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THE  
**L I T E R A R Y   G A Z E T T E .**

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1839.

No. 10.

(ORIGINAL.)

**AUNT MARY'S NOTE BOOK.**

BY E. M. M.

*Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.*

And now my story, (if such it may be termed, while it consists only of simple incidents, calculated to draw out the character of those amongst whom I was a sojourner,) takes a darker hue, the clouds of passion, anger, revenge, and of grief, are collecting, to fall on the devoted heads of those who have slighted and resisted the voice of friendship and religion. Alas, why should they involve the innocent; but while the sun shines alike on the just and the unjust, so will life's tempest break equally over God's most favoured children and the sinner, not in anger, but in love—for he draws nearer to those, who in wisdom he chastens, and compensates their light afflictions of a day, by infusing more strength, more hope, and more faith into their troubled souls, and displaying to their enraptured view a clearer knowledge of those glories for which He is thus preparing them in a brighter world.

Thursday, the eventful Thursday arrived; we were sitting at the breakfast table, where we had lingered to talk over the gay preparations which were being made for the approaching bridal morn of the fair sisters, when Mr. Harrington suddenly entered the room, with a newspaper in his hand, his countenance expressing the most intense agony—he threw himself into a chair, gasping, speechless.

"Good heavens, my dear," said Mrs. Harrington, with the utmost indifference, and a smile on her lip; "are the corn laws repealed, or what has Mr. Roebuck been doing to move you so unusually?"

"Madam," returned Mr. Harrington, striking his hand emphatically and violently on the table; "I am a ruined man—my banker has stopped payment, and you are all beggars."

It may well be imagined the effect which was produced by this terrific speech. Mrs. Harrington uttered a wild shriek, and was immediately seized by an hysterical affection, while Marion fainted in the arms of Aaron Feldbach. Belinda rushed towards her father, and fell weeping on his neck.

"Good God, is it indeed the case?" enquired Captain Harrington, taking the paper, which fully corroborated the calamity; "but your whole fortune was surely not embarked in one house."

"All but what I have unfortunately expended in speculations, which have failed. Almighty father," continued the unhappy man, clasping his hands; "how have I deserved this severe judgment?"

"Oh, my father, compose yourself, I implore you," cried Belinda, sinking on her knees; "your fearful agitation may make things wear a more gloomy aspect than is needful. God will not desert us—has He ever forgotten to show mercy or compassion—lose not your confidence, which has great recompence of reward."

Mr. Harrington could not reply, but folding her in his embrace, he wept like a child. After a time, he said mournfully:

"St. Margerets, the home of our childhood, must now pass into other hands, for it is no longer mine."

"Never, while uncle Sam is above ground," exclaimed Captain Harrington, in his loudest tone; "rise up brother, from this unmanly grief—leave these, screaming women to themselves, and come with me to your library."

He assisted to raise him as he spoke, and led him from the room. Mrs. Harrington was then conveyed to hers, while Marion, restored to herself by the assiduities of the Baron, continued pacing the room, distractedly wringing her hands. Belinda and I endeavoured to soothe her, but she cast us from her, and rushing past us, she flew to her own apartment, where she locked herself in, and to all our tears and entreaties, would make no answer. It was in truth a most miserable day—the first of those few unhappy ones which were to terminate my visit at St. Margerets. Belinda, as I expected, bore her reverse of fortune most heroically—indeed her thoughts were so completely absorbed for others, that self was forgotten—her greatest distress was

the being denied admittance to her mother and sister. Mrs. Fortescue and her ball were of course unregarded, and it was only late in the evening that Belinda remembered it was due to acquaint Captain Blanchard with the unhappy cause of their absence. In what trifles are our destinies weaved—had her note been sent but a few hours earlier, what heart-rending misery would have been averted.

At an early hour on the following morning, Blanchard, wrapped in his military cloak, unexpectedly entered Lindsay's study at the parsonage—his face was pale and haggard, his eyes glared and dull, as if sleep had not closed them through the night.

"Merciful Father," exclaimed Lindsay, starting from his seat; "what direful calamity have you come to tell me. Alas, Beljada!"

"Lindsay," said Blanchard, in a hoarse voice; if you can say aught to comfort a desperate man, you behold him before you—guiltless, yet with the brand of guilt upon him."

"Guiltless, and yet desperate—unravel this mystery, suspense is intolerable—sit down Blanchard, you look miserably worn."

Blanchard did so, and threw off his cloak; his disordered dress unchanged since the ill-fated ball, clearly showed that he had never been in bed.

"Lindsay," he asked, after a silence of some minutes; "have any idle reports reached so far as this, in which my name has been mentioned?"

"None whatever, Blanchard."

"Then there are some abroad, which calumniate me, on account of the unmeaning attentions which I have paid to that heartless woman, Mrs. Fortescue," and he ground his teeth in bitterness of spirit; "I have frequently, when prevented going so far as St. Margerets, been induced to ride with her, walk with her, or visit at her house. Her conversation amused me, and beguiled many an idle hour—I admired, and I pitied her, for she confided to me her unhappiness with her husband—beyond this I never went even in thought—do you credit me?"

"From my heart, Blanchard, else you would not have come hither."

"It had been well if others thought the same," continued Blanchard; "but these were quite sufficient to rouse the demon scandal, and false tales were spread and exaggerated in the neighbourhood, which at length reached the ears of Mr. Fortescue; this she revealed to me a few mornings ago, while shedding torrents of tears. I was annoyed on every account, but I hoped they would be entirely contradicted at the ball last night, by the appearance of Mrs. Harrington's party, and I went to it in gay spirits. Hour after hour fled away, I lingered at the door waiting, and watching for a considerable time, but in vain—none from St. Margerets were announced, which I could only account for in one way, that the evil stories must have reached them also. Good God, what harrowing reflections did this idea pro-

duce, feeling as I certainly did, undeserving of severe censure. I became angry and irritable, I swallowed large glasses of champagne to drown thought; I waltzed, I danced, until my brain reeled. At a late hour I was standing with Mrs. Fortescue, apart from the crowd, many of the guests were already gone—she had looked unhappy all the evening—tears were in her eyes, as she placed flowers in my hands, round which appeared a folded paper—I received them, scarcely conscious that I did so. What I said to her, I have not the slightest recollection—madness no doubt it was in such a moment. Suddenly her countenance assumed an expression of alarm, I turned round, and beheld Mr. Fortescue, who had been standing near us unperceived, his eyes intently fixed upon us. He came forward and demanded an interview with me, when a scene of violence, accusation and bitter recrimination ensued, which it is needless to recapitulate—he attempted to wrest the paper from my hold, but I thrust it into my bosom. He would then have collared me, as the term 'villain' burst from his lips—I raised him in my arms and hurled him furiously to the ground. The rest may easily be imagined, and I am to meet him an hour hence at the Heron's point."

"Great and eternal God," exclaimed Lindsay, clasping his hands, and gazing upwards with an agonised countenance; "this then is the return which thy creatures make for all thy rich mercies, for the sacrifice thou hast made to redeem them, for the blessings thou hast strewed in their path—they break thy commands, they trample on thy laws, and in their blind headlong passion, rush unprepared and charged with every sin into thy awful presence. Blanchard," he continued, rising in a state of extreme agitation; "you dare not meet death thus."

"Lindsay, if my mind had not been unalterably fixed, I should not have ventured here," returned Blanchard, also rising; "you may as well seek to quell the raging of the sea by your weak voice, as to change me from my purpose—it is imperative, my honour demands it."

"Imperative to commit sin, to commit murder, and to break the high commands of your Creator, who, according to your creed, has issued a fiat, which it would be improper and dishonourable to obey. Can such be the case?—you know it cannot. For what did Christ suffer?—to save us. For what did he leave the happiness of Heaven to become a wanderer, a man of sorrow?—to redeem us. For what did he bear and forbear, who when he was reviled, reviled not again—who, when he was treated with scorn, with every indignity which his enemies could inflict, murmured not. For what was all this, but an example for us to follow. You behold in His character perfection, and yet you say that your honour demands another line of conduct—demands vengeance, that the aggressor must be laid

low, etc the offence can be forgiven—what is honour, whose demands would overturn all that God considers great and exalted and good?—Surely a quality so noble must be perverted and cruelly distorted before it could produce results so balful, so ruinous.”

The vehemence with which the young minister uttered this, betrayed the intensity of his feelings—his eye kindled, his cheek flushed with holy ardour, while thus engaged in his duty to his Divine Master, and his earthly friend. Blanchard’s determined countenance underwent no change, as he stood with folded arms before him.

“Lindsay, your opinions are no doubt perfectly correct,” he replied; “nor do I deny their merits, but while the world sanctions duelling, and a slur would be cast over him who neglected to observe its claims, I do not possess the moral courage to defy it.”

“Alas, what a bad master is the world,” said Lindsay; “and what slaves are they who suffer themselves to be controlled by its false and unhalloved laws—in the sight of God what more deadly sin can exist than revenge—it is a passion so fearful in its nature, so frightful in its indulgence, that in wisdom and mercy He will not confide it to his sinful erring creatures, but takes upon himself the awful charge. ‘Vengeance is MINE,’ saith the Lord, ‘I will repay.’ How are you then justified in going forth to meet your enemy—compose your dark thoughts Blanchard, your trembling agitation, your violence, and in humbleness of spirit ask yourself how far your own sins have contributed to the present evil. This would be courage in reality, requiring more firmness, more manliness, more heroism, than the most glorious achievement gained by the high souled warrior; his conduct is considered great—this would be divine. You tell me you are guiltless—you must have very inadequate conceptions of the hold which sin has over your heart if you think so, and this is the saddest error which cleaves to fallen man—he is not aware of his state, if he is free from gross sin and but follows the customs and ways of the world, he is quite satisfied—conscience never troubles him—the remembrance of a judgment to come, viewed in the distance, appears dim and obscure. Alas, this is ‘crying peace where there is no peace.’ You may at least charge yourself with wilfully closing your ears to all serious impressions; in having in this last instance acted with extreme thoughtlessness, and situated as you are, inconsistency—you have never allowed yourself time for reflection—surely you have no defence to offer for this. Does not the mariner, who is steering in a difficult and dangerous pass, amidst shoals and rocks, keep constant watch, and make those frequent observations which will lead him in safety to the desired haven. The most minute action of our lives requires some thought, and shall

that which involves our salvation, be alone neglected, alone forgotten. I see you are impatient; bear with me, Blanchard, for my spirit groans within me when I reflect on where you may be in a few hours hence, should you persist in yielding to the dictates of blind haste and passion—and all the misery you will have heaped on one of the purest, the most confiding of earth’s creatures. Will not the name of Belinda stay you?” and he approached him nearly, laying both his hands on the arm of the agitated young man, and looking earnestly and beseechingly in his face.

“Oh, God, name her not, I implore you,” cried Blanchard, with deep emotion; “yes, that was a new agony, when I reached home last night to find her note laying on my table, full of all her own beautiful sentiments, yet written under heavy sorrow for her father’s losses. How did I curse my folly at that moment, and execrate the vain woman who had caused it, and who I have since found, could dance and smile while her favourite child was confined to bed seriously ill.”

“Blanchard, let me impress this truth upon your heart,” returned Lindsay; “never trust that woman who makes the faults of her husband the subject of discourse, particularly to a young man like yourself. It is not my object to offer remarks upon the conduct of Mrs. Fortescue, which your own judgment condemns, nor can it too severely condemn, since her vanity, greedy of admiration, light, frivolous, and totally unworthy the dignity of a wife, a mother, has led to all this misery; let the time given me be spent in urging you to pause one night, ere you dare in your present unprepared state, expose your life, your soul, to endless woe. You have a widowed mother, for mercy’s sake forget her not; you would not make her childless?”

“Lindsay, I may not stay to listen to you,” cried Blanchard, wildly; “nay hold me not, it is in vain. I fully appreciate your motives, I honour them—but it is now too late to draw back. Should we meet no more,” and his voice became hoarse and indistinct, as he drew a sealed packet from his bosom; “give Belinda this, and assure her that never for one moment has another than herself, found a place in the wayward heart of Harvey Blanchard. My friend, Mr. Danvers, has charge of a letter to my—”

Here he paused, unable to proceed—still Lindsay would have held him, but he broke from his grasp, and hurried past him. Little Gertude met him as he was leaving the house.

“Ah, my Harvey, is that you,” said the innocent child, clasping his knees; “where are you going?”

He raised her in his arms, he covered her with kisses, and then rushing out, he mounted his horse, and dashed off towards the town.

The fisherman’s boy, who daily brought fish to St. Margerets, was unusually late this morning.

when at length he made his appearance, he unfolded a tale which chilled the hearts of all who heard him. I was sitting alone in dear Belinda's room—she was with her father in his library, when suddenly Fanny entered, crying and sobbing most piteously.

"Oh, Mrs. Mary," said the kind hearted girl; "there is such dreadful news today, that I scarcely dare tell it you—poor dear Miss Belinda, it will break her heart."

"Alas, Fanny, what mean you," I exclaimed; "what has happened?"

"Jerome, the fisherman's boy, has just been here," continued Fanny; "and he says that early this morning, when his father was out with his nets towards the Heron's point, he heard the sound of fire arms, and the spot being very sequestered, he feared that something must be wrong, and hastened in the direction—when to his horror he found several gentlemen collected, and one extended on the ground, either wounded or killed, he knew not which. They desired him in angry tones to mind his own affairs and begone, which he obeyed, but he learnt afterwards the names of the gentlemen who had fought, which were Mr. Fortescue and Captain Blanchard."

I uttered a scream, and covered my face with my hands.

"All merciful Father," I exclaimed; "when are thy bitter chastisements to cease. Alas, my gentle child, and are thy fond hopes thus blasted forever—Fanny, tell me I implore you, did the boy hear which of the two was the sufferer?"

"No ma'am, he could not. Oh, if it is that beautiful Captain Blanchard, how dreadful it will be."

"It will be dreadful in either case," I almost groaned; "but until the truth is ascertained, I exhort you to keep the intelligence from your young lady, for the doubt and suspense would prove death to her. Go, Fanny, leave me I entreat, for I expect her every instant, and were she to find us thus together, she would certainly suspect some new misfortune."

Fanny retired weeping, while I remained in a state of suffering not to be expressed. Presently I heard Belinda's light step approaching—I trembled, as she unclosed the door—I looked fearfully in her face—a sweet smile played over it, which went to my heart.

"Why so sad, dearest Mrs. Mary," said the dear girl, throwing her arms round my neck; "you feel our misfortune far more than it deserves—I can assure you my father has become quite reconciled and composed, for uncle Sam has behaved with a generosity worthy of his kind and excellent heart; he will not hear of St. Margerets being sold, but has made such arrangements with my father, as to prevent the necessity. The chief evil now existing, is that Marion and myself are portionless, which is

of less consequence to her, as the Baron is rich. I trust mamma will admit us today—I have been ordering some nice fish from little Jerome, to tempt her with, for she has tasted nothing since yesterday."

"Is your father still at home, my child," I asked in a tremulous tone.

"Yes, and Lindsay is down stairs with him—he entered the house looking as dismal as if the earth had opened to engulf us all. I laughed at him, but instead of pausing to speak to me, he merely wrung my hand, and proceeded to the library, when I left him."

An hour after this, a message was sent to Belinda from Mr. Lindsay, requesting an interview. My knees actually smote together, as I felt persuaded he must have come to prepare her for the dreadful intelligence. He was very pale and considerably agitated on his entrance. I had no power to address him, but gazed on him with clasped hands. A sudden fear seemed to flit across the mind of Belinda, as she looked from one to the other.

"There is something more in this than the loss of worthless money," she cried in alarm; "what know you, that makes you thus cast such pitying glances upon me?"

"Belinda, my sister, be composed," replied Lindsay, pressing her hands in his, and gently placing her on the sofa, where he sat down by her side; "when God chastens his children, to bring them more nearly to himself, it is in wisdom and in love—yet he never leaves them comfortless. When all was dark in Egypt around the tyrant, and no sun, no moon was permitted to gladden the soil where oppression reigned, yet a light from Heaven shone over the Lord's people in the valley of Goshen, to raise their drooping spirits. It is even so with us—when sorrows overshadow us, and hope seems fled; a ray, faint perhaps, yet steadfast, pierces through the gloom, and assures us, that although cast down, we are not forsaken. God has been thus merciful to you this day—He has watched over one dear to you, even though he tempted his mercy and forbearance by breaking his laws."

Belinda uttered a piercing scream, and her head fell heavily on his shoulder. I flew towards her.

"Tell me that his life is not in danger, and I will bless you," she wildly cried; "Oh, Harvey, my own beloved, I knew it was of him."

"He is in no danger, he is well," returned the agitated Lindsay, supporting her; "but he is in heavy affliction—have you fortitude to hear all I am charged to tell you?"

"Yes, yes, dear Lindsay, in mercy speak on—oh, I feel very faint."

We chafed her temples, and I held her in my arms, while Lindsay delicately and feelingly recounted to her the interview he had held with Blan-

chard in the morning, which was succeeded by the duel. He informed her that Mr. Fortescue had been wounded, but God be praised, neither seriously or dangerously. How were my worst fears relieved, I could now breathe freely—but dear Belinda, to whom it had all been unknown, was powerfully affected, and it required our united efforts to soothe and console her. At length Lindsay's calm and mild reasoning appeared to have the desired effect.

"You tell me that you have just left him," she said, while tears of bitterness streamed down her cheeks, and the violent heaving of her bosom, expressed her internal sufferings; "oh, Lindsay, what a friend you have proved in this, as in all instances."

"I have but performed my duty as a Christian minister," replied Lindsay; "I may look for my reward yet, praise me not too soon," and he smiled sadly—but Belinda's thoughts were too much engrossed to heed his words.

"You have seen my father, Lindsay," she said; "how takes he this unhappy story?"

"As a father might be expected to do—he is indignant, angry, and at present it will be as well that you should not see him—I will endeavour to tranquillize him again before I leave the house."

And most strenuously did this excellent young man strive to do so—in a measure he succeeded, but not until Mr. Harrington, in the first burst of his passion, had penned, and despatched a letter to Blanchard, expressive of his sentiments upon the unhappy circumstances which had occurred.

St. Margerets was, indeed, at this time a troubled house; yet, for Belinda's sake, how thankful I felt to be its inmate; I persuaded her not to leave her apartment, where I continued with her the rest of the day; when Fanny brought in our slight repast, she told us that Baron Feldbach had not returned since the morning, when he had gone out at an early hour; "there is something very strange in it," she continued; "I met him when he was walking through the hall, and he had on a green coat with basket buttons, lemon coloured trowsers and brown *moschetos* on his upper lip."

"Do you propose having him cried, Fanny, by that minute description," I asked, unable to repress a smile.

"La, Mrs. Mary, how can you smile? I am sure he was going to drown himself, and though he is not a handsome man, still it would be a pity, and in such good clothes too."

"It would, indeed, Fanny, but I have no doubt we shall hear tidings of the Baron ere long."

Dear Belinda, what an engaging picture did she now present to my view, seated in the old arm chair and gleaming comfort and strength from the only wise book, her hand shading her eyes which were heavy with weeping. I stirred the fire into a blaze, and

drew my seat opposite, pursuing my work, that I might not interrupt her; suddenly she looked up, saying:

"This is my birth-day; it has been a sorrowful one, Heaven knows, but I am this day nineteen, and to obey the request of my beloved uncle Harrington, I ought to open the sealed packet, which he conveyed on the first night we met."

It seemed an interposition that anything should occur to divert her sorrowful reflections, and I suggested that this desire should be complied with; Belinda then rose, and unlocking the cabinet, took the packet from one of the drawers; she gazed on it in silence many minutes, while her tears actually rained over it.

"I scarcely think I have the courage," she said, in a faltering tone.

"My child, remember it is a duty."

This to her was conclusive, and she immediately broke the seal and unfolded the enclosure. Her countenance became very earnest as she read; at length, turning to me, deeply moved, she said:

"Oh, Mrs. Mary, had this been opened yesterday what happiness it would have afforded me, but today it scarcely removes a feather from my grief, and yet how grateful I ought to feel to the giver of all good, who, in a season like the present, sends such comfort; my beloved, my generous uncle, has bequeathed to me all he possessed in savings and in prize money, which appear to amount to some thousands."

Great was my surprise and joy on hearing this intelligence, and embracing her fondly, I replied:

"My dearest Belinda, this is indeed an unexpected rich mercy, nor may we withhold it from your father one moment; you must carry him the glad tidings yourself."

"No, dear Mrs. Mary, I cannot; I pray you to be the kind messenger with my grateful love, tell him it is his, as I am his," and she placed the packet in my hand. I left this dutiful child and hastened to the library of Mr. Harrington. I found him sitting moodily over the fire with uncle Sam, who had fallen into a happy unconscious dose, the index of a mind undisturbed. Mr. Harrington turned round on my entrance, and something like a frown crossed his brow.

"My dear Mrs. Mary," he said rising, "I am aware what kindly brings you here," but I can assure you it is useless, for the shadow of Harvey Blanchard shall never again cross my threshold." I was struck by his words and his vehemence, but instead of defending the object of his anger, which would only have increased it, I replied, "you mistake the purport of my intrusion, which is to announce that this is the nineteenth birth-day of your dear Belinda, and she sends you this with her love."

Mr. Harrington received the packet, and hastily scanned the contents, then clasping his hands and looking upward, he exclaimed, "Merciful God! thy

goodness is indeed infinite—thy ways inscrutable ; receive my humble thanksgiving.”

“ Bless my heart, what is all this,” cried uncle Sam, starting up at the sound of our voices ; “ has the Baron carried away any of the plate with him ? ”

Mr. Harrington answered him by revealing the good news, when a prolonged whistle expressed his astonishment ; then walking up to his brother he said in a tone of earnestness :

“ Belinda is now no longer portionless, and if you, to gratify your dogged obstinacy, banish that fine fellow, Harvey Blanchard, I will never forgive you.”

“ Samuel, you never were a father,” replied Mr. Harrington ; the events which have made that young man more known to me, have determined me not to trust him with my gentle child ; he would break her heart in a month. No, no, it may prove a trial to her to part from him, but my resolution is fixed ; no power on earth shall alter it.”

“ Let us waive this distressing subject tonight, my dear sir,” said I, anxious that he should reflect more calmly and dispassionately, ere Belinda was doomed to hear his severe, though, perhaps, wise resolve.

Have you no message for your patient, sorrowing daughter ? ”

“ Tell her that she is my only blessing, that I will see her tomorrow ; say all that your own kind heart will prompt,” he continued, pressing my hands in his, “ for tonight leave this packet with me, as I wish to study the interesting document of my excellent brother with more attention ; God bless you.”

He accompanied me to the door, when I left him to return to Belinda. During my absence, she had seen Mrs. Harrington and her sister, which had rather added to her distress.

“ It is painful to me to witness their total want of resignation to the divine will,” said she ; “ perhaps in my mother it may not be so surprising, who from long indulgence, cannot view a reverse of fortune, which will deprive her of many fictitious means of happiness, without shrinking ; but Marion, the gay the light hearted Marion, to be so completely overwhelmed, astonishes and pains me deeply.”

“ It is only what I expected, my dear girl,” I replied ; “ the gay spirits of Marion were not built on any substantial base, but on excitement ; the moment this ceases, they fail her ; she has no refuge to fly to amid her sorrows, which consequently prey and corrode on her heart ; the world which, in her days of sunshine, smiled and caressed her, will offer but poor comfort, amid the storm.”

“ Dear Marion closes her ears to the comforts of religion,” returned Belinda, mournfully ; “ I attempted to reason with her, but I only rendered her irritable, and when I mentioned the little shower of good fortune which had unexpectedly fallen upon me, she received it with apathy ; the good, she said, was to me, how could that affect her, as if I could receive any

benefit which I would not gladly share with my sister ; she appears to feel the desertion of Baron Feldebach at such a time sensibly ; his conduct certainly appears strange and mysterious ; happily the sorrows of the heart are spared her, since she loved him not, alas, these are the heaviest to bear,” and again did the tears of Belinda gush forth ; “ did my father speak of Harvey to you,” she enquired with emotion. “ He named him ; my child,” I replied, “ and he bids me say that tomorrow he will see you himself.”

“ I fear he is very angry with him, and I dread to hear the resolutions he may have formed. God help me and support me.”

“ Look forward with hope, my Belinda, your father is all kindness and will consult your ultimate happiness depend,” and I repeated to her all which I thought might console her under the pressure of her present feelings.

The day following, Uncle Sam took his favourite cane from its accustomed corner in the hall, and with an air of great determination, quitted the house, as if his mind was fully made up on some point which none should oppose ; he remained absent several hours, and on his return, held a long conference with Mr. Harrington, the result of which did not immediately transpire, but the astounding intelligence that the Bellona was to sail in two days, was soon known throughout St. Margerets. Poor, poor Belinda, how my heart bled for her, yet nobly did she sustain her trials, resigning herself with the fullest confidence to the will of her Heavenly Father. So touching and so beautiful an instance of the power of religion, I had never witnessed before in one so young.

It was Saturday, and we were sitting together, retracing all the occurrences of the past week, which had been so fraught with anxieties, when Fanny entered and presented a note to her young lady ; the moment Belinda cast her eyes on the superscription, her cheek blanched to the hue of death.

“ Is there any one who waits ? ” she enquired with a quivering lip.

“ Captain Blanchard’s servant is below,” replied Fanny, “ and he was desired to take back an answer. Oh, Miss Belinda, he says his master is looking dreadfully ill.”

“ Fanny leave me for the present,” returned the distressed girl, “ I will ring when my answer is ready ; ” she then unclosed the note, and as she read, a faint scream burst from her lips ; I gazed on her in alarm. “ Oh this is terrible ; this is indeed a dark picture of a mind alienated from God,” she cried in agony ; “ alas, how great is my punishment for loving one possessed of such passions—for suffering him to usurp such empire over my thoughts and affections. Read it, dear Mrs. Mary, for my eyes are blinded with my tears.”

The note ran thus :

“ Belinda, I am at this moment sitting alone in my room ; no eye is upon me, save His who I have of-

fended; it rests with you if I sin past forgiveness. Your father vows I shall never behold you more—the frigate will sail on Tuesday next. If you refuse to take leave of me, a loaded pistol now laying on my table, shall finish its dreadful work. Beware of the answer you send to a man desperate as

HARVEY BLANCHARD."

I returned the note in silence, while a heavy sigh escaped me.

"My father has been more severe than I expected," said Belinda mournfully; "but he is too good to follow it up so cruelly. I felt sure he would divide us; and I have been endeavouring to prepare my mind to meet the trial, but tell him, dear Mrs. Mary, I charge you go and tell him that if he denies me the consolation of a last farewell, he tries me beyond my strength."

But Mr. Harrington had already been won over by his kind hearted brother, whose morning had been devoted to this object; he had seen Blanchard, and promised to intercede for him, and he so completely softened the father's heart by recounting the distress in which he had found him, that Mr. Harrington could no longer refuse his permission for a last interview.

"Bless the impatient boy," cried uncle Sam on my showing him the note; "did I not tell him he should come, with his trash about loaded pistols; why, he has no brains to scatter to the four winds, so he may reserve his fire for a wiser head."

It may well be imagined, as the hour drew near which Belinda had appointed to see him, how great was her agitation; she could not rest in one position for an instant, every approaching sound caused a violent start, while her hands clasped convulsively, her whole frame trembling; all but too well expressed the internal conflict. I looked with terror on the fragile being as she paced the room, dreading lest she should sink beneath its violence. The dark shadows of evening had long enveloped every object from without in gloom, not a star shone in the heavens, while the wind moaning through the trees seemed to add to the oppressive melancholy of her thoughts; she would not have the lamp brought into the room "this light suits me best," she said, as the fire lent a dubious shade over her pale form; "but hark what sound is that; oh, merciful Father, give me strength for my hour, I beseech thee."

I held her or she would have fallen to the ground, while the quick tramp of the well known steed was heard approaching. She spoke not, moved not—the hall door was opened, voices were heard, a hurried step ascended the stairs, and in another instant Harvey Blanchard stood before her. The change in his appearance, since I had last beheld him, was fearful; all serenity had left his fine expressive face, and that beautiful play of feature was replaced by a settled look of despair most painful to witness: he seemed equally struck by the state in which he

found Belinda—he rushed forward and received her from my arms.

"Shall I call your father, my dear child?" said I, really alarmed.

"Oh, no, no; do not leave me; do not leave me alone," gasped the fainting girl.

"Good God, have I then fallen so deeply in your estimation that you fear me?" said the young man in a voice of agony.

"No, no, but your note terrified me," and she looked fearfully and enquiringly on his muffled dress; he tore open his vest and pressing her hand on his manly bosom, said, while a sad smile for an instant crossed his face:

"There is nothing here to harm you, dearest, nothing but a heart wronged and broken; Belinda, were you aware of your father's letter to me?"

"Never, never, Harvey, or it would not have been sent."

"God bless you for those words—then you do not renounce me."

She laid her gentle head down upon his breast, and clung more nearly to him; this was her only answer, but it affected him far more than a thousand protestations could have done.

"And this is the being I am required to yield," he said in bitterness, as he turned for an instant towards me; "what have I done to forfeit the promise made to me. Belinda, I scarcely thought your father capable of such cruelty; the taunting manner in which he alluded to his loss of fortune being a reason why I should not regret the change in his sentiments, was an insult to my fidelity I can never forget, and then my country, to upbraid me with its faults, its vices, its passions, as if it stood alone in these, but he was your father, and I conquered my indignation."

This was uttered with a suppressed resentment, which, it was evident, he had great difficulty to surmount.

"Be patient, dearest Harvey," returned Belinda, in her most soothing tones; "my father must have lamented having been hurried into that which his excellent heart and better judgment would afterwards condemn; passion is a sad enemy to yield to; have you not sometimes found it so?"

He pressed her affectionately as her sad smile met his gaze.

"Belinda, every word you utter makes me feel still more the treasure I have lost; none ever had the power over me that you possess—not even my mother. I heard from her only yesterday—a letter full of congratulations on my happy prospects. Alas, where are they?" dashed from my lips; "by ——" here he paused; "but is it even now too late," he continued, starting; "might not your father still be won, Belinda, my own darling, answer me; nay, do not shake your head—you can refuse me nothing this last night."



"It would be in vain; I know my father well, dear Harvey; I have not dared to address him on the painful subject, harrassed as he is by other cares."

"Belinda, if you send me from you again alone, you doom me to ruin, had I any motive, any stimulus to raise me, above the temptations by which I am constantly surrounded, it would guard me from them."

"Oh, my beloved Harvey, can you have a more noble motive than duty, and gratitude to God, a higher reward than eternal life," replied the dear girl, drawing away from him and gazing earnestly and seriously in his face, "if these holy ties bind you not, would one of earth hold you? never, never."

"I wish to God, I could feel it so, my Belinda, but I appear to be a mark for the divine wrath, nothing prospers with me."

"All chastisements are sent in love, dearest Harvey, not in wrath, the still small voice you have slighted, and God now speaks to you from amidst the whirlwind, because he wills that you should be saved, neglect not his warnings, else heavier sorrows than this will encompass you."

"If I lose you, Belinda, I am indifferent to all else, I care not what becomes of me."

"Alas, your devoted mother, has she no claims upon your affection?"

Blanchard covered his eyes with both hands, after a brief silence he suddenly said in an animated tone:

"Belinda, would your father consent to our union, before my departure, if I promised to leave you under his charge," this abrupt enquiry was startling, the pale cheek of Belinda crimsoned as she paused to reflect, ere she replied:

"No, dearest Harvey, that cannot be, since the obedience I now owe to my father, would be transferred to you, and if you desired it, my duty would be to accompany you."

Blanchard marked her hesitation before she answered him, and this encouraged him to urge her, so eloquently that I perceived her resolution was fast failing her, when Mr. Harrington entered the room. He looked much distressed on beholding the altered appearance of these young people, and taking his daughter in his arms he said:

"Blanchard, I confess my hastiness in having written to you as I did, and I am sorry for it, but when the happiness of this dear child was involved, you cannot be surprised."

Blanchard accepted the hand he extended in amity, and then replied:

"You wronged me, sir, in many things, but I can forgive you."

"You are looking extremely ill," remarked Mr. Harrington with anxiety, "I grieve that your own inconsiderate and intemperate conduct should have caused such misery to you both, God knows how it will all terminate."

"That rests with you, sir, Belinda's sense of duty

impels her to bow to your severe decision, but she is sinking under it."

"Blanchard, you have no right to blame me for what your own folly has produced—you had my free consent—happiness was in your hand, but if you cast it from you, is that my fault. You would not have me give you my innocent child, while the tongue of opprobrium is raised against you—while a husband and father lies wounded on his bed, stricken by you—ere the calumnies are explained and removed which darken you. No, it is impossible, you cannot ask it."

"No sir, I cannot expect you to suffer your daughter to accompany me, I feel that I have forfeited that blessing—but not all claim to the fulfilment of your promise. Let us only be united before my departure, and I will cheerfully leave her with you, until you conceive me more worthy of your confidence."

Mr. Harrington started, he looked from Blanchard on Belinda, who kneeling before him with clasped hands, gazed on him with silent agony.

"Is such your desire, my child," asked the father, deeply moved.

"Oh, my father, my earnest desire is to fulfil my duty at the sacrifice of all else, even if I die under it," she replied, in tones which seemed to pierce the hearts of all who heard her; "but had you seen Harvey as I have seen him, assisting the helplessness and soothing the sorrows of your aged mother, you would love him even as I love him. Think of his devoted conduct in watching over the dying bed of your brother—think how, at the risk of his own life, he saved your child, and deny not the claim he has upon your gratitude."

She ceased, when Mr. Harrington raising her in his arms, while tears rushed to his eyes, placed her in those of Blanchard, as he said:

"Enough, you have conquered—take her Blanchard, she is yours—on the day of your embarkation shall your union be cemented, with this restriction, that you solemnly promise me on the word of a man of honour, not to withdraw her from the parental roof without my free concurrence."

Blanchard pressed the beloved girl convulsively to his heart—for a few moments he was unable to reply, he then said:

"I pledge you my sacred word to adhere to the stern decree—should the service upon which I am going, terminate speedily, I may possibly obtain leave in a year—during that time I shall have the comfort to know that she is safe with you, but I fear you will not remain at St. Margerets so long?"

"Yes, my friend, it is happily so arranged," returned Mr. Harrington, laying his hand kindly on his arm, and endeavouring to smile; "nor in giving you my Belinda, do you receive a portionless wife—I will explain this to you anon."

"She is rich in her own dear merits," replied

Blanchard, imprinting a fond kiss on her beautiful forehead, as he still supported her, "and I ask no more."

With what interest I had listened to this trying scene, I need not say—I knew not what to think of the result, but I felt that all things being in the hands of divine wisdom, would work together for the good of these interesting beings.

Blanchard now enquired for Mrs. Harrington and Marion, expressing a wish to see them, but they declined, under the plea of indisposition—he looked hurt.

"My friend, there is no offence meant to you," said Mr. Harrington; "the ladies would not see you, unless they had made *la grande toilette*, if they were never to behold you again in consequence; but come, Bell, my child, and help to make your old father's tea—I have missed you sadly these last two nights. Blanchard, bring her down stairs, and our kind friend Mrs. Mary will aid us with her pleasant society."

There was an effort made by us all to render the rest of the evening more cheerful, but it was difficult and constrained, only one more day and Blanchard would be far away. Belinda sat by his side, her hand fast locked in his, while the sad expression in his eyes revealed his thoughts—the kind hearted Captain Harrington looked on them with commiseration.

"And all this comes of taking a bad aim at an apple-pated banker," said he, in a discontented whisper to me; "I have half a mind to order a file of men to carry off the bride from the church gates; we would turn the laugh against my good brother from the deck of the Bellona then I think."

I relieved Belinda from the duties of the tea table, soon after which I retired, as I felt that Mr. Harrington might wish to hold a private conversation with Captain Blanchard.

The eventful morning too soon arrived, and was ushered in by gloom and heavy rain. After much entreaty, Marion was prevailed on to attend her unhappy sister, as bridesmaid, but Mrs. Harrington found herself still unequal to leave her room, or even to see her daughter, as she said it would make her nervous. It required all my efforts to support Belinda through the requisite preparations, and when I beheld her dressed and decked in the bridal habiliments, she looked to me like a lovely sacrifice, about to be offered up unto death—every tinge of colour had left her cheek, which was white as the robe she wore. I led her to her father, who was also painfully agitated, but he strove for her sake to command his feelings. Poor Lindsay received us at the church door, and conducted us into the vestry—none could read his thoughts, so beautifully calm and placid was his countenance as he breathed words of strength and comfort into the ears of the distressed girl. I actually dreaded the arrival of Blanchard,

and felt thankful for every moment which permitted time for her to recover more composure; but he detained her not long. Captain Harrington announced his approach, accompanied by his friend; Mr. Danvers, when Lindsay immediately advanced to meet him, and wrung his hand in silence. Not a word was spoken by any one—he took the hand of the trembling Belinda, and walked with her towards the altar, where they both knelt down. With difficulty I commanded my tears, but the deep sonorous voice of Lindsay, commencing the affecting ceremony, recalled me to myself. It was finished, the book closed, they rose from their knees and gazed for a moment wildly on each other—nature could bear no more—Belinda uttered a piercing heart-rending cry, and rushed into the arms of her husband. His look of despair, as he held her there, can never be forgotten—he pressed his lips repeatedly on her brow, her lips, and then gave her to her father, saying in a hoarse discordant tone:

"Thus do I perform my promise; depart with her instantly, else my strength will fail."

Belinda's frantic shrieks, as her father carried her out, followed by Marion, were dreadful. She held out her arms imploringly, while Blanchard stood with his folded, firm as a rock; but the instant she was removed from his sight, his fortitude fled, and he sank against one of the pillars, covering his face with both hands, while the most convulsive sobs burst from his agonised heart. Captain Harrington and Mr. Danvers, both deeply affected, supported him, while the dear excellent Lindsay stood before him, endeavouring to administer consolation. I had lingered, for my sympathy in his sufferings was beyond all expression, and as I did so, the sight of that fine noble form enduring a prostration of grief, which I had never before witnessed, was most truly afflictive to my feelings. I would have drawn near, but Lindsay waved me off, and slowly and sorrowfully did I, as I cast one last glance towards the group, leave the church and re-enter the carriage, which rapidly drove back to St. Margarets. Belinda was perfectly insensible, and remained so for many subsequent hours.

In the course of the day we learnt that Blanchard marched down to the beach with the troops—his step was firm, his voice clear and commanding, but the pale cheek, the sunken eye, the stern compressed lips, told of internal suffering, that not even pride could conceal. The beach was lined with spectators, to watch the embarkation, while many a fair hand waved, as they entered the boats that was to convey them to the Bellona, on the deck of which stood Captain Harrington in all his glory, and the band playing the spirit stirring air of "Rule Britannia." Blanchard sprang up the side of the gallant ship, and stood awhile apart from all—he then suddenly started, and rushed amidst the group of officers on the quarter deck, where he could no

longer be distinguished. Ere the night closed in, the frigate had sailed.

The state in which Belinda remained became very alarming. Mr. Harrington sent off for the physician, who usually attended in his family, and who remained with her until a late hour. He appeared to feel much concern for his interesting patient, for he partly knew her story, and a father himself, he could well sympathise in her young sorrows. Towards midnight the wind, which had all the day been violent, increased to a very tempestuous height—this added considerably to her misery; every gust seemed to strike like a knell on her heart. I would not leave her for an instant, but continued to walk the room with her for hours together, as movement seemed alone to allay her sufferings; Marion also came in frequently to see her sister, and displayed more feeling upon this occasion than I had yet witnessed in her; poor Fanny could only weep and lament over her youthful mistress, who, at length, towards morning, we placed on her bed, perfectly exhausted; the effects of the physicians' composing draught then commenced and to my infinite relief she sank into a deep sleep. For several days she continued so ill as to be unable to leave her room; but at the end of a week, this terrible internal conflict gradually became more calm, when she could again read, or listen to the consolations afforded her by religion. Nothing could exceed the affectionate attentions of her father at this trying period; he repeatedly expressed a fear to me that he had acted too harshly. I strove to convince him that no parent, under the same circumstances, could have shown more lenity, or consideration, even for one who had offended him; more he could not have conceded with propriety.

About a fortnight after the departure of the Belona, two letters were one morning delivered to Mr. Harrington; the first he opened was from Baron Feldbach, dated Frankfort, and which I have endeavoured to render into better English than his limited knowledge of the language could offer. It ran as follows:

SIR,—You will no doubt have felt surprised at my abrupt departure from your hospitable mansion, but it would have proved so painful to my feelings to say farewell to your beautiful daughter, that I was constrained rather to appear ungrateful than to encounter so severe a trial, since the present state of your affairs renders a union with that charming lady impossible; you have conceived me to be a rich man. I was so when first I had the honour to make your acquaintance in Paris, but unfortunately my fortune since that period has been entirely dissipated by play, and I have for the last year been obliged to open a *pension* in Frankfort for young English gentlemen, to maintain my little family. I believe I forgot to mention to you, that I am a widower, with three lovely children, very like myself. I had hoped by making an alliance with your daughter, to have

gained for them an amiable mother, and to have risen above my present degraded state. This will at once explain to you why I am unable to fulfil my engagement with one who I shall ever remember with feelings of the deepest respect and admiration. You will not be offended at the enclosed account, for lessons in German to Miss Harrington, during my sojourn at St. Margerets, as I cannot afford to lose my time without remuneration. I have the honour to remain, Sir, &c.

The indignation of Marion, on reading this happy epistle, may be imagined, and was only equalled by her self congratulation at the escape she had experienced. The idea of three children like himself, and a *pension* in Frankfort—how horrible to her refinement, how humbling to her pride.

"The frightful creature," she exclaimed; "as a rich man he was most repulsive, with his odious smoking and faded brocade dressing gown in the morning; but as a poor one, insufferable; an amiable mother for his hideous children—wretches, I would have strangled them all. Good heavens, what an escape—why my loss of fortune has proved the greatest blessing. I will never shed another tear for it."

The perusal of the second letter caused a very different sensation; it was from Captain Harrington, dated Cove of Cork, and was thus expressed:

DEAR JAMES,

We arrived here, where we had orders to take up a draft of the — Regiment, last Monday, but they have been countermanded and are to remain stationed in Ireland, for the present, and I am to proceed direct to Malta to bring home the — Regiment. Your deliberate cruelty to Harvey Blanchard, has had the effect which might have been anticipated in one of his temperament—he was seized with brain fever soon after we sailed, and is considered in a very dangerous state. Murray and Danvers have taken charge of him to —, where his mother resides. If Bell is all that I think her, she will lose no time in joining her unfortunate husband. If the boy dies you deserve to swing for it. Your loving brother, &c.

How dear Belinda was to be prepared for this new affliction we knew not; but Mr. Harrington felt it his duty to gently unfold it to her immediately. She received it far more calmly than we expected.

"I have now a motive for action," she said, rising up from that overwhelming despondency which had bowed her down; "I trace in this the finger of God. He is leading him to himself, and I must not repine at the means he takes, even should he die. My father, will you, oh, will you take me to him?"

"Yes, my darling, my own Belinda," replied Mr. Harrington, tenderly embracing her; "but are you equal to undertake so long a journey yet?"

"Oh yes, yes, today—this moment, suspense alone is intolerable."

Soon were the arrangements made, and the ear-

niest day fixed. Whole pages could not express all I felt at this time for my sweet young favourite, whose present excitement I knew to be far beyond her strength. When she went to bid adieu to her mother, while tears of agony bedewed her cheeks, Mrs. Harrington calmly said, as she half raised herself from her couch to embrace her :

“ Good bye, my dear ; you will in all probability go to Dublin ; I wish you would choose for me a rich silver grey poplin dress ; stay, I think I have a ribbon of the shade—Sparkes, look for it in that drawer ; not there—then it must be in the lower one.”

Vain, heartless woman, even while I felt anger I thought how far more due was pity. Most affectionately did Belinda take leave of me, and thank me for the blessing which, dear girl, she said I had proved to her amidst her trials. I could scarcely speak to her, so overpowered was I by emotion ; but I gained her promise to write to me constantly. She saw Lindsay also, and never had I witnessed any want of fortitude in him until he pressed her hand, and gazing on her sweet pale face, as she stepped into the carriage with her father, beheld it drive rapidly away. He then covered his eyes with his handkerchief and stood for a while silent. What his thoughts were I could not tell, but as he turned to bid me farewell, the expression on his countenance was one of unutterable regret and sorrow. From that moment St. Margerets became to me desolate, and most gladly did I leave it to return home, two days subsequently. The sequel of my beloved girl's story I have collected from her letters since that period, and I now continue it in my own words.

Belinda bore the fatigues of her journey to Ireland, better than her anxious father had expected, notwithstanding the very boisterous weather they encountered in the channel. Mr. Harrington would have proceeded by easy stages to ——, but each night that they halted she was so restless and anxious, that he soon found it more trying to her health, than the fatigue of constant travelling—she was impressed with the miserable idea that she would arrive too late.

“ Oh, if I am only permitted to behold him once more,” she would exclaim, in a voice of agony ; “ I think I could yield him up in resignation—spare him, spare him until then, most gracious Saviour, and then thy will be done.”

It was late in the evening, when, after several days, they reached the Glen of the Echo, in which stood the residence of Mrs. Blanchard. They drove down a circuitous road, shaded in summer by the spreading branches of elm trees, over a singularly constructed bridge, which arched a deep ravine—the scene was wild, and at this season dreary ; the house was a pretty low white building, with sloping roof in the cottage style. The door was opened for them by Blanchard's own servant. Poor Belinda, how dreadful were her feelings at that moment—she endeavoured

to speak, but words were denied her, and she could only clasp her hands and gaze in the man's fate.

“ How is Captain Blanchard—does he live ?” demanded Mr. Harrington, in a tone of deep anxiety.

“ Oh then, by the powers he does sir, God be praised,” replied Connolly, “ the mistress has been expecting you and the young lady all this blessed day.”

“ Great God, I thank thee,” murmured Mr. Harrington, with fervour, as he raised his eyes to Heaven. “ Belinda, my beloved child ; do you hear ? your husband lives, your prayers have been heard.”

She was lifted from the carriage, and conveyed into the house, where Mr. Murray received them. He applied restoratives to the temples of the fainting girl, and addressed her soothingly and encouragingly.”

“ May I see him—may I go to him immediately ?” were the first words she uttered, when a copious flood of tears had relieved her.

“ In a little time you shall,” replied Mr. Murray kindly, “ but I should wish to see you more composed first, and that you endeavour to prepare your mind for the alteration you will find.”

“ I am prepared for every thing,” she cried ; “ all I prayed for, was to behold him again. Oh, do let me go at once.”

“ I will announce you to Mrs. Blanchard, who is now in his room,” returned Mr. Murray ; “ we dare not leave him by himself for an instant. Sit down, I entreat of you—I shall not detain you many minutes.”

Mr. Harrington supported his trembling daughter, as she remained waiting, and watching in that state of mind which may be imagined, but can never be described—the military cap of the dear sufferer lay on a table, and near it his sash and sword ; even these mute objects had power to touch the inmost chord of her heart—a beautiful portrait of him, taken when a boy, adorned the chimney piece—Belinda could scarcely discern it through her tears ; but the same lofty, noble countenance, the eloquent blue eyes, the smile, were all traced by a master hand, which appeared to have delighted in its subject ; the picture served to rivet her attention until the return of Mr. Murray, who came, accompanied by a tall interesting woman, clad in mourning. She instantly came forward and received Belinda in her arms—neither could speak ; yet that one fond embrace seemed to act as a cordial on the drooping, afflicted mother, and the young and sorrowing bride.

“ Now, my dear young lady, you shall come to him,” said Mr. Murray, taking her hand to lead her away ; “ he is at present sleeping, which is the happiest moment you could see him in ; but this will never do,” he continued to the poor trembling girl, “ courage, there is a good child—this way.”

On gaining the door of Blanchard's room, Mr. Murray cautiously unclosed it ; one solitary lamp was burning on the table, while the fire threw its flickering

light on a bed at the farthest corner. Belinda looked fearfully towards it, but it appeared unoccupied. She turned from this to a couch, and there lay extended the form of Harvey Blanchard—his cheek pale as death itself, his head shorn of all its glossy hair, and his arms tossed above it—an Indian Lebedo was thrown carelessly over him. Mr. Murray drew the agitated Belinda close up to him, at the same time laying his finger on his lip; hers seemed moving in secret prayer, as she knelt down by his side, and bowed her head on the couch. After a silence of many minutes she ventured to look in his face, there was a convulsive movement in his features, which expressed the disturbed state of his mind, and she shuddered. Mr. Harrington, who had lingered below with Mrs. Blanchard, had now entered with her, and as he gazed on the affecting objects before him the words seemed to ring reproachfully in his ears, "Those whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

"But thou knowest I did what I conceived my duty," he mentally groaned; "Oh, punish me not by this young man's death, most gracious Lord."

The sleep of Blanchard was brief. On unclosing his eyes, they fell on the kneeling form of Belinda; their dull, glazed expression, told how unconscious he was of her presence. She attempted to take his hand, but he started up wildly exclaiming:

"Ha! the evil spirit—let it not haunt me—I have seen such in my dreams—off, off, touch me not—begone."

How dreadful were these words to the unhappy girl. She turned to Mr. Murray, fearfully.

"You must not heed him," he said softly; "it is ever thus, in such seasons of delirium—the most beloved objects become those of hatred and distrust—he seldom allows his mother to approach him. Come Blanchard, my friend," he continued, placing his head back quietly on the pillow, "lay still my good fellow, there are none here to harm you."

"Do you not see the spirit?" he wildly cried; "haul up the anchor, and let us be gone. Hark how the breeze freshens—we have passed St. Margerets, no lights are there—all is dark, dark, for Belinda is dead."

Again would the weeping girl have raised his hand, but he dashed her from him with violence.

"Will you dare?" he demanded in angry tones; "away from my sight—see, she falls! ha, ha, ha!"

Belinda would indeed have fallen, had not Mr. Murray caught her.

"Oh! Harvey, my beloved boy, it is your own beautiful wife," said his distressed mother, drawing near him; "do you not know Belinda?"

"Wife, I have no wife—they forced her from me—and though she implored me to take her, yet I would not—did you not hear her wild shrieks—they murdered her after I was gone."

"Oh, this is too much, I cannot bear it," ex-

claimed the wretched Belinda, pressing her hands over her eyes that she might hide him from her sight; "my father, my dearest father, pity your poor child, and pray for her—I cannot pray, the words I would utter are an agony to me."

Mr. Harrington placed her on his knee, and as her face rested on his bosom, he murmured words of affection, of hope, united with fervent prayers to Almighty God, that this bitter cup might pass from her. Mr. Murray earnestly solicited her to leave the room, and retire to the one which had been prepared for her reception.

"As your presence seems to produce so much additional excitement," he said; "you must for his sake forego appearing before him, until a salutary change takes place."

Mr. Harrington, in low tones, enquired his opinion of Blanchard's state; he answered doubtfully and with hesitation, at the same time adding that his naturally good constitution and his youth, aided by Divine Providence, might rise against the increasing exhaustion, produced by such constant unnatural vehemence.

"This is all I can say at present," continued Mr. Murray; "I shall remain with him until the crisis of his disorder has passed, which we may look for ere very long—may it realize our hopes, and not our fears."

Belinda cast one long and sorrowing glance towards the couch. Blanchard had again started up, and was calling on the names of his companions—it was a heart-rending spectacle, from which she at length suffered herself to be led, while his voice, his wild laugh rang in her ears, until she gained her own apartment, accompanied by Mrs. Blanchard, who seemed to feel deeply for the affliction she beheld. She embraced her again and again, with fond affection, for who could so well sympathize in all her sufferings as this devoted mother, who, beholding in her the most cherished object of her beloved son, naturally felt drawn towards her in no common degree. After remaining some time with her, she departed, promising to call her at early dawn, or sooner, if her presence were required. The prayers which the unhappy Belinda breathed this night, were offered more in heavy sighs and moanings, than in words—but her Heavenly Father knew the thoughts of her heart, He beheld her humbled and prostrate before him, He witnessed the faith, the resignation she displayed, and when did He turn from the broken and contrite spirit—even where the requests may in mercy be withheld, will He support, and console, and eventually make up for all that He takes away.

Belinda had but just laid her aching head upon her pillow, when her anxious father entered the room, he could not go to rest until he had seen her once more.

"Alas, my child," he said, as he hung affectionately over her, "if remorse for having done that which

A thought was right, is so hard to bear—how dreadful must be the feelings of the wilful sinner—can you forgive me the misery I have caused you.”

“My father, my dear, dear father,” returned Belinda, clasping him round the neck, “I beseech you add not to my grief by this self reproach—Angels could not have been kinder—think you the decrees of Almighty God may be changed by man—oh no, no, we shall yet see the wisdom of this bitter trial; what consolation you have afforded me by consenting to our union—I have now a right to watch over him, to tend him, to be with him. Nothing can again separate us but death, and even that only for a time—on earth we must expect tribulation, but He who overcame the world, has another not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.”

Mr. Harrington embraced his child in silence, his heart was too full for utterance, he then left her to that repose which her exhausted frame so much required. Belinda was suffered to sleep on as long as nature kindly blessed her. When she awoke, some minutes elapsed ere she could recall her confused thoughts, she looked around her, and every object upon which her eyes rested, appeared strange and unknown. The apartment she occupied was small, but simple and neat, in its white draperies. She rose to unbar the casement, the prospect that met her view was highly picturesque—beyond the thick umbrageous woods, rose lofty mountains, which gave a richness and character to the scenery entirely new to her.

“And this is his home,” she exclaimed, as she stood gazing without in admiration; “amidst these wilds were passed the innocent days of his childhood—how often must his light young foot have traversed each well known spot, his merry laugh resounded through the woods and vallies—that beautiful, joyous laugh, shall I ever hear it again—that dear, dear voice, speaking to me in accents of affection, nay its chiding tones, what would I not give to listen even to them—but oh, those wild incoherent words, let them not harrow me more, most merciful God!” and she covered her face with both hands as she shuddered.

On descending to the drawing-room, she was greeted by her father and Mrs. Blanchard. Harvey had slept for several hours through the night, and what intelligence could at present prove so grateful to her ears. It was indispensable in the deranged state of Mr. Harrington’s affairs, that he should return immediately to England—both parent and child felt much at the thoughts of being separated, but they knew they must submit to it. Their parting was painful beyond all words, and as Belinda watched the carriage which conveyed him away, until a turning in the road closed it from her sight, her tears streamed afresh, while a sense of desolation for the moment overwhelmed her, and constrained her to cry in piercing tones:

“And hast thou also forsaken me—alas, who have I now to support me in my sorrows.”

But such bitter thoughts lasted not—after an hour spent in the solitude of her room, she came forth calm and resigned, prepared to meet the trials and conflicts of the day. She was not allowed to enter the chamber of the invalid, but at his door was she constantly to be seen, listening and keeping watch; each time that his voice reached her, would she have rushed forward, had she dared. Already had she gained the good will and commiseration of all within the glen—her youth, her distress, and peculiarly interesting appearance, soon called forth the warmest sympathy of the kind hearted beings by whom she was surrounded; but above all, as the wife of their young master, who was perfectly idolized amongst them—she was beheld with all that warmth of attachment, so commonly displayed by the Irish peasantry. To Mrs. Blanchard she naturally clung, and from her experienced the utmost affection and attention. She found her a mild, amiable woman, whose early sorrows, aided by a life of great seclusion, had produced in her an habitual morbid melancholy, which was but rarely exchanged for cheerfulness. She was possessed of a mind by no means strong, and few could have been less qualified for the charge of a being so volatile, and of such quick temperament as Harvey Blanchard. As far as her own light had reached in the knowledge of religion, she endeavoured to instil it into him, but united with the gloom he beheld in her, he viewed it with distaste and suspicion, as if it would mar rather than form his happiness, and this early impression remained unaltered for long years in the fullest force. She would recount to Belinda the history of his childhood, and dwell upon every incident connected with his early career. She spoke in terms of the warmest regard of Colonel Harrington, to whose friendship she had owed the advancement of this dear son in life.

“Ah! my child,” would she say; “your sorrows are great, but they are not without hope—think what I must have endured, when the father of my boy, as young and quite as beautiful as he, left me, to serve in the field, and I never beheld him more—can the day, the hour, ever be forgotten when the news reached me. All were rejoicing at the great and glorious victory—bells were ringing, lights were burning, and the songs of triumph resounded in answering peals from vale to vale—but alas, all was dark and silent in the Glen of the Echo, for the hearth was made desolate—the husband was slain; and now, behold my only treasure, my noble Harvey, the pride of my widowed heart, laying a helpless maniac before me. Can I see THAT form become cold and stiff in death—carried from my sight and lowered into the grave, and yet live—oh, never, never.”

Belinda cast herself weeping into the arms of the distressed mother.

"Let us trust in Him, who breaks not the bruised reed," she murmured; "today have those blessed words sustained me: 'this sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God.' If I were to cease from prayer, or from resting on Him one instant, my spirit would then despond—but on this rock am I upheld above every unfaithful fear, or mistrustful thought of his goodness and mercy. He will never forsake us in so dark an hour."

It was evening—Mrs. Blanchard, fatigued and weary, had retired to take a few hours repose, previous to resuming her sad vigils through the night. Mr. Murray, having deputed Connolly to remain in the apartment of his master, was engaged writing letters in the drawing room—while Belinda, the anxious Belinda, suffering from an indescribable sense of loneliness, stole to the door of her beloved Harvey, there to take her station until they returned; she remained some time, listening to every sound within, when the footstep of one apparently pacing the room, attracted her attention—she knew that this was his custom since his illness, and that he had made frequent attempts to leave it; she heard no voice and in the gentlest manner she half unclosed the door, when she beheld him, with folded arms, walking slowly and in solitary mood—his tall graceful form enveloped in his military cloak, and on his head the small velvet cap, which he had worn since the loss of his hair. How did her heart yearn towards him. He repeatedly paused, and looked intently on Connolly, who, sitting in a large easy chair, had fallen into a deep sleep; he would then approach the casement, which was closely barred—these he at length commenced removing, when Belinda, discovering his object, immediately sprang into the room, calling on the man, who started from his seat, confused and alarmed.

"For mercy's sake look to your master," she cried, "oh Heavens, he has opened the window—he will be gone."

She rushed forward, followed by Connolly; they attempted to hold him back, but he dashed them off and darted into the balcony, which led by steps to the garden beneath—he descended these, and pursued his way to the wicket gate.

"Call Mr. Murray, instantly, bring lights," shrieked Belinda, as without an instant's hesitation, she followed him into the gloom, but he had escaped through the gate ere her fleet steps could reach him, and was already approaching the bridge over the ravine.

"Oh merciful God, save him, save him," she cried in agony, wildly clasping her hands. He now stood still, and leant over the slight balustrade, at the same time turning his head—the white dress of Belinda caught his eye; in a moment she was by his side and had taken his hand—his eyes glared on her fearfully.

"Ha, spirit of the murdered Nella—why dare to haunt me thus," he cried in a hollow tone, "I deceived you not—away, away, I am seeking another—what, you will not heed me, behold the yawning gulf, there shall you go and be reunited to the body which found a grave beneath its dark stream."

He raised the now terrified girl in his arms as he spoke.

"Harvey, dearest Harvey, harm not your own Belinda—oh, mercy, mercy!"

And she struggled to free herself, but in vain. He lifted her from the ground, and held her over the abyss, the frantic scream which burst from her in a moment so awful, seemed to paralyze him; he laid her down again and trembled violently, in the same moment a strain of solemn music, borne upon the breeze from a neighbouring Catholic chapel, arrested his attention.

"Hark, there is her requiem; they say it ever follows that dying shriek—poor lost Nella, they have treated thee basely—but was it true—oh, no, no; who then is this?" and he looked down on the almost insensible Belinda, who lay at his feet—he knelt on one knee by her side, and raising her head, supported it as he gazed long and earnestly in her deathlike face; whether a gleam of reason shone through his mind and discovered to him the truth, or that exhausted by the exertion he had made in his weakened state, it is difficult to say—but suddenly a faint sensation stole over him, and he fell across her. In this situation he was found by Mr. Murray and the servants, a few minutes afterwards; both were immediately conveyed back to the house; Blanchard they laid on his bed, where he remained insensible fully an hour while Mr. Murray expressed extreme anger at the carelessness of Connolly, and much anxiety for the consequences of such fatigue and exposure to the night air—poor Belinda he endeavoured to soothe, and persuade to retire, but the intensity of her anxiety would not suffer her to leave the room—she hung over the object of her solicitude, bitterly weeping, and pressed her lips on his beautiful brow, as she wiped away the cold dew which weakness had raised. At a later hour, Mrs. Blanchard entered, happily, ignorant of what had occurred, and took her accustomed station at the foot of the bed. Towards morning, Blanchard became affected by violent shiverings; the countenance of Mr. Murray betrayed his uneasiness, though he said little—he now insisted on Belinda's leaving him, and led her to the door. With what feelings she heard it close upon her, who could describe.

For several days after this fearful night, Harvey Blanchard hovered over the valley of the shadow of death—few hopes were felt, and fewer words were spoken, but the hearts of all were weighed down by grief and anguish.

One of these miserable evenings, a poor old blind harper made his appearance in the Glen, led by a

little dog; he struck a few wild notes under the window of the dear invalid, where Belinda and Mrs. Blanchard were stationed;—his venerable grey hair floating in the winter's wind, his coarse minstrel garb fastened round his waist by a leathern girdle, his scrip and the beads pendant from his belt, gave him a most picturesque and interesting appearance.

"Ah, there is poor old O'Donnel," said Mrs. Blanchard mournfully; "Belinda, my child, let us go and welcome the wanderer for the sake of our dear Harvey."

On descending the stairs they found O'Donnel already in the porch. Mrs. Blanchard conducted him into the dining room, and made him sit down, where refreshments were brought to him.

"You are come in a sorrowful hour, O'Donnel," she murmured; "the Glen no more echoes the laugh of Harvey Blanchard," and her tears gushed forth as she spoke.

"The winds are in the hollow of His hand," replied the old man; "He who cast down the oak, may yet spare the sapling."

Belinda crept close to the stranger, as he uttered these words, and pressed his withered hand.

"Whose gentle touch is this?" he asked; "for the eyes of O'Donnel are closed to all that is bright and beautiful in this world, and he sees you not."

"It is the wife of your young master," replied Mrs. Blanchard; "she has come to watch over his sick couch, and to comfort me in my affliction."

"God will reward her," said the old man; "listen to me, young mourner," he continued, as he retained her hand in his; "it was on a winter's eve like this, only the storm blew loud, and the rain had drenched the tattered garments of the blind harper O'Donnel, when he reached the Glen of the Echo, and knew not where to seek for shelter—he heard young voices, and he called to them to lead him in safety to some friendly cabin—but they deceived him, and enticed him, laughing, to the brink of the ravine, where they threatened to leave him. In earnest they could not have been, for who so young could be so sinful, yet were they cruel. A noble boy, returning from his day's sport in the woods, beheld their wickedness, and flew to the old man's rescue. With his single arm he drove them away, and taking the stranger's hand, brought him to his mother's dwelling, and there gave him shelter till the morrow—that boy was Harvey Blanchard—think you God will desert him in his need?"

"Oh, never, never," cried Belinda, convulsed by sobs, as she listened to the tale; "my brave, my noble Harvey—how like him."

"He has wandered in far countries since that period," resumed O'Donnel; "and has but rarely visited the Glen—yet do I come once a year to ask how he fares. Alas, when I learnt this day the sad tidings of his illness, my harp would no longer breathe notes of gladness."

He now rested his instrument, which was of a peculiar form, upon his shoulder, and commenced playing several plaintive and simple airs—every note of which vibrated on the hearts of those who listened, so associated were his melancholy strains with their thoughts of him so beloved. Belinda felt unable to remain; she placed her offering in the minstrel's cap and hastened away to her own room, when casting herself on her knees, she murmured:

"Oh, my father, help me to surmount this intense grief, to rise above this overwhelming despondency; when I prayed to thee that I might but behold him again, I thought I could then have resigned him—thou granted my petition, but where is my resignation? I think, if his reason were restored, if he knew me, and that I witnessed his mind in a prepared state, surely I could bear more patiently thy chastising rod. Hear me then, gracious Lord—dispel the clouds which overshadow him—send the light of thy holy spirit into his heart. Oh, lead him to thyself. To thee I yield him, and in another world thou wilt reunite us, never more to part."

Belinda rose up far more calm and composed. She then returned to the chamber of her husband. Mr. Murray met her at the door, and made signs for extreme silence; he pointed towards the bed, where she beheld Blanchard, for the first time since his illness, in a profound slumber.

"I shall consider the moment of his waking the crisis of his malady," said Mr. Murray; "would you like to take the first or second watch by his side?"

"Oh, let me stay with him now," she eagerly replied, for this indulgence had never before been conceded to her.

"You do not fear to be left alone? Nay, look not so reproachfully, for it may prove a greater trial of your fortitude than you are aware. I shall remain in the next room waiting your summons." He then left her.

The feeble rays of the lamp but dimly revealed the objects in the apartment; one alone, however, absorbed all her thoughts, all her care. The pale face of Blanchard was turned towards her, and as she fondly gazed upon it, her memory wandered back to the first night they had met, when, in the plenitude of health and manly beauty, he stood before her.

"Yet how far more beloved now," she mentally said; "when borne down like a flower in the storm, I behold him laying helpless before me; alas, when the tempest has passed, will he rise again?"

Her Bible rested on her knee, and from time to time she would glean from its promises new hope, new strength. No kind of fatigue assailed her, though hour after hour passed and a distant clock chiming, warned her that it was midnight. Blanchard continued so still that she leant over him to assure herself that he still breathed, and she uttered



a prayer of thanksgiving as she felt his warm breath fan her cheek. At this moment she fancied she heard a movement in the room beneath, she knew no one was sitting there, and she felt surprised; she listened attentively until the sound of the window being cautiously raised, convinced her that she was not mistaken; presently a slow heavy foot ascended the stairs, it drew nearer and nearer, Belinda trembled and gasped in agony. She looked fearfully towards the door, the lock was turned, it opened and the dark form of a man carrying a lantern, his face concealed by a black crape, stood in the entrance, he advanced into the room, and she perceived a pistol stuck in his belt, yet she uttered no scream, she made no movement; she pointed to the bed, laying her finger on her lip, then clasped her hands imploringly; she offered him her watch, her rings, all that she had of value near her; the man gazed fixedly upon her and from her on the sleeping Blanchard. What was her emotion, her surprise, her gratitude, when, with a gesture of refusal, he then bowed his head and silently retreated.\* She had scarcely time to recover from her agitation, when Blanchard, making a slight movement, unclosed his eyes, and asked for water. Belinda held to his lips the cooling beverage, which had been prepared. He drank it without looking at her, but as she gently laid his head back upon the pillow, their eyes met, and he *knew her*. What a moment of rapture for her.

"Gracious God, Belinda, my own darling," he murmured faintly; "where am I, and how came you in this place with me—it cannot be St. Margaret's."

"No, dearest Harvey," she replied, her voice faltering from intense feeling; "you shall hear another time—you have been ill, but God has dealt graciously by us all this night."

"I have surely suffered strange and terrible dreams of late," he again said; "I thought you were lost to me forever—come nearer to me love, let me be convinced that my senses do not deceive me—are you indeed my own Belinda?"

She laid her head down on his pillow, but her tears were now falling so fast that she was unable to answer him. He tried to raise himself, but was unable—Belinda assisted him, and was supporting him in her arms, when Mr. Murray, who had frequently approached the door to listen, on hearing voices, entered the room. Blanchard gazed upon him in astonishment, while Mr. Murray knowing from the expression of his eye, the happy change which must have taken place, approached him with a smile, saying:

"Well Blanchard, my dear fellow, how fares it with you? Ah, this is right, this is as it should be," he continued, pressing his hand; "the fever is fast abating, and he may dismiss me when he likes."

"Oh, God be praised," exclaimed Belinda, with unwonted fervour; "this moment repays me for—" but ere she could conclude, nature, already exhausted by fatigue, alarm, and anxiety, could not sustain the sudden reflux of happiness caused by these joyful tidings, and she fell forward on the bed in a state of insensibility.

Mr. Murray, alarmed for the effect this might produce on his patient, instantly raised her, and carrying her from the room, summoned her attendant Norah to her assistance. On returning, he found Blanchard considerably agitated.

"Is she ill," he asked; "why have you removed her. Good God, Murray, explain to me all that seems so inexplicable."

"My dear friend, calm yourself, I beseech you," replied Mr. Murray; "speak no more tonight—your forbearance will be amply compensated another time."

Blanchard seemed to ruminate awhile, when confused recollections and images rose up before him—his eyes then became gradually heavy, until they closed again in sleep. When next he awoke, another day had dawned.

How needless and how impossible to describe the gratitude of the devoted mother, when, resuming her duty in the sick chamber, she learnt that danger was no longer to be apprehended. On her knees, in humble thanksgiving, did she offer up the acceptable incense of praise to that Almighty Power, who beholding and pitying the affliction and distress in her widowed home, had sent from the mercy seat of Heaven a winged messenger of His love, to heal the son of his malady, and to bind up the wounded and aching hearts—for He is full of compassion and goodness. If we were but capable of appreciating them, there is scarcely a day when we might not, like the Patriarch of old, while wandering in a strange land, raise up an altar in grateful adoration for some mercy received. But, alas, too often is the shrine at which man pays homage inscribed, as that of the Athenians, "to the unknown God." For how may we dare affirm that we know him, whose name we seldom mention, whose word we never read, whose precepts we slight, and whose divine example to pray, we lightly regard, and consider but an occupation suited to the heated imagination of an enthusiast, or the weak bigotry of a fanatic.

Belinda continued so unwell the following day, that not all her entreaties could prevail on Mr. Murray to allow her to leave her apartment. He said she needed rest and care, nearly as much as Blanchard, to whom, with the utmost caution and delicacy, he unfolded all that had transpired since they left England.

"Then she is really with me—I was not deceived last night," asked Blanchard, in a faltering tone, who listened to him with rapt attention; "I began to fear that I did but dream it."

"It was no dream, my friend," returned Mr. Murray; "the moment your illness was announced to her by Captain Harrington, she proceeded with her father to Ireland."

"And a dear treasure you possess in her, my son," said Mrs. Blanchard, who with her arm fondly clasping him, gazed on his pale beautiful face—his deep earnest blue eye, with maternal love; "a gracious God could alone have guided you in your choice of such a wife, my Harvey."

"And not my own wisdom," replied Blanchard, faintly smiling, as he affectionately kissed her; "but I believe you are right, she is indeed a gift from Heaven, may I prove deserving of it."

In the evening, Belinda gained permission to enter his room for a few minutes; at his own request he had been removed to the sofa, and as she drew near him, the rays of the lamp falling on her, discovered to him her altered appearance; he was much distressed at it.

"I fear they have suffered you to endure more fatigue than you are equal to, my beloved girl," he said, as she knelt down by him, and pressed her lips to his.

"Oh, no, no," she eagerly replied; "I have rarely been admitted here, and never was allowed the privilege of sitting up with you till last night—I think I should have suffered less, had I not been so excluded; but those bitter days are passed, and no more shall we be divided."

"And do you think I can make you happy, so far away from your loved St. Margerets, Belinda?"

"On earth I cannot conceive greater happiness than to be with you always, Harvey—the corroding fear I have for so long experienced of parting with you, darkened the light of my onward path, which nothing but the strength and consolations I derived from above, could have in any measure dispelled; yet even with these it was a heavy trial," and she shrank, as memory recalled the events of the past.

"My angel wife," said Blanchard, tenderly; "hitherto I have caused you far more pain than pleasure—but I trust the scene may henceforth be reversed." He raised the hand on which he had so recently placed the ring, as he spoke, and gazed for a few moments upon it. "Of this dear pledge, none can again deprive me," he continued; "mine and mine only are you now and forever."

The cheek of Belinda rested on his bosom, while this was uttered in a tone of the deepest emotion—fully did she participate in his feelings, while tears of grateful love glistened in her eyes—but moments like these were brief, since it was so necessary to his recovery that he should not in the slightest degree suffer excitement; added to which, Mr. Murray having expressed some anxiety for the delicate appearance of Belinda, his mother became doubly watchful over this, her now and most interesting daughter. But the malady of Belinda being entirely

mental, whenever the cause was removed, her mind recovered its elasticity, her cheek its own beautiful tinge, her form its round and exquisite symmetry, to the delight of those by whom she was so much beloved. At the end of another week, Blanchard had regained sufficient strength to walk, with the help of a stick, through the house—soon after which Mr. Murray took his leave, accompanied by the prayers and blessings of the grateful mother, and mutual expressions of regard and friendship from Blanchard and Belinda, which were never afterwards forgotten. The Glen of the Echo now became a scene of domestic happiness, perfect and unalloyed; the illness of Blanchard had evidently wrought a favorable change in his character, had softened his temper and subdued these frequent ebullitions of passion which formerly made him as much an object of fear as of love, had led him to feel the uncertainty of life, even in the earliest bloom of youth and vigour, and taught him that "the race is not to the swift, or the battle to the strong," but that wisdom, "better than weapons of war," consists in the knowledge and love of God, and in following those divine commands, which He has given us for our truest happiness while on earth, and for our guides to a world of glory—his affection for Belinda was manifested in a thousand ways and increased tenfold since their union, during the period of his convalescence she would read to him or converse upon those subjects which were daily becoming more interesting to him, for a mind and heart like his could not receive such repeated warnings without their making a due impression; all his faults and follies had hitherto sprung more from want of reflection, than want of principle—from the day he left home his own master, he had been constantly exposed to temptations, at first the freshness of his feelings made him shrink, but the fear of ridicule and the force of example soon conquered these young scruples, and he followed the stream until the power to reflect became almost extinct within him. The repugnance which he then felt to every thing serious, his impatience when controlled or advised, his dislike to religion, which he allied with cant and hypocrisy, raised a barrier between him and his maker that only the Divine arm could cast down, but the proud and reluctant heart was at length taught its humbling lesson of self knowledge, and made to feel its debt of gratitude to that Saviour who had suffered death to redeem it from its sins. His mother had always appeared to Blanchard more in the light of a sister than a parent; what this lost for her in authority, he amply compensated in the fondest affection and the kindest attentions, though his playful manner and lively sallies never spared her, or were checked by the offended dignity she would endeavour to assume, even while a smile hovered on her lips—in her estimation he could do no wrong—for him she lived, for him she would have died—the tie which linked them was so pure, so holy,

that while others more passionate, yet less enduring, might lay withered and destroyed around it, this would bloom amidst the darkest tempest, and had it been even beaten down by the biting blast of ingratitude and neglect, would have risen again, bruised but not broken, crushed but not extinct. For his sake Belinda soon became inexpressibly dear to her. There was every quality in the sweet girl herself to have commanded her affections, but this double incentive proved paramount; she viewed the devotion of Blanchard for his young wife with no mean or selfish jealousy, and marked the ascendancy she had acquired over him, with unmixed pleasure, since she felt assured it never would be exercised beyond the duty and respect she owed him as her husband.

And now the dreary winter gradually yielded before the vivifying beauties of spring; Blanchard, restored to his wonted health and strength, delighted in wandering with Belinda over all the most interesting spots in the Glen, and frequently would they linger amidst the wild woods, and sit beneath the spreading branches of some favourite tree—conversing upon the past, and forming plans of happiness for the future—in such moments he would clasp her to his bosom and own how far superior were those joys, which, unmixed by the pain of remorse, could be remembered with pleasure, and followed without regret. The delight with which she listened to such sentiments from him was indeed great, and how earnestly she strove to strengthen them by the most beautiful and consistent practice of all that was good and winning and amiable, may be imagined by those who have followed her through her trials. If Blanchard had formerly been dear to her, how doubly he became so now, and as she would gaze in woman's pride on his noble and eminently handsome face, she mentally exclaimed.

“And he is mine indissolubly, the very evils which I conceived were to divide us, have proved the means of hastening our hopes—that dreadful illness which cost me so many tears, how has it led to the fruition of my prayers. Mysterious Providence, let me never again question thy decrees, or murmur at thy dispensations, and the good thou hast begun in him, oh, leave it not unfinished, but may he grow in grace and in thy love.”

Belinda was not so absorbed by her own happiness as to forget that of others—it was her constant practice to accompany Mrs. Blanchard in her visits amongst the cabins of the peasantry. She administered to their necessities, she soothed their sorrows, she sympathised in their joys; and the footsteps of the young and beautiful Mrs. Harvey Blanchard were followed by blessings wherever she appeared. She naturally became much attached to the Glen, the scenery of which, robed in its summer mantle of green, was lovely in the extreme, and as she gazed on each hill and dale, so richly adorned, she could have fancied it the happy valley of Prince Rasselas.

The house was small, yet exquisitely tasteful—no indication of wealth was however visible in its interior arrangements. The cabins on the estate possessed a greater air of comfort than is usually to be met with, which discovered a kind and beneficent proprietress—indeed, the sole desire of Mrs. Blanchard was to restrain every self indulgence, that she might lavish all she could on her son, improve the property for him, and render those who were dependent on her, above the miseries of want. Latterly she had suffered some embarrassments, in consequence of his extravagance, and it was not until his present visit that he learnt, with much regret, in how many ways she had denied herself to administer to his desires.

Belinda expressed to her husband an anxiety to discover her midnight visitant, in order that she might reward him for his magnanimity, and Blanchard, much struck by the singular story, took considerable pains to trace him, but without success. The Glen of the Echo beheld him no more. May the testimony of the recording angel, through the merits of his Saviour, avail him in the last day.

She had taken her work one morning to a favourite spot near the ravine, which she could never look upon without emotion. Its banks were now entirely covered with wild flowers, while the umbrageous woods in the back ground, afforded a delicious shade from the rays of the sun—the birds were singing merrily in the trees, and the heart of Belinda responded in thanksgiving, with the joyous notes—presently she perceived Blanchard approaching—he threw himself on the grass by her side, and took from his bosom an open letter; it was from his friend Danvers, congratulating him on his recovery, and his present happiness, and giving him all the military news which he conceived would prove interesting to him.

“Belinda, dearest,” he said, after selecting passages to read aloud to her, and then closing it; “I fear you will consider me a restless and most ungrateful being, when I tell you that I begin to long for the society of my companions again. Even this beautiful spot, where I have enjoyed far greater happiness with you than I ever before experienced, satisfies me not—I pant for more active pursuits.”

Belinda gently sighed, while a sensation of regret checked the extreme buoyancy of her feelings—she did not immediately reply, and he turned to look at her, when he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. She marked the vexation expressed in his countenance, and she instantly strove to remove it.

“Forgive me, dear Harvey,” she returned, as she placed her hand in his, for not receiving your announcement with ready cheerfulness; but I have become so fond of this dear spot, connected as it is with interesting associations, and so much attached to our kind and excellent mother, that the thought of saying farewell is very painful, but I can

easily enter into your wishes. This seclusion, so charming to me, must be unsuited to your tastes and habits, who have been accustomed to the gay society of your friends."

"Shall I return to them alone, and leave you to your beloved solitude?" enquired Blanchard with an arch smile.

"Oh, no, no, never," and she knelt down by him on the ground, and clung fondly to him; "with you any place would be delightful to me, without you the most beautiful would become a desert—I will go with you, dearest, today, tomorrow, whenever you please."

He clasped her with ardour to his bosom.

"My own darling Belinda, my best treasure—it would indeed require more philosophy than I possess, to part from you now—but I am not so inconsiderate or so unkind, as to hurry you away, or to leave my mother, without due preparation—I only think it better not to renew my leave, which I might have done had I desired it. Cheer up, then, sweet one, a few more rides and romantic walks are still in store for us, when 'on Harvey, on,' must be the watch word."

"I have been too happy of late," said Belinda, after a brief pause; "and were we to remain here, my heart might cling so closely to earth, I should be drawn away from higher thoughts. I am afraid, dear Harvey, we constantly require to be reminded that we are but sojourners below—yet you will not, when again mixing in the world, oh, you will not forget all you have learnt to value during the last few months."

This was uttered in a tone of hesitation, as if she feared the caution might be ill received. Blanchard gazed for an instant on her animated beautiful countenance, ere he replied.

"Ah, dearest Belinda, this is your chief regret in leaving the Glen. You think me still unequal to cope with temptation; but there is no merit in the caged lion, who can do no ill, because the key is turned upon him—he must roam the forests wild to show his true nature. I will not boast, yet I trust the impressions I have received, the debt of gratitude I owe for my perilous escape from unprepared death, will, with God's help, prove lasting, and keep my mind fixed on its responsibility to Him who gave it. Now are you happy, love?"

She threw herself into his arms, but she could not immediately reply—such moments were indeed blissful to her pious heart. A few heavy drops of rain now falling from a dark cloud above their heads, warned them to retreat to the house. As they passed over the bridge, Belinda looked down the abyss and shuddered.

"There is a legend attached to this spot," said Blanchard, pausing as he remarked her fearful gaze; "has my mother told it you? No—then I will. In days of yore, it is said, a fine castle stood

on the summit of yonder hill, where the Catholic chapel now stands. It belonged to a powerful lord, who dwelt there with his bold retainers. He was loved by few, and feared by all. Yet severe and tyrannic, as tradition represents him, there was one devoted to him, insomuch that she forsook parents, home, and even her fair fame, for his sake. A beautiful young maiden was poor Nella, whose self sacrifice he repaid by scorn and neglect. In his frequent absences from the castle, would she be seen wandering in melancholy mood through the woods and vales, her lovely head resting in her hand, and the white veil which enveloped her figure, giving to her almost a spiritual appearance. Unexpectedly the lord returned home, after many months estrangement, accompanied by a splendid retinue and a rich bride. The poor betrayed lady! what heart breaking intelligence for her. That very night, two figures were seen standing on the bridge—in the tall commanding form of the one was discovered the faithless lord—in the slight fragile being by his side, her who he had wronged. A few words were spoken, when he raised her in his arms—a terrific scream followed—in the same moment the moon concealed her light behind a cloud, and no eye witnessed the dark deed. Nella was however seen no more. The legend goes on to say that the lord never prospered after this—rumours and tales were whispered abroad, but none dared accuse him, save the silent monitor within—he became morose and more than ever violent. His noble lady died broken hearted, his children were swept off in their infancy, the very ground seemed cursed for his sake, and would yield no returns to the labours of the peasant—while on the anniversary of that terrible night, a figure veiled in white, would be seen hanging over the bridge, and wild shrieks would be echoed through the Glen, from whence it has derived its name.

"Years passed and the Lord, no longer young, had wandered forth at nightfall to indulge in meditation; he approached the bridge and started back on beholding a lady standing upon it; she slowly raised her veil as she turned to look on him. He rushed forward—a wild scream followed. A plank in the bridge had given way, and he was precipitated into the abyss beneath—a just retribution for his crimes. His people, in searching for his body, to inter it in the mausoleum of his fathers, discovered a skeleton, which had been deeply imbedded in the ground under one of the arches of the bridge; to this they gave Christian burial—and the spirit of the veiled lady never appeared again. No one cared to inhabit the castle from that day, and it was suffered to crumble into decay, until not a stone was left to tell where it had stood. On its site, in after years, was erected the chapel, to consecrate the ground and remove the evil spell from the Glen—but there are those, even now, who would not choose to cross the

bridge at nightfall. I had a strange fancy, during my illness, that I was haunted by the wronged Nella—and I have a confused recollection of some fearful scene on this very spot, and of hearing terrible screams. But a disordered imagination has wild dreams, which this must have been. You look pale, love, at the mention of that time; we will speak of it no more. See the rain is falling in good earnest now; let us hasten to the house;" and throwing his arm round her, they ran forward."

"I have heard another story, connected with the ravine, which I like even better than yours, dearest Harvey," said Belinda, who had listened to the elucidation of a mystery, which had often jarred unpleasantly on her memory; "it was told me by the blind harper O'Donnel."

"Ah, poor O'Donnel, has he been here," returned Blanchard; "I have not seen him since my visit to the Glen, on my return from India. It were well if all thought Harvey Blanchard the hero of perfection he does in his simplicity—what say you, my Belinda."

"That none ever enjoyed such universal admiration," she replied, smiling; "so you must e'en be content to receive it from the blind man, your fond mother, and your foolish wife."

"Bravo, Miss Bell, you improve," he gaily rejoined, as he playfully stroked her sweet happy face, which was turned towards him; "have a care, lest I rouse your jealousy, by displaying a far longer list of admirers to your astonished view."

The rain continued, accompanied by a slight storm of thunder for some hours, but as the day advanced, the dark clouds passed away, and the sun once more shone forth, when the flowers and shrubs, sparkling in its glorious beams, raised their heads, refreshed and still more fragrant from the delicious moisture of the earth. Mrs. Blanchard then issued into her garden, to cut off the withered roses and trim her favourite plants—her son and his Belinda stood watching her from the open casement, and making occasional observations to each other. She was looking paler than usual, but still the same placid smile illumined her interesting features, as she would turn to address them. Her roses were her especial pride and care, and it was her taste to prefer them when full blown—never did she return from a walk in her garden, without a bouquet of these, which she would distribute amongst her favourites, while the largest would be seen reposing on her own bosom. This evening, when she approached the window with her accustomed offering to her children, she cast a look of fond affection upon them both. Belinda's heart smote her when she reflected how soon they were to leave her in her lonely home, a prey to all that melancholy, and those anxieties to which her nervous and tender nature subjected her. She leant over the casement and pressed her lips in silence on the still fair forehead

of this kind and gentle being, while a sigh escaped her. The leaves of the rose she wore had all fallen to the ground, and as Belinda gazed upon them, with tearful eyes, the thought occurred:

"Thus the fond mother who has watched over her nurslings in devoted love, beholds them as they expand and ripen in perfection, depart one by one, until like the poor rose, every leaf is gone, and the stem alone remains desolate."

This had been, in many respects, to Belinda, a most happy day, and as she retired to her own room at night, many a pious ejaculation was uttered to express her sense of God's goodness. She sat down in her loose muslin robe, at the open casement, to enjoy the delicious, soft, balmy air, and resting her fair head on her hand, began to retrace all the events of the last two years with feelings of deep and fervent gratitude. She beheld Blanchard taking his usual stroll towards the bridge, and as her eyes followed his noble and commanding form, she mentally said: "Beloved and most beautiful being, I feel that the tie, which binds us to each other, is intended for a higher purpose than merely the present earthly happiness it affords us. Your heart has been drawn towards me because the Almighty loves you and wills that you should be His. I am the instrument in his hands to lead you to him, and so far as I shall faithfully discharge my sacred trust, shall I be blessed; let me, therefore, in all things, endeavour to make religion attractive in your sight, by keeping a strict watch over myself and making your happiness my study, ever remembering that in *home* my first earthly duty rests; yes, my own husband, in this lovely spot, could I contentedly remain with you, until it pleased God to call us to himself; but I should fear that you might then become my idol, and my heart be drawn too entirely from higher hopes, while you, with that restless soaring spirit, would pant after those active employments, and that social intercourse with the world, which man is born to pursue, and without which he would degenerate, and his mind become enfeebled and contracted, for, as in solitude and reflection, we can alone form the *theory* of virtuous actions, so in active life we can alone have the opportunity to practice them;—when we turn our footsteps from the Glen, I am aware that I can no longer look for that exclusive attention which I now receive from my husband, who will have other duties to call him from me, other friends whose claims upon his regard I must respect; I must even be prepared to meet with slights and crosses, temporary separations, and all the anxieties inseparable from life; but these will keep me more fervent in prayer, for if we had nothing to desire, alas! how cold would grow our petitions. Oh, my Father, help me to perform, with fidelity, the task thou hast given me to do; to bring every thought, word and work, in subjection to thee; let me be pleased with all thy appointments, even when they

may seem to mar my wishes ; do thou but secure our eternal salvation, and for the rest teach me to say from my heart ' thy will be done. '

Such were the thoughts of Belinda, and as she watched the bright stars shooting upwards in the heavens, they seemed to her young and ardent fancy, like swift messengers who were conveying the prayers and desires of God's creatures to its very gates. Blanchard she now perceived hanging over the slight balustrade on the bridge—he seemed also meditating—and the moon, careering in splendour above him, displayed to her view, the full beauty of his features. What his reflections were, she knew not, but when he again rejoined her, the increased tenderness in his manner, expressed that she had been a sharer in them all.

The following day, a letter was delivered to Belinda, the superscription of which told her that it came from Marion. English letters at this time were peculiarly interesting to her, and she carried it to her own room that she might enjoy its contents at leisure ; here she was followed by Blanchard, who said :

" May I not hear your news, dear Belinda ; Marion generally affords us a laugh. "

" Most surely, " she replied, as she broke the seal ; and with all that engaging confidence so pleasing and so usual, in those linked as they were in heart, as well as hand, she at once commenced reading aloud, while Blanchard, his arm encircling her, sat by her side on the sofa—the letter ran thus :

MY DEAR BELINDA,—Mamma and I have just returned from a visit at Sir Alfred and Lady Clayton's, which has improved her temper and my looks. A delightful party were collected there, and our days flew in a constant succession of dinners, balls and pic-nics. We left poor papa at home to digest musty parchments and the corn laws in peace and quiet, which he has certainly not enjoyed since the loss of all the finery at St. Margerets—it was really quite refreshing to the spirits to leave the dull stupidity of home for Clayton Hall, and to forget awhile its troubles and annoyances. And now my dear I am going to confide to you a secret. I made while here a conquest, and a rich one too, pray congratulate me—the nicest, most polite, stiff old bachelor—yes, bachelor, no spirit of a departed wife to haunt me, no children to distract me, by the way tell Master Harvey, if he dares call me the ' Jung frau ' again I will take a signal revenge, the allusion is hateful to me. But to return, my caro is no less a person than Sir Percy Darlington, of the Elms in Dorsetshire, with a fortune of eight thousand a year !! how I shall spend it for him—such dresses, such jewels, I see them before me, through a long glittering vista, only imagine, my happiness, which is fully shared in by mamma, whose smiles are restored in all their pristine sweetness. Is it not strange that he should have been suffered to remain so long un-

caught ; but he is an eccentric being, who it required no ordinary shaft to wound. In appearance he is diminutive, and in manner so precise, that it would quite amuse you. I had a powerful rival in a Miss Cecilia Thornhill, and for a few days there was a fearful division in his attentions—what infinite pains she took, and how ill she concealed her dislike of me, while *au contraire* my manner towards her was bland and courteous in the extreme. In a few days I discovered his prevailing tastes, and whatever delighted him, would throw me into raptures, even when I understood not the why or the wherefore—oh how tired I was viewing insects and trash through his microscopes, while he would descant most learnedly upon their wonders ; but my patience was rewarded when I beheld him at my feet a conquered slave. From the style of dress I adopted he imagines me as indifferent to display as he himself is, poor man !! And now let me turn to your happiness, which you describe in such glowing terms, and which rejoices us all—Heaven knows you deserve it after your severe trials. I had no idea that a quiet little being like you could have been so missed. Papa wanders from room to room, and will sit for hours in your old chair ruminating on his lost treasure, as he calls you. His affairs are progressing more favourably than he at first anticipated ; his banker has behaved like a man of honour, and I trust that time may entirely recover him from his difficulties. There is little news to tell you ; Mr. Fortescue has thought it prudent to invite an old maiden sister of his to reside with him ; she proves an excellent duenna to madame, who looks most supremely miserable. We met them at a party lately, and on a gentleman requesting the favour of her hand to dance, Miss Bertilda Fortescue, who sat by her side, drew herself up, spread her large green fan to its fullest extent, and pursing her laminated lips into an expression of stiff decorum, replied for her.

" Mrs. Fortescue has left off dancing, thank you sir. "

The look which her charge cast upon her, was one of deep scorn, while the gentleman enquired with a smile :

" Am I to receive that answer as your own ? "

" Oui, monsieur, par nécessité, mais le bon temps viendra, " replied the little woman, shrugging her shoulders. He nodded gaily as he retired. Now what want of wisdom in Mr. Fortescue—from more liberty than any married woman ought to have, he at once plunges her into less than that of a slave. Can he suppose, with her spirit, she will long endure such constraint—if he has ceased to place confidence in her, surely it were better to part.

" Miss Bertilda is styled a highly respectable worthy woman—odious terms—imagine my living to be called worthy—to me it is synonymous with a very short, very stout half-bred person, who talks much of 'ousekeeping.

"Mamma desires me to thank you with her love, for the silver grey poplin, which has been duly admired. How soon do you leave your romantic Glen? What spell have you used to keep your knight so long bound in fetters there—has the echo given back none but sweet sounds in all the time. How nearly had I forgotten to tell you of poor Lindsay's illness—his health and strength have been gradually yielding under his increasing malady, which now confines him almost entirely to his couch. He has been relieved from his ministerial duties, by the Rev. Mr. Gresham, and it is apprehended that his recovery is very hopeless—my father visits him constantly. He makes kind enquiries for you and Harvey, and more than once has expressed an earnest desire to see you both."

Here Belinda laid down the letter, unable to proceed—from the moment Lindsay's name passed her lips, her voice faltered—she endeavoured to recover herself, but in vain. A violent burst of tears fell copiously down her cheeks, and throwing herself on the bosom of her husband, she wept and sobbed aloud. He held her for some time silently there, and then strove to offer her every consolation in his power.

"Shall we go to him, my loved Belinda, and I will endeavour to get my leave extended. Speak to me dearest, tell me your wishes."

"To see him again could alone reconcile me to his loss," replied the weeping Belinda; "dearest Harvey, is it really practicable?"

"Most certainly it is, and I will arrange for our departure as soon as possible."

"But we must not leave your mother too suddenly, it would grieve her so sadly. Poor little Gertrude," she continued, after a short pause; "the dear friendless orphan, what is to become of her?"

"Not friendless, Belinda, she shall be our child, dearest—and should circumstances prevent our carrying her about with ourselves, we will leave her here to cheer the solitude of my mother."

"Oh, my own best and dearest," said Belinda, clasping her arms round his neck; "how beautifully do you enter into all my feelings—what thought, what consideration?"

"You find I am not quite so devoid of thought, as I have been represented," he returned, smiling.

"None ever conceived you devoid of heart, my beloved Harvey—on every occasion since first we met, have you shown it warmly, and in this instance peculiarly—may God reward you."

In the course of the day, Blanchard gently prepared his mother for their early departure from the Glen. She was much moved at the intelligence.

"Alas, my son, when once you are gone, when may I hope to behold you again," she said mournfully; "each time that you leave me, do I feel it the more severely."

"But on his explaining the cause, and making

her a promise to visit her previous to their going abroad, she became more reconciled, and strove to surmount the intensity of her feelings—yet when the morning came, and the farewell was spoken, her grief (expressed more in the heaving bosom and tear stained cheek, than in words,) can only be understood by those who have experienced the same, on the departure of one most beloved. She stood awhile alone, gazing from the window, long after they were out of sight; then turned to every familiar object in the room, which mute as they were, addressed themselves powerfully to her feelings—each little gift bestowed upon her, had now the art to inflict a wound—recalling as it did the words of love, and the happiness of the hour in which she had received it. A pang indescribable shot through her heart, as she clasped her hands, exclaiming:

"Can love be meant to produce this agony," then bursting into tears, she hurried to the privacy of her chamber, when closing her door, she endeavoured to glean comfort and resignation from one of the books which dear Belinda had in her filial affection bestowed upon her.

With what different sensations was the journey home performed to that with which this amiable being had left it—for Lindsay she sorrowed, as well she might, but when she turned to her husband, and beheld him in all the bloom of restored health; when she reflected on the happy change wrought in his heart, how could she but feel grateful, and adore the wisdom which had consummated her dearest hopes, through her heaviest trial. She had written to St. Margerets, to apprise her friends of their return, and on arriving at P—, they were met by Mr. Harrington, whose warm welcome evinced the pleasure he felt in beholding them once more. He gazed in Belinda's face as he affectionately held her hands in his, then turning to Blanchard, he said:

"You have taken good care of her Harvey—her eyes express all I would wish to behold. Bless you both, my children; I have not felt so happy as today for months."

"And poor Lindsay, my father, how fares he?" asked Belinda in a faltering tone, as they drove rapidly out to St. Margerets.

"You will be much shocked to behold him, my child," replied Mr. Harrington sorrowfully; "when I told him you were both coming, purposely to see him, a momentary gleam lighted up his countenance, which for days had worn an appearance of great internal suffering. His patience and submission are well worthy his prepared state."

How each well-known object, as they passed it, recalled to Belinda a thousand associations hallowed in her memory, and on driving up to the house she literally trembled with emotion. Blanchard sprang from the carriage, and assisting her to alight, led her into the hall. She experienced a slight chill when she heard that Mrs. Harrington and Marion were driv-

ing out, as they conceived she would not arrive until the evening—but no sister could have received her with more affection and joy than her attendant Fanny, who conducted her in triumph to her favourite room, which she had arranged and decorated with flowers, in the taste and order she knew would please.

“Dear me how charming you do look, Miss Belinda—Mrs. Harvey Blanchard I mean,” said the warm hearted girl, gazing delightedly upon her as she sat in the old arm chair; “and I declare the Captain is more grand than ever. How can Miss Marion choose such a little quizzical gentleman as Sir Percy Darlington? he was here a few days ago, and looks all starch, and as if his face had been done over with a crimping machine.”

Fanny continued to give all the news since the departure of her young lady, with untiring loquacity, encouraged as she was by the patience and apparent interest with which it was received—but on hearing the quick footstep of Blanchard on the stair, she glided from the room as he entered; he gazed around for a moment, and then clasped his young and beloved wife to his bosom. The remembrance of their last interview in this very spot, filled their hearts with thoughts too agitating for expression; at length he said:

“My own cherished Belinda, when I retrace the immeasurable blessings I have received, and compare them with the wild thoughtlessness of my former life, how am I astenished and impressed with the forbearance and goodness of God. I would not return to what I was for all that earth could give me—how could I remain so long infatuated, so long insensible.”

The reply of Belinda, made in tears of joy, told, better than words, her felings. Where she remembered the proud, passionate, inconsiderate being he once had been, and beheld him now renewed in spirit, and the grace of God showing forth in him so many amiable traits unknown before, she felt how doubly valuable as a friend he became to her—yet, retaining all the playful cheerfulness, the buoyant, elastic temper peculiar to his character, he stood before her as one for whom angels must have rejoiced, when they met to talk of sinners led back to the paths of righteousness and holy peace. The recollection of the cause which had brought them to St. Margerets, was the only alloy to their happiness. It was proposed that Blanchard, accompanied by Mr. Harrington, should visit poor Lindsay in the evening; Belinda they would not permit to undergo the trial until the following day. She pleaded against this resolve, but Blanchard was firm, and she felt obliged to yield her wishes to his. Mrs. Harrington and Marion were surprised, on their return, to find our travellers arrived before them. Many kind greetings were interchanged, and Harvey Blanchard, as the son and the brother, was received warmly by them both as Be-

linda's fond heart could desire. Mrs. Harrington was proud of him, and, hanging on his arm while they strolled through the grounds in the evening, she expressed, in the most bland terms, how sincerely she rejoiced in the happy termination of all their anxieties. On his setting out, at a later hour, with Mr. Harrington, to the parsonage, Belinda retired to her room, where she remained in silent meditation until he rejoined her. She watched his countenance on his re-entrance, and from its melancholy gravity, she at once read the realization of her worst fears.

“There is then little hope of our valued friend, my Harvey;” she said mournfully, as he placed himself by her side at the open casement, and drew her towards him; “we have, indeed, only come in time, dearest,” he replied; “you must summon all your fortitude to your aid, for it is affecting beyond measure, to behold him—to hear him.”

“And dear, dear Gertrude,” asked the weeping Belinda; “did you see her also?”

“I did—she was with him—and when I told him the plans we had formed for her, a heavy weight seemed at once removed from his mind; he gazed upwards, and clasped his hands, then turning to me he murmured: ‘my last earthly wish is accomplished.’”

It was the Sabbath day which followed, and instead of attending the morning service, Belinda, attended by her husband, drove to the parsonage. Lindsay had been prepared for the interview with her who he had loved as few are loved, but for whom his affection was now mellowed as that of a brother for his sister. Blanchard endeavoured to encourage her, as he led her towards the apartment, conducted by the sorrowing, faithful Bertha. On the door being unclosed, the transition from the cheerful light to the darkened chamber, prevented her discerning at first the objects within, but as she drew nearer, the fragile form of the dying Lindsay appeared through the gloom, supported by pillows. His face was turned towards her, and on its pale, sunken features, she too surely beheld the iron hand of death. For a few moments she drew back and laid her head on the bosom of her beloved Harvey, whose arm sustained her. On regaining more composure, she moved forward. Lindsay fixed his glazed eyes upon her, and faintly murmured:

“Weep not for me, Belinda; this moment is one of trial, but it will soon cease—and then, glory.”

“And has this faith in your Saviour never forsaken you, my loved friend?” she enquired, kneeling down and taking his emaciated hand, her voice convulsed by sobs.

“For one hour I was tortured by doubts,” he feebly returned; “Satan strove for the mastery, and desired to sift me as wheat, but my prayer of agony availed, when the merits of my Redeemer shone forth in all their splendour, and then I knew



I was safe. Yes, safe as if I were already in heaven ; but, oh, my friends, the preparation of a life is required to sustain you in this awful hour. Those things which formerly yielded me pleasure, I look upon now as the idle follies of a child ; those I mourned are washed from my remembrance as words in the sands, for the vista of a brighter world has opened to my view, and all else is dark." He uttered this with difficulty, and at intervals, yet every word was heard and felt. "Blanchard," he continued, after a pause, "God has at length touched your heart ; fight the good fight with steadiness, like a faithful soldier of Christ ; and when you come to a bed like this, you will be thankful. In Belinda you have a sacred charge—I fear not for her as I once did. May the Almighty God long preserve you to each other, and then give you a place in his mansions of rest. For my sake you will be kind to my child, my poor orphan ; cherish in her the sentiments she now possesses. This task will be yours especially, my sister ; suffer not her young footsteps to wander from the fold of the true shepherd.

"I promise to be a mother to the loved child," faltered Belinda ; "you know how dear she has always been to me, doubly so will she become now."

Lindsay pressed the hand he had retained in his, an expression of holy affection irradiating his countenance—he then enquired for Gertrude and desired to see her ; Blanchard immediately left the room to seek her, and returned carrying her in his arms. The unconscious child was placed upon the bed. Lindsay gazed on her mournfully, while she, gently stroking his pale cheek with her dimpled hand, softly said :

"My Lindsay, when will you rise up from your bed, and leave this dark sad room—the sun shines so bright, and all your flowers are in bloom ?"

"And thou the sweetest of them all my cherub," he faintly replied, pressing his lips to hers, "Gertrude, thy Lindsay will leave this dark room today for a world of light where pain and sorrow can follow him no more." The child looked at him intently for a moment and then asked, "and will you take Gertrude with you to that happy world, my Lindsay."

"You will follow me dearest, our Belinda will lead you in the way."

"And Harvey too ?"

"All, all, my beloved ones, ye shall all come unto me again," he then clasped his hands together, while his lips seemed moving in secret prayer, after which he motioned for Blanchard to draw nearer, and joining his hand with one of Belinda's, he devoutly murmured, "again do I unite you, not as before in sorrow of heart, but in rejoicing that you are now of one mind and one spirit, so shall you through the perfections of our blessed Lord, be partakers of one hope, made perfect in one faith."

Neither could reply, from the emotion they felt, as they stood on either side of the bed.

"And now I would behold the glorious sun for

the last time on earth," he proceeded after a pause, "Blanchard, unclose the casement." His wishes were instantly complied with, but the stream of light which burst in, at first overpowered him, and he covered his eyes.

"Hark, my Lindsay," said Gertrude, holding up her finger—sweet voices wafted on the air from the assembled congregation in the church, had caught her attention, and accompanied as they were by the rich tones of the organ, they gave a solemnity in a moment like the present peculiarly touching, they seemed to Belinda like the spirits of the faithful welcoming their brother home. One tear was seen stealing through the wasted hand of the young minister.

"My poor people," he softly said ; "farewell—a long farewell—it is the will of my Divine Master to call me from you, but He will not forsake you or leave you comfortless."

A long silence then followed in the chamber of the dying, for he seemed exhausted by the efforts he had made, and the difficulty with which he breathed, told how great was his internal agony. Belinda watched his pallid face with intense anxiety, as she smoothed his pillow, and strove, by her tender assiduities, to soften his trials. He could only thank her with the faintest smile, rendered still more affecting by his sufferings—again they passed and he was mercifully permitted a respite from their weight. Blanchard supported him as he endeavoured to raise himself. At this moment, Mr. Gresham, the new minister, was announced. He entered to offer the last rites of the church to his departing brother. Blanchard and Belinda rose to receive him. He gazed with much interest on them both, when kneeling by the side of Lindsay, he said :

"How fares it with my dear brother ? is he happy ?"

"Most happy," was feebly replied.

"God be praised—does he feel the full support of his Saviour, as he passes through the dark valley ?"

"It is not dark ; Christ crucified is my light."

"Oh death where is thy sting, oh grave where is thy victory," exclaimed Mr. Gresham, in a tone of great solemnity ; "the sting of death is sin, but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

He now proceeded to prepare the aliments of a Saviour's last request, while Blanchard raised the child, and giving her to Bertha, who had stood apart, whispered her to remove her from the room. Lindsay's eyes followed her to the door, and when it had closed upon her, he turned them with an imploring look on Belinda, who, perfectly comprehending his affecting appeal, bowed her head as she softly pronounced : "I promise." The ceremony which followed was touching beyond all description, and the tears and sobs of our young friends, as the impressive words were addressed to each, gave evidence

how keenly they felt it. The prayer for the dying succeeded. Lindsay gazed on them both as they hung over him, speechless in their grief. He would have spoken, but was unable. Suddenly he raised his eyes upward, and waving his hand, while a momentary gleam lighted up his pale features, he exclaimed, with almost supernatural strength: "Oh, Belinda—Harvey—Lindsay—Angels." It was a last effort, for, immediately falling back, they closed—one struggle followed, when the spirit, freed from its earthly tabernacle, took its flight to the realms above, there to await, in Paradise, the judgment of our Lord.

"Behold the death of the righteous," said Mr. Gresham, in a voice which struck like a knell on the startled senses of Belinda. She uttered a piercing scream, and cast herself into the extended arms of her husband, who instantly carried her from the room into the one below. He held her on his knee, locked in his embrace; but he was himself too much affected by the awful scene he had witnessed, to speak to her. Mr. Gresham soon joined them, and the true piety he displayed, as he reminded them of the happy change experienced by their beloved friend, softened the poignancy of their affliction. Blanchard was anxious to remove Belinda as soon as possible from a spot so replete with melancholy, and he proposed that the dear Gertrude should return with them to St. Margerets. At first the child refused to leave the house. "She could not go from her Lindsay—he would soon awake and call for her, they must not take her away," were the words she uttered in broken sorrowing accents; but their affectionate promises and entreaties at length prevailed, when she suffered Blanchard to lift her into the carriage. Alas! how little did she know that she was leaving that home forever.

One year had passed since the events which we have recorded when Mrs. Mary Selwyn received a second invitation to St. Margarets. It was in the height of summer, and the beauty of the place, redolent with all the delicious flowers of the season, was still more enhanced by the presence of those who could alone render it delightful to her. She had scarcely alighted at the hall door, ere she was received in the warm embrace of her loved Belinda, whose soft eyes, and sweet smiles, expressed the pleasure she felt in the return of her valued friend. How much had transpired since they parted, and how were the feelings of both awakened, as they cast a retrospective view on the various changes which had occurred. Until within a few days of the present period, Belinda had been sharing with her beloved Harvey, all the uncertain movements of a soldier's life. He had now obtained a short leave, in order to afford her the happiness of seeing all her friends, previous to her accompanying him abroad, to a fine foreign station, whither his Regiment had been recently ordered. The party at St. Margerets were reduced

since the last visit Mrs. Mary had paid there, Mrs. Harrington having followed her daughter Lady Darlington to the Elms, soon after her marriage, much to the discontent of Sir Percy, whose tastes being quiet and devoted to science, he liked not the ostentatious display into which his young bride seemed disposed to launch, and which he fully determined to check, the moment he succeeded in removing her from the influence of her vain, weak mother. Their absence made no blank in our happy circle, recently enlivened by the return of kind uncle Sam; and it was with unfeigned delight that Mrs. Mary once more found herself amidst a group whom she so warmly valued. The day on which she arrived was particularly sultry and the gentlemen proposed that dinner should be carried under the shade of some fine old elms. Belinda, with cheerful alacrity, assisted in all the arrangements, during which the eyes of her husband were constantly turned upon her in kindness and affection. Mrs. Mary watched them both with benignity, and marked with pleasure his thoughtful considerate attentions. Uncle Sam appeared in gay spirits, and many a joke was laughed at, in complaisance to him rather than from any credit he obtained as a wit. At the close of their repast, Fanny was seen approaching with the infant child of our young friends—a beautiful creature, which she smilingly placed in the arms of Blanchard. He held him for several moments, gazing upon him with all a father's pride and love; but on looking up and perceiving the eyes of the whole party directed towards him, he gave him to Belinda, as with an affected air of indifference he said, "come Bell, take your bairn; why should I be plagued with your incumbrances?" but their interchange of smiles, as she received the babe, expressed far other feelings than his words would have implied. At the same time uncle Sam observed, "hey, Master Blanchard, why should you be plagued? there is a certain saucy expression in the boy's eye, which tells me you have the best right in the world—what say you Bell?"

"That I trust, dear Uncle," she replied, while her cheek became richly suffused, "that my boy may resemble his father in mind and heart, as surely as he now does in features," and she pressed her lips fondly on the fair open brow of the child as she spoke.

"Thank you, dearest Bell," returned Blanchard, "perhaps there is more affection than wisdom in your wish." With what happiness Mr. Harrington gazed upon the domestic scene before him, may be imagined, when we remember the doubts and fears he used to feel for his beloved daughter—now not one remained, and he could think of her accompanying Harvey Blanchard abroad, with no other regret than the long separation which might divide them, since the principles of this noble and most interesting young man, being now based on the solid rock of religion, they could no more be overthrown by the gusts of pas-

sion, or the evil example of a thoughtless multitude.

"And you are happy, most happy, with your beloved Harvey, my dear Belinda," said Mrs. Mary, when, having left the gentlemen to the enjoyment of their wine and fruits, they strolled together through the shrubbery; "and yet I need not ask, for I can read it in your sweet face. How beautifully has the Almighty realized all your hopes, by those very means which we in our blindness conceived were to destroy them—matchless is his goodness—how great His power—the service of such a master be deemed hard and burdensome? Oh never, never—but I have yet much I wish to know, and a few days only to spare—tell me how bears Marion her new honours?"

"I fear she does not experience happiness in the proportion she expected," replied Belinda, "you know my dear sister is a little hasty, and fond of having her own way, and she finds that Sir Percy is equally so—their tastes are completely opposed. He is a scientific man, who conceives that money expended on dress and show is completely wasted, as most certainly it is, when carried beyond the limits of what our rank and station demands. I fear they have already had disagreements which give little promise for the future; yet as Marion is possessed of good sense, I trust she may learn forbearance and submission to his eccentricities. I have only seen him once; he is highly talented, but I grieve that beyond this world his thoughts seldom turn, which renders me still more uneasy for my sister. I occasionally hear from her, and her letters express chagrin and disappointment—may her crosses lead her thoughts eventually beyond the nothings which have hitherto engrossed them."

"Heaven grant it, responded Mrs. Mary—but you have mentioned other changes in the neighbourhood. May I venture to enquire for Mrs. Fortescue—is she still at P——?"

"Alas, no!" replied Belinda; "she is now separated from her husband, and unhappily from too just a cause—we were so unfortunate as to encounter her on our way hither; yet I will not say unfortunate, since the rencontre may lead to good results; we had taken apartments for a day or two at the —— hotel, when one morning Fanny, with our little Lindsay, met her on the stairs. Mrs. Fortescue was struck with the beauty of the dear child, and asked whose he was.

"Captain Harvey Blanchard's, ma'am," answered Fanny.

"Good Heavens, is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Fortescue; "and yet I might have known him," she continued, as she bent down to kiss the boy, and Fanny said she saw a tear fall on his soft cheek as she gazed upon him—poor soul, the recollection of the baby she had forsaken no doubt smote her at the moment. Fanny would have passed her, but she detained her, making many enquires for us. While they were standing together, Harvey entered the house.

He started on beholding Mrs. Fortescue, and his face instantly became flushed; she was so engrossed by the child that she perceived him not till he was on the stairs by her side, when meeting the serious gaze of his eloquent eyes, (for he had heard her story) she uttered a scream, and would have fallen, had he not caught her—he desired Fanny to bring the child to me, while he conducted her to her apartments—here he would have left her, on unclosing the door, but she besought him to enter, which he did. She was much agitated, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into a flood of tears, as she said: "Captain Blanchard, you behold in me the most miserable creature breathing; I have not one hope left to sustain me." It was not in the nature of Harvey to view the distress of woman unmoved, and he sought to console her, enquiring what he could do to serve her, "Alas! nothing," she returned; "I am lost forever—home—husband—children, all forsaken;" and the unfortunate creature sank on a sofa, quite overpowered. Harvey made no answer, but stood before her, surprise and sorrow depicted on his fine countenance. She looked up piteously upon him, as she continued in broken accents: "Oh, if I had but met with one like you in my earlier days how differently should I have acted." She seemed not to like the change which passed over his face as she uttered this, for she immediately added, "I fear you think very unfavourably of me."

"Mrs. Fortescue," he replied, "God knows I pity you, and gladly would I have saved you from the fate you have sought—is it yet too late?" and he approached her, and took her hand. "Oh, it is all too late!" she rejoined, a fresh burst of tears falling down her cheek, which she rested on his arm; "shall I take you hence to any friend or relation?"

"Oh, no, no I dare not!"

"Enough, farewell Mrs. Fortescue, I grieve for you, since you have yet to learn greater bitterness than you even now experience."

"Oh! leave me not thus, Captain Blanchard," she exclaimed, rising and clinging to him; "say but one word to console me—tell me what I ought to do?"

"Repent, and turn to that God whose law you have broken."

"What—this advice from you!" and a faint smile curled her trembling lip.

"It is the best I can give you, Mrs. Fortescue," and the earnest fixed expression with which he viewed her, made her eyes fall beneath his, "God bless you," he continued, in a softer tone, as he pressed her hand: "I have little right to censure, Heaven knows, and if I do, it is in kindness. Remember my words; fare you well,"—he moved towards the door, she cast one long lingering glance upon him as he turned towards her waving his hand; he felt quite relieved when it had closed upon him. I perceived on his return to me, that he was slightly agitated, and having learnt from Fanny with whom he had been, I

scarcely liked to ask him any questions; but he immediately related the scene I have described, and on the same day he removed me from the hotel.

They had now reached the end of the shrubbery, leading to the road—here they were overtaken by Blanchard, who playfully dividing them, took an arm of each as he said, “what treason have you been talking, Mrs. Mary, tell me honestly—has Belinda given me a favourable character. I can assure you she keeps me in fine order; I dare not even smoke a cigar in peace and quiet.”

“Nay, ungrateful man,” returned Belinda laughing, “you know I cannot dislike any thing you do, accompanied as all your actions are by so much kind consideration.”

“And is he really never angry, never cross,” asked Mrs. Mary, smiling delightedly on both.

“So rarely that I quite forget when last I beheld his brow clouded, and yet I have seen his patience tried too.”

“Never by you at least, my gentle Bell,” replied Blanchard fondly; “but I have joined you with the idea you might like to prolong your walk—where would you go?”

Belinda and Mrs. Mary exchanged looks, which he seemed to comprehend, for his gaiety became instantly checked, as he silently unclosed the gate, and pointed towards the village.

“Even there my Harvey, if you object not,” said Belinda.

His answer was a sad smile, and they proceeded together. He led them towards the church—the setting sun gleamed upon its slender spire as they approached it. One spot alone attracted their attention. Beneath the graceful branches of a weeping willow, his favourite tree, reposed the remains of the beloved and lamented Lindsay—a plain white slab simply recording his name and age, told where he lay; but around it were planted numerous beautiful shrubs, all now in flower, and which appeared to be watched over by a kind and fostering hand. Our friends stood in silence for a little space, as they gazed upon it. At length Mrs. Mary, turning to Belinda, while tears streamed from her eyes, said, “Can these lovely flowers be thus suffered to bloom unmolested by hands profane.”

“There is not a child in the village who would touch one,” replied Belinda, her voice choked by emotion; “he was known to them all, and so much beloved that they would consider it a sacrilege. I have placed a few young guardians over the dear spot, whose duty it is to weed and watch the ground, and come when I will, I always behold it thus. As she spoke she knelt down, and pressing her lips on the insensible stone, gathered some of the roses, one of which she gave to Mrs. Mary, the other she placed in her own bosom, adding, “a last memorial to look upon, when we are far from each other.”

Then giving her hand to her husband, they walked

slowly away, while Mrs. Mary enquired for Gertrude.

“She is in the Glen of the Echo,” replied Blanchard; “while I was constantly moving, Belinda feared the fatigue might prove too severe; but we return there for her, as she is to accompany us abroad—for we feel her too sacred a charge to relinquish for years, even to the affectionate guardianship of my mother, who perfectly idolizes her.”

“And your lovely boy—is she not proud of him?” “It would seem so. Indeed with so many new objects to love, I come in for a small share now.”

“Believe him not, dear Mrs. Mary,” said Belinda, her soft eyes beaming with affection; “he well knows the power he holds over our hearts. How he has acquired it, I know not; but this I know, that if he is only absent from me a day, I count the hours until his voice, his step, again gladden my ears. Oh, I think I could bear any thing better than a separation from my husband. May a gracious God never so try me, I fervently implore.”

“Amen,” responded the warm hearted Mrs. Mary; “and as your love ripens with your years, my valued friends, for every green leaf that may be lost from its romance, may the rich blossoms of a more enduring friendship supply them as they fall, adding a strength and beauty to its character, which even the grey and yellow hue of autumn cannot impair, but will rather shed an additional lustre o’er the evening calm, as ye shall descend the vale together.”

And now, having selected a soldier for my hero, a soldier’s fortune he must share. Easy would it be to make him retire and settle him in peace on his estate in the Glen, but at his age with his ardent mind, his laudable ambition—would this be natural, or prove a happy choice? No—on he must go, where duty calls him, and, accompanied as he will be, in all his wanderings, by a faithful, loving wife, who can pity him. Already is

“The boat upon the shore,

And the bark upon the sea,”

Which will waft him and his Belinda to a foreign land. The last farewell is spoken—the breeze has sprung up—the sails are unfurled—and the decks crowded with all the preparatory bustle and confusion incidental to the embarkation of troops, when again we behold Harvey Blanchard, accoutred in all the panoply of war, giving and receiving orders, his eagle eye scanning with rapid glance over each object, under his immediate command. The day was lovely, scarcely a wave rippled the waters on which danced the bright sunbeams, in glee and mirth. The spirit stirring music gave an increased interest to a scene which had power to thrill every nerve in the gentle breast of Belinda, whose feelings had been naturally much tried in this her first separation from many dear and kind friends. She sat

with her loved Gertrude and the infant Lindsay, in the only quiet spot which the ship at present afforded, accompanied by her attached Bertha and Fanny. Gertrude's childish joy, at every new and strange object which presented itself, was unbounded. Already had she made friends of all the officers, who caressed and played with her whenever she appeared amongst them, for none could behold her, (knowing her orphan state,) without feelings of warm interest.

The moment order was restored to the noble vessel, Blanchard, summoned Belinda on deck, where he placed her under a temporary awning, from the rays of the sun. His kind and affectionate attentions and playful cheerfulness, soon restored her smiles, even when the white shores of dear England were receding from her sight; she looked from him on the laughing fairy form of Gertrude, who was fondly clinging round his knees, and on her cherub child, and she mentally said; "surrounded by these so deeply loved, and with the same God watching over us, what spot of earth, however distant, would not prove to me a paradise."

Hour after hour, glided away, until evening came, when Belinda watched the starry Heavens and the bright moon reflected on the mighty waters, with thoughts full of gratitude and holy love. Blanchard stood by her side, while his friend Danvers, (with whom she had become more intimately acquainted), conversed about the country to which they were bound, giving her a glowing description of its beauties and salubrious climate.

"When once there," he observed smiling, "you will never wish to return to old England again."

"Oh say not so," replied Belinda with animation; "England is engraven on my heart—her religion, her laws, her benevolent institutions—her true and exalted notions of freedom, differing so completely from the lawless freedom of the republican, which is but a better name for misrule and disorder, must ever make her the pride and boast of her loyal subjects, and of every brave man who serves under her red cross banner."

"O, patria, dulce patria, quanto ti amo,"

And she held out her hands towards the distant shore, tears streaming from her eyes. Blanchard clasped them in both his, while Danvers looked kindly and admiringly upon her. Fully did their hearts respond to her words, which they received in silent emotion.

Ere many weeks had slowly and monotonously passed, Belinda stood with her beloved Harvey, on the soil of a strange land; but Britain's banner floated on her citadel—Britain's laws were hers, and as she gazed in grateful adoration around her, she softly murmured to him; "whither thou goest my beloved, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God."

We pause, and happy, most happy, shall we esteem ourselves, if we have in our simple story, said

one word which could incline our youthful readers to bestow on the momentous subject of religion more time and more reflection than an entire devotion to the pleasures of a thoughtless world can afford. Never let it be supposed that we would advocate a life of seclusion—recreation is necessary—is healthful—nor would we rob youth of its delightful, its natural gaiety. Oh, far, far from it—it is not the religion of the fanatic or puritan, we praise, but that of Jesus Christ, which adds to, rather than diminishes, our happiness; which is our only real consolation in affliction, our delight in the days of prosperity, and our guide to a world of eternal bliss. "If moral rectitude be an evil," said a late celebrated authoress, "if inward self enjoyment be a grievance; if a right estimate of all things be folly; if a cheerful and happy use of every thing, according to its just and proper value, be misery; if a supreme undeviating attachment to every thing that is true and honest, and just and pure, and lovely and of good report, be weakness; in short, if the truest relish for every thing substantially useful, every thing innocently pleasant in life, with the prospect when life is ended, of felicity unspeakable and eternal, be moping melancholy, then, and not otherwise, ought the religion of the New Testament to be treated with neglect or received with suspicion, as if it were hostile to human comfort, unsuitable to high station, or incompatible with any circumstances which right reason sanctions."\*

All have tried one side, few (comparatively speaking) both, which to afford an impartial judgment, is indispensably necessary. I cannot think that he, who, having once tasted from the pure stream of living waters, presented by the hands of a dear Saviour, would ever turn again to the polluted, stagnant pool of worldly sinful pleasures. No, he would shrink from its affinity, with horror and disgust—and his mind, expanding to higher joys, he would soar, like the royal bird, above all that was unworthy his noble nature, as a rational, a responsible, and an immortal Being.

#### EARLY LOYE.

The love of early youth—oh, how unlike  
The selfish passion of maturer years!  
The heart is all devotion—and the thrill  
A seraph feels while gazing on the shrine  
Of heaven-revealing radiance is our own.  
Nothing above, around, appears too fair  
For a resemblance of the maid we love.  
Morn's smile is pale to hers—the latest star  
That melts into the sunlight is less pure!

\* Mrs. Hannah Moore's "Hints to a Princess."

(ORIGINAL.)

## PARTING OF BOABDIL AND MORAYMA.

BY E. L. C.

King Boabdil's mother, the Sultana Ayxa la Horra, armed him for the field, and gave him her benediction as she girded his scimitar to his side. His favourite wife Morayma, wept, as she thought of the evils that might befall him.

*Irving's Conquest of Granada.**Scene, an apartment in the Alhambra.*

AYXA.

Now art thou arm'd,  
Aye at all points, my son, save with this blade,  
This shining scimitar, which with fond prayers  
I gird, fast to thy side. Morayma's hand  
Shall clasp the jewell'd belt, and lend its aid  
Her lord to deck for conquest.

MORAYMA.

Never mine!

Allah forbid it should such task fulfil!  
I will bring forth the purple robe of peace,  
With joyous heart, and wreaths that princely  
brow

With love's own flowers, and ever at his feet  
Sit and gaze upward at those starlike eyes,  
Breathing all gentle thoughts, with murmur'd song,  
Into his ear. But, mother, ask me not  
To share thy task—all glorious as he looks,  
I scarce can gaze without a breaking heart  
On his proud form—for war, for death array'd!  
Ah, what is there in glory to repay  
My perish'd hopes—all blighted in the bud!  
What note of gladness in the clarion's voice,  
To wake one answering echo in my soul,  
That thrills responsive but to sounds of woe!

*She sinks down weeping upon her cushions, and buries her face in her robe. The King breaks from his mother, and rushing towards Morayma, throws himself at her feet.*

BOABDIL.

Forbear those tears,

My loved, my beautiful! each pearly drop  
Win's valour from my heart, unnerves the arm  
That would do battle for my crown and queen,  
Nor rest inglorious, till the right is earned,  
The precious right, to dwell forever here—  
Here in thy presence, flower of my delight!  
Forgetting all, save thy dear self alone,  
The radiant centre of my fondest hopes,  
My most enduring joys!

AYXA.

My son, my son!

Is this an hour for passion's burning words,  
For love's regrets—her weak and fond complaints,  
When thy proud war-horse waits thy guiding hand,  
Impatient of delay—tossing his head,  
And flinging from his bit, the angry foam,  
As with loud neigh, he calls his laggard lord.  
And thou Morayma,—Ali Atar's child!  
Shame on those tears, unworthy of thy birth  
From such a sire! the stern old warrior!  
With whose name is linked valour and conquest,  
Aye, and terror too, as fair Lucena's  
Ravag'd fields can tell, and Albohacen's  
Heights, drenched with Spain's noblest blood. For  
his sake,  
Rouse thee from this childish grief—remember thee  
Thou art a warrior's child, a monarch's wife,  
And tears become thee not when duty calls  
Thy husband from thy arms.

BOABDIL.

Sweet mother, peace!

I pray thee, chide her not. Her gentle heart  
Shrinks at the name of glory—as the flower  
That folds its petals up from day's bright beam,  
But to the night dew's ope its fairy cup,  
Receiving with all joy into its breast  
Their influence benign,—so her young soul,  
Tender and beautiful, gladly expands  
To every kind affection, drawing thence  
Its happiness and life—then chide her not,  
Though come of a brave race, that her cheek pales,  
And her soft eyes o'erflow at war's dread note;  
The clarion's voice, that stirs thy blood and mine,  
Speaks to her heart of absence, solitude,  
And death, perchance, for him whose deepest joy  
Springs from her love,—her precious love,  
That yields him deeper draughts of pure delight,  
Than aught Granada's realm has to bestow,  
Or the proud trophies of a victor's arm,  
Gathered from fields of triumph, e'er can give.

AYXA.

Now shame to thee for this unkingly boast !  
 Deep shame to her, who wears the name of queen,  
 Yet loves the honour of her royal lord  
 Less than his life,—fond passion's burning words,  
 Warm from his lip, more than his deathless fame,  
 And still would hold him in her silken thrall,  
 Though the loud tumult of a nation's cry  
 Swells at his gates,—and round his standard throng  
 A valiant host, calling him forth to arm  
 And lead them on, not to a tilt of canes,  
 But 'gainst the gathered chivalry of Spain,  
 Who laugh to scorn the pleasure-loving king  
 Of bright and proud Granada,—he, who lies  
 In ease supine, within Morayma's arms,  
 While on they bear the standard of the cross,  
 To float in triumph from th'Alhambra towers,  
 Casting the banner which our prophet bore,  
 The holy crescent, prostrate to the earth.

MORAYMA.

Upbraid me as thou wilt,

I but rejoice at every bitter word  
 Heaped on my head, if so I may avert  
 From one far dearer, every harsh reproach.  
 And, ah ! if still my arms may clasp this form,  
 On this dear bosom still my head repose,  
 And my fond asking eyes, meet the soft glance  
 That tells of such deep love as word ne'er breath'd,  
 No, nor could shadow forth,—I am content—  
 Content to bear the shame—to have all eyes  
 Turn coldly from me, and each friendly voice  
 Pass me in silence by,—I clasp my all,  
 All dearest to my soul, in clasping him,  
 And 'tis enough, to know him safe from harm,  
 Safe in the shelter of my watchful love,  
 From the ensanguined strife—the thousand perils  
 Of the tented field.

AYXA.

Perils, says't thou ?

And on the tented field, and for a king !  
 It is a word that ne'er in such a sense,  
 Should be conjoin'd with a brave monarch's name.  
 When duty calls him to defend his realm  
 From the fierce inroads of a foreign power,  
 Or the insidious wiles of home-born foes—  
 He should be first in arms—first to cast off  
 The panoply of peace, and with stout heart,  
 Grasp the bright trenchant blade, and shout aloud  
 His war-cry, and lead on his valiant peers,  
 Strong in his might, to victory or death.  
 Believe me, girl, within these palace walls,  
 Guarded by slaves, and lapp'd in luxury,  
 There lurks more danger for thy sovereign lord,  
 Than dwells within the frail and silken tent,  
 Or in the stern encounter, man to man,  
 With glancing blades, crossing in fearful strife,  
 And bristling spears, like a dense wall around,  
 To hem his way. The perils of the fight,

Lead golden links to that bright chain which binds  
 A monarch to his people, and make firm  
 The throne whereon he sits.

BOABDIL.

Mother, no more,—  
 She yields her to thy words, and to my wish,  
 And with her own bright smiles, will light my way,  
 To conquest and renown.

MORAYMA.

Not so ! not so !

I know that we must part—yet sooner far,  
 Would I behold thee here a marble corse,  
 Catch thy last sigh, and then within thy arms  
 Lie down and die,—than see thee leave me thus.  
 The hopes of youth, the promises of love,  
 All, all depart with thee—no more these halls  
 The scene of past delight thy step shall hear,  
 Nor ever more beside the fountain's brink,  
 Nor in the bower where roses shed their leaves,  
 And we have breathed fond words, shall thy dear  
 voice

Mingle again its murmured tones with mine.  
 Henceforth shall utter solitude fall down  
 Like a dense cloud upon my desolate heart,  
 Veiling within its darkness, all of light  
 That erst it caught from thee,—who was its sun,  
 And with thy gracious beams called into birth  
 Its brightest flowers, its fairest, richest fruits—  
 Alas ! alas ! all withered now and dead !

*She throws herself upon the King's breast, and bursts  
 into a fresh passion of tears. He clasps her in  
 his arms and bends tenderly over her.*

BOABDIL.

Calm thee, beloved !

I will not quit thee thus,—thy passionate grief  
 Unmans me quite. Mother, dear mother, speak—  
 Not with harsh words,—for love, and gentle thoughts,  
 And kind affections, here are set against  
 Ambition, fame—and I would have thee say,  
 Which it were wise to choose—an empty sound  
 That men call glory, or the ——

AYXA, (interrupting him.)

Shame, shame to thee, my son !  
 The hot blood burns my cheek to hear such words  
 Fall from thy lips. Oh, wherefore dwells there not  
 Within thy soul, the spirit of thy sires !  
 Of great Mahommed, glorious Ismael,  
 Those potent kings whose sceptre thou dost grasp,  
 But to dishonour—swaying it with hand  
 More feeble than the child's, that in its play  
 Seizes his mother's distaff, and lets fall  
 That, which through ignorance he fails to hold.  
 Choose if thou wilt the soft and silken case  
 Of the Alhambra halls, array thy limbs  
 In brocaded robes, in gems, and jewels rare,  
 Wreath the garlands round thy brows, let music play,  
 And perfumes float around, and dancing girls  
 With their voluptuous wiles, and tinkling feet,

Come at thy call, while on Morayma's breast,  
Thou idly liest, sighing thy life away,  
And looking love, to eyes that answer thine.  
This be thy choice, and thou shalt see thy throne  
Pass to another, and those words fulfilled,  
Which at thy birth thy horoscope foretold.  
Rememb'rest thou the fearful prophecy  
Of that wise seer, who read thy natal star ?

BOABDIL.

Alas ! too well !

That from my sway, Granada's realm should pass ;  
Its downfall be accomplished in my reign.  
The source to me, this fatal prophecy,  
Of many, many woes—well am I called  
Zogoybi.\* But why seek to baffle fate ?  
If this is so decreed, none can avert  
The doom—and least of all, that fated one,  
Destined to work this mighty overthrow,  
By means still unrevealed.

MORAYMA.

Thou sayest true,—

Then wherefore strive with destiny, beloved ?  
And if indeed this fearful doom must fall,  
So it dis sever not our close knit hearts,  
We'll ne'er repine. Leave me thy love, and crowns,  
And thrones of power, whether possessed or lost,  
Will never make or mar my soul-felt joy.

AYXA.

Morayma, I could lavish fervent praise  
On thy fond heart, thy deep unworldly love,  
Graced they a humbler sphere. But for a queen,  
I would have higher thoughts, and bolder aims,—  
Nor see her thus, lavish her soul's deep strength,  
In feeling and affection. She should make  
Glory and power, and wide dominion,  
And firm rule, and wholesome laws, her study,—  
Prompting her husband's thoughts to noble themes,  
And rousing him by words, and cheerful act,  
To all the duties which a king become.  
How have I toiled, and watched, and wept for him,  
And now thou dost make vain all I have done.  
Aye, by thy tears, thy sighs, thy murmured words,  
Thy mute imploring looks, melting his heart  
To more than woman's weakness,—till he seems,  
Till, I may say, he is but half a man,  
Bearing his semblance only, not his heart.

BOABDIL.

Mother, I pray no more !

Morayma, sweet,—for my sake bear it all,—  
And so thou wilt, spirit of gentleness !  
The one bright star of joy and tender hope,  
That sheds its lonely light, so beautiful,  
On my horizon's verge—that else were dark,  
Veiled by thick clouds, that curtain dim events—  
Dim, but foretold and dreaded.

\* El Zogoybi, the unfortunate.

AYXA.

It were in truth a glory-giving light,  
Caught it some beams of radiance from that star,  
Which flames so bright in Andalusia's sky—  
Would'st thou could learn of Ferdinand, the part  
A king should play—and she of Isabel,  
Her royal foe, what most becomes a queen—  
Weak tears and fond regrets ? or a firm heart,  
A noble pride in the unsullied name  
Of her liege lord, making his glory hers,  
And in his triumphs, and his kingdom's weal,  
Merging all lesser joys, all cherished hopes.  
Ah ! fond Morayma, sadly would'st thou shrink,  
If called to share like Castile's valiant queen  
In martial toils—thou, who dost tremble  
At the charion's blast, and shriek with terror  
At the lightning flash of a Damascus  
Blade !

MORAYMA.

Thou wrong'st me much—

Mine is no coward soul—coward in naught  
Save in the thousand fears conjured by love,  
Whose deep excess makes me for ever dread  
Some unknown ill, that may perchance divide  
The silken cords, which bind my heart to those  
Who make its bliss. But, mother, for myself,  
Were it permitted to a Moslem queen,  
I could go forth, proudly as Isabel,  
And ride beside my lord in warlike guise,  
Nor dread the Spanish lance, secure in this,  
That where he met his death, I should not seek  
Vainly nor long, a second dart, to pierce  
My smitten heart. Thus, should I 'scape that doom,  
That fearful doom of solitary wo,  
Which now I dread—yea more than death itself.

AYXA.

Yet should'st thou crush such fears,—thyself forget  
In proud Granada, and Granada's king,  
And in their glory lose all selfish thought  
Of private griefs. But fast time speeds, my son,—  
Give me one last embrace, one parting kiss,  
Then take thy mother's blessing and depart—  
Hear the proud war steeds' loud impatient neigh,  
The cymbal's ringing sound, the clash of steel,  
Mixed with the tumult of thy gather'd host,  
Who shout for thee, and with thy royal name  
Blend that of Aben Hassan, thy dread foe,—  
Thy father—yet the seeker of thy life,  
The rival of thy throne.

MORAYMA.

Alas ! alas !

How many perils gather round my lord  
To cast their shadow o'er our parting hour !  
'Twas sad to say farewell when our bright sky  
Was cloudless and undimm'd,—but now—but now—  
Ah, can I speak that bitter, bitter word ?

AYXA.

Aye, speak it briefly,—nor again unman



With thy weak tears, a heart that should be firm  
As adamantine rocks. What has a king,  
When war's loud tocsin sounds, to do with tears?  
He should cast off soft thoughts, and clinging loves,  
And fond affections, whose green tendrils twine  
Around his soul,—and yield him like a man,  
A monarch crown'd, to that stern earnest voice,—  
All else forget, uncar'd for, till again  
O'er his broad realm fair Peace resumes her sway,  
And wreathes the point of every hostile blade,  
With verdant garlands from her own loved tree.

MORAYMA.

Ah, would I could be firm,—  
But vain the wish, the struggle vainer still—  
Ah, mother blame me not—for had'st thou loved  
As 'tis my fate to love, and garnered up  
In one fond heart thy every hope and joy,  
Then might'st know, might pity too, perchance,  
My soul's deep grief, its passionate despair,  
As swells the thought, that this farewell may be  
Our last on earth! Our last—ah fatal word!  
My young, my beautiful! and can it be,  
That I no more shall sing to thy fond ear,  
The strain thou lovest, nor e'er again ———  
*A loud shout bursts from the armed host without,  
and Boabdil starts to his feet.*

BOABDIL.

Hush! hush, thee dearest!  
Hear that rending shout! and hark, again  
It bursts!

AYXA.

It is for thee, thou recreant king!  
They call upon thy name with curses deep,  
And in a breath for Aben Hassan shout,  
To lead them on to conquest. Oh, my son  
Why lingerest thou? Would thou had'st died in  
youth,  
Ere thou had'st lived to be the slave of love—  
To lose thy kingdom for a woman's tears!  
Far better had'st thou shared thy brothers fate,  
When thy stern father, by the Lion's Fount,  
Pierced their young hearts, and dyed its gushing  
wave,  
With their pure blood—Oh, had the milky stream  
That fills thy veins mingled its tide with theirs,  
In that dread sacrifice of fear and hate!  
Or—e'en in after years,—when prison'd long  
In strong Cimares tower, my foolish hand  
Of costly shawls and scarfs, a rope contrived  
To save thy threaten'd life—around thee bound,  
It lowered thee safe, down from thy eyrie high  
To Darro's brink, where thy fleet courser stood,  
Waiting to bear thee swift as winged thought  
Far from thy foes—Oh had'st thou perish'd then,  
This moment's agony had not been mine!  
Not mine the grief to watch the sure approach  
Of that most fearful hour, when the dread doom

Prophetic seers have told, shall on thee fall,  
Crushing beneath the ruins of thy throne,  
The shadow of a king.

BOABDIL.

Madam, I pray  
Let thy upbraidings cease—I own them just,  
Nay, less than I deserve—But from this hour,  
Till I have gathered garlands for my brow  
From Andalusia's fields, and steeped in blood,—  
Blood of the infidel,—each verdant leaf,  
I cast all tender thoughts far from my soul,  
And steel my heart, e'en as my outward form,  
In war's stern panoply—at all points arm'd  
For contest with the foe—aye, and resolved  
To meet it as a king.

AYXA.

Bless thee my son, and Allah be thy guard!  
How my heart leaps to see a kingly pride  
Brighten that princely brow with lines of light,  
In which I read fair promises of joy,  
Till my fond heart is almost fain to hope,  
That fearful prophecy, e'en yet, may prove  
An idle boast, of one unskilled to read  
The language of the stars.

BOABDIL.

In faith I'll make it so.  
This shining blade, baptized ere long in blood,  
Shall tell the world that Boabdil's strong arm,  
Knows to uphold his throne 'gainst lying seers,  
And false astrologers, to whom the book  
Of heavenly science, is a volume sealed.  
Mother, farewell! one kiss, and I am gone—  
Yet one, like those which when a thoughtless boy  
Thy lips impress'd on my unctounded brow,—  
One blessing such as then thou gavest, I ask—  
So pure, so deep—uttered with fervent tone,  
That lingers still like some sweet strain of old,  
Haunting my soul with passionate memories,  
Of joys that perished with my early youth.

AYXA, (*folding him with emotion in her arms.*)

Bless thee, my son,  
With every blessing earth or heaven may yield,—  
With all a mother's heart, a mother's love,  
Would purchase for her child! Glorious thou art,  
Glittering in armour bright, my royal son,  
And with the spirit of Grenada's kings  
Effulgent on thy brow! Go forth with pride,  
Thou the descendant of a valiant race,—  
Go forth to conquest,—to achieve such deeds  
As shall with deathless glory gild thy reign,  
And high exalt o'er every earthly power,  
The Prophet's standard, and the Moorish name.

BOABDIL, (*reverently withdraws from her embrace,  
and turns towards Morayma.*)

Allah fulfill thy prayers!  
And now, fair bird—Morayma, my beloved!  
Patience, dear mother,—brief shall be my words,

Brief my last look,—ah, should it prove the last!  
 I am not brave enough for such a thought,  
 With all my warlike boast,—away with it!  
 And let me gather comfort from thy smile,  
 My beautiful,—(embraces her) and hope with this  
 fond kiss,  
 And this—and this! Nay, weep not, dearest one—  
 Ere the rich clusters of that climbing vine  
 Have changed their hue, I shall be back again,—  
 Aye, at thy feet, in thy gay mirador,  
 Chiding thy beauty that it has not waned,  
 While I was gone.

MORAYMA, (clinging passionately to him.)

Speak not thus lightly, or my heart will break!  
 I cannot bear it—no—not e'en thy smile,  
 In hour of grief like this. Farewell! farewell!  
 I may not choose but breathe that fearful word,  
 Though with a riven soul,—it rings the knell  
 Of every vanish'd joy—yet still again  
 I echo the sad sound, as with a last,  
 And passionate embrace, I clasp thee thus—  
 And thus ———

AYXA.

This is too much! fond, foolish girl forbear!  
 Why, hast thou not within, one single spark  
 Of thy brave father's soul? But, list those sounds!  
 Again for Abben Hassan bursts the shout,  
 Again, with ribald sneer, rings forth the name  
 Of proud Granada's king—love's willing slave!  
 The Court of Lions glitters with the arms  
 Of thy brave knights, all gallantly array'd—  
 And ever and anon the clarion's blast,  
 The trumpet's ringing sound, pierceth the still air,  
 With loud impatient tones, that chide thy stay—  
 Look forth, look forth! on banner floating proud,  
 On blazon'd shields, pennon, and lance and spear,  
 And if indeed, thou art no recreant king,  
 Be moved to valour by the glorious sight.

BOABDIL.

Mother,

Forgive the past,—and if thou lov'st thy son,  
 Cherish this drooping flower, nor harshly chide,  
 That she doth lavish such a boundless store  
 Of her sweet love, on one unworthy  
 Of the precious gift.

Sweetest, adieu!

I would our lot had been a lowly one,  
 Our throne, a violet bank, all 'broidered o'er  
 By nature's hand, with her own tender hues—  
 Our royal canopy, the starry vine  
 Of the lithe jasmine—'neath whose fragrant arch,  
 We might have lov'd our happy lives away,  
 Nor e'er been startled from our dream of bliss,  
 By the shrill sound of glory's trumpet call.  
 But vain such thoughts,—I give them to the winds,  
 And linger only for one more embrace,  
 One parting kiss—though each, as thou dost shower

Them from thy lips, seems sweeter than the last,—  
 Like falling rose-leaves, bathed in evening's dew.  
 Farewell, farewell! call music, mother dear—  
 She loves its spell, and in this hour of wo,  
 There is nought else can shed one drop of balm,  
 O'er the crush'd spirit's silent agony.  
 May it bring peace to thee, my own sweet bird,  
 And so, farewell, and yet again, farewell!  
 Farewell!

*He breaks from her arms and rushes from the apartment—she starts up to follow him, but sinks back weeping and exhausted upon a couch.*

MORAYMA.

Forever gone!

Ah, wo is me, that e'er these eyes should gaze  
 On his departing steps! Joy of my heart!  
 Ah ne'er again, along the winding bank  
 Of the bright Zenil, will Morayma watch  
 Thy glad return, a victor from the fight!  
 All, all is dark beyond the cloudy range  
 Of blue Nevada, whose snow covered height  
 Thy welcome step, my lost, my beautiful,  
 Shall ne'er repress!

AYXA.

Sweet daughter chafe not thus,  
 Allah is merciful, and will restore  
 Our best beloved, unscath'd from war's red field.

Joy in thy husband's glory,—it should be  
 E'en as thine own—but list, that swelling strain!

(*Music is heard from the balcony,*)

'Tis Cidi's hand calls forth those witching sounds,  
 His voice of melody,—I know them well—  
 For they have soothed full oft my smitten heart,  
 And soften'd sorrow's power. So rest thou here  
 Lulled by the minstrel's strain—or wilt thou come  
 To high Gomer's tower, and watch thy lord  
 With his proud chivalry, a dazzling show!  
 Wind through the Vega's groves.

MORAYMA.

Oh, no! I cannot gaze upon that sight!  
 Go, mother, leave me—leave me to my grief—  
 Here will I lie, and let that music steal  
 Upon my soul—feeding its woes with sounds,  
 That waken all the fond, sweet memories,  
 Of past delight.

AYXA.

I quit thee then, for a brief space, my child,  
 The song may soothe—for Cidi's magic art,  
 Few can resist—I will return ere long.

Exit AYXA.

*Morayma throws herself back upon a couch, but as the words of the minstrel gradually swell into distinctness, she raises herself and leaning on her elbow listens to his*

SONG.

The Rose of fair Granada  
 Sits weeping and alone—  
 The smiles that cheer'd, and the joy that blest,  
 Are with her lover flown.

Along the winding Zenil,  
With shield and falchion bright,  
At the head of his proud chivalry  
He speeds him to the fight,

To strike for fair Granada,  
And for her dark ey'd Queen,  
For her shining bands of maidens bright,  
For her hills and valleys green.

Gay floats the royal banner,  
Beneath the Moslem sky ;  
Dazzling the glance of their flashing arms,  
And loud their minstrelsy.

The Vega's fertile gardens  
Smile as they onward go ;  
And joy lights up, at the stirring sight,  
Nevada's brow of snow !

On pass those gallant warriors  
With spear and lance in rest—  
On every arm war's thunderbolts—  
Its lightnings on each crest.

Smile, rose of fair Granada,  
The Infidel is low,  
And the banner of the Moslem waves,  
In triumph o'er his foe.

No more in the Alhambra,  
Is grief a cherished guest,  
For its rose all bright with love's own light,  
Blooms on her hero's breast.

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(ORIGINAL.)

### LA PARTEMZA.

BY E. M. M.

The last farewell is faintly heard,  
The promised signal given,  
And tears are shed at every word,  
And tender hearts are riven.

The stately vessel spreads her sails,  
And slowly leaves the shore,  
While prayer is made for favouring gales,  
Till she is seen no more.

And thou art gone, my soldier son,  
Far o'er the distant main,  
And years must pass, thou darling one,  
Ere we can meet again.

Thy thrilling laugh, thy soft caress,  
Which used to cheer my heart,  
Have power to add to my distress,  
Now we are doomed to part.

Yes, bitter is the thought to me,  
That I no more may view  
Thy childish form, so full of glee,  
Thy smooth cheek's brilliant hue.

For many an eastern sun shall rise  
Upon thy fair young brow,  
'Mid Asia's burning azure skies,  
To mar what thou art now.

Yet go, thy country calls for thee,  
To God's all gracious care,  
Thy mother on her bended knees,  
Commends her boy in prayer.

With His almighty arm thy shield,  
His Spirit for thy guide—  
The dangers of the battle field,  
May even be defied.

Then fare thee well—when far away,  
One happy thought must follow,  
That from thy childhood's earliest day  
Thou never caused me sorrow.

Till now we part, and that sad word,  
Adieu—is faintly spoken—  
And hurried promises are heard,  
In accents low and broken.

Where'er I turn my tearful gaze,  
Some treasured gift is seen,  
Which mutely tells of other days  
And that which once hath been.

I cannot cast away a flower,  
All withered tho' it be,  
That thou hast given in happy hour,  
My gentle boy to me.

Yet oh, I would not change the fate  
Which Heaven for thee has traced—  
For often we repent too late,  
What we have wished in haste.

In wisdom and in holy love,  
His just decrees are given—  
To raise our hearts and thoughts above,  
And make us meet for Heaven.

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#### MUSIC.

Who would think of living on honey and champagne ? She who spends four or five hours daily in the study and practice of music acts with equal impropriety. The extra time thus spent is injuriously abstracted from other improvements of mind and body. The time spent at the piano leaves not sufficient space for the acquirement of that *useful knowledge* which strengthens the mind against the vicissitudes of fortune, and the moral crosses to which female life is doomed, nor for healthful exercise of the body, by which the material fabric may be fortified against the thousand causes continually assailing it. I would therefore, recommend that one-half of the time spent in music should be allotted to bodily exercise, and to the acquisition of useful and ornamental knowledge.—From "*The Economy of Health*,"  
By Dr. James Johnson.

(ORIGINAL.)

## INTELLIGENCE NOT THE TEST OF VIRTUE.

BY A. R.

"General knowledge and ready talent may be of very great benefit, but they may likewise be of very great disservice to the possessor. They are advantageous only to men of sound judgment, and dexterous in applying them."

HERACLITUS *apud* Stobæum.

Blind is that soul which from this truth can swerve, "No State stands sure, but on the grounds of Right and VIRTUE."

DANIEL.

"THE Schoolmaster is abroad," said Lord Brougham, many years ago. "The Schoolmaster is abroad," echoed the Press, and the cry had ever since been ringing over all Christendom. "We live in an enlightened age," repeats the reading public; "never was there an age like this—never such unheard of improvement. The people have awoke from their lethargy, their motto is '*Intelligence* the Palladium of Society, the guardian of the Rights of Man.'"

In all this there is some truth, mixed with no slight degree of self-congratulation, and shortsightedness. The Schoolmaster *is* abroad, visiting every corner of the land, entering into every dwelling, lighting up, even in the poorest and most retired, the Lamp of Knowledge. He is labouring in the cause of human improvement, carrying in his hand Penny Magazines, Cabinet Cyclopædias, Tracts for the People, to be read at the fireside of the labouring man, to be to him as life from the dead, as awakeners of generous sympathies and aspirations, which have been almost smothered by the hardships and privations of his lot. We bid the Schoolmaster God speed; we would have him enter the poorest hut as into a home, and not be as a wayfaring man that turneth aside for a brief season. We would have the sacred light of LETTERS not merely flash upon the secret depths of society—but illuminate and cheer them with its beams steadily and forever. This is an enlightened age. Thank God! our Bibles are not now chained "to a table in the broad alley right in front of the altar, that the Parish may go to the Church, and read God's blessed word, each one having his turn." We assemble not now, in tens of thousands, warriors and sober citizens, and delicate women, to gaze with delight on the naked combat, man with man, or man with brute. No hecatombs smoke to Fortune or Minerva; no superstitious tremblings seize on gray-headed statesmen if it thunders on the left. We have no religious despots with their feet on the monarch's neck, no absolute prostration of heart and soul and physical energy, at the call of

superstition, no burning of witches, no human sacrifices, and, as Britons, no claim to property in man. This is an age of improvement. There is such a thing as the "March of Intellect," although there is no trampling of squadrons, no emblazoned standards, no tears of widows, no devastation, no wretchedness. There have been intellectual triumphs too, nay, conquests of wide nations, which are now with us, side by side, in our march. Or rather let our advance be compared to that of a mighty river, feeble at first as it winds like a silver thread among the mountains, now a running stream, with fertility and beauty blushing on its green banks, here and there opposed by obstacles, now narrowing, now widening, and sometimes returning upon itself, but still moving on, on, till it is a mighty resistless river, an arm of the sea, ship-laden and mixing with the main. Such has been the advance of our race—onward, but upward as we hope. With its liberties secured; its Magna Charta and its Bill of Rights inalienable, its free institutions, its unfettered press, there is no room to doubt of our advance, at least, if we or others have not advanced, the race has. Particular evils may press on us, our rights may be in abeyance, agitation may be disturbing and threatening to overwhelm us. We may be destined to lag behind in the march, to be cast for a time on the bank, out of the reach of the stream; but we hope for better things. We anticipate better things. The looker-out, as he observes the commotions which agitate the depths as well as the surface of Society here,—wave chasing wave, now dashing against rocks, now receding, now meeting in hostile shock—may be in doubt whether the tide of our prosperity be ebbing or flowing. Let him wait, and by and by, the dark clouds will have vanished, the threatening gusts will have expended their fury, the waves will have sunk to rest, and the gentle ripple will be heard kissing the beach with its quiet murmurs.

This, however, has little to do with the advance of the age in intelligence, in science, in art, in physical improvement. The advance is admitted at once and

fully, but there is a false inference drawn by too many, which cannot be too fully exposed, for it threatens the utmost danger to those who are deceived by it; or to speak more truly, which involves the destinies of nations which cherish it. The admitted fact is, that there has been an advance in *intelligence* and *science*—the inference is, that there has been, and will still be, a like advance in *virtue* and *happiness*. This single, fundamental, fatal error, pervades, to a great degree, the systems of the philanthropists of the age, who are engaged heart and soul in the cause of human improvement. It lies at the very root of the public education in the United States, and unless opposed and checked will prove fatal to their free institutions. It is an error into which speculative men are apt to fall, from their disregard to every-day experience, and their love of knowledge in the abstract, and which imposes equally on the practical man, because he is led into it by the most generous feelings of his nature. So accustomed have we been to consider *ignorance* as the parent of all the vices,—so dark and forbidding are her rites, and so wretched her debased votaries,—that we have, most of us, run into an opposite extreme, and set up *Intelligence* as the fairest and most benign of deities, and overlooked the worth of her twin sister *Virtue*. A fatal error! which has done much to varnish over and mechanize the mind of the age, and to encourage and foster a fallen pride in superficial attainments; which has banished from too many literary institutions, every vestige of respect for the genius and mind of antiquity, and re-acted on the less enlightened many, by leading them to overrate their own worth, and to puff themselves up with mere wind—the breath of those who are base enough to use the populace as tools for their own ends. A disposition to stand up for what is considered as right, and to neglect what reason points out as duty;—a spirit of restless pride and ostentation, a thirst for flattery,—these are some of the legitimate fruits of this same error!

“Knowledge is power,” said the British Plato, ages ago, and the testimony of every succeeded age has demonstrated the truth of the oracular maxim. It is indeed an axiom which commends itself to the universal reason, carrying in the very enunciation of it the fullest evidence of its truth. Knowledge is **POWER**, but it is a power, not alone for good, but for evil also. In the hands of a pure, benevolent, and wise being, knowledge would prove the means of unmixed good. The power to remove mountains from their firm foundations, to traverse the limitless air unheard and unseen, to penetrate the caverns of the deep, to subject fire and water, and the invisible spirit of water, to his control, to explore the hidden mysteries of nature, and to bring forth from her secret treasuries the essences of things, and to use them to his ends;—all this power in the hands of such a being might be viewed without apprehension,

for it would be prompted by benevolence and directed by wisdom. But what calamities and horrors might we not expect from the exercise of such a power, when entrusted to a being of limited knowledge, possessed of passions which are not always under his control, liable to err from mere thoughtlessness, and to be led away by prejudices, by example, by innate evil propensities, which nothing can eradicate. And is not man such a being? Does not every man feel that *he* is such? It is, therefore, folly to hope that knowledge which merely increases a man’s capabilities, and enables him to wield the powers of nature and of mind for the accomplishment of his ends, will be sufficient without a higher moral power, to lead him to happiness, or to make him useful to his fellow men. Knowledge is not an *end*, but the *means* to an end; and according as virtue or vice fashions the end so will knowledge prove a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is but an instrument, powerful it may be as the lever of Archimedes, but still an instrument. It fashions from the same dull senseless metal the plough-share and the bowie knife. It concocts the medicine which cools the hot temples of the sick man when they are throbbing audibly, and the invisible poison which is inhaled in a moment, and which kills after years of agony. It digs from the earth the charcoal, which in its many ways ministers to our comforts, and with it propels in its fearful path,

“The cannon ball which flies direct and rapid,  
Shatt’ring that it *may* reach, and shatt’ring that it reaches.”

Knowledge may remove prejudice, for prejudice is the offspring of ignorance; but it cannot eradicate a single evil propensity. It enlightens but cannot purify. The graces which most adorn human character, gentleness, humanity, integrity,—do these gather strength, and manifest themselves the more as knowledge is acquired? Never, unless there be a higher and holier power influencing the heart, subduing the pride of intellect, for “knowledge puffeth up,” as saith St. Paul. In how many instances have men “esteeming themselves become fools,” observation may teach. “Let the poor man be made to feel the gentle excitements of intellect,” says the philanthropist, “and this will rescue him from the brutal excesses of the gin shop, and elevate him to the standard of humanity. Let all be instructed; *all*, from the highest to the lowest, of both sexes.” We join in the cry; we say, do this. But stop not here. Do more. With knowledge, which is power, try to promote virtue, which alone is wisdom. Cultivate the intellect, but leave not the heart a desolate wilderness. Teach men to know the good, but be more solicitous still to have them shun the evil. Let the watchword of the age not be “*Intelligence*, the guardian of liberty,” but on every banner raised for the good of mankind, let

there be written, "VIRTUE and intelligence, the saviours of the world." Cultivate not only the understanding, which abstracts and arranges,—the judgment, which selects and decides,—the fancy, which is the handmaid of the imagination,—for all these belong principally, and indeed wholly, to man, as an intelligent being; but let the moral powers be educated, that better part by which we are assimilated to unfallen angels. Do this, and men will not forget their duties in grasping after what they conceive to be their rights. There will then be a governing power to direct and sanctify knowledge. The head will not be at war with the heart, but all will be harmony and order. Do this, and the nation at once virtuous and intelligent, will necessarily be free; free, not merely from political bondage, but from the more grievous tyranny of luxury and vice. Neglect this, and the well-being of mankind is put in peril; for, however enlightened and intelligent a nation may be, if it be not leavened with the holy oil of virtue and religion, it will become tainted and rotten at heart. Science may throw round it a halo of surpassing brightness for a time, but it will prove, like the glory of an autumnal landscape, the prelude to coming desolation. If all that is ennobling in science, beautiful in art, or sublime in eloquence, could have made up to a nation the lack of virtue, the sun of Greece would not have gone down in its full noon. The narrow territory of Attica comprised within its limits a people as highly intellectual as ever the sun shone upon; a people lively and quick in their disposition, trained from their youth under the best of teachers; inquisitive, enterprising, polished; fed daily with spiritual food from the lips of those deathless orators and statesmen whom the wisest of moderns would fain imitate. Their magnificent temples, their porticoes, theatres, and halls, all filled with statues of the most exquisite finish, were at once the proof, and the offspring of their nicely cultivated public taste. And yet, for want of moral cultivation, this very people indulged in the basest vices, and fell a prey to the vaporing sophists, the free-thinkers and atheists of those days. Luxury and vice, and passion, led them away unresisting captives. Their liberty degenerated into licentiousness. There was nothing to check them in their career of guilt. They were no longer to be imposed upon by a system of national religion, which they had discovered to be a mere patch-work of imposture. They might still offer sacrifices, and crowd around the consecrated altar on the day of national celebration, but *within, in the heart*, from which come the issues of life, there was no feeling of reverence for the gods, no fears for the future, nothing to restrain them from following the bent of their passions. Their true philosophers, indeed, struggled long and manfully against the current, but only to their own ruin. The popular will was not to be restrained, and the benefactors of the state, in

the field, the hall of council, or the academy, were its first victims. How ungrateful and how fickle they were, needs not be shewn, for the greatest and most glorious names of Athenian history are inseparably linked with national dishonour and disgrace. The victims of a too knowing populace to-day were often the deities of to-morrow. This was the melancholy fate of Socrates,

"Whom, well inspired,  
The Oracle pronounced, wisest of men."

And Socrates was but one victim out of many. The hero of Salamis was another. He died a broken-hearted exile. Miltiades, the Conqueror, at Marathon, died in an Athenian dungeon, of wounds he had received in the defence of his ungrateful country. Poison spared Demosthenes from being dragged from the altar to a violent death from the hands of Athenians. Of what avail was it that the public taste was so cultivated that in a crowded meeting one simultaneous hiss would greet the orator who should mispronounce a single word of their transparent language, when the best and bravest of the citizens were thus banished or put to death as caprice or passion might dictate? Of what avail that in theatres, provided at the public expense, the whole people might listen nightly to the purest and highest efforts of the tragic muse, when every lesson of purity was overlooked and despised.

It is in vain to disregard the warning which Athenian history furnishes, by saying, that this age is different in every respect from the ages of antiquity; that in these last days, there is no fear of running into such gross excesses. If Intelligence is deified and Virtue overlooked, there is no security that we shall not fall into the same vices, and meet an equally awful fate. Man's passions and prejudices are as powerful now as then; he is subject to the same pernicious influences, arising from designing hollow-hearted demagogues; led away now as then by false notions of his infallibility; eager now as then for his own gratification, and disposed to adopt any means, however unjust, to obtain it. Our security rests therefore entirely, on the wide dissemination of religious and moral principle. In this particular, this age is fortunately distinguished over those of antiquity. This it is, which has been as salt cast abroad to preserve us from corruption; this has hitherto preserved us, and may prove our hope for the future. But it is one of the most threatening and darkest symptoms of coming commotion, that the permanent good of the people is overlooked in the anxiety to foster in them a false and superficial intelligence. The Bible is banished from the school room for fear that sectarian doctrines should be inculcated by the teacher. Public Legislatures meet and separate without any recognition of an overruling Providence, and for no better reason, than that every denomination of professing Christians is jealous of the influ-

ence of every other. Schemes and plans of education stretch no farther forward than if man were born to perish and be forgotten like the beasts. Education is held up as a good, merely because it is likely to advance the interests of those who possess it; and ignorance as an evil because it hinders this advance. Is it wonderful then, that, in those countries where such a system of education is boasted of, there should be exhibited such a restless, insatiable desire for change, such a spirit of innovation, such a contempt of public authority among any people. The more general such a god-less, heartless system of education, the deeper will be the delusion and the more fearful the ruin which must follow. They may be knowing, active, enterprising, polished, powerful; but what are all these worth if vice corrupt and poison every rank of society. Knowledge, activity, enterprise, may co-exist with luxury, self-conceit, and infidelity. Superstition may be driven out by fashionable scepticism, and instead of seeing God in clouds or hearing him in the wind, there may be learned discussions of homogenous and discordant springs and principles, of action and reaction, cause and effect, till men persuade themselves that there is no God. But what advantage has the polished, philosophizing infidel, over the trembling, ignorant savage, if his philosophy has set him free from all restraint of conscience, and taught him that there is no God, no hereafter, no reality in virtue or vice? His philosophy has given him one advantage, it has left him free to work all iniquity with greediness, and to cast a fair gloss over the blackest crimes. Compare the savage tribes in the interior of Africa, where the grossest ignorance prevails, and scarcely a single characteristic of humanity exists but the form, with the mass of the inhabitants of Rome, a little after the close of the Augustan age, and if History does not lie, then there will be found to have reigned in the metropolis of the world, vices as degrading and barbarities as shocking as ever degraded the Hottentot. Look at the lights of the Augustan age, Catullus, Nepos, Cicero, Sallust, Tibullus, Virgil, Livy, Ovid, Horace, and you cannot doubt of the intellectual excellence of the age which they represent. But although this was the golden age of Roman intellect, Roman virtue had departed, and, with her, every thing that was great and noble in Roman character. Rome was still the centre of power and influence, still outwardly the Queen of the earth, but she had lost the moral sway which had for centuries awed and subjected her barbarian provinces. The senate was but the tool of the Emperor, and hugged their gilded chains as if in love with infamy; the people anxious only about "bread and games," "*Plebs panis et circensium solum avida*," strove to surpass, if possible, the vileness and profligacy of the higher classes. Patriotism had yielded to debauchery, and it seemed as if every vestige of their former simplicity and dignity

of character, had been bartered away for low slavish propensities, repugnant alike to nature and to reason. This is but an unvarnished picture of the great body of the Roman people, as it is presented in the History of those times, and what darker shades can envelope a picture of society in a purely savage country?

We have selected two examples from Ancient History. France furnished another, not many years ago. France was then distinguished above the rest of Europe for the splendid success with which she cultivated the sciences. In the capital there was a galaxy of eminent astronomers, mathematicians and chemists, such as no other country could boast of. Intelligence was deified, and religion dethroned. In the capital, all the philosophers were sceptics; the same spirit had infected the people. The priests left the altar, and rushed into the arena, to struggle for intellectual renown. There was then nothing left in the shape of morality or religion, to check the people in their career. France echoed from side to side, with noisy disputations on the "imprescriptible rights of man," and "the dignity of human nature;" Constitution makers harangued crowds of excited labourers in every street; and even in the remotest districts in the country the same extravagance was daily exhibited. No wonder that property was no longer held sacred, or that, in such fearful times, fancied grievances became insupportable. No wonder that arguments, grounded on the passing events and sufferings of the day, and supported by appeals to the feelings and passions, were sufficient to drive the people to desperation. A mob never reasons. An ignorant mob is terrible when aroused by passion and actual privations, but its fiercest convulsion is nothing to the tenfold fury of a people, believing themselves the most enlightened on the earth, misled by false principles, and struggling to carry them into effect.

It was the prevailing, fatal error of the day, that governments could be constructed and managed like machines, where every motion and power could be calculated and provided for. That which was not new was esteemed vicious; men could not submit to antiquated laws, and to a social system which did not recognize the absolute equality of all. In short, the public mind of the whole people was carried away by a false estimate of the power of human reason, by brilliant and shewy speculations, and discoveries in science. It was the disregard of religion that ruined them. Their fine schemes of human perfectibility, were lost sight of in the horrid excesses of revolution and unchecked lust. The Goddess of Reason was worshipped with bloody sacrifices, and the Temple of Liberty erected with human skulls. All this was the legitimate effect of a system of false philosophy, which scoffed at religion, and denied the author of it—which thought to render men happy without first making them virtuous.

In this age, there is a tendency to trust in the

same glittering but pernicious error. There is a cry raised for schools, and seminaries, and colleges—and they are built and endowed. The danger lies not here; but it lies in trusting with entire confidence to a meagre, godless system of training of the intellect, which is called education. What does this system aim at, but to cram and stuff the memory with a mass of dead disjointed facts, without order or bond of union. Never can such a system be productive of good. As well might we expect that food introduced into the stomach, could be sufficient to bring the bloom of health into the pale features of a corpse. There must be a living principle within, to extract, and appropriate and set in motion. Education is not a cramming in, but a bringing out. It consists in *inducing* the faculties, *all* the faculties, moral as well as intellectual. It is not ended when one can read and write, and perform a few simple calculations. It forms the habits. It casts out impure thoughts; it subdues the passions; it fits every man for his station, rendering him gentle, kind, charitable, as well as knowing. This is that education which every patriot should labour night and day to advance. His endeavours may not in every case succeed, but it is every man's duty to do what he can, willingly and perseveringly.

Virtue, it is true, cannot be imparted, for then it would be no longer virtue. But it is every man's business, in respect to himself, to cherish principles of rectitude in his own heart, and to make use of every means to excite them in others. Systems of national education should aim at the same great end. They should have respect to the future as well as to the present, to eternity as well as to time. It is vain to trust to Intelligence alone. Intelligence should beam on the face of a nation, but it should be the index and effect of the pure, virtuous principles, which reign within.

(ORIGINAL.)

## SKETCHES OF PARIS.

### THE OLD MEN OF PARIS.

As Frenchmen in general, and Parisians in particular, live much out of doors, not a few of the national characteristics may be studied to great advantage by the stranger who will consent to make diligent use of his eyes. Many of those customs, which travellers seek to observe in other countries, are hidden from their view, both by the reserve of the inhabitants, and the four impenetrable walls of their dwellings—but here all is exposed to the open light of heaven, amid the fountains and green trees of the public gardens, or gaily flourishes within the congenial precincts of the *café restaurant*, and other places of public resort.

In my rambles about Paris, nothing used to give

me greater pleasure than to watch the proceedings of her *old men*. No where is old age more respectable or more gracefully borne, and no where does life glide away so easily and gently into that forgetfulness which awakes no more. There are several favourable circumstances which contribute to form this happy state of things, the most praiseworthy of which is the ready respect for their virtues, and tender regard for their foibles, so generally conceded by the young. The temporary burst of vanity recalled by the memory of other days, or the transient delusion, that they perhaps are yet agreeable to that great idol of the Gauls the *beau sexe*, is not met by the scornful ridicule with which elsewhere the youthful are so apt to extinguish the dying embers of self complaisance in the aged. Hence, to the last does vanity—the champagne of human existence, and after all, the most powerful spring of human happiness—cheer the old Frenchman with her bright delusions, and to the last does the old fellow turn a willing and good humoured attention to her dictates. Again, a moderate income suffices to answer a Frenchman's notion of what he conceives to be a handsome independence. He is satisfied, if in his old age he have a good lodging, a warm fire in winter, and plenty to eat and drink. Let his income be ever so small, he always contrives to have an extra *sou* in his pocket to pay for the rush-bottom chair and newspaper, which he hires from the women in the gardens who gain their livelihood in that way. When the turbulent and unrestrained passions of his youth, most probably passed amid the license of a military camp, have sobered down, he becomes the picture of that quiet content which results from the enjoyment of innocent pleasures. A Frenchman, I conceive, is the more apt to exchange a dissolute youth for a decent old age, because avarice, that accursed bane of commercial communities, has not closed the avenues of his heart—and because, among his early vices, he has never numbered that of intemperance. But the Frenchman is also eminently social and gregarious, and from his nervous and irritable constitution, as well as from habit, is peculiarly susceptible of the cheering influences of sunshine and pure air. These two circumstances predispose them frequently to meet together at some particular *rendez-vous*. One spring, I used to take my morning walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where many old gentlemen with nicely powdered hair, goldheaded canes, and exquisitely polished shoes, were in the habit of congregating. The season was not far advanced, the air was still cool, and the young leaves were just beginning to sprout, so that the veterans sought the most sheltered spots, where they sat basking in the sunshine, with their fat old dogs reposing at their feet. Some were to be seen dozing over the small newspapers of Paris, others conversing peaceably together, perhaps upon the degeneracy of the times, while others watched



with patriarchal dignity the gambols of the children, who, with their nurses, had likewise repaired to the sunny places. Even when reduced to the last stage of servility, the old Frenchman still loves to mingle in the crowd, and to breathe the pure fresh air, and many a one bent double with age may be met advancing with slow and painful steps, and leaning upon the arm of his wife, or more frequently still upon that of a rosy cheeked buxom Norman lass, who, while she sedulously attends to her master's comfort, never fails to return with coquettish glances the admiring looks of the passers by.

The patriarchs of France preserved their passion for the *spectacles*, until incapacitated by the evils of extreme old age from comprehending them. Is it surprising, then, that they should be such a fine race of old fellows? They are buoyed up by a pardonable share of self-esteem, they are content with a moderate share of fortune, and preserving the national exhilaration of character amid the snows of senectitude, they enter with youthful zest into many of those amusements which the aged among more phlegmatic populations are apt to refuse with gloomy contempt.

It is well known how completely women rule the roast in France. If the wife does not think it prudent to allow her old codger to stroll abroad alone, she not unfrequently accompanies him to his accustomed haunts. At the *Café de Foy* I remarked an old lady and gentleman, who repaired thither every evening, and took their place at a small table in the corner of the saloon. Their proceedings never varied in the smallest degree. When they had finished their cup of coffee, he used to fold up what remained of his share of the sugar in a piece of paper he had brought for that purpose, and deposited the same with trembling caution in the extreme corner of his pocket—he never failed to thrust in his hand afterward to ascertain that the sweet morsels had not vanished.

Having secured his treasure, he next buttoned his coat, and setting himself against the wall, went comfortably to sleep. His wife, however, who was a most determined looking person, converted her share of the sugar into a glass of that potent beverage called *eau sucie*, and then calling for a newspaper, read and sipped alternately, until both news and fluid were exhausted. It was easy to see that this lady was a politician, of whom there are many among the fair sex of France, and her mode of awakening her partner varied with the effect the contents of the paper had produced. If they had proved of an agreeable character, she laid her hand gently upon his shoulder, called him "*mon ami*," and in gentle tones told him it was time to leave; but if they were unfavourable, she conveyed her wishes without uttering a word, by giving him a dig in the side. It was pleasant to behold the alacrity with which her unresisting partner obeyed

this discourteous summons. Here I cannot help introducing a scene of a far more violent caste which I witnessed between a man and his wife in the streets. The unfortunate biped was a shoe-black, of Herculean proportions, and was at the moment I speak of, vigourously engaged in eating his breakfast, a frugal meal of bread and sausage, when his wife, a ferocious virago, suddenly appeared, and stamping her foot on the ground, commanded him, in shrill and voluble accents, to return instantly with her, and finish the repast at his own house, instead of doing so in the thoroughfare. The poor fellow, after a while, perceiving that there was no other remedy for it, heaved a sigh worthy of his frame, and slunk away in the most despondent manner possible. His companions, so far from manifesting any surprise, continued their meal with utter indifference, as though the event that had just happened was one of every day occurrence. But, gentle reader! "*retournez à nos moutons*," the old men of Paris—be not alarmed, I shall not detain you much longer, I merely wish to introduce you to two queer old fellows, whose peculiarities have caused, and perhaps do still cause, quite a sensation in that metropolis. I think you will agree with me in thinking however, that they should be classed rather among odd fish than among innocent sheep. Should you visit the *Palais Royal* at about three o'clock in the afternoon, you will not fail to distinguish among the crowd, if he be yet in the land of the living, a tall stern looking man, of about sixty years of age, with a long grey beard falling over his breast, and walking at a rapid pace, with his hands behind his back, around the arcades of the Palace. And if you should return two or three hours after, you will still find him pursuing his eternal round.

His history is curious. He once served under Napoleon, and as he was a finished swordsman, and a dead shot, the Carlist Peyronnet retained him upon secret service, which, it appears, consisted in engaging obnoxious individuals in the *duello*, and disposing of them by his superior skill. The minister repaid his exertions with neglect and ingratitude, and this sad return preyed so much upon his spirits, that his reason became slightly affected. Since that time he has lived entirely alone, and turned misanthrope. He neglected his dress, and allowed his beard to grow. His daily walk around the Palace, I was assured by my informant, has never been interrupted but once for many years, and that was during the Revolution of July, when he suddenly appeared in the thickest of the combat, heading a body of assailants, and arrayed in a splendid uniform.

His income, I was told, is ample, and although his clothes are ragged, it is observed that his linen is always clean, and made of the finest materials. I have occasionally seen him agitated, when he threw his arms about him with much energy, but

generally speaking, he seemed to be tranquil. One peculiarity, which forms a striking contrast to the rest of his conduct, is his fondness for children. I one day observed him suddenly to stoop towards a beautiful little boy, under the care of his nurse, and address him in the most endearing terms. He gave him an orange and some sugar-plums, of which it seems he always carries a stock, to supply his little friends. The child smiled, and M. De Gros, the subject of these remarks, immediately resumed his perpetual walk, together with his usual severe and imperturbable expression of countenance.

Another eccentric individual "*comme de tout Paris*," is an old gentleman of fortune, whose peculiarity consists in an insane love of music, of which the effects upon his nerves are so singular as to cause him to act with all the extravagance of a lunatic. It was one evening at the Italian Theatre, that my attention was diverted from one of Grisi's exquisite performances, by the smothered laughter of those around me, who, I quickly observed, were gazing in a particular direction, at the boxes. Thither I also bent my eyes, and beheld an old man whose ecstatic movements betrayed the most overwhelming delight. With body stretched over the boxes, in the direction of the stage, he was performing a species of pantomime, in accordance with the varied changes and cadences of the music. Now his arms were directed perpendicularly towards the roof, and then, descending gradually with the notes of the music, were levelled, both forefingers equally extended towards the singer. The singer having attained to the lowest notes, the arms pointed downwards towards the pit, when the merriment became more obstreperous than suited the strict decorum preserved in the French theatres. The gestures of this man attained the utmost height of absurdity when Grisi began to execute some flourishes, for here he rose from his seat, gasping for breath, while at the same time, he twinkled his fingers in unison with the rapidity of the music. This proved too much for the gravity of the audience, and all became convulsed with laughter; even the ladies thrust out their heads from the adjacent boxes, but quickly withdrew with handkerchiefs to their mouths. Fortunately the song soon terminated, and during the rest of the evening he was more composed. I was informed by a musician attached to the French Opera, that this person is so well known for his unfortunate propensity as to seldom make his appearance there, where he also owns a box. In several instances the actors were utterly unable to preserve their decorum. He is in other respects a sensible man, and conducts himself with great propriety in the ordinary relations of life.

THE letters contained in "Victoria Regina in Old England," being anagrammatised, form the words: "I reign a victor in a golden land."

(ORIGINAL.)

## LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A WALK TO M'TAVISH'S MONUMENT.

They bore him to the mountain's brow,  
With pomp and proud array;  
And sadly wound that funeral train,  
Along the green-wood way.

He lived—and wealth and honour crown'd  
The toil of many years;  
He died—and in the grave were hushed,  
Life's struggling hopes and fears.

And high, by grateful kindred reared,  
A stately column stands,  
To mark the spot where lowly sleeps  
The lord of those fair lands.

Long years have passed,—forgotton lies  
The tenant of that tomb;  
Yet watchful nature garners there,  
Her sweetness and her bloom.

The violet there, fair child of spring,  
First opes its azure eye,  
And there, in autumn's fading wreath,  
Her last pale blossoms die.

And brightly on the dancing leaves,  
The golden sunbeams play;  
And mossy rock, and flowery dell,  
Sleep in the moon's calm ray.

But stranger footsteps press the sod,  
And climb the rugged way,  
And lightly gather round the spot,  
Where rests his mouldering clay.

Yet read ye not a lesson here,  
Of human hopes and fears?  
Of proud ambition's blighted plans,  
Of pleasure changed to tears?

Ye, who in life's first rosy ray  
Revel in fancy's dreams,  
And ye, in busy manhood's prime,  
Musing on golden schemes—

Come, and in Nature's sylvan bowers,  
Beside this lonely tomb,  
Muse on life's changeeful, passing show,  
And fate's unerring doom.

Man, with his rainbow joys and fears,  
His fond endearing ties,  
Sports his brief day on fitful wing,  
And then forgotten dies.

Boast not of health, of fortune's gifts,  
Or pleasure's glittering ray;  
They are at best the short lived joys  
Of a fast fleeting day!

Such, such the whispered voice that comes,  
Forth from that slumbering dust ;  
Doth it not speak unto the heart,  
Loud as the thunder-burst !

And can ye hear in vain its tones,  
And still toil on for earth ?  
Go, heap up treasures for that land,  
Where spirits have their birth.

H. V. C.

## ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

BY DOZ.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, his sister Kate, and their widowed mother, being destitute at the death of Nicholas Nickleby the elder, come to London to solicit the assistance of Ralph Nickleby, the brother of the deceased. The elder Nicholas had been a man of much simplicity of character and a dupe to the designing : Ralph, on the contrary, was a gripping, unfeeling, unprincipled money-lender, who would pander to any vice of profligate aristocracy, to draw thoughtless young men into his clutches and if possible drain them of every shilling.

Ralph Nickleby enters with a bad grace upon his unwelcome duty, and most unceremoniously endeavours to rid himself of the unpleasant charge. He sends young Nicholas to be an assistant in a Yorkshire school, conducted by an ignorant and impudent scoundrel named *Squeers*. Here the young man has hard labour, little food, less wages, no leisure, but abundance of mortification and insult. The tyranny of *Squeers* at length could no longer be borne, and he elopes, taking with him a poor wretch named *Smike*, who apparently belonged to nobody, and was the universal drudge and slave of the establishment. Before they reach London, however, an exaggerated account of their conduct has been forwarded to Ralph, who avails himself of the pretext, to shake Nicholas off entirely. The young man, by the help of *Newman Noggs*, who is a kind of clerk and drudge to Ralph Nickleby, gets a little employment in teaching, but being obliged to abandon that, he resolves to go and seek his fortune.

*Nicholas* accompanied by *Smike*, on their route to Portsmouth fall in with *Mr. Vincent Crummles*, manager of the theatre, to whom they are introduced by the landlord of an inn and after some conversation on the precarious character of his prospects, the manager proposes the theatrical profession as a ready means of obtaining a respectable livelihood, and engages *Nicholas* as author, actor, painter and poet, and *Smike* as an actor of all works.

## OF MR. CRUMMLES' COMPANY AND NICHOLAS' INTRODUCTION TO IT.

They passed a great many bills pasted against the walls and displayed in windows, wherein the names of *Mr. Vincent Crummles*, *Mrs. Vincent Crummles*,

*Master Crummles*, *Master P. Crummles*, and *Miss Crummles*, were printed in very large letters, and every thing else in very small ones ; and turning at length into an entry, in which was a strong smell of orange-peel and lamp-oil, with an under current of sawdust, groped their way through a dark passage, and, descending a step or two, threaded a little maze of canvass-screens and paint-pots, and emerged upon the stage of the Portsmouth Theatre.

"Here we are," said *Mr. Crummles*.

It was not very light, but *Nicholas* found himself close to the first entrance on the prompter's side, among bare walls, dusty scenes, mildewed clouds, heavily daubed draperies, and dirty floors. He looked about him ; ceiling, pit, boxes, gallery, orchestra, fittings, and decorations of every kind,—all looked coarse, cold, gloomy, and wretched.

"Is this a theatre ?" whispered *Smike*, in amazement ; "I thought it was a blaze of light and finery."

"Why, so it is, replied *Nicholas*, hardly less surprised ; "but not by day, *Smike*—not by day."

The manager's voice recalled him from a more careful inspection of the building, to the opposite side of the proscenium, where, at a small mahogany table with rickety legs, and of an oblong shape, sat a stout, portly female, apparently between forty and fifty, in a tarnished silk cloak, with her bonnet dangling by the strings in her hand, and her hair (of which she had a great quantity) braided in a large festoon over each temple.

"*Mr. Johnson*," said the manager, (for *Nicholas* had given the name which *Newman Noggs* had bestowed upon him in his conversation with *Mrs. Kenwigs*.) "let me introduce *Mrs. Vincent Crummles*."

"I am glad to see you, sir," said *Mrs. Vincent Crummles*, in a sepulchral voice. "I am very glad to see you, and still more happy to hail you as a promising member of our corps."

The lady shook *Nicholas* by the hand as she addressed him in these terms ; he saw it was a large one, but had not expected quite such an iron grip as that with which she honoured him.

"And this," said the lady, crossing to *Smike*, as tragic actresses cross when they obey a stage direction, "and this is the other. You, too, are welcome, sir."

"He'll do, I think, my dear," said the manager, taking a pinch of snuff.

"He is admirable," replied the lady. "An acquisition, indeed."

As *Mrs. Vincent Crummles* re-crossed back to the table, there bounded on to the stage from some mysterious inlet, a little girl in a dirty white frock, with tucks up to the knees, short trousers, sandaled shoes, white spencer, pink gauze bonnet, green veil and curl-papers, who turned a pirouette, cut twice in the air, turned another pirouette, then looking off at the opposite wing, shrieked, and bowed forward to with

six inches of the footlights, and fell into a beautiful attitude of terror, as a shabby gentleman, in an old pair of buff slippers, came in at one powerful slide, and chattering his teeth, fiercely brandished a walking-stick.

"They are going through the Indian Savage and the Maiden," said Mrs. Crummles.

"Oh!" said the manager, "the little ballet interlude. Very good, go on. A little this way, if you please, Mr. Johnson. That'll do. Now."

The manager clapped his hands as a signal to proceed, and the Savage, becoming ferocious, made a slide towards the maiden, but the maiden avoided him in six twirls, and came down at the end of the last one upon the very points of her toes. This seemed to make some impression upon the savage, for, after a little more ferocity and chasing of the maiden into corners, he began to relent, and stroked his face several times with his right thumb and four fingers, thereby intimating that he was struck with admiration of the maiden's beauty. Acting upon the impulse of this passion, he (the savage) began to hit himself severe thumps in the chest, and to exhibit other indications of being desperately in love, which being rather a prosy proceeding, was very likely the cause of the maiden's falling asleep; whether it was or not, asleep she did fall, sound as a church, on a sloping bank, and the savage perceiving it, leant his left ear on his left hand, and nodded sideways, to intimate to all whom it might concern, that she *was* asleep, and no shamming. Being left to himself, the savage had a dance, all alone, and just as he left off the maiden woke up, rubbed her eyes, got off the bank, and had a dance all alone too—such a dance that the savage looked on in ecstasy all the while, and when it was done, plucked from a neighbouring tree some botanical curiosity, resembling a small pickled cabbage, and offered it to the maiden, who at first wouldn't have it, but on the savage shedding tears, relented. Then the savage jumped for rapture at the sweet smell of the pickled cabbage. Then the savage and the maiden danced violently together, and finally, the savage dropped down on one knee, and the maiden stood on one leg upon his other knee; thus concluding the ballet, and leaving the spectators in a state of pleasing uncertainty, whether she would ultimately marry the savage, or return to her friends.

"Very well, indeed," said Mr. Crummles; "bravo!"

"Bravo!" cried Nicholas, resolved to make the best of every thing. "Beautiful!"

"This, Sir," said Mr. Vincent Crummles, bringing the maiden forward, "this is the infant phenomenon—Miss Ninetta Crummles."

"Your daughter?" inquired Nicholas.

"My daughter—my daughter," replied Mr. Vincent Crummles; "the idol of every place we go into, Sir. We have had complimentary letters about

this girl, Sir, from the nobility and gentry of almost every town in England."

"I am not surprised at that," said Nicholas; "she must be quite a natural genius."

"Quite a——!" Mr. Crummles stopped; language was not powerful enough to describe the infant phenomenon. "I'll tell you what, Sir," he said; "the talent of this child is not to be imagined. She must be seen, Sir—seen—to be ever so faintly appreciated. There; go to your mother, my dear."

"May I ask how old she is?" inquired Nicholas.

"You may, Sir," replied Mr. Crummles, looking steadily in his questioner's face, as some men do when they have doubts about being implicitly believed in what they are going to say. "She is ten years of age, Sir."

"Not more?"

"Not a day."

"Dear me!" said Nicholas, "it's extraordinary."

It was; for the infant phenomenon, though of short stature, had a comparatively aged countenance, and had moreover been precisely the same age—not perhaps to the full extent of the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but certainly for five good years. But she had been kept up late every night, and kept upon an unlimited allowance of gin and water from infancy, to prevent her growing tall; and perhaps this system of training had produced in the infant phenomenon these additional phenomena.

While this short dialogue was going on, the gentleman who had enacted the savage came up, with his walking-shoes on his feet, and his slippers in his hand, to within a few paces, as if desirous to join in the conversation, and deeming this a good opportunity to put in his word.

"Talent there, Sir," said the savage, nodding towards Miss Crummles.

Nicholas assented.

"Ah!" said the actor, setting his teeth together, and drawing in his breath with a hissing sound, "she oughtn't to be in the provinces, she oughtn't."

"What do you mean?" asked the manager.

"I mean to say," replied the other, warmly, "that she is too good for country boards, and that she ought to be in one of the large houses in London, or no where; and I tell you more, without mincing the matter, that if it wasn't for envy and jealousy in some quarter that you know of, she would be. Perhaps you'll introduce me here, Mr. Crummles."

"Mr. Folair," said the manager, presenting him to Nicholas.

"Happy to know you, Sir." Mr. Folair touched the brim of his hat with his forefinger, and then shook hands. "A recruit, Sir, I understand?"

"An unworthy one," replied Nicholas.

"Did you ever see such a set-out as that?" whispered the actor, drawing him away, as Crummles left them to speak to his wife.

"As what?"

Mr. Folair made a funny face from his pantomime collection, and pointed over his shoulder.

"You don't mean the infant phenomenon?"

"Infant humbug, sir," replied Mr. Folair.—  
"There isn't a female child of common sharpness in a charity school that couldn't do better than that. She may thank her stars she was born a manager's daughter."

"You seem to take it to heart," observed Nicholas, with a smile.

"Yes, by Jove, and well I may," said Mr. Folair, drawing his arm through his, and walking him up and down the stage. "Isn't it enough to make a man crusty to see that little sprawler put up in the best business every night, and actually keeping money out of the house, by being forced down the people's throats, while other people are passed over? Isn't it extraordinary to see a man's confounded family conceit blinding him even to his own interest? Why I *know* of fifteen and sixpence that came to Southampton one night last month to see me dance the Highland Fling, and what's the consequence? I've never been put up in it since—never once—while the "infant phenomenon" has been grinning through artificial flowers at five people and a baby in the pit, and two boys in the gallery, every night."

"If I may judge from what I have seen of you," said Nicholas, "you must be a valuable member of the company,"

"Oh!" replied Mr. Folair, beating his slippers together, to knock the dust out; "I *can* come it pretty well—nobody better perhaps in my own line—but having such business as one gets here, is like putting lead on one's feet instead of chalk, and dancing in fetters without the credit of it. Holloa, old fellow, how are you?"

The gentleman addressed in these latter words was a dark-complexioned man, inclining indeed to sallow, with long thick black hair, and very evident indications (although he was close shaved) of a stiff beard, and whiskers of the same deep shade. His age did not appear to exceed thirty, although many at first sight would have considered him much older, as his face was long and very pale, from the constant application of stage paint. He wore a checked shirt, an old green coat with new gilt buttons, a neckerchief of broad red and green stripes, and full blue trousers; he carried too a common ash walking-stick, apparently more for show than use, as he flourished it about with the hook end downwards, except when he raised it for a few seconds, and throwing himself into a fencing attitude, made a pass or two at the side-scenes, or at any other object, animate or inanimate, that chanced to afford him a pretty good mark at the moment.

"Well, Tommy," said this gentleman, making a thrust at his friend, who parried it dexterously with his slipper, "what's the news?"

"A new appearance, that's all," replied Mr. Folair, looking at Nicholas.

"Do the honours, Tommy, do the honours," said the other gentleman, tapping him reproachfully on the crown of the hat with his stick.

"This is Mr. Lenville, who does our first tragedy, Mr. Johnson," said the pantomimist.

"Except when old bricks and mortar takes it into his head to do it himself, you should add, Tommy," remarked Mr. Lenville. "You know who bricks and mortar is, I suppose, sir?"

"I do not, indeed," replied Nicholas.

"We call Crummies that, because his style of acting is rather in the heavy and ponderous way," said Mr. Lenville. "I mustn't be cracking jokes though, for I've got a part of twelve lengths here which I must be up in tomorrow night, and I haven't had time to look at it yet; I'm a confounded quick study, that's one comfort."

Consoling himself with this reflection, Mr. Lenville drew from his coat-pocket a greasy and crumpled manuscript, and having made another pass at his friend proceeded to walk to and fro, conning it to himself, and indulging occasionally in such appropriate action as his imagination and the text suggested.

#### HOW TO WRITE A PLAY.

"Ladies and gentleman," said Mr. Vincent Crummies, who had been writing on a piece of paper, "we'll call the Mortal Struggle to-morrow at ten; everybody for the procession. Intrigue, and Ways and Means, you're all up in, so we shall only want one rehearsal. Everybody at ten, if you please."

"Everybody at ten," repeated Mrs. Grudden, looking about her.

"On Monday morning we shall read a new piece," said Mr. Crummies; "the name's not known yet, but everybody will have a good part. Mr. Johnson will take care of that."

"Hallo!" said Nicholas, starting, "I—"

"On Monday morning," repeated Mr. Crummies, raising his voice, to drown the unfortunate Mr. Johnson's remonstrance; "that 'll do, ladies and gentlemen."

The ladies and gentlemen required no second notice to quit, and in a few minutes the theatre was deserted, save by the Crummies' family, Nicholas, and Smike.

"Upon my word," said Nicholas, taking the manager aside, "I don't think I can be ready by Monday."

"Pooh, pooh," replied Mr. Crummies,

"But really I can't," returned Nicholas; "my invention is not accustomed to these demands, or possibly I might produce—"

"Invention! what the devil's that got to do with it!" cried the manager, hastily.

"Everything, my dear sir."

"Nothing, my dear sir," retorted the manager, with evident impatience. "Do you understand French?"

"Perfectly well."

"Very good," said the manager, opening the table-drawer, and giving a roll of paper from it to Nicholas. "There, just turn that into English, and put your name on the title-page. Damn me," said Mr. Crummies, angrily, "if I haven't often said that I wouldn't have a man or woman in my company that wasn't master of the language, so that they might learn it from the original, and play it in English, and save all this trouble and expense."

Nicholas smiled, and pocketed the play.

#### NICHOLAS INSTRUCTED BY HIS FELLOW ACTORS.

NICHOLAS was up betimes in the morning; but he had scarcely begun to dress, notwithstanding, when he heard footsteps ascending the stairs, and was presently saluted by the voices of Mr. Folair the pantomimist, and Mr. Lenville, the tragedian.

"House, house, house!" cried Mr. Folair.

"What, ho! within there!" said Mr. Lenville, in a deep voice.

Confound the fellows! thought Nicholas; they have come to breakfast, I suppose. "I'll open the door directly, if you'll wait an instant."

The gentlemen entreated him not to hurry himself; and to beguile the interval, had a fencing bout with their walking-sticks on the very small landing-place, to the unspeakable discomposure of all the other lodgers down stairs.

"Here, come in," said Nicholas, when he had completed his toilet. "In the name of all that's horrible, don't make that noise outside."

"An uncommon snug little box this," said Mr. Lenville, stepping into the front room, and taking his hat off before he could get in at all. "Pernicious snug."

"For a man at all particular in such matters it might be a trifle too snug," said Nicholas; "for, although it is undoubtedly a great convenience to be able to reach any thing you want from the ceiling or the floor, or either side of the room, without having to move from your chair, still these advantages can only be had in an apartment of the most limited size."

"It isn't a bit too confined for a single man," returned Mr. Lenville. "That reminds me,—my wife, Mr. Johnson—I hope she'll have some good part in this piece of yours?"

"I glanced at the French copy last night," said Nicholas. "It looks very good, I think."

"What do you mean to do for me, old fellow," asked Mr. Lenville, poking the struggling fire with his walking-stick, and afterwards wiping it on the skirt of his coat.—"Anything in the gruff and grumble way?"

"You turn your wife and child out of doors,"

said Nicholas; "and in a fit of rage and jealousy stab your eldest son in the library."

"Do I though!" exclaimed Mr. Lenville. "That's very good business."

"After which," said Nicholas, "you are troubled with remorse till the last act, and then you make up your mind to destroy yourself. But just as you are raising the pistol to your head, a clock strikes—ten."

"I see," cried Mr. Lenville. "Very good."

"You pause," said Nicholas; "you recollect to have heard a clock strike ten in your infancy. The pistol falls from your hand—you are overcome—you burst into tears, and become a virtuous and exemplary character for ever afterwards."

"Capital!" said Mr. Lenville: "that's a sure card, a sure card. Get the curtain down with a touch of nature like that, and it'll be a triumph success."

"Is there anything good for me?" inquired Mr. Folair, anxiously.

"Let me see," said Nicholas. "You play the faithful and attached servant; you are turned out of doors with the wife and child."

"Always coupled with that infernal phenomenon," sighed Mr. Folair: "and we go into poor lodgings, where I won't take any wages, and talk sentiment, I suppose!"

"Why—yes," replied Nicholas; "that is the course of the piece."

"I must have a dance of some kind, you know," said Mr. Folair. "You'll have to introduce one for the phenomenon, so you'd better make it a *pas de deux*, and save time."

"There's nothing easier than that," said Mr. Lenville, observing the disturbed looks of the young dramatist.

"Upon my word I don't see how it's to be done," rejoined Nicholas.

"Why, isn't it obvious?" reasoned Mr. Lenville. "Gadzooks, who can help seeing the way to do it?—you astonish me! You get the distressed lady, and the little child, and the attached servant, into the poor lodgings, don't you?—Well, look here.—The distressed lady sinks into a chair, and buries her face in her pocket-handkerchief—'What makes you weep, mamma?' says the child. 'Don't weep, mamma, or you'll make me weep too!—' And me!' says the faithful servant, rubbing his eyes with his arm. 'What can we do to raise your spirits, dear mamma?' says the little child. 'Ay, what can we do?' says the faithful servant. 'Oh, Pierre!' says the distressed lady; 'Would that I could shake off these painful thoughts.'—'Try, ma'am, try,' says the faithful servant; 'rouse yourself, ma'am; be amused.'—'I will,' says the lady, 'I will learn to suffer with fortitude. Do you remember that dance, my honest friend, which, in happier days, you practised with this sweet angel? It never failed to calm

my spirits then. Oh! let me see it once again before I die!—There it is—cue for the band, *before I die*,—and off they go. That's the regular thing: isn't it, Tommy?"

"That's it," replied Mr. Felair. "The distressed lady, overpowered by old recollections, faints at the end of the dance, and you close in with a picture."

Profiting by these and other lessons, which were the result of the personal experience of the two actors, Nicholas willingly gave them the best breakfast he could, and when he at length got rid of them applied himself to his task, by no means displeased to find that it was so much easier than he had at first supposed.

#### THE ACTORS AND THE PLAY.

Nicholas worked very hard all day, and did not leave his room until the evening, when he went down to the theatre, whither Smike had repaired before him to go on with another gentleman as a general rebellion.

Here all the people were so much changed that he scarcely knew them. False hair, false colour, false calves, false muscles—they had become different beings.—Mr. Lenville was a blooming warrior of most exquisite proportions; Mr. Crumbles, his large face shaded by a profusion of black hair, a Highland outlaw of most majestic bearing; one of the old gentlemen a gaoler, and the other a venerable patriarch; the comic countryman, a fighting-man of great valour, relieved by a touch of humour; each of the master Crummleses, a prince in his own right; and the low-spirited lover a desponding captive. There was a gorgeous banquet ready spread for the third act, consisting of two pasteboard vases, one plate of biscuits, a black bottle, and a vinegar cruet; and, in short, everything was on a scale of the utmost splendour and preparation.

Nicholas was standing with his back to the curtain, now contemplating the first scene, which was a Gothic archway, about two feet shorter than Mr. Crummles, through which that gentleman was to make his first entrance, and now listening to a couple of people who were cracking nuts in the gallery, wondering whether they made the whole audience, when the manager himself walked familiarly up and accosted him.

"Been in front tonight?" said Mr. Crummles.

"No," replied Nicholas, "not yet. I am going to see the play."

"We've had a pretty good Let," said Mr. Crummles. "Four front places in the centre, and the whole of the stage-box."

"Oh, indeed!" said Nicholas; "a family, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Crummles, "yes. It's an affecting thing. There are six children, and they never come unless the phenomenon plays."

It would have been difficult for any party, family or otherwise, to have visited the theatre on a night when the phenomenon did *not* play, inasmuch as she always sustained one, and not uncommonly two or three, characters every night; but Nicholas, sympathizing with the feelings of a father, refrained from hinting at this trifling circumstance, and Mr. Crummles continued to talk uninterrupted by him.

"Sir," said the gentleman; "Pa and Ma eight, aunt nine, governess ten, grandfather and grandmother twelve. Then there's the footman, who stands outside, with a bag of oranges and a jug of toast-and-water, and sees the play for nothing through the little pane of glass in the box-door—it's cheap at a guinea; they gain by taking a box.

"I wonder you allow so many," observed Nicholas.

"There's no help for it," replied Mr. Crummles; "it's always expected in the country. If there are six children, six people come to hold them in their laps. A family-box carries double always. Ring in the orchestra, Crudden."

The useful lady did as she was requested, and shortly afterwards the tuning of three fiddles was heard. Which process having been protracted as long as it was supposed that the patience of the audience could possibly bear it, was put a stop to by another jerk of the bell which being the signal to begin in earnest, set the orchestra playing a variety of popular airs, with involuntary variations.

If Nicholas had been astonished at the alteration for the better which the gentlemen displayed, the transformation of the ladies was still more extraordinary. When, from a snug corner of the manager's box, he beheld Miss Snavellicci in all the glories of white muslin with a gold hem, and Mrs Crummles in all the dignity of the outlaw's wife, and Miss Bravassa in all the sweetness of Miss Snavellicci's confidential friend, and Miss Belwancy in the white silks of a page doing duty everywhere and swearing to live and die in the service of everybody; he could scarcely contain his admiration, which testified itself in great applause, and the closest possible attention to the business of the scene. The plot was most interesting. It belonged to no particular age, people, or country, and was perhaps the more delightful on that account, as nobody's previous information could afford the remote glimmering of what would ever come of it. An outlaw had been very successful in doing something somewhere, and came home in triumph, to the sound of shouts and fiddles, to greet his wife—a lady of masculine mind, who talked a good deal about her father's bones, which it seemed were unburied, though whether from a peculiar taste on the part of the old gentleman himself, or the reprehensible neglect of his relations, did not appear. The outlaw's wife was somehow or other mixed up with a patriarch, living in a castle a long way off, and this patriarch was the father of several of the

characters, but he didn't exactly know which, and was uncertain whether he had brought up the right ones in his castle, or the wrong ones, but rather inclined to the latter opinion, and, being uneasy, relieved his mind with a banquet, during which solemnity somebody in a cloak said "Beware!" which somebody was known by nobody (except the audience) to be the outlaw himself, who had come there for reasons unexplained, but possibly with an eye to the spoons. There was an agreeable little surprise in the way of certain love passages between the desponding captive and Miss Snelvellicci, and the comic fighting-man and Miss Bravassa; besides which, Mr. Lenville had several very tragic scenes in the dark, while on throat-cutting expeditions, which were all baffled by the skill and bravery of the comic fighting-man (who overheard whatever was said all through the piece) and the intrepidity of Miss Snelvellicci, who adopted tights, and therein repaired to the prison of her captive lover, with a small basket of refreshments and a dark lantern. At last it came out that the patriarch was the man who had treated the bones of the outlaw's father-in-law with so much disrespect, for which cause and reason the outlaw's wife repaired to his castle to kill him, and so got into a dark room, where, after a great deal of groping in the dark, everybody got hold of everybody else, and took them for somebody besides, which occasioned a vast quantity of confusion, with some pistolling, loss of life, and torch-light; after which the patriarch came forward, and observing with a knowing look, that he knew all about his children now, and would tell them when they got inside, said that there could not be a more appropriate occasion for marrying the young people than that, and therefore he joined their hands, with the full consent of the indefatigable page, who (being the only other person surviving) pointed with his cap into the clouds, and his right hand to the ground; thereby invoking a blessing, and giving the cue for the curtain to come down, which it did, amidst general applause.

"What did you think of that?" asked Mr. Crummies, when Nicholas went round to the stage again. Mr. Crummies was very red and hot, for your outlaws are desperate fellows to shout.

"I think it was very capital indeed;" replied Nicholas.

(ORIGINAL.)

"There is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

*Chesterfield.*

MR. EDITOR,

At the solicitation of a lady whose pen has adorned many a number of your Magazine, I have sat down to write something for its pages, but what that something is to be I am as yet at a loss to determine. It was the observation of one who has

bequeathed to posterity some of the rarest gems of imagination, that the finest genius does not create out of a void—we find all the commentators upon Shakspeare, howsoever they are at issue about the text, agree that none of his plots are original. If then the mightiest that the winged steed hath borne through the bright fields of fancy, was fain to seek a resting place whereon to set the lever of his wondrous conception, what can *he* fabricate without a drachm of *materiel*, who is unworthy to be the meanest helper in the stable of Pegasus?

Before me is spread a spotless sheet of foolscap, with, I am afraid, as little chance of being filled as if I were to undertake a chart of central Africa. But the dullness of the day has confined me indoors and generated "*Cacoethes scribendi*," in which I would fain indulge. Having sat down to my desk, spread my paper, and primed my pen, I unfolded to my muse, "That it was our pleasure to be sad today," she however favoured me with a hint or two, by which it became obvious that either there must be a dissolution of partnership or that I must change my tune.

If ever I should write a work upon logic I shall be induced to devote a chapter of it to the consideration of "*Remote approximations*," a subject, I believe, as yet unhandled by casuists. The close relation between the sublime and ridiculous has been contended for successfully; but the same affinity may be traced between almost all physical and moral opposites. The extremes of heat and cold cannot, it has been shown, be distinguished by the touch; joy and sorrow express themselves by tears: mirth and melancholy tread on each others heels or travel in Siamese unity "cheek by jowl." This latter position admits of proof in so many ways that it would be wasting time to wait to establish it by argument—who is there that in the most serious concerns of his life has not found it convenient to cram his cambric into his mouth? where is there a mine of mirth, more ready for instant explosion than is to be found amongst a congregation at sermon time? Convince yourself that you are imperatively called upon to preserve the utmost gravity of deportment, and the slightest twitch of your neighbours nose will set you crowing like chanticleer. As in logic, two negatives make an affirmative, so in my philosophy, two warnings make an indiscretion. But to my tale—It was on the 14th of May 1834, "I like to be particular in dates," that in company with five or six friends, I got on board the steamboat and proceeded from our own pretty village to Cobourg, to enjoy for a few days, the delightful sport of wood-cock shooting. Owing to a heavy fall of snow during the whole of the day, (which may be seen noted, together with the names of the party on the glass of the cabin windows by my friend Tom S——) any description of the river Otonabee or Rice Lake under such unfavourable auspices would be doing an injustice to



their otherwise almost unrivalled beauties. On our arrival at Cobourg, after having, at old Story's persuasion, taken a "drop *uv suttling*," to drive out the cold, I adjourned to the sitting room, where I found the family of Col. C—— who had just arrived from Scotland and were with many other respectable persons, on their way to Peterboro' to settle in its neighbourhood. Previous to dinner, I observed Mrs. C—— looking and speaking earnestly to one of her sons, a fine mercurial lad, of some fourteen years old. The conversation reached me, but by bits and scraps; but I gathered enough of it to learn it was an exhortation to gravity, urged by the mother in behalf of some person who was remarkable for some "*risum teneatis*" quality. When the company assembled in the dining room, I looked round for the subject of the morning caution, and of a verity, if ever good advice could plead a justification it was in the present instance. Between me and the window, with his countenance in strong relief, stood a gentleman with a *handle* to his face, unequalled since the days of Slawkenbergius—I have called it a *handle*, because it would have been a base abuse of Her Majesty's language, to have denominated it a *nose*. It was a *snout*—a *probosistical handle*, suited only to the grasp of O'Brien the Irish giant. Now probably if the kind parent had been silent with regard to this awful olfactory projection, things might have terminated without any sensation beyond the passing regard which attaches to every *lusus*—as it was, she had done the very thing calculated in my opinion, to produce the consequence which she most desired to avoid. The man with the *trunk* sat down next me. The unhappy lad, by the indignation of providence, our immediate *vis-à-vis*. The youth, with his mouth convulsively screwed up, divided his looks between his mother, myself, and the man with the *miraculous promontory*. I saw his liver was at full cock, and set to the hair-trigger, so that the slightest touch would explode him, as instantaneously and irresistibly as ever did percussion-cap, Pigou and Andrews' best. There was a terrible silence! The mother, in full conviction that the volcano was in the last stage of fermentation, sat looking unutterable things. I felt that my match had burned down to the touch-hole, and in another instant I should go off, bang! In fact the whole table were in the situation of the Lords and Commons, on the memorable fifth of November, ah! well a day, there was none to arrest the Guy Faux of that fated party. The thing had reached its climax—either a safety valve should be opened, or another minute would demolish the high pressure boilers. In this dilemma the "unfortunate youth" volunteered the forlorn hope. Under the shade of the man's umbrageous nozzle, stood a dish of new kidney potatoes, and having just come off a passage from across the Atlantic, where vegetables are usually scarce, the youngster with these sought to make a diversion (*technically* in which he succeeded *literally*

for handing his plate across the table, and presenting it with profound gravity to the *naso-phenomenon*, he delivered himself thus, in a most distinct and emphatic tone of voice—"Sir if you please, *I'll trouble you for a nose*." The scene that ensued, although it may be conceived, mendicants my powers of description.

"My pen is at the bottom of my page,  
Which being finished, here my story ends.  
'Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,  
But stories somehow lengthen when begun."

Beyppo.

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Oh, sing that mournful song no more,  
My weary heart would fain be gay:  
Though love's delightful dream is o'er  
Grief shall not darken all my day.

To lovely woman tune thy lay,  
My spirit still must own her power,  
Nor will I fling life's wreath away,  
Though falsehood withered one sweet flower.

The world has reft me of the rose.  
Which in Hope's garden deftly sprung;  
But summer's morn may yet disclose,  
A bud as fresh, as fair, as young.

The thorn within this wounded breast,  
Will rankle long with venom'd dart:  
But time will soothe my grief to rest,  
And joy again illumine my heart.

Man was not formed alone to pine,  
To waste his years in hopeless pain;  
The sun eclipsed breaks forth to shine,  
In all his wonted strength again.

(ORIGINAL.)

## SONG.

AIR—THE BEAUTIFUL RHINE.

O! how do I love thee, my beautiful Clyde!  
All visions of joy and of beauty and pride,  
Come floating along on thy bosom to me,  
In my visions of might, over mountain and sea.

O! beautiful Clyde! my beautiful Clyde!  
My beautiful Clyde! my beautiful Clyde!  
My well known, beloved, my youth's own dear bride!

O! brightly my careless years flew by thy side,  
Or sail in glee o'er thine elfe-haunted tide:  
In the years of mine autumn, would I might abide  
With thy storm and thy sunshine my beautiful Clyde.

D. D.

## NEW WAY OF SENDING A HORSE HOME.

RETURNING to Utica, I fell in with a horse, bridle and saddle, that was making his way home without his master, every now and then cropping the grass at the road-side, and then walking on in a most independent manner. His master had given him a certificate of leave by chalking in large letters on the saddle flaps on each side, "Let him go." This was a very primitive proceeding; but I am not sure it could be ventured upon in Yorkshire, or in Virginia either, where they know a good horse, and are particularly careful of it. It is a fact, that wherever they breed horses they invariably learn how to steal them.—*Captain Marryat's Diary in America.*

## CRITICISING BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

In criticising a book, you are at liberty to remark upon every page. In criticising a newspaper, you must look to its general tone and character. An author may write only when the spirit moves him. An editor must write whether the spirit moves him or not.

Oried Sylvia to a reverend Dean,

"What reason can be given,

Since marriage is a holy thing,

That there are none in heaven?"

"There are no women," he replied,

She quick returned the jest,

"Women there are, but I'm afraid

They cannot find a priest!"

## MARRIED MEN.

THE fact of matrimony or bachelorship is written so legibly in men's appearance, that no ingenuity can conceal it. On the tops of houses, in the coffee-rooms of inns, nay in pews at church, there is some inexplicable instinct that tells us whether an individual (name, fortune, circumstances, totally unknown) be or be not a married man. Whether it is a certain subdued look, such as that which characterises the lions in a menagerie, and distinguishes them from the lords of the desert, we cannot tell, but that the truth is so we positively affirm.—*Blackwood.*

"That is a self evident proposition," as the dog-meat man said, ven the housemaid told him, he was no gentleman.—*Boz.*

## PERSIAN WIT.

MANY owners of gardens near cities in Caubul are accustomed to charge a certain sum to visitors, who are allowed to enter and eat fruits à discretion; the Persians, who must invent a joke upon everything, declare that at Caubul the eaters of fruit are weighed on entering and on coming out of the gardens, and are charged for the difference; and they tell how that a certain wag put stones in his pocket, which he threw away in the gardens, so that when he had eaten his fill of fruit, and was weighed on coming out, he was found lighter than when he had gone in—a problem which long puzzled the wise men of

"the city of one hundred thousand gardens."—*Connolly's Overland Journal to India.*

## A DETERMINED PUNSTER.

SOME one attributing the wants of Ireland to absenteeism, this resolute punster declared that "the misery of the Irish arose not from absent-*tea*-ism, but from absent-*dinner*-ism."—*Colburn's New Monthly.*

## MRS. MALAPROP IN AMERICA.

AN old lady, remarkable for her confused idea of the meaning of words, described a clear summer evening thus:—"It was a beautiful bright night—the moon made every thing as light as a cork."—*New York Mirror.*

## PLAYING AT MATRIMONY.

WHEN sixteen, Miss Davis played Juliet to the Romeo of a Mr. Wells, who, having first assumed the dramatic lover's part, soon became a real one, and before she was eighteen, they were married at St. Chad's, Shrewsbury. But, strange to say, the honeymoon was scarcely over, when Mrs. Davis received that following laconic epistle from her son-in-law:—"Madam,—As your daughter is too young and childish for me, I beg you will, for the present, take her again under your protection, and be assured I shall return to her soon, as I am only going a short journey. Your's, &c." Before she received this letter Mr. Wells had left Cheltenham, where they then were, and his wife never saw him after.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

## CAYENNE PEPPER.

THE following anecdote is related in the "Travels of the Missionaries in South Africa." On one occasion, while the missionaries were at dinner in their own tent, some of the native chiefs and their wives being present, one of them, seeing Mr. Read help himself to a little Cayenne pepper, its red colour attracted his attention, and he asked for some of it. On getting the Cayenne, he instantly threw a quantity of it on his tongue, but on feeling its pungency he shut his eyes, clasped his hand upon his mouth, and holding down his head, endeavoured manfully to conceal the pain. When he was able to look up, he slyly touched Mr. Read with his foot, to intimate that he should say nothing, but give the same dose to the others present. Another chief next got some, who also instantly felt its powers, but understanding the joke, as soon as he was able to speak, he asked for some for his wife; and thus it went round, to the great diversion of all afterwards. We have known the same trick played upon each other by the stern chiefs of the North American Indians, with mustard, of which each took a spoonful, when dining at a white man's table; but though the pungent condiment caused the big tear to roll down their cheeks, they scorned to shew that they felt pain, until it had gone round, and then they smiled at each other with taciturn gravity.

## THE MATCH GIRL,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MR. THOMAS WHITAKER,

Most respectfully dedicated to his friend Captain John Luckin, of Lower Canada.

REVISED BY MR. W. H. WARREN.

First system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The tempo marking *Tenderly* is written above the lower staff.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The tempo marking *Pia* is written below the lower staff, and the word *for* is written above the lower staff with a slur over it.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The tempo marking *Pia* is written below the lower staff. The lyrics "De - serted and poor I have rang'd the world o'er, Neither father nor" are written below the upper staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The tempo marking *forte* is written below the lower staff. The lyrics "mo - ther have I, But all the day long, in a pitiful song, my" are written below the upper staff. At the bottom of the page, there are some small numbers: 8 3 8.

bunches of matches I cry, I have curtsied and bow'd to the rich and the

*fz* *fz* *for*

*ad lib*

proud, and have begg'd of the poorest that lives; But I ne'er yet could

*pia*

*A Tempo* *ad lib* *tr*

meet any blessing so sweet As the morsel which cha-ri-ty gives.

*A Tempo*

In the morn when I rise, with sad tears in my eyes,  
I dejectedly walk through the town,  
At each door as I pray, they spurn me away,  
And answer my tears with a frown.

I have curtsied, &c.

Though my feet should go bare and I sink in despair,  
Poor Eliza to pilfer would scorn;  
If I'm doom'd till I'm old, both to hunger and cold,  
Ah! would I had never been born.

I have curtsied, &c.

## OUR TABLE.

HISTORY OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES;  
BY J. F. COOPER.

ALTHOUGH, in the new path which Mr. Cooper has chosen, we cannot give it as our opinion that he has been as eminently successful as his lighter labours may have augured, he has so well succeeded in compiling a useful record of historical events, that he may justly claim from his countrymen a high share of their gratitude and esteem. We candidly confess, however, that we have perused these volumes with a feeling akin to disappointment—unjustly it may be—as we had no right to expect in a work expressly written to convey a formal and authentic history, any of those bold flights and stirring adventures, which are the legitimate subject of the author's pen, when depicting the scenes and incidents by "flood and field," which track the history of some imaginary hero, where, it may be, upon an insulated fact, whole volumes of fictions have been engrafted; and if we have found the volumes too formal and constrained, the fault may have been in the temper with which we sat down to their perusal, having the fancy filled with the delicious excitement we derived from the perusal of the author's naval tales.

There is, indeed, one feature of the work before us, which we cannot in justice pass over, regretting as we do, that the author's national feelings have been so often permitted to give an unfair colouring to the portions of the history in which Britain is concerned. In fact, he seldom fails, when he finds it necessary to record the defeat of his countrymen, to draw a picture,—sometimes too vivid for truth—of the disadvantages under which they laboured; attributing their failure to accidents no human eye could foresee,—and investing the enemy with so much superiority, in every thing but courage and skill—two warlike qualifications he reluctantly concedes the possession of to any other than American seamen—that success could have been achieved only by some miraculous means. Nor is his national prejudice less apparent when success may happen to be the grateful theme of his pen—even then, forgetting the generosity of character which marks the conduct of the noble victor, he presents to the reader's eye such a formidable array of adventitious circumstances, apparently favouring the foe, that only a surpassing energy and coolness, as well as the most unrivalled physical and moral courage on the part of the American combatants, could have enabled them to contend with, much less to overcome—and upon all occasions he vaunts their prowess as unapproached and unapproachable by the warriors and sailors of any other land or people. The work has, however, evidently been written for the American people, and it may not be uncharitable to suppose, that, knowing the genius of his countrymen, Mr. Cooper may have intended to relieve himself from the unpopularity which followed the

publication of his "Home as Found," a book which, from the unpleasant truths it contained, drew upon him a greater share of abuse and verbal contempt than his obvious vanity could well sleep peaceably under. This, however, is merely an opinion of our own, founded upon the fact, that to an individual seeking "to be popular" (as Mr. Cooper classically hath it) there is nothing calculated more rapidly to gain his end than a little wholesome abuse of Britain, coupled with an essay upon their comparative skill in arts and arms, taking care that the sovereign people are upon all occasions immeasurably "a-head" of their island rivals.

Were it not that the philosophical deductions to be made from historical records, will naturally be unfair, if founded upon premises even partially disingenuous, we would scarcely allude to this feature in the work before us, conscious as we are how difficult it must be for an author to divest himself of the natural leaning towards his own country, and to write with the impartial pen of a neutral,—nay, respecting as we do the patriotic virtues from which springs the pride we cannot but condemn, when it interferes with the truths of history. We must confess, too, that the historians of our own land have too often been guilty of the same offence with which we have charged Mr. Cooper, though not to an extent so apparent as in the "History of the Navy of the United States," in which the American sailors are ever placed in the most prominent position upon the canvass, as if they, and they only, had any claim to be distinguished in war and battle by "field and flood." Their panegyrist seems to have forgotten, that by lowering the character of the foe, the vanquisher loses half his glory, as having conquered enemies who were unworthy of the blades of brave men and warlike chiefs. He has, too, overshot his mark, for none conversant with history will believe, that they who have carried conquest and victory over all the earth—whose flag has swept the seas for centuries unquestioned, would be overcome upon equal terms, by any people, be they who they will, without a gigantic and mighty struggle for the prize of renown.

The work commences with a review of the condition of the colonies, from their settlement by Britain until the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, shewing the position of their maritime affairs. The first conflict between the discontented colonists and the naval power of the crown, is a spirited sketch of the capture of the *Margaretta*, a government schooner, which after a hard combat, and the loss of several men on both sides, strikes her colours to a handful of enthusiastic but undisciplined volunteers. This affair is denominated the "Lexington of the seas," and is commented upon by Mr. Cooper, as proving the superiority of a popular outburst to the disciplined bravery of regular troops, a position from which he could be easily driven by the recorded

opinion of the Father of the American Republic, did our space permit the copying of some of his letters to Congress, or our judicious sanction the attempt to dislodge Mr. Cooper from ground so untenable.

The adventures of Commodore Paul Jones are full of excitement and interest, but we are compelled to pass lightly over them, from the scarcity of disposable space. The description of the combat between his ship, the *Richard*, and Captain Pearson's *Serapis*, which has been so often heard of, is given with a greater degree of impartiality, we believe, than any other action; probably, as has been suggested, because Jones was himself a Briton, and, consequently, his praises were not calculated so directly to lend a lustre to American arms. Be this as it may, it is a thrilling narrative, both ships having been fought manfully and well, accident only deciding the battle in favour of the victors, after hope had almost entirely fled—the *Serapis* having ceased cannonading, on hearing a call for "quarter" coming from the *Richard's* deck—a cessation of hostilities taken advantage of by the American Commodore, to turn the tide of battle in his own favour.

The contest between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, an action which caused a greater share of excitement than usually accompanies a combat between single ships, will form no inapt illustration of the one-sided character of Mr. Cooper's descriptions. We here extract it:—

"At twelve, meridian, the "*Chesapeake*" lifted her anchor, and stood out into the bay, with a pleasant breeze from the southward and westward. As the "*Shannon*" was then in plain sight, the ship was cleared for action, and the best appearances were assumed, although it is known that Captain Lawrence went into this engagement with strong reluctance, on account of the peculiar state of his crew. He had himself joined the vessel not long before; her proper first lieutenant, Mr. B. Page, of Virginia, an officer of experience, was ill on shore, and died soon after in Boston; the acting first lieutenant, Mr. Augustus Ludlow, of New York, though an officer of merit, was a very young man, and was in an entirely novel situation; and there was but one other commissioned sea-officer in the ship, two of the midshipmen acting as third and fourth lieutenants, and now performing this duty for the first time. One, if not both of these young gentlemen, had also just joined the ship, following their captain from the "*Hornet*." In addition, the "*Chesapeake*" had an unusual number of landsmen in her. Notwithstanding all these sinister circumstances, the history of naval warfare does not contain an instance of a ship's being more gallantly conducted, than the "*Chesapeake*" was now handled.

The "*Shannon*" stood off under easy sail, when Captain Lawrence fired a gun, about half-past four, which induced her to heave-to, with her head to the southward and eastward. By this time the wind had freshened, and at five, the "*Chesapeake*" took in her royals and top-gallant sails, and half an hour later she hauled up her courses. The two ships were now about thirty miles from the light, the "*Shannon*" under single-reefed topsails and jib, and the "*Chesapeake*" under her whole topsails and jib, coming down fast. As the "*Shannon*" was

running with the wind a little free, there was an anxious moment on board of her, during which it was uncertain on which side the "*Chesapeake*" was about to close, or whether she might not be disposed to commence the action on her quarter. But Captain Lawrence chose to lay his enemy fairly alongside, yard-arm and yard-arm, and he luffed, and ranged up a-beam, on the "*Shannon's*" starboard side. When the "*Chesapeake's*" foremast was in a line with the "*Shannon's*" mizen mast, the latter ship discharged her cabin guns, and the others in succession, from aft, forward. The "*Chesapeake*" did not fire until all her guns bore, when she delivered as destructive a broadside as probably ever came out of a ship of her force. For six or eight minutes the cannonading was fierce, and the best of the action is said to have been with the American frigate, so far as the general effect of the fire was concerned, though it was much in favour of the enemy, in its particular and accidental consequences. While passing the "*Shannon's*" broadside, the "*Chesapeake*" had her fore-topsail tie and jib sheet shot away. Her spanker broadsides also were loosened, and the sail blew out. These accidents occurring nearly at the same instant, they brought the ship up into the wind, when taking aback, she got stern way, and fell aboard of the enemy, with her mizen rigging foul of the "*Shannon's*" fore-chains. By some accounts, the fluke of an anchor on board the "*Shannon*" hooked in the rigging of the "*Chesapeake*." Whatever may have served to keep the ships together, it appears to be certain, that the American frigate lay exposed to a raking fire from the enemy, who poured into her the contents of one or two caronades, that nearly swept her upper deck. At the few first discharges of the "*Shannon*," Captain Lawrence had received a wound in the leg. Mr. Broom, the marine officer, Mr. Ballard, the acting fourth lieutenant, and the boatswain, were mortally wounded; Mr. White, the master, was killed, and Mr. Ludlow, the first lieutenant, was twice wounded by grape and musketry. Such was the state of the upper deck, as the accidents mentioned brought the vessels in contact. When Captain Lawrence perceived that the ships were likely to fall foul of each other, he directed the boarders to be called, but unfortunately, a bugleman had been substituted for the drummer in giving the signal, and this man, a negro, was so much alarmed at the effects of the conflict, that he had concealed himself under the stern of the launch; when found, he was completely paralyzed by fear, and was totally unable to sound a note. Verbal orders were consequently sent below, by the captain's aids, for the boarders to come on deck. At this critical moment, Captain Lawrence fell with a ball through the body.

The upper deck was now left without an officer on it above the rank of a midshipman. It was the practice of the service, in that day, to keep the arms of the boarders on the quarter-deck, and about the masts; and even when the boarders had been summoned in the slow and imperfect manner that was allowed by the voice, in the confusion of a combat, they were without arms; for by this time, the enemy was in possession of the "*Chesapeake's*" quarter-deck.

As soon as the ships were foul, Captain Broke passed forward in the "*Shannon*," and, to use his own language, "seeing that the enemy was flinching from his guns," he gave the order to board. Finding that all their officers had fallen, and exposed to a raking fire, without the means of returning a shot, the men on the "*Chesapeake's*" quarter-deck had indeed left their guns. The marines had suffer-

ed severely, and having lost their officer, were undecided what to do, and the entire upper deck was virtually without any defence.

When the enemy entered the ship, from his fore-channels, it was with great caution, and so slowly, that twenty resolute men would have repulsed him. The boarders had not yet appeared from below, and meeting with no resistance, he began to move forward. This critical moment lost the ship; for the English, encouraged by the state of the "Chesapeake's" upper deck, now rushed forward in numbers, and soon had command above board. The remaining officers appeared on deck, and endeavoured to make a rally, but it was altogether too late, for the boatswain's mate mentioned, had removed the gratings of the berth-deck, and had run below, followed by a great many men. Soon after, the "Chesapeake's" colours were hauled down by the enemy, who got complete possession of the ship, with very little resistance."

This will show the skill with which Mr. Cooper burrows out excuses for the failure of his countrymen—excuses scarcely necessary under even a liberal construction of the circumstances, for

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!"

And they who could maintain a combat so equal as that of the *Chesapeake* against the *Shannon*, need scarcely blush that fortune at last decided in favour of the flag which had so long swept "unconquered o'er the main,"—whose name had been the watchword of victory, until the world acknowledged the ocean-empress wherever its folds were seen spreading like eagle wings upon the blast.

We are willing to accord to the sailors of the American States, a full share of whatever laurels have latterly grown upon the seas—nor would we willingly rob them of a single leaf which has been honourably gained; and when no national prejudices interfere, Mr. Cooper has well pictured the generous bearing of the tars of the star and stripe. Their wars with the Tripolitan pirates have afforded a field for some striking scenes. We subjoin one, exhibiting the self-devotion of several gallant officers and men, who volunteered to man a fire-ship, laden with powder and other dangerous materials, which on a dark night was sent into the harbour of Tripoli, for the purpose of destroying the fleet of their marauding enemies:—

"The night was darker than usual, and the last that may be said to have been seen of the "Intrepid," was the shadowy forms of her canvas, as she steered slowly, but steadily, into the obscurity, where the eyes of the many anxious spectators fancied they could still trace her dim outline, most probably after it had totally disappeared. This sinking into the gloom of night was no bad image of the impenetrable mystery that has veiled the subsequent proceedings of the gallant party on board her.

When the "Intrepid" was last seen by the naked eye, she was not a musket shot from the mole, standing directly for the harbour. One officer on board the nearest vessel, the "Nautilus," is said, however, to have never lost sight of her with a night glass, but even he could distinguish no more than her dim

proportions. There is a vague rumour that she touched on the rocks, but it does not appear to rest on sufficient authority to be entitled to absolute credit. To the last moment she appears to have been advancing. About this time the batteries began to fire. Their shot is said to have been directed towards every point where an enemy might be expected, and it is not improbable that some were aimed against the ketch.

The period between the time when the "Intrepid" was last seen, and that when most of those who watched without the rocks learned her fate, was not very long. This was an interval of intense, almost of breathless expectation, and it was interrupted only by the flashes and roar of the enemy's guns. Various reports exist of what those who gazed into the gloom beheld, or fancied they beheld; but one melancholy fact alone would seem to be beyond contradiction. A fierce and sudden light illuminated the panorama, a torrent of fire streamed upward, that in shape resembled the great eruption of Vesuvius as it has been described by Pliny, and a concussion followed that made the cruisers in the offing tremble from their trucks to their keels. This sudden blaze of light was followed by a darkness of twofold intensity, and the guns of the batteries became mute, as if annihilated. Numerous shells had been seen in the air, and some of them descended on the rocks, where they were heard to fall. Their fuses were burning and a few exploded, but much the greater part were extinguished in the water. The mast, too, had risen perpendicularly, with its rigging and canvass blazing, but the descent veiled all in night.

So sudden and tremendous was the eruption, and so intense the darkness which succeeded, that it was not possible to ascertain the precise position of the ketch at the moment. In the glaring, but fleeting light, no person could say that he had noted more than one material circumstance, the fact that the "Intrepid" had not reached the point at which she aimed. The shells had not spread far, and those which fell on the rocks were so many proofs of this important truth. There was no other fact to indicate the precise spot where the ketch exploded. A few cries arose from the town, but the subsequent and deep silence that followed was more eloquent than any clamour. The whole of Tripoli was like a city of Tombs.

If every eye had been watchful previously to the explosion, every eye now became doubly vigilant to discover the retreating boats. Men got over the sides of the vessels, holding lights, and placing their ears near the water, in the hope of detecting the sounds of even muffled oars; and often was it fancied that the gallant adventurers were near. They never re-appeared. Hour after hour went by, until hope itself began to fail. Occasionally a rocket gleamed in the darkness, or a sullen gun was heard from the frigate, as signals to the boats; but the eyes that should have seen the first, were sightless, and the last tolled on the ears of the dead."

Notwithstanding the feature of Mr. Cooper's history which we have so freely condemned, we are happy to repeat our opinion, that it will be a highly valuable addition to the standard literature of America. In fact, all who wish to become intimately acquainted with the history of the neighbouring States, will find in it much that is interesting and useful, and which is worthy of respect as being the recorded views of one of the leading literary characters of the Union.

CHARLES TYRRELL, OR THE BITTER BLOOD; BY  
G. P. R. JAMES.

THIS book we have read with much interest. It possesses the stamp of vigorous intellect which characterises the majority of James' fictions. There are, it is true, some characters which to our judgment, are overdrawn—Sir Francis, the father of the hero, being that of a raving madman, rather than of a gentleman of hot and bitter temper. This is however, amply compensated by the genuine touches of nature which are exhibited in some of the other personages of the novel, the whole being worthy to take its place beside the former productions of its author. There is no portion of this work calculated for extracting, but we can confidently recommend it to general perusal.

DEERBROOK—BY MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THIS is a very interesting novel, and, like all that has been written by Miss Martineau, bears the impress of a powerful mind. We cannot enter into a lengthened criticism of this agreeable fiction, which, independently of its interesting character, contains many beautiful pictures and home-breathing scenes. It would be easy to extract from this work, were we not subject to the despotism of space—a power to which we are often compelled reluctantly to bow. As it is, we can only recommend the unmutated book to our readers, confident that they will agree with us in bestowing upon it their hearty commendation.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S DIARY IN AMERICA.

THIS work has created quite an excitement among our sensitive neighbours, who are busy criticising its merits. It is well worthy of the literary fame of the gallant author, who seems to have looked around him during his tour with an impartial eye. He certainly laughs occasionally at the more ridiculous of the Yankee customs, but altogether he presents the United States to his readers in a much better light than they have been pictured by a majority of his predecessors. We shall return to the subject in our next number, and endeavour to cull from the book such extracts as may be pleasing to our readers.

WE observe, with pleasure, that Major Richardson contemplates publishing the continuation of "Wacousta," under the title of "The Brothers; or the Prophecy Fulfilled." Our readers will be able to form a judgment of this novel from the extracts with which, by the courtesy of the author, we were enabled some months ago, to present them. The book is eloquently and vigorously written, as all Major Richardson's novels are, and is full of startling incident. It deserves a circulation wide as the range of English literature, and particularly in Canada, in which the novelty of a native novel,

added to its real excellence, should weigh something with those who are inclined to assist in establishing a literary character in the country.

WE observe, in many of the Provincial newspapers, proposals of a new publication, under the title of "Trifles from my Portfolio." The author is already favourably known as having written a number of spirited articles, and we have no doubt the expectation which has been raised of an interesting work will be fully realized.

From a glance at a subscription list, lying at the bookstores of Messrs Armour and Ramsay, we are glad to perceive that ample encouragement has been offered, and we doubt not that the volumes will speedily be given to the public eye. Taking it as a "sign of the times," we heartily rejoice in this. It seems as if a new day were beginning to dawn upon our colonial history, and that before many years have elapsed, we will, in literature, as in the other tokens of civilized life, hold no mean position, when compared with countries much older and more densely peopled than our own.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very great length to which the tale of the "Maiden of St. Margarets" has extended, we have been induced, at the risk of devoting too much space to one subject, to close it in the present number. Although we have no doubt that the lessons of piety inculcated in this interesting tale, and the pleasing and elegant manner in which it is told, will render unnecessary any apology for this; yet, in order that our usual variety of matter may not be lessened, we have added a few pages to the size of the number. We trust their contents will be such as to afford satisfaction to our readers.

THE Dramatic Sketch, in a preceding page, will be found eminently attractive. We owe many thanks to the gifted author, whose assistance is so freely given towards the weaving a pleasing wreath for the readers of our *monthly Garland*.

AT the present moment, when the subject of education is deservedly occupying a prominent place in public attention, it affords us much pleasure to have it in our power to lay before the readers of the *Garland*, such an article as that which, under the head of "Intelligence not the test of virtue," appears in our present number.

We trust, indeed, that our legislators do not require to be reminded of the necessity of blending religious instruction with whatever educational measures may be enacted for the benefit of future generations. Intelligence, of itself, only develops more forcibly our



innate propensities, whatever these may be, and evil generally predominates over good, but the good that is in us (and no one is absolutely devoid of natural virtue,) becomes more elevated, the wider the range of our intellectual knowledge; and when intelligence serves to enable us duly to appreciate the value of religion in its purity and simplicity, then and then only can it be properly said to answer its legitimate aim. If the head be cultivated, and the heart suffered to run to waste, men will be neither better, nor happier (we had almost said "nor wiser,") for all the instructions that may be given them.

Our fair city has recently had no lack of amusements to complain of. Fêtes, balls, concerts, and theatrical representations—races, and military spectacles, have succeeded each other in pleasing variety, and have in turn commanded the admiration of the wonder-loving crowd.

The eloquent music discoursed by the vocalists who have given us a call, *en passant*, is the theme of every tongue, and it would seem as if our citizens had "learned to love the lyre," touched as it has been, by hands so cunning in its mysteries.

The science of music may be with many, as it is with us, a sealed book—an unfathomable mystery—but few hearts will not own a mystic influence when some thrilling strain awakens memory's echo, and recalls nearly forgotten scenes, with which, long years ago, we have been familiar. Love, friendship, war, and the time-honoured legends, telling of the mighty ones of departed days, are graven indelibly upon the page of memory by the minstrel's lay, and become part and parcel of the mysterious tie which links the future with the past,—presenting again to heart, ear, and eye, the forms and voices which, in earlier days, were mingled with our happiest dreams.

The musical festivals have been well attended, and the songsters have richly deserved the applause bestowed upon them; for each successive *artiste* has struck some newer chord,—powerful, and full of magic, as the last;—but to us the latest visitors have afforded the greatest pleasure; for, woven with the pathetic and simple strains which seem to linger upon their lips, are scenes and sympathies with which few are unfamiliar, who own their birth-place in the far off and sea-girt isles. The soul-searching music of Miss Shireff's voice, and the deep-toned melody of that of Mr. Wilson, will be long remembered by the crowds who have every where listened to their songs.

There is one thing which has been brought home to us by the visits of these vocalists, which we much regret,—that we have scarcely any music of our own—no Canadian melodies,—a want which we cannot but hope may be supplied before many years are suffered to elapse. We have among us numbers

of aspirants for the bay, who have drunk at the fount of Helicon—let them turn their attention to this—and there is no fear but we shall speedily have some witching strains of our own, worthy of the rapidly rising character of the country.

The theatre, too, has been liberally patronised; but praises have been so liberally bestowed that little remains to be said by us. On the last night, the representations were surpassingly excellent—and it required it,—for, mixed up as it was with the self-applause which Miss Davenport is forced to speak, by her injudicious guardians, superior and brilliant acting only could cause the audience to forget the glaring attempts made to dictate to their judgment. The young actress is also too highly taxed—far too much is required from her. Her guardians must not load her with so many, and such arduous characters, or she will soon be a "falling star" indeed!

In our last number, we ventured to call upon our friends for some assistance in pecuniary matters—a call which we gratefully acknowledge has been generously answered. The punctuality which has been so generally adhered to, is such as to claim from us the warmest thanks. We confidently anticipate from those who have not yet turned their attention to our individually trifling claim, a corresponding degree of consideration and encouragement, at the earliest period which may conveniently offer.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"H. V. C." has been duly attended to.

"A Traveller" is respectfully declined, although containing many good lines and original ideas. We would recommend to the author a greater attention to the rhythm and versification of the stanzas, by which considerable improvement might be effected.

We regret that "R" was received too late. It will appear in our next.

"R. J. C." has been received; but too late for our present number.

"D. D." has been inserted.

The "Renouncing of Love" is unavoidably postponed.

"Delia" is declined.

"Whip-poor-Will" is scarcely fit for the *Garland*.

"Polonius" is ready to be returned to the author.

We have received several other contributions, for which we return our best thanks. They shall be attended to whenever time permits a due consideration of their merits.