with what tools he could collect. He was still busy at his task, when the settlement was visited by several leading men among the frontier tribes, who often visited the glen; to make a friendly exchange of their native commodities, for knives and beads, and other trifles of the same nature. The sight of a mirror was new to them all. It seems a species of vanity inherent in man, to be delighted with the reflection of his own image. For hours the savage chiefs amused themselves with examining their features in these wonderful pieces of glass. They looked and looked again, and the more familiar they became with their own faces, the more enamoured they seemed with their sable visages. Nothing would satisfy them but the actual possession of these magic glasses; and, before they left the valley, they had bartered with Robert Harden flocks of sheep and herds of cattle for these once despised fragments of broken glass.*

"Mother, dear mother! is it possible," exclaimed Robert, as he flung his arms about her neck, and kissed her, in an ecstasy of delight, "that these flocks can be ours? See what God has sent us. He has restored to us the value of the mirror seven-fold! Who, who will ever doubt his providential care, who listens to the tale of our Broken Mirror?"

But this happy change in the fortunes of the Hardens did not end here. The old carpet, likewise, played its part in this strange drama. Aunt Jessy cut out all the soiled and torn parts, and made up the remainder into aprons, such as are worn by the native women; and these had as great a sale as the pieces of glass. Not a fragment of either article but turned to account; and from being the poorest and most dependent settlers in the glen, the widow and her sons became the most wealthy and independent.

"What will you say to my venture now, brother?" said Mrs. Harden, the first time she received her brother into a comfortable stone house, which her sons had erected, some five years after this, upon Robert's farm—previous to his bringing home one of his cousin Giffords, as his wife. "The broken mirror and the old carpet have made our fortune after all."

"The boys have been confoundedly lucky," said the old man, casting rather an envious glance round the neatly furnished apartment.

"Rather say, uncle, that God has been very good to us," returned Robert. "The means He

has used in this instance to place us above want appear to me quite miraculous. I hope I shall ever retain a grateful sense of His mercies."

"Who could have imagined," said his brother, "that the very circumstance which was the death-blow to our hopes, should be the means of procuring those advantages which we considered lost for ever?"

"And have you paid Mr. Sylvester the money he advanced for your passage out?" asked Mr. Harden, in his usual rude way.

"Two years ago," said Robert, proudly. "Thank God, we do not owe a debt in the world."

"You have been very lucky," again responded the disappointed interrogator. "And when is the marriage to take place?"

"In our new church, on Sunday next."

"Hout, man! Sunday is no day to get married upon. Are there not six days in the week to pursue your worldly matters, without your pitching upon the Lord's day?"

"It will be the first time that public worship will be performed in our valley, by a minister of God," said Robert; "and I wished the happiest event of my life to be celebrated on this joyful occasion."

The old man had nothing further to say on that subject, but he indulged his contradictory humour in a thousand other subjects, rendering his company as disagreeable as he possibly could to his kind entertainers.

The brothers had assisted, both with money and their own labour, to the erection of the neat presbyterian church, which formed a most picturesque addition to the lovely scenery of the pastoral valley. A good man had been appointed from home to take charge of this flock in the wilderness; and the congregation, consisting of about forty-eight families, had welcomed their minister with every demonstration of affection and esteem; to his new abode.

The Sunday following the little church was crowded with happy faces, and the happiest and the proudest man there was Robert Harden, as he led into the sanctuary he had contributed so largely to raise, his widowed mother and his young blooming bride. He felt that he owed all to God, and his heart overflowed with gratitude to his great benefactor.

After the disuse of years, how solemnly the public service of God appeals to every heart. It is as if a voice from Heaven spoke to man, reproving him for his past sins, and admonishing him for his future and eternal welfare. During the first impressive address, many eyes filled involuntarily with tears, but when Mr. Gordon gave but the favourite and well-known paraphrase,

*This circumstance is a fact. The widow and her sons owe their present wealth to the sale of these pieces of broken glass.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy children still are fed,
Who through this barren wilderness
Hast all our fathers led.

The voice of weeping, which could no longer be suppressed, was heard from one end of the church to the other. It was the simple voice of nature, which, unrestrained by the cold formal etiquette of society, poured forth its own plaintive language to the throne of God.

"Don't be ashamed of your tears, sister Jessy," whispered Mrs. Harden to her sister, who was struggling to conceal her emotion; "ye may be proud that ye are permitted this day to weep before the Lord."

The rest of the day was spent in the solemn services of religion. The following morning the inhabitants of the valley assembled in their best attire, to celebrate the marriage of their favourite, Robert Harden, and his cousin Anne Gifford.

PARAPHRASE.

Isaiah XL.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Rejoice, O my people! Jehovah hath spoken!
The dark chain of sin and oppression is broken;
Thy warfare is over, thy bondage is past,
The Lord hath looked down on his chosen at last.
A voice from the wilderness breaks on mine ear—
O Israel, rejoice! thy redemption is near:
A path for our God the wild desert shall yield;
He comes in the light of salvation revealed;
His word hath declared, who speaks not in vain;
He bends the high mountain, exalts the low plain!
All flesh shall behold him, for nations shall bring
Their glad songs of triumph to welcome their King!

As the grass of the field in the morning is green,
So man, in his beauty and vigour, is seen
A perishing glory, the beam of a day,
A flower that will fade with the evening away:
The breath of the Lord o'er its verdure shall pass;
The freshness shall wither and fade like the grass;
The flower from its stem the rude whirlwind may sever,
But the word of our God is established for ever!

O Zion, that bringeth good tidings of peace,
Raise thy voice in the song, thy afflictions shall cease;
Arise in thy strength, banish every base fear,
Tell the cities of Judah redemption is near:
He comes! and his works shall his glory reveal;
He comes! his lost children to succour and heal;
In mercy and truth to establish his throne,
That his name to the ends of the earth may be known!

REASON AND INSTINCT.

WHEN with reason or with instinct blest
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
What pops or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest:
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer. FORG.

RETURN TO AN EARLY HOME.

BY E. L. C.

CHILD.

Was this thy home, dear mother—
This green spot, fair as a fairy dell?

MOTHER.

Even here, my child. Is it not passing sweet,
With its deep shadows, sleeping tranquilly
On the smooth turf—and with its pleasant sound
Of bird and bee, breaking the dreamy silence
That o'er all broods with so soft a spell—
Save when at times more suddenly disturbed
By the gay grasshopper, that sharp and shrill
Winds on his tiny horn a piercing blast,
To tell of noon's fierce heat.

CHILD.

And, mother, look!

Through yon green arch of closely matted boughs,
Look up and see, safe on his airy throne,
That brown, blithe squirrel—with what careless glee
The vagrant sits, cracking his pillered nuts,
Of none afraid.

MOTHER.

Ah, there! I see him, love,

And scarce can think him other than that one
On which my eye gazed in its childish joy
Long years ago! His was the same bright oval
And glancing eye—as quickly too he leaped
From branch to branch—ay, of this very tree!
Hours have I sat upon its gnarled root,
Watching his merry antics—pleas'd, yet vex'd
That all my arts so vainly were essay'd
To lure the rover from his leafy bower.

CHILD.

Ah, mother dear, those must have been bright days!
Would we had pleasant fields to range in now,
And such glad sights to look upon as these!
How rich this turf! not like the dusty space
I call my play-ground in our city home.
There are no bees—no birds—but my own warbler
In his glided cage—no fragrant airs,
Pill'd as are these with sweetest melodies.
That come we know not whence—unless the fays,
In their gay revels, change, for very sport,
The wandering breezes into whispered sounds,
Sweet as the strains of thy Eolian lyre.

MOTHER, (smiling).

And thy young thoughts to poetry, fair child—
Which suits not one doomed to abide in scenes
The muse forsakes. I fear it is not well
To fill thy soul with that deep, yearning love
Of Nature, which hath been thy joy—and is—
Though now debarred her sight—and, therefore, now
A source of longing vain. Thou shalt be spared
This pang. Come, let's away.

CHILD.

Oh, go not yet!

Let me rest here, upon this grassy mound—
Were I a queen I would not ask a throne
Set in a fairer spot, nor overlaid
With velvet softer, or more richly wrought,
Than this bright turf with violets thick bestrewed.
Mother, I love this green and sheltered vale,
Gay with its clustered shrubs and laughing flowers—

And yon grey rocks, that o'er it heaving hang,
Crowned to their summit with the chestnut dark,
Among whose deeper shadows, gleaming shine
The feathery locusts, and the aspen pale—
Its trembling leaves, 'e'en when the breeze is hushed,
Fluttering like prisoner birds, struggling in vain,
With wings outspread to fly.

MOTHER.

I see it—yes,
Through larch and elm, and spreading chestnut bough,
And the long fingers of the dark sassafras,
I spy the lovely foliage, pale yet bright,
Of that fair tree! its glittering leaves
Dancing and fluttering in the breathless air—its trunk
Silvery and straight, gleaming like marble column
Rarely wrought, amid the staller trees
That round it stand, and crown with graceful forms
Yon airy height. Ah, I remember well,—
And brief the time, though years have rolled between,
Brought that fair day,—when my dear father
Brought that full-grown tree, a sapling then,
And planted it himself upon that spot;
While I, a wondering child, stood mutely by,
And saw him heave the earth around its roots,
And train with careful hand its pliant stalk,
That now unscathed sways to the wintry winds,
And through the riven rock strikes deep its roots,
From the kind bosom of the genial earth,
Extracting nutriment that fills with life
Its thousand veins, and flushes into beauty
Every germ that swells beneath its rind.

CHILD.

It seems to beckon us with its green arms,
As though it heard thy words. Come, mother dear,
We'll seek its shade awhile—we must indeed,
For thou did'st promise not to lust away,
And I would wander where thy step once strayed,
And weave bright garlands from the flowers that grow
In thy old haunts. Oft 'e'er these pleasant fields
Thy feet have roved, when thou, a child, did'st love
The golden sunshine, and the breezy air,
More than aught else, and would, like me, have pined,
If prisoned close within the dusty bounds
Of the dull city, far from stream and rock,
And song of woodland bird.

MOTHER.

And I could weep
That so it still must be—weep that thine eye,
As glides each tranquil day, should be forlorn
To read in Nature's face the glorious impress
Of that hand divine, which moulds her features
Into beauteous forms, touched with the light
Of her Creator's smile. Ah, would henceforth
This vale might shelter us—this pleasant vale,
Circled by hills, on whose fair crests the sun
Sheds lovingly at eve his parting smile,
Bathing them long in hues so soft and bright,
That I in childish thought, was wont to deem
The golden mists, which wrapped them gorgeously
In wavy folds, were heaven-spun tissues
Flung by angel hands from the broad pathway,
Which the day-god trod, when earth he bade farewell.

CHILD.

I love such sunsets—yet hast o'er thou wept,
As from yon hill we watched the gentle fall
Of the calm day. How still it was! how bright!
Making my heart so glad! and yet thou wept.

Strange seemed thy tears, for to my joyous eyes
'Twas glory all—that open sky, blazing
With burnished gold—and far above around,
The pale, pale stars, that one by one shone out
In the blue vault—their faint and quivering rays,
Scarce visible amidst the rosy glow
That flushed the heavens. Why, mother, flowed thy tear?
Mine eyes sought thine with smiles, but thou wert sad,
And sad, too, grew my heart—I knew not why—
But all its joy was gone.

MOTHER.

Why did I weep?
Yes I can tell thee where descended my tears—
But to thy young and untried heart, dear child,
So full of life, so gay with buoyant hope—
For yet the past hath never shadowed it
With sad remembrances, and vain regrets,
And filled it with deep yearnings, deep and strong,
For what earth cannot yield—to thy fresh heart,
'Twould still seem strange, why I in sadness wrapt
Where all was bright. Yet, ah! too soon will time
Prove thy stern teacher, and when thou shalt stand
Alone amid the scenes where once thou strayed
With those, whose souls to thine were closely knit
By cords of holiest love—then will thy heart,
As flow thy gushing tears, tell thee the source
Of mine.

For round me here gather the absent,
The departed, too—all things recall them—
These familiar paths, that twilight dell,
Yon purple hills, and the bright sunset sky—
Nay, 'e'en the breeze freighted with fragrance
From rich clover fields, brings back the tones
Of voices loved, yet to my ear long hushed.
Ah, who can waken Memory's secret chords
Like Nature's self? She, by a subtle power,
Links to the past, to heaven, to purity,
To God, the soul—and whispers it, that He,
Who, to regale the perishable sense,
Endows with beauty 'e'en the humble herb
On which we tread—and who within the breast
Plants his holy love, and gentle sympathy,
Designs the spirit for exalted bliss,
For knowledge infinite—Himself the source
Of knowledge and of bliss; and for reunion
With the lost on earth, no more to be dissolved,
And full of heaven's own joy, shall that renewed
And perfect commune be, such as the heart
Enshrined in human flesh, ne'er in its grosser thought
Dreamed or conceived, and stronger, more intense
Than mortal love, strong though it were as death,
E'er felt or knew.

Montreal, 1837.

ORIGIN OF GOVERNMENT AND LAWS.

THE same self-love, in all becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Fore'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
Even Kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued
And found the private in the public good.

Porz.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.

BY MRS. A. R. SPOONER.

FRANCES D'AUBIGNÉ, granddaughter of the famous Theodoro Agrippa D'Aubigné, so well known in history, was born in the year 1635, in the prison of Niut, where her father was confined; thus, tears and distress, added to the sufferings of poverty, were the objects from which her first impressions were received. Four years afterwards, Madame D'Aubigné obtained the freedom of her husband, who, accompanied by his wife and child, set sail for the West Indies. They resided for some years in Martinique, where he amassed a considerable fortune; but, owing to the mismanagement and extravagance that frequently characterize those who suddenly pass from extreme indigence to opulence, it was dissipated even with more rapidity than it had been acquired; and, at his death, which happened soon afterwards, he left his family no other legacy than a large number of debts and embarrassments. Thus, in miserable circumstances, Madame D'Aubigné returned to France with her daughter, where the latter was educated as a Calvinist, her family being Protestant. On the death of her mother, she was received into the house of a relation, Madame de Neullant, who afforded her a home, with the intention of converting her to the Catholic faith; but, firm at this time in her first principles, she persisted in them, though severe and even violent means were resorted to, in order to compel her to renounce them. This course of treatment, however, had the effect, (which it always has on a firm and independent mind), of adding strength to her opinions, and she continued to resist every attempt thus made to weaken them. To mortify her, she was reduced to the care of the poultry yard, where she became an object of attention to a young peasant, which obliged Madame de Neullant to confine her in the Ursuline Convent, at Niut. There she became much attached to the nuns; and kind treatment, gentle persuasion, and argument, led her at length to, (what persecution had failed to accomplish), the adoption of the Roman Catholic faith. It was in this peaceful retreat that her mind became developed; and here she imbibed the high principles which she maintained throughout her variously chequered path of life. She afterwards went to reside in Paris, where she soon became known by the charms of her mind, and the affability and mildness of her temper. When scarcely seventeen, she married Scarron, well known as a comic poet and satirist; and, although he was much older than her, in infirm health, remarkably plain, and even deformed in person,

she considered herself happy in becoming his wife. Scarron was not rich, but his family was respectable, and his house was frequented by the most distinguished society, belonging to the age and court of Louis the Fourteenth; and his wife continued to attract general esteem and affection, by her social qualities, talents, and modesty.

She became a widow in 1660, and was once more left entirely destitute, as at the time of his death, Scarron derived his only means of subsistence from writing plays, having (from some imprudence on his part), been deprived of the pension he had obtained through the influence of Cardinal Mazarin. She was on the point of embarking for Portugal, as governess to the Princess Almera, when her friends, (after many fruitless attempts), succeeded in procuring for her a pension from the king, of two thousand livres. This exceeded her desires, which were moderate, and, instead of leaving her country, to which she was much attached, she retired to a convent, where she lived in solitude and in the most frugal manner, until she was appointed governess to the Duke of Maine and Count of Toulouse, the young sons of Louis. Madame Scarron was thus unexpectedly withdrawn from her humble retirement, and placed in an important and high station, amid the splendour of a court, that was regarded as a model by all Europe. But her enjoyment was by no means increased by this change in her circumstances; and her example is one of the many that prove that happiness is less secure in the courts of princes than in the peasant's hut.

During this period of her life, she thus writes: "I am filled with melancholy. I was born ambitious, but resisted and overcame the inclination. When the wish, (though no longer indulged), was gratified, I thought myself happy, but this intoxication lasted but three weeks. * * * I have renounced my tastes, desires, and pleasures; and they would also have me give up my principles. The impossibility of conceding my opinions, causes me to be viewed with dislike by those with whom I am surrounded. * * * Sometimes I almost resolve to leave, but I fear to offend God should I abandon my charge, to whom I have become much attached, although each succeeding day, by adding to my cares, increases my regrets. I have given up my liberty; my time is no longer my own. * * * What are all the pleasures and varieties that surround me, to one who is disgusted with the hollowness of the world? I envy your tranquillity; you may serve God in peace, and your happiness would be complete, if you would exchange places with me for a fortnight, and thus learn how to prize it."

Although she had been appointed by the king's

permission, he was at first much prejudiced against the governess, and frequently expressed his opinion of her in strong terms of dislike, although he was satisfied by the care and interest she manifested in the education of his children. Insensibly, however, his feelings became changed, and he soon learned to esteem her for her good sense and discretion; and the more he became acquainted with her, the more sensible he was of her good qualities. His dislike changed into friendship, and this sentiment afterwards ripened into the most tender and sincere regard. He made her a present of a hundred thousand livres, with which she purchased the estate of Maintenon, and was endowed by the king with the rank of Marchioness de Maintenon, which name she now assumed. She was privately married to Louis by M. de Harlai, archbishop of Paris, in presence of two witnesses. This marriage was, of course, never publicly acknowledged, as, in the choice of a wife, the meanest subject in his dominions has a privilege that is denied to his king. She was then fifty, and the king forty-eight. Louis wished for a wife to whom he might confide his joys and his sorrows, and he longed to alleviate the cares of government, by the pure enjoyments of domestic life; and the yielding temper of Madame de Maintenon, who from her youth had learned to accommodate herself to the wishes of others, promised him an agreeable companion, and a faithful friend. Besides, she was religious, and the king, as he advanced in years, showed the same disposition. Montesquieu says, that he loved glory and religion, yet he was all his life prevented from proving either. After her marriage, Madame de Maintenon lived much retired from the world. Louis passed much of his time in her society, and even transacted business with his ministers in her apartments, while she read or otherwise amused herself. She frequently had an influence on state affairs, although apparently she took no part in them. She did nothing for her family, fearing to attract the attention of the public; and would accept of nothing herself but a moderate pension. But (as before) her elevation did not increase her happiness. The king would often tease her by his ill humour, and then endeavour to atone for it, by giving her proofs of esteem, such as he had shown no other woman. Yet this did not console her for the many annoyances to which she was subject. She was entirely submissive to the will of the king, and wholly occupied with the means of pleasing him; and it is said that this slavery of her age made her more unhappy than the poverty and trials of her youth. "What a martyrdom," said she to her niece, "to be obliged to amuse a man who is

incapable of being amused." She always showed herself the friend of the newly and distressed, and formed many plans for the benefit of the poor; among them was the foundation of a school, at St. Cyr, for the education of young ladies in reduced circumstances, to which she retired on the death of the king, in 1715, and continued there, occasionally taking part herself in the instruction and amusements of the pupils, until her death, which took place four years afterwards.

There is much in the character of this excellent woman, to excite both admiration and sympathy. In early youth, becoming an orphan, dependent upon others, and subject to harsh treatment and persecution on account of her religious opinions; her marriage with Searron, founded on gratitude and esteem, which, if it did not much improve her circumstances, rendered her happy in her domestic life, and brought her into the society of such men as Bourlaque, Bossuet, Mollère, and others, whose genius and learning would have given celebrity to any age; as a widow, once more thrown upon the world, without a protector, and in poverty, ready and anxious to avail herself of her own exertions, rather than to become again dependent upon her friends for support; her prudent and retired mode of life, (when by the receipt of her pension this did not become necessary), at a time when she was still young, beautiful, and an object of admiration in the gay circles from which she had withdrawn. The manner in which she sustained herself amid the temptations and splendour of a court; sacrificing her time, tastes, and desires, to her sense of duty, in continuing in a situation, the care and responsibility attached to which could not be balanced by rank and opulence; and as wife to Louis the Great, (which title posterity does not seem inclined to confirm), her piety and discretion, moderation and patience, are alike admirable.

Her letters exhibit a knowledge of human nature, a Christian spirit, and a fund of good sense, and may serve as models of epistolary writing. The following, though addressed to a princess, should not only be read, but studied by all young women. A translation, however, cannot do justice to the style of the original: "Do not hope for perfect happiness—there is none on earth, and if there was, it is not to be found at court. Greatness has its troubles, and they are often more cruel than those which belong to a moderate station. In private life we may accustom ourselves to our sufferings; at court we do not easily obtain that habit. Your sex is the most exposed to suffer, because it is always dependent. But never allow yourself to be ashamed or

annoyed by this dependance upon your husband, or of any other in the order of Providence. Make the duke your best friend, and your only confidant; take his advice and offer him yours. Endeavour to possess, as it were, but one heart and one mind. Do not expect your union to prove perfectly happy; the best marriages are those where each party occasionally suffers with mildness and patience; there never was one without some alloy. Be obliging and complaisant, without attaching any importance to your acts. Dear with the faults which may arise from difference of temperament, habits, opinions, and tastes. It is for you to give way—it is only by submitting to your husband that you will reign over him; be as exacting with yourself as you can; but never with him. Do not expect to receive as much regard as you feel; men are usually less tender than women, and you will be unhappy if you indulge your sensibility in this respect. In this commerce, the balance must always be furnished by you. Pray that you may never be jealous, but if so, never hope to regain your husband's affections by complaints, regrets, and reproaches; the only means are gentleness and patience. Fretfulness and impatience will always embitter and alienate the heart, and sweetness of temper will alone avail you. Speak, write, and act, as you would before witnesses; sooner or later all will be known, and never confide to another what would injure you if repeated. * * * * Love your children, and be much with them—a princess or a peasant cannot have a more pure occupation than this. Instil into their minds the seeds of all the virtues; and, in instructing them, remember that upon their education depends the happiness of a people who deserve the regard of their princes. You must be occasionally seen in the world; if you are inaccessible, you will not be beloved. Discomtenance, as much as lies in your power, vanity, indiscretion, calumny, falsehood, and offensive raillery; in short, every thing that is opposed to charity. Never espouse the prejudices of any person; it is for you to soften and subdue, and not to be influenced by them. Regard those as your best friends; in whom you observe the practice of mildness, peace, and the forgiveness of injuries; and fear and distrust those who would excite you against others, under whatever pretence of reason or zeal, they may conceal their interest or resentment. Do no wrong—give good advice, if you dare to give any. Excuse the absent, and accuse no one. A princess ought to be of no party, but every where seek to establish peace. Sanctify your virtues, by adopting, as a motive for your conduct, the desire to please God. Love your servants, and pray for them; assist

them, but do not exalt one of them above the others, and do not gratify their vanity or their avarice. Do not become too much attached to amusements; it is well to know how to do without them, and especially in your condition, which is one of restraint and trouble. Shew yourself capable of friendship, and be open to the prayers of the unfortunate. God has placed you in your high station, that you may have the pleasure of doing good. The power of being useful to others, and of contributing to their happiness, is the only recompense for the fatigue, inconveniences, and slavery, attached to your condition. * * * * Lie on your guard against the talent you have for wit; too much of this in another, is humiliating to those who possess little; and the indulgence of it will bring upon you the dislike of many, and perhaps cause you to lose the esteem of some sensible people. * * * * Depend upon it, those will never find peace who resist the will of God. If there is joy in the world it is only to be found in a pure conscience. An evil conscience finds itself a hell in the midst of pleasures. How different is the peace of God from the false joys of the world! It calms the passions—nourishes purity of manners—is inseparable from justice, and fortifies us against temptation; it unites all that is quiet and all that is amiable. But how shall we acquire this peace? By an habitual exercise of the duties that religion imposes; never to walk contrary to the inner light, and to follow God wheresoever he would conduct us." * * * * In another letter she says: "There is no yoke more easy than that of Christ, and those who really follow him, know that it is so. There is nothing too hard for us in religion; it exacts no more than what it gives us strength to perform. Solomon, after he had sought, found, and tasted of all the pleasures that the world could afford, pronounced all vanity and vexation of spirit; and so it is, unless we love and serve God. Why cannot I give you my experience, and shew you the *ennui* which consumes the great, and the trouble they have to fill up their days! Do you not see that some are not happy in the possession of a station which few have attained? Was it not for the help of God, I could not endure it! I have been young, handsome, and beloved; and I have partaken of the pleasures of the world. In a more advanced age, I have passed my days in intellectual enjoyments, and I have risen in the esteem of others. Yet I protest that all these leave behind them a weariness, vaneancy, and uneasiness—a longing for something else, because these alone cannot satisfy the mind. We find no true repose but in religion; then we have nothing more to seek. We have found the only true happiness on earth."

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY E. L. C.

May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak limb shaken off,
Bend lightly to her tendencies again?
Oh, no!—by all her loveliness—by all
That makes life poetry and beauty—no!
Make her a slave—steal from her rosy cheek,
By needless jealousies—let the lust star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain—
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,
And there is not a high thing out of Heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

N. P. WILLIS.

"What have you there, Cecilia?" enquired Maurice Evelyn of his young wife, as he entered, at a late hour, the breakfast parlour, where she had been for some fifteen minutes awaiting his appearance.

"Cards for Mrs. Sinclair's fancy ball, Maurice; but, of course, we shall not accept," and, as she spoke, she threw them in their embossed envelope on the table.

"And why not, pray?" he asked, taking up and examining the invitations. "It is to be a most splendid affair, they say, and I know no reason upon earth why we should not enjoy it. So, lady fair, choose some rare costume adapted to your beauty, and let me see you reign queen of the festal night."

"Surely, Maurice, you are not serious? You cannot be, in wishing me to place Mrs. Sinclair on the list of my visiting acquaintance?"

"In very truth, then, I am, Cecilia. Recollect Mrs. Sinclair and I are old friends, and would you have me, for a few malicious *on dits*, offend her, by rudely declaring my wife too virtuous to accept her offered civilities?"

"And why not, if these *on dits* are true, as it would seem they must be, by the light esteem in which she is held by most of those whose judgment and opinion are worthy our respect?"

"Yet, mark me, Cecilia, those very persons, who most loudly condemn her, will not refuse to swell the crowd in her brilliant saloons, on the evening of her *fête*. They will go to criticise her taste, observe her conduct, eat her ices, and

then depart to deprecate all, and praise their own Christian charity, for having lent the sanction of their presence to one whose character slander has not been slow to attack, and sully with its venom. Such is the world, my love, and for its censure or approval, shall we forego the society of a woman gifted with beauty and intellect, and endowed with affections as warm and generous as any of her sex?"

"But she is denied principle and virtue, Maurice; and, if she have not these, what signify her generous or her brilliant qualities?" timidly enquired the young wife.

"They who assert this are base traducers, Cecilia. I have known her long—intimately; I may say, and therefore speak not unadvisedly; for when a shy and awkward lad, she, a ripened beauty, was often for weeks together my mother's guest, and I cannot forget with what graceful kindness she strove to inspire me with self-confidence, nor how frequently she neglected older and more congenial society to lend herself to the companionship of a solitary boy."

"That was very kind of her, truly," said Cecilia; "but it was a long while ago, that this happened, and since then —"

"Pardon me," he said, interrupting her; "but since then we have not been strangers, for her husband was in the suite of Mr. V., at Madrid, at the same time that I also was an *attaché* to the embassy, and so we met almost daily while abroad. Nay, we travelled together, in company with others, for two successive summers—sailed

together down the Nile—lunched in the shadow of the pyramids—warmed ourselves by the blaze of a fire fed with the unctuous mummies of Egypt's mighty Pharaohs, and drank champagne from the same flask, among the ruins of Herculaneum, and on the burning side of Vesuvius—and, after all this, it seems a strange question to decide now, whether I deem one, whom I have seen mingling in the best society of Europe, a fitting acquaintance for my wife."

"But notwithstanding all this, dear Maurice, it cannot be denied that, for some unknown cause, she has separated from her husband; and a woman so situated cannot escape censure, if willingly, she suffers herself to become an object of fashionable notoriety."

"That she lives apart from her husband, Cecilia, is no fault of hers. He is more than double her age—of course there can be little sympathy between them; and as he prefers residing on his Virginian plantation, she is willing to leave him undisputed control over his slaves, his rice-fields and sugar-canes—herself detesting the south, and never enjoying freedom from illness in its climate."

"And why, under such circumstances, did she marry?" asked Mrs. Evelyn.

"Because she was very young and very dutiful, and so thought proper to obey her father—who coveted for his beautiful daughter the wealth of Mr. Sinclair, which he considered an equivalent for whatever, in the eyes of a fair maiden, might be wanting to render her ancient suitor an Adonis."

"It was a mercenary marriage, then, on her part?" said Cecilia; "how shocking! All this, Maurice, but confirms my previous impression of your gay friend. Since, under whatever circumstances she married, she is Mr. Sinclair's wife, and, as such, is bound to abide with him wherever he chooses to make his home, and fulfil, to the very letter, the promises she pledged him at the altar. Instead of which, weary probably of his society, she leaves him to solitude, and, in a distant city, uses his wealth to minister to her luxury and extravagance—setting at defiance the world's opinions, by admitting to her table opera dancers, and actors of doubtful reputation, and by daily riding or driving with young men of loose and idle habits, and distinguished for nothing more praiseworthy than their ultraism in all the fashionable vices and absurdities of the day."

"Bless me, Cecilia! what a stern little censor you have grown! Yet notwithstanding the high colouring which you have cast upon your picture, it proves nothing against the lady's virtue—her prudence, I grant, is condemned by it—for it is her neglect of conventional forms, and her disregard of popular opinion, that startles the unco-

quale, and renders her a mark for envious eyes and tongues to cast their venom at."

"But, Maurice, does not this very display of independence, in a person situated as is Mrs. Sinclair, argue an absence of that true delicacy, which, if not woman's loveliest attribute, is surely one, devoid of which, she never can be lovely?"

"Not in her case, I think—because, having lived much in foreign society, she has become accustomed to its uncensured freedoms, and knows no reason why they may not be indulged in Philadelphia, as harmlessly as in Paris or Vienna. At all events, if she neglects important observances, I believe she does it innocently, and because she cannot in a moment shake off habits acquired in circles more congenial to her taste, than those she finds in the fair and decorous city of William Penn."

"I wonder she did not remain abroad, since no sense of conjugal duty recalled her to America," said Mrs. Evelyn, quietly.

"I see you are resolved not to think well of her, Cecilia; but when you know her better, I am sure you will be as ready as I am to condemn the world's injustice towards her."

"I have no desire, Maurice, for a more intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Sinclair. I am certain it would only add confirmation to my present opinion."

"Really, Cecilia," said Evelyn, with a gleam of displeasure on his countenance, "if Mrs. Sinclair lacks delicacy and propriety, you, I must say, discover in your judgment of her, a want of that Christian charity, which covers a multitude of errors. Nay, I am too severe—that painful blush rebukes me; but really, love, you are too young and fair to be thus prudish—I had not thought it of you—and too generous to be swayed by vulgar prejudice and opinion. Promise me that you will write answers of acceptance to these cards, and array yourself to eclipse this sorceress in the scene of her own enchantments."

"Do not ask this of me, dear Maurice—do not," said Cecilia, earnestly, almost with tears. "You know how it pains me to refuse you any thing; but indeed—indeed, I cannot, without a violation of truth and duty, accompany you to this ball."

"Duty would certainly prompt you to comply with my wish, Cecilia; and as for truth—pray how are you to disregard that, by so doing?"

"Do you not remember my dear grandmamma's parting charge, when she resigned me to your love, Maurice, and how solemnly you pledged your word to obey her wish and will, in withholding me from all perverting influences, from contact with general or individual society that could exert any other than a beneficial and

purifying effect upon my mind. How, then, can you wish me to enter the circle which Mrs. Sinclair draws around her, since I am certain it cannot be that in which you desire to see me habitually move."

Evelyn's brow was clouded as she spoke; but, cloaking his chagrin under an affected laugh, he looked towards a young man, who, during this discussion, had sat silent on the opposite side of the table, apparently indifferent to what was said, and who only, at long intervals, turned from the newspaper, which he held before his face, to sip the coffee or taste the muffins which stood temptingly beside him.

"A truce now to politics and gossip, Mayburne," said Evelyn, abruptly addressing him, "and decide, like a wise judge, as you will one day be, this matter between us. Cecilia is really puritanical in her scruples regarding this ball of Mrs. Sinclair's, and I wish you would help me to laugh her out of them."

"Cousin Arthur will never ridicule a conscientious scruple—so, pray, Maurice, do not appeal to him," said Cecilia. "It will only be to enlist another voice against you."

"No, do not appeal to me," said the young man, putting aside the paper for a countenance of singular and attractive beauty. "I would not be an umpire in this case, nor in any other, where the parties are so bound, that the decision should rest between themselves."

"You have, at least, one quality necessary to your profession, Mayburne—that of caution," said Evelyn, smiling. "But, tell me, have you a card for this ball?"

"Yes, I am honoured by one."

"And you will go?"

"Probably I may."

"There, Cecilia!" said Evelyn, with a glance of triumph.

"But had you a sister or a wife, Arthur, would you do so, and desire her to accompany you?" asked Cecilia.

"You are touching indirectly, fair cousin, a question I declined answering," said Mayburne, with a smile. "Yet I will confess to you, that so profound is my reverence for woman's purity, that had I the happiness to name one of the sex as peculiarly appertaining to myself, I should be almost unreasonable enough to treat her as florists do their choicest flowers, and keep her beneath a glass to prevent any unhealthy external-influence from marring her delicacy."

"Not a bad idea, truly," said Evelyn, with a laugh. "What say you, Cecilia, to this same transparent covering—it would shield you effectually from all the mildew of the society you so much dread and deprecate?"

There was a sarcastic meaning in his words and tone that wounded Cecilia; but she gently replied:

"I would, dear Maurice, that the crystal walls of truth and pure affection should ever encircle our home, and if those I best love, be with me there, I shall have small temptation to leave my own glad hearth, for an atmosphere, against whose poisonous influence, I must be ever on my guard."

The bright glow of tender enthusiasm which mantled on her lovely cheek as she spoke, was reflected vividly from that of Arthur Mayburne; but the lip of Evelyn curled with contempt, as he exclaimed:

"Your worthy grandmother, my pretty Cecil, has instilled a marvellous mixture of romance and morality into your poor little head. I must positively temper it with a few grains of worldly wisdom and common sense, before this winter's campaign is ended. So it will be far better to submit yourself, like a dutiful wife, to my wholesome discipline, for if temptation tries, it also, if resisted, strengthens virtue—therefore, lady mine, let me test the temper of yours in the fiery ordeal of Mrs. Sinclair's fete. I fear not, whatever you may do, that its brightness will become dimmed in an atmosphere so unhallowed. You will no longer refuse—no—I am positive you will not. Remember,—those sweet lips voluntarily said obey, some three months since, and I think that tender conscience will not deliberately violate the pledge they gave."

And half-pettishly, half-fondly, kissing the flushed cheek of his beautiful wife, Evelyn turned from the breakfast table, and walked away to the library. Cecilia was wounded by his manner, notwithstanding its real, or assumed tenderness; but still more deeply pained by the selfish disregard which he showed to her wishes; and by the tone of lightness, almost of mockery, with which he treated sentiments and principles that she held pure and sacred, and which, for her sake, if not from any higher motive, he should have regarded with reverence. Nor was this the first time that she had been made to feel the want of sympathy, on many important points, that existed between herself and the husband whom her lore had idealized—and how far beneath her imaginary standard he fell, in nobleness of feeling, elevation of principle, and that unselfish and delicate affection, which filled her own heart, exalting its love into a sentiment worthier of heaven than of earth.

As these painful thoughts forced themselves upon her mind, Cecilia sat, leaning her head in silence upon her hand, her bright face shadowed with sadness, and the tears, which came unbidden

in her eyes, hanging in large drops upon their dark fringes. Arthur had resumed the newspaper, to avoid noticing the emotion, in which he deeply shared, and she dared not ask of him that sympathy and counsel which his generous heart was ever ready to bestow. Her husband's faults were sacred—she would that no eye save hers should note them—no tongue, not even her own, tell that they existed.

The entrance of a servant, to remove the breakfast tray, disturbed the gloomy train of thought into which she had fallen; and, as she rose to quit the room, Arthur sprang forward, and held open the door for her to pass out. She looked up to thank him with a smile, and met a glance, so full of tenderness and pity, that it told her how plainly he read what was passing in her heart, and how deeply he sorrowed for the pang she was enduring. She could not withstand its influence—her tears gushed freely forth—and, bounding past him, she ran up the broad staircase, and wept in the solitude of her chamber, with all the bitter agony which wrings a fond and trusting heart, when it finds the idol of its worship marred, fearfully it may be, with the frailties and imperfections of humanity.

When Mr. Evelyn married Cecilia Howard, she was just seventeen—a beauty, an orphan, and an heiress. She had now been three months a wife—a brief space of time, yet long enough to disenchant her young and loving heart of many of its fondest dreams, and mournfully to convince her, that where pure motives and high principles are not, on both sides, the actuating and regulating springs of action, there can be no security for permanent happiness. Cecilia had been carefully and religiously trained by her grandmother, from whom she was to inherit a large addition to her fortune, and who was a model of all that is truly excellent and noble in woman. They resided, till the period of her marriage, at Hazeldell, an estate belonging to Mrs. Howard, situated on the beautiful banks of the Schuylkill, some twelve or fifteen miles from Philadelphia. There had Cecilia, been reared—in the quiet elegance of a happy home, with exquisite scenery around her, the teachings of able instructors to fill her mind with knowledge, the treasures of a large and well selected library at her command, and the society, not certainly of gay and fashionable circles, but of refined and cultivated minds, to lend zest and variety to her retirement. For Mrs. Howard possessed not only the courteous manners, but the hospitable heart of the olden time, and consequently her house was the favourite resort of all her friends—the grave and sober, as also of the young and gay, in whose vivacity she delighted, and who found in her

benignant smile, and eloquent conversation, full of reminiscences of a past generation, a charm unwearily and always new.

Mrs. Howard was Cecilia's only relative, with the exception of her cousin, Arthur Mayburne, who lost both his parents at the same time, and by the same catastrophe which had robbed her of hers. They had perished in a storm at sea, on their passage home from Madeira, where they had been passing a winter, for the benefit of Mrs. Howard's and Mr. Mayburne's health. Both children were left under the care of their grandmother, at Hazeldell; and, when thus bereft of her parents, Cecilia was scarcely three years of age; but Arthur was nearly ten, and he ever after remembered the sad event with sorrow, and often dwelt upon the utter wretchedness into which it plunged him at the period of its occurrence. It seemed to bind him more closely to the little unconscious sharer of the fearful calamity—she was his pet and plaything, and, during his school and college days, his affection grew with her growth, deepening into a permanent sentiment, as he watched the gradual unfolding of her mind, which gave early promise of no common excellence and beauty. His collegiate course finished, and his term of study at the law school, where he obtained a thorough knowledge of the profession he had chosen, ended, Arthur, at twenty, departed for Germany, and remained two years at the University of Gottingen—he then spent one in travel, before returning to his native shores.

In the meantime Cecilia reached her seventeenth year, and still remained unwon, though not unsought; for her beauty was too exquisite, her mind too lovely, and her fortune far too tempting, not to attract lovers and admirers by the score. But none as yet had pleased her taste or satisfied her heart, and Mrs. Howard, who cherished a secret wish for the union of her two grandchildren, was rejoiced that Cecilia preferred her freedom, and earnestly hoped she would retain it, till Arthur returned to win and wed her. This favourite project she would still have hoped to see fulfilled, had not a violent illness, with which she was seized at this period, left her in so delicate a state of health, that, persuaded she should not long survive, and hearing that Arthur intended to remain another year abroad, it became the strongest desire of her heart to see her orphan granddaughter protected by a husband's love, before she was summoned to leave her. She could not endure the thought of her desolation and solitude of heart, when she should be no more; and this source of deep anxiety preyed so continually upon her mind, that it counteracted her physician's skill, and would soon have hurried her to the grave, had

not Cecilia's engagement with Maurice Evelyn, at length relieved the uneasiness she suffered on her account.

Evelyn was the son of an early and dear friend of Mrs. Howard's, and this circumstance strongly prepossessed the good old lady in his favour; but, till he accompanied a friend to Hazeldell on a visit, she had not seen him since his youth, as he had spent the last six years in Europe, during the larger portion of which period he had held a station in the suite of the American ambassador to Spain. He had mingled, of course, with the best society abroad, and had returned to the own country a finished and accomplished gentleman—polished in mind, elegant in manner, yet somewhat free in principle as well as in conduct, and regardless of those nice moral distinctions, which the right-minded and conscientious esteem of so much importance. He had also imbibed a love for foreign luxury and style, which his own limited resources would not permit him to indulge, but which the fortune of the beautiful Cecilia Howard would give him ample means of enjoying.

Yet, whatever motive, in the first instance, induced Evelyn to seek her, it is no more than justice to say, that, after the first few interviews, his heart became sufficiently interested, to make the success of his suit an object of earnest and tender desire. There was a freshness, a purity, a witchery in Cecilia's innocence and beauty, that enchanted him—that touched the deepest chords of feeling in his heart, and awoke the nobler and better emotions of his nature. If he could but win her, he thought, he should live for higher objects than he had yet done, and draw his happiness from purer fountains than any which had hitherto yielded him an unsatisfying draught. And, under the influence of these new and elevating sentiments, Evelyn appeared to unusual advantage—the purity which invested Cecilia, seemed communicated, by some magnetic power, to his mind—its familiar habits and modes of thought appeared to him changed, and he uttered noble thoughts, and elevated sentiments, with a sincerity that surprised himself. His powers of entertainment were certainly great, his fund of information rich, and then he displayed so delicate a devotion towards herself, and such gentle and respectful attention to the dear relative whom she fondly loved, that it would have been strange had he failed to charm the fancy and captivate the artless affections of the lovely heiress.

Mrs. Howard, who had watched the progress of his wooing with much solicitude, rejoiced in its favourable issue; and, having sanctioned it by her approval, was urgent that the marriage should take place without delay. She felt that she had

not a long lease of life, she said, and she wished to see those so dear to her united before her departure. Cecilia shrunk at first from this proposal, yet at length yielded to her lover's solicitations, but only on condition that she might be permitted to remain at Hazeldell till spring. This request being willingly acceded to, the marriage was immediately, though very privately, solemnized, and from that time, Mrs. Howard's health rapidly improved; the sight of Cecilia's happiness, and the removal, in consequence, of anxiety from her own mind, proving a perfect panacea to the disease, which had baffled the skill of half-a-dozen doctors. Indeed, so entirely restored was she in the course of two or three weeks, that she began to feel it selfish in her to retain Evelyn and his young bride, in her quiet home through the winter, well knowing that, with his habits and tastes, he would, if left to himself, choose for those dull months, the gay and more attractive scenes of the city. She accordingly proposed that they should take possession of their town residence, and return early in the spring, to enjoy, with new zest, the serene and quiet beauty of the country. Cecilia was decidedly averse to this proposal; she dreaded to leave the kind arms which had so long sheltered her, and the peaceful home of her childhood, to which, happy as it had ever been, the presence, the love of Evelyn, now lent a new and inexpressible charm. He, too, was undesirous of change—there were many sources of pleasure and amusement in and around Hazeldell, and the charm of Cecilia's tenderness and beauty still wrapped him in a spell of joy—it seemed to him that he should never sigh for gaiety again,—never, where her smile shed its light, know weariness or ennui.

But Mrs. Howard was deeply read in the human heart, and she felt assured that, to a young man, accustomed to gay and active scenes, the monotony of her quiet home, even under circumstances so favourable, would scarcely be endurable for six long and dreary months of winter. She was willing, too, that Cecilia should be cast more upon her own resources, and be taught, by circumstances, that self-reliance, so necessary to the right fulfilment of her new and responsible duties. And so, having secured the companionship of an estimable lady, a widow, whose depressed circumstances rendered her very grateful for Mrs. Howard's kind invitation to pass the winter with her, the good old lady would no longer permit the young couple to hesitate; and, after vainly endeavouring to persuade her to accompany them to their new home, the time was named for their departure from Hazeldell.

It was a few days previous to their quitting it,

and when Cecilia had been about three weeks a bride, that Arthur Mayburne unexpectedly returned home, some circumstances having occurred to change his purpose of remaining another year in Europe. He had heard nothing of his cousin's marriage, nor even of her engagement; the whole affair had been so sudden, and conducted with such celerity, that the letters announcing it, had not reached him before he sailed from Havre. He had left her an unmarried girl of thirteen, but even then so lovely and so artless, that he often found himself anticipating, with fond, yet undefined hopes, what she would have become when they should meet again. With bright and glad remembrances, therefore, which, during his absence, had been fed by her frequent and affectionate letters, Arthur hastened, as soon as he touched his native shores, to greet, the first on his return, the relatives who were dearer to him than aught else on earth.

The day was just closing in when he reached Hazeldell, and, intending to give its inmates a glad surprise, he alighted at the entrance of the long lime-lanowalk leading to the house; but soon, diverging from it, crossed the lawn, stole through the garden, and presented himself silently and unannounced in the drawing-room. It was lighted as yet only by the cheerful blaze of a bright wood fire—for the venerable lady of the mansion adhered to old customs, in preferring the fuel of her own beech and maple trees, to the glowing masses of anthracite, which had begun to diffuse their intense heat and dull red glare through many more fashionable apartments. On one side of the marble hearth, she sat, ensconced in a capacious arm-chair, cushioned and lined with crimson velvet, enjoying the pleasant warmth, and looking the very picture of placid and quiet happiness. The tea-urn stood upon the table, and black Juba, with his customary silence and celerity, was busy in arranging the tray, preparatory to serving the grateful beverage of the evening.

Nothing seemed changed to him—not even his grandmother, by a single additional wrinkle—all was as he had left it four years previous—the pictured walls—the damask curtains, falling in rich folds over the windows—the open piano—the ivory work-box, with its fairy-like appointments, unclosed upon the table—the flower-stand, furnished daily by old Frink with the choicest treasures of his green-house—the very tea service of ancient china—the silver urn, and the shining face of Juba—all, except one object. Yet, was he not mistaken?—could that be his cousin—that lovely creature, upon yonder sofa, who sat encircled fondly by the arm of Maurice Evelyn? Arthur knew him, for they had met

in Paris—her radiant face turned up to his, with a look of beaming love. He gazed earnestly upon her—she moved and met his eye, and, with a glad cry of joy, bounded towards him: "Arthur! cousin Arthur!" she exclaimed, and cast herself upon his neck.

Then came the glad greeting of the happy grandmother, and fond words of joy and welcome changed that quiet parlour into a scene of eager excitement and delight. All was explained—Cecilia was another's—and not till he felt that she was lost to him, was Arthur fully aware how fondly he had brooded over the hope of one day calling her his. Yet, the thought which most deeply embittered his regrets, was that she had lavished the wealth of her fresh and generous affections on one, who was, he feared, wholly unworthy to possess them—for he had learned enough of Evelyn's character and career while abroad, to make him tremble for the happiness of his lovely and gentle cousin. To this cause, he attributed the sadness which oppressed his spirits, after his return, and which he could scarcely disguise from the observation of his loving friends; and it was, therefore, a relief to him, when Cecilia and her husband left Hazeldell for their town residence. He lingered a few weeks longer with his venerable relative, and then followed them, to enter upon the active duties of his profession—consenting, at his cousin's earnest entreaty, and that he might the better watch over her happiness, to become an inmate of her family for the winter.

Yet, in so doing, he soon found he had placed himself in a school of trial and discipline, almost too severe even for his stern endurance. Day by day he saw the fair fabric, which Cecilia's trusting heart had raised and coloured with the rainbow tints of love and hope, fading into air—for day by day revealed to her some trait or sentiment in Evelyn, revolting to her faith and practice, and which, pure and faultless as she had believed him, when she linked her destiny with his, startled and often pained her, too deeply for concealment. Yet, though at times thoughtful, and even sad, she seemed to live but for him, and frequently murmured that the quieties into which, by his wish, they entered, left them so little time for the enjoyment of each other, in the sphere of home. This little time, however, was always devoted by Evelyn to her, and in those brief intervals he displayed all the ardour and freshness of undiminished love, and she glowed with the radiant happiness that had warmed and filled her trusting heart during the bridal weeks which they had spent together so blissfully at Hazeldell.

But, notwithstanding Cecilia's fond devotion, her gentleness, her beauty, as time passed on,

the spell in which she had bound her husband's worldly heart seemed to lose its power—her love its enchantment, and home its attraction. He was restless if an unengaged evening kept him there; and, having joined several clubs of gay young men, he had, in their repeated meetings, always an excuse for going abroad. Cecilia accepted more fashionable invitations than she wished, and opened her house more frequently to company than was congenial with her love of quiet, because she knew by so doing she gave her husband pleasure, though she could not subdue a secret pang, as she remembered how brief a time had passed, since her society was alone sufficient for his wishes and enjoyment.

Still her confidence in his affection was unshaken, for she constantly received evidence of it, not only by gentle acts, but by words as impassioned as had been the first breathings of his love. She regretted only that she could not constitute his happiness, that his home was not, as she had hoped to make it, the centre of his highest enjoyment. Yet she believed that hers was but the common lot of woman, and so she strove meekly to be content with the knowledge that she possessed his heart, though she failed to engross, as she had once done, the time given to other claims, and the thoughts necessarily diverging into broader channels. There was only one house, where he was in the habit of visiting without her, the knowledge of which gave her any uneasiness—and this was Mrs. Sinclair's—not that any feeling of jealousy made her averse to this acquaintance—her heart was yet untortured by that fearful passion—but as the lady in question was notorious for the levities of her conduct, she could not endure that the husband of her heart should, on the score of old acquaintance even, keep alive an intimacy with a woman so loudly censured, and shunned, also, by some who held decorum in higher esteem than fashion.

Cecilia, therefore, had hitherto resisted all Evelyn's entreaties to invite Mrs. Sinclair to her house—had resolutely shunned her advances to a familiar acquaintance, and stood with her only on terms of the most distant civility, which, situated as she was, she could not well avoid. He had been sometimes half vexed at, what he termed, her prudishness, but he had never attempted to constrain her will, till in the conversation which took place respecting the ball, when she saw plainly that obedience was expected, and would be required of her. Long and painfully she dwelt on what had then passed, doubtful what course to pursue, though, however averse to her own wish, she would unhesitatingly have yielded a graceful submission to her husband's will, had not the sacrifice of a moral duty been involved by her so

doing. Still she shrank from the thought of dispensing him, and then the wise caution of a judicious writer recalled to her remembrance: "Beware," he says, "of the first difference in married life—shun it if you regard your happiness, for it will prove the certain precursor of others yet more aggravated and bitter"—and this decided her. She would go to Mrs. Sinclair's, but only on the condition that she should not be forced again to meet her, except as she might chance to do so in general society.

Evelyn, glad to win her consent on any terms, told her she should do as she pleased in this, but he felt assured, if she once permitted herself to come within the sphere of Mrs. Sinclair's fascinations, her prejudices would melt away like snow-wreaths in the sun. And so gladness was again restored to Cecilia's fond heart—there was no root of bitterness between her and her beloved, and his manner was more kind, his words more fond, if possible, than ever. The interest, also, which he took in her costume, and the pleasure with which he anticipated the triumph of her beauty at the gay *fête*, made her almost reproach herself that she had hesitated, at any cost, to gratify the wishes of a husband so devoted.

The important night at length arrived. Cecilia, ever averse to display, had plead exemption from a fancy dress; and, attired in her bridal robes—which were not yet, like her bridal joys, marred by any blemish—and with costly pearls braided in her dark hair, and encircling her lovely neck and arms, looked beautiful enough even to gratify the pride of the brilliant and ambitious Evelyn. He wore the graceful court dress of Francis the First, which well became his stately and elegant figure; while Arthur, who went to observe, rather than be observed, chose the unpretending costume of a German student; but his fine person lost none of its attractions in the simplicity of a dress which it adorned.

A crowd, apparently congregated from all the nations of the earth, were ascending the marble steps of Mrs. Sinclair's elegant mansion, when Cecilia, with her two gallant attendants, alighted from her carriage, and joined the motley throng. The blaze of countless lamps burst upon them, as, crossing the vestibule, they passed on through an extensive suite of rooms, brilliant as noon-day, fragrant with the perfume of choice exotics, and displaying, wherever the eye rested, the beautiful and costly adornments which the hand of wealth and taste supply. In an octagon saloon, fitted up with Oriental pomp and magnificence, and opening into a spacious conservatory, which, lighted with coloured lamps, resembled an extensive garden vista, Mrs. Sinclair, attired as an Eastern queen, and surrounded by a bevy of

beautiful attendants, in characteristic and most gorgeous costumes, received her guests.

And well the gay lady became her regal splendour—well, too, it suited her brilliant and imperial beauty. Her tiara was of diamonds, and her whole person blazed with the effulgence of countless and varied gems. But her dress, splendid, graceful, and becoming, as it truly was, pained the eye of modesty, by the exposure it permitted of charms, which, however exquisite, a woman of pure and delicate feeling would have shrunk from thus exhibiting. Cecilia was shocked and surprised—perhaps because she was new to the world—but she had never before seen a costume that so revolted her, nor could she have believed that any one, in what was called good society, would have adopted such a one. Unable wholly to command her feelings, she replied with coldness and embarrassment to Mrs. Sinclair's cordial greeting, while her eyes drooped abashed beneath her bold glance, and a burning blush crimsoned her lovely cheek and brow.

Evelyn marked the mantling glow, the disturbed look, with displeasure—it lent, as he thought, a *gaucherie* to her manner, that robbed it of its usual grace, and he could scarcely conceal his annoyance. But, in Arthur's eyes, that beautiful blush of modesty added new charms to her native loveliness, and cast into deep shadow the imposing and queen-like beauty of the undaunted lady of the *fiée*. A frown, however, still lowered on Evelyn's brow, as, turning from his brilliant hostess, to leave room for the approach of constantly arriving guests, he led his fair wife away, whispering, in a tone of vexation, as he went:

"For heaven's sake, Cecilia, try to shake off this horrible *mauvaise-honte*—it transforms you to a perfect rustic, and makes me half-ashamed of you."

"I am sorry to have pained you, dear Maurice," said Cecilia, gently; "but indeed I could not look upon Mrs. Sinclair's immodest dress without shame," and she blushed still more deeply as she alluded to it.

"Nonsense," he replied, petulantly; "would you not have her costume in keeping with the character she has adopted? And, after all, I see nothing so very shocking in those exquisite arms, though they are bare to the shoulder, nor in that faultless bust, which a Venus might view with envy."

"I allow them beautiful, but——"

"Nay, Cecilia, we will discuss the propriety of Mrs. Sinclair's dress after we go home—only whatever you may see to disapprove in the course of this evening, do not suffer your displeasure and surprise to display itself so palpably again—

or you may not only offend others, but provoke sarcasm on yourself."

"I will be on my guard, Maurice; but I hope we shall get away in good season. I know scarcely any one here, and, of course, cannot expect an evening of much enjoyment."

"It will be your own fault, then, Cecilia, for there is every thing lavished around you in this scene of enchantment that can minister to pleasure. When Mrs. Sinclair has got through the task of reception, I will bring you to her again. Forget that her costume does not exactly suit your ideas of propriety, and when you have listened to her conversation five minutes, you will be one of her warmest admirers."

"Never, Maurice; the spell of her enchantments can have no power over me, and only that you wished it, I should regret that I consented to enter her house."

"Absurd, Cecilia! your country breeding has positively spoiled your taste. I suppose you will even declare off from waltzing tonight."

"Excepting with Arthur—since it will not be allowable to choose you for a partner. I love the dance, but have never been accustomed to practice it, except with one of my own sex, or a dear and familiar friend of yours."

"Mrs. Sinclair waltzes magnificently," said Evelyn, unheeding her remark, and raising his glass to note more distinctly the cause of a slight bustle in a distant part of the room. The crowd opened, and the brilliant lady appeared, standing in the midst of her glittering attendants, and surrounded by a group of gay and obsequious admirers. Evelyn moved a step forward, as if to join her, then seeming to recollect that he left Cecilia unprotected, he turned back, and said:

"Come with me, my love—you have judged Mrs. Sinclair too hastily. I wish you to be better friends—and it is only by knowing her that your opinion can be changed."

"Not now, Maurice—I want to examine the medallions on this table—but do not let me detain you—I shall be very well amused with all these treasures."

So, saying he would return directly, he quitted her, and almost immediately the place he had left vacant at her side was filled by Arthur Mayburne. She looked up with a smile, and the shadow which had rested for a moment on her fair brow, fled at the sound of his kind greeting. He had marked it, however, and knew its cause, for by accident the conversation with her husband had fallen on his ear, and revealed it to him. He now devoted himself with such assiduity to her entertainment, that she would have felt herself ungrateful not to have appeared sensible of his kindness—indeed, though wounded

for the time, that Evelyn should leave her unprotected amidst the crowd, that he might enjoy the society of a woman whom he knew repugnant to her, yet her fond heart would not long treasure resentment against him, and she soon found in it an excuse for so trivial a fault.

As her vivacity returned, she began to take an interest in the gay scene around her—the costumes of the company were so various, and many of them so beautiful, that it was a pleasant study to note them—dispersed through the rooms, also, she met numbers of her acquaintance, but, with one or two exceptions, none of those whose friendship and society she most valued. The music was fine, and the dance, of which she was fond, attracted her to mingle in its gay and graceful mazes, and so the evening wore away, and, but for one circumstance, it would have passed brightly with Cecilia. She had not spoken to her husband, excepting once, when by chance they stood *vis-à-vis* in the same quadrille, since he quitted her so abruptly to join the circle around Mrs. Sinclair—but she had seen him often, yet ever at a distance, and ever at that lady's side—sometimes *tête-à-tête* in a secluded recess—then wandering through the crowd, but with eyes and ears only for each other—and once she beheld him leaning over her, as she swept the strings of her harp, and sung, with a thrilling voice and accent, words of the most impassioned tenderness.

But, though pained and annoyed, Cecilia feared not yet the power of her enchantments over the true heart of her husband—she was too pure and tender herself to suspect him of falsehood, and she believed that Mrs. Sinclair interested him only as a talented and brilliant woman, a model of taste and elegance, and a star of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of fashion. But her delicacy and her self-respect were wounded by the admiring homage which, in her presence, he thus publicly rendered to one whose reputation was not unclouded, who openly piqued herself upon the number of her conquests, and had been even heard, to declare that a double triumph, which won a wedded heart from its allegiance.

It was this cause of discomfort which took from Cecilia the power of enjoying, as she might have done, the festivities of the evening, and, though she struggled for cheerfulness, and resolutely sought to derive pleasure from every source which yielded it so abundantly to others, Arthur's watchful eye detected her secret disturbance, nor could he avoid dreading for her, even more than he believed she yet feared for herself. She had just issued from the conservatory, where, with half-a-dozen others, she had been enjoying the sight and fragrance of the rare plants with

which it was filled, and stood near its entrance, examining a splendid species of the silene, a single blossom of which, Arthur was dissecting, when a hum of admiration from the dancing room, diverted their attention, and they moved towards it, to ascertain the cause of the commotion.

The crowd had retreated from the centre of the apartment, leaving a large space vacant, around which, in the graceful and seducing evolutions of the waltz, circled Maurice Evelyn and the beautiful Mrs. Sinclair. In the excitement of the dance, his arm pressed her waist so closely that he seemed embracing her; while her hand rested familiarly upon his shoulder, and her head in the dizzy whirl, inclined towards him, as though each moment it were about to sink upon his breast. They were a dazzling pair, and the exquisite grace and harmony of their motions, rendered the exhibition one of exciting interest to most present. Evelyn enjoyed the sensation they produced, and when the music ceased, and his beautiful partner, flushed, and panting with exhaustion, almost fell into his arms, he bore, rather than led her, to a seat—with a smile of gentle caution forbade the glass of iced lemonade which a servant brought, and, standing over her, fanned her till refreshed she rose, and, taking his arm, laughingly led the way with him to the supper-room.

Arthur followed in the same direction—he had not dared, during this scene, to cast one glance at Cecilia, nor had either spoken, but as he felt her arm press heavily on his, he turned, and looked upon her. Her cheek was colourless, her eyes cast down, and the quick heaving of her bosom, told him that her heart was almost bursting with its subdued emotion. His was in agony for her suffering, and he could not forbear gently pressing her trembling hand as it rested on his arm.

“Sweet cousin, these are the fooleries of fashionable life,” he said, stooping to breathe his low words into her ear; “heed them not, for the heart that is anchored in your love cannot be loosened from its moorings, by the idle word and smile of a false and heartless syren; but never—let me entreat you—never, as you value your peace, enter these doors again.”

“Never! never!” she reiterated, in a low tone, that thrilled his soul; and, as she uttered the words, and raised her soft eyes to his, a light shone from their dark depths which seemed to dry up the tears which had filled them to the brim, and told of the steadfast and lofty spirit, which neither wrong nor suffering, would ever tempt to swerve from the high principles of right, by which it was sustained and governed.

The supper-room presented a scene of splen-

dour and luxury, which might have enchanted the degenerate followers of Epicurus. But Cecilia saw only her husband, still rendering the most flattering devotion to Mrs. Sinclair, beside whom he was placed, and for the first time the dreadful thought, that it was possible for another to supplant her in his affections, came barbed with the anguish of deadly poison to her heart. Arthur in vain strove to tempt her, with rich fruits and delicate confectionary, to eat—she could taste nothing—nor could she any longer even repay his kind efforts to divert her sadness, by a smile. But the repast, so weary to her, so highly enjoyed by others, at last, like every thing else, drew to a close—and then the music struck up for renewed dancing, and Evelyn persisted in remaining to enjoy it. When Arthur, however, represented Cecilia as really ill, which indeed she was, and said that she refused to return home without him, he consented to accompany her. Yet, vexed at the necessity of doing so, he threw himself moodily into a corner of the carriage, and affected to sleep, till it stopped at his own door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO THE MEMORY OF HELENA.

BY J. B. P.

Yes! thou hast pass'd from life's tempestuous whirl,
 And 'twere unkind to wish thee, gentle girl,
 Once more a dweller in a world like this:
 Oh! better far to be with thee
 In the happy realms of eternity!

'Twas sad, yet sweet, to meet the speaking eye,
 Whose wild and gentle radiance beamed on thee;
 To hear the scarcely breathed and broken sigh,
 Thy chastened spirit struggled to recall:
 To watch the workings of a mind,
 So pure, so peaceful, so resigned.

Oh, when a father's hopeful love would tell
 Of promised joys, for many a coming day,
 I've seen affliction's tear unbidden swell,
 And thou hast turned thy mournful head away,
 E'er a parent's anxious gaze would seek
 To feed his hopes upon thy wasted cheek.

I saw thy placid brow with pain o'crest,
 And gazed upon thy dim and hollow eye;
 And murmurs o'er my rebel spirit pass'd,
 That ever modest worth like thine could die:
 And I mourned, as, with each fleeting hour,
 I saw thee fade like a summer flower.

Thine was a heart to weep with them that wept,
 To feel in friendship's joys a sister's share;
 A shrine, whose each endearing virtue kept
 Its chosen seat, and reigned, and flourished there:
 Helena, why should I weep for thee?
 'Tis not on earth thy home should be.

Thy home is now, where hallojujahs ring
 A joyful entrance to the courts above;
 Thy voice is mingling with the saints who sing
 The glorious wonders of redeeming love;
 And sister spirits around the Throne
 Have welcomed another ransomed one.

I LOVE TO ROAM.

BY J. B. P.

I LOVE to roam when the twilight hour
 Steals over heaven with its dusky power;
 I love to roam when the moon's light beam
 Is sparkling in beauty o'er tower and stream.

And, oh! 'tis sweet when the nightingale
 Pours on the breeze her evening wail;
 'Tis sweet to list till the pensive lay
 Has melted in midnight away, away.

And all around me is calm and still,
 Save the rippling sound of the mountain rill;
 While the cares and the tumults of life are o'er,
 And I feel as a dweller of earth no more.

Oh, not of the earth my thoughts may be,
 As I gaze upon Heaven's blue canopy,
 And the trembling light of each little star
 That gleams in the distance, afar, afar.

For then bright spirits and kind hearts come
 Once more from the land of the spirits' home,
 And I gaze again with delighted eye
 On all who were dearest in days gone by.

Oh, would your power might for ever last,
 Ye visions that tell of the happy past;
 But, alas! with the darkness your sway has flown,
 And I weep in my sadness, alone, alone.
 Montreal, March, 1844.

MILITARY FAME.

HENCE it is, that warriors have been termed heroes, and the eulogy of heroes has been the constant business of historians and poets, from the days of Nimrod down to the present century. Homer, for his astonishing variety, animation, and sublimity, has not a warmer admirer than myself; he has been for three thousand years, like a reigning sovereign, applauded as a matter of course, whether from love or fear; for no man with safety to his own character can refuse to join the chorus of his praise. I never can express (and his other admirers have not done it for me) the pleasure I receive from his poems; but in a view of philanthropy, I consider his existence as having been a serious misfortune to the human race. He has given to military life a charm which few men can resist, a splendour which envelopes the scenes of carnage in a cloud of glory, which dazzles the eyes of every beholder, steals from us our natural sensibilities in exchange for the artificial, debases men to brutes under the pretext of exalting them to gods, and obliterates with the same irresistible stroke the moral duties of life and the true policy of nations.—*Barlow's Advice to the privileged Orders.*

To little minds these productions are highly agreeable, that entertain, without reducing them to the necessity of thinking.—*Zimmerman.*

MARCO VISCONTI.*

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY—TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF TOMMASO GROSSI,

1871 Houghton.

CHAPTER VIII.

ORRORINO, when he reached Milan, rode, without drawing rein, to the palace of Marco, and, leaving *Lujo* in the outer hall, was ushered into a retired chamber, where he found his cousin engaged in dictating a letter to his secretary.

Marco Visconti was about forty-five years of age, and the fire and freshness of youth had long been worn off by the storms of his troubled life; to the expression of joy and confidence, which animated his countenance at the period spoken of in our last chapter, had succeeded a gravity, firm without sternness, a something of melancholy, which betokened the habitual sadness of his thoughts, but mixed with no shade of bitter feeling or abject despondency. His figure was tall, handsome, and powerful; his features well-formed and regular, and, when lighted up by the fire of the spirit within, were singularly prepossessing. But whoever had seen him in his fierce and angry mood—his eyes flashing fire from beneath his bent brows—his forehead furrowed with a heavy frown—his cheek blanched to a deadly paleness—would have been reminded of the calm surface of some lake, suddenly lashed into fierce and threatening waves by the blast of the rushing tempest.

He was clad in a robe of black velvet, trimmed with fur, and open in front; beneath, a tunic of deep crimson silk was bound at the waist by a richly embroidered girdle, whose golden clasp sparkled with brilliants. The only weapon he wore was a long, sharp poignard, whose handle, enriched with rubies, appeared above his cincture; one of those poignards, then called *misericordie*, or daggers of mercy, as they served, in time of battle, to give the fallen enemy the *coup de grâce*.

As Ottorino entered, he welcomed him with a kindly glance, and a wave of his hand to a bench near him.

"Welcome, cousin!" he exclaimed. "A moment, and I am with thee."

Then, turning to his secretary, who had risen as if to retire:

"Seat thyself, Ludovico!" he said, "and fill thy parchment. I conceal nought from my kinsman."

The letter was addressed to the papal legate at

Bologna, and was written in the rude Latin of the period. His dictation proceeded thus:

"Castel Seprio and the Martesni districts will rouse them at my voice; the friends of the republic are still energetic; the lion sleeps, but when he awakes, his roar will be heard in the halls of the Vatican; let the beardless drunkard* beware of his fangs. Once more let my ancient war-cry be heard!—The church for ever, and down with all traitors to their country!"

To understand the force of this last sentence, we must remark that the war-cry here given was first used by Marco about eight years before, when, having defeated a large papal force, he fell upon a body of Milanese exiles, who bore arms among them; intimating that, though in arms against the pope, he only fought against the enemies of Milan.

When the letter was finished, the secretary retired, and Marco, turning to his cousin, and placing his hand familiarly on his shoulder, explained the reason that had induced him to seek reconciliation with the Avignon pope, and imparted to him his new designs.

"So be it!" exclaimed Ottorino, when he had finished. "Long live Pope John! But Nicholas V.—he for whom we have hitherto buckled on our armour—what are we to say of him now?"

"That he is a schismatic, a hypocrite, a heretic."

"We must then forget all our old Ghibelline terms, and learn the Guelphish jargon of our new allies. I know not well, Marco, what to make of it."

But such was the confidence that Ottorino placed in the judgment of his cousin, that his scruples were easily overcome by the latter, and he gave in his adhesion to the plans of the great captain.

"The pontiff himself," said Marco, "has promised me the aid of the force of the church to seize on my paternal dominions. The power of the Bavarian grows weaker every day; many of his adherents, disgusted by his slights, insults, and pecuniary exactions, have already deserted his party; others are lukewarm, and only desire a favourable opportunity to do the same. Milan

* The appellation by which the Emperor Louis was known at Milan.

is still faithful to that prince; but the people are harassed by the interdiction, and would fain be quit of it. Let but the cry be heard—'Marco Visconti for the church!' and Milan is lost to the emperor."

"With all this," replied Ottorino, "the city is full of preachers, who hold forth to the people at the corners of the streets, exciting them against Pope John XXII. As I rode along on my way hither, I passed one in the great square, who was dubbing him homicide, sorcerer, and I know not what else."

"It matters not," said Marco, with a smile; "thou wilt hear them sing to another tune presently. John will be held up to the people's admiration and Nicholas to their scorn."

"But how is this to be effected?"

"The pope has sent some priests into the district, who, without being themselves aware of it, shall further our schemes. I govern all their motions through the abbot of St. Victor;—this very day they have departed for the various stations allotted to them, and the people will soon hear another account of matters than what has been so long sounded in their ears."

"And what part am I to have in the matter, cousin? Thou knowest I am but a sword in thine hand, to wield at thy will and pleasure."

"I knew, Ottorino, that I could thoroughly depend on thy love and affection, and to thee and our kinsman, Lodrisio, I will entrust the arming of our forces. He is already organizing his own vassals, under the pretext of assisting, in case of need, his brother, the abbot of St. Ambrose, who is about to despatch a clump of spears, to chastise the insolence of the rebellious Limontines. Thou, coming from Limonta, must needs know of this affair?"

"Perfectly; and truly, Marco, if thou knewest the wrongs inflicted on the poor peasants, thou would'st prohibit the abbot——"

"Nay, nay, Ottorino! If I would have the aid of the cardinal abbot, I must not thwart him in his whim of punishing a few vassals."

"But I fear," insisted Ottorino, "that mine ancient friend and late host, the Count del Balzo, may come to harm in the turmoil."

"Ah!" exclaimed Marco, "tell me somewhat of him. Is he still as great a babler as he was when a young man?"

"Poor man!" answered Ottorino, unable to say no, and unwilling to say yes.

"And—and the countess—what thinkest thou of her?"

"She is an angel—a true angel of goodness."

Marco rose, and paced hurriedly through the apartment for a few moments, and then resumed:

"Doth Beatrice really resemble her mother so much?"

"She is her second self, in mind and in person," was the answer of the youth.

"Thy praises of her in thy letter from Varenna, methought displayed some slight swerving from thine allegiance to Francesca Rusconi. That alliance we must soon conclude, as it will assure us of the aid of the Lord of Como."

Ottorino made no reply, and his cousin, after a pause, continued:

"That—how call ye him—that Pelagria of thine, I have placed in charge of my Castle of Rosate; he seems keen and wary, and may be of use to me. But this Count del Balzo," he added, "is he as inveterate a Guelph as ever?"

"He is so at heart, though sometimes afraid openly to declare his opinions."

"We must have him, then, in Milan," said Marco. "In these times, the presence of such a man,—well-born and independent, learned in some points, and speaking on every subject, right or wrong; who, moreover, has always been known for a supporter of the Guelphs,—will be of great service to our cause. Thou must bring him hither."

"It will be difficult to induce him to forsake the quiet security of Limonta for the troubles and difficulties of a sojourn in Milan."

"Nothing easier, my dear Ottorino! He fears, thou would'st hint, to trust himself in a city still Ghibelline in name. Well, place fear against fear, and drive him from Limonta by a greater. Tell him that the abbot of St. Ambrose is sending a band of ruffians to waste Limonta with fire and sword; that he holds the count to have favoured the revolt of his vassals, and, my helm to a grandam's curch! we shall have thy friend in Milan before a week."

"But I could never forgive myself," replied Ottorino, with hesitation, "if harm should fall on the count or his family through my means."

"How timorous thou hast become, cousin!" said Marco, fixing his eyes keenly on his kinsman; "how solicitous for the peace and tranquillity of the family of Balzo! But I have told thee nought but the truth. The abbot bears him a grudge, and his men-at-arms already hint that there is good plunder to be had in the castle of Balzo. Write him so, and let him make his own choice."

He reseated himself with the air of one who wished to close the conference, and the young cavalier, with a low inclination, took his leave.

A clamour of tongues in the hall was hushed at his entrance; the soldiers and servitors respectfully saluted the kinsman of their lord, and he issued, followed by his squire.

"What was the cause of that uproar in the hall?" he asked of the latter, as they descended the stairs.

"A mere trifle!" replied Lupo. "Bellebono, one of your cousin Lodrisio's roisterers, whilst he sat with some of his comrades quaffing and carousing, began to abuse my country, not knowing that there was a Limontine in company. He called us all heretics and poltroons; and said that when he led his band to *Limonta*, he would hand us over, one by one, to the tender mercies of his sixty lances, reserving a tenth part for his own private slaughtering. Up I rose and answered him that I believed, from his face and figure, he might have a natural liking for the work of a hangman; but still warned him not to lay hands on a single mountaineer, or he might chance to have his fingers burnt. And so on we went from less to more, till my fist saluted his cheek, and thereupon arose an uproar, as if the blow had killed him."

"Thou art ever too ready with thy hands, Lupo!" remarked his master.

"True," replied the squire; "I know I have done wrong; but Father Alberto himself would not have stood such language. Well! well! if ever his ill luck brings him to *Limonta* while I am there, we will clear off all scores."

A few days after this, a messenger arrived at *Limonta* from Milan, who was closeted for a long time with the Count del Balzo. As soon as the conference was over, he departed, and Count Oltrado announced that the whole family were to set off for Milan next day. Ernelinda at first remonstrated against this sudden and seemingly causeless movement, but in vain, and she proceeded with the preparations for the voyage. Nor was she more successful when they came to fix on their route. She wished that they should take boat to Lecco, and thus have as little of the rough land-travelling as possible; but the storm at Moreate had given the count a surfeit of the lake, and he preferred the mountain paths by *Valsassina*, *Canzo*, and *Inverigo*.

Early next morning the family, with their train of attendants, set out on their journey, and many a lingering look of affectionate reminiscence did Beatrice cast towards her native towers, ere they vanished from her sight.

As they crossed the Malpensata bridge over the Lambro, they were met by two fishermen of *Yessena*, who had been set upon in the neighbourhood, and robbed of the little money they had received at *Monza* for the product of their week's fishing. One of them, recognizing the Count, related their misfortune, and added that a letter, which he had for him, was in the pocket of the doublet which the robbers had carried off.

"From whom was it?" enquired the count.

"I know not," replied the fisherman; "the son of your falconer there gave it me in the market-place of *Monza*."

"Lupo was then at *Monza*?"

"He was, my lord! in attendance on that cavalier—that handsome youth who visited you lately at *Limonta*."

Beatrice with difficulty retained her self command at these words, and, addressing her mother, exclaimed:

"Poor people! they have no bread to give their children. May I give them somewhat?"

The countess assented, and her daughter, taking a piece of gold from the embroidered gipsire, or purse, that hung from her girdle, bestowed it on the grateful fishermen.

The second day after Ottorino departed from *Limonta*, Beatrice, unable to bear the cold demeanour of her offended mother, had sought an interview, and with lively emotion explained how she had been unwittingly led to disobey her on the day of the hawking—told her all that had occurred on that occasion—and gave her the letter which she had found in the leaves of her Dante. In this, Ottorino confessed that Marco had made some proposals regarding the daughter of Franchino Ruseoni, which he had then listened to with indifference; but that he was now determined to offer his hand to none but Beatrice herself, and assured her that if he could hope that his proposal was not disagreeable to her, he would formally demand her from her parents. The reconciliation between mother and daughter was complete, and their former mutual confidence and tender affection re-established.

"But beware, Beatrice!" the countess would sometimes say, "beware of setting thine heart too much on this union. Marco is not easily induced to forego his designs, and certain occasions of wrath which he hath against the house of Balzo may lead him to oppose the alliance with it. But to God we leave it."

CHAPTER IX.

THE words of the fishermen had excited the apprehension of the count.

"There may have been some outbreak in Milan," he reasoned within himself, "and the lost letter may have been a warning from Ottorino not to place foot within its walls. Well, I will to *Monza*, and learn his message from his own lips." And to *Monza* accordingly the rout of the cavalcade was now directed.

They reached that town about the hour of vesper, and, as they entered the square of *St. John*, they found a large crowd gathered around

a priest, who was haranguing them from a bench, with great heat and fervour. On the appearance of our travellers, the people immediately deserted the preacher to surround the new arrivals, and Ermelinda, annoyed by their intrusive curiosity, said to her husband :

"We females will remain in the church of St. John here, whilst thou goest in search of Ottorino. Hasto thee back, so that we may resume our journey, and reach Milan, if possible, ere night."

"Would'st thou enter a church in time of interdict?" asked the count, lowering his voice, however, to a whisper, not knowing but the expression of such a doubt might offend the surrounding multitude.

Without giving heed to his scruples, Ermelinda and Beatrice dismounted, and entered the church, followed by the falconer, Marianna, and Lauretta, while their horses were held without by two squires, one of whom was another son of the falconer, named Bernardo. The high altar was decked, the lamps and candles lighted, and the sound of chanting was heard from the choir, as in ordinary times; for in Monza, as in Milan, the clergy all favoured Pope Nicholas, and held of no effect the interdict fulminated by Pope John. But Ermelinda, averse to join in public services celebrated by schismatic priests, in time of interdict, seated herself on a bench near the door, with Beatrice by her side.

Bernardo, the son of the falconer just mentioned, whom a monk of St. Ambrose had rendered a keen supporter of Pope Nicholas, some months before this, had imbed his mother Marianna with the same opinions, and she now regarded with horror what she considered the irreverence of her mistress. She took the arm of Lauretta, who was about to seat herself near the countess, and made her kneel by her side: then turned her eyes towards her husband, who was pacing to and fro with his hands crossed at his back, and admiring the saints and prophets painted on the entablature above.

"He ought to be ashamed of himself!" she muttered; "he walks as coolly through the church as if it were a stable."

"Hush, mother! the countess will hear thee," interposed Lauretta.

"I will not hush," she replied; "see that father of thine staring about him like an owl; I lose all patience with him. Come, cross thyself, Lauretta! and tell thy beads."

"Well, mother, do thou the same, and let us be done with it."

"But I will not be done with it. It is a shame to see Christians behaving so in a church. If they had only heard what thy brother Bernardo

said of the interdict yesterday—but they will never listen to him."

The daughter, seeing that every interruption only made her raise her voice the higher, held her peace; and Marianna's voice gradually died away into silence.

In the meantime Beatrice, with palpitating heart, awaited the return of her father, with his companion. Each time she heard the door of the church open and shut, she thought—"Tis he!" and sat trembling, till the passing steps would show her mistake; when, with a sigh, half of relief, half of disappointment, she would resume her anxious watch.

The chanting of the service by the priests around the high altar had still been going on, but was all at once hushed by a loud uproar in the square without; a few moments of silence succeeded, then, with a crash, the doors of the church were thrown open, and a crowd of people, armed with batons and stones, rushed in, like a river that had burst its banks. In the front was seen the priest whom our party had found preaching in the square, a pale and meagre old man, whose grey hairs hung in disorder over his forehead. His left hand bore a crucifix aloft, and in his right he held a sword, while, in a voice of thunder, that was heard above all the clamour of the rioters, he cried :

"Out of this ye schismatics! Out, sons of Belial—priests of Moloch! Out with ye all!"

"Out, ye schismatics! Out, ye heretics!" echoed his followers, as they ran through the church, breaking up the benches, casting stones at the gorgeously stained windows, tearing the covers from the altars, and overturning candles, crosses, and every thing placed thereon. A body of them rushed up the steps of the chancel, dragged the priests from their stalls behind the altar, and expelled them from the church; here, one was rolled down the steps, there, another dragged along by the hair; while all around were scattered mantles, surplices, hoods, and breviaries.

When he who had roused this tempest saw the chancel cleared of its former occupants, he leaped on one of the side altars, and resumed his address to the people, praising them for what they had done, and exhorting them to abstain from all plunder, and depart quietly. But he found no one to listen to him; all seemed to consider the church as a place taken by assault, with which they might do as they pleased; and, having penetrated to the sacristy, they broke open the closets, and distributed the consecrated vessels and vestments as lawful booty.

"Brethren!" cried the priest, who had been drawn thither by the crash of the broken doors,

"let not such sacrilege follow the blessed work you have just accomplished! Replace these sacred articles!"

"They are excommunicated as well as their owners," said one of the foremost; "we must chase them out of church too," and his words were received by his fellows with a loud laugh.

The preacher, seeing a youth who was about to leave the sacristy with a silver chalice under his mantle, threw himself before him:

"In the name of the two powers!" he cried, "figured by this crucifix and this sword, I command thee, man of wickedness! to turn thee back."

"And I," replied the young man, with a blow which sent the priest reeling to one side, "in the name of the power of this arm, command thee to let me pass."

The wrath of the priest was met with answering rage and derision, till at last he was driven out of the church, in as pitiable a plight as those against whom he had been the means of raising the populace.

Bernardo, at his post without, had witnessed, with silent wonder, the rush of the crowd towards the church; but when he saw the priests escaping here and there, bruised and bleeding, he began to understand the cause of the tumult.

"How!" said he to himself, "a district that hath always favoured Nicholas V. pass at once into so great excess against him! It must be but some transient excitement, which one who understands matters will easily set at rest. At Limonta they are all hardened in schism, and would not listen to me; I will surely be more appreciated in Monza. Here, Giuseppe," he said aloud to his comrade, "look after these horses for a moment."

Mounting the bench formerly occupied by the priest, he began to address the people—and a crowd was beginning to surround him, when he saw some one rudely ejected from the church, with many a kick and cuff. Having been occupied in arranging the horses under his charge, previous to the outbreak, he had paid no attention to the preacher in the square. Thus he did not recognize him in the figure that was now driven forth, but supposed him to be one of the suffering priests of St. John; descending from his post he ran towards him, and began to kiss his hands and garments. But one of the crowd, who saw his mistake, explaining that this was the man to whom the whole uproar was owing, the horrified Bernardo drew back, exclaiming:

"Have I, then, mistaken for a dove, a poisonous viper!"

"'Tis thou, favourer of schism and heresy!" rejoined the priest, furiously: "'tis thou that art the viper, the dragon, the basilisk!"

And thus they proceeded to outvoice each other, the populace around laughing and applauding, till at some opprobrious term applied by Bernardo to Pope John, he was saluted with a blow which laid him on his back with his heels in the air, amidst shouts of laughter on every side.

At this moment a cry was heard on the outskirts of the crowd—"Give way, there! give way!" and Ottorino Visconti advanced, accompanied by the Count del Balzo, and followed by thirty men-at-arms. The rioters immediately dispersed, leaving Bernardo to pick up his helm from the ground, and survey his soiled garments.

"Bernardo!" exclaimed Lupo, in surprise, as he recognized his brother, "what dost thou here in such plight? But I need scarce ask; thou canst never keep thy tongue within thy teeth."

He dismounted to his assistance, while Ottorino, with the rest of his followers, entered the church, which they soon cleared of its unruly occupants.

The females—of whom we have lost sight since the first entrance of the rioters—had sought refuge in a small side chapel, of which the falconer quickly closed the cross-barred gate, and standing within, with his dagger drawn, forbade entrance to all who attempted it. He ordered his daughter to throw into a corner the silver candlesticks and crucifixes which stood on the altar of the chapel and which, seen through the grating of the door, might have tempted the cupidty of the rioters. Lauretta obeyed, amidst the protestations of her mother, that she would rather suffer martyrdom than participate in such profanation. And thus they remained in safety till the arrival of the count released them from their shelter.

Count Oltradio determined on pursuing his route to Milan without further stay; and Ottorino, having accomplished the object of his visit to Monza, which was to engage some of the neighbouring seigniors in Marco's complot, offered, as may well be believed, to bear him company.

"I assure you, my lord, that I wrote no letter to you, saving the one you received at Limonta," said the young cavalier, as they rode along side by side.

"And yet," replied the count, "those fishermen of whom I told thee, asserted that they had a letter from thee, given them by Lupo, in the market-place of Monza."

Lupo was called, and it appeared that he had got a priest of his acquaintance to write to his father warning him of the intended inroad, and that this was the letter which the fisherman had lost.

"Tell me," said the count, in a low tone, when

Lupo had fallen back, "art thou assured of the abbot's anger against me?"

"He is perfectly enraged," replied Ottorino; "and I learnt at Monza that the sixty lances, whom he has sent to exterminate the poor Limontines, embark tonight at Lecco."

"How narrowly I have escaped! But am I to blame that these obstinate mountaineers submit not to every will of their superior? And besides—to prove to thee that I do not assist them—I never breathed to any one a word of thy letter."

"What! they know nothing at Limonta of this expedition?"

"Not a whisper of it."

"Then we must needs send them warning," said the youth, in something of a reproachful tone.

"For mercy's sake, no!" exclaimed Count Otrado; "no one will then persuade the cardinal abbot but that I have done it, and he hath me in deadly enough grudge already."

But Ottorino, without listening to him, said to his squire: "Lupo! haste thee to Limonta, and tell thy countrymen of the storm about to burst on them; they know nought of it as yet. Thou canst get a fresh horse at Monza."

"No! no!" interposed the count; "that would ruin me altogether. The abbot knows that Lupo is the son of my falconer——"

"He is my squire," interrupted Ottorino, proudly; "I will take the matter on myself."

"But then," persisted the old noble, "they will know it all by this time at Limonta."

"Did you not say, my lord, that they suspected nought?"

"Why—indeed I know not—but they may have had some notice of it from Lecco. O! they have heard—they have certainly heard of it."

"At all events we will make sure of it," replied the young cavalier.

"But the road is so dangerous at night among these precipices. I fear for the safety of poor Lupo."

"Fear not for me, my lord!" said the personage thus spoken of; "I will leave my horse at the first village I come to after nightfall. I will run the rest of the way on foot; and when the lives of so many poor people are in danger, I'll spare no speed."

Thus saying, he turned his horse, and rode off at full gallop; while Ottorino, advancing to Ermelinda, imparted to her the subject of their conversation, and the reasons for Lupo's sudden departure. He endeavoured to engage Beatrice, also, in conversation—but in vain; she rode on in silence, with her eyes fixed on the ground; and even her mother only met his remarks with

answers as dry and short as her natural courtesy would permit. This conduct involved the young man in a labyrinth of disagreeable suspicions. Had Beatrice not received his letter? did she disdain his love? did the alliance not seem to her mother honourable enough? Nay, might not his beloved be already destined for other nuptials?

To end his doubts as soon as possible, he drew the count aside from the rest of the party, commenced to speak of his daughter, her beauty, and her virtues, and ended by formally asking her hand. The father of the maiden, in reply, launched out into praises of the young cavalier himself and of his family; but finally, with stammering hesitation, gave him to understand that he was averse in any way to come into collision with his cousin Marco, by whom, as he learned from his wife, another alliance was now contemplated. Ottorino answered that he was certain such a match could not but be pleasing to his kinsman; and even if not, that he was neither his child nor his vassal—that he owed him no implicit obedience, and might act for himself, whether it pleased Marco or not. The expression of Count Otrado's face at this conclusion might be translated—"Take thine own way, my friend, if thou wilt. I know better than to thrust my head against such a hard wall." But his only words were—"Enough! we will speak of this matter on a more convenient occasion."

The young Visconte, however, noticing the impression made by his last words, set himself to eradicate it. He told him that when Marco should be made aware that she for whom it was proposed to forsake his projected alliance was a daughter of Count Otrado del Balzo, he could have no thought of objecting; relating how his kinsman had desired his presence at Milan, and how matters there appeared to be turning in favour of Pope John, and hinting the great reliance which would be placed in his learning and reputation. We need not say how elated his friend was at this announcement. The worthy count, however much he used to boast of himself, seldom heard such a value placed on him by others, and his features displayed a placid smile of gratified pride.

"Harkye!" he said to Ottorino, as they neared the walls of Milan, "Marco truly giveth me more credit than I deserve—but then we were friends in our youth, as I have told thee—which may account partly for his partiality. Well, such as I am, I am at his service. And as for that matter, we spoke of regarding Beatrice, I repeat to thee, that should he offer no opposition, thou hast my consent from this moment. I shall count myself fortunate in having for a son-in-law one whom

thou knowest I have ever held in such esteem. And Ermelinda, too, I tell thee this will gratify the dearest wish of her heart."

When they had entered Milan, the count and his family proceeded to the *Brena del Guercio*, where his mansion was situated, while Ottorino, with his followers, rode straight on to the palace of Marco Visconti.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Marco saw Ottorino enter his chamber, where he sat alone reading some parchments, he rose and advanced to meet him, with a smile of welcome.

"Returned already!" he exclaimed. "And what is the aspect of affairs at Monza?"

"They are all at heart discontented with the present rule, but dare not say a word for fear of the German commander, the Duke di Tech."

"With whom did'st thou confer?"

"With the chiefs of the Guelf party mentioned by you, Guzino Garazza, Monoghino Zevi, and Berusio Rabia; this last will come to confer with thee in person at Milan, so soon as he can leave Monza without exciting suspicion."

"And what is the temper of the people?"

"Unruly enough. That priest of yours, Father Martin, that the abbot of St. Victor sent down among them, scarce escaped from their hands with life."

"Are they so enthusiastic for Pope Nicholas?"

"Not they! They care no more for Nicholas than for John." And Ottorino related what had taken place in the church of St. John.

"'Tis well!" exclaimed Marco, when he had finished. "It is enough for me that they are roused and ready for action; we will shew them the right path in proper time. Unless they are determined Ghibellines——"

"Be at ease as to that," interrupted Ottorino; "they care not who is pope, and who is anti-pope. Indeed they had scarce finished plucking poor Father Martin, who had maintained John against Nicholas, when they commenced the same game with another who maintained Nicholas against John! He was a mountaineer who had come from Limonta in the train of the Count del Balzo, and fortunately for him I arrived at the moment, and rescued him from their clutches."

"The count is then on his way here?"

"We arrived together a few minutes since."

"See how well my prescription has worked!" said the older cavalier. "Now we have him here, be it my loss if we make not a gain of him! We must commence immediately. Stay—he has all his family with him, has he not?"

"Yes; they are all here."

"Well! I have a small banquet tomorrow; could'st thou not manage to bring him here with thee? Ermelinda—I certainly cannot expect to see her—but, that Beatrice, of whom thou speak'st such wonders, mayhap she will accompany her father."

Ottorino promised a ready compliance, desiring nothing better; for, with a lover's logic, he reasoned that if his chief only saw his beloved Beatrice, he would at once excuse his rejection of the alliance with Ruseoni.

Next day betimes he was with the count, and announced to him that Marco expected his presence that afternoon in company with him, letting him know, to ensure his attendance, that this was a distinction which would make him of much note in Milan. No opposition was made to this proposal by Ermelinda, to whom the count had imparted his yesterday's conversation with Ottorino; the maiden might be considered as betrothed to the young lord, and it was just and natural that he should wish to present her to his chief. Still the countess, when she imagined her child in the presence of Marco, trembled with a secret fear, aroused by memory and presentiment, and when she gave her permission to Beatrice, who was herself agitated by the recollection of Marianna's narrative, she felt as if pronouncing a sentence which was to fix her destiny.

It was near the hour of noon, and Marco Visconti stood in his palace-hall, with a circle around him composed of members of the most notable families in Milan. Naturally fond of pomp and magnificence, he had at the present time displayed them almost to the pitch of prodigality and ostentation, to increase his influence with the multitude, who are ever dazzled by such splendour. Historians narrate that in his costly banquets and sumptuous festivals, in the magnificence of his apparel, the luxury of his household, and his numerous retinue of squires, pages, and servants, he far surpassed his nephew Azo, the new Lord of Milan. One of the principal personages in the surrounding assemblage was Lodrisio Visconti, brother of the cardinal abbot of St. Ambrose, the most trusted counsellor of his kinsman Marco, and his adviser in all his secret plans; about forty years of age, intelligent in feature, handsome in person, and noble in carriage, but in mind, proud, ambitious, and implacable. Ottorino Visconti he regarded with a hatred intense, though concealed; partly because of the affection shown him by Marco, over whose mind he wished to acquire undivided control, and partly from a dispute between them regarding the feud of Castelletto on Ticino, which both had claimed, but which was at last assigned to Ottorino. The good offices of Marco had seemingly reconciled

them, but Iodrisio still watched for an opportunity of revenging himself on his rival.

A page announcing the arrival of the Count del Balzo, all eyes were turned towards the entrance, and as he entered, holding his daughter by the hand, the noble host advanced to meet them. At the sight of Beatrice, who came forward with her eyes bent to the ground, and her face suffused with a blush of modest embarrassment, he started in confused surprise, almost believing for a moment that time had retraced his course, and that Ermelinda, the idol of his young heart, stood before him. Quickly recovering himself, he welcomed his guests with dignified courtesy and affability, holding gay converse with them, till the pages announced that the tables were spread, when the company passed into the dining-hall, and Marco took his place, with Beatrice on one hand and the Count on the other.

We shall not attempt any description of the minutiae of the banquet, which, in the present day would exceed in costly luxury the most royal festival, although yielding in splendour and magnificence to the entertainments then given on great occasions by crowned heads. Suffice it then to say, that on the tables were spread covers of the finest linen, richly fringed and embroidered, while each guest was furnished with a napkin of similar material, in the centre of which was blazoned in gold thread the twined serpent, which was the heraldic ensign of Marco, or, as we would now call it, his crest; on burnished platters of gold and silver were served savoury viands of all kinds, with a few of the culinary fancies of the day, such as fish with gilt and painted fins—peacocks carefully reclothed in their feathers, with glistening neck and spreading tail, but at the touch of the carver's knife, falling asunder in smoking fragments—and in the centre stood an enormous wild boar, with hair skillfully silvered, with teeth and claws of gold, and flames issuing from his mouth. At each new service was presented perfumed water for the hands, white wines of the finest vintage were offered in cups of richly chased gold, or in goblets of crystal, painted with various figures.

When the last service had been removed, a short pause ensued; then from a gallery at the lower end of the hall arose in the tones of mingled instruments, music of bold and martial strain, and the large doors under the gallery being thrown open, a train of attendants attired in garments of red and white—the colours of Marco Visconti, brought in the gifts which it was usual to present to the guests at high banquets. Some held in couples, greyhounds, setters and bloodhounds with collars of raised velvet and leashes of figured morocco; on the hands of

some sat goshawks, huggards and gerfalcons trained to the chase, with straps and jesses of real leather, hoods embroidered with seed-pearls, sweet sounding bells of silver, and on the breast of each a small plate of the same metal on which was stamped the serpent of the Visconti; one bore a damascene sword with a golden hilt, another a steel helmet inlaid with the same precious metal, and others again, mantles and tunics of flowered sarcenet and sendal, with silken strings, pearl buttons and tassels of gold. The keen eye of Marco glanced rapidly over the train and noticing that there was nothing among the gifts which might properly be presented to the noble maiden by his side, whispered to the henchman beside him, who withdrew for a moment and immediately re-appeared, bearing on a cushion of crimson velvet, a coronet of gold adorned with pearls. At a sign from Marco the music ceased, and taking the coronet, the Visconte knelt for an instant before Beatrice; then, rising, he placed it gently on her head, and his exclamation of "Long live the queen of the feast!" was succeeded by a shout of applause from the guests and the renewed clangour of the instruments.

When silence was again restored, he prayed the maiden "to give a value to these his poor gifts, by presenting them with her own hands to the noble barons and cavaliers for whom they were destined." The guests all rose and stood around the banquet-table, while Beatrice went round, attended by Marco as her squire, who guided her in the distribution of the gifts, while each noble, as he received the present, bent on one knee and kissed the hem of the *susquicce* of the fair distributor. To Ottorino was allotted an helm of polished steel with enamelled crest, and some around remarked that her white hand was agitated with more than usual tremor as she offered it to the cavalier; but it was only natural that so heavy a piece of armour should embarrass so delicate an arm. The circuit was completed with the Count del Balzo, for whom Marco had reserved a superb peregrine falcon. He received it like the rest on bended knee, and kissed the hem of his daughter's vesture, but as he rose to his feet, he could not contain his parental pride; throwing his arms round her neck, and imprinting a kiss on her fair forehead, he exclaimed, "God bless thee, my daughter!"

"Most benign and beautiful queen!" said Marco, when the murmur of applause that followed this act was hushed; "am I to be the only one, amongst these your faithful servitors, to remain without a token of your favor. Should my request not seem too ambitious, might I hope to obtain from your hands some stray riband, or

other slight token, that you have accepted me for your knight and vassal.

The maiden maintained a perplexed silence, but her father exclaimed, "quick! girl," of what dreamest thou? Detach something—anything? Come! one of those bracelets."

She obeyed, and taking from her left wrist a broad ribbon of silk embroidered with gold thread, presented it to Marco, who bent the knee as he received it from her hand.

The company now broke up from the tables, and formed themselves into various groups throughout the hall; one of the largest was at first gathered round the Count del Balzo, attracted by the fluency and air of authority with which he discoursed of pope and anti-pope, of council, canon and decretal. The scraps of Latin, too, with which his speech was interlarded had great effect upon these young knights, who were perfectly skilled in the management of sword or horse, of hawk or hound, but of nothing else. However, long-continued admiration of any thing, particularly of what one does not understand, is very apt to degenerate into weariness and satiety; one by one the party around him seceded to some other group where they could play the part of speakers as well as listeners, and at the first pause the orator made in his harangue, the few who remained beside him, withdrew with a courteous inclination.

In the centre of the hall stood a party who were conversing of a tournament that day proclaimed in honour of the election of Azo Visconti as Imperial Vicar over Milan.

"Here!" said Lodrisio, producing a parchment; "Here is the proclamation, as it was given forth by the heralds."

At this announcement all the others gathered around him, and he began to read aloud.

"Now list ye! list ye! Princes, Barons and Knights of every degree! I proclaim the great passage of arms, to be held in Milan of Lombardy, a month from the date of this proclamation.

"To avoid idleness, inure ourselves to knightly exercise, acquire honour in our profession of arms, and win the smiles of fair and noble ladies, as well as to testify the rejoicing of this city, on occasion of the appointment of the magnificent and illustrious Azo Visconti as Vicar Imperial, we, the knights, whose names are hereunto appended, have vowed to hold a festival and joust, where we shall be ready from sunrise to sunset, to meet any duly qualified knights, whether of Milan or any other country.

"Each cavalier may run four courses in the lists; with one more in honour of his lady.

"This will be followed by a sword-combat on horseback, either in single pairs, or in such num-

bers as the marshals of the field may determine.

"The holders of the tournament will supply lances of equal length, strength and weight, but the assailants shall make choice of their own swords.

"Any knight striking the steed of his opponent shall be chased out of the lists.

"The assailants shall be bound to touch one or more of the shields to be displayed at the end of the lists, in token of challenge to its possessor; which challenge shall be enrolled by an attendant herald.

"The assailant knights shall also be bound to present, for the inspection of the judges of the lists, their shields with their proper arms and bearings thereon; and any such presented after the tourney has commenced, can only be received by the joint consent of the holders of the joust, and of the illustrious Vicar Imperial.

"To the knight who shall have broken the most lances, and shall be deemed to have done his devoir best in the lists, will be presented a complete suit of armour."

To this was added the date, and the name of the twelve holders, amongst which was that of Ottorino Visconti.

"You are talking of jousts and tourneys," said the count, as soon as Lodrisio had finished. "Know ye the derivation of this word joust? I ween not. It cometh from the Latin *jurta*, close or near at hand, since it importeth a hand-to-hand combat."

"Who are appointed judges of the field?" asked the Baron Biranjo, seemingly surfeited with so much erudition. But the count, leaving no time for reply, continued:

"It is very ancient too, this custom of jousting—very ancient! even as early as the siege of Troy, and that, you will allow, is a little older than the Round Table of King Arthur. We Latinists call it *Troja ludus*, which meaneth either the Trojan game, or the Trojan war; for the Romans called war also *ludus*, deeming it only an amusement."

And thus on he went; only that, leaving etymology, he began to lecture on the use, exercise and choice of the various knightly weapons, and the caparison and management of horses. It is a very frequent indiscretion of those "who know every thing," to set up as authorities on those subjects with which their audience are better acquainted than themselves, instead of speaking only when they can really impart information.

However, the cavaliers received his loquacious harangue with courteous deference, and he took his leave of Marco, when the company broke up, quite intoxicated with his success. On reaching

home, he failed not to impart to Ermelinda the great honour shown to himself and Beatrice, much to the gratification of the countess, who doubted not that Ottorino had informed Mareo of his matrimonial intentions. He was soon followed by the young knight himself, who was almost as pleased at the events of the day; after the reception of the count and his daughter by his kinsman of which he had been witness, he had no doubt that the communication which he purposed to make on the first opportunity, would be welcomed with complaisant satisfaction.

He thought it unnecessary to mislead the count and countess, as to this being done already and they proceeded to treat of the nuptials as an understood arrangement.

"But harkye, Beatrice!" said the Count, with a knowing glance towards his spouse, as Ottorino was taking his leave. "Mayhap in all this we have reckoned without our host, and in thus promising thee without thy consent, may be wedding thee to thy heart's aversion!"

Beatrice, blushing crimson, pressed closer to her mother, whose hand she held in her own, and there must have been something peculiarly expressive in the timid glance she raised towards the young cavalier, to call up his happy and exulting look; the affectionate smile of Ermelinda, and the count's hearty laughter, for the only words she uttered were simple enough.

"Thou wilt come to us to-morrow, Ottorino?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONNET.

BY H. C.

"Not as the world gives, give I unto you."

Ou, bless'd assurance—strength to the fluttering heart—
 Kind ray of mercy, gladdening every sense
 Of Christian nature—what gratitude intense,
 And holy comfort; do thy words impart!
 And thoughts too deep for erring men, who live
 Unheeding God's soul-saving creed, to know
 "Not as the world gives"—no—*thine*, empty show,
 The veriest gauds—self's meanest ends deceive—
 There Charity, distorted by an envious crowd,
 Glids the vain purpose of the basely proud;
 But Truth divine, that flows from purest source,
 Th' essential God, in Mercy's fulness given
 The soul to elevate by Faith to Heaven,
 Is a transcendant boon: Lord teach us that force
 Of Truth, that we may feel with conscience free—
 Not as the worldly, take we that gift of Thee!
 Montreal, March, 1843.

How often are we indebted to others in our youth for settling a dispute between ourselves and our passions. I suppose our passions are always in the wrong; for they invariably are cast in the suit.

BOTANY.

"Father, let us range the fields

"Try what the upland, what the covert yields."

BOTANY is a useful and elegant science,—a science that, of all that refine the mind, has a most pleasing tendency to inspire its votaries with the admiration of the works of that beneficent Being, who adorns this universe as an extensive garden. We read that one of the early works of creation, was the decoration of the earth with the riches of vegetation—and that, when creation was finished, the Supreme caused a garden to be planted, in which grew every tree that was pleasant to the sight, and good for food, and put a man into the garden, to keep it and to dress it.

This is high authority for devotion to the study of Botany, and a proof of its being connected with the serene temper of Innocence; and as a further incitement than mere pleasure in the sight—the blessing of health is given, as the companion that attends the votary's steps in search of specimens, whether through green hawthorn lanes, the cowslip-scented meads, by the primrose loving stream, or along the heath-covered mountain—doubtless, such rambles have called forth many of those beautiful effusions, from poets of all ages, in praise of "nature's fairest children," flowers that speak to the affections of all, in dreaming youth, or retrospective age.

"Buds are the joy of trees, and flowers are the feast of the eye;" thus while we "tread a path bestrewed with flowers," or examine the most delicate and minute arrangements of the various specimens, our pleasure is enhanced by the grateful feelings that rise up like incense, and lead us to "look through Nature, up to Nature's God."

EXCERPTA FROM THE LAST OF THE BARONS.

It is Destiny!—phrase of the weak human heart! It is Destiny!—dark apology for every error! The strong and the virtuous admit no destiny. On earth guides Conscience—in heaven, watches God. And Destiny is but the phantom we invoke to silence the one—to de-throne the other!

Love knows no age—it foresees no grave—its happiness and its trust behold on the earth but one glory, melting into the hues of heaven, where they who love lastingly pass calmly on to live for ever.

Only by the candle held in the skeleton hand of poverty can man read his own dark heart.

A man is usually inclined to aristocratic predilections.

SARAH HERBERT.

A SKETCH.

BY H. D. N.

"Ye have sown the wind, ye shall reap the whirlwind."

THE year 18— was one of unusual gaiety in G—, Massachusetts, for a law school had been recently opened there, which numbered twelve students, most of whom had brought letters to some one of the leading men in the neighbourhood, and had thus obtained the *entrée* of its highest circles. Nor were the belles of this country place to be despised even by the gay cavaliers now among them. Well educated and refined, their connection with some of the first families in Boston and New York, and their frequent visits thereto, had given them an ease of manner, which preserved them from the charge of rusticity, while at the same time they were free from that attention of foreign airs, which renders so ridiculous many of their town-bred country-women.

Riding parties, fishing excursions, and picnics, had occupied the summer months, during which many a flirtation had been carried on, until the return of cool weather compelled the southerners, who thronged the place, to return to the sunny south; and the long vacation occurring in the law school at the same time, a momentary cessation took place, and the calmer spirits had again liberty to enjoy their quiet walks, and contemplate the autumnal tints of the ever-varying foliage, undisturbed by encountering the unmeaning frivolity of the silly, sentimental fool, or without risking the interruption of a pair of lovers. Dame Gossip would have died of starvation, but that the very day of the departure of General P.'s family for Carolina, it was announced that a family from New York had taken the lodging vacated by the southerners; and the next evening, as I took my favourite seat beneath the old elm at the river side, I saw, not far from me, two ladies, accompanied by a gentleman of middle age. They were on horseback, but, on the rise of some dispute, as to the identity of a flower which grew near them, the elder sprang from her horse—threw the rein to the gentleman—and, gathering the object of contention, was again in her seat with a single bound. Such perfection of horse-woman-ship I never saw; and, as they rode away, the flashing eye and the

daunting plume of the beauty more than once intruded themselves upon my sober meditations. I will not tire my readers with all the surmises and suspicions of the good people of G—, as to the strangers, but proceed at once to give them some information of the party thus brought before them.

Bessy Leventon was, twenty years previous to the commencement of my story, the reigning star of New York, and beautiful indeed was she, the pride of her widowed mother, the joy of all hearts, for there was about her a forgetfulness of self, a simplicity of purpose, which won all who approached her. Many butterflies had flitted around this fair flower—many had essayed to come nearer; but the hand of the mother had unceremoniously driven them away. At length, as she was one evening at the house of an intimate friend, one was presented to her, from whom Bessy could not turn with unconcern. His dark skin, full black eyes, and raven locks, told of his Italian mother, while his fine figure and open expression of countenance, reminded you at the same time of his English father. Mrs. Leventon herself thought him a glorious-looking being—and when his rich, manly voice, so accurately modulated, accompanied her darling's sweet notes as she sung to the harp, the old lady felt that Bessy's heart *must* melt, while that any one could look on the fair creature herself with indifference, was, in her view, impossible. And she was confirmed in her opinion, when, as they sat at their morning meal, she marked her daughter's crimsoned cheek and kindling eye, as she spoke of the serenade which had—not interrupted her slumbers; for what woman ever slept the night after meeting for the first time—

"Those looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought?"

Within three months, Bessy Leventon was upon the broad ocean, the happy bride of Dominique Herbert. Italy was their place of destination; and twelve years had passed before Mrs. Herbert was again clasped to her mother's bosom.

How was that mother pained to find her daughter changed in more points than one: that she possessed no longer the strict regard for truth which had distinguished her as a child; that she had caught the looseness of manner so prevalent in Italy; and that she associated without any disgust, and without any regard to their moral character, with the opera singers. And why should this have surprised Mrs. Leventon? She had indeed taught her daughter uprightness; but it was a system of mere morality she had inculcated. Bessy had never been told that in her own strength she could do nothing—that her heart must be changed by the Holy Spirit, and grace from on high continually sought by earnest prayer, while the Scriptures were at the same time to be diligently searched with the docility of a child anxious to ascertain its parent's will. She was, therefore, like a beautiful vessel bereft of compass, anchor, and helm—is it strange she made shipwreck?

Not thus, however, was she to be left desolate. Through the influence of a friend of her youth, whose path in life had been "that of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day," Mrs. Herbert was led to the only fount of consolation, and eagerly quaffed the living waters—eagerly drank in the comfort which became increasingly necessary to her as she found her husband forsaking her society, and lavishing his fortune upon dissipation and revelling. His influence, too, over her eldest daughter, she deeply deplored, and the more so as she was conscious that her own neglect of the childhood of Sarah had been the primary cause of the evil. Bitter tears were shed as she marked the child's deviation from the truth, and she earnestly pleaded with her still dear husband to permit her to train in retirement their growing family.

"Does you please with the young ones, Bessy; but Sarah's fine voice and exquisite taste must be cultivated; and where can they be so well trained as among my friends of the opera, on whom you now look so disdainfully?"

Remonstrance was useless. Mrs. Herbert could only console herself by the careful culture of the moral principle in her Ellen and Bessy, whose strict sense of propriety, and strong love of truth, repaid their mother's care, and promised to make them estimable characters. Not long, however, was this motherly watch to be theirs. Mrs. Herbert found her strength gradually failing, yet none of her friends anticipated so speedily a termination of her suffering. But one Sabbath evening, just as Sarah was attired for a *soirée musicale*, and Ellen and Bessy, kneeling by their mother's couch, had breathed their evening prayer, and were retiring for the night, a sudden

ring of Mrs. Herbert's silver bell summoned the whole family. Herbert was the first who entered from his dressing-room.

"I am going, Dominique; raise me," faintly murmured the invalid.

Her husband, inexpressibly shocked, placed himself on the sofa, and laid her flushed cheek upon his bosom. The children of the dying woman knelt around her. Her mother, too, was there, and as she gazed upon the splendid figure of her son-in-law—and the marble paleness of the face, around which floated her long golden hair, like the glorious drapery of the setting sun—the wasted figure of her darling, her only child, and recalled the time when she had joined their hands, and gazed upon them with a mother's pride—her heart seemed full to bursting. She shed no tear, but there was anguish in her look.

Bessy's eye met hers. "My mother! kindest and dearest! promise me that you will be a mother to my lambs—that they shall never leave you?"

Mrs. Leventon hesitatingly turned her eye to Herbert, who exclaimed, passionately:

"Do you doubt me, mother? The children are yours and mine henceforth."

"Bless you, my Herbert! Meet me there—and those eyes grew darker and brighter, till their lustre seemed to burn the gazers—one gasp, and she was gone!

Two years from this time found Mrs. Leventon and her brother James sole guardians of the little flock; their misguided father having been carried off by a brain fever. Mrs. Leventon wisely withdrew to the country, fancying that in the quiet of that secluded spot Sarah would be removed from temptation, and knowing she could there educate, to her satisfaction, the younger members of the family. Dominique, his father's imago, was placed at a boarding-school, a short distance from G—; Ellen and Bessy were also committed to the charge of a judicious lady in the town; the youngest boy, ten years old, Sarah, and her maid Jane, with the old lady, took rooms at Mrs. Williams'.

Though many weary years have passed over my head, well do I remember the appearance of Sarah Herbert, soon after, at a large and splendid party. Her closely-fitting robe of black velvet, with pearl ornaments, was in keeping with her alabaster neck and jetty eyes and hair. But when she seated herself at the harp, and filled the rooms with gushing melody, every one was captivated.

I said in the outset that we had many law students in town. Among them, Clifford Allston was distinguished by his fascinating, graceful manners, and agreeable conversation. His society,

however, was not coveted by the mammas, for rumours were abroad that the glass of wine at dinner was followed by a stronger potation, and, therefore, notwithstanding his high family and large fortune, he was not sought after.

Yet it was not always thus with Clifford. A fond mother had bent with anxious eyes over his couch—had watched his quiet slumbers—had soothed his spirit when ruffled—and had taught him to bow the knee, and lip “Our Father.” Had the mother’s softening influence been continued to the boy, his life had been perchance a different one. But at six years old this beloved parent had been removed to “the better land,” and the remaining years of childhood were passed under the care of a widowed aunt, who, soured by the disappointments she had experienced in life, (to use Miss Edgeworth’s expression), “committed high treason against virtue,” by being at the same time good and disagreeable. His father was a gentleman and a Christian; but, occupying a high official station, was much away from home, and knew but little of the manner in which his son’s training was conducted. At the usual age, Clifford entered the university of —, sustaining a brilliant examination. For the first year of his collegiate course, Mr. Allston was unexceptionable in his deportment, but his musical talents rendered his society very attractive, and none could hear him sing *one* of Moore’s melodies without desiring more. At one time he was almost persuaded to be a Christian, but his goodness was like the clear dew-drops, which the morning sun drinks up so speedily. Led away by bad companions he went on from the social bottle, until he became at last a confirmed opium cheser. Expelled from the university, he resorted to G—, and enrolled himself among the pupils of the late Judge H.

At church, Sarah saw him, and, with the folly and madness of an undisciplined mind, resolved to garner up her best affections in him. Nor was Allston slow to reciprocate her feelings; and though he could find no access to the house, for Mrs. Leventon would not know him, yet he could and did continue to be near her in her long walks, when she was unattended by any, save the artful Jane. A few weeks found them so intimate, that daily did they meet. Both proficient in French, they heeded not the presence of Jane—as they sat for hours on the grass, at work on the same drawing, reading the same book—while little Harry stood watchman, and was easily taught to carry messages, bouquets, and notes, and to frame a long story for grandmamma’s ears.

Why should I detail the onward course of poor Sarah Herbert in deception? “*Ce n’est que le premier pas qui coûte.*” Why tell of the good

night to Mrs. Leventon, and then the moonlight ramble, while Jane, taught for the purpose, sat playing the guitar, to deceive the old lady? Why describe Clifford’s stolen visit to her room when sickness had prostrated her? To our heroic mind “all went merry as a marriage bell.” The manly voice of Clifford was heard in the midnight serenade; and Sarah, as she drank in the harmony, forgot that with guilt comes misery.

At last Mrs. Leventon’s eyes were opened, and feeling herself unable to contend with her granddaughter, her brother James was summoned, and at once ordered Sarah to prepare for her departure the next morning. What was to be done? Clifford was ill, confined to his bed, in a large hotel not far from Mrs. Williams’. At last a plan was formed, and Jane, with a jug of barley-water, presented herself at his boarding-house, and demanded to see Mr. Allston. The maid went to his room, saw him, and took leave of him, adding in a loud voice as she left, that she would return in a few minutes with some biscuits. The few minutes elapsed, when, dressed in Jane’s clothes, Sarah Herbert held a stolen interview with him, for whose sake she would have willingly left all who had loved her from her youth, and trodden the world with him alone.

“Clifford, dearest, how altered I find you!” murmured the trembling girl, as, seating herself by the bed side, she took his emaciated hand.

“I have suffered much from pain, my beloved,” he faintly articulated; “but more from our long separation. I’ve so longed to gaze into the depths of those eyes—to hear your soothing words—bless you for your notes—I have them here,” opening, as he spoke, a morocco miniature case. “That meddling doctor really imagines I wear my mother’s portrait so near my heart.”

“And your physician, is he kind?”

“Most indefatigable. Poor fellow, he has been up night and day. Had I not feared its reaching your wise grandmother’s ears, I would have made him my confidant, but I could not even speak of you.”

“Clifford, I have come to say adieu! Our love is known. Uncle James has arrived, and tomorrow takes me to New York. My heart is breaking; but we may be interrupted, and I can only say—”

“Stop, my most precious,” exclaimed Allston; “send your uncle to me. He is a man of sense; he will listen to my suit. My family—my fortune—make me, to say the least, his equal. I will not endure longer this secrecy.”

“All in vain, dearest Clifford: uncle James believes you dissipated—wicked: and talks much of a promise he gave mamma before her death, about watching over me.”

"And you do not doubt me, blessed one; you do not believe me so polluted a thing. Tell me," he urged, with passionate vehemence, laying his burning hand with an almost maniacal grasp on hers—"tell me that *you do still trust me.*"

Terrified at the tempest she had raised, Sarah sat motionless, the big tears coursing each other down her cheeks. She regained, by a violent struggle, her composure, as the sick man, exhausted by his effort, sank back upon the pillow, and taking both his hands in hers, knelt by his side.

"Clifford Allston, you must not speak again. Listen to me calmly and let me go:

"I know not—I ask not—if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

"We part now, but not forever. I have often assured you, and why should I not repeat it—I *am yours forever.* Take this ring—the last gift of my noble father—that father whom I first loved you for resembling: I place it on your finger. Come to seek me at New York. If you are unable to come to me, send me this ring; wherever you are, I will go to you—live with you—die with you. *Forever thine!*" she repeated, as she bent, and again and again imprinted her tearful kisses on his fevered brow. Unable to speak, Allston moved his lips; hers were for a moment pressed to them, and he was alone.

Love! how malign, how traduced is it: a passion implanted in the breast by Deity himself; its counterfeit is landed, while the true emotion, with its native purity and elevation, is decried as *calm, cold, &c.* On this point I cannot forbear quoting a paragraph from that admirable work, "Woman's Mission." After remarking upon the great defect in the educational systems of both sexes, as evidenced by the many unhappy marriages which abound, the author proceeds:—"Love, in the common acceptation of the term, is a folly; love, in its purity, its loftiness, its unselfishness, is not only a consequence, but a proof, of our moral excellence—the sensibility to moral beauty, the forgetfulness of self in the admiration engendered by it,—all prove its claim to a high moral influence; it is the triumph of the *unselfish** over the selfish part of our nature." Again:—"Love is a feeling which the young may one day be called upon to excite and return, but which can have no place in the lofty in soul and pure in heart, except when called forth by corresponding qualities in another."

Alas for Sarah Herbert! Her ideas of love and of happiness were derived from novels, poetry, and her mail; and she knew only the kind

of passion which is stigmatized in Bulwer's well known remark, "*Friendship is the wine of existence; love is the dram-drinking.*"

Clifford Allston rose from that sick bed, neither a wiser nor a better man. He plunged into vice with renewed vigour: his pecuniary resources were exhausted, and his father refused to replenish his purse. Frequent letters had at first passed between our lovers, and even keepsakes had been interchanged. At last, Mr. Allston left G. without paying his landlord or visiting his tailor. He reached New York, and gave a loose rein to his vicious inclinations. He sought not to see his once loved Sarah; he herded with the impure and profligate, and his midnight orgies might shame a demon. At length he was arrested on suspicion of forgery, (a charge, by the bye, which the next week proved to be unfounded,) and as he was taken through Broadway, a splendid carriage drove by, but it stopped as the police were crossing the street with their captive: a lovely face bent from the window; a searching glance—a shriek was heard, and the equipage dashed on. Heavily passed the next day to Clifford; but his usual resource of opium remained, and was swallowed with avidity. Night came on; a solitary lamp, which his gaoler had given him, burned dimly on the rude table: a voice arrested his attention, and he rose, turning his eye inquisitively to the door, which opening slowly, admitted a figure enveloped in a large cloak and hood. The disguise was dropped, and Sarah Herbert stood before him. She seemed to have just left the festal throng, for her robe of white satin, and her magnificent pearls, contrasted strangely with the apartment in which she now stood. Her beauty was more matured—her eyes glistened with a softer light; nay, they were filled with tears. A moment they gazed, when Clifford opened his arms and clasped them round the sobbing girl. She released herself, and, fearful and silent, they sat down. At length Sarah, with apparent calmness, said:

"Mr. Allston, I have come here, because my woman's heart bade me do it, and now deal truly with me, and if my hopes *must* be dashed to earth do it at once. Why were my *last* letters unanswered? Why do I find you here?"

"You find me here, fairly, because, I have no more money to spend. For the same reason I left G. so suddenly that I had no time to inform Miss Herbert of my departure, and since I reached New York, I could not see her, thus attired, thus destitute."

"Uncle James was right, then," mournfully sighed his auditors; "I was forgotten."

"Nay, Sarah Herbert," and his hunter of a manner vanished like the passing gloom of a

* It is Coleridge who speaks of the "unselfishness of love."

thunder-cloud from a summer's landscape; "I have never for an instant forgotten you. *Could I forget those lips I have so often pressed—that form my arm has encircled—aye, could I forget the heart-burning kiss on that day of maddening agony—never, never!* But though I worship you, it *must* henceforth be as the wanderer adores the star which lights his lonely path through the wilderness. I am unworthy of love like yours. I dare not touch you, for I am polluted. Your visit this night will be to me as the spring in the desert—as light to the captive. But we must part, and forever. I can never wed you to a life of degradation, and such must mine be henceforth—disowned by my father, and cast upon the wide world."

"Clifford, generous, dearest Clifford, seest thou this?" and she drew from her bosom a small miniature of him, such as he was in happier days. One long year has passed since I have gained any tidings of you, and yet, so has my memory preserved *your image*, that last week I finished this likeness. I have been sought by many, but my heart has turned from all, and fondly clung to thee, and now I hear from your lips this sentence. Oh! Clifford, let us be one before the altar, and what shall separate us?"

A tap on the door reminded them that their hour was past. Slowly rose Sarah Herbert, and as Clifford did the same, she knelt on that stone floor before him.

"I stir not hence till I have your promise that my most ardent desire shall be granted."

"I promise that tomorrow evening, if you will come here, I will gratify you in any thing you ask. Rise, rise, dearest, best," said he, raising her tenderly, and pressing her to his bosom. "You must go now; there is another call for you," and, acquiescing in the necessity alluded to, our heroine withdrew.

The next day, as they rose from dinner, James Leventon led his niece to his study, and placing her on the sofa beside him, put into her hand an open note, containing these words:

"Precious one,—Tonight, at nine o'clock, be with me. Be punctual. I need not say be faithful. Thine own C."

"This accidentally came into my hands, my child, and was opened ere I noticed the direction. Do you know that writing?" said Mr. L.

"Yes, uncle."

"And you would go, wretched girl; you would seek in the prison of crime that unworthy man?"

"Aye, uncle, though I purchased death by it, though it procured for me the martyr's doom."

"Martyrs are not so easily made in these days," replied Mr. L., and he paused. He knew the spirit with which he had to contend, and at

length added: "You shall go, and I will accompany you. You shall have your own way. God grant it prove not a curse to you."

Nine was striking solemnly from the prison clock, as Mr. Leventon and his niece entered the low door of the cell. What a scene presented itself. On the straw bed in one corner lay Clifford Allston; by his side stood a clergyman, who motioned them to approach, saying in an under tone, "Did he expect you? He has spoken of nine o'clock in his ravings, and requested my presence here at that hour."

"Sarah, be calm," said Mr. L., as he laid a restraining hand on her to prevent her madly rushing to the bed-side. "Be composed, my dear child, and look upward for strength to bear the trial which I see will be yours," added he affectionately, passing his arm around her.

"He is calm now," said the benevolent-looking minister. "I have summoned a physician. Here he is," and Dr. M. came in; he passed to the patient, regarded him, examined his features, and, seizing the lamp, searched carefully the apartment, looked into the pockets of the sick man's clothes, and at length, approaching the group, who watched his every movement with intense eagerness, said, "He is poisoned. Know you any thing of it?" he exclaimed, turning to the turnkey, who stood by the door.

The man replied in the negative, adding "that he only knew Mr. Johnson (his assumed name) was an opium-chewer, and had been so for a long time."

"I judged so," said Dr. M.; "when did this stupor commence?"

"Oh! sir, it was about four o'clock, he began to rave awfully; and to talk about some lady and a minister, and nine o'clock; and then he spoke again of his father and of a cruel uncle, and vowed revenge; but half an hour ago he began to calm off, and has been ever since as you see."

"Is the young man an acquaintance of yours, Mr. Leventon?" asked the minister, with a wondering glance at Sarah, who, with her mantilla closely drawn around her face, stood leaning on her uncle for support.

"Slightly so, sir," said that gentleman, with a cold, repelling air.

"Nerve yourself for a fearful struggle," said Dr. M., and coming nearer to Miss H., whispered, "My dear child, let me urge you to leave this horrid place. Your agitation may expose you, and you can be of no possible service."

"Aye do, my dear girl," said her uncle; "I will remain, and report to you faithfully every particular."

"Urge me not, urge me not!" was the reply. "My brain reels! Oh! for strength!" Mr.

Leventon placed her on the wooden bench, and Dr. M., who, having been for years an intimate friend of the family, had recognized Sarah at once, took from the medicine chest, which had been brought in by his direction, some restorative drops, and, after insisting upon her swallowing them as a condition of her stay, induced, by cogent, golden reasons, the absence of the prison official, and drawing near Mr. L., held, for a few moments, a whispered consultation, when, leading towards him the venerable clergyman, he said:

"There need be no concealment here, Dr. Willson. I have answered to Mr. Leventon for your secrecy, and beg leave formally to introduce you to each other. A paroxysm, I foresee, will soon commence, which will require our united energy."

"Ha!" shouted the patient, "not mine yet! Deceived—clocks put back—enjoyed!"

His voice seemed to inspire Miss Herbert. She sprang to him, and throwing back her mantle, exclaimed:

"Did I ever deceive you, Clifford? False to all else, to you I was, I am true!"

"Aye, here, here to be married!" he exclaimed; "A wedding in black!" as his eye glanced over her mantle; "prophetically appropriate! but no parson yet? Ah! Dr. Willson, you've come to marry me! Ha! ha! ha! Your fee will be munificent—ha! ha!"

"Clifford, dearest," interposed Sarah, putting her hand gently on his forehead and parting the rich masses of golden hair that lay disturbed and matted where it was wont to fall so gracefully.

"Mother, you here—yes, we will walk in the green field down by the little river and come home over the foot-bridge. No, no! Sarah Herbert, too pure art thou for me—out, out, wretches! ye shall not touch her."

Dr. M. advanced with a draught, which was rejected by Allston with characteristic impetuosity, and for two hours did the dismayed group listen to ravings such as a lost spirit might utter. They are too fearful to be recorded. Oaths, blasphemies, poured from his mouth. He sometimes "babbled o' green fields," sometimes addressed Miss H. as his mother, and sometimes as an accusing spirit.

The clock told twelve, and, to the surprise of all, calmness stole over the maniac. He gazed around him with an intelligent look and said; "Sarah, you have fulfilled your promise, and I see Dr. Willson is here! who are these?"

"My uncle, dearest Clifford," replied the agonized girl, summoning all her fortitude, "and Dr. W. whose presence has been necessary in your extreme illness."

"Methought I was ill, love, but you are here,"

and he feebly grasped her hand, and, carrying it to his lips, impressed a kiss upon it. "I feel quite well, but weak."

Dr. Willson advanced: "My dear young friend," said he solemnly, "I must tell you that you are very near the close of life. A few moments may terminate your earthly existence—have you any message for your father; any worldly business to be transacted? Is your peace—?"

"I defy you and the death of which you speak," growled the dying man; "I sent for you to marry me, and you would try to frighten me. Clifford Allston has heard sermons and eunts before," and heekoning to Dr. M. he whispered, "Opium, Dr. opium,—give me some, and I shall be quite well."

"I must confirm," said Dr. M. with deep emotion. "what Dr. Willson has just said to you, and assure you, medical skill can do no more for you. An hour hence may find you in eternity."

"Eternity!—I do not dread it? The scare-crow of fools—but Sarah, dearest, best," turning to the almost petrified Miss H. "grant me one favor. If I must die, let me leave behind me one to bear my name—who shall have a right to mourn for me. Let me now be married. Do you consent?"

"Thine forever, Clifford!" was the only reply.

The uncle interposed, "Mr. Allston, this must not be. I would not in an hour like this seem harsh! nay, dearest Sarah," he continued, in answer to her pleading look. "I have indulged you beyond all limit, but this must never be—a niece of mine married in prison, and under such circumstances! No, no, my child, I must disregard your petition."

"Nay uncle—"

"Should that request again be urged, Mr. Allston, Sarah must instantly depart."

"Mr. Allston," said the clergyman, "I conjure you leave not this world, absorbed in its loves or its hates. Listen to the voice of mercy. Look to the Saviour of sinners, before whose tribunal you must very soon stand. Can you meet him with joy? Are you ready to die?"

"Ready to die," howled Clifford—"mock me not, old man,—ready to meet the judge of all men! Aye, I am ready,—ripe—ripe for hell! I feel its fires. I hear its groans—the worms are gnaw—ing my vitals? Doctor, give me some opium. Let me forget—oh! see that fiend! he shrieks at me!"

"Oh! Clifford, be composed, you'll break my heart; indeed you will. Be quiet, be calm. Look at me, love."

"Aye, Sarah, I have said, heaven was in your eye—but I'm going—where—going—to—"

It was all over, and as Dr. M. closed those glassy eyes, once so brilliant, Sarah Herbert, who had schooled herself to bear hitherto, now fell on the floor in a death-like swoon, and was thus carried to her home, where for weeks she hovered between life and death. The unremitting attentions of Dr. M. were, by the blessing of God, efficacious; and from that couch of suffering Sarah Herbert could date the dawn of a new existence. She was, in the eye of the world, a faded beauty, but to those who look for something more than mere perfection of form and features, her face was more lovely than ever, for its expression spoke of a soul at peace with all mankind—with its God. The cup of affliction which she had in her wilful folly thus early drained, cast a deep shadow upon her life; but she was led to look through it to Him, who oftentimes allows his creatures "to eat of the fruit of their own doings," and thus teaches them the unsatisfying nature of all earthly things.

The stranger who visits A—— in India, will be told of the American lady, who taught the children of the village—soothed many a sick bed and led more than one outcast to the Saviour, and he will be led to the enclosure of the mission chapel, where beneath a tall palm-tree is a marble slab, with this inscription:

"SARAH HERBERT,

Æt. 45.

'Perfect through suffering, purified
And strengthened by its power,
This be the record of my soul,
In its departing hour.'

Montreal, 1842.

THE ALMOND BRANCH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

THOU art, alas! but beauty's emblem,
Blooming branch of the almond tree:
Fading away on thy parent stem,
The flower of life is seen in thee.

It heedeth not neglect or care—
It waiteth not on summer's ray;
Leaf after leaf thus withering there,
Shows forth our pleasures day by day.

Though short, O let us prize delight—
'Tis fleeting as the zephyr's breath—
And drain its chalice ere the night
Approach and warn us of its death.

Often doth beauty in its pride,
Remind us of the morning flower,
Wreathing the fair brow of the bride,
And fading e'er the festive hour.

One day is past, yet others come,
But Spring is hastening to depart,
And every flower it calls to bloom,
Cries "hasten!" to the human heart.

EXTRACT FROM EYRE'S CABUL.

MEMOIR OF SIR WILLIAM MACNAUGHTEN.

AFTER the usual salutations, Mahomed Akbar commenced business by asking the Envoy if he was perfectly ready to carry into effect the proposition of the preceding night? The Envoy replied, "Why not?" My attention was then called off by an old Afghan acquaintance of mine, formerly chief of the Cabul Police, by name Gholam Moyun-ood-deen. I rose from my recumbent posture, and stood apart with him conversing. I afterwards remembered that my friend betrayed much anxiety as to where my pistols were, and why I did not carry them on my person? I answered, that, although I wore my sword for form, it was not necessary, at a friendly conference, to be armed cap-à-pie. His discourse was also full of extravagant compliments; I suppose for the purpose of lulling me to sleep. At length my attention was called off from what he was saying, by observing that a number of men, armed to the teeth, had gradually approached to the scene of conference, and were drawing round in a sort of circle. This Lawrence and myself pointed out to some of the chief men; who affected at first to drive them off with whips; but Mahomed Akbar observed that it was of no consequence, as they were in the secret. I again resumed my conversation with Gholam Moyun-ood-deen; when suddenly I heard Mahomed Akbar call out, "Degeer, begeer," (seize, seize); and, turning round, I saw him grasp the Envoy's left hand with an expression in his face of the most diabolical ferocity. I think it was Sultan Jan who laid hold of the Envoy's right hand. They dragged him in a stooping posture down the hillock; the only words I heard poor Sir William utter, being, "Az barac Khooda." (For God's sake). I saw his face, however, and it was full of horror and astonishment. I did not see what became of Trevor; but Lawrence was dragged past me by several Afghans, whom I saw wrest his weapons from him. Up to this moment I was so engrossed in observing what was taking place, that I actually was not aware that my own right arm was mastered, that my urbane friend held a pistol to my temple, and that I was surrounded by a circle of Ghazees, with drawn swords and cocked juzzails.

NOTHING NEW IN MORALITY.

We are come too late by several thousand years, to say any thing new in morality. The finest and most beautiful thoughts concerning manners have been carried away before our time, and nothing is left for us, but to glean after the ancients, and the most ingenious of the moderns.

GLANCES AT HISTORY.

No. I.

THE REVOLT OF THE PORTUGUESE, OR THE FORTUNES OF DON JUAN DE BRAGANZA.

PORTUGAL'S day of power and glory had passed away, and the iron yoke of Castile pressed heavily on that unhappy land, under the administration of the detested Olivarez, the all-powerful minister of Philip the Fourth. That haughty and imperious tyrant resolved to blot out Portugal utterly from the list of nations, and annex her territories to Castile, as a dependant province. With this view, all the important offices were conferred on foreigners, generally base-born, rapacious minions of the minister. Don Miguel de Vasconcellos alone, the secretary of state at Lisbon, was a native of Portugal; but he was noted for his unbounded subserviency to Olivarez, whose fit and willing instrument he proved himself in all the efforts made to crush the nationality of his country. Proud and cruel, he deported himself, in his intercourse with others, as if clothed in sovereign power. The vice-queen, the noble Margaret of Savoy, Duchess of Mantua, was a mere nominal ruler, for Vasconcellos governed in all things with uncontrolled sway. Hated by the nobility, whom his haughty demeanour displeased and insulted, the secretary hated them cordially in return, and contrived, by his intrigues, to produce and foment jealousies and quarrels among the first families of the realm. But his chief policy, his most artful finesse, consisted in exhausting the resources of the people by excessive taxation.

Portugal suffered and sighed; but, as a recompense for the grievances endured, the Royal Gallery at Buen Retiro was enlarged and embellished. To the complaints and remonstrances of the oppressed Portuguese, Olivarez made the heartless reply: "That the expenditures of monarchs are not to be regulated or restricted by the miseries of their subjects!" While on the one hand, the wealth of the kingdom was transferred to foreign coffers, its natural resources were, on the other, exhausted and extinguished. Prejudicial treaties and conventions had long since opened the Portuguese colonies to the rapacity of adventurers from other countries. The once powerful navy of the nation was annihilated—Guinea and the greater part of the East Indian colonies were lost—the Spice Islands had been ceded to Castile, and Cadiz had supplanted Lisbon as the chief mart of commerce. The fortresses, on which immense sums had

been expended, were suffered to fall to decay, so that the nation might find no defence in them. The administration of justice was corrupted and perverted; and the tribunals were declared incompetent to decide in any controversy between native citizens and Castilians; and, finally, Olivarez designed to cap the climax of oppression, by depriving the kingdom of the flower of its nobility. The revolt in Catalonia furnished the pretext for this measure. The nobility and their vassals were summoned *en masse*, and the estates, honours, and lives of those who were refractory or disobedient, were declared forfeit. This harsh measure caused one universal burst of indignation. "We are required," it was said, "to shed our blood in a cause alien to us. Ours will be the danger of the struggle, while Castile alone will, in the event of success, engross the honours and benefits." The fate of the Dukes of Egmont and Hoorn was remembered, and the insulting demand made by Olivarez, to a deputation of the Portuguese nobles, to consent to a union with Castile, so that thenceforward the latter alone should be named, was too well recollected, as, also, was the imprisonment of the Dukes of Port-leger, Miranda, Prado, Sabugal, and Cruz, for their refusal to accede to the proposition. It was thus impossible to misconceive the object of the present measure, and a recourse to arms was indispensable, as life, liberty, and honour, were at stake. Such were the sentiments of the people, and such the situation of Portugal, in the year 1640.

One man alone seemed blind to the dangers impending over the country, mocking the general dismay, by luxurious feasts and lavish dissipation, and devoting himself wholly to the enjoyment of pleasure, while the hearts of the people were filled with consternation and mourning. To the sorrow of most, and the astonishment of all, this man was JOHN, DUKE OF BRAGANZA, the greatest landed proprietor in the kingdom, and by descent the legitimate sovereign of the country. The fundamental law of the realm, acknowledged at Lamego by king and people, had established the succession in the female line in default of male heirs; but the heiress was required, on pain of exclusion, to select a native Portuguese for her husband. Hence, when the male line became

extinct by the death of Don Henry, the Infanta Catharine, daughter of Prince Edward, the son of King Emanuel the Great—and who had been married to Duke James of Braganza—was the legitimate queen, and consequently, after her death, her grandson, Juan de Braganza, was entitled to the throne. This claim of the house of Braganza was acknowledged in the hearts of the Portuguese, while suffering oppression from their foreign rulers, and produced both the wish and hope of having once more a native-born king.

But vain would this hope have proved, if Don Juan had possessed the impetuous spirit and restless ambition of his father, Don Theodore. He would infallibly have fallen a victim to Castilian jealousy, and with him would have perished for the fortunes of his house and the hopes of Portugal. With consummate policy he concealed the plans of his aspiring soul, shrouding himself in an impenetrable veil of dissimulation. Nothing could induce him to take an active part in public affairs—nothing arouse him from his apparent supineness and apathy, or turn his regard to matters of national concern. In this manner, he lulled to rest the suspicions of the Spanish court, and Olivarez regarded him as in truth the harmless and unambitious being which he appeared to be.

When, however, popular commotions broke out in various parts of the kingdom, the cry everywhere was "Death to the Castilians! Long live the Duke of Braganza!" Olivarez then discovered who was the most dangerous person in Portugal, and he instantly resolved to secure the Duke of Braganza at every hazard. Undisguised force he feared to employ, for he dreaded opposition from the people. As a preliminary step, the government of Milan was offered to the Duke, but he excused himself, on the ground that he was unacquainted with the affairs of that territory. He was then required, as hereditary constable of the kingdom, to assume his proper station at the head of the nobility, and participate in the expedition against Catalonia. Don Juan, however, courteously evaded this requisition also, pleading in excuse the disordered state of his finances, and was thus enabled to remain in comfortable retirement at Villavieiosa. Soon after, the Duke received a royal rescript, committing to him the defence of the Portuguese coasts, threatened with invasion by a French flotilla. The order conferred on him almost unlimited power to strengthen the garrisons of the fortresses, and to appoint officers at his discretion. The Duke neither could, nor dared decline the honourable appointment, though aware that it was designed merely as a new snare for him. Don Lopez Ozorio, the

Spanish admiral, had, in fact, secret instructions to allure him on board his flag-ship, and send him in irons to Spain, as a prisoner of State. Providentially, a sudden storm dispersed and destroyed the invading flotilla, and thus extricated the Duke from this peril; yet Olivarez did not desist. Another, and most flattering letter invited Don Juan to undertake a tour of inspection, to examine the forts and defenses in the interior of the kingdom. Money to defray the expenses of the journey, was placed at his disposal, so that compliance was unavoidable. The Duke, however, used his delegated authority to place many of the more important fortresses in the hands of his friends. Travelling with regal pomp, and a numerous and well-appointed retinue, he not only secured his personal safety during the journey, but used the occasion to attach all hearts to himself, by the amenity of his manners and his gratifying condescension, thereby laying a sure foundation for the success of his meditated enterprise. This was not what Olivarez had designed, for the Spanish Commandant, at each of the fortresses, had received secret orders to seize the person of the Duke. But the project failed, as the cautious Inspector General was always attended and surrounded by a strong body of armed and devoted retainers. Meantime, the crisis rapidly approached. Pinto Ribeiro, the Duke's Intendant, and confidential friend, laboured assiduously to organize a conspiracy in his favour. He artfully approached the discontented, inciting some by direct complaints against the Spanish Government, and instigating others to revolt, by more covert attacks and insinuations, as difference of character or temper required. He reminded the nobles of the former prosperous and glorious times, and of the pitiable part they were now constrained to act. He reminded the clergy that foreigners exclusively were raised to the high and honorable stations of the church, which could be regarded only as a stigma and an insult to the native priesthood, whose rights and privileges were shamefully violated. To the populace he discoursed of the prevalent distress, and the derangement of business, and when they grew warm, he adroitly turned the conversation to the Duke of Braganza. "It is to be lamented," he would say, "that he who alone was able to save them, was lulled asleep in effeminate indulgences and retirement." Thus Pinto aroused, inflamed, and prepared his audience, of whatever rank or class.

The Archbishop of Lisbon, Don Rodrigo d'Acugna, and Don Miguel d'Almeida, first associated themselves with the zealous intendant. These three, with Don Antonin Almada, and his son Don Louis, Don Louis d'Acugna the pre-

late's nephew, Don George Mello, Don Peter d'Mendoza, Don Rodrigo d'Sau, the arch-chancellor, and several others stationed about the court, but whose offices had long since dwindled into empty titles, assembled in Don Ahnada's garden on the 12th of October, 1640. The Archbishop portrayed in glowing colours, the wretched condition of the kingdom, and Pinto proposed to place the Duke of Braganza at their head, proclaiming him king even against his will, if he should decline that perilous honour.

The conspirators acceded to this proposition, and commissioned Don Pedro d'Mendoza to communicate to the Duke the wishes of the meeting. Mendoza forthwith journeyed to Villavieja, but the magnitude of the danger appeared to alarm and confound the Duke, to such a degree that he declined giving a decisive reply, without a previous consultation with his private secretary, Viegas. Mendoza then withdrew, leaving the Duke to his own meditations.

When at length Viegas appeared before him, in obedience to his summons, he imparted to him the nature of the communication he had received from the conspirators, and stated the doubts and difficulties which perplexed his mind. "Permit me, gracious sir," said Viegas, "to propound one query. If the projected revolution be successful, and the people should determine to change the form of our government from a monarchy to a republic, would you adhere to their interests, or prefer and advocate the cause of Spain?"

"I should in that case adhere to and maintain the interests of my native land," answered the Duke. "If so," proceeded Viegas, "it is superfluous to offer you advice; you must already be conscious with which party it is your duty to connect yourself. Heaven offers you a crown, and the opportunity of avenging yourself on your enemies. Embrace it at once. If it be now permitted to pass away, it may perhaps never return.

"I am resolved; but what am I to do?" rejoined the Duke.

"Gracious sir," said Viegas, "he who properly ponders the importance of such an undertaking, must perceive that it is impossible to be assured, at once, and in advance, of all the means requisite for success. These depend greatly on a happy seizure of events and opportunity. We must learn to hazard much occasionally. Let the issue be as it may, a Prince having such indisputable claims to a crown, must unhesitatingly risk everything, and bravely use every effort in the support of his pretension, even though the struggle were certain to result in discomfiture and death. In my view, the path of duty is plain before you; I would, however, advise you to consult your noble duchess, who has an equal

interest in the subject with yourself. She possesses a sound understanding, an enlarged and penetrating mind, and true greatness of soul. Make her your confidant and councillor, and attach due weight to her opinion."

Donna Louisa de Guzman, daughter of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and descended from one of the most ancient and noble families of Castile, was one of those rare women who happily combine masculine strength and decision of character with female loveliness and delicacy. Ambitious of honourable fame and distinction, she admired enterprises that were bold and noble. Though a foreigner, she had assumed entirely the manners and dress of the Portuguese people, and thus, while blessed with the love and confidence of her husband, she had secured the attachment and devotion of the populace.

When consulted on this important occasion, she exclaimed:

"It is better and nobler to die contending for a crown, and for the liberty and independence of the nation, than live in peace, as a pampered, or in dread, as a suspected slave! It is evident that Olivarez will not be content with less than your utter ruin. Anticipate him, therefore, by acceding at once to the proposal." This decided the matter. The Duke sent for Mendoza, and declared that he had concluded to accept the proffered crown, and would thenceforth co-operate with his friends. Mendoza attempted to kneel and kiss his hand, in token of homage, but the Duke would not permit him, saying:

"It is yet too soon, let us first assure ourselves of those things which may contribute to the success of our enterprise."

[TO BE CONTINUED].

INFLUENCE OF CUSTOM IN EDUCATION.

The methods of our education are governed by custom. It is custom, and not reason, that sends every boy to learn the Roman poets, and begin a little acquaintance with Greek, before he is bound apprentice to a soap boiler or a leather seller. It is custom alone that teaches us Latin grammar; a tedious and absurd method. And what is it but custom that has for past centuries confined the brightest genius, even of the highest rank, in the female world, to the employment of the needle only, and secluded them most unmercifully from the pleasures of knowledge and the divine improvements of reason. But we begin to break all these chains, and reason begins to dictate the education of youth.—Watts.

INDEPENDENCE.

To be truly and really independent, is to support ourselves by our own exertions.—Porter.

MONTREAL GALLOP.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The melody in the Treble clef features a series of eighth notes with slurs and accents, while the Bass clef provides a rhythmic accompaniment of quarter notes.

The second system continues the piece, featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the Treble clef and a triplet of quarter notes in the Bass clef. The notation includes various slurs and accents throughout both staves.

The third system concludes the main section of the piece. It features a triplet of eighth notes in the Treble clef and a triplet of quarter notes in the Bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and the word "Fine" written in italics.

Trio

The Trio section begins with a key signature change to one flat (B-flat). The first system shows the Treble clef with a melody of eighth notes and the Bass clef with a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

The second system of the Trio section continues the melody in the Treble clef and the accompaniment in the Bass clef, maintaining the eighth-note and quarter-note patterns.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a rhythmic, galloping style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. There are several slurs and accents throughout the system.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. It continues the rhythmic pattern from the first system, featuring complex rhythmic figures and slurs.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. The music continues with intricate rhythmic patterns and slurs, maintaining the galloping character.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. The notation includes various rhythmic values and slurs, contributing to the piece's energetic feel.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The letters "D.C." are printed at the end of the system, indicating a Da Capo instruction.

OUR TABLE.

THE LAST OF THE BARONS.—BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

THE pleasure we have derived from a perusal of this novel, has been very great. Splendid as have been some of Bulwer's previous efforts, this exceeds them all. It is emphatically a Romance of History; and in it the author has presented us with sketches of the most eminent men whom England, rich as she is in gigantic names, has ever given to the world. The time chosen for the tale is the stormy period when the "Wars of the Roses," deluged England with blood,—when York and Lancaster, each contending for the throne, waged war, brother against brother, sire against son. The chief characters are among the mighty barons whose will "made and unmade kings," and foremost among these is "Warwick, the King Maker," a name familiar in the early history of the Island Empire, as one of the mightiest of the Norman Knights who then imagined themselves the hereditary rulers both of King and people.

But mighty as these Barons were, a mightier power was growing up unheeded beside them. Commerce was strengthening her giant limbs, and spreading herself over the whole land. A newer class was growing into existence. Ages have passed since then, and that newer class has steadily pursued its way; and the descendants of the Barons have declined in power as their apparently humble rivals have increased. The force of the physical could not cope with that of the intellectual man. The dawn of this revolution was breaking at the time of which Bulwer speaks in the tale of "The Last of the Barons," and the revolution then foreshadowed has been long since wrought.

With such a subject, and with such characters, it would have been strange indeed if the author of "Rienzi" had not made a splendid tale. He has amply fulfilled the anticipations which the announcement of the projected work created in the literary world, by which his book, though not received without criticism and dissent, has been joyfully welcomed.

FOREST DAYS—A ROMANCE OF THE OLD TIMES.

THE above is the title of another historical romance, which, in scenery, character and incident, is somewhat similar to that of Bulwer. It is written in a simpler and less ornate style, though not on that account less interesting. We do not think it the best of James' works, though it may bear comparison with the greater part of them. No one can read it, however, and fail to admire it, as a picture of the stormy period to which it refers; nor is it possible to avoid feeling an absorbing interest in the fate of the different per-

sonages introduced. To the admirers of fact and fiction, judiciously intermingled; this work will be invaluable, and in those who are not familiar with the history of the times to which it refers, it will almost of necessity create a desire to become acquainted with that stirring period of our national history. It is a book which deserves a very general perusal.

LIFE IN MEXICO.

Is a highly interesting volume, written by the wife of the first Spanish minister, accredited to the republic by the Mother Country.

As a matter of course, the authoress had the best means of seeing the fairer view of Mexican character—having, by her connexion with the Ambassador, had the *entree* of all the better circles. Being gifted with a highly cultivated mind, she made the Mexicans her study, and, in writing to her friends, furnished them with sketches of what seemed worthy of remark. A friend, who enjoyed the pleasure of perusing her correspondence, suggested its publication, which, after it had undergone some necessary pruning, was complied with. The result was the pleasant volume now before us, which, having thus been written without any intention of publication, is free from all attempt at ornament. It is the effusion of a frank, cheerful, and accomplished woman, and, as such, possesses many charms, which in more pretending tomes we might look for in vain.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS—BY T. H. MACAULAY.

A NUMBER of Macaulay's magnificent articles, originally published in the Edinburgh Review, have been collected and republished under the above title. To say more of them would be like an attempt to "paint the lily." They are masterpieces of composition, and the language in which they are written is drawn from the "pure well of English, undefiled." Commendation is unnecessary, and criticism impossible; but we beseech those, if any such there be, who have not read them, to possess themselves of the book, and enjoy the intellectual feast which it affords. There are few such to be met with, even now, when the press is daily yielding its mighty tomes, for the instruction and amusement of the world.

We are under the disagreeable necessity of apologising for the want of an engraving to accompany this number of the *Garland*. The want of any resident artist places us under the necessity of sending to a great distance for embellishments, and in addition to the irregularity of conveyance at this season, we have to endure various disappointments, even when to our thinking, most secure against them. The deficiency, however, will be supplied in May, and in the meantime we must throw ourselves upon the forbearance of our readers.