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JULIET & THE NURSE.

From an Original Drawing by J.M. Wright

Engraved by E.Smith

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

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THE GIRL'S CHOICE.

BY C. M. M.

"Thou shalt rue thy folly and be humble for it, yet be not utterly cast down, but still trust in thy God, who will not fail to rebuke and chasten, but will never leave thee or forsake thee."

MARY JANE GRAHAM.

On a wet and gloomy day in the summer of 18—, a detachment of the —— Regiment marched into the town of B., where all things wore a dreary aspect in the sight of the toil-worn soldiers, who stood under a heavy rain, waiting for orders to proceed. The inn was crowded with the women and children, who had sought shelter in the kitchen and passages from the pitiless weather, while a few officers lounged around the door, expressing their annoyance at the unexpected delay. Amongst these appeared a young man, slightly and elegantly formed, with a somewhat handsome face—now all animation as he continued to give vent to his impatience, in tones that clearly betrayed the country from whence he came. Another in the group remained silently watching the darkened heavens, a smile occasionally crossing his fine features, as the vituperations of his companion would attract his attention. A little stout officer, with a florid complexion, formed a complete contrast to both these young men, who, soiled though they were with travel, failed not to attract the attention of every passer-by.

"How provoking is this delay!" exclaimed our first described, whose name was Captain Neville Warburton; "those poor devils are getting a complete drenching, without our possessing the power to prevent it;—nor will they have the means of changing on our arrival at the Barracks; so much for the wisdom and humanity of our Quarter Master General—would that he were sitting in yonder gutter."

Captain Beauchamp shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply, while Mr. Brand consoled himself with a cigar.

"I think it is capital fun," said a young Ensign, shaking the rain from his cloak, and addressing Captain Warburton, "but you old married fellows consider every thing a bore; light marching order for me; none of your heavy baggage and bandboxes."

Captain Warburton coloured and bit his lip, then turning upon his heel, he entered the house, indignant and angry at the laugh that was raised at his expense. He walked into the only parlor the place afforded, where on a sofa reclined a very young lady scarcely past childhood. Beautiful she was, with long flaxen ringlets waving around her shoulders, and large soft blue eyes fringed with the darkest lashes; her cheek looked pale from weariness, while a pensive melancholy was expressed on her countenance, as she raised her head on the entrance of the officer, and exclaimed—

"Oh! when shall we leave this horrid place, Neville? I hope very soon."

"I hope so too, Kate! for I fear you are sadly fatigued;" replied her husband, for such indeed he was.

He sat down by her, and, taking her hand in his, added, "this is a sample of a soldier's life, my poor girl! Does it make you repent?"

Kate laid her head down on his bosom to conceal her tears, murmuring in the lowest tone as she did so, "If I felt that I were forgiven, I should answer, No! But the thought of my parents' anger makes me so very unhappy;" and she wept.

Captain Warburton kissed off her tears as they fell, addressing her in words of endearment, which after a while had the power to check her

grief; then, hastily starting from her side as the door opened, he moved towards the window.

"May I come in?" said Captain Beauchamp, entering and bowing to Mrs. Warburton, whose cheek was in an instant suffused with blushes.

"Warburton," he added, "the *route* is come, I am happy to say, and we had better proceed at once. Have you ordered a conveyance for Mrs. Warburton."

"Yes! an hour ago; I will go and hasten it," replied the young man, hurrying away and leaving Captain Beauchamp to wrap his delicate young wife in her shawl, and to give her his support, which he did with a kindness and gentlemanly feeling not to be misunderstood.

A post-chaise now drove round from the inn-yard; into this Mrs. Warburton was handed by her husband, in whose ear she whispered a few words. He smiled and shook his head, closing the door as he did so—he then fell in with the men, when, after some little manœuvering, the word "quick march" being given by Captain Beauchamp, the whole party moved on and quitted the town. As they proceed towards their destination we will introduce our young bride more particularly to the notice of our readers, since she is destined to hold a conspicuous place in our simple Tale.

Katherine Atherston was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Atherston of Granby Lodge. Her father, a rich merchant in the city, now retired from business, had purchased the estate on which he lived, from a nobleman, whose enormous debts had obliged him to sell it and to live abroad. In the opinion of Mr. Atherston to be poor was a crime—to be rich the highest aim of man;—he gloried in his wealth, displaying it in the most pompous manner, by keeping a large retinue of servants, and living in the splendour and magnificence of a prince. His partner was a very amiable lady, who had been forced into a union with him by worldly calculating parents, when her heart was fondly attached to another. This cast over her a melancholy which was visible in her whole deportment through long years; but the cares of a family had silently conquered her former feelings. She was meek and placid, and, possessing as she did every indulgence and luxury, felt resigned to her lot, and happy in her children. Perhaps the only point in which her opinion coincided with that of her husband, was the education of their daughter, who they earnestly desired to see placed in a station equal to her beauty and accomplishments. They consequently spared no expense in forwarding their ambitious views, and gifted as she was by nature, Katherine soon repaid their care by acquiring a proficiency in all those studies, which in society would render her attractive. She played and sang delightfully. She drew remarkably well, she danced like a sylph, whilst her knowledge of the languages was the wonder of all mamma's friends, and the envy of her own young companions. Her disposition was sweet, gentle and engaging; her heart all tenderness and love. She consequently became the idol of her mother and the pride of her father, who frequently promised that on her bridal day, if she married to please him, she should receive as her dower her weight in gold. Katherine would laugh on hearing this; for, accustomed as she was to have every wish gratified that money could procure, she knew not its value, and cared very little about it.

Her young brothers shared with her the affection and solicitude of her parents; and noble boys they were, whose love for their beautiful sister could only be equalled by her own for them. In character and mind they were very different; for while Arthur was bold, daring and fond of every active pursuit, Ernest was mild, retiring and remarkably studious. The first sorrow Katherine experienced was when these dear brothers were removed to a public school, nor did she cease to count the days and weeks until their return at each vacation, when sweet it was to witness their fond greetings—the bringing forth all the treasured gifts prepared during their separation—the seeking together their most favorite haunts, and the visiting their pet animals. Innocent happy days! Why were they to glide away so swiftly and for ever!

Unfortunately, in educating the young Katherine, it was to prepare her for this world alone. The idea that she was in a state of probation—a being born for eternity—never entered the minds of her parents; consequently Religion, the only basis of all that is pure and good and right, had been neglected and entirely forgotten. Let us not be misunderstood. Every outward form of her creed was strictly attended to; she went to church regularly with her governess, she repeated her catechism every Sunday morning, but without comprehending the spiritual meaning. Generally a sermon was read aloud for the benefit of the household on the Sabbath evening; some dry moral discourse from which her thoughts constantly wandered. She knelt in prayer, poor child! but in darkness and in ignorance of all that she needed, all that she was by nature, for the subject of religion had been forbidden to be discussed between her and her governess, who was a French lady and a bigoted Catholic; whilst from her mother's lips she received no instruction, Mrs. Atherston being herself but a nominal Christian, assenting to the truths of Scripture without experiencing their vital import in her heart. The

result of such fatal ignorance shall speak for itself. *Oh! would that it were possible it should act as a warning!*

Disturbances of rather a serious nature had brought a detachment of the — Regiment, commanded by Captain Warburton, into the immediate neighborhood of Granby Lodge. Of course, a young man, so highly prepossessing in appearance and manners as he, could not fail to secure every kind attention from the principal families in that part of the country. Amongst the first to show these were Mr. and Mrs. Atherston, who never dreamed there could be danger in admitting the handsome stranger into the society of Katherine, a mere child, not yet emancipated from the school room. The first evening he dined at the Lodge, she came in with her governess, when the ladies had returned to the drawing room. Nothing could exceed the beauty of her appearance, dressed as she was in a simple white frock, her golden ringlets waving luxuriantly over her shoulders, while her sweet modest demeanor attracted the admiration of all, and many a fair speech in her praise was made to her gratified mamma, some of which reached her own ears. One of the ladies then began talking of Captain Warburton in terms of rapture—"he was the most fascinating, delightful being she had ever beheld."

At this the attention of the young girl became attracted, and on his entrance soon afterwards with the gentlemen, her eyes naturally turned upon him, when meeting his in pleased and admiring surprise, she deeply blushed and looked away. He soon found an opportunity of drawing nearer and of entering into conversation with her, though she was seated on the sofa with Madame, who from time to time cast reproving glances on her pupil, if she ventured to laugh at the lively remarks made by the handsome soldier. Presently Mrs. Atherston walked over to her daughter, and fondly stroking her on the head she said,

"Captain Warburton is very kind to notice you, my love! but you must come and sing for Mrs. Falkland, who has expressed a wish to hear you."

Without a word Katherine instantly rose to obey her mother, followed by Captain Warburton, who thought that it was no great stretch of kindness on his part to notice so very lovely a creature. He continued to stand by her while she sang, delightedly listening to the rich melody of her voice, the governess on the other side marking time with her foot, and rapping her hand on the instrument, to his utter annoyance and disgust. When the song was concluded he asked for a little English ballad, saying it was a great favorite of his.

"Mademoiselle Atherston no sing English songs, sare!" said Madame, answering for the blushing girl.

"Oh! indeed I do sometimes," rejoined Katherine; "Papa is fond of them and I practise a few to please him. I think I have your favorite," she added, smiling and turning over her music, in which he assisted her.

At length the desired one was found, and executed in the most feeling and beautiful manner; Captain Warburton seemed perfectly enchanted, while Madame looked extremely angry—and in a little time afterwards held up her watch, saying that her pupil must retire.

"What! so soon?" exclaimed Katherine. "Oh! how quickly has this evening flown."

Captain Warburton thought so too, and darkly he frowned on the governess, who hurried Katherine away the moment she perceived the tenderness with which he pressed her hand, as he bade her good night.

On the following day it was observed by Madame that her pupil was very abstracted and inattentive during the hours of study. Constantly she found cause to scold her, threatening to double her lessons if she did not give her mind to them. Katherine promised amendment, and in the next moment forgot her promise. It was the same when drawing,—listlessly she hung over the board, idly sketching heads on the margin, and neglecting to trace her flowers.

"Mademoiselle Atherston," said the governess stamping her foot, "why you no pursue your task? I am extremement displeased."

She rose as she spoke and looked over her shoulder. Katherine in haste applied her Indian rubber on the paper, but not before Madame had discovered the face of Captain Warburton sketched to the life.

"*Mon Dieu!*" shrieked the Frenchwoman, with looks of horror, "how extremement indelicate for de young lady to draw de resemblance of de young gentlemans—I am shocked, quite ashamed of you, Mademoiselle!"

"Indelicate!" repeated Katherine, her cheek dyed with the blush of indignation, "surely it is not so improper as your taking God's name in vain so repeatedly as you do!"

"Who taught you to lecture me for de fault, you saucebox!" said the governess, now in a violent passion, "I have half a mind to slap your face; put away your drawing and sit in dat corner, while I give you de long lesson. *Mon Dieu!* de sky vill fall next."

Katherine pouted, but she was obliged to obey—and with her feet in the stocks and her face turned towards the wall, she sat conning a page from Tasso's Jerusalem, thinking all the while of

the handsome Captain Warburton and the soft folly he had whispered in her ears.

The traces of tears were still visible on her lovely cheek, as she accompanied her *amiable* and *sensible* instructress into the drawing room as usual in the evening, but her sorrows were soon forgotten when she perceived her new favorite standing amongst a group of gentlemen. He came forward instantly on seeing her, and held forth his hand, gazing on her, first in surprise, then in sympathy, which he exchanged for a glance of hatred as his eyes fell on Madame. The room was full of guests and he contrived to draw her into the recess of a window, when he said, smiling,

"You must be my pupil for to-night."

"Oh! how I wish that could really be the case," replied Katherine eagerly, "for you look as if you never would scold."

"There you are wrong, for I can be cross enough at times, but never with such a being as you," and he pressed her hand as he spoke.

The eyes of Katherine met his beaming with tenderness, and her young heart throbbed with new and pleasurable emotions. He talked to her long, and gathered from her that she was not happy under the tuition of Madame. Delighted with her confidence he led her on to speak about her brothers, and this with her was an exhaustless theme. She told him how dearly she loved them, how handsome they were—and how fond of her; adding that they would return home the following week for their vacation.

"I hope you will be here so long," she added. "I should like you so much to know them."

"It would gratify me exceedingly," replied Captain Warburton, more and more charmed with her ingenuous simplicity; but at this moment the lynx eyes of the governess discovering them together, she sharply called to Miss Atherston to come away and sing.

Amongst the party there was a young Baronet, Sir Henry Woodford, to whom it was evident that Mrs. Atherston was paying great court—she now led him up to Katherine, asking him, as she presented her, if he did not think her much grown. He smiled as his eye glanced slightly over the person of the lovely girl, answering in the affirmative.

"Your sister I hear is a lovely creature," rejoined Mrs. Atherston; "she always was a sweet child."

Sir Henry bowed.

"Clara possesses what is beyond all beauty," he quietly observed.

"She has become very serious, I hear. Is that the case?"

"Not serious certainly, for I think she is the most cheerful happy being I ever beheld. She is pious, if that is what you mean."

"But do you not think that too much religion produces gloom?"

"I believe it to be as impossible to have too much religion as that it should have the effect you name. Miss Atherston! you were going to sing?" added Sir Henry, unwilling at the moment to enter into a discussion on so momentous a theme.

Katherine at once complied, and to gratify Captain Warburton selected his favorite air. We need not repeat all the flattering speeches he made her in return, or the delight she felt in listening to them. Mrs. Atherston, anxious to display the talents of her daughter to Sir Henry, now requested Madame to bring her port-folio—which was accordingly spread open for his inspection. The first he took up was the one she had been engaged on in the morning, when the faint outline of Captain Warburton's unlucky head meeting his eye, he smiled and looked at Katherine, who, instantly detecting the cause, with a crimsoned cheek hastened to take it from him, saying confusedly,

"Oh that is a mere daub not worth your notice—the others are much better done."

"Why, Katherine! that is your last piece, and your drawing master gave you the greatest praise for it only yesterday," returned Mrs. Atherston, "Captain Warburton! you must be the judge;" and to the dismay of poor Katherine it was placed in his hands.

She felt ready to sink into the earth, casting a look of fear on Madame, whose angry countenance promised a long lecture on the morrow. Mrs. Atherston, perfectly unconscious of the cause of the confusion she beheld, asked Captain Warburton his opinion.

"It is perfectly true to nature, and exhibits great natural talent," he replied, bending his face over it to conceal the surprise and pleasure expressed there; then good naturedly putting it under all the rest, he turned to Katherine, murmuring in the lowest tone, "you sweet creature!"

Mrs. Atherston was too much engrossed in listening to the praises bestowed by Sir Henry on the contents of the port-folio, to heed what was passing, but Madame, watching like an Argus over her charge, actually quivered with passion as she beheld the attentions of the young soldier—determining within herself to punish the poor girl severely on the morrow, for daring to appear pleased with them.

It may seem strange that parents, possessing so much worldly prudence as Mr. and Mrs. Atherston, should be blind to the danger of admitting a young man like Captain Warburton

to their house—but in truth they beheld him in quite another light to that in which he was seen by Katherine. In her estimation he was perfection—in theirs he was merely a well-looking person without money, without rank. It was impossible therefore that *he* could be preferred to Sir Henry Woodford, the wealthy Baronet and possessor of such splendid estates. Under this impression they continued to invite him to their house, where he, profiting by the opportunities afforded him, so contrived to insinuate himself into the affections of the guileless girl, that her preference for him could no longer be concealed. Madame first discovering it, revealed it to Mrs. Atherston, who in utter dismay disclosed it to her husband. The result of course may be anticipated; Katherine was severely reprimanded and locked up in her own room, while Captain Warburton was dismissed the house. But these measures only served to increase her attachment for him, whom she conceived to be so unjustly used; nor could the thought escape her that the fault (if there existed any) rested rather with her parents than with her lover or herself. They had introduced him to her, why then punish her for the consequences? How just was such reasoning—and how much misery might be averted, if parents would only be more careful of who they admit into the bosom of their families! "Can a man take coals of fire into his breast and not expect to be burnt." Such culpable negligence must ever meet its punishment.

At this period the brothers of our persecuted heroine returned from school, and highly indignant were they when they learned the severity with which she had been treated. They besought their father to release her from her confinement; but deaf alike to their entreaties as he had been to those of the mother, who trembled for the health of her darling child, Mr. Atherston vowed she should not leave her room until after the departure of Captain Warburton from the neighbourhood. The young officer, in the meantime, who had continued to hover round the abode of his beautiful mistress, one day encountered the two boys in an adjoining meadow, when they disclosed to him how Katherine had been punished for his sake. Exceedingly annoyed and distressed by their account, he requested they would call at his quarters on the morrow, when he would have a note ready for her, which he would entrust to their care. Arthur instantly consented, but Ernest drew back, saying,

"No, Captain Warburton! that would be deceiving our parents. You must not ask us to do so."

"Why, how now, youngster! Why should you refuse what your brother has agreed to, and he the elder of the two by some years, I should imagine?" asked Captain Warburton, in a tone of surprise.

"Arthur answered you without reflection, I am sure, or he never would have given you such a promise," retorted the noble boy, whose open, ingenuous countenance, expressed a mind regulated by the highest principles. Captain Warburton turned from him with a flushed cheek, repenting his request to Arthur, who unhesitatingly adhered to his word.

"I will not see my sister so unhappy and refuse to give her the consolation which is in my power. Ernest may do as he pleases"—was his reply.

"But your brother will betray us," observed Captain Warburton.

"Never," retorted Ernest, vehemently; "I will try to dissuade Arthur from an act which is sinful, but I will not betray you, Captain Warburton!"

"Upon my soul, you are a fine little fellow, and we must become better friends," said the officer, wringing his hand—and thus they parted.

Against the advice of his younger brother, Arthur visited Captain Warburton on the morrow, first telling Katherine that he intended to do so, and perfectly unconscious of the misery he was preparing for that very sister whom he would have died to serve. But he who wanders from the plain path of duty—let his motives be what they may—must be responsible for the consequences, since the blessing of God cannot go with him.

Katherine awaited his return with trembling impatience, and on his presenting her triumphantly with a letter from her lover, her eyes sparkled with pleasure, her bosom heaved tumultuously; she tore it open, and read the glowing contents over and over again, until they were engraved on her memory—she then placed it next her heart, whilst she hastened to comply with the request he had made, that she would answer it. Arthur again became the willing messenger, and for his reward enjoyed a ride on Captain Warburton's horse. This intercourse continued between the lovers for above a week, at the close of which Mr. Atherston so far relented as to permit his daughter to walk in the grounds, attended by her governess, and to appear in the drawing room as usual in the evening, where she usually found Sir Henry Woodford, who happened to be staying in the neighbourhood, and, as the son of her parents' oldest friends, claimed their attention.

Sir Henry had recently succeeded to the title and estates of his father, from whom he also inherited the most amiable and noble qualities.

He was a retiring, bashful young man, although possessing talents of a very superior order. In person he was by no means handsome, nor was he one calculated to attract a girl like Katherine, who looked not beyond the outward appearance. His conversation to her ears was *dull and uninteresting*, after the gay and lively manners of his rival—*in short, she felt determined to hate him* in proportion as she heard him extolled by her *parents*, whose views she began to penetrate. In excuse for her non-appearance in the family circle, he had been told that she was ill, and her pale cheek and dejected air, on her re-admittance, seemed to corroborate the assertion. He consequently addressed her in kind tones, expressing a hope that she was recovered; but her tears were her only reply, and Mrs. Atherston, fearful that he might suspect the truth, immediately said,

"She is not very strong, Sir Henry, and her nerves *have been a little shaken—we propose* taking her to the sea-side in the course of a week or two?"

"Why not bring her to Woodford Abbey?" replied Sir Henry, gazing with much sympathy on the beautiful girl; "my mother would be so delighted, and Clara happy beyond measure in her society."

The eyes of Mrs. Atherston brightened at the proposal, whilst those of Katherine were cast in sadness to the ground. She listened to the arrangement made for her, in grief, as she reflected that it would separate her for ever from the presence of *him who completely engrossed* her heart; but she made no comment, determined *within herself to write and acquaint him* with her mother's plans, on the morrow. On receiving her simple and childish note, Captain Warburton answered it in the most impassioned manner, beseeching she would meet him in some retired part of the grounds where he might at least have the satisfaction of taking leave of her. Poor Katherine! into what a state of agitation and fear did this request throw her. She knew not what to do—the great impropriety of such an act, added to the sin of deceiving her parents, did not strike her so much as the dread of detection. Yet it would be so romantic—so like what she had read in *novels; surely it was worth a few* risks. But how to escape from under the vigilant eye of *Madame* — there was the difficulty! After much thought and many consultations with her brother Arthur, who fully entered into the wishes of Captain Warburton, she remembered that it was the custom of the governess to take a siesta every afternoon, and to set her a task to learn during the time; this would be the favorable hour, and accordingly she named it to him.

With what trembling steps she set out to fulfil her engagement may be imagined. Arthur accompanied her, laughing at the idea of cheating cross old Madame. *Mr. Atherston had been called* from home on urgent business for a few *days, and her indulgent mother*, in his absence, had relaxed from the extreme watchfulness he had strictly enjoined them. All things seemed to favour her wishes. On entering the Park, she ran, or rather flew, to the farthest extremity, where a knot of trees towered their lofty heads over a little sequestered nook, rarely visited by any one; consequently it was the securest she could have chosen. Here she found her lover awaiting her with all impatience—who, clasping her in his arms, and imprinting a sweet kiss on her snowy forehead, then stationed Arthur *as sentinel to* watch, while he proceeded to urge the infatuated girl, *in the most impassioned language*, to fly with him, and become the dear partner of all his *future wanderings*. Katherine, terrified to find herself in a situation so new to her, and confused and overpowered by his words and manner, clung almost fainting to him, gasping for breath and unable to make any reply. At length with floods of tears she besought him to cease—that nothing he could say would induce her to leave her mother and her dear, dear brothers.

"But you would leave them only for a brief space, my darling girl!" returned the tempter caressingly. "When once you become mine, your parents *will relent, and receive and forgive us*—I will obtain leave, and we will spend the winter *under your father's roof*—think how delightfully."

This was indeed a picture of happiness, but after a pause Katherine murmured,

"Oh! no, no, no! mamma might forgive—papa never!—I know him too well."

"Katherine, dearest, he would, depend upon it, when he found he could not divide us. Consent to my wishes, sweet one, and you shall never have cause to repent it."

The young heart of Katherine throbbed almost audibly; she *hid her face on the bosom* of her lover, who, perceiving her hesitation, continued to plead *his suit so eloquently* that at length she said,

"Call Arthur and let me hear what he says, and then I will answer you."

"Katherine, your brother is incapable of advising you," replied Captain Warburton, perceiving the advantages he had gained; "added to which it would be unkind to *draw on him the resentment* of your father. Let the act be your own, and make your decision quickly, since moments are precious."

"Oh! I cannot, indeed I cannot! you must not

ask it," said the distressed girl, becoming each instant more alarmed.

"It is well," retorted her lover in a tone of mortification, and releasing her from his support. "I thought you had loved me, and were willing to make some sacrifice for my sake, but I see that I was mistaken. Farewell, Katherine, farewell for ever! Return to your parents, and forget one who would have died to serve you."

"Do not speak so unkindly—give me only a little time for reflection, else you will break my heart," sobbed our poor heroine, who, seeing him about to leave her, caught his hand to detain him.

"You shall have all this day to consider my proposal," answered Captain Warburton, his countenance brightening as his hopes revived. "Should you consent to my fond desires, meet me at nine o'clock to-night at the postern door, leading from the servants' hall; I will have a carriage ready to convey you away, in the lane outside the Park."

"Alas! I am so watched—how could I do so, and at such an hour? it is impossible; the very thought terrifies me."

"Katherine, you must rise above these childish fears, and become the woman. Your mother's maid, Fenwick, knows my plan and will assist you. Say, beloved one, will you consent?" and Captain Warburton again pressed her with ardour to his breast.

"I will try," murmured Katherine, in so low a tone that her words were scarcely audible.

"Thanks—a thousand, thousand times, my own darling girl!" replied the delighted lover; "you have relieved my heart from a heavy weight."

"To place it on my own," said Katherine, sighing deeply. "Oh! how shall I look my mother in the face all this day, knowing how cruelly I am going to deceive her! and my sweet brothers, also, —must I leave them?" and Katherine wept bitterly.

"How soon will one little week pass, when again you shall be restored to them. Come, dearest, let me kiss off these tears and bring back the smiles on that lovely face. Never ought a shade of care to pass over it."

At this moment Arthur rushed into the copse, exclaiming "Oh! Katherine! Captain Warburton! Here is Sir Henry Woodford walking in the Park with Ernest; you had better not stay any longer."

Katherine screamed, while Captain Warburton immediately replied,

"Do not be alarmed, love; return with your brother to the house, and I will make my retreat from this spot."

He pressed her hand as he spoke, adding in a whisper,

"At nine to-night—remember as you love me."

"Shall I tell Arthur?" hurriedly inquired the trembling girl.

"No! on no account—adieu!"

He waited to say no more, but placing his hand on the paling he sprang over it with the lightness of a fawn, and was lost to their sight.

"Bravo, my brave boy!" exclaimed Arthur, "I wish I had you with me at College. Come, Katherine! What a poor little frightened thing you look—if we meet Sir Henry, tell him you have been out visiting with me. You have learnt a fine long lesson for Madame—ha, ha, ha! what will she say to you?"

"Arthur, do not tease me. I wish I had never come here," replied Katherine, weeping bitterly; "pray let us avoid Sir Henry, I should be quite ashamed to meet him." And taking her brother's arm, they hastened from the spot, stealing like guilty things along the Park walk.

Sir Henry Woodford had conceived for the young Ernest a sincere affection, and for his sake he came more frequently to the Lodge than he otherwise would have done. He beheld in him one who was earnestly and seriously seeking the truth as it is in Jesus, and with much gratification he assisted him in the important search, praying for the divine blessing to attend him in this his labour of love. The sudden yet beautiful death of a favorite school-mate had deeply impressed Ernest, who received with the youth's dying breath, the well marked Bible he had always used. Over this he often wept and prayed, unknown and unseen by all. But although his mind was ripening to receive the good seed, it was still unsettled and ignorant on several points, and many a conversation had he already enjoyed with Sir Henry, who explained much that to him seemed incomprehensible. They were thus engaged when they perceived Katherine and her brother in the distance, who evidently seemed to avoid them.

"Is not that your sister?" inquired Sir Henry.

"Yes! indeed it is, and Arthur too; where can they have been? Let us follow them!" replied Ernest.

But the moment Katherine saw them approaching, she ran with all speed in another direction, while Arthur stood still to await them.

"Your sister appears to avoid us," said Sir Henry, a little surprised.

"She has been out with me scrambling over ditches and hedges, and has torn her dress, and fearing to meet Madame has hastened home to mend it," replied the ready Arthur, who, how-

ever coloured and looked down when he met the searching and severe gaze of Sir Henry.

Unhappy Katherine! not only to err herself, but to be the cause of sin in a beloved brother; how heavily the weight in a little time fell on her own heart, it will be our painful task to record.

On her return to the house she was thankful to find that she had never been missed by Madame, who was still sleeping; and she sat down panting for breath, and still trembling, to learn the lesson that she had set her. But in vain did she strive to bring her attention towards it—her clandestine meeting with her lover, and the promise she had made to elope with him that very night, being more than enough to distract her mind. Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, for her, Madame was suffering from a severe cold, and Fenwick, having been bribed by Captain Warburton to aid and assist him, prevailed on her to remain in bed. The wicked woman then communicated to Katherine the plan she had formed to facilitate the wishes of her lover, strengthening the irresolute girl, by all the artful persuasions she could use, to consent to his proposal, and not disappoint so noble and handsome a gentleman, "who was worth a dozen Sir Henry Woodfords." Katherine thought so too, and gave herself up entirely to the guidance of this *faithful* servant, who promised to arrange everything for her. Amidst all her doubts and fears there was something pleasing to her romantic imagination in the exciting circumstances in which she was placed, reminding her of the many amiable heroines whose sufferings she had wept over in novels—their persecutions—their cruel, hard-hearted parents—their lovers, always the most exalted of men, who, by releasing them from all control, made them the happiest of women. Poor Katherine! let her extreme youth, and her utter ignorance of practical religion, plead for her in the opinion of our readers, who must remember that there is no safeguard over the right principles and correct conduct of woman, but the *one*. She may *appear* amiable—she may appear good, in the eyes of the world, but until her heart becomes renewed by the Holy Spirit of God, she is but the whited *sepulchre which is indeed pure* without, but dark and full of evil within—the prey of every vain and foolish thought, the ready victim of the enemy of souls.

The remainder of this inauspicious day, Katherine tried to be as much alone as possible; she dared not to encounter her affectionate unsuspecting mother, whose expressions of concern, on seeing her look so pale and agitated, smote her to the heart. Fain would she have confided to Arthur her intentions, but for the strict prohibition of Captain Warburton, who feared the boy's affection for his sister might have led him to frustrate them. She consequently was constrained to carry the secret within her breast, and like a heavy weight of lead, there it lay.

As Mr. Atherston was from home Katherine and her brothers dined with their mamma at six o'clock; but Madame, pleading indisposition, begged to have hers sent up to her room. In vain did Katherine strive to hide her increasing perturbation, and force herself to taste the dainties which her fond and anxious mother pressed upon her. She turned with loathing from all food, while tears trickled down her cheeks in quick succession.

"My dear love! I fear you are very unwell," observed Mrs. Atherston, in alarm; "Sir Henry Woodford was talking about you this morning: he wishes extremely that you would accompany him back to the Abbey. He thinks the change of air and scene would prove so beneficial."

"He is very kind," murmured Katherine blushing. "When does he leave this, mamma?"

"The day after to-morrow, love!"

"And how soon do you expect papa?"

"Not till the latter end of the week."

Katherine breathed a sigh of thankfulness, while Arthur cast on her a meaning smile.

"I am so sorry that Sir Henry Woodford is going away," said Ernest; "he has been so very *kind to me and has given me such nice books to* take back to school."

"He is an excellent young man" remarked Mrs. Atherston, "though perhaps in a few things he may be eccentric, and unlike the rest of the world."

"He is too prosy for me," returned Arthur, "I like a man with a little more dash and spirit in him—Captain Warburton *is* a fine fellow if you please. How beautifully he rides!"

Katherine's cheek flushed to crimson, while Mrs. Atherston replied with displeasure,

"Arthur, you forget that the name you have mentioned is prohibited in your father's house. Pray, how do *you* know that Captain Warburton rides beautifully?"

"I have seen him out with his detachment on the common," returned Arthur instantly, aware that he had committed himself.

An unpleasant pause ensued, when Katherine, who dreaded more enquiries, rose from the table, saying she must go and see how Madame was. On entering the chamber of the governess, she found her sitting up in bed, her head swathed in flannels, her face scarcely visible under the broad border of her night cap, tied with rose coloured ribbons—Fenwick stood by her with a basin of gruel.

"*Mon Dieu!* how hot it is," she exclaim-

ed, on seeing Katherine; "I must rise this moment. I am all fire, fire."

"No, don't you think of doing such a thing, Madame!" replied the artful Fenwick; "you are in a nice prospiration, and if you only remain in bed this one evening, your cold will be gone by to-morrow."

"I hope you do not feel really ill, Madame?" said Katherine in a kind tone.

"I might have been all dead dead, for Mademoiselle," returned the governess snappishly. "Where have you been all dis day. I have scarce seen you?"

"Not very far," replied the confused girl; "now do take this nice gruel; it will do you good, and if you like, I will read aloud to you till you fall asleep."

Madame, a little softened by this speech, consented, and Katherine sat down by the bedside with a French novel.

She always slept in the same room with her governess, but this night, by the advice of Fenwick, Mrs. Atherston desired that she might occupy another, from the fear that she might imbibe her cold. Whether the woman put a few drops of opium into the gruel or no, is not upon record, but certain it is, that very soon after taking it, Madame sank into a most profound slumber, thus enabling Katherine to steal away unperceived to her own apartment. As the hour drew near when she had promised to meet her lover, her agitation and terror became so great that it required all the persuasions of Fenwick to keep her to her word. She made her lie down in her bed and feign herself asleep, the better to deceive her mother when she came as usual to wish her good night. Mrs. Atherston, seeing her eyes closed, gently stooped to kiss her child, little dreaming it would be the last for many a long day. How that kiss went like a an arrow to the heart of the infatuated, misguided girl, who the moment her mother was gone, started up, and clasping her hands, exclaimed in an agony,

"Oh! mamma, mamma! come back and I will tell you all—I cannot, cannot leave you."

"Hush! are you mad, Miss Katherine?" returned Fenwick, *almost angrily, and locking the door;* "would you so cruelly deceive such a noble gentleman as Captain Warburton, who loves you like his own life—come, get up! it is only half an hour to the time, and my mistress' bell will ring for me presently."

Fenwick assisted the poor girl to rise and dress herself in her cloak and bonnet, then collecting sundry little packages which she had already prepared, she beckoned with her hand for her to follow in silence. They had to pass through the boys' room in order to reach the back stairs, *Fenwick first assuring herself that they both slept. In passing Ernest, who lay nearest the door, Katherine* paused to gaze upon him; so calm and beautiful he looked, with his fair clustering hair shading his cheek that partly rested on his bible—that dear and constant companion of the pious child. Katherine experienced a thrill of agony as she continued to look upon him, and had not Fenwick taken her hand and dragged her away, she never would have summoned up the resolution to depart.

The night was dark and very wet; and as Fenwick unclosed the back door, a gust of wind blew out her light. Without stood a man with a lantern, dressed in a rough pilot coat and large slouched hat; *he held out his hand to Katherine saying in a low voice,*

"How late you are, dear! I have been waiting impatiently for a considerable time. What has detained you?"

Katherine, who had never seen Captain Warburton except in his smart uniform, did not recognise him in his present attire, and shrinking back she exclaimed,

"Who is this horrid man? I am not going away with him."

"La! Miss Katherine! don't you know your own husband as is to be?" replied Fenwick, "look at him again."

Captain Warburton laughed and held up the lantern to his face, saying "Why, Kate! whom do you take me for? come love! the carriage is outside the Park; for heaven's sake! lose not another moment."

"Oh! it is raining and so fearfully dark; I wish you would wait till to-morrow." said the trembling girl, resisting his efforts to lead her away.

"Nay, nay! I have provided for the rain, sweet one! Delays are dangerous," replied Captain Warburton, throwing his military cloak round her.

At this moment a gun was fired.

"Hark, there is the game-keeper after the poachers, I vow," shrieked Fenwick; "if you don't make haste, you will be caught as sure as eggs is eggs."

Captain Warburton waited for no more, but raising Katherine in his arms, in spite of her struggles, he bore her swiftly through the Park to the spot where a carriage and four horses stood in waiting. Panting for breath and almost sinking under his fair burthen, he placed her into it, jumping in after her, and ordering the postilion, in a commanding tone, to drive on as fast as possible for Sunbridge, a town about forty miles distant from Granby Lodge. Thus Katherine left the home of her childhood, with one who was almost a stranger to her—whose disposition,

whose principles she knew not—but who, in teaching her to deceive her parents, and betraying the hospitality they had shown towards him, evidenced a want of honor and integrity that gave but little promise for the future.

Who can express the astonishment and agony of the unhappy mother, on discovering the following morning the flight of her daughter. After questioning every one in the house and receiving no satisfactory answers, she wrote a note to Sir Henry Woodford, entreating he would come to her and advise her how to act. With feelings of the deepest sympathy he instantly obeyed, counselling her to send off intelligence to Mr. Atherston of the event, whilst he proposed to follow the fugitives himself.

"Alas! you will be too late to save her," cried Mrs. Atherston, wringing her hands. "Oh! what can I say to her father, for my sinful weakness in relaxing from the strictness he enjoined."

"Be calm, my dear friend, I entreat," returned Sir Henry soothingly; "if indeed I am too late to restore her to your arms, I can at least bring back the intelligence that justice has been done her by the partner of her flight."

"God in heaven bless and reward you!" replied Mrs. Atherston, returning the warm pressure of his hand. "Oh! if my Katherine had but been like your sister, I should not have suffered this barbed arrow in my heart—never till this sorrowful hour did I feel aware of the full value of a religious education."

"Then perhaps it is the most fortunate one in your life, dear madam! though had it arrived earlier it would have been better for poor Katherine."

Sir Henry sighed as he uttered this, then after a few more words, departed on his errand of friendship. Having discovered the road taken by the fugitives, he pursued them to Sunbridge, where he found them at one of the hotels, but only to learn that Katherine, as the wife of Captain Warburton, was beyond his control. He saw her but for a few minutes, when her tears and agitation bespoke a mind ill at ease. For her sake he waived the impatience displayed by her husband at his interference, and left them anguring many a dark and stormy day for the misguided and unfortunate girl.

At the request of Mrs. Atherston, who was unable to do so, he wrote to apprise her father of the rash step taken by his daughter. Need it be said to what a frightful state of violence Mr. Atherston was roused on receiving the intelligence! He stormed, he raved, vowing eternal revenge on all those who had in the remotest degree been necessary to the act. On his return home he bitterly reproached his wife for her want of vigilance and obedience to his commands, whilst he questioned every servant minutely on the painful subject; from them he received no very satisfactory replies.

"On the night of Miss Katherine's flight they had heard a gun fired, and they fancied it was followed by a scream, but the wind was so high they could not be sure."

The two brothers were then severely interrogated, when the agitated countenance of Arthur and his companion, instantly betrayed the part he had taken, and he was forced to confess all he knew, and sustain the dreadful anger of his exasperated father, who struck him several times on the head. This roused the meek Ernest, who flew to his brother's rescue, warding off the blows and receiving many himself. That night they were both sent back in disgrace to school, whilst poor Madame was dismissed for daring to have a cold when she ought to have been watching over her pupil. Fenwick, the most guilty of all, escaped without suspicion, being loud in her lamentations for Miss Katherine, and for the agony she beheld her mistress suffering. In truth it was a home of sorrow from whence the angel of peace had fled in affright.

Captain Warburton in the meantime had been obliged to return to the neighbourhood of the Lodge, to resume the command of his detachment—when, by his advice, Katherine wrote a penitent letter to her parents, expressing a humble hope that they would award their forgiveness to her and her husband, and receive them once more beneath their roof. How anxiously she awaited an answer, cannot be expressed. It came from her father, and couched in terms so severe that the poor girl, in a paroxysm of grief, cast herself on the ground, uttering the most piercing cries. In vain Captain Warburton strove to console her, assuring her that in a little time Mr. Atherston's anger would abate.

"Oh! no, no!" exclaimed Katherine, sobbing convulsively, "I know my father well; what he has said he will adhere to—that I shall never enter his doors again, or see mamma and my dear, dear brothers."

"Then I will be to you parent, brother and all, my sweet Katherine! even to the old French governess, if you like," replied Captain Warburton, smiling and pressing her in his arms. "Come, dry those tears, else I shall think you repent the act that has conferred such happiness upon me."

"You can never think that," said Katherine, returning his caress—"but oh! the sacrifice I am required to make in consequence, is greater than I can bear," and fresh sobs choked her voice.

Captain Warburton continued to soothe and reason with her upon the improbability of her father's continuing inexorable, beseeching her to wait with patience until the first ebullitions of his anger should have passed away, when he promised to go to him and endeavour to reconcile him towards her. Katherine sighed and shook her head, though she felt comforted by the extreme affection of her husband's manner. To him she now clung for all that tenderness she had been wont to receive from her fond mother. At present he fully realized her expectations, and in gratitude to him, she ceased those expressions of grief, which so evidently distressed and mortified him; assuming after a while a cheerfulness in his presence that she could not feel,—for to be within sight of her childhood's home, and yet not dare to enter it, was a trial that she had never contemplated would be hers, and her spirit bowed beneath it.

Late one evening she walked to the Park gates with her husband, and called to the woman at the Lodge to come out and speak to her. From her she learned that her mamma was very ill, and that her brothers had been sent back to school in disgrace. How sad was this news to poor Katherine—and what would she not have given to fly to her mother, whose illness she knew must be caused by grief for her misconduct—a thousand questions she continued to put to the woman, few of which she could answer, and in despair she turned away to go back to that home she had made for herself, in the inconsiderateness and folly of extreme youth. On the day after the morrow, Captain Warburton was to leave,—and she sat up half the night writing to her sorrowing parent, pleading to be permitted to see her if only for a few moments, ere she departed, perhaps for ever. She watched at the window the return of her messenger, with feverish impatience, and rushed down stairs to meet him, on seeing him enter the house; she could not speak, but clasping her hands, looked imploringly in his face. He informed her that Mrs. Atherston was too unwell to write herself, but that an answer should be sent in the course of an hour—and what was this answer but several trunks containing all the wearing apparel, and little possessions of Katherine; not a line, not a word from a soul to comfort her. She unlocked her trunks, hoping to find some little token of forgiveness. At length at the very bottom of one of them she discovered a small sealed packet addressed in her mother's hand; she almost screamed for joy as she tore it open and began to read the following—

"I am not allowed to see you, my beloved, though deeply erring child! nor indeed to write save by stealth; but from my heart do I forgive you. Your youth, your inexperience, both plead for you. I am in great and bitter anguish both of mind and body; for to be deceived by those we love is indeed a fiery trial—may God support me under mine! Katherine! you have deserted a happy home; a paradise once lost is hard to be regained—my poor child! sorrow and misfortunes are before you—may you be as fondly and tenderly helped through them as you would have been by your indulgent mother."

Within this hurried letter, so evidently written in extreme agitation, were enclosed a ten pound note and a few lines from her brothers, upbraiding their sister for leaving them, though in the most affectionate terms, and enclosing her all their little savings, amounting to three guineas. This affected her even more than her mother's kindness, and the tears she shed over them were those of unmitigated agony. Captain Warburton found her still weeping on his return from some duty. At first he felt disposed to be impatient and angry on seeing her; but checking himself he begged her for his sake to conquer such intense grief, and that he would make a last effort to soften her obdurate father before he took her away. For this purpose he wrote to Mr. Atherston, stating that he was the third son of General Warburton—a highly esteemed officer who had served gallantly during the Peninsular War; that having a large family he had been unable to do more for him than purchase his company—consequently he had nothing to depend on but his pay. He hoped, therefore, in consideration for his only daughter, he would receive her once more into favor, since the step that had been taken (perhaps unadvisedly) could not now be recalled. Much more he said, but he little knew the man to whose clemency he addressed himself, or that he might as well have attempted to soften the rugged rock as melt the worldly, calculating heart of the wealthy citizen. His letter was returned to him in a blank cover, with Mr. Atherston's compliments and best wishes. This of course was conclusive, and Captain Warburton, in great indignation, vowed he never would subject himself again to the contempt of a vulgar plebeian, whose heart was wrapped up in his gold—who possessed not one kind or merciful feeling.

When the hour arrived for Katherine to leave, she gazed towards the spot where stood her home, with an agony that may better be conceived than expressed. Fortunately for her, her husband was too much engaged with his duties to notice her—for when at length her death-like face and heavy sobs did meet his attention, he spoke to her so sharply and angrily, that she stood before

him dismayed and terrified. Instantly he reproached himself, saying as he clasped her to his bosom,

"Forgive me, dearest Kate! but I have many things to annoy me at this time, and I could not at the moment command myself. There, be a good girl," (kissing her,) "I will be back immediately," and he hurried from the room to give further orders. Katherine dried her tears, and strove to rise above the misery of her thoughts.

"I shall be better when once I am gone," she mentally said; "but oh! I did not think *he* would have spoken in such a tone."

When her husband returned to tell her that all was ready, she gave her hand to him with a sweet smile, saying,

"Dearest Neville! have patience with me. *Now objects will, I trust, restore my cheerfulness;* —it is only here that I feel so intensely the cruelty of my father."

And so it proved; for as the distance increased between her and the scenes she had left—and *others as fair and beautiful opened before her,* her drooping spirit once more revived, and hope flew back to her breast. Such was her extreme beauty and youthful appearance, that she became an object of interest wherever they halted. At ——— they were joined by another detachment of the Regiment, commanded by Captain Beauchamp, to whom Captain Warburton presented his young bride. Captain Beauchamp started as he continued to gaze on the blushing Katherine. The deepest commiseration mingled with the astonishment expressed on his fair, manly countenance.

"Who is that lovely creature, and where did you first meet her?" he asked on leaving the room with her husband.

In a few words her story was confided to him, when he exclaimed, "Poor child! what a thousand pities."

"Upon my word, that is not very complimentary to me, Master Beauchamp! How am I to receive it?" said Captain Warburton.

"Sir! any way *you like*," replied the other, with a short laugh, and walking away.

During the rest of the march Captain Beauchamp paid the most kind attentions to the youthful wife, frequently suggesting things for her comfort which never would have entered the head of her more volatile husband. On arriving at the town where first we introduced them to the notice of our readers, Katherine was struck with the wretched appearance of the little inn, so different to any place she had ever entered before, and while left alone to meditate in the sanded parlour, she could not forbear wishing herself back in the school-room at dear Granby Hall, even to suffer the persecutions of her cross old governess. What a relief it was when again she proceeded, unconscious that she was going to an abode still more comfortless than the inn.

It was very late when the detachments entered ——— and marched at once to the Barracks, and here it was that the difficulties of Captain Warburton increased.

Captain Beauchamp proposed his engaging a furnished lodging immediately, but the town looked so dull and dark, that Katherine would not hear of this. She clung to her husband, begging that she might go to the Barracks with him—and to the Barracks accordingly they went. Poor Katherine! how her heart died within her on being shown into a large empty room, looking into the square and parade ground—the walls broken and defaced by numberless nail rods which testified that the last occupant had been a tasty man, who must have paid a little fortune in Barrack damages. A table and two chairs of the most common description formed the only furniture. Katherine ran into an inner room the door of which was open. It was small and still more out of repair than the other.

"Neville! I cannot stay here,—take me away oh! take me away directly," cried the poor girl bursting into tears.

"And where am I to take you, Kate?" inquired the young man, in a tone of extreme vexation, "where would you go, in heaven's name?"

"Any where but here, in this horrid gloomy prison-like room; I shall die if I remain in it for one night."

Captain Beauchamp at this instant entered, and looking round him, said,

"This will never do, Warburton! I will go to Mrs. Bruce and mention the arrival of Mrs. Warburton, and I am sure she will be happy to receive her until you can prepare quarters for her reception."

"Do, for heaven's sake! that is a good fellow," returned Captain Warburton, "for you perceive the happy position in which I am placed."

"I do indeed see that Mrs. Warburton, unaccustomed to a situation of such discomfort, is ill prepared to meet it; but we must try all means to amend it," said the considerate officer, departing on his friendly mission, in which he succeeded so well that Katherine, in another half hour, found herself in the comfortable room of Mrs. Bruce, the quarter-master's wife—a kindly excellent being, who received the poor fatigued wanderer with the warm welcome of a mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HINDALLAH.

A METRICAL ROMANCE—IN THREE CANTOS

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

CANTO SECOND.

THE VALE OF KASHMEER.

The day's glad voice is hushed in green Kashmeer,
And sound falls dreamlike upon evening's ear:
The long wild warble of the nightingale
Melts in the breeze that rises from the vale,
And floats along all soft and liquidly,
Like angels hymning requiems in the sky,
While bounds that upward wind rejoicing,
With summer's odours trembling on its wing.

Up through the wild woods, like the mists of spring,
In pale fantastic windings wandering,
The smoke of tempted hearths and altars flies
To catch the sun's last smiling, ere it dies:
And dark and darker o'er the woodlands grow
The congregating clouds of eve: and now,
Above the whispering wind and warbling bird,
The restless bells of many a homeward herd,
And those sweet lays, that evening oftimes wakes
From harem terraces and summer lakes,
Ascend so softly on the zephyr's close,
That weary breasts rejoice in earth's repose,
And sigh when that wild music's flown,
So mixed and lovely is the tone,
That Peris marvel as they fly,
That earth should yield such melody.

It is the hour when glad Kashmeer
Its loveliest aspect seems to wear;
When clouds, like bright ships, sailing on
In the red wake of the sinking sun,
The last pale pilgrims of his train,
Are wending tow'rds *the western main*;
And faintly o'er the hushed lake creep
Their dim reflected gleams,
Like a maiden's eye half locked in sleep,
Seen smiling through her dreams.
While cedar heights and mountain crown
Have caught the shade of evening's frown,
And groupes of topaz coloured lights,
Such as on stilly moonless nights
Come shining down the Ganges oft,
Where 'mid the tall cane tufts that shake
On its green shores, in accents soft,
The Hindoo maids their gazzels wake,
And speed their floating lamps along,
With all the spells of sighs and song.
Lights like to these are winking now
In many a dim and distant row,
Tracking the long street and tall spire,
Through all the vale, with lines of fire.
There are the painted lanterns hung,
From myriad roofs and galleries,
Where you may hear the almé's song,
And see the *small white hand* that flies
The vina's silver wires athwart,
Awakening strains that fill the heart,
There you may see the fleet nautch girls,
And hear their golden cymbals clashing,
As their gay groupes, in mazy whirls,
Are past the lighted casements dashing,
Like sunny clouds together twined,
And driven before the samoor *wind*.

Now is the time when lovers meet
Amid the sandal bowers;
And the lone bulbul singeth sweet
To his own harem flowers:
And o'er the folded lotus bell
The wearied sunbee hymns his prayer,
To win the flower to ope her cell,
And let him nestle there.
Ah! many a lover's wily tongue
Weaves at this hour the same fond song.

Now is the time when token flowers
Are from zenanas' wickets thrown
By girls that pine, through weary hours,
Unnoticed and alone:
And through the silken curtains peep
Glimpses of rich lips and bright eyes,
Like those that haunt the Moslem's sleep
With promises of Paradise:
And Peri hands, to groupes that stray
Beneath them, wave invitingly;
And cinnamon and basil blooms,
Such as are found on lovers' *tombs*
And bear a language of their own,
That lovers understand alone,
Are dropped, from time to time, to them
That dare their passionate promise claim,
Dare lean their hearts to the floweret's prayer,
And borrow Love's pinions to woo them there,
In their gilded prisons, so far above
The reach of every power but Love!

The steeds are neighing in the stall,
From bit and bridle free:
And horn and lance against the wall
Are hanging silently.
And 'neath the nut-lamp's pensive light
His sinewy length the huntsman lays,
His tawny cheek and *turban white*

Contrasted 'neath its blaze,
Folding each brawny limb and sandalled foot,
And smoking, as he rests, his long serout.
Sleeping, ere yet the day's glad course is done,
He meets on mountain heights the rising sun,
And rocks and flowers have then a voice,
And eyes come lightening from the spring;
And many a fond and viewless thing,
Whose tones the heart alone can hear,
Is whispering to his inward ear.
The huntsman's life has many joys,
For he to innocence is dear.

Glad feet are dancing 'neath the cotton tree,
Where swings the nut-lamp high and flaringly;
And men of many lands and varied hue,
The vassals of the Brahmin and the Khan,
The bright-eyed Persian and the dark Hindoo,
Are groped upon the ground; and there the wan
And moon-eyed outcasts, with the fleet djereed,
And long dark locks, the dance's mazes lead,
Clothed in their light seymars, and fling on high
Their slender arms, and yell towards the sky.
And there the wild unmeasured melody
That rises o'er the Ganges, when at eve,
The worn Lascars the lofty vessels leave,
And trim their light canoes with wearied oar,
And homeward wind to Coromandel's shore,
Is sung by women's voices; and the lay
Wakes all the joys so sweet at close of day.

Above the teak tree's growth of years,
The high pagod its fabric rears,
And Bramah's heathen worshippers,
With lowly heads, at wonted hour,
In prayer their darkened spirits pour;
And lazars, the high porch without,
Swell their beseechings to a shout,
And clasp their impious hands on high,
With matted hair and wildered eye,
As if the high and jealous One,
To whom the tribeless angels bow,
Like stars around their parent sun,
Would list the heathen's vow!
And many a maiden's pleading eyes
To Bramah's powerless idol rise:
And many voices, young and sweet,
Their unheard orisons repeat;
And dancing girls, at early morn,
Forth from their rich zenanas come,
With soft kanoon and silver drum,
Their brazen idol to adorn
With coronals of flowers.
Oh! better if such sylvan dress
Had withered in the wilderness,
Or still adorned the bowers.

But there is one those bowers among
No offering makes,
Nor joins the dark beseeching throng
As morning wakes.
Hers is the form that Bramah's pilgrim sees
With lonely footsteps gliding through the trees;
And on some cliff, that evening's fading sun
Paints with its latest beams, while all beneath
Is darkening into night, the outcast one
Her orphan hands in prayer is seen to wreathe,
And watch, with fixed and melancholy eyes,
The orb she seems to worship o'er the skies;
Till o'er the far blue hills its light is flown,
And Israel's God her accents hears alone.

And oh! 'tis sweet at that calm hour to see
Her light, low figure, bent on humble knee
And bright black tresses o'er her white vest flowing,
And day's last smiles on tress and garments glowing,
As if they hallowed with their parting light
An angel's form prepared for upward flight!

Hers was a wild and melancholy tale,
A Hebrew girl, a stranger in the vale,
Reviled and shunned. Oh! ne'er was fate
So cheerless or so desolate,
As that whose blighting scowl was thrown
O'er every year in childhood flown,
As that, whose shadows darker grew
O'er each in womanhood that flew;
And she, that pale and fragile thing,
Was like a wild rose perishing;
But yet her unrepining tongue
To none its tale of sadness spoke,
Save when her native airs she sung,
And thus on listening ears they broke!

THE HEBREW'S SONG.

That evening breeze—that evening breeze—
It mourns among the darkening trees;
And though my heart is reft and lone,
I almost joy when its voice is flown.

It seems to tell—it seems to tell—
Of a land my young heart loved well:
Oh! were my steps on its hills again,
That heart would bound from the grasp of pain.

It stooped to lave—it stooped to lave
Its wings in the blue of Jordan's wave:
Oh! even the sight of that lovely river
Would have chained my heart to its banks for ever!

I remember well—I remember well
I sadly gazed o'er hill and dale,
Till Judah melted from my sight,
And sank in distance and in night.

I turned away—I turned away,
Through many a land my journey lay;
But mine eyes ne'er dwelt on a sight so fair
As they lost in the gathering darkness there.

My friends are gone—my friends are gone:
I walk in the cold wide world alone;
And future years no hopes impart,
To soothe the out-cast's broken heart.

Ten years are gone—such is the Brahmin's tale—
Since she, that Hebrew wanderer, reached the vale,
Leading an aged solitary man,
With weary footsteps, and with aspect wan:
And then, as now, her long black ringlets fell
In loose luxuriance o'er her Jewish vest;
And told her large dark eyes, as now they tell,
A tale of silent suffering. But she blest,
With placid lips, each hardship she had borne,
While thus her poor blind father's fate she shared,
While other children from his knees were torn,
She wept with happiness that one was spared
To guide his steps when sightless and forlorn.
And on through many a foreign land
The pale child grasped her father's hand;
And oft with more than filial care,
Where flowers their incense on the air
Were flinging bounteously, and where
A cool breeze o'er the waters swept,

Would lead his timid steps along,
And soothe him there with some sweet song,
And watch him while he slept.
And when he dreamt and smiled, she wept;
But shrunk with fond reluctance, lest
Some startling sob should break his rest;
Chased the moscheto from the shade,
Where his defenceless form was laid,
And fanned him with some wildbird's wing
Through all his hours of slumbering.
And ofttimes, when his sightless eyes
Would beam, as if again he gazed
O'er springing flowers and summer skies,
On her low head his hand she placed,
Delighted when she heard him bless
His child 'mid thoughts of happiness.

And he, that blind old man, would sit
Beneath the date trees at the hour of eve:
And there that sylph-like form would flit,
Like one from glory, hovering to receive
The parted spirit as it leaves the clay,
And plies its new born-wings away—away!
And she would sing the songs he loved,
When other forms around him moved,
And other lips his forehead pressed,
And infant heads were on his breast.
All—all had perished but the one,
And her on earth he loved alone.
And when the pale child at his feet
With silent love would fix her seat,
He'd o'er her lean in wistful mood—
His white beard then her forehead strewed;
And while with trembling fingers there
He shaded back her rich dark hair,
The tears his quenched eyes trickled o'er,
As if they knew his child once more.

Alone they lived—alone their dwelling lay
Beneath the date tree's sheltering canopy,
And nought men knew, though some at eve were wont
To track the footpath to that lonely haunt,
And tarry to refresh, when sport was done,
And the keen huntsman cursed the setting sun;
And then the calabash and millet cake
Were spread for all who would such fare partake.

And there he died, that broken-hearted one,
That all but childless father; and the sun
Looked down upon his daughter, where she sate
Tearless and silent—lorn and desolate,
At her dead parent's feet. There oft she prest
Her white and bloodless lips, as if she wist
'Twould save her heart from bursting, ere again
Some starting drop would cool her fevered brain,
Would damp her dull red eyeballs, while it shed
Its parting influence on each burning lid.
She wept not: every fountain of her heart
Seemed dried away; and aught that might impart
One soothing moment to her soul was gone.
She was an outcast, and alone—*alone!*

She dug a deep, deep grave with her young hands,
And buried him; and then with sudden start,
Like tides revolving upon burning sands,
Tears, welcome tears, came back upon her heart,
And she wept long in silent luxury—
To have foregone that blessing were to die.

And now she was alone in that wild place,
Remote from human dwellings, and the gaze
Of men scarce visited her solitude,
It lay so far within the green embrace
Of sheltering rocks and overhanging wood:
Yet there its low palm thatch, and smooth white wall,
Where waked the bulbul's hymn at evenfall,
And shone the rich vine's purple tress,
Looked lovely in their loveliness.
And she, the ghost-like inmate, still,
With silent steps round that low hill,
As if no other task she knew,
Would wander all the long night through;
And if she paused while thus she strayed,
'Twas where the patriarch's staff was laid,
Where his forsaken vestment hung;
And then his name was on her tongue,
From many a fond remembrance wrung.

In every look, in every tone,
A sad and saint-like beauty shone,
And many a wild neglected tress
Fell down, in wreathed loveliness,
O'er cheeks of gold and Parian hue,
On which the hand of woe had left
No dying vestige trembling through
Of tints its blighting grasp had reft.
And dark and downward fringes laid
O'er each large eye their dream-like shade,
As if to chasten in its flight
The spirit's emanated light.
So Leah stood, in woman's spring,
A wild flower 'mid the jungle withering.

The firefly's lamp is on the air,
The wild gazelle has sought his lair,
And through the bush, with stealthy foot,
The ounce begins his noiseless route;
The alligator's babe-like cry
Comes through the hushed air wailingly,
As down the broad and silent stream
It glides, like shadows through a dream.
The slave is swinging in his mat,
His toil's short Sabbath sleeping,
While round and round the vampire bat
Unwearied watch is keeping.
The Hindoo mother's lamp is fed,
O'er sleeping forms its light is shed,
And she hath ta'en her midnight seat,
With fly-flaps at her children's feet.
The weaver's restless task is o'er,
The Rais' canoe is on the shore,
Nor longer to the hunter's voice
The echoes of the hills rejoice;
Night is the hour, and earth and sky
In undisturbed stillness lie.

Hark! what comes sounding down the vale,
With startling shriek and sudden wail?
As if some homeward wanderer,
With heedless step had strayed,
Deep through the tangling thickets, where
The boa's lair was made,
And saw the monster's lamp-like eye
Fixed on him full and steadily.
Its boding sound hath startled sleep,
And dreamers from their couches leap,
And many a mother's maddening eye
Turns from her children to the sky;
And many a dark red turban shines:
And far, in long embattled lines,
Beneath the torch light, widely glance
The bright djereed—the pennoned lance,

The Persian's courser plunges on,
In wild and rude caparison,
His broad capote behind him streaming,
His buckler's sheen around him gleaming;
And there the dark Hindoos are grouped,
With white sleeves to the shoulder looped;
And many a brown and brawny limb,
With gems and silver bound,
Waves in the distance dark and grim,
As if it spurned the ground;
And many a wild dilated eye,
Like snow-flakes on a winter sky,
Glares o'er the dusky cheek;
And round the forehead high and bold
The costly shawl entwines its fold
O'er ringlets dark and thick:
And yell and whoop throughout the crowd,
At intervals, ring long and loud;
And jungle knives are brandishing
And battle songs the negroes sing.

Reddening o'er the moonless sky,
What larums now the gazer's eye
With flame so broad and bright?
What glare so wide and wildly falls
Athwart the tall pagoda's walls,
At this dead hour of night;
And scares the screaming vulture out
From its dark nook in the spire,
And makes the blood-bats skirr about
The light, like imps of fire?
Now, Bramah! stretch thine iron arm,
The waves of Ebils round thee swarm!
In vain the prayer: the giant throne
Is trembling 'neath the helpless one,
The building shivers: wall on wall,
Like pictured cards, asunder fall,
And stands the idol, dark and lone,
While lashing flames around him wreathe
Like burning serpents from beneath
A demon on his throne!
Like fiends careering 'neath his eye,
Or meteors in a thundery sky,
Ride horse and horsemen furiously,
On, as they gallop, borrowing there
The hues of hell from that wild glare,
And hoarse and hideous laughter peals,
Where night the horrid sight reveals!

WAR SONG.

"The Bedouin comes! the Bedouin comes!
As erst he came with murderous hand.
Up, men of Kashmeer, for your homes!
Up, Hindoos, for your native land!
Oh! died your mighty sires in vain?
'Yield' is a coward's word!
Turn not from death to slavery's chain.
The robber comes: he hills of slain
A rampart to his sword!
Hark, hark! Oh! Bramah, sleepest thou?
The very dead might hear them now,
As on and on they bear,
With thundering hoof, and demon yell,
Like prisoners from the keep of hell,
Burst out upon the air!
Voices from the tomb are shrieking:
Ho! Persian, to thy spear!
Jaws that dust has choked are speaking—
Must women only hear?
Rouse! rouse! repel the outlaw's sword,
That now is brandished undefied!
Let 'vengeance' be thy battle word!
Up, Subah! onward, Barmecide!"

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Round Leah's dwelling wildly met
For safety, while it promised yet
Their clinging babes and feeble age
To shelter from the invader's rage,
Thronged many women, fair to see,
All silent in their agony.
The mother's blanched face sadly hung
O'er infant to her breast that clung,
That breast beneath its nestled cheek
Now heaving suddenly—now quick,
As the far war-cry pierced the air,
Or silent darkness mock'd despair.
And she, the young despised Jew,
Stood in the midst, as if she knew
No sympathy with that wild fear
That parted thus the young and dear.
She was alone, *alone!* No spear
For her above the battle shone:
In all the world there was but one
For her that fight had sought to brave,
And she was standing by his grave!
What then to her was hope or life,
That she should dread the fatal strife?

HINDOO WOMAN.

"Hush! where is now the Persian's cry?
The Lascar's song of victory?"

LEAH.

"Far o'er yon nether heaven they sound,
Mocking those that writhe around,
With trampled limbs and gushing wound."

PERSIAN WOMAN.

"Hush! is the clanging tocsin dumb?
Tambourgee! what has hushed thy drum?"

LEAH.

"Oh fear not! o'er yond' waveless lake
Unwearied arms their 'larums wake:
But breezes veer; the voice of war
Sounds o'er the combatants afar.
And why for them should wailing be,
Who die for blessed liberty!"

HINDOO WOMAN.

"It is not so, it is not so!
These, these are widow's tears that flow.
The voices that blest us,
The hands that caressed us,
Are silent and mangled. Oh! what are we now?"

PERSIAN WOMAN.

"The thralls of the harem, the slaves of the mole?
To watch the white clouds or blue waves as they roll—
Above us, beneath us, unshackled and free
O'er the measureless heaven or the far smiling sea;
To track their glad course o'er the deep, through the air,
And turn to our fetters in silent despair;
Or oft, when the night comes, to traverse the sky,
And its cold shooting lamps, with a prisoner's eye,
And think that those kind ones that smiled at our birth,

Look down from those windows of light on the earth,
That the dews that are falling are wept from their eyes,
That the gales that are passing are filled with their sighs
If thoughts in our bondage like those should awake,
Oh be glad! for the heart of the captive must break."

Thus sad and low their accents fell,
And querulously musical;
Like those wild tones that wing their flight
From wizard harps at dead of night,
As if from demon's touch they flew
Affrighted o'er the cloudless blue.
And motionless the mourners sate
Like souls that, unforgiven,
Sit statuelike at Eden's gate,
Outcast from hope and heaven!
Or like the marble forms that shine
'Neath moonbeams in some ruined shrine!

One Persian girl, whose restless eye
Discoursed with deep anxiety,
And told a tale of passion crost,
And hopes destroyed when flattered most,
Wild with suspense and silence, sprung
Free from the arms around her flung,
As if the touch of fleshly thing
Were wearisome and maddening!

"*Oh! what were chains on wrist or limb,*
If thraldom might be shared with him
To whom our young affections cling,
Like odours to the lip of spring!
Oh! what are chains! Oh! what are chains
To all those heart-consuming pains,
When love's fond clasp is first undone,
And death has stricken but the one,
Leaving a widowed wretch alone!
Around that lonely heart the while
Despair's relentless fingers cling,
Deriding with an iron coil
The tale that hope is whispering.
Oh! who would such a prisoner be,
When death invites them to be free?
If from the gates of Paradise
Mine eyes looked back on living joys,
On the green earth beneath me laying,
With all its clear blue rivers straying,
Like veins of silver wandering
Among the green and purple gems
That gleam from caliphs' diadems:
Or tracked the wild-bird's glancing wing
As on beneath the sun it flew,
Like some far sail upon the blue
And waveless ocean lightening;
I could not gaze without a sigh
'Mid all the glories of the sky.
But if there came from sweet Kashmeer
One sigh from those that loved me here,
One glance from that red warlike eye,
Whose beams, like burning arrows, fly,
But which on me looked fondly down
As if they treasured love alone,—
If to the seventh heaven there came
One sad look from that eye of flame,
That heaven would seem a prison then,
I'd pine so oft for earth again."

Even as the last word left her tongue,
Too certain in its murderous aim,
An arrow from the thicket sprung,
And on the grass her dying frame
Sank heavily with one wild cry,
Such as the dungeon's echoes bear
When, 'neath some lonely torch's glare,
Dark forms are moving hurriedly,
And torture's horrid engine creaks
Beneath some heart that strains and breaks.
While from the bush on every side,
Like a white gush of the ocean-tide
Around a lone rock on the sand,
The Bedouins rushed with sword in hand.
Hindallah led them; and his look,
Like a destroying angel's, shone;
The blood had even his lips forsook;
But from his dark locks, one by one,
Large drops fell trickling o'er his face,
With gory track and sullen pace;
While in his wolf-like eye there woke
A glare that slumber might have broke,
If o'er the sleeper's folded eye
Its sinking fire had but passed by.
He spoke; and at his loud command,
Each Arab dropped his murderous hand,
And backward stood.

"Forbear! forbear!
The young and the bright be now your care:
Ye will win glad smiles 'mid our lonely sands,
Though here ye wed them with bloody hands;
And the tones of the light kitar shall be
Sweetly mingled with Sadi's minstrelsy;
And their dancing a tale of delight shall tell,
When our tents are pitched by the desart well,
And the sunlit leaves of the tall date trees
Are leaping, like birds, in the wandering breeze.
Bismillah! they'll blush for the tear-drops that ran
From their eyes as they followed our long caravan."

Away, away, with flying feet,
The Arab holds his swift retreat,—
His laden camels plodding on
With the rich spoils his conquest won;
And those who had opposed his way
Now on the wold deserted lay,
With dying eye and ebbing vein,
And heart that ne'er shall bound again
To life or hope, or that dear voice
That bade its every pulse rejoice.
And on his route the robber leads,
And on the weary camel speeds.

Like the horse of Death, whose path of fear
Flashed light on the dreams of the island seer—
And he tracked by the spectral glare it sent,
Its path through the midnight firmament—
Hindallah's desart courser flies.
While wild and fitfully its eyes
Gleam like some fireily's meteor light,
That haunts the Asiatic night,
And wanders, through the forest shades
And banyan's leafy colonnades.
Around him, from his saddle bow,
A woman's garments loosely flow,
As on against the breeze they bear:
And o'er his arm her long black hair,
Like funeral pennons, backward streams,
Wafted from a face that seems
As white, and pure, and motionless,
As some pale statue that reclines
Alone o'er Monkir's cavern shrines,
Where that unclean and glistening thing,
The charnel-worm, is revelling;
Save when, at times, some wandering tress

Flies backward with a restless freak,
And strews awhile her marble cheek,
Even where its Grecian beauties rest,
Unconscious on the Arab's breast.
And oft his eyes serenely down
Are on those tomb-like features thrown,—
On long silk lashes darkly seen
Reposing on her Parian skin,
Like rich and seraph-woven bars,
Watching o'er two imprisoned stars,—
On full round lips, o'er which the red
Is breaking, like the beam first shed
On mourning heavens and snow-capt hills,
Ere growing light the green world fills.
He gazed; and thoughts of peace and love
With all his sterner feelings strove;
And oft, unconsciously, he prest
His captive to his panting breast;
And oft, with trembling lips, he leant,
Like cypress o'er a monument,
His cheek to hers, and sought to press
Her cold lips with a sweet caress;
But once to that repeated kiss,
Her eyes unclosed, with gloomy gaze,
On sabre's sheen and torch's blaze,—
On horse and horseman fleeting past,
Like clouds careering on the blast;
But recollection did not seem
To waken from its grasping dream,
Till, with a long and anxious look,
Its gathered vapours could not brook,
She backward gazed on green Kashmeer,—
Its hushed white lake and lovely bowers,—
On all that to her eye was dear
In the sweet round of happier hours.
But o'er the dreary distance now
They lightened with *another* glow,
From burning joist and blazing wall,
From sugar field and cotton tree,
So bright, that e'en the waterfall,
And clear cool lake did seem to be
A sea of burning lava, shot
Up from the troubled mountain's throat:
And, while she gazed, one fearful scream,
That issued from her lips away,
Undid the fetters of her dream,
And woke her to her misery.
One backward look of woe she cast
On far Kashmeer: it was the last,
The last her mental vision shed
Ere its worn lumen flared and fled;
And memory, o'er her darkened brain,
Breathed once, and, withering, shrunk again,—
A meteor through a ruin straying,—
A moonbeam o'er a coffin playing,—
A fire-shell o'er some battle plain,
Bursting above th' unburied slain.
On, on they ble, whate'er betide,
The murderer and his maniac bride:

END OF CANTO SECOND.

THE BEAUX.

As Ovid sings a beau* of old admired
A shade, and for the empty form expired:
Love's God, relenting of his killing power,
Gave him the life that animates a flower.
Hence future beaux, so Love ordain'd, were made
Gay as a flower, but empty as a shade.

*Narcissus.

PRAYER.

BY DR. HASKINS.

To look from earth—its fleeting bliss—
With heav'n-enlightened eye,
To lands of fairer bloom than this,
And heave the wishful sigh,—
To view the fadeless realms above,
And Jesus smiling there,—
And breathe unutterable love,—
This—this is Pray'r.

When the deep heart at midnight hour
Vibrates a solemn tone,—
When thought awakes in trance of power,—
To bend before the throne—
Set free from earth's entangling thrall—
Its pleasure and its care—
To feel that God is all in all,—
This—this is Pray'r.

When sorrow with oppressive weight—
Affliction wrings the soul,—
When droops the heart disconsolate,
Waves roar and thunders roll,—
When anguish racks th' encumb'ring clod,
While whispers fell despair,—
To seek on high relief in God,—
This—this is Pray'r.

When bursts temptation like a flood
Around in all its pow'r,—
When lion-like intent on blood
Satan would fain devour,—
When sinks the soul—the spirit faints—
Weak flesh dark visions scare,—
To breathe on high our sad complaints,
This—this is Pray'r.

When sunny scenes around us rise—
When summer flow'rs smile near,—
When calm on bright unclouded skies
We gaze, while falls a tear,—
When feels the soul its guilt forgiv'n,
And sighs that all might share
The beauty and the bliss of heav'n,—
This—this is Pray'r.

When lowly on a dying bed,
While life ebbs fast away,—
When earthly things are all but fled,
Ere dawns eternal day,
Like Stephen when the stones were hurled,—
With Jesu's suppliant care,
Mercy I implore for all the world,—
This—this is Pray'r.

TO MADEMOISELLE DE S***.

From whom the Author had received a present of a Watch.

Dear Laura, your watch is a bad one indeed!
Some demon is certainly in it:
When I see you, or hear you, it moves with such speed,
That it runs round an hour in a minute.
But when that to hear you, or gaze on your face,
Fate relentless denies me the power,
So tardy its progress, that but o'er the space
Of a minute it moves in an hour.

THE BROKEN RAILING,

OR, "'TWILL DO AS WELL TO-MORROW."

BY M.

"*Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.*"
PROV. 27th, 1st.

"Take time while time is, for time will away.
SCOTCH PROVERB.

"HAVE you finished that cap, Mary?" inquired Mrs Merwin, as her daughter, a lovely girl, entered the room where she was sitting with her sister.

Mary coloured and hung her head, when thus addressed; then raising her eyes, a good humoured smile dimpled her rosy cheek as she replied,

"No, dear mamma; I intended yesterday morning to do it immediately, but was called to something else, and put it off, and then I forgot it."

"The same old story, Mary," replied Mrs. Merwin, gravely. "Well, my dear! you must only do it now; for Mrs. Martin is going to send for the bundle this afternoon, and all the other things are ready."

"Oh! mamma," exclaimed Mary, imploringly, "*please* reverse that sentence. You know this is the afternoon for Cousin Julia's pic-nic, and I was now preparing to go there. Do, dear mamma! pardon me this time."

"I do, my dear child, and am very sorry to disappoint you; but duty requires it. You well know that you have a bad habit of putting off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day; I have tried many means in vain to correct it, and now if you lose your anticipated visit the disappointment will be remembered, and may be useful all your life."

Tears rose in Mary's eyes, but she knew it was in vain to attempt to coax her mother when her determination was once formed, and she was too well trained, and too well principled, to make an impertinent reply, and she left the room to procure her work.

"My dear sister," said Mrs Clarke, as her favorite Mary left the room, "is not such a punishment too severe for so trifling a fault? She has been anticipating this party so long that her disappointment will be great."

"It is for that very reason that I refused her entreaty. You know procrastination is her besetting fault; it seems trifling, and therefore she fails to overcome it. Now, such a punishment will make a deep impression on her mind, and may prevent her yielding to temptation in future."

"But how could you have the heart to refuse the dear child?"

"It was a trial, certainly, for it would have been much easier for me to say, 'you may go, Mary, and I will finish the cap;' but we must never forget that parental authority is a sacred trust to the parent, from our Heavenly Father, to be used for His glory, and for the best interests of our children; and therefore, by misusing, or neglecting to employ it, we sin against Him, as well as injure irreparably those so dear to us."

"You take a very serious view of the matter," said Mrs. Clarke.

"Not more serious than it demands," replied her sister; "how many children have been ruined, how often has the peace of families been destroyed, by the improper indulgence of those who could 'not have the heart' to govern their children? Do you not think, my sister, that *true* love would choose to cause present inconvenience and suffering rather than far greater distress in future, perhaps ruin, disgrace, and everlasting destruction?"

"But you surely do not anticipate any such evils for our sweet Mary, who is gentleness itself, and who would far rather suffer herself than give any one pain?"

"I hope not, indeed, for I believe that her heart has been renewed by the Spirit of God, and that her truly lovely disposition is the fruit of His gracious operations. But her very sweetness makes me more anxious to correct a fault, which allowed to become a fixed habit, may be the source of much future suffering."

Here the subject was dropped; and after her sister's departure, Mrs. Merwin went to her daughter's room. Her red eyes and swollen lids told

that she had been weeping much, but the tears were dried, and she was sewing diligently. The mother's heart could not but feel deeply for the pain she had inflicted, and she seated herself beside her loved and dutiful child, while she kindly addressed her.

"My dear Mary, did you not think me needlessly severe just now?"

"*I did not say so, mamma! and I strove to repress the thought,*" she ingenuously replied, "for I know that you are the best judge of what is right and proper."

"Yes, my child! the fault *seems* a trifling one, and is so compared with others; yet it may produce very disastrous consequences. I witnessed so melancholy an illustration of this in my early years, that it makes me doubly anxious for you. If you like, dear Mary, I will relate the story, and while it may be some compensation for the loss of your expected pleasure, it will, I hope, deepen rather than lessen the effect of your disappointment.

"When I was about your age, I had a very dear friend, who was a year older than myself; Ella Staunton was 'the only child of her mother, and she was a widow.' She was a beautiful creature; I seem even now to see her fairy figure, her sweet child-like face, shaded by rich auburn curls, the laughing blue eye, the full red lip enclosing pearls within. She was a being of sunshine,—a gentle lovely thing, whom 'the winds of heaven had *never been suffered to visit too roughly*,' yet of an exceedingly sensitive temperament, affectionate, and yielding, to a fault. She was the idol of her doating parent, and the favorite not only of her teachers but of her young companions; such petting as she received would have spoiled almost any one else; and Ella had one fault, which thereby became confirmed. This was procrastination; she seldom did to-day what could be put off till to-morrow. Had this propensity been checked by proper discipline till the habit was conquered, it would have been well; but who could punish so sweet a creature for so trifling a fault? So reasoned her fond mother, and so frequently practised her kind but indulgent teachers. 'Where is your composition, Ella?' asked Miss Elton, one morning, 'I do not see it with the others.'

Ella hung her head, and pulled to pieces a paper which she held, as she answered between a smile and a tear,—

"'It is not written, Miss Elton; I intended to have it ready, but'—she hesitated, for the same *excuse had been often given.*

"'But on Monday you thought you would write it on Tuesday—on Tuesday that you might as well wait till Wednesday; and so on till Saturday came, and found it not commenced!'

"She spoke seriously, and the lurking smile vanished from Ella's face. 'My dear child,' continued the kind teacher, 'if you do not conquer this habit of procrastination, be assured it will cause you much trouble. It grieves me to find that my counsels are so lightly heeded.'

"*The soft blue eyes of Ella filled with tears,* as she said,

"'Do not grieve for me, dear Miss Elton; I do *not disregard your advice, indeed I do not, and I* will try never to displease you thus again.'

"Thus it ended. Again and again the fault was repeated, and no sufficient punishment being awarded, the habit became a second nature.

"Years rolled on, and as Ella Staunton grew up, her beauty more than fulfilled the promise of early years, while her graceful manners, her freedom from affectation, and her sweetly affectionate disposition, made her generally loved. She had been educated religiously, and had, she hoped, in 'the dew of her youth,' yielded her heart to her Divine Redeemer, seeking to live according to His requirements. Yet her youthful fault remained unsubdued, partly, because by long indulgence it had become so inwoven in her character as not to be eradicated but by a powerful effort, and partly, because the failing seemed so slight that she was indisposed to make such effort. Had she viewed it as sinful, she would not have rested till, by the grace of God, the habit was conquered. Her fond mother meanwhile, had been called to die, and poor Ella was almost heart-broken at her loss; but ere long she found a comforter in the person of a lover. Charles Eldridge was a young lawyer of fine talents, very amiable, and possessing the fear of the Lord; and at the expiration of a year from the time of her mother's death, he won Ella's consent to become his bride. He was comparatively poor, but what was wealth to them, whose sunshine was each other's smiles?

"We must now behold Ella as the mistress of a pretty little cottage, with vine-clad windows, a door-yard filled with choice flowers, while the internal arrangements of the quiet home were characterized by neatness, comfort, and some pretensions to elegance. But to Charles Eldridge it seemed a little paradise, when he hastened thither from his office in the dusty streets of the city to meet his beloved Ella, with her to work in their little garden; and when the night dews banished them to the house, to read, and sing together. Thus their days passed on very pleasantly, though Ella's besetting fault was often the source of some inconvenience. A trifling instance of this occurred about two months after her mar-

rriage. Mrs. Eldridge was very fond of reading, and unfortunately, had no taste for domestic engagements, and the results of this were sometimes trying to her husband's patience. One day he came home to dinner, and was surprised that his Ella did not come, as was her wont, to meet him; still more so, when he entered the dining room, and found every thing very neat certainly, but no preparations for dinner. He sprang lightly up stairs, and opened the door of his wife's favorite room,—it was a small apartment which he had fitted up as a library; beautiful plants bloomed in the window, and the shelves were filled with a choice selection of books. There was his wife reclining on a sofa, perfectly engrossed by the book which she held; she started on his entrance, exclaiming,

"'Oh! Charles, how early you have come to-day,—you surprised me very much.'

"'Not very agreeably, I fear,' he replied smiling, 'I am no earlier than usual, but I wish you would have dinner soon, as I am in haste to return.'

"'We will have it immediately,' said Ella, hastening down stairs, while her heart misgave her as the words were uttered. She descended to the kitchen, for their unpretending abode did not possess the convenience of bells, and there found the girl sewing.

"'Oh! Bridget,' she exclaimed, 'you must make haste and get up the dinner quickly—Mr. Eldridge wishes it immediately.'

"'I don't see how I can get it up when it is not down,' retorted the girl with a provokingly impertinent voice and manner.

"'Not down! what are you talking about?'

"'About the dinner, or rather the no dinner—it is not my fault that there is none, for I asked you a dozen, or at least half a dozen times, for the money for marketing.'

"'Asked me?' exclaimed the astonished mistress, 'I never heard a word of it till this moment, and supposed we had meat enough in the house for dinner.'

"'No, the cat eat it up, as I told you, but you were reading, and said 'I will get it directly,' and when I asked again, you said the same, so I got tired at last, and sat down to sew.'

"Poor Ella, mortified and annoyed, returned to the dining room,—her husband was there, and he pitied her confusion.

"'I have heard all,' he tenderly said, 'do not distress yourself, dear Ella! we shall find something to eat, I dare say, and you will be more mindful in future.'

"'Yes indeed, unless I am most ungrateful for your forbearance, dear Charles; I intended to have given Bridget directions about dinner immediately after breakfast, but I thought I would read a little first, and I became so interested in the book that I have not thought of it since.

"It was more than a year after this little event that my young friends became the happy parents of a fine little boy. This was a new and powerful tie to home, and young Eldridge yielded his heart to the endearments of the lovely babe; his affection rivalled even the mother's. His practice had enlarged, and he was doing well. One morning he mentioned to his wife that he had a great deal of writing which must be finished in two days, which would keep him very busy. 'Cannot I assist you?' she asked, 'you know I sometimes used to copy documents for you, soon after our marriage, and you used to praise my 'fine bold handwriting,' which you said was the only bold thing about me! you see how well I remember your words.'

"'I should be glad of your assistance, Ella, and am thankful for your kind offer,' he replied.

"That evening he brought home the document, and her affectionate heart delighted in the prospect of doing something for her beloved husband.

"But after he left her in the morning, she remembered that she had promised to go and see her cousin Lucy that day—she accordingly set out at once on her walk; the day was warm, and she could not walk very fast. When she arrived at her uncle's, she found that her cousin, who had not expected her so early, had gone out; being fatigued she waited her return, a half hour elapsed before she came, and then another glided away ere Ella left. On her return she went as usual to the nursery, before she took out her writing materials; the child seemed even more engaging than usual, and she played long with him. Then it occurred to her that it would be a fine day for him to go out, and she prepared to send him to her cousin's. She had commenced some time before, a new and very pretty cap for him, which had been laid aside with other unfinished articles, of which she generally had a large assortment. Now she sat down to finish it; it took more time than she had anticipated, and after it was done, and some household duties attended to, she was startled to find that it was past four o'clock. She hastened to the library and commenced writing, fifteen minutes past, and a knock at the door announced an arrival; soon the girl came up to say that a lady wished to see her. Her first impulse was to send word that she was engaged, then her kindliness interposed, 'I would not like it myself,' she thought, 'after taking so long a walk;' and she descended to the parlour. It proved to be an acquaintance who was an inveterate talker, and as poor Ella listened impatiently to her

— 'Conversation dull and dry,
Embellished with—He said,—and,—so said I.'

She was tempted to exclaim with Cowper,

'—Sedentary weavers of long tales,
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.'

But all things have an end, and so had this visit, but with dismay Ella heard the clock strike six as Mrs. Williams left the door. She commenced writing, but ere many minutes, hearing her husband's step, she put up the papers to meet him. He had engaged to accompany her that evening to a lecture, and though she would willingly have lost the anticipated pleasure, she did not like to propose staying at home lest she should disappoint him. They accordingly went; on their return he asked Ella for the document she had copied, as he wished to examine it, when she confessed with many blushes that it was unfinished, adding, 'but I will rise two hours earlier than usual to-morrow morning, and that will give me time to complete it.' He replied kindly; and as she detailed the events of the day, he said:—

"'So you see Ella, that your hindrances all arose, from your having in the morning *put it off till afternoon.*'

"Ella left him reading, to attend to her child; and feeling fatigued reclined on the sofa where she fell asleep. On awaking she looked at her watch and was surprised to find it near one o'clock. 'What can have become of Charles?' she thought, and she went in search of him. She found him writing in the library.

"'Ah! dear Charles, this is too bad,' she exclaimed, 'why have you thus deprived yourself of sleep to finish that? I intended to do it in the morning.'

"'And this morning you intended to have done it before night; I thought it safer to finish it myself.'

"The affectionate smile with which he regarded her gave the lie to the implied reproach of his words.

"'Ah! I see you do not believe me, and I have given you cause for your suspicions.' She sighed deeply; 'will you forgive me this once, dear Charles?'

"'Yes! a thousand times, if you wish it; I have little to forgive,' and he drew her towards him imprinting a kiss on her fair brow.

"'But I cannot consent to your sitting up any later,' he added playfully. 'I have almost finished the task, and as your liege lord must order you away.' He led her to the door as he spoke.

"Ella's self reproach kept her awake long, and for a time she improved, but soon relapsed into her wonted habits of procrastination. Meanwhile time sped on, and their little boy grew finely, and became increasingly dear to his parents. Eldridge succeeded so well in his profession, that at the expiration of the fourth year after his marriage he was enabled to purchase a house, a mile and a half from town. It was a beautiful spot, and one which he and Ella had often admired; the house was some distance from the road, and the trees and shrubbery before it, almost screened it from the passer's gaze. Behind the house was a small court-yard paved with stone, which was kept constantly watered by a fountain in the centre, which imparted a delightful freshness to the air in the warm summer months. Ella's bed-room overlooked this yard and the windows opened down to the piazza which extended along the back of the house. It was in the month of May that they moved here; the grass and trees were clad in the fresh verdure of spring, and little Edward, who was now two years and a half old, was delighted with the pretty flowers, and the sweet songsters who filled the air with their melody. He was a lovely little creature; even strangers would notice the dove-like softness of his large black eyes, and the sweetness of his cherub smile; no wonder then that his parents doated on him, and as they watched his merry gambols, or received his infantile caress, would raise a thanksgiving to their Heavenly Father for the possession of such a treasure, united with an earnest petition to be preserved from idolizing him.

"A few days after they were settled in their new abode, Eldridge noticed that some rails had been broken from the gallery, leaving an open space. Fearing accidents he immediately gave orders to a carpenter to replace them, and an earnest charge to his wife, to watch little Edward constantly, till the place was mended. The carpenter did not come as he promised, and the next day Eldridge was called from home on business. As he bade his wife adieu, he charged her to see the rails replaced at once, and taking his little one in his arms he strained him again, and again to his heart. The sweet child patted his father's cheeks with his tiny dimpled hand, saying,

"'Poor papa, going to leave Eddy!'

"'Darling one,' exclaimed the fond father, 'it will seem ages till I see you again; do not, dearest Ella, forget these rails.'

"'No, dear! certainly not; why should you doubt me?'

"'I do not; only you sometimes forget to do things, when they ought to be attended to.'

"'I will not forget now, at all events,' she thought, and so she had often thought before; yet in this case, as in others, one thing and another occurred leading her to procrastinate. Each morning she thought she would attend to

it that day, and each night found her with a firm resolve to see to it on the morrow; thus the week passed on, and the next day her husband was expected.

"'I must neglect it no longer,' she thought, and she prepared herself to go out. Just then a young friend called.

"'Dear Ella,' she said, I want you to go with me and see Mrs. Johnson's new millinery. She has received a large assortment from Paris.'

"'I would be glad to oblige you,' she replied, 'but I cannot, I have some business which must be attended to this afternoon; and I do not wish to purchase any thing in that line at present.'

"'But I do, and I want you to help me to choose a dress; do, dearest Ella, come with me, I have the carriage here, and we shall not be long; and afterwards you can attend to your business."

"Ella could not say no! and yielding to her friend's entreaties she accompanied her. Mrs. Johnson's store was full of customers, and it was long before Miss Walton could be attended to; then she spent a long time in choosing between fawn and drab, till the afternoon was almost frittered away. As they left the store she said to Mrs. Eldridge,

"'My uncle has given me permission to go to Hamilton's and select some beautiful drawings for patterns; would it be asking too much to solicit your company?'

"Now Ella was extravagantly fond of drawing, and of seeing fine pictures; this therefore was a strong temptation, and she yielded. As she did so she remembered the broken railing, but she thought,

"'It is too late now to go to Smith's, and it will do as well to-morrow.' The pictures were examined with delight, some beautiful ones selected, and Miss Walton accompanied her friend home. Her darling child was the first to meet her, and as he sprang into her arms, and kissing her affectionately, laid his curly head on her bosom,—the delighted Ella felt that his endearments were more valued than all the attractions of art and fashion. The morrow came, and Charles Eldridge was that day expected. The nurse was busy in the morning, and Ella took her little boy to her room where she was sewing; his merry gambols afforded her constant pleasure, but he soon seemed tired and warm; she laid him on the sofa and opened the door to the piazza. He lay so still that she thought he slept and she went into the next room to procure some articles which she needed. She had not been there many minutes when a piercing scream thrilled to her very heart; she rushed to her room—her darling was gone. In an instant she was on the piazza looking towards the yard, and oh! what a sight met her eye—her sweet child extended on the pavement below. Terror and excitement bore her on, she flew down stairs, and was the first who reached the poor boy, who was quite insensible. Raising him in her arms she bore him to her room; with astonishing self-possession sent for a physician, and then a long death-like swoon shut out for a time the sense of utter wretchedness. The physician came, and after examining the little one, gave her no hope of his ultimate recovery, though he might live, he said, several weeks; the head was severely injured, and also the spine; while the whole body was dreadfully bruised. Though scarcely able to sit up, Ella held him in her arms, and as she watched his sufferings, and remembered that her neglect, her procrastination, was the cause, who can picture her agony! The afternoon came and Eldridge returned; alarmed at the death-like stillness of the house, and the serious look of the girl who opened the door, he rushed up stairs. He met the nurse.

"'What is the matter?' he exclaimed, 'is any one sick or dead?'

"'Oh! sir, poor darling Eddy has had a dreadful fall.'

A deep groan burst from him, as his heart told him his fears were realised. When he entered the room Ella was there, pale, and haggard, but he thought not of her, as he beheld his darling in her arms, the golden curls matted with blood, the sweet face distorted with suffering, and those large dove-like eyes raised mournfully to his mother's face, as if imploring help. As he looked at the child, his eye met Ella's; he fastened upon her a glance of deep reproach; then remembering how she must suffer, and noticing her death-like appearance, he forbore to reproach her, and spoke in accents of tenderness. But that look was enough for the sensitive Ella, whose heart was broken before with deep and bitter remorse.

"'He thinks that I have killed our child, and it is true,' she thought.

"Day and night she watched the little one, refusing rest and nourishment. She rarely spoke, she could not weep, but as she witnessed the sufferings of the little innocent, and dwelt incessantly on the cause, the iron entered deeply into her soul. The child died, and when she looked at his pale cold face, and thought of the spirit's removal to a happier clime, she could bow to the chastisement of her Heavenly Father, and say, 'Thy will be done!' But when she viewed his suffering and premature death as the consequence of her neglect, and it was thus she usually thought of them, her spirit could not endure the weight of self accusation.

"Eldridge deeply mourned the death of his beloved one, but with generous affection he strove to repress his grief, and soothe his broken-hearted wife. But it was all in vain; she never smiled again, and soon the stricken husband was convinced that reason tottered from its throne. A hopeless lunacy fastened upon the wife of his bosom: she was perfectly harmless, but most melancholy. She would sit for hours, as though holding her child in her arms, and rock herself continually, singing snatches of plaintive airs, in a voice so sweet, so mournful, as to thrill the hearer; then she would start as though the piercing shriek of her lost one was ringing in her ears, and bewail his death; then she would exclaim, 'Oh! that look! dear Charles, can you forgive me? Do not wither my soul by that stern angry glance; I did not, oh! I did not mean to kill our boy; I loved him too, loved him! ah! yes, as none but a mother loves.'

"It was in vain that the husband sought to comfort her,—in vain he bent on her looks of tenderest love, and pity, or spoke in accents of affection; to her eye his glance was always that of reproach,—to her ear his tones, those of stern condemnation.

"Sometimes hopes were entertained that reason would be restored. One such time I was with her. It was evening, and she reminded me of something which I had promised to do that day. I said carelessly, 'Oh! it is no matter; it will do as well to-morrow.'

"She fixed her large melancholy eyes upon me, and said in tones I shall never forget.

"'It will do as well to-morrow! Oh! Louisa, never say that as you value your peace,—it was that killed *him!*'

"A piercing scream concluded the sentence, and she relapsed into a deeper melancholy than ever.

"She wasted away rapidly, and before the close of the year the broken-hearted husband was called to lay her remains beside those of her infant son. In yonder church-yard they sleep, and the disconsolate widower whose earthly hopes were thus blighted, and who has since lived to bless mankind, till the wished for day arrives, when he may meet his beloved wife and child in another and better world—is your kind uncle Charles. Now, dear Mary, do you wonder that I made you stay at home this afternoon?"

"No, dearest mamma," she answered, while tears streamed down her cheeks, "I thank you a thousand times," and she recommenced sewing dilligently. That day was the dawn of a new era in Mary's habits; when tempted in future to put off till to-morrow that which should be done to-day, she remembered Ella, and performed the task immediately.

ENIGMA.*

I'm reckon'd only fifty—yet for centuries have been
In every place, in every clime, among the living seen.
Mute, though incessantly in talk, I give to silence sound,
And single 'tis my fate to be, whilst fast in wedlock bound.
The learned place me at their head, although unknown to fame,
And eloquence itself delights to sound abroad my name.

Though plung'd in guilt, the tenant of a prison's gloomy cell;
Yet, twice invoked, my potent aid concludes the Wizard's spell;
I ride upon the whirlwind—point the lightning through the storm,
And mine the power, but with a word, another world to form.
I, too, alone can kindle fame, and what indeed, is odd,
The veriest miser can prevent from making gold his god.

I usher in the morning light, yet shun the face of day;
A stranger to the voice of mirth, yet join in every play.
The fabled liquid I, with which poor Tantalus was curs'd,
For in the proffer'd goblet seen, I mock the wretch's thirst.
The rich secure me for their wealth, the cunning for their wiles!
And reft of me, ah! chang'd how soon were beauty's sweetest smiles.

I lurk within the brilliant glance that flashes from her eye—
Rest on her ruby lip—and in her laughing dimples lie—
I breathe the first soft sound of love in the maiden's willing ear,
And mingle in the rising blush which tells that love is dear.
I lead the laugh, I swell the glee amid the festal hall,
But am truant from the banquet, and a laggard in the ball.

First in the martial lists I ride, with mail, and lance, and shield;
And foremost of the line I charge upon the battle-field;
And yet, though rank'd among the bold, I scarcely join the fight,
Till, foul disgrace to knighthood's race, I turn at once to flight.
From greatness thus remov'd, I make companionship with evil;
And—in your ear a word—maintain alliance with the devil!

ON BEING ADVISED TO MARRY.

Sir, you are prudent, good, and wise,
I own, and thank you from my heart;
And much approve what you advise,
But let me think, before I start.

For folks well able to discern,
Who know what 'tis to take a wife,
Say, 'tis a case of such concern,
A man should think on't—all his life.

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*We will be happy to receive a solution of the above Enigma from any of our readers—if a poetical one, so much the better. ED. L. G.

POPPING THE QUESTION IN THE DARK.

BY S.

How often I have heard young gentlemen say that they would never ask a lady except in the dark. *Oh no! It would be too gratifying to female vanity to behold the rejected suitor, crest fallen and hopeless, receive his sentence from their lips, and depart with his self-complacency sadly ruffled, and looking most wofully disheartened.* It would never do! *Their* fate must be decided by moonlight, by writing, or in some other dark way by which the mortified expression of *their countenances might* not be legible, so that the lady could not afterwards tell how foolish poor A——— looked when she refused him.

It is for the benefit of those who hold this resolution that I relate the following tale, and I sincerely hope it may prove a warning to all who have not the courage by day-light, *by candle-light, or by gas-light,* to listen to that most important monosyllable——*No.*

Edward Stanley was a very "nice" young man, at least all the mammas and *grown up daughters* in the town of M——— said so, and of course such experienced judges could not be wrong. He was clever, handsome, good looking, and, above all, very well *to do* in the world.

No house looked so comfortable as his, with its snug little parlour covered with Brussels carpet, and nice crimson damask curtains, *that reflected so brightly* the blaze of the cheerful fire, as it danced and crackled during the long winter evenings. It was the very essence of comfort; nevertheless, all the ladies declared that it wanted *one thing* to render it perfect, and that was, a mistress.

But its master must have differed from them in opinion, as he appeared to be in *no hurry* to *select that necessary* article of furniture; and old Kitty, his house-keeper, who had been long in the family, and had been bequeathed to him as a kind of legacy, still continued *her undisputed sway* over both wardrobe and pantry. Despite of sundry hints from mammas about the dreadful wastefulness of servants when left to their own discretion, he seemed *perfectly satisfied* with the state of his domestic affairs, and repeatedly declared, that the only fault he could ascribe to his house-keeper, was, that she was too economical. But the bachelor was *invulnerable.* With great wit he parried the strokes levelled against himself and *his celibacy, and generally came off, laughing and victorious.* How long he would have succeeded in defending his heart from these attacks is uncertain, had not a circumstance happened *which changed his mind,* and like many a better man, he took to sighing and solitary walks; nay, he once was seen by Miss Alicia Smith's maid talking to himself—a circumstance duly *reported and chronicled.*

But to give the reason for this sudden change, I must make some introductions to the reader, and among these, the person who was *the cause of this mysterious behaviour* on the part of the hitherto cold-hearted bachelor.

The town of M——— had a population of about three thousand inhabitants, just the *number to promote* the diffusion of scandal and gossip. It may be easily supposed that the arrival of strangers would occasion a good deal of commotion, and some visitors *who now arrived, certainly* seemed entitled to a small degree of consideration from the townspeople. One evening about six o'clock, a carriage stopped at the inn-door, and *presently there descended from* it a pretty dark-eyed girl, about eighteen, who, in stepping lightly down, displayed a foot and ancle, "which," old Johnnie Bell the shoemaker said, "he would *challenge any shoe he ever made* for the ladies of M——— to fit;" so small and neat it was. Next came forth an elderly lady, or rather, (begging her pardon,) a lady of a certain age, *with a prim, pursed up mouth,* and that indescribable air of neatness and propriety which belongs to elderly spinsters. Last of all descended a gentleman of about fifty, *with a military air, and who, from his resemblance* to the dark-eyed lady, could at once be taken for her father. He appeared in bad health, and descended slowly from the carriage by the *assistance of his daughter, whose animated* countenance assumed a serious, fond expression, as she turned to assist her father.

It was soon found out by the inquisitive inhabitants, that it was the *intention* of these strangers to reside some time with them, and that they had rented a pretty little cottage on the banks of the river. It was soon ascertained too, that the major and Edward Stanley were old acquaintances, and Edward himself discovered that Alice

Middleton, whom he had never before seen, was a most captivating girl. Every pleasant evening a party might now be seen strolling along the banks of the winding river, consisting sometimes of four persons, sometimes of three, and now and then of a young gentleman and lady, who seemed to be studying botany, if one might judge by the careful and attentive manner in which they surveyed the bouquets of wild flowers which they carried in their hands. The major had been most happy to renew his acquaintance with Edward; and his maiden sister Miss Rachael Middleton, or rather, Aunt Rachael, as both the Major and Alice styled her, soon became delighted with him, both on account of his prepossessing appearance and his polite attentions. Never was there a skein of silk to wind, but Edward was ready to hold it. As he wished to rise in the good graces of the niece, so was he in proportion attentive to the aunt, and she, looking upon Alice as little more than a school-girl, and, according to her rather antiquated notions of propriety, too young to think of making a conquest, attributed his frequent visits to the cottage to her own superlative attractions. Strange to say, Edward now discovered a fact of which others had vainly endeavoured to convince him, namely, the want of some one to preside in his house and supplant old Kitty. For a while he could not find out what occasioned the vacancy which he felt in his hitherto happy home, but one morning the truth suddenly dawned upon him, as his quiet old house-keeper was pouring out a cup of coffee for him.

"'Tis a wife!" he exclaimed, starting and unconsciously speaking aloud.

"A what, sir, do you want?" asked Kitty, thinking she had misunderstood him.

"'Tis a wife," again unconsciously exclaimed poor Edward, still lost in reverie.

"A wife!" echoed Kitty; "dear me! who would have thought it? You have lived thirty years without a wife, Mr. Edward, and I think you might rest content without one for as long to come. Take my word for it, you would not be sitting down to such a quiet snug breakfast if you had a wife, and the room all to yourself too. I suppose you mean to bring home some thriftless, light-headed girl of seventeen or eighteen, to mangle your house for you. You will not have your sorrow to seek."

Old Kitty having delivered this harangue, retired and left her master to his meditations upon this newly discovered want. He turned the matter over in his mind during breakfast, and tried to convince himself that Alice loved him, or, at least, that she was not totally indifferent. There was so much liveliness in her disposition, so much badinage in her conversation, that, he thought it would be difficult to discover the true state of her mind. She had also a very quick perception of the ridiculous, and, as he had once heard her declare how pitiful a poor mortal must look, on bended knees, suing for a lady's favour, he determined not to offer himself a subject for her mirth. He was so much afraid of her raillery, and at the same time so captivated by her charms, that he tried to fall upon some expedient whereby he might ascertain what her feelings were, and at the same time preserve his own dignity.

Little thinking how soon Dame Fortune would befriend him, that evening he wended his customary way to the cottage, and after a fluttering knock at the door was ushered into the drawing-room which contained the future Mrs. Stanley, as he hoped, and the elderly spinster, who never till that moment appeared odious in his sight. He looked very much embarrassed as he wished the ladies good evening, and took his seat beside them; but, as Alice immediately went to the other end of the room, and began very diligently seeking for a book that nobody wanted, it was impossible to judge whether she was similarly affected or not. Aunt Rachael, however, observed his confusion, and blushing, fixed her eyes modestly upon the carpet for a space of three minutes, a circumstance quite unnoticed by Edward, who was watching the airy and graceful form of Alice as she tripped lightly across the floor. Alice excused her father's absence, saying he was indisposed, and had already retired for the evening. Previous to Edward's arrival the ladies had been examining some engravings they had lately received, and Edward joined with them in admiring them. They had not sat long when the lamp began to grow dim, and Edward rose to see what was the matter with it, but he very clumsily turned the screw the wrong way, and in an instant they were in darkness.

Alice rose and said, "I will bring a light from the next room," but Aunt Rachael saying, "Wait, my dear! and I will go," left the room; at least so thought Edward. He was not aware that Alice, without replying, had tripped past her aunt, while she resumed her seat, or rather the one previously occupied by Alice.

"Now is my time to propose," thought Edward, "she will not, at least, see my blushes, and one moment will decide my fate."

Alas! short-sighted mortal, he thought the coast was clear, and that the venerable lady had departed. He hemmed once or twice, then moving his chair a little nearer to his fair neighbour, he proceeded:

"My dear Miss Middleton! you must be aware of my——. I beg you to keep me no lon-

ger in suspense. *I love you! Do, I entreat,* accept of me—be mine."

Forgetting all his former fears of the fair one's raillery, and overcome with emotion, he knelt at her feet and exclaimed: "O! answer me, quick! ere she returns."

"Yes!" soft as the balmy breeze which wakes the sighing tones of an Œolian harp, was the response; but before Edward could regain his composure or his feet, the door was quickly opened, and, as much to his own surprise as that of Alice, who now entered very demurely, carrying the light, and apologizing for her tardiness in procuring it, he found himself kneeling at the feet of——not his own Alice, but Miss Rachael Middleton. She, with her handkerchief at her eyes, seemed deeply agitated.

"Bless me, *aunt!* what's the matter?" cried Alice, as setting down the candle, she rushed forward; "and Mr. Stanley, too! what are you doing there?" But immediately guessing the whole affair, she burst into a fit of laughter as sudden as unexpected.

As for Edward, he had remained in his kneeling posture, incapable of motion, but as soon as he heard that wild, mischievous laugh, with one yell, loud and discordant as that of the Indian warrior when he tears the scalp from the head of his victim, he rushed out of the room, out of the house, and never stopped his headlong career till he tumbled over poor old Kitty, who in her usual quiet, orderly manner, had opened his own hall door for him. Regardless of her exclamations of surprise and dismay, he rushed up stairs to his room, overturning chairs, tables and every thing with which he came in contact, and locking the door he stamped, and swore, and raved, calling himself all the idiots in the world; till at length Kitty, who was listening outside, having coupled his exclamations that morning at breakfast with his subsequent behaviour, determined upon sending for the doctor, convinced that her usually quiet young master was raving mad.

By degrees, however, having worn out his passion by its very violence, he sat down moodily by the fire and thus quieted her apprehensions.

"Fool that I was!" at length he muttered, "to be afraid to ask her openly in the light. And the old hag, too, she believes I love her! I may now bid farewell to Alice. She will never regard me but with contempt," and he clapped his hands to his head, to keep out her laugh, which still continued to ring in his ears. "Oh! 'tis madness to think of it. What can I do?"

In the meantime, another scene was passing in the cottage which Edward so abruptly and unceremoniously left. Long and loudly laughed Alice, especially when she saw the bewildered Edward rush out of the room, till at last she was recalled to a sense of propriety by the grave and offended looks of her aunt, who rising, said,

"Alice, I am perfectly shocked at your behaviour, so unfeeling and indelicate. Why did you enter the room in such an abrupt manner, and how dared you laugh at Mr. Stanley? I am seriously displeased with you,—see how your mis-timed laughter has frightened him away, at such a time, too! Just as he had confessed that he could not exist without me, although I all along suspected that. Oh!" cried aunt Rachael, as she sank back in her chair fainting.

Alice rang the bell loudly and called for assistance, and the major, whose sound nap had been broken by the yell uttered by Edward, now entered the room in his dressing gown and night-cap.

"What the devil is all this noise about?" he asked, and then seeing Miss Rachael lying senseless on the sofa, and Alice applying burnt feathers to her nose, he began to be alarmed, and anxiously enquired the cause of all this.

Alice, who saw that her aunt was now recovering, could hardly restrain her laughter, and the only information she could give her father was, that she had, upon entering the room, found Mr. Stanley on his knees before Miss Rachael, and that immediately afterwards he had rushed out of the house.

"What could have been the reason of this strange behaviour, Alice? Have you any idea?"

"Aunt said, papa! just before she fainted, that he had confessed,——" and Alice here stopped and blushed.

"Confessed what? the blockhead!" impatiently asked the major.

"Confessed that he could not exist without her," replied Alice.

"Ah! poor fellow!" said the major, compassionately shaking his head; "I see it now. He must be mad. That yell could never have been uttered but by a manic! That is something like the way poor Sedley of the 13th used to behave; but it was the married ladies and not the old maids that he used to annoy, and he had for a long time to be confined to a mad-house. His fit must have been very violent, since it has had such an effect on Rachael. What a pity that one so young should be affected with such a dreadful malady! Be sure and call me whenever you rise in the morning, Alice, and I will go and see if I can be of any service to him."

The major having dispatched a servant to enquire if Stanley had arrived safe at home, and, having received a satisfactory answer, retired again to rest. Aunt Rachael had now complete-

ly recovered, but, still too angry with Alice to answer her questions, went to bed immediately, and left her to her conjectures.

Alice did not know whether to laugh or cry as she reviewed Edward's behaviour. She shuddered as she thought her father might be right, and that he had suddenly been bereft of reason. But, again, might he not love Aunt Rachael? No! that could not be! How often she had caught his eyes fixed upon her with an expression full of tenderness and affection! *No!* it could not be. Satisfied at length with the most agreeable solution of the mystery, *namely, that he had simply mistaken her aunt for herself, and upon discovering his blunder had taken his leave so unceremoniously*, she went to sleep happy and contented.

Next morning Aunt Rachael breakfasted in her own room, and the major set off as soon as he had swallowed a hasty meal, to see how poor Edward was, musing all the way upon the uncertainty of human affairs, and especially those of the intellect. He soon arrived at his destination, and Kitty, with anxious looks, ushered him into the room where Edward sat, pale and haggard-looking, with his breakfast *untasted before him.*

The major began by enquiring kindly after his health and how he had rested, to which Edward answered composedly, momentarily expecting him to refer to the previous evening. But nothing was said on the subject. The weather was discussed, the state of the roads, and every thing else, till at length there was a dead silence. Edward was the first to break it, and, with the courage of despair, began his explanations, and told the major of the awkward mistake he had committed in taking the aunt for the niece, and ended by entreating him to procure Miss Rachael's pardon. *As for Alice, he was so agitated that he could not even mention her name.* The *major laughed* till the tears stood in his eyes when Edward had finished his narration, and rising up he shook hands with him.

"Allow me to congratulate you, my dear fellow!" said he, "upon having retained your senses, for you have suffered enough from want of courage to ask a lady in good day-light. I must now go home and tell Alice that she must make up her mind to have you for a husband instead of an uncle; and, poor Rachael, if she outlives her disappointment, must accept a nephew where she expected a husband. You must be more cautious in future, my dear boy!" *concluded the major*, as *he rode off, leaving Edward surprised and delighted at the happy turn affairs had now taken.*

Aunt Rachael did outlive her disappointment, and was so much occupied in arranging, superintending and ordering things for Alice's wedding, that she seemed to have completely forgotten it, at least to outward appearance.

Stanley, now happy with the object of his choice, and possessed of more than an ordinary share of those blessings that fall to the lot of us poor mortals, whenever he observed the premonitory symptoms of an offer being made, *by any* of his friends, used always to take *them gravely* aside, and give them *the following advice*—which I also, dear reader! (*if you are a bachelor,*) give you:—

"*Beware*, above all things, of POPPING THE QUESTION IN THE DARK!"

THE LOVERS' MEETING.

BY VALENTINE SLYBOOTS.

It was a silent eve—the valley slept
In peace, lulled by the music of a stream,
That murmured gaily as its waters fell,
Lashing right playfully their narrow bed.—
The golden glory of a summer sun,
Setting beyond the hills, gilded the scene,
And on the stilly air there seemed to float
Bright spirits numberless—whose glance of love
Gladdened the grassy earth, and lighted up
The glist'ning dew-drop on the wild flow'r's cheek!—
Whose gentle breath whisper'd their blessings 'mong
The spreading trees, and stole upon the sense,
Like tones of distant heav'nly harpsichords—
Weaning from things of earth, attuning all
The soul's fond longings, all the gushing thoughts,
From the heart's depths, to commune with the bright—
The pure, the happy, and the beautiful!

Beneath the shadow of a giant oak,
Its massive trunk grey with the moss of age,
The Lovers met! Joy lighted up their eyes,
And blooming hope sat smiling at their hearts.—
Happy in the calm beauty of the hour,
But happier still in that strange sympathy
Which kindred spirits know—their words were few,
For oh! how weak and shallow is that love,
For which the tongue's expression can suffice!
And when they spoke, 'twas no new charm of words
That moved th' *impassioned* lips of *burning* youth,
But a plain tale, in broken accents breathed.—
And as the maiden heard, she answered not,
But felt the deep blush mantle o'er her cheek,
And turned *upon her lover but one glance*
From out her soft blue eye, disclosing all
The warmth of young affection, with a stroke
Of nature's own and choicest eloquence!

From scenes *like these, the apathetic turn*
With cold austere contempt—but ev'ry heart
Which hath not lost the freshness of its youth,
And fears the rust of fashion or of age,
With joy will hail *these happy golden hours,*
As fairest leaves in man's sad history—
As gleams of sunlight thrown across his path.

THE PEARL-FISHER:

A TALE OF THE BUCCANEERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMMANUEL GONZALÈS.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

XIX.

THE BRETHREN OF THE COAST.

Shortly before this period the Spanish Colonists, more and more alarmed by the progress of the buccaneers, had ventured to attack their head quarters, the island of Tortuga; *choosing a time*, however, when the greater number were *absent* in pursuit of some galleons seen *off* the coast. The enterprise was *completely* successful, and those of the *small party* found at Tortuga who survived the *contest*, were instantly hung at the doors of their own habitations. A few only, who had sought refuge in the woods, escaped to *Porto de la Paca*, in the island of Hispaniola, where the buccaneers were accustomed to resort for the chase of the wild cattle. From this place scouts were sent out to warn their absent brethren of the fate of Tortuga, and conduct them to the new rendezvous; and the confederacy was *soon* re-united, nearly as numerous as *before*, and animated by a hatred of the Spaniard tenfold more fierce and deadly than ever.

Such were the *details* given by the Leopard to Joachim during their short voyage, but on their arrival at Porto de la Paca they found the whole settlement agitated by important news brought by a Catalan, who had that morning joined their ranks.

Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England—so ran his tale—had sent a flotilla to the western seas, under the command of Admiral Richard Blake, the conqueror of Van Tromp and De Ruyter, for the purpose of co-operating with the buccaneers in *annoying* the Spaniards and crippling their trade. This expedition, suddenly caught by a violent tempest, had been driven, helpless and dismantled, into Port Margot, on the opposite side of the island of Hispaniola, where it found itself commanded, on one side by a Spanish fleet of superior number, on the other by two batteries on the beach. To complete their misfortune, the English were deprived of their Admiral, the small caravel in which he voyaged having been separated from the rest during the tempest, and driven,—no one knew where. Under these circumstances they declared to the Spaniards that, recognising *no* other authority than that of their *Admiral*, who alone was entrusted *with the design* of the expedition, they would pledge themselves to take no *hostile steps until his appearance among them*; *and further*, should five weeks pass away without *his* joining them, that they would then consent to return to England under convoy of a Spanish fleet of superior force. On these terms they had obtained provisions and other necessaries; and the Spaniards, determined to keep them to their pledge, took every precaution that the English Admiral should never reach Port Margot. The coast was lined with their cruisers, the land covered with their spies. *But*, *notwithstanding* all their precautions, the Catalan pledged himself to conduct *in safety across* the island to Port-Margot a band of the buccaneers, if they wished to *unite* with the English, and would trust to his *guidance*. There might have been reason to suspect his report had it not been confirmed the same day, by the arrival at Porto de la Paca of a boat from the English expedition, manned by a lieutenant and ten sailors.

After the arrival of the Leopard a grand council was held, to which Joachim was admitted, having previously been presented to the adventurers, who bestowed on him the name of *Montbars*—a name highly *famous* and venerated in their traditions. *At this council* it was decided that twelve of the *master* buccaneers should undertake a *hunting* party towards Port-Margot; and if they could reach it, they were then to enter *into negotiations* with the English, and procure their aid towards their re-establishment in Tortuga. In the mean time the main body of the flibustiers were to distract the attention of the Spanish fleet with their large gallies, and thus render easy the evasion of the English flotilla. As for the Catalan, the intimate knowledge which he displayed of a route very *difficult to follow*, amid burning savannahs, immense forests and unknown rivers, rendered his assistance indispensa-

ble, but his fidelity was secured by an oath, the punishment of whose infraction—he was warned—would be instant death.

The Leopard was unanimously chosen leader of this expedition, and on the breaking up of the council, he was engaged in private consultation with M. du Rossey, the Governor of the settlement, for upwards of an hour, during which time Joachim kept guard round the tent, by order of his uncle, to prevent their conversation being overheard. He soon noticed the Catalan guide walking past with a seemingly indifferent air, and after a short time he came up to the sentry and attempted to enter into conversation with him, drawing gradually nearer to the tent as he spoke. But discouraged by the brief and haughty replies of Joachim, and alarmed at the threatening look with which his furtive movements were regarded, he gave up the attempt and withdrew. One of the English sailors twice passed Joachim hurriedly, casting a stealthy and restless glance at the tent as he went along, but he made no effort to approach it.

Joachim's thoughts involuntarily turned on the strange contrast of these two men, whose features presented neither the brutality nor the jovial carelessness of the Brethren of the Coast. The sailor had an abrupt and vulgar manner, but sometimes his blue eyes were lighted up with a ray of intelligence, his voice betrayed the brief accent of command, and his careless and haughty gesture showed a man accustomed to danger, and accustomed, too, to overcome it. The young man could not but regard him with a certain degree of respect. The Catalan guide, on the other hand, endeavoured unsuccessfully to conceal his proud and fiery disposition. His forced smile while in the presence of the buccaneers, assumed a bitter and sarcastic expression when he believed himself unobserved. His restless and subtle glances seemed minutely to examine every thing around, but were lowered with affected indifference at the first look directed towards him.

When the Leopard issued from the tent, his brow was bent and gloomy, and Joachim heard M. du Rossey address him in a low voice, as they stood on the threshold.

"I assure you, master, that the Spaniards have spies in our camp, and that all the deliberations of our grand council are well known to them."

"I can scarcely believe it, sir!" replied the buccaneer. "As for myself, I have always been accustomed to act openly and boldly, and it is hard to keep from my brethren a secret—the first I have ever had from them. However, you have my word for it; either he of whom you wot shall arrive at Port-Margot safe and sound, or I shall perish in the attempt."

"I trust more to your simple word, comrade! than to all the oaths of our new guide, the Catalan."

"Ah! it is a terrible responsibility with which you burden me, M. du Rossey!"

"You alone could be entrusted with it, master! Who knows not the Leopard for the most devoted and most heroic of the Brethren of the Coast?"

"I repent already of listening to your persuasions, Governor! It is perhaps my duty, but it is the first time in my life that I have ever sought to avoid the enemy."

The Leopard then saluting M. du Rossey, departed with Joachim, who took advantage of the opportunity to ask permission to share the dangers of the expedition.

"No!" replied the buccaneer. "It is too rude work for your first essay. You will remain here till my return."

"But, my dear uncle! did you not promise that I should soon return to Rancheria?"

"I was wrong, boy! You must forget it as quickly as possible. You must banish every recollection of your servitude, and accustom yourself to the free and adventurous life of a Brother of the Coast."

"This is treating me like a woman, uncle! whose cheeks blanch at the very name of peril, and who can only watch the house till the return of the warriors."

"You will have still more glorious occasions of signalising yourself against the Spaniards, nephew!"

"But I shall be exposed to the smiles and injurious doubts of my new companions!"

"Enough, sir!" interrupted the Leopard sternly. "My will is no weather-cock to veer with every wind. You will remain here."

Joachim saw it was useless to insist further, but at the bottom of his heart he vowed disobedience.

Next morning, whilst the troop of hunters, amongst whom appeared the celebrated buccaneers, Grammont, Michel le Basque and Pitrians, were preparing to depart, the Leopard saw his attendant Balthasar approach, followed by the two hounds, Gerondif and Curaçoa.

"It is long since we were separated before, my lad!" said the buccaneer, with a melancholy air, "but we shall soon see each other again."

"What do you mean, master?" exclaimed Balthasar in astonishment.

"That you will await my return at Porto de la Paca," replied the Leopard; "and that I have chosen another attendant for this expedition."

"Impossible!" murmured Balthasar; and it certainly did seem strange; for during the last six years he had never been a day absent from

his master, sleeping under the same covering, hunting with him, fighting with him, partaking his good as well as his evil fortune.

"There is your substitute!" continued the buccaneer, pointing to a man who lounged at a little distance, and in whom Joachim and Balthasar recognised with surprise the English sailor.

"You surely jest, master!" cried Balthasar. "Do you really mean to trust to this lout of a sailor, who cannot even tell the track of a Spanish *montero* from that of a Carib, or a free buccaneer?"

"Be silent, Balthasar!" exclaimed the buccaneer; then turning to his new attendant, he said, "Advance, my lad! I love not a laggard."

And the Leopard and the Englishman hastened to rejoin the troop, which was already in motion towards the southern coast of Hispaniola. Balthasar remained silent and motionless, regarding them with a sad and gloomy air, but he started as he heard a voice pronounce his name in a low whisper. It was Joachim.

"This evening, at night fall," said he, briefly and decisively, "we will depart together, and when we encounter them half-way to the other side, they cannot then send us back."

XX.

THE EXPEDITION.

During the first two days of their journey, the party of buccaneers saw no one—friend or foe—in the wild country through which they advanced, slowly and circumspectly; but towards the evening of the third, Michel le Basque perceived a light smoke rising from the midst of a small thicket of prickly palms. The Catalan guide asked permission to advance and reconnoitre, but this was refused by the Leopard, who himself glided noiselessly into the thicket, accompanied by Grammont. What was their surprise to behold, in the open space in the centre, Joachim Montbars and Balthasar, quietly supping off the smoked quarter of a wild boar! Grammont could not repress an exclamation, and the two started to their feet, presenting their fusils towards the spot whence the noise proceeded.

"Leopard!" cried the old chief, and advanced into the open space with Grammont, while the two culprits awaited his approach with downcast eyes.

"Unhappy boy!" said the buccaneer, but with more of tenderness than anger in his voice—"is it thus you learn to obey? You deserve to be sent back this instant to Porto de la Paca, but the danger on the route would be still greater than continuing with us."

"Leopard!" cried Grammont, "look at this pile of bales and kegs!" and he pointed towards a palm tree, beneath which were heaped several small bales and three or four iron-bound kegs.

"You see we have lost no time, uncle!" said Joachim, with a demure smile. "We found these articles left in charge of a few *lanceros*, who would have done us a mischief, but some how or other, we put them to flight, and there is our prize."

"Well commenced!" exclaimed Grammont; but the Leopard shook his head.

"Rash youth!" he said, "you triumph in a piece of folly which may bring the Spaniards on our troop, and lose perhaps the object of our expedition."

He then ordered a general halt at this place, and during the evening repast he went, accompanied only by the Englishman, to examine Joachim's prize, and take an exact account of it, in order to the general division.

It consisted of cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, and other valuable vegetable products. All at once the attendant, who was inspecting the contents of one of the kegs, exclaimed,

"Master! here is something worth examining."

He overturned the keg and several ingots of lead rolled on the ground. The Leopard drew a hunting knife and cut into one of the ingots; under the outer crust of lead there shone a brilliant mass of pure silver.

"Joachim has certainly encountered a magnificent prize," he resumed; "these kegs must contain at least three hundred ingots of solid silver. But not a word of this to our companions; the fear of losing so rich a booty would disquiet them on our onward progress."

At this instant he seemed to hear a light step near them; he even thought he could perceive two eyes fixed on him through the foliage. He made a start forward, but some pliant twigs entangled his feet and brought him to the ground, and when he rose all was quiet around. He related to his companion the cause of his sudden alarm, adding,

"I even thought I recognised the glance of our Catalan guide."

"You are too distrustful," replied the attendant; "I have neither seen nor heard any thing. But it is time for supper, and the guide seems to be of my opinion, and to have better occupation than playing the spy upon us, for you may see him there emptying a wine skin with great dexterity."

The Leopard shook his head with a dissatisfied air, but made no reply.

During the following day's march our adven-

turers had to cross a river of a rapid and dangerous current. The guide declaring that he knew of a ford somewhere in the neighbourhood, the Leopard allowed him to search for it, at the instance of the English attendant, accompanied and closely watched by Joachim and Michel le Basque. As they advanced through the water side by side, and nearly up to the neck, the guide suddenly seized each of his companions by the neck, and as they struggled to disengage themselves, plunged beneath the surface and disappeared. It was in vain that the troop spread themselves along the river, and that Joachim and Michel, swimming to the opposite side, intently watched for his reappearance; no trace of him could be found. This occurrence inspired some anxiety and alarm, but the party proceeded boldly on their route.

Two days afterwards they found themselves bewildered in a savannah of immense extent. The sky was unchequered by the slightest cloud; the wide plain, heated all day by the burning sun, resounded with the hum of innumerable insects. The buccaneers, overcome by fatigue, seeking in vain for a streamlet of water lost in the sand, for a half-dried pool, or a tuft of trees to lend them its welcome shade, began to feel their eyes tantalised by the deceptions of the mirage. They seemed to observe afar off large and wide-spread lakes, reflecting the sunbeams from their calm bosoms as from mirrors of steel; but as they advanced with animated steps, these seeming lakes fled before them, to extend anew at further distance their treacherous surface. Sometimes they would see before them gigantic rocks, raising high their peaked crests and promising a shelter from the burning sun, but these too disappeared as they advanced. Occasionally a cry of joy from a buccaneer would direct their attention to a large town rising near the horizon; they could distinguish the spire of its church, its houses, its ramparts, its groves of orange trees; but, as they gazed, the spire gradually melted away, the houses and ramparts crumbled down, the sand overwhelmed the verdant groves. The scent of the hounds was of as little use as the experience of their masters; for the sand, like the waves of the sea, keeps no trace of the passer-by—a breath of wind effaces the track of an army.

The hearts of our adventurers gradually sunk within them. They would cheerfully have encountered the bands of Spaniards, whom their treacherous guide was doubtless ere this time leading to their destruction; but what could the highest courage accomplish against the ocean of sand that whirled around them, and seemed every instant to open before their steps in yawning sepulchres? At length the welcome shades of evening fell around, and by command of the Leopard, the tents were raised for the night. The dogs sank panting on the ground, their dry tongues hanging from their open mouths. The old chief retired to his tent, having first placed on guard several of his companions; but these, overcome by the toils of the day, ere long closed their eyes in feverish, but resistless slumber, and the desert was soon sunk in unbroken silence.

XXI.

THE SURPRISE.

In the tent of the Leopard, the brave adventurer and his new attendant were pacing to and fro; but both had quitted the relations they affected during the day. The old man was uncovered before the English sailor, and addressed him respectfully, but in a trembling voice.

"Our provisions are exhausted. Another day such as the past, and we are lost; and my promise shall have been unfulfilled!"

"That Catalan scoundrel has betrayed us. It is none of your fault, my poor Leopard! You can only blame my foolish rashness in trusting him."

"I was wrong," replied the buccaneer, gloomily; "I should have resisted you.—I should have watched him better. I have been weak and credulous, and I am a dishonoured man."

"Be calm, my friend," answered the other; "we may to-morrow succeed in issuing from this savannah."

"Or perhaps never!" murmured the Leopard; "but who comes there?" he cried, as the sound of hurried steps on the sand met his ear.

The curtain of the tent was hastily raised, and Joachim rushed in, exclaiming,

"Up, uncle! to arms! We are betrayed,—a troop of Spaniards now surround us."

"Ha!" cried the old buccaneer, raising his weather-beaten countenance, "the enemy are here then! If we must die, it will be upon the bodies of our Spanish foes, in sand reddened with their blood. We shall now die like men, and not like poisoned curs. My trusty fusil!" he continued, seizing it as he spoke, "thou wilt render a last service to thy master, ere thou art left to rust in the sands of the desert."

Joachim was encouraged and reassured by the youthful enthusiasm of the Leopard, but his indignation was roused by the calm apathy of the Englishman. He was about to address him with some fiery reproach, when the stranger, turning towards the buccaneer, who had taken two or

three steps towards the entrance of the tent, said quietly but meaningly,

"*Remember!*"

Never did fairy's wand work quicker change than did this simple word. The ardour of the chief was suddenly extinguished; his wrinkled forehead contracted in deeper furrows, and his bronzed cheeks grew pale and livid, while his frame trembled like a leaf. After a pause he threw his fusil into the corner of the tent, and said gloomily to Joachim,

"Put the encampment in a state of defence and send to ask these Spaniards what they want with us."

Joachim was thunderstruck at these words of his uncle. What secret magic could there be in that word to calm so rapidly the Leopard's boldness? by what mysterious influence was he thus subdued? He could not help exclaiming, in his first moments of surprise,

"What they want with us! Do we need to ask it? Do they not know that our aim is to deliver the poor Indians from their tyranny and relieve them of their ill-gotten gain?"

But his uncle interrupted him with a stern and commanding look.

"We are in a wasp's nest," he replied, "the Catalan guide has betrayed us. How many of these Spaniards did you say there were? Fifty? Aye! but when once the fandango has commenced, who knows how many will join the dance?"

"What matters the number?" cried Joachim Montbars impetuously. "We can but die, as you yourself said but a few minutes ago."

"We must not die," replied the buccaneer coldly.

"When, before this have you allowed fear to enter into your calculations, my uncle?"

"Is it thus you speak to the Leopard?" fiercely exclaimed the chief, "Think you that age has chilled my veins, and that I have need of your lessons, young man? Obey, I repeat!"

Joachim remained motionless.

"You trust much to the circumstance that you are my brother's son, sir!" continued the Leopard, endeavouring to stifle his anger; "but forget not that our rules give me the power of punishing disobedience, and that summarily. Am I accountable to you for my conduct? Did you take your uncle for a coward when he forced Don Ramon Carral to kneel before you?"

Joachim was moved by this reminiscence, and said with an humble inclination,

"I was in the wrong, uncle!"

"The balls of the Spaniards," resumed the buccaneer, laying his hand familiarly on his nephew's shoulder, "may whistle in my ears as they will, without moving a muscle of my features; but in this case —— We must re-assure this boy," he said to the attendant; "he is a rash youth, as you may see, but an iron heart in danger."

The Englishman bowed with an encouraging smile.

"Hark ye, Joachim!" continued the chief, "it is easy to perceive why the Spaniards have thus ensnared us. They wish to take us prisoners, in order to prove to the English that they need cherish no hope of assistance from the Brethren of the Coast. If we fight to the death, or give ourselves up, we equally fail in our mission. I think it better to parley with them. If, by giving up our booty and causing them to fear a desperate effort, we can obtain honorable conditions——"

"Honorable! a retreat!" interrupted Joachim bitterly.

"In few words, sir! will you obey your chief or not?" said the Leopard, resuming his former sternness.

Joachim slowly and unwillingly withdrew, whilst the Englishman held out his hand to the buccaneer.

"My old friend!" he said, "make every sacrifice possible to avoid a combat. But should it come to that extremity, my arm still knows how to wield a sword, and you will always find me by your side."

"I trust it will not come to that," replied the Leopard. "But I hear the warlike chant of our brethren. Let us seat ourselves and remain as calm as if we were in grand council at Porto de la Paca."

He lighted his cigar at that of the Englishman, and both reclined on the mats which formed the couches, with all the gravity of Eastern Pachas.

A little afterwards Joachim Montbars entered the tent, followed by a Spanish *alferez* (or ensign) and our old acquaintance Fray Eusebio Carral. The first had his hand on the pommel of his sword, the second on the ebony beads of his chaplet. The buccaneer looked carelessly at the envoys and between two puffs of smoke said briefly to Joachim,

"Why bring ye these prisoners here?"

At this singular commencement of the interview, Fray Eusebio cast a look of alarm at his companion, but the alferez, with a burst of laughter, replied,

"Prisoners! always at your jests, Leopard! 'Tis you, my worthy gallows bird, who are our prisoner."

"What does that fool mean?" said the buccaneer, turning to Joachim and shrugging his shoulders.

"That fool," interposed the alferez haughtily,

"speaks to you in the name of Don Christoval de Figuera, who now surrounds you with eight companies of fifty, ready to exterminate your bandits to the last; unless you accept all his conditions."

XXII.

THE PARLEY.

To understand properly what follows, the reader must carry his imagination back to the epoch of which we treat, and realize to himself the terror with which the very name of buccaneer or flibustier inspired the Spaniards. Most of that nation looked upon the pirates as a species of invulnerable demons, whose charms and talismans kept them unharmed by steel or lead, an idea which the very boldness with which these skimmers of the seas ran themselves into danger tended much to strengthen. Their feats at the taking of Granada and of Maracaibo would be considered incredible, were it not for the testimony on which the records of these deeds rest. The Spaniards, in treating at all with a foe thus surprised, and whom they believed themselves sure of vanquishing, were actuated by a wish, which they would scarcely acknowledge to themselves, of avoiding the threatened combat; and they considered, that if, by any chance, the Brethren of the Coast should accept their disgraceful terms, their triumph over them would be the more complete, by leaving some of the adventurers alive, to relate to the others their shameful disaster. A victory thus gained, without the loss of a drop of blood on their part, would inevitably destroy, they thought, the *prestige* hitherto attached to the inflexible heroism of the buccaneers.

Before listening further to the envoys, the Leopard made a sign to Joachim, who raised the curtain of the tent and called in his companions. The adventurers entered silently, and when the chief had seen each take his place and turn his bronzed face anxiously towards him, he calmly addressed the Spaniards.

"Might one learn, Senor Alferez! what these conditions are of which you speak?"

The alferez himself could not conceal his astonishment at the manner in which this demand was made, and scrutinized the features of the buccaneer ere he replied,

"You must, in the first place, disgorge all the booty you have acquired since leaving Porto de la Paca."

"As for the booty," replied the Leopard, with the same air of indifference, "we grant you that at once; it only embarrasses our march."

The buccaneers interchanged glances of surprise, then turned to listen with increasing anxiety. Joachim felt his forehead redden with shame.

"Of what consists this booty?" resumed the Spanish officer, with a singular expression.

"Of cochineal, indigo and salsaparilla, I believe," answered the Leopard carelessly.

"Is that all?" insisted the alferez.

"It is," repeated the Leopard.

"Pirate, you lie!" exclaimed the Spaniard, in a loud voice, which seemed to Joachim not altogether unknown.

"Lie!" repeated the chief, growing deadly pale and turning to seize his fusil, whilst the fire of rage burnt in his eye.

The alferez remained firm and unmoved, though Fray Eusebio recoiled in terror, hurriedly crossing himself. But as the buccaneer turned round, he saw behind him the motionless figure of his English attendant. He suddenly resumed his former calmness, and repeated with a sarcastic smile.

"Lie! Not a living man but yourself can boast of having spoken that word to the Leopard."

The Brethren of the Coast looked to one another in stupified amazement.

"Ah!" murmured one, "the old Leopard is amusing himself. He will play with him, like a cat with a mouse."

"Yes!" repeated another, "he meditates some deadly revenge. This is not often his humour."

The Leopard continued with a frank and jovial air.

"Well, comrade! perhaps you will have the kindness to explain in what point I lied."

"You have omitted the three hundred ingots, most virtuous chief!" replied the alferez, in the same tone which had already drawn the attention of Joachim.

"The ingots!" cried the buccaneer, much surprised, and casting a penetrating glance on the Spaniard. "What would you do with three hundred ingots of lead?"

"Again you lie!" exclaimed the officer.

The buccaneer shook, like a bull whose flank is pierced by a burning arrow.

"I speak of three hundred ingots of solid silver," continued the alferez.

"Of silver!" repeated the buccaneers, whose rapacity was roused by the word; "impossible!"

"Ah! my brave fellows, your noble chief said nothing to you of this portion of the booty; yet, he knew of it well; for I, myself, saw him cut one of the ingots to ascertain its quality."

Fray Eusebio made him a sign to be silent, but it was too late.

"You saw me!" cried the Leopard, in a voice of thunder. "My suspicions then are correct. Wretch! it was your treachery brought us to this—You are the Catalan guide?"

The alferez grew pale, but boldly answered "Yes!"

"Then you are no longer protected by your mission," interposed Joachim, vehemently;—"spies and traitors are beyond all law. It was you who, serpent-like, glided among us for our destruction! It was you who drank from our cups, and joined in our war-songs, and who, even then, were in imagination pointing the dagger at our hearts and the muzzles of the Spanish musket at our foreheads! You have sold your honour, your oaths, your conscience! I tell you, that not one of us, whom you despise as pirates and brigands, would have descended to such base treachery; and yet, you have dared to enter the den of the Leopard, and hope to escape with life!"

"One word,—one cry from me," replied the alferez, haughtily, "and four hundred Spaniards are upon you."

"Be it so!" said Joachim, gravely, "but ere then justice shall have been done. Ah! had you but come bravely at the peril of your life, to hang upon our march, to trace our footprints on the forest paths, you would then have boldly done your duty; but treachery like yours deserves no pity. Leopard!" added he, turning abruptly to the buccaneer, "who shall execute justice on this man?"

"No one," replied the chief, calmly. "Senor Alferez! the three hundred ingots are yours.—Is this all?"

"But, uncle!" cried Montbars, who had cut one of the ingots brought him by an attendant, "they are in reality of solid silver."

"I know it," said the Leopard.

A murmur of surprise ran through the buccaneers.

"Still they must be given up," continued the chief. "Is this all?" he again asked the officer, heedless of the half-stifled imprecations around.

"No!" replied the alferez, with a fierce look. "You have merely given up goods which you had stolen from us, and of which we could have taken possession by force. We must have more!"

"Punishment for the theft must follow," added Fray Eusebio.

"Punishment for the theft! you are right," murmured the Leopard, a mist gathering over his eyes, as a terrible suspicion entered his mind.

"Three of your bandits must be surrendered for execution on the gallows; one opposite the English tents at Port Margot, and two before the Hatto at Rancheria," said Fray Eusebio Carral, with a sinister glance at Joachim.

The buccaneers burst into laughter;—the very idea of entertaining the monk's proposal seemed so absurd and ridiculous. The Leopard buried his head in his hands, but the attendant stooping down, whispered a few words in his ear. He then raised his stern and agitated countenance, and imposed silence by a commanding gesture.

"Do you leave me the right of choosing the victims?" he anxiously asked.

The reply to this question, the meaning of which the Brethren of the Coast could not comprehend, was in the affirmative.

"Then the condition is accepted," returned the Leopard. "You may now retire and announce it to Don Christoval de Figuera."

XXIII.

THE VICTIMS CHOSEN.

This time his intention to yield was understood by his companions, and shook the confidence they had hitherto reposed in him. They remained silent and thunderstruck, all save one, Grammont, who pronounced the single word "traitor!"

"Step out from the ranks, Grammont!" said the Leopard, coldly, "I forgive you the insult to myself; but such insubordination deserves death. You will be delivered up to the Spaniards. It is an honorable death, Grammont! since you die for your brethren."

The buccaneer thus addressed, crossed his arms on his breast, and took his station beside the two Spaniards, without uttering another word. But another adventurer, Michel le Basque, stepped out before the Leopard, and addressed him:

"You may give me up too, if you like; you have my consent, only I must tell you a bit of my mind. By what right do you thus make a trade of our blood and our lives, whilst we still have arms in our possession? Think you that our eyes have lost their aim,—that the cutlass would tremble in our feeble hands? Or is the Leopard, for the first time in his life,—afraid? Were it not a thousand times better to die all like brothers, side by side, than to purchase disgraceful security by the tortures and agonies of our companions? But no! it is impossible;—acknowledge that you have only been jesting with the Spaniard, and that you will soon raise your ancient war-cry and lead us boldly against these rascals. Ah! your eye is already kindling. I begin again to recognise the old Leopard,—I was sure he could never fail in courage."

"You do me but justice, Michel! and I forgive your injurious suspicions. I will fulfil my duty rigidly, and yet no one shall be able to say, for a single instant, that I have shown myself a coward."

"You retract then?" demanded Fray Eusebio, anxiously.

"No!" replied the buccaneer, rising. "Brethren!" continued he, addressing the adventurers,

who had regarded this scene with the eager interest of a *Champollion deciphering a hieroglyphic*; "brethren, you are aware that by our rules I am absolute master amongst you till our return to Porto de la Paca, and that to you I am not accountable for my conduct. Is it not so?"

"It is so!" was the reluctant reply of his companions.

"But," he resumed, "as it is not right that the society should lose young vigorous arms, and hearts full of youthful fire, while there are wrinkled foreheads that can well be spared, limbs already weakened by age,—in a word, old carbines whose powder is spent,—I will therefore, myself, be the companion of Grammont and Michel le Basque." And stretching out a hand to each of these, he said, "Will you have me now, comrades?"

They returned his pressure fervently, whilst the other buccaneers cried out,

"No! no! you cannot go! we will not allow you to leave us!"

But all were silent at the stern command of the Leopard, who turned to Joachim, and addressed him.

"You will replace me in the command, Montbars!"

"I will not!" quietly returned his nephew.

"How, sir!" exclaimed the chief.

"I will not take your place in the command, but I insist on taking your place at the gallows."

"Rash boy!" said the Leopard, taking him affectionately by the hand, "talk not thus foolishly. Which should first fall beneath the axe, the young vigorous oak, or the old branchless withered trunk?"

"Nay! nay!" murmured Joachim. "Our brethren have need of your experience. You alone know how to attain the end of this expedition and withdraw them from danger."

"Yes! yes!" replied the whole troop, "any of us rather than the Leopard!"

This consideration struck the old buccaneer like a thunderbolt, and exchanging a glance of despair with the Englishman, he exclaimed,

"Thus, I cannot even die!"

"I am ready to depart," said Montbars, advancing towards the Spaniards.

A profound stillness prevailed in the tent. The chief remained as if stupified after uttering the exclamation above, till Joachim had reached the entrance to the tent, when he suddenly raised his head and looking on him wildly, like one roused from a painful dream, he said,

"Whither goest thou, Joachim?"

But his voice was so gentle and tender, so different from his usual stern tones, that the hearts of the rude Brethren of the Coast were touched.

"He is of his blood," muttered Michel le Basque, "the son of his brother."

"Yes!" repeated the Leopard, "the son of a beloved brother. How like thou art to him, Joachim!—his living image. And shall I give thee up to these executioners? Never! It cannot be. Thou art brave, but thy heart is not steeled enough to endure the tortures which these monsters lavish on their victims. Thou art too young, Joachim! Thou hast not led like me a hardy forest life."

"We have no time to lose," interrupted the alferez, "be quick!"

"Let us go!" said Joachim, "and you can judge if my courage fails before the proof, as my uncle seems to fear."

"Stay!" exclaimed Pitrians, "grant me a favor, Leopard."

"Speak!" answered the old chief.

"Let me go in stead of this youngster; forbid him to depart!"

"I command you to stay," mechanically ordered the buccaneer.

"Take care, uncle; take care!" replied Montbars. "Would you dishonour your blood? If neither you nor I depart with the Spaniards, whom then could you give up to death?"

"It is true," said the Leopard, whilst a groan burst from his labouring breast. "Go! go!" he continued, motioning them away, as if he feared to fail in his new resolution.

He buried his face in his hands till the footsteps of the retiring party were no longer heard; then rising up, he addressed the adventurers in his usual stern commanding voice—

"Now, not a word of murmuring! My own life were nothing, but I have given up for you the child of my heart."

When the two Spanish envoys arrived amidst their comrades, followed by Grammont, Michel le Basque, and Montbars, the monk demanded an escort to conduct two of the prisoners to Rancheria. Then, noticing the emotion of Joachim at that name, he laid his hand on the shoulder of the young man, and said—

"*There* was committed the crime—*there* also shall it be expiated by the death of the assassin. Mark you how my vengeance has sought you out amidst these terrible Brethren of the Coast, and how powerless to protect you have been their arms and their courage!" He added, with a cruel smile, "Yet, thank me, Joachim Requiem! for you will see for the last time your noble mistress, Donna Carmen de Zurates."

Joachim grew deadly pale at these words, but the escort began their march, and Fray Eusebio had no leisure to enjoy the trouble which they had cast into the heart of the young pearl-fisher.

In the mean time, the party of buccaneers, under the command of the Leopard, succeeded, after several hours of a painful march, in extricating themselves from the savannah. Towards day-break they ascended a hill covered with cocoa trees, and when the Leopard, who was at their head, reached the summit, he turned round with an exclamation of joy, and pointed out triumphantly to his comrades, as they joined him, the panorama stretched at their feet. It was Port Margot, occupied by the English vessels, and surrounded like a girdle by the Spanish fleet. The tents of the English expedition had been raised on the beach, and a confused crowd might be faintly discerned gathered round a sort of post. The dawning light grew stronger; the wind drove off the morning mists, and the post towards which the looks of the buccaneers were intently directed, gradually shewed itself to be a gibbet, to which was suspended a dead body. Still anxiously they gazed, but as the first ray of the sun darted over the horizon, a stifled cry burst from the adventurers;—the body was that of Grammont.

A savage expression inflamed their wild features, and, casting fierce looks on the Leopard and his attendant, they prepared to rush down the hill, to carry off the body of their companion, or perish at the foot of the gibbet. But the attendant threw himself before them, and tearing off his red flannel shirt and large linen trowsers, displayed the uniform of an English naval officer.

"Yes! my friends!" he cried, "we will revenge Grammont in waves of Spanish blood. I, Richard Blake, admiral of the English Commonwealth, promise you this!"

At this name, the buccaneers arrested their steps and gazed with curiosity and admiration on this hero of the sea.*

"But after such sacrifices," resumed the admiral, "it were folly to peril our success by any rash attempt. You must remain concealed in this wood, whilst I endeavour with your chief to gain the tents of my sailors and marines. This night I will rejoin you at the head of a large body of these, and ere morning we can reach the spot where your gallies, under the command of L'Olonnais, now await us."

"And will have retaken Tortuga from the Spaniards ere they are well aware of the departure of the English from Port-Margot!" cried the Leopard exultingly. "Do you understand now, brethren! why I delivered up our three comrades? It was because I had promised M. du Rossey that at all risks Sir Richard Blake should reach Port Margot, in order to effect a junction between his forces and ours. Do you still distrust your old companion?"

The buccaneers pressed onward to seize the hand of the Leopard, and Pitrians exclaimed,

"You are worth all the rest of us, for none other would have had the courage to let suspicions of treason and infamy rest upon his name, in order to save the fortunes of the Brethren of the Coast."

"But Monthars and Michel le Basque?" said a voice.

"Hush! hush!" faltered the chief, "do not make me regret what I have done."

"We may yet be in time to save them," exclaimed the admiral; "follow me, Leopard!"

And entering the tent of the old chief, which had by this time been raised by the attendants in a forest covert, each assumed the costume of a Spanish *montero*, and bidding adieu to their companions, descended the hill towards the beach.

XXIV.

THE INSULT.

On the following day, Joachim Monthars and Michel le Basque arrived at Rancheria, accompanied by Fray Eusebio Carral, who watched over his charge with the jealous care of a miser. They were first shut up in the gloomy hole where the refractory slaves were usually confined, but the next morning they were removed to the *capilla*, or chapel, to pass there the last day of their lives, according to the Spanish custom. The *capilla* consisted of two rooms without windows; the first, about six feet square, was furnished only with a bench and a lantern; the second, six feet long by four broad, contained a small altar, on the cloth of which were placed four lighted candles of yellow wax and a wooden crucifix, while the walls were hung with neatly woven mats. As soon as the prisoners were left alone, Michel le Basque threw a look of satisfaction round the *capilla*, and said to Joachim,

"Aye! this is well. Here, at least, we will not lie with folded arms, as we did in that abominable mildewed hole, like frogs sleeping at the bottom of a pond. This monk believes that we will remain quietly here, till it pleases him to ask us to stretch out our necks to his halter. The imbecile! He has left us arms to avenge ourselves with, and on the faith of an honest buccaneer we shall be nobly avenged!"

"What mean you?" asked the young man in astonishment.

"To celebrate our death by a magnificent illumination, my brave Monthars! To raise a funeral pile vast enough to consume the monk and

* It is but right to mention, that this passage in the life of Admiral Blake, is unrecorded by any of his numerous biographers.—*E. H.*

his followers together with ourselves. I will set fire to the *capilla*," he continued, seizing one of the wax candles, "and with such a wind as is now blowing, the hatto will be in flames from one end to another, ere you could repeat five *paters* and as many *aves*!" and he approached the candle to one of the loose mats on the wall.

"Stay!" cried Joachim in anguish, for he thought of the danger of Donna Carmen, and his heart trembled within him.

"Art thou then afraid to die?" demanded Le Basque disdainfully.

"No!" replied Montbars, "but I would not have the Spaniards believe that I feared their tortures, or that their menaces had quelled my spirit."

"*Right!*" exclaimed Michel, "thou art the worthy nephew of the Leopard."

He replaced the candle, and sitting down on the bench, each awaited his fate in silence.

Donna Carmen de Zarates knew that Fray Eusebio had brought back with him two buccaneers as prisoners, but he took care that she should remain ignorant that one of these was Joachim Requiem, the remembrance of whom had been ever present to her mind, since the fatal night of their last interview. When the monk asked if she would be present at the final punishment of these men, she hastily replied with a shudder,

"No! no! what pleasure can any one find in witnessing the death of unhappy criminals? Unless a woman is there to save the condemned, her presence at an execution is a disgrace to her name. I do not wish even to remain at Rancheria, for the death-cry of these men might reach my ears, and such sounds as these are never forgotten."

"Then, Senorita!" replied Fray Eusebio, "you had better prepare for your excursion, for in an hour at furthest the execution will take place."

"*In an hour!*" repeated the girl; "Of these men, now so strong and vigorous, whose hearts can still love and hate, nothing will remain on this earth, in an hour hence, but livid and inanimate corses!"

"Heaven itself has pronounced their doom, Senorita!" returned the cold harsh voice of the monk. "He who kills with the sword, shall perish by the sword!"

"Yes!" murmured Donna Carmen almost inaudibly, "such is the doom of heaven; all who shed human blood are judged and condemned."

Fray Eusebio gazed on her with surprise, but silently withdrew, leaving her wrapped in a sad and melancholy reverie.

Half-an-hour afterwards she mounted the jennet which was held ready for her in the court-yard, and prepared to issue forth, followed by her train of twelve slaves; but at the entrance gate a mournful spectacle met her gaze and arrested her progress. The *horca*, or gallows, had been erected just opposite. Two thick posts supported a transverse beam, to which two ladders, leading from the ground, were firmly attached. Towards this the two buccaneers were now advancing between two rows of *lanceros*; their bodies wrapped in the *saco*, a garment of white linen, and their heads covered with the *gorro*, a loose cap of pale green, from which hung a long black veil.

Fray Eusebio was chanting, at the foot of *horca*, the funeral service of his church; but as the procession arrived opposite the gate of the hatto, he paused, and called out,

"Joachim Requiem, assassin of my brother! hast thou forgot my promise that thou should'st again see Donna Carmen de Zarates, the mistress of Rancheria?"

These words first apprised her of the truth, and she uttered a cry of affright, whilst Joachim raised his head and threw back the veil which obscured his vision. His countenance lighted up with an expression of gratification and joy, and after a lowly inclination to the pale and trembling girl, he resumed his progress, as calm and undisturbed as if he had not known that each step brought him nearer his doom. Carmen remained motionless and stupified, following Joachim with her eyes, and feeling in her own heart the anguish of death.

Michel le Basque, as he arrived opposite our heroine, also paused, struck with admiration of her angelic beauty. At this moment the reins fell from the nerveless hand of Donna Carmen, and her steed, already frightened by the flashing of the *lanceros*' arms, and now feeling himself uncontrolled, reared in the air. Michel darted forward, and with one hand seized the bridle, whilst he wound the other round the slender form of the young lady, and bore her gently to the ground. As he did so, however, with the brutal boldness that was habitual to him, he pressed his lips to the icy cheek of the almost fainting girl.

This outrage at once recalled her to herself. At the moment that two *lanceros* seized the audacious buccaneer, Donna Carmen struck him in the face with the silver handle of her whip, crying,

"Wretch! respect the daughter of Don Juan de Zarates! Am I fallen so low that a bandit on his way to the gallows dares thus publicly insult me?"

XXV.

THE RESCUE.

As Michel was borne off, the eyes of Donna Carmen wandered to the *horca*, where Joachim had by this time arrived, and where the black slave who acted as executioner was conducting him up one of the ladders. At each step of the ascent, Carmen felt a pang as if the slave had trampled on her heart. A terrible agitation possessed her bosom, and twice she made a step forward towards the *horca*. She doubtless intended to reveal the truth, to brave public shame, to humble herself before her slaves, by one word to throw down the barrier that rose between her and the condemned criminals, to tear off her brilliant robes and clothe herself in the funereal *saco*. But when she saw the long lean hand of the black slave grasping the shoulder of the young man, her feminine weakness overcame her; she shrank from the avowal, and anxious to escape the awful scene she leaped on her steed and galloped off, followed by her train.

When the executioner had caused Michel le Basque to mount one of the ladders as Joachim had done the other, he passed round the neck of each a noose, of which the other end was fast to the cross beam, and then, descending to the ground, awaited the further orders of Fray Eusebio.

"What think you of *yourself now?*" said the monk to Michel le Basque; "cowards who give themselves up to men without striking a blow, but who can insult a defenceless woman, do they not rightly incur chastisement from her hand?"

"Revenge can be had on a woman as well as on a monk," muttered the buccaneer through his clenched teeth.

"Revenge! do you still cherish the hope of it?" asked the monk sarcastically.

"There is life and death between the cup and the lip," replied Michel tranquilly; though his heart bounded rapidly, as the distant baying of a hound seemed to reach his ear.

"*For you it must be death,*" answered Fray Eusebio.

By this time the baying had become more distinct, and had caught the attention of the Spaniards; but the monk tranquilly recommenced his funeral chant. Ere he had finished the verse, however, an Indian rushed into the circle, panting and almost breathless, exclaiming,

"Up, friends, up! the flibustiers have landed in the mango-wood, and are advancing hither at full speed."

"What matters it?" exclaimed the monk, noticing the smile of Michel le Basque; "what matters it, so that we have still time to finish our work?"

But his words were lost in the tumult. The executioner had fled; the *lanceros* rushed for shelter to the hatto, the fishermen and Indians into the woods; the slaves remained careless and motionless—a change of masters had no terrors for them. Fray Eusebio hesitated some instants, but decided on following the track Donna Carmen had taken, to prevent her, if possible, from falling into the hands of the buccaneers.

Scarcely was he out of sight when the rescuers appeared. In a moment Michel and Joachim were unbound; the Leopard pressed his nephew to his bosom, whilst the admiral said aloud,

"What recompense do you desire, my friends, for your noble devotion? Speak! I pledge my word that you will obtain whatever you demand."

Joachim, ever mindful of the safety of Donna Carmen, and divining the secret designs of Michel from the savage glances he cast around, at once replied,

"We seek no other recompense than the honor of being the first to announce the success of our enterprise to our friends at Porto de la Paca."

Le Basque looked to his companion with surprise, but the shouts of applause with which Joachim's answer was received, prevented him from demurring.

"Sooner or later," he muttered to himself, "I will find this noble dame; and then I shall be no longer the criminal at the gallows, but may-hap absolute master. It will be my turn next."

After a complete and unresisted pillage of Rancherin, the buccaneers loaded their barques with their booty and with a large number of prisoners, amongst whom was Fray Eusebio Carral, who only broke his sullen silence, to speak at times to a young and beautiful negress beside him, over whom he seemed anxiously to watch.

The adventurers set sail and after eight hours' passage, entered Porto de la Paca in triumph, accompanied by Admiral Sir Richard Blake and more than six hundred English sailors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO LAURA.

Lo! where the bee from yonder rose,
Fill'd with sweet plunder, flies;
Yet still the flower as warmly glows,
As rich its odours rise.

So, dearest, by my ardent kiss
Thy charms unchanged we see;
Then frown not, since my honied bliss
Has nothing stolen from thee.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

BY A. M. S.

It was early in the summer of the year 18—— that business called me to Wentworth, a pretty little village in the West of England. It was a lovely night. The sun, slowly sinking in the horizon, which seemed as if composed of liquid fire, threw a rich tinge on all the surrounding scenery. The busy hum of labour had ceased for the day; groups of tired peasants were returning from their daily tasks, their countenances betokening that happy serenity of mind and contentment of disposition, so frequently to be met with among the cultivators of the soil. Here was a cluster of politicians warmly engaged in the discussion of some favourite topic at the door of the little alehouse, there bands of children romping on the green, in all the glee and exuberance of spirit so natural to their age. Yonder a couple of lovers stealing away to some secluded spot, where, unseen by the rude eye of the world, they might dream away an hour of bliss mutually happy in each other's love. The place, the scene, the hour, would have almost made the man of the world—in contrasting for a moment what he would call pleasure with the artless enjoyments and innocent amusements of those children of nature—cast his eyes within, and ask himself whether with all his pomp and outward show of gaiety, he could boast of half the real happiness which the humblest of these labourers enjoyed. Giving myself up to such reflections I loosened my horse's reins and allowing the animal to graze by the road side at his leisure, gave myself up to the train of thought the place and the hour inspired.

I had been wrapt in meditation for perhaps some minutes when I was startled by the distant sounds of a muffled drum, and then sweet and mournful music swelling upon the air, in which, as it approached nearer and nearer, I could distinguish a piece of sacred music I had oft-times heard before. Nearer it approached; the drums ceased; and the air was changed to that sublime composition, "the Dead March in Saul." It turned an angle of the road, and discovered to me a Soldier's funeral. There is nothing, I think, so peculiarly impressive to the eye of the beholder as the interment of the defender of his country. The measured march of the men with arms reversed, the body carried shoulder high by his comrades, the solemn faces of all, the cap, sword and sash of the deceased, the shots fired over the grave in respect of his memory, all bespeak an interest in the minds of every one present. This seemed to me to be more than usually solemn. The men wore a look of deep dejection, plainly showing that in the officer they had lost a friend. A groom led a fine horse bearing his accoutrements, and one would almost have supposed that the animal was aware of the loss he had sustained, as, with drooping head and ears, he suffered himself to be led along. At a respectful distance from the body, and as near as the men would permit of his approach, I observed a young man of about twenty-five years of age; every feature of his face denoted intense affliction. That he was not of the military was evident from his dress, but that he must have been intimately acquainted with the departed, if not an immediate connection, was evident. Be that as it may—however, he was most undoubtedly the principal mourner of the party; his features expressed the deep sorrow at his heart, whatever their respective positions might have been.

Dismounting, I gave my horse in charge of a boy standing near, and joined the procession. They approached the grave and the body was slowly lowered into it. In a low voice the commanding officer issued his orders, and three volleys discharged over his grave concluded the solemn spectacle. In a few minutes all dispersed, except the young man before alluded to, who, with streaming eyes and his whole countenance denoting the most intense grief, watched each shovelful of earth as it was thrown upon the coffin. The hollow sound, as it fell upon the lid thrown by the unfeeling hand of the grave digger, seemed to affect him still more, and I approached, admonishing the man for his unfeeling haste in filling up the grave. The youth thanked me for my kind interference, expressing his gratitude at the sympathy I showed to a perfect stranger.

"Ah, sir!" continued he; "in that grave lies he who was once my dearest friend. He had the kindest heart of any within miles round. He is lost to me forever in this world, but he has gone to a place where he will be through endless ages rewarded for the good deeds to which his entire life was devoted while on earth,

and it is wicked in us to repine at what Providence in its goodness has seen fit to perform. But, sir! the night is chilly and damp. You seem to take an interest in this melancholy affair; if you would learn more of him who has gone hence, come with me to my mother's cottage, and while she is preparing some refreshment, you shall know more of one in praise of whose virtues I shall never be able to say sufficient."

Accompanying him through a field and by the road side, in a few minutes we were comfortably seated by the side of the old lady, who having kindly bade me welcome, her son began.

"The deceased was a captain in His Majesty's —— *light infantry*, which has been stationed in this place for the last four years. It was about this time three years ago that our acquaintance commenced. I, alas! have reason to remember it but too well, for it was than I had the misfortune to lose the best of fathers—who for many years had been the physician of this village. He had been for many months ill, but never so much so as to confine him to his bed, and whenever any person would send for him to attend their sick beds, let the weather be rainy or not, he would go, and having got a severe wetting one night, he from that hour gradually sunk, and died in our arms. It was a bitter blow to my poor old mother and myself, though it was not till the funeral was over we so severely felt our loss; the hurry and bustle, attendant on such occasions, for the time occupied our minds and we had scarcely leisure to be left to ourselves to feel it much.

"But when all was over, and we had returned to the house, and saw the place he was wont to occupy, the chair where he used to sit, the clothes he last wore, then we felt for the first time how hard it was to drink the cup of sorrow, to lose a beloved husband and an affectionate father! Before, we had at least the actual presence of the dear remains, but now all was indeed over. Friends who had for the last few days sympathised with us, had now from feelings of respect left us to our own meditations, and bitter enough they were. My poor mother was crying as if her heart would break, and I was totally incapable of consoling her, when the door opened, and with words of sweet sympathy for our affliction, Captain Ratcliffe entered. His face wore the same placid benevolent expression I have often observed when he was engaged in any charitable action. He said that he hoped that his present visit would not be considered as an intrusion, that he ever considered it a duty imperative upon us all to comfort each other whenever trials or calamities of any kind oppressed us; that there was no affliction which so weighed down our spirits as the loss of a dearly loved member of our families. And having heard of our loss he had ventured to call to offer his services in any thing that lay in his power.

"Pointing upwards to that source whence we never ask in vain, he implored us to throw ourselves on *His* arm for support, to rely on his goodness for consolation, comforting us with the blessed hope of meeting him who had been taken from us, in another world, where there would be *no more sorrow, no disuniting of family bands*, but where all should be happiness and tranquillity for evermore. In this way he succeeded in allaying the outbursts of grief, by devoting our minds to the proper source for comfort. This was our first obligation to him—the first of many which we never have been able to repay. To me he paid particular attention, honouring me with his friendship. Day after day would he bring instructive books, which we would read together, and from his richly stored mind I drew much useful information. Nor was I the only recipient of his bounty. In the village his benevolence of disposition ever prompted him to relieve misery wherever he found it, and he was continually employed in some charitable way round the neighbourhood. Forgive me, sir! for being so tedious, but had you known him as I have, and felt his worth, as many a poor family here has done, you would easily excuse my enlarging on his many virtues. He has not left his equal in benevolence in the village,—many, many will deeply feel his loss."

"'And has he left no family?' enquired I; 'or do you know any thing of his private history?'

"Well, indeed, sir; for he concealed nothing from me. At the age of fifteen, he entered His Majesty's service as a drummer boy. To his own merit alone he owed his promotion; though that was not very rapid either, for after forty-six years service he had attained no higher rank than a captaincy. But I need not weary you with his military career; it was that of hundreds of other brave soldiers;—fatigue and hardships of every description, hunger and cold, imprisonment and sickness, followed him, in common with many of his comrades, through all his campaigns; and he bore the scars of many a wound, honourably received while defending his country's liberties. I come now to a conversation that took place between us about four months before his death; and I shall, in relating it, endeavour to use his own words as near as I can remember. We had been conversing upon the happiness or misery produced by early marriages, and I good humouredly asked him how it was that he, so great a favourite among the sex as he generally was, had remained single. 'Confess,' said I,

'that in your younger days you have had some *love adventures, some narrow escapes.*' In a moment I saw a change come over his features. He would fain have repressed it, but nature was too strong, he could not conceal his emotion. I flew to him. 'Forgive me,' said I, 'if inadvertently I have touched some tender chord—some secret grief—that, perhaps, for years has lain dormant. The remembrance is too painful; come, let us talk of something else. Believe me, it was unintentionally done.' The old man wiped his eyes. 'Nay, you meant it not; but, boy, you opened a wound that has for years been but partially healed. You already know most of the incidents of my life; this I had intended to have communicated also, but 'twas a painful subject, and I deferred it till some future time; it has come, and you shall know all. In 17— I was the bearer of important despatches from L——— to a small town about fifteen leagues distant. I was mounted upon a very powerful horse, and well armed. I had not ridden more than half way, when I found I was pursued by two of the enemy, who were also mounted. These, by the great superiority of the animal I rode, I however easily distanced; but my horse, taking fright at some object in the path, threw me senseless and bleeding to the earth. How long I remained in that state I know not, but when I recovered my senses I was in a strange house, kindly attended to by one of the fairest of God's creatures. My host, a gentleman of the name of P———, had witnessed my accident, and generously sent his servants to my assistance. For many weeks I was confined to my room, and every day brought some new mark of attention from him and his worthy family. His daughter was a gentle artless creature of some seventeen summers. To her I became every day more and more attached, and though an alien and an enemy, the father could throw no obstacle in the way of what he considered would tend to his daughter's happiness. He asked but a short delay, that we might know ourselves better before we ventured on such a step. We had lived in this way nearly a year, I being on my parole of honour, when one morning an orderly entered with a letter, informing me that it would no longer be extended, and that the bearer had instructions to convey me to prison. For myself I cared nothing, but to leave Elmire was agony. But the parting moment came too soon, and aware that the sooner it was over the better it would be for us both, I imprinted a last parting kiss upon her pale lips, and in a few minutes was out of sight. For months I was kept chained in the vilest of dungeons, neither allowed to speak or have communication with any one. At last, by the kindness of the wife of the keeper of the prison, I was permitted the use of pens and ink; and I was still further indebted to her for conveying letters between Elmire and myself. Oh, how sweet it was to read the characters traced by her hand! For a few days there was no letter from her;—what could be the matter? A week passed and still she was silent,—to me it was eternity twice told. Another, and still no letter, not even a message! At last I was informed by the keeper of the prison, that her father had been seized by the Government and imprisoned, suspected of favouring the enemies' cause; and that he was accompanied by his daughter, who had refused to be separated from him,—that she had been taken ill. In agony of spirit I implored him to tell me the worst. Was she still alive?—She was,—but not expected to survive. At last, to my urgent enquiries, he replied, that she was—*dead*. Oh God! who could tell my distress! Dead—and I not near her. It was too horrible. I begged now to be permitted for one hour to visit her remains,—aye, even guarded and fettered; but no, it could not be. For months I was as one dead to the world;—she had been my life and hope. Could I forget such a being,—will I ever? While memory holds her seat her image will remain engraven on this poor heart. I have never looked on woman since with affection, and now, nearly at the close of a long and eventful life, my only solace is, that we shall meet again in another and a better world, there never to be again disunited, through endless ages of bliss. And now, my young friend, you have the history of my only and most unfortunate love, such a one as is not easily erased from the memory.'"

"And has *he left no friends, no relations, to cherish* his memory, as the memory of such a man should be revered?" I asked.

"No, sir! he left no relations,—and what little fortune he possessed he has willed for the endowment of an asylum for the destitute of this village. And succeeding generations as they tread over his grave, will drop a tear to his memory, in reverence for the character of one, who, while here below, used every endeavour to imitate his Maker, in doing good to his fellow creatures."

So ended the narrative; and as the good people would not hear of my departing that night, I was induced to accept still further of their hospitality. In the morning, I bade them farewell.

About two years afterwards, having occasion to revisit the neighbourhood, I made enquiry for my old friends. The young man was still in the village, but his mother had paid the debt of nature some months before. Her son accompanied me to the grave; and while in the church-yard, one to another;—over it was erected a plain

marble tablet; it bore the following inscription:

SACRED to the MEMORY of
Capt. JOHN RATCLIFFE, of
His Majesty's —— Light Infantry,
who departed this life, July 9th, 18—
in the 61st year of
his age;
As a small tribute to the
Memory of a sincere Christian,
and a good Man, this
tablet is erected by the
poor of this village,
who, during his lifetime
were the recipients
of his bounty.

"Ah! sir," observed my young friend, "see what it is to be beloved for one's good actions; I would rather have such a humble tribute paid to my memory, coming from the hearts of such people, than all the hired eulogiums that deface the tombs of heroes in Westminster Abbey."

We parted. I have never seen him since; but it will take many years to efface from my memory, the scene I then witnessed at THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

THE SABBATH MORN.

BY FUZ.

Come sacred morn! thou art the downy couch
On which the weary laborer may recline:
We hail thee with delight,
Sweet day of blissful rest!

The very air and skies seem conscious of
Thy presence; and all nature seems to sleep,
As if the rolling spheres
Had halted in their courses.

The lusty reveller has ceas'd to sing
His songs, replete with wild profanity,
And seeks some filthy nook,
To revel unobserved.

Although he reels from an excess of wine,
Though every day appears to him alike,
Yet he would seem to shun
Even a stranger's gaze.

Th' industrious, hard working villagers,
Rise early from their clean and homely beds,
And hail this heavenly boon
Of temporary rest.

Anon the village church bell's solemn sound
Calls them together to the House of Prayer,
That they may learn from whom
This sacred boon proceeds.

While there no pride doth swell their grateful hearts,
Theirs are not bows of cold formality;
But with one heart and mind
They join in fervent prayer.

The organs joyous peals are shortly heard,
And many thankful voices are lift up,
Raising their hallelujahs
To the thronged court of Heaven.

Kingston, 1845.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

BY DR. HASKINS.

My Daughter!—as I gaze upon thy cheek,
Mantling with roses red, my hopes arise
As from the grave:—passes before mine eyes—
With sorrow dim, and—for that I am weak—
Clouded with tears, a dream of future days;—
For loveliness and light that vision strays
Before me, as I wake at morning hour,
And view thee smiling near, my forest-flow'r!
Spirit of joy!—the winter of my heart
Gladdens thy glow;—as the warm flush of spring,
When nature's realms, to her voice echoing,
Burst into life, into new being start;
Wide thro' th' universal earth and air and sea,
All waken, save the tomb's pale tenantry.

As one emerging from the dungeon's gloom—
Long pent, and pining for the cheerful day,
That thro' the bars above sends down one ray
To show the darkness of that living tomb—
Feels the fresh air delicious round him breathe;
Thus o'er my heart, declin'd in dust beneath,
Those visionary joys, reviving, steal,
Breathing a balm that wounded heart to heal.
My Daughter!—o'er thy couch of dewy rest
Bending, in lineaments of infant grace
I mark the features of a well known face—
Even her who lives among the blest.
Would that, on earth, her eye that form might see!—
But hush—my Soul—such thoughts befit not thee.

Child of my heart!—how holy is thy claim
To the warm feelings fresh from nature's spring!—
God shelter thee—poor, smiling, helpless thing
Without a mother!—star of purest flame—
Affection's light—oh! let my bosom share.
While hopes, in verdant beauty, round me cling—
As ivy to the tempest-shatter'd wall,
That firm in its embrace forbears to fall—
Love breathes for thee its tender, silent pray'r.—
Upheld by hope, above the storm of fate,
To me, oh! be it given to elevate
My soul aloft; and shade to thee extend—
Nurtur'd by dews of heav'n—which oft descend
Richest on those who find no earthly friend.

THE PARTING OF

THE TRAPPER AND HIS BRIDE.

BY A. J.

"One kiss ere we part—on the boundless prairie
My steed is impatiently waiting for me,
To bear me afar o'er the wide waving plain,
To the strife whence perhaps I return not again.

Camanché has gathered his far scattered hosts,
And armed for the war-path triumphantly boasts;
But our rifles are ready, and fierce must he be,
Who dares brave the hand that does battle for thee.

I fear not the fight—wert thou far o'er the plain,
And safe 'midst the tribe of thy fathers again;
Their fury I'd face, and their tortures defy!
They should see with what courage a warrior could die!'

"Oh! fear not for me! shouldst thou fall with the brave,
The conqueror never shall make me his slave—
For death's gloomy portal is lightly stepped o'er,
When those who have loved us, have travelled before!

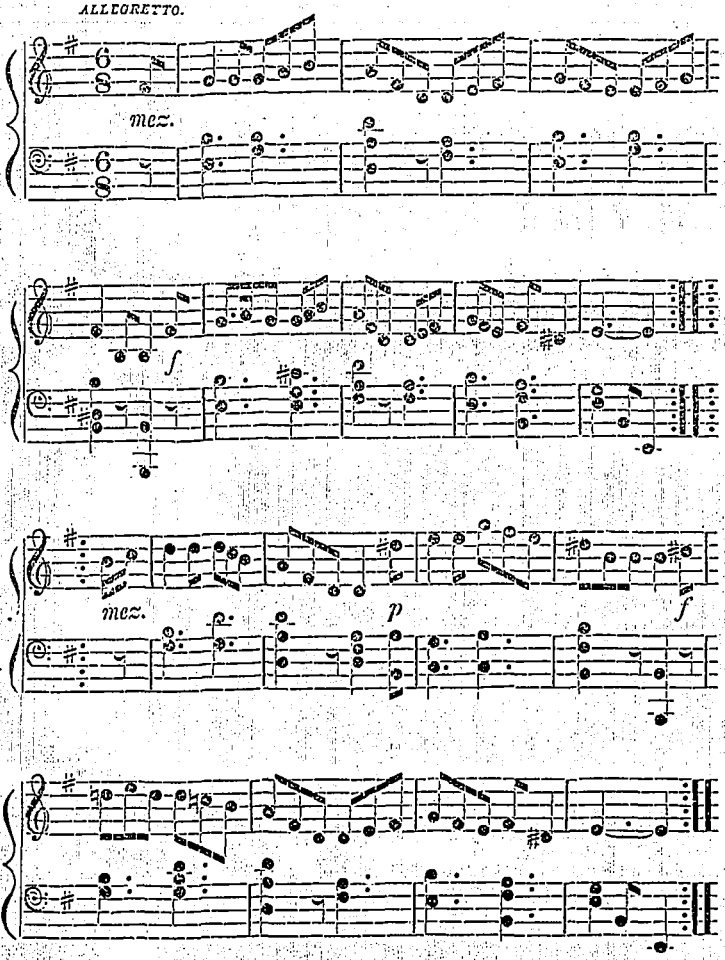
If thy soul to the land of the just shall repair,
The 'Bud of the Prairie' will follow thee there;
And our tears shall be dried, and our sorrows shall cease
And the arms of the warrior shall moulder in peace."

SHAKSPERIAN MELODIES,

No. II.

"GREEN SLEEVES."

["*Merry Wives of Windsor*," Act II. Scene 1.]



This tune seems to have been very popular in the time of Shakspere, if we may judge from the allusions to it scattered throughout his plays. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," mention is twice made of it, and the note by Mr. Knight—one of the latest and best commentators on the great poet—on these passages, contains the substance of all that is known in the present day, regarding this once favorite melody:—

"The original words of *Green Sleeves* have not descended to us, but the tune was too good to be condemned to that oblivion which has been the fate of the verses to which it was first set; hence many adapted their poetical effusions to it, and among those extant, is 'a new courtly sonnet of the Lady Greensleeves,' reprinted in *Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets*, from an extremely scarce miscellany, called, 'A Handful of Pleasant Delites, &c., by Clement Robinson, and others, 12mo. 1584.' This sonnet contains some curious particulars respecting female dress and manners, during the sixteenth century. At the time too when it was the fashion, in England and in France, to set sacred words to popular tunes, this air, among others, was selected for the purpose; as we learn from the books of the Stationers' Company, wherein appears, in September, 1580, the following entry—'*Greensleeves*, moralized to the Scriptures.'

"*Greensleeves* is to be found in all the editions of *The Dancing-master* that have come under our notice. In the seventeenth (1721) which is the best, it takes the title of 'Greensleeves and yellow lace.' It was introduced by Gay, or his friend Dr. Pepusch, in 'The Beggars' Opera,' set to the song, 'Since laws were made for every degree,' and is still well known, in quarters where ancient customs are yet kept up in all their rude simplicity, as 'Christmas comes but once a year.'"

SEAMAN'S SONG.

BY PHILANDER OFFALIE.

Hurrah! for the deep, wild ocean wave
Whose dangers and freedom court the brave—
Where the boudless spirit seeks its kind
And leaves the dull on the land behind—
It bears us on and it lulls to rest,
As infants hushed to a mother's breast—
My cradle was rocked by wind and wave,
They'll sing a requiem o'er my grave.

'Tis grand—when the howling tempest's wing
O'er the waters dark is wandering,—
It whistles and moans 'mid sail and shroud,
And hurries along the thunder cloud,
The ocean heaves and the billows dash,
Whose gloom is lit by the lightning flash,
But while prow can stem or rudder steer,
The heart of a seaman knows no fear.

'Tis a glorious, joyous sight to see
The wild waves bound in their majesty,
Or surging and black in tumult swell;
Their mission or mandate none can tell.
The tall ship bends with a stately grace
Saluting the wave that would embrace,
Like a noble foe that in the list
Gives greeting to each antagonist.

'Tis sweet when the sun sinks slow to his rest,
'Mid curtain clouds of the golden west,
To think on old friends and musingly,
Bend over the blue phosphoric sea.
To hear strange tales from a grey-haired lip,
Of wreck and pirate and phantom ship—
Or gaze on the lunar rainbow's light,
A changeful gem on the brows of night.

Afar on the waters, I'd end my days,
'Mid the howling storm or battle's blaze.
They'll say—in death all fear he defied,
But fought to the last and shouting died.
Hurrah! for the wild, deep sea! hurrah!
On its bosom still my head I'll lay—
My cradle was rocked by wind and wave,
They'll sing a requiem o'er my grave.

LANDSMAN'S SONG.

BY H. J. K.

I've heard old tales of the boundless sea,
Where hearts as the waves are wild and free;
But oh! how oft in its stormy strife
Have the best and bravest closed their life.
They spake on the shore a wild farewell,
Man's hand was clasped, and the maid's tears fell,
But long in that wave shall they sojourn
And never to those fond friends return.

I love not the sea in sultry calm,
A desart without a shady palm;
No signs of life on the watery waste,
Save dim, light spars in the distance traced.
The languid spirit its longing sends
To its childhood's home and kindred friends,
Men praise and sing the desolate sea;
The fertile fields of the earth for me!

I love not the sea when the tempest's tone
Is heard in gusts from its gloomy throne,
Waves swell and sink, like a tumult crowd,
To the stormy spirit's summons loud.
They sign and seal the mariner's doom,
And dash the wretch to a timeless tomb,
Then dance in mirth and again in wrath
Wreck some brave bark on her lonely path.

No flowers bloom o'er the sailor's head,
And no cross points out the shipwreck'd dead.
Toss'd on the shore or in seaweed bound,
His frame is laid not in holy ground.
I've heard of treasures beneath the waves,
Its precious stones and its coral caves;
Rich argosies in its depths—but then
They are mixed with the mould'ring bones of men.

I love the land with its trees and flowers—
Its gothic fanes and its frowning towers,
Its brilliant birds and its balmy breeze,
Its old romance and its sympathies.
I'd rather live on the land, a slave
Than be at the mercy of wind and wave—
For far—oh! far more pleasant and free
The flowery earth than the faithless sea!

OUR TABLE.

THE CHIMES: BY CHARLES DICKENS.

During the temporary retirement of Mr. Dickens from periodical publication, the little volume now before us, has made its appearance; partly no doubt, to convince his thousands upon thousands of "constant readers" that he is still a living and writing man, partly in consequence of the popularity attained by his "Christmas Carol" of the previous year, and partly, we do him the justice to believe, with the design of assisting towards a more indulgent treatment of the distressed but erring creatures of poverty. He lashes alike the mawkish sentimentality of him who professes to be a "Friend and Father" of the poor—by an affectation of patronage and encouragement to them, ministering to his own pride and self-consequence; and the cruel harshness of those who would *coerce* them to right-doing by the terrors of the law, neither encouraging them by its rewards, nor employing it as the means of prevention. Of such as these last he speaks, in the person of one driven to vagabondage by "the law."

"'Now, gentlemen—you gentlemen that sits at Sessions—when you see a man with discontent writ on his face, you says to one another, 'he's suspicious. I has my doubts,' says you, 'about Will Fern. Watch that fellow!' I don't say, gentlemen, it ain't quite nat'ral, but I say 'tis so; and from that hour, whatever Will Fern does, or lets alone—all one—it goes against him. 'Now gentlemen,' said Will Fern, holding out his hands, and flushing for an instant in his haggard face. 'See how your laws are made to trap and hunt us when we're brought to this. I tries to live elsewhere. And I'm a vagabond. To jail with him! I comes back here. I goes a nutting in your woods, and breaks—who don't?—a limber branch or two. To jail with him! One of your keepers sees me in the broad day, near *my own patch of garden*, with a gun. To jail with him! I has a nat'ral angry word with that man, when I'm free again. To jail with him! I eats a stick. To jail with him! I eats a rotten apple or turnip. To jail with him! It's twenty mile away; and coming back, I begs a trifle on the road. To jail with him! At last, the constable, the keeper—anybody—finds me anywhere, a doing anything. To jail with him, for he's a vagrant, and a jail-bird known; and the jail's the only home he's got."

This picture—highly coloured, it is true, but still containing much painful truth, is followed up by an appeal, which we must consider as containing Mr. Dickens' remedy for the evils of which he complains:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, dealing with other men like me, begin at the right end. Give us, in mercy, better homes when we're a lying in our cradles; give us better food when we're a working for our lives; give us kinder laws to bring us back when we're a going wrong; and don't set Jail, Jail, Jail, afore us, everywhere we turn. There an't a condescension you can show the Labourer then, that he won't take as ready and as grateful as a man can be; for he has a patient, *peaceful, willing heart. But you must put his* rightful spirit in him first; for whether he's a wreck and ruin such as me, or is like one of them that stand here now, his spirit is divided from you at this time. Bring it back, gentlefolks, bring it back! Bring it back, afore the day comes when even his Bible changes in his altered mind, and the words seem to had to read, as they have sometimes read in my own eyes—in Jail: 'Whither thou goest, I can Not go; where thou lodgest, I do Not lodge: thy people are Not my people; nor thy God my God!'"

As we have already said, we give Mr. Dickens full credit for an honest and zealous desire to improve the condition of the lower classes of England, but we must express our belief that he has chosen the wrong method of seeing that desire fulfilled. His works circulate among those of every rank and station, and we consider it a very unsafe doctrine to inculcate on those whom he is so desirous to benefit:—"*The Laws of your country* are made expressly and with special intent to curb, oppress and grind you; you certainly sustain their operation well, better—much better—than might naturally be expected. But your patience must wear out some day, unless wise steps be taken to conciliate and soothe you, and you have but to rise in your innate strength, and the system, social and political, that is the source of your oppression, crumbles to the dust!" What the effect of such reasoning as this, on the minds of ignorant, poverty-stricken men, must be, it needs not that we should point out. The fallacy of Mr. Dickens' argument, we conceive, consists in taking a part for the whole, in attributing to the mass the errors of a few, in portraying the most glaring faults of some of those, to whom is entrusted the administration of justice, and in then pointing to the black and hideous picture, with the exclamation—"Behold the so-called Justice of this land!" If the condition of the labouring population is to be improved, and few will deny that it is susceptible of much improvement, it is not by such a course as this; it is not by widening the gulf that separates them from those of higher rank and easier circumstances, but rather by bridging it over by strong feelings of mutual dependence on each other, by reverence without servility on the one hand, by warm and heartfelt interest, without the "proud humility" of ostentatious condescension, on the other, and by kindly intercourse and communion among all. Signs of such a spirit as this we have rejoiced to see displayed of late in more than one instance, and shall continue to watch with much interest its further manifestations.

Although, as a whole, we look upon the "Chimes," as inferior to the "Christmas Carol," —principally from this defect in the design, as it

appears to us—we have yet derived much pleasure and gratification from its perusal. It presents the same alternation of the humorous and the pathetic, the grave and the gay, which forms so conspicuous a feature of Mr. Dickens' other writings, and the story itself is calculated to excite much interest.

The introduction opens, quaintly enough, with the assertion, that "there are not many people who would care to sleep in a church." Our author admits that such an event may have taken place occasionally "in sermon-time in warm weather," and accordingly restricts its application to the night alone.

"And I will undertake to maintain it successfully on any gusty winter's night appointed for the purpose, with any one opponent chosen from the rest, who will meet me singly in an old churchyard, before an old church door; and will previously empower me to lock him in, if needful to his satisfaction, until morning.

"For the night-wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes; and of trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors; and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has got in; as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be; it wails and howls to issue forth again; and not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters: then flings itself despairingly upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults. Anon, it comes up stealthily, and creeps along the walls: seeming to read, in whispers, the inscriptions sacred to the Dead. At some of these, it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter; and at others, moans and cries as if it were lamenting. It has a ghostly sound too, lingering within the altar; where it seems to chaunt, in its wild way, of Wrong and Murder done, and false Gods worshipped; in defiance of the Tables of the Law, which look so fair and smooth, but are so flawed and broken. Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind at Midnight, singing in a church!

"But high up in the steeple! There the foul blast roars and whistles! High up in the steeple, where it is free to come and go through many an airy arch and loophole, and to twist and twine itself about the giddy stair, and twirl the groaning weathercock, and make the very tower shake and shiver! High up in the steeple, where the belfry is; and iron rails are ragged with rust; and sheets of lead and copper, shrivelled by the changing weather, crackle and heave beneath the unaccustomed tread; and birds stuff shabby nests into corners of old oaken joists and beams; and dust grows old and grey; and speckled spiders, indolent and fat with long security, swing idly to and fro in the vibration of the bells, and never loose their hold upon their thread-spun castles in the air, or climb up sailor-like in quick alarm, or drop upon the ground and ply a score of nimble legs to save a life! High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night: and high up in the steeple of an old church, dwelt the Chimes I tell of."

Prosopopeia, or the personification of things,—as in the instance of the wind in the above extract—is a very favorite figure with Mr. Dickens, but he has seldom applied it, we think, with more success, than when he describes the sounds that issue from the Goblin Bells, as they appeared in vision to poor Trotty Veck, the hero of the tale.

"He saw the tower, whither his charmed footsteps had brought him, swarming with dwarf phantoms, spirits, elfin creatures of the Bells. He saw them leaping, flying, dropping, pouring from the Bells without a pause. He saw them, round him on the ground; above him, in the air; clambering from him, by the ropes below; looking down upon him, from the massive iron-girded beams; peeping in upon him, through the chinks and loopholes in the walls; spreading away and away from him in enlarging circles, as the water-ripples give place to a huge stone that suddenly comes plashing in among them. He saw them, of all aspects and all shapes. He saw them ugly, handsome, crippled, exquisitely formed. He saw them young, he saw them old, he saw them kind, he saw them cruel, he saw them merry, he saw them grim; he saw them dance, and heard them sing; he saw them tear their hair, and heard them howl. He saw the air thick with them. He saw them come and go, incessantly. He saw them riding downward, soaring upward, sailing off afar, perching near at hand, all restless and all violently active. Stone, and brick, and slate, and tile, became transparent to him as to them. He saw them *in* the houses, busy at the sleepers' beds. He saw them soothing people in their dreams; he saw them beating them with knotted whips; he saw them yelling in their ears; he saw them playing softest music on their pillows; he saw them cheering some with the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers; he saw them flashing awful faces on the troubled rest of others, from enchanted mirrors which they carried in their hands.

"As he gazed, the Chimes stopped. Instantaneous change! The whole swarm fainted; their forms collapsed, their speed deserted them; they sought to fly, but in the act of falling died and melted into air. No fresh supply succeeded them. One straggler leaped down pretty briskly from the surface of the Great Bell, and alighted on his feet, but he was dead and gone before he could turn round. Some few of the late company who had gambolled in the tower, remained there, spinning over and over a little longer; but these became at every turn more faint, and few, and feeble, and soon went the way of the rest. The last of all was one small hunchback, who had got into an echoing corner, where he twirled and twirled, and floated by himself a long time; showing such perseverance, that at last he dwindled to a leg and even to a foot, before he finally retired; but he vanished in the end, and then the tower was silent."

A simple hard-working, poverty-enduring soul is this Trotty Veck, an old man in years, a child in heart, his whole affections bound up in his daughter Meg, a pretty blooming girl, despite her poverty, and as simple and kind-hearted as her father. A few lines make us as familiar and intimate with them, as if we had known them a dozen years. The reader shall judge. Trotty Veck, meeting, on New Year's Eve, a poor unfriended man from the country, with his young niece, insists on sharing with them his little means.

"'But here they are, at last,' said Trotty, setting out the tea things, "all correct! I was pretty sure it was tea, and a rasher. So it is. Meg, my pet, if you'll just make the tea, while your unworthy father toasts the bacon, we shall be ready, immediate. It's a curious circumstance,' said Trotty, proceeding in his cookery, with the assistance of the toasting-fork, 'curious, but well known to my friends, that I never care, myself, for rashers, nor for tea. I like to see other people enjoy 'em,' said Trotty, speaking very loud, to impress the fact upon his guest, 'but to me, as food, they're disagreeable.'

"Yet Trotty sniffed the savour of the hissing bacon—ah!—as if he liked it; and when he poured the boiling water in the tea-pot, looked lovingly down into the depths of that snug cauldron, and suffered the fragrant stream to curl about his nose, and wreathe his head and face in a thick cloud. However, for all this, he neither ate nor drank, except, at the very beginning, a mere morsel for form's sake, which he appeared to eat with infinite relish, but declared was perfectly uninteresting to him.

"No. Trotty's occupation was, to see Will Fern and Lilian eat and drink; and so was Meg's. And never did spectators at a city dinner or court banquet find such high delight in seeing others feast: although it were a monarch or a pope: as those two did, in looking on that night. Meg smiled at Trotty, Trotty laughed at Meg. Meg shook her head and made belief to clap her hands, applauding Trotty; Trotty conveyed, in dumb-shadow, unintelligible narratives of how and when and where he had found their visitors, to Meg; and they were happy. Very happy."

Alas! how often is it the case, that the kindest friends of the poor, are those but a degree less wretched than themselves!

THE MAGIC GOBLET; FROM THE SWEDISH OF EMILIE CARLEN.

THE REGENT'S DAUGHTER; FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

We place these two works together, although very different in character and composition, because both may be adduced as evidence of the additional interest taken, of late years, in the literature of other lands. It will always be found that in proportion to the increase of literary tastes and acquirements among any people, will be the interest taken by them in the writings of foreigners, and their anxiety to have such works made available to them through the language with which they are acquainted. France has long furnished England and America with the staple of such commodities, assisted occasionally by a contribution from Germany or Italy; but within the last two years, a new mine was discovered, in the Scandinavian tongue, and made known to English readers, principally through the exertions of Mrs. Howitt.

To the honour of the fair sex be it said, that whilst we are indebted to a lady for the first introduction of this literature to our notice,* another, Miss Bremer, has, through these translations, acquired a confirmed rank amongst us as a standard novelist, whilst the only other Swedish writer whose tales can at all bear comparison with that writer, is a third lady, Mrs. Emilie Carlen, the authoress of one of the works now before us. A previous tale from her pen, the "Rose of Tistelon," acquired a popularity only second to the best of Miss Bremer's, and presented some excellent pictures of Swedish society and scenery. We must, however, confess that we have been disappointed in the present volume. The story professes to be domestic, but is mixed up with so much hypersentimentalism and mysticism, as to give it rather the character of a German Transcendental Romance. This is a defect inherent to the story itself; the occasional confusion of diction, and awkwardness of expression, may be the fault of the translator.

The "Regent's Daughter," though possessing many of the failings of the French School of romancists, is ably written and well translated. It gives an animated, and, in most points, a correct picture of French manners under the sway of the Regent Orleans, and fully sustains the reputation already attained by its author.

The Engraving in this Number pourtrays a scene which must be familiar to every reader of Shakspere. It represents the discovery of the supposed lifeless corse of the fair Juliet, by her old Nurse, who has come to call her to the bridal party that waits to witness her marriage to the "County Paris."

"Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

* We notice that Mrs. Howitt has not confined herself to the Swedish alone of the Scandinavian tongues. Late London journals contain the announcement of "The Improvisatore," a translation by that lady, from the Danish.