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THE
LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. IV.

JULY, 1842.

No. 8.

(ORIGINAL.)

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY E. L. C.

LYSIMACHUS.

Enslaved by love!

Shall this be said of Macedon's dread king?
The world's proud conqueror! He, whose lofty soul
Basks in the effluence bright, of glory's rays,
As in its native element sublime?
Oh, will he stoop to Sybarite delights,
And in an earth-born passion drown high thoughts,
That like the fiery coursers of the sun,
Whose steps are tracked in light, have urged him on
To grasp the mighty empire of the world,
And bind its kings in fetters to his throne?

ALEXANDER.

That thou upbraid'st me with some shew of truth,
I'll not deny—and yet, Lysimachus,
Recall thy youth,—some touch of it, at least,
Which thou perchance may'st do, despite the frosts
That in thy wintry age, strive to enchain
Thy heart's slow creeping blood—if yet its tide
Leap at the mention of the pictured past.
For though no boy, I still am young in life,
And love its joys! True, since youth's early dawn
My swift career has been o'er conquered fields,
Reaping red garlands with my unsheathed sword,
Nor turning ever from my onward path,
To pluck the dowers of beauty and delight
That by the way-side wooed me, with such spells
Of potency, as only they can know,
Who have like me been tempted, and found strength,
In higher thoughts, in aids lent by the gods,
To pass unheeded by. But now reigns peace
With its serene and silken luxury,
Replacing war's stern thoughts with softer joys,
Its ringing mail with brodered robes, and gems,
And its harsh music with the liquid tones,
Of flute and hautboy,—and, diviner still,
Circling our steps with beauteous forms, whence
beam,
Smiles that enchant, and eyes, whose glances pierce
Our silent souls, and wake them to such bliss
As Sappho felt, when, with a touch inspired,
She struck her lyre, and sang in rapturous strains,
Love's joys and pains divine.

LYSIMACHUS.

Be thine, Oh king,
As it hath ever been, a nobler song.

The Lesbian hath her fame,—the myrtle wreath
Graces her tomb. Thy cenotaph must gleam
Through the undying laurel, whose green leaves,
The tears of holy pilgrims shall bedew,
Thronging to pay their homage at the shrine
Where rests the mighty heart that ruled the world.
Pardon, my royal pupil, that the voice
Which guided thy young years, still in thine ear
Utters its warning tones. I would not see
The splendour of thy sky obscured by clouds,
Nor list the tale, that he, whom not the wealth,
The heaped-up treasures of Darius' realm,—
Nor yet the beauty which their burning god
Sheds on the daughters of that orient clime,—
Could win from his stern virtue, his simplicity
Severe and pure,—should sink at last—how low!
I tremble while I whisper to the air,
Rumour's rife words—that the world's conqueror,
Wrapped in love's sweet dream, slumbers inglorious
In a slave's embrace, while o'er him hangs,
Shorn of its radiant beams, that star of glory
Whose effulgent orb rose up resplendent
O'er the Thracian hills, when his young hand
Unsheathed the virgin sword, and in the blood
Of the fierce Medii dyed its flashing blade.

ALEXANDER.

Not yet, not yet, a single ray is shorn,
No, nor the smallest point of glittering light,
From that ascending star. Still shine its beams,
Widening and brightening as it climbs the heavens,
To shed o'er Macedon a flood of light,
Ages shall never quench. Thou knowest well,
I care not for light love, nor am I e'er
An idler when war's blast, or duty's call,
Sound their reveillé in my wakeful ear.
Dian presided o'er my natal hour,
Leaving her shrine, her temple, to the flames,
That she might hail my birth, and it were ill,
Did I not render back chaste thoughts and life,
For her pure love. Seldom hath monarch
Stolen fewer hours for amorous joys,
Therefore, methinks, idly thy fears awake,
Because forsooth, it suits my mood at times,
To feast an eye that loves the beautiful,
On this bright slave, leaving each throbbing pulse,
Trained to accord with war's hoarse melodies,

To play responsive to the silvery tones,
Whose music thrills the heart.

LYSIMACHUS.

It is, Oh king !
Fond jealousy for thy unsullied fame,
That prompts my fears. Still would I see it linked
With conquest, with renown, with gracious acts,
Worthy thy godlike birth—with high disdain
Of epicurean joys, and loose delights,
With stern self-government, which teaches kings
How with a noble art to govern realms.

ALEXANDER.

So hath it been, and still shall be. Look back
And read the past. Who in imperial Persia,
Barbarous Parthia, and the forests drear
Of far Hyrcania, led a life of toil,
Such as beseeemed the lowliest soldier
In his iron bands, rather than him
Whose path was over thrones ? Who steeled his
heart

To beauty, though it plead with looks divine,
And uttered stern rebuke, by stern example
Still enforced, to those effeminate lords,
Who laved in perfumes, and from Egypt brought
Its consecrated earth, to lend each limb
A suppleness, their less luxurious king
Won from the active sports of noble games—
The chariot race,—leaping at its wild speed,
Swift to the earth—the pointed javelin,
Hurled with desperate force—the fierce encounter
With ferocious beasts, bristling with rage,
To be resisted with such strength and skill,
As pleasure's pampered minions never knew.

LYSIMACHUS.

I know it all—nor chide I thee, my king ;
I'd guard thee only from approach of ill,
That like a covert foe, steals on the soul
When bright temptation, with her syren song,
Its virtue lulls to sleep. It was my highest boast,
My pride to be, the guide of thy fair youth ;
It is my glory, that, in riper years,
Thou still dost come, in my experience hoar,
To seek for wisdom ; and with earnest word,
With love indulgent, bid me in thine ear,
Pour out the garnered knowledge of my age.

ALEXANDER.

And thou wouldst say—— ?

LYSIMACHUS.

But this, with gracious leave,
And pardon for free speech,—that e'en *thy* soul,
Oh, king, may from its high empyrean
Sink to earth, if once the fetters
Of a slavish love enchain its nobler powers.
On yestereve, thou can'st not, as thy wont,
To offer incense at the sacrifice,
And smiles went round, wreathing contemptuous
lips,

At the low whisper, that, subdued, thou knelt
Within thy palace, hidden from all eyes,—
Thou Persia's conqueror, Jupiter's high son,
A humble suppliant for a woman's love !
And she, a slave !

ALEXANDER.

Now, by the gods, 'tis false !
Won by her beauty, I o'erlooked the hour
Of evening sacrifice, but never yet
This knee hath kissed the earth, save in meek
homage

To the immortal gods. Yet she is beautiful,
This matchless creature, whom thou so contemnest,
And none can tell, none know but she may be
Some beauteous incarnation from yon heaven,
Fraught with its purity, and fair as her
Who sprang from ocean's foam, and zephyrs wafted
On their silken wings to green Cythera's Isle.
She moves me greatly,—and the more perchance,
That I have failed to touch, high as I stand,
A heart that seems too chaste for such light love,
Though proffered by a king.

LYSIMACHUS.

The secret may be told
Of this rare iciness,—'tis said she loves another—

ALEXANDER (*with emotion.*)

Say'st thou so ?
Prithee his name ? He knows not what he dares,
Who rashly intermeddles with our claim,
Or baulks our fancy in its roving flights—
He'll find it dangerous sport !

LYSIMACHUS.

It may be false,
Yet I have heard, my king, that young Apelles
Much affects this maid, and therefore lingers,
With enamoured touch, over the canvass,
Where, by thy command, his art portrays
Her lovely lineaments.

ALEXANDER (*thoughtfully.*)

'Tis doubtless so !
Yes, thou art right—and this, aye, this is why
The picture lingers thus—why, stroke by stroke
Is added,—then effaced, and still it seems,
Though there he sits forever at the task,
No nearer its completion, than when first
It met my eye, the loveliest semblance !
But yet immature.

LYSIMACHUS.

Yield her to him, Oh king !
He is a mate, this youthful rover,
From the Cyclades, fitting her low degree.
Thou can'st find nobler game ; and, since before,
Ne'er saw I thee so earnest in pursuit
Of a frail toy, I tremble lest, if won,
It work thee ill.

ALEXANDER.

Banish thy fears,
 Since if thy words bear truth upon their front,
 Small hope have I to win—nor would I win,
 Could such success hold higher thoughts in thrall;
 For never, good Lysimachus, believe
 The melting music of the soft toned lute
 Can thrill my soul with such extatic joy,
 As the shrill blast which pierces serried ranks,
 When war's the game, and conquest hovers near.

Exeunt.

The studio of Apelles—The Painter engaged at his easel.—He pauses and turns towards a youth, occupied at a distant table, in drawing from a cast.

APELLES, *(throwing aside his pencil.)*

How impotent my art!
 I chid thee thoughtlessly, Amyntus,
 Deeming thy hand its cunning had forgot
 To mix and blend the colours, artist-like,
 In true and just degrees. No hues of earth
 Stamp on the canvass aught resembling her!
 Nature's bright master-piece! Diviner skill
 Than I have yet attained, must limn that face
 For Alexander's gaze; my hand foregoes
 The task.

AMYNTUS.

And wherefore, sir, I pray?
 Already thou hast caught the very look,
 The smile, the glance, of the young Syrian maid.
 Nought could be finer,—sure some mystic film
 Must cloud thine eye, or thou would'st own thy art
 Had ne'er been more triumphant.

APELLES.

It may seem so to thee,—
 Doubtless it doth; thine eye is satisfied
 With harmony of colour, and of shape.
 I yearn to meet in those dark pictured eyes,
 And in the heavenly smile of those bright lips,
 The changeful light, the glow of life and soul,
 Which lends celestial beauty to the face
 Of this divine Campaspe. She is here,
 Yet not her living self, her breathing face,
 With all its sweet mutations, swift and bright,—
 Each change more exquisite, as glancing thoughts
 Rise fast within, diffusing radiance soft,
 Like rays of light, that, with a thousand tints,
 Stream through a chrystal vase.

AMYNTUS.

Thou bad'st me note thee,
 When the dial told the hour of noon.
 It points already there,—she will be here
 Ere long.

APELLES.

Ha! say'st thou so?

(*'Tis her last sitting—Ah! my heart, her last!*)—

[aside.]

Haste, boy, and place this cushioned seat beside
 Yon porphyry vase, filled with fresh gathered flowers,
 Whose rich aroma, mingling with her breath,
 Shall fold us in an atmosphere of sweets.
 Take now this lute—she touches it divinely,—
 Lay it gently there, on the pure marble,
 Where Lysippus' art, in breathing sculpture
 Pictures the soft tale of young Endymion,
 And his heavenly love. 'Twill be a study
 Meet for eyes like hers, and spare my heart
 The danger of their beams. List! list! that step!
 'Tis hers—quick, then, begone!

[Exit Amyntus.]

Now aid me, gods!

This last temptation to resist, unscathed.
 Yet ah! how mighty for my aching heart
 The trial stern. But hush! I feel her presence,
 Though unseen!

[Campaspe enters unattended, and, with a silent inclination of her head, advances to the seat prepared for her. Apelles, with a mute gesture of reverence, recognises her presence; but when she raises her veil, his colour varies, and he turns with agitation towards the canvass. He pursues his task diligently for a few moments; then, suspending it, timidly addresses her.]

APELLES.

Maiden, the lute!

Wilt thou not touch its chords? 'T is the King's
 wish

Thou should'st be so pourtrayed. And oh! thy song
 Might win my heart from thoughts that mock
 control,—

Sweet thoughts, but fatal—fatal to indulge.

[Campaspe blushes and takes the lute. Fixing her earnest gaze upon the sculptured table, she strikes the instrument, and, after a short prelude, sings.]

Look on thy Endymion,
 Queen of starry night;
 Shed upon his asking gaze,
 Smiles of heavenly light.

Look on thy Endymion,
 Watching silently;
 Look, and bend thee calm and still,
 O'er him lovingly.

Mortals deem him sleeping here,
 While with gentle sigh,
 With fervent thought and upward glance,
 He woos thee from the sky.

And thou comest with gliding step,
 From thy radiant throne;
 'T is love's triumph, for his queen
 Seeketh him alone.

[As the song advances, *Apelles* drops his pencil, and stands listening in motionless rapture; and when it ceases, he rushes towards *Campaspe*, and casts himself at her feet.]

APELLES, (*speaking with passionate emotion.*)

'T is all in vain!

I deemed thy strain would lull to calm repose
The storm within. But ah! it rages wilder
Than before,—a whirlwind of the soul!
I love thee, beautiful! Ay, with a love
Words cannot tell—yet I must strive to speak,
Or this hot brain be seethed by its fierce fire.

CAMPASPE, (*in fullering and affrighted tones.*)

The King! beware!

Ah! should he chance to hear!—

APELLES.

I know the danger,
Fear it but for thee—though I had sworn—
No tortures e'er should wring this secret forth,—
No anguish tempt me to betray his trust;
Yet knew I not my feebleness—thy power—
When this resolve was formed,—I feel them now,
And care not in what shape death comes to me;
No, nor how soon, if thou can'st not be mine;
Scarce dare I hope—yet if those lips would breathe
One gentle word, one thought to bless, and cheer,
How would it light the deep and thickening gloom
Of my despair!

CAMPASPE, (*with tears.*)

Alas! alas, for this!

What can I say? where bid thee comfort seek?
I, helpless, captive, lonely,—and a slave!
No freedom—no, nor e'en a right to love,
Save as my master bids.

(*She drops her veil, and, weeping violently, rises to retire.*)

APELLES (*detaining her.*)

Depart not yet,—

I will be mute—hush'd, breathless as the dead,
Let but my pulses play, my eye gaze on,
My heart leap silent up to the glad thought
That love repays its love; and I will strive
In thy sweet presence to forget the ills,
That crush the secret buds of our young hopes.

CAMPASPE.

Better to crush them swiftly and for aye,
Than with a stealthy hand nurse them to bloom,
Feeding with their rich growth the greedy worm
Wrapped in their secret folds. Here let us part—
Here, where I've learned to feel, how bitterly!
My hopeless doom, I'll say farewell to joy,
And from my soul banish all memories,
Linked with happy thoughts.

APELLES.

Not so, beloved;

I'll fly with thee afar—risk life to win,
Or with thy gentle leave, confess our love,
And pray the King—

CAMPASPE, (*eagerly interrupting him.*)

The king! said'st thou?

Breathe in his ear but one of those fond thoughts,
That have upsprung from the too ardent soil
Of our young hearts, and thou wilt peril all,
For days not years will henceforth bound the span
Of our brief life—Oh! then, beware, beware!
How thou dost draw thy swift destruction down,
Since thine's a future, stored with promise rich,
Despite this passing cloud, and I beseech,
No shadow may remain of this dark hour,
To dim the vista of thy opening years.

APELLES.

I crave no future, if unshared by thee!
Ah! beautiful *Campaspe*, since the hour
When first thy smile divine met my rapt gaze,
One burning thought, one passionate dream of love
Has filled my soul—that thought has been of thee,
That haunting dream to call thee all mine own!
'T was madness and I knew it—so forbore
The burning words that quivered on my lip,
As mute thou sat, a study for my art,
Which, with weak effort, vainly strove to trace
A copy of thy charms. Ah, on my soul
That copy is impressed in lines of light,
Which there shall glow, till life's frail thread
Is severed by the fates, and love, with death
Lies cold.

CAMPASPE.

I pray thee, cease!

Thy accents rend my heart, nor can reverse
My fixed and hopeless doom. Farewell, we part,
Thou with some cherished hope to cheer thy way,
I, a sad exile from my sunny home,
A barbed arrow rankling in my breast,
Hope's withered blossoms strewn around my path,
Love's lambent light extinct, and youth's glad
promise
Scattered to the winds.

APELLES.

Sweet one, this hand

Shall pluck that arrow from thy wounded breast,
Revive Hope's flowers, rekindle Love's pure light,
And bind youth's glorious promises anew;
Say thou't be mine—Oh, fly afar with me,
To where my vine-wreathed isle, lies like a gem
On the Egean wave—amidst its bowers
We'll build our home—a blessed home of love,
Which thy entrancing smile shall gild with light,
And from the inspiration of its beams
Such forms of beauty 'neath my touch shall glow,
As on the silent canvas ne'er before
Sprang into life.

CAMPASPE.

It may not be!

Yet ah, the freedom of that ocean isle!
Would it were mine! that home of joy, that peace,
That tranquil calm, from trouble's tempest thoughts,
How my soul longs to share it!

APELLES, (*timidly.*)

Sweet, with whom ?

CAMPASPE.

Canst doubt ? then I will speak it,
Spite of maiden shame—with thee, with thee !
Whom some mysterious sympathy hath taught
To read my heart, and steal into its depths
By such sweet arts, as fix'd thy image there
E'er I had learned to know its presence,—then—
(*Pauses abruptly, blushing and confused.*)

APELLES, (*ardently.*)

What then, my beautiful ?
Pause not in thy sweet ut'rance—let it flow
On, on, for ever like a stream of joy,
Bathing my soul in bliss—Yes, we will fly,
Why should we linger here ?

CAMPASPE.

Forbear the thought !
'Tis vain, impossible. Dangers environ
All unknown to thee. Death would pursue us
And arrest our flight. We must forego such hope.
The king already harbours jealous thought,
And is disturbed that yon unfinished work
Lingers beneath thy touch. I fear for thee—
Fear e'en to loiter here one moment more—
Perchance we'll meet again. List to that sound !
Some one approaches—oh, detain me not !
Thy safety asks my absence,—thine and mine—
Farewell, I must begone. !

[*She goes hastily out, and immediately the king enters alone, through an opposite door. His looks are grave and severe, and by a gesture acknowledging the silent homage of Apelles, he walks towards the easel, and stands earnestly regarding the picture. After a brief survey, he addresses the Artist.*]

ALEXANDER.

Thy task goes slowly on, Apelles,—
One would fancy by its laggard progress
Thou wert enamoured of thy pictured work,
Or, like the royal Dame of Ithaca,
Whose endless web kept her unwelcome suitors
Long at bay, that thou for some wise purpose
Still undid, as she her tapestry,
Duly as night returns, all that the toils
Of the preceding day have brought to light.

APELLES.

Not so, oh king,—but difficult the task
To me assigned. It asks a master's hand
Patient and diligent, and skilled to touch,
With nicest art, each lineament and shade,
Which, when complete, shall form a perfect type
Of the divinest form the world ere saw.

ALEXANDER.

Ha ! is it so ? I'll probe him deeper yet. (*Aside.*)
(*Loud.*) To thee, who that immortal picture drew

Of Beauty's Queen, rising from ocean's caves,
Eternal youth, and joy ineffable,
Breathing their hues divine o'er all her form,
Stamped, by the impress of thy master mind,
With the intense reality of life,—
To thee, methinks, after this matchless work,
All tasks within the compass of thy art
Should trifling seem. Then wherefore falter,
When mere mortal charms thy study form,
Whose glory fades, e'er to the canvas
They can be transferred.

APELLES.

Great King, 'tis easier far,
A bright ideal to invest with life,
And shape, and hue, than catch from living beauty,
Its pure light, its splendour, and its glow,
And in the moveless copy, to transfuse
The subtle charm, that still eludes all art.
I with my pencil can depict the form,
The golden hue, of yon resplendent sun,—
But can I e'er enchain its glowing light,
Its grateful warmth, its vivifying heat,
Or, the effulgence of its radiant beams,
Kindling with glory heaven's cerulean arch ?

ALEXANDER.

Thou art aspiring, and would'st climb the heavens,
Prometheus-like, to snatch its sacred fire,
And kindle life in statues made of clay.
We ask not this, but are content to see
In still repose, the forms of beauty,
Shadowed by thine art.

APELLES.

Such is my aim ;
But shadowed with the truth of breathing life,
The spirit looking through with eyes of light,
The smile still fitting, and the heart's deep thoughts
Writ on the brow, revealing glimpses
Of that inner world, where the soul loves to dwell.

ALEXANDER.

If this thy purpose, thou'st achieved it here,
For never copy came so near to truth.

APELLES.

Here is the outward semblance, gracious king,
Eut cold and passionless, compared to her,
With beauty redolent, and flushed with youth,
This is indeed an image formed of clay—
But heaven must lend its hues, its sacred fire,
Its inspiration high, to aid my art,
E'er I do justice to such matchless charms.

ALEXANDER.

Yet gods and heroes, 'neath thy daring touch,
Leap up to life, making the canvas speak
Louder than history's voice, to future ages,
Of heroic deeds and acts sublime—
Can'st thou then shrink from task so light as this ?
Or is it that too low the subject seems,
For thy aspiring power ?

APELLES.

'Twould be my master piece,
Could I achieve, as it deserves, that theme,
But, ah ! it baffles and defies my skill
Strive as I may—and I renounce the task.

ALEXANDER.

Strange weakness this ! She hath enchanted thee,—
Is it not so ? Her beauty hath bewitched,
Thy yielding sense, and paralyzed thy soul !

APELLES, (*falling at the king's feet.*)

I own my sin, yet marvel not, dread king,
If she whose beauty hath enslaved the soul
Of the world's conqueror, triumphs over mine,
Subdues its powers, and on its altar lights
A flame so pure, that in its dazzling blaze
The fires of Genius pale, and fade away.

ALEXANDER, (*sternly.*)

And thou darrest tell me this ? Nay, boastingly,
As though my sword were powerless to destroy
My frown to blast thy hopes !

APELLES.

Not so, Oh king !

I know my deep offence, nor for myself
Ask mercy—yet spare her, for she is sinless,
Pure in thought and deed ; I only am in fault.
But yet not wilfully have I deceived,
Where I was bound by benefits, uncounted
And untold, my bosom to lay bare,
And consecrate its deep and grateful love.

ALEXANDER, (*haughtily.*)

Words are an empty boast, unanctified
By acts—therefore do thine like mocking sounds
Fall idly on mine ear. Thou hast intrenched
On rights I deem my own, made base return
For bounty measureless, and so aroused
Anger where love had reigned, which must devise
Some fitting chastisement for thy deserts.
I would be just, therefore avoid all haste,
But bid thee put the finish to thy work,
Complete thy laggard task, and at this hour,
When three days have elapsed, I'll meet thee here,
And in the presence of that silent witness,
The tempter to thy sin, pronounce thy doom.

(*Exit king.*)

APELLES.

My doom, he said, what may it be ?
I care not, since from thee, divinest one,
I must depart. Gaze on, fond eyes,—gaze on,
Take your last look—this image faint and wan
Of her bright charms, is all ye shall behold ;
Yet in my soul dwells her sweet presence,
Like a beam of light to cheer and bless
The dreariest exile, to which jealous love
May doom my steps. Methinks the picture glows
With sudden life, touched by my sad farewell !
Soft eyes, I feel your glances, and bright lips,

I almost seem to catch the perfum'd breath,
That from its coral cell, steals incense-like,
Through your sweet barrier, and to hear that voice
Whispering low words of love's extatic language
In my ear !

*The studio of Apelles.—The Artist sitting unem-
ployed, and in listless abstraction, at a table
strewn with drawings, casts, &c.—The door
opens, and the King, leading Campaspe, en-
ters. Apelles starts from his seat, and speaks
aside, with agitation.*

Ye gods, 't is she !

What may this mean ? My stern resolve is o'er,—
And I, a very woman in my fears ! Silence, my
heart !

Let not the conqueror triumph o'er thy weakness.

[*The King advances with Campaspe towards the
picture, which appears completed ; and, taking his
stand before it, views it intently and in silence, for
a few moments, then speaks aloud.*]

ALEXANDER.

This is like life !

Think'st thou not so, bright one ? Seems it to me
As though thy very self, reflected back
From a clear mirror, gazed upon me there !
Apelles ! for this master-piece, my heart
Is almost won to clemency. Methinks
To lose this gem, and its fair prototype,
Were chastisement severe, and stern enough,
Even for thy fault. Could aught to thee seem harsh,
If such be my decree ?

APELLES.

Oh, King ! nought else !

Be this thy sentence,—and fame, life itself—
What are such boons to a lone, stricken wretch,
Groping his sunless way through darkling paths,—
No voice to cheer, no eye of love to meet
His asking gaze—no heart to beat accordant
With his own—no answer to its longings,
And no peace to its unrest, save the deep
Peace of death !

ALEXANDER.

Thou dost discourse sad music !

See (*pointing to Campaspe, who weeps,*) how its
mournful symphony hath struck

A secret fount, and such bright drops gush forth,
As bathe at early morn with orient dew,
The glowing petals of unfolding flowers.
So this sweet Syrian rose, soft hued as they,
Stands with her fair head bowed, surcharged with
drops,

Less kindly than the dew, that fills with joy
Each flowret's tiny veins. Sweet one, weep not !
For every tear that dims thy radiant eye,
We will impose new penance on the cause
Of thy heart's woe.

CAMPASPE, (*with earnest entreaty.*)

Ah! gracious King! Pardon,
I pray—pardon for him!

ALEXANDER, (*affecting surprise.*)

What, thou dost plead for him!

This is a marvel! Pity fills thy heart!
Ah, ever thus thy tender sex is won,
Quick to o'erlook the deepest injury,—
And so, for thy sweet sake, he shall be spared.
Nay more,—in guerdon for some service past,
I will, fair one, if thou approve the act,
Since mine the animate and breathing shape,
Grant him this pictured form, to cheer his exile,
And bring back soft thoughts to glad its loneliness.
I will mind him too, how hardly he escaped
Our just revenge, and warn him for the future
To keep watch over forbidden thoughts.
Ha! still in tears! Be Cupid then my guide!
Since in my good intent I am at fault,
I'll make one trial more. Listen, 't is this,—
Wilt thou, *thyself* bestow, where I would give
Thy semblance only? Thus bequeathing me
That shadow of the charms, to which my heart
Not easily subdued, paid homage sweet:
Yes, thou would'st have it so,—I read thy thoughts—
That blush reveals thy wish,—that bashful eye,
Tells the soft secret treasured in thy breast;
Thou shalt be his,—a bright reward, he'll own,
For the frank speech that told his tender crime.
Think not, I seek with iron chains to bind
Unwilling hearts—or sever those that love—
Cities, I conquer by the force of will,
Never, fond woman's soul! Go, and be blest!
Apelles, she is thine; the picture, mine!

May 7.

EDUCATION.

The time which we usually bestow on the instruction of our children in principles, the reasons of which they do not understand, is worse than lost: it is teaching them to resign their faculties to authority; it is improving their memories, instead of their understandings; it is giving them credulity instead of knowledge, and is preparing them for any kind of slavery which can be imposed on them. Whereas, if we assisted them in making experiments on themselves, induced them to attend to the consequence of every action, to adjust their little deviations, and fairly and freely to exercise their powers, they would collect facts, which nothing could controvert. These facts they would deposit in their memories as secure and eternal treasures; they would be *materials for reflection*, and in time be formed into principles of conduct which no circumstances or temptations could remove. This would be a method of forming a man who would answer the end of his being, and make himself and others happy.—*David Williams.*

(ORIGINAL)

HOME THOUGHTS OF AN EMIGRANT.*

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Though distant—in spirit still present to me—
My best thoughts, my country, still linger with thee;
My fond heart beats quick, and my dim eyes run
o'er,
When I muse on the last glance I gave to thy shore—
The chill mists of night round thy white cliffs were
curl'd,
But I felt there was no spot like thee in the world—
No home to which memory so fondly would turn—
No thought, that within me so madly would burn.

But one stand beside me, whose presence repress'd
The deep pang of sorrow that troubled my breast;
And the babe on my bosom so calmly reclining,
Checked my sighs as they rose, and all useless repin-
ing—

Though hard was the struggle, from thee forced to
room,
For their sake I abandoned both country and home.

Bless'd Isle of the Free! I shall view thee no more,
My fortunes are cast on this far—distant shore;
In the depths of dark forests my soul droops her
wings,
In the tall boughs above me no merry bird sings;
The sigh of the wild winds, the rush of the floods,
Is the only sad music, that wakens the woods.

In dreams, lovely England! my spirit still hails,
Thy rich daisied meadows—thy green sunny vales;
When my heart shall grow cold to the mother that
bore me,

When my spirit, dear Nature, shall cease to adore
thee,
When Virtue, and Genius, no longer impart
Delight to my bosom, and warmth to my heart,
Then the love I have cherish'd, my country, for thee,
In the breast of thy daughter extinguished shall be.

Douro, 1834.

FENELON ON PREDESTINATION.

Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, was a great enemy to the doctrines of the fatalists, which he called cruel, unpitiful, and tending to plunge their votaries into despair: and in order to combat these doctrines, he consulted his heart more than his theology. "What a terrible Being," said he "do they make of God! For my part, I consider him as a Good Being, and I never can consent to regard him as a tyrant, who, having fettered us, commands us to walk, and then punishes us because we cannot obey him."—*Elegant Anecdotes.*

* Written during the first years of my sojourn in the woods—twelve miles of forest lying between us and the nearest village.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MISER AND HIS SON.

A TALE.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER III.

“Oh ! chiller than the blast that freezes
Fountains that long in sunshine played,
Is that, the only pang that seizes,
The trusting bosom, when betrayed.”

MOORE.

THERE is not in nature a more revolting sight than the smile with which hypocrisy covers its guilt, as displayed in Mark Hurdlestone,—it was Revenge laughing at its victim. When Algernon returned that night to the Hall, he greeted him with a composed and smiling aspect. He had communicated to his father the scene he had witnessed at the cottage, and the old man's anger exceeded his most sanguine expectations. With secret exultation, he saw him enter the apartment, which the indignant Squire was pacing with rapid steps ; and when he caught the glance of his flashing eye, he anticipated too surely the result of the meeting between him and Algernon.

“So, sir, you are come at last !” said Mr. Hurdlestone, suddenly confronting the unsuspecting culprit.

“Was my presence required at home, sir ?” returned Algernon, in a tone of surprise, at the same time pulling out his watch. “It is not late—just ten o'clock.”

“Late or not late ! is not now the question I have to ask you,” returned his father. “I insist on your telling me at what house in this neighbourhood you spend your time ?”

There was a long pause. Mark smiled sarcastically, while the old man's fierce eye glanced upon the unfortunate lover, with tiger-like ferocity.

“I see how it is, sir,” returned Algernon, as he firmly encountered his father's keen gaze. “My actions have been watched, and my motives misrepresented,—but I shall not attempt to deny the truth. My visits have been chiefly to Captain Wildgrave's widow. She has a beautiful and virtuous daughter, whom I mean to make my wife.”

“The traitor Wildgrave ! A child of his ?”

“The same.”

“And you dare tell me this to my face ?”

“I never do that behind your back that I would be ashamed to own to your face.”

“Impudent scoundrel ! Do you know in what manner the father of this beautiful and virtuous young lady met his death ?”

“As many other brave and unfortunate gentlemen did, who, had their cause been successful, would have received the loudest praise for their gallantry, from the very people who condemned them.”

“And do you expect me to give my consent to this accursed marriage ?”

“I neither expect nor ask it of you.”

“No. By heaven ! you shall never have it, nor one farthing of mine, without your promise to relinquish all idea of degrading yourself and your family by this disgraceful connexion.”

“I must leave that for your own sense of justice to decide. I have pledged my solemn word to Miss Wildegrave to make her my wife ; and I cannot retract my promise, without forgetting my own esteem.”

“Mine, it appears, is of little consequence. My approbation to a measure which so deeply concerns the honour of my family was a matter of small importance to my son !”

“Indeed, my dear father, I would cheerfully have consulted you upon the subject, had I not been aware of the strong prejudice with which you regard all those who were in any way connected with that unfortunate rebellion. In Miss Wildegrave's case I knew any application to you would be fruitless.”

“And you knew this, and yet dared to persist in your folly ?”

“I did ; because I felt that I could never be happy without her.”

“And, with her, I am determined that you never shall be happy. It was my intention to have bequeathed to you, at my decease, the Manor of —, with its fine Hall, and the rich lands by which it is surrounded ; but, as you have chosen to please yourself in the choice of a wife, I shall take the same privilege in the choice of my heirs. You may leave the Hall tomorrow, and earn a fortune for yourself and your bride. In this world we meet no more !”

Mark Hurdlestone, who had listened most attentively to the conversation, now pretended to take his brother's part, and began to expostulate with the Squire on the violence of his proceedings ; begging him to check his indignation, and allow his brother time to perceive his error. “He could not,” he said, “excuse his brother's conduct. His want of

duty and respect to such an excellent father, he considered inexcusable, considering the many bills he had paid for him, and the great expense which his continental tour had brought upon the family; but then he hoped his father would take into consideration his youth, and the weakness of his intellect, which latter defect made him an easy dupe to artful people."

Algernon's mind was too much overwhelmed with his misfortune to notice the implied insult. He did not even hear it, while his artful brother endeavoured to widen the breach between him and his father, and heap fresh fuel on the flame, under a pretext of striving to reconcile them. The old man's wrath at length expended itself in abuse; and Algernon, no longer able to command his own temper, left the room, and retired with a heavy heart to his own chamber. His determination to make Elinor his wife, although he felt that years must now intervene before such an union could take place, was not at all shaken by his father's threats, and he wrote a long letter to her for whom he was now prepared to make every sacrifice, informing her of his present dilemma, and begging her to hope for the best, as he felt assured that the present storm would soon blow over. Thinking that it would be the most prudent plan to absent himself for a while from the Hall, he took a tender farewell of his mother, and the dear Elinor, and accepted the invitation of a friend to spend the shooting season in a distant county. From this visit he was recalled by the sudden death of his father; and, after the funeral was over, he attended with his mother and brother the reading of the will. No suspicion that his father would realize his threat had ever crossed his mind; and he was literally stunned, when he found that his unnatural parent had left him utterly destitute.

How acutely he comprehended the full extent of his misfortune! He had been brought up a gentleman—he was now without the means of procuring a respectable situation, in which he might hope, by industry and perseverance, to obtain a competency. Homeless and friendless, whither should he now go, in order to forget what he had been, what he might still have been, and what he had lost! He took up his hat from the table, on which his father's unjust testament lay—tore from it the crape which surrounded it, that outward semblance of woe, which, in his case, was a bitter mockery, and trampled it beneath his feet. His mother raised her weeping eyes silently and imploringly to his face. He returned to her side, pressed her hand affectionately between his own; and, casting a contemptuous glance on the triumphant face of his brother, quitted the apartment, and, in a few minutes after, the Hall.

When at a distance from the base wretch who had robbed him of his patrimony, by poisoning his father's mind against him, Algernon gave full vent

to the anguish which oppressed him. Instead of seeking the widow's cottage, and pouring out upon the bosom of his Elinor, the history of his wrongs, he hurried to that very dell in the park, which had witnessed his brother's secret agonies, and, throwing himself at his full length upon the grass, he buried his face in his hands, and wept.

A strong mind, when it comprehends the worst, arouses all its latent energies, and braces up its strength to bear the comat with, and to triumph over its calamity. Algernon was an amiable man, full of warm passions and generous impulses, but he was weak. His indignation found vent in sighs and tears, when he should have been up and doing. A light step rustled among the underwood; ashamed of his weakness, he raised his head, and saw before him, not the slight form of Elinor, into which belief busy fancy had cheated him, but the drooping figure and mild face of his mother, shrouded in the gloomy garments of early widowhood; with pale cheeks, and eyelids swollen with recent tears, she had followed her beloved child to his lonely hiding place.

"Mother!" he said, holding out his arms to receive the poor weeper; "dear mother! what have I done to be thus treated?"

A convulsive spasm choked his utterance; and as she seated herself beside him on the grass, his head sunk upon her lap, as in other years, and the proud man's spirit was subdued and humbled as a little child.

"Your father, Algernon, has died, committing an act of injustice; but, for your mother's sake, you must forgive him."

Algernon tore up several tufts of grass, and flung them with violence from him, but he remained silent.

"Your brother, too, my Algernon, though harsh and unkind in his general deportment, feels for your present situation. He is anxious to make some amends for the injustice of his father. He sent me to tell you, that any sum you may think fit to name, and which you think sufficient to settle you in life, shall be yours."

"He send you? he, the hypocrite! Let him refund that of which his base machinations has deprived me. What! does the incendiary think that I will stoop to receive as a liberal donation—an act of special favour,—a modicum of what ought to be my own? Mother, I will starve before I can receive one farthing from him!"

"Do not be rash, my son."

"Mother, I cannot be mean. It grieves me, dearest mother, that you should undertake to deliver such a message from him."

"Are you not both my children, though, God knows, not equally dear. Yet, did not one hour give you birth? Were ye not nursed together on the same lap—rocked in the same cradle—and ought

not the welfare of each to be equally precious to the heart of a mother? It is not so. Heaven has avenged itself on me for my injustice, and made him, whom I never regarded, the heir of all."

"But, mother, this was no fault of mine."

"True; but he has regarded it as a crime. You have robbed him of my love, and he, in revenge, has robbed you of your fortune. Had I been a kind mother to him, he might have prized the gold less, and my affection more. My conscience reproaches me as the original cause of your present disappointment. Do not make my sufferings—my self-upbraidings more acute, by refusing the assistance of your brother in your present distress."

"Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, mother. I will not sell my honor for a sum of money, however acceptable that sum might be. It would never prosper with me if it came from him."

"Well, Algernon, if you will not be persuaded, you must have your own way. Your father, though he received from me a noble fortune, has left me almost dependent on your brother. I cannot, if I would, aid you with money; but this case of jewels is valuable—I have no further occasion for such baubles: you may, perhaps, raise upon them several thousand pounds.—Take them, my son, and may the proceeds arising from their sale, be blessed to your use."

"Dearest mother! I accept your generous present," said Algernon, his countenance brightening, as hope once more dawned in his breast. "If I am fortunate, I will return to you, in hard gold, the value of these gems."

He took the casket from his mother's hand, and pressing her to his heart in a long and last embrace, took the path that led to the widow's cottage. Before he reached the spot that contained his earthly treasure, his buoyant mind had decided upon the best course to pursue, in his present circumstances. The sale of his mother's jewels would more than suffice to purchase a cadet-ship to the East Indies. Thither, he determined to go, and he flattered himself, that, before the expiration of ten years, he would return with an independent fortune to claim his lovely bride. It was a long period in perspective, but Elinor was in the early bloom of youth, and her charms would scarcely have reached maturity, when he hoped again to revisit his native land. The bitterest pang was yet to come,—he must inform her of his determination, and bid her adieu for a period, which, to the imagination of a lover, almost appeared to involve eternity.

They met in sorrow, and parted with mutual sighs and tears—each promising, by everything most holy and dear to them, to remain constant to the other. Such vows are too often traced in sand, to be washed out by the returning tides of passion or interest; sometimes, by an unfortunate combination of unloved circumstances, over which the

poor lover cannot exercise the least control. We shall see how Algernon and his Elinor kept their vows of eternal fidelity.

Mark heard of his brother's departure, and safe arrival in India, with unspeakable satisfaction, and, with cautious steps, pursued the path, which had been suggested to him by the implacable spirit of revenge. Before many months had elapsed, the death of his mother afforded him the opportunity of a fresh introduction to the cottage. At Mrs. Hurdlestone's particular request, Mrs. Wildegrave had visited her frequently during her dying illness, and the poor invalid had finally expired in her arms. After the funeral, the Squire called upon the widow, to deliver into her hands a few trifling memorials of his mother's regard, which she had bequeathed to the lady and her daughter, and to express his thanks for her kind attention to the deceased.

He displayed so much feeling on this melancholy occasion, and spoke with such respect and affect on of his departed parent, that Mrs. Wildegrave and her daughter both felt interested in his grief.

Emboldened by this favourable reception, the Squire soon repeated his visit; and, by adroitly flattering the old lady, he continued to ingratiate himself into her favour. Mrs. Wildegrave was a kind, well meaning woman, but she had struggled so long with poverty, that wealth had acquired, as a natural consequence, too great an ascendancy over her mind. The possession of these coveted riches, gave to Mark Hurdlestone an importance in her eyes, which made her blind to the defects of his character; and she secretly wished that her daughter could transfer her affections from the younger to the elder brother. Alas! how often are mothers, and fond mothers too, induced to sacrifice the earthly and eternal peace of a beloved child, to the demon of wealth—that soul destroying power who daily slays its thousands and tens of thousands, yet never finds one worshipper the less.

By becoming the purchaser of the cottage, Mark appeared in a new light—that of her landlord; and as the old lady was fond of planning improvements, this gave him an opportunity of gratifying her taste, and he took no small pains in accommodating himself to her wishes. "He was a fine generous man," she said; "one whom the world had misrepresented, and laid all his father's faults upon his innocent head: she had reason to hate the narrow minded, illiberal father, but she admired and esteemed the sons."

At first, Elinor shunned the company of Mr. Hurdlestone. His presence recalled painful thoughts, and she was prejudiced against him, on his brother's account. But his attentions were so kind and delicate, that, stern as he was, she began to entertain a better opinion of him, and thought that, perhaps, Algernon, who was very passionate, might

have given him some provocation for the unjust distribution of his father's property.

His manners were austere, and somewhat misanthropic, but his knowledge was extensive; and, though naturally taciturn, he could, when he pleased, converse well upon any subject. Free from the influence of malignant passions, he was a sensible and agreeable companion. Elinor knew that the brothers had not parted friends, nor was she ignorant of the cause of their quarrel; but she was willing to believe, from what she saw of Mark Hurdlestone, that he was less in fault than Algernon had represented him; and the hope of bringing about a reconciliation, took a lively possession of her breast. The Squire was so plausible that he found it an easy task to deceive a girl as unsophisticated as Elinor Wildegrave, who was a perfect novice in the ways of the world. She could not believe it possible that deception could lurk beneath such a grave exterior. Poor Elinor was not the first girl who has been so deceived.

When alone with Elinor, the Squire constantly lamented the difference existing between him and his twin brother, which, he said, arose from his mother's cruel partiality and fatal indulgence of her youngest son; and from a mutual misunderstanding of each other's character. He affirmed, in the most solemn manner, that, instead of wishing to wrong Algernon of a farthing, he had earnestly implored his father, when upon his death-bed, to make a more equitable division of his property; but on this point he found the old man inflexible. This statement was in part true. He had indeed begged the dying man to forgive Algernon, and leave him a due proportion of his wealth; but it was done with such baseness and hypocrisy, that, by the manner of doing it, he had aggravated the old man's wrath in a tenfold degree, and, in the end, produced the result which he so ardently desired.

"It was his determination," he said, "to have rendered his brother justice, and shared his fortune equally between them, but in this he was prevented by Algernon, who left the Hall in a storm of passion, and when he made the proposal, through his mother, it was rejected with scorn. He wrote to him on the same subject, and his letters were returned opened, but unanswered. He had done all in his power to conciliate his brother, but Algernon would not be entreated."

Elinor could not contradict these statements: she knew the impetuous disposition of her lover, which made her more readily admit their probability. Mark had been represented to her, by him, as a sullen, morose, avaricious young man; selfish, unfeeling, and cruel,—suspicious of his friends, and implacable to his enemies. She had found him the reverse of all this, and she began to entertain doubts of Algernon's veracity, and to conclude that

it was for some base action with which she was unacquainted, that his father had struck his name out of his will, so little did she suspect that she was herself the innocent cause of her lover's exile, and the unfortunate circumstances in which he was placed by his invidious brother.

Mark now became a daily visitor at the cottage, and contributed greatly to the comfort and amusement of its inhabitants. He never made the least allusion to his passion for Elinor, yet only appeared to enjoy himself in her presence; whilst, wholly unconscious of his admiration, and devoted to his brother, the young lady never suspected that his visits were to her. Time glided on. Algernon's letters still continued to breathe the most evident attachment, and Elinor was tranquil in the undivided possession of his heart. Her mother often hinted that she had been rash in forming an engagement which might never be completed, that she should have preferred the rich Squire for her son-in-law, and that she should not be surprised if Elinor herself was to change her mind before the ten years had expired.

Six years slowly rolled away. Elinor had entered upon her twenty-third year—Algernon was promoted to the rank of a Major, and the young people were looking forward to the happy future with eager expectation, when the letters of the lover became less frequent, and at length ceased altogether. After enduring the most torturing suspense for more than eighteen months, and writing frequently to demand the cause of his unusual silence, Elinor gave herself up to the most gloomy forebodings. Mark endeavoured to soothe her fears, and win her into the belief that his brother's letters might have miscarried, through the negligence of private hands, to whom, in all probability, they had been entrusted. But when these suggestions failed in arousing her from the stupor of grief into which she had fallen, he offered her the most tender consolation which can be administered to the wounded mind, an appearance of heartfelt sympathy in its sufferings.

While musing one morning over the cause of Algernon's silence, the Squire's groom approached the open window at which she was seated, and placed a note in her hands. The little billet was edged and sealed with black, and Elinor trembled violently as she hastily broke it up. Her eye glanced hurriedly over the first few words,—a deadly paleness stole over her countenance, and she sank down weeping at her mother's feet. The old lady lifted her on to the sofa, and, taking the note from her cold and nerveless grasp, read its contents:—

My dear Miss Wildegrave,—It is with the most painful feelings that I take up my pen to communicate to you tidings, which, I well know, will occasion you great distress. This morning's post brought the mournful intelligence of my brother Algernon's

death, which event took place on the 4th of August last, at the house of a friend in Calcutta. The letter I will transmit to you as soon as you are able to bear the sight of its contents. My poor brother was on his way to England. His death was so sudden, that he made no arrangement of his affairs previous to his dissolution. That Heaven may comfort and sustain you under this severe trial, is the earnest prayer of your sincere friend,

MARCUS HURDLESTONE.

Oak Hall, June 16th, 17—.

“Oh, mother! mother! my heart—my poor heart! how shall I ever learn to bear this great sorrow?” were all the words that the forlorn girl could utter, as she pressed her hands tightly over the agitated bosom which concealed that convulsed and bursting heart. No sound was heard within that peaceful home for many days, but the stifled sobs and passionate weeping of the unhappy Elinor. She mourned for the love of her youth as one without hope. She wept, and refused to be comforted. When the first frantic burst of grief had stagnated into a hopeless and desponding, tearless gloom, which nearly threatened the reason of the sufferer, the Squire visited the cottage, and brought with him the merchant’s letter, which fully corroborated his statements, and the wretched heart-broken girl could no longer cherish the most remote improbability to which hope could for a moment cling.

Twelve months passed away. The name of Algernon was never pronounced in her presence, and she still continued to wear the deepest mourning; but a strange apathy had succeeded her once gay flow of spirits, and she seemed alike indifferent to herself and all the world. To the lover-like attentions of Mark Hurdlestone, she paid no attention, and appeared wholly unconscious of his admiration. Mortified by her coldness, his patience was nearly exhausted, when the death of her mother cast Elinor, friendless and unprotected, upon the world. This circumstance, which was hailed with unspeakable joy by the Squire, plunged the poor girl, now doubly an orphan, into despair.

A kind matron in the neighbourhood, pitying her distress, had received her into her family until some plan for her future maintenance could be regulated. All her attempts at consolation had proved abortive. The orphan’s tears flowed unceasingly; her health and spirits became impaired, and she bitterly felt that she no longer possessed strength or fortitude to combat with poverty and the many ills of life. At this critical juncture, the Squire generously came forward, and offered her his hand, inviting her, in the most delicate manner, to share his splendid home and fortunes.

His disinterested offer at such a time filled Elinor with respect and gratitude; but she did not love him—and, trembling and irresolute, she knew not how to act. She had no relatives—no home—no

friends; she was at present dependent upon the bounty of a stranger, who could ill afford to be burdened with an additional member to her already large family; and, after having consulted that friend, who was delighted with the Squire’s generous offer, and considered attentively her forlorn situation, and the little prospect she had of bettering her condition, Elinor Wilton reluctantly consented to become his wife.

Thousands in her situation would have done the same; but I must blame her, or any other woman, whatever their circumstances may be, who consents to become the confidential partner of a man she cannot love. Miserable are such unions; from them flow, as from a polluted stream, all the bitterest ills and sorrows of life. Young maidens, wherever you may be, whose eyes glance at this moment on my page, take the advice of one who has been a happy wife and mother: never sacrifice the best and holiest affections of your heart on the sordid shrine of wealth and worldly ambition. Without reciprocal love, the heart becomes a moral desert. How can you expect to receive that from another which you are destitute of yourself? Will the field that never was sown, yield to the possessor a plentiful harvest? I do most firmly believe, that to the want of affection in parents to each other, may be traced the want of the same feeling towards parents in children. If a woman hates her husband, the offspring of such an union is not very likely to possess strong affections for her. Remember that children inherit in a strong degree the disposition of the parents. A virtuously educated woman will rarely place her affection upon an unworthy object; and if she cannot consent to encounter a few privations and trials for his sake, she is unworthy to be his wife. The loving and beloved partner of a good man may be called upon to endure many temporal trials, but her respect and admiration for his character, will enable her to surmount them all, and she will still exclaim with pious exultation, “Thank God, I have been happy in my choice! His love has been better to me than gold, yea than much fine gold!”

CHAP. IV.

Oh Lord! thou hast enlarged the grief

Of this poor stricken heart;—

That only finds in tears relief,

Which all unbidden start.

Long have I borne the cruel scorn

Of one I could not love nor hate;

My soul, with secret anguish torn,

Yields unresisting to its fate!

MARK’S triumph was complete—his revenge fully gratified, when he led his beautiful bride from the altar to the carriage, which was in readiness to convey her to her future home. Tranquil, but not happy, Elinor viewed the change in her circum-

stances, as an intervention of Providence, to save her from a life of poverty and privation; and she fancied, though she did not love her benefactor, that feelings of gratitude, and a sense of duty, would always prevent him from becoming an object of hatred or indifference. How little had she studied human nature—how ignorant was she of the mysterious movements of the human heart; and when, through much painful experience, she acquired the fatal knowledge, how bitter were the effects which it produced upon her own.

Perfectly ignorant of the character of the man to whom she had entrusted her domestic happiness, she considered him too much a man of honour, and a gentleman, to abuse the sacred trust. When once his victim was in his toils, Mr. Hurdstone no longer studied to conceal from his unsuspecting wife, the brutality of his disposition. He laughed at her credulity, in believing that love had alone actuated his motives in making her his wife; and repulsed, with cold and sarcastic neglect, every attempt made on her part, to render their union happy, and his home comfortable. The agony which he had endured, on that memorable night, which first discovered to Mark Hurdstone her love for his brother, was light in comparison with that which shook the frame of the wretched Elinor, when time fully revealed the extent of her misery, and her husband's villainy,—when Algernon at last returned from India, with an independent fortune, to claim his bride, and found her the wife of his brother. The monster, who had supplanted him in his father's affections, had now robbed him of his love. Algernon sought no explanation from Mrs. Hurdstone; but, smothering a muttered execration against the inconstancy of woman, he again bade adieu to his native shores, and sought, amid the gaiteries of the French metropolis, a remedy for the wounds of a lacerated heart.

The whole truth flashed upon the mind of Mrs. Hurdstone. She accused her husband of deception; and, instead of denying, or apologizing for his conduct, he boasted of his guilt, and entered into a minute detail of the revolting transactions,—the diabolical means he had employed to murder her peace. This fiend, to whom, in an evil hour, she had plighted her maiden troth, had carefully intercepted their mutual correspondence, and employed a friend in India to forge the plausible account he had received of his brother's death; and, finally, overcame his own avaricious propensities, and made her his wife, not to gratify a sensual passion, but the terrible spirit of Revenge.

Poor Elinor! Her reason for awhile, bowed before the knowledge of these melancholy facts; and when she recovered her senses, her beauty had faded beneath the blight of sorrow—like the brilliant and evanescent glow of the evening cloud, which vanishes at the approach of night. Weary of life, she did

not regret the loss of those fatal charms, which had been to her the source of such misery. The last time the rose tint ever visited her once blooming cheek, was, when suddenly informed by Mr. Hurdstone, of his brother's marriage with a young lady of fortune. "May he be happy!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, whilst the deepest crimson suffused her face; "I was not worthy to be his wife!" Ere the sentence was concluded, the glow had faded from her cheek, which no after emotion ever recalled.

His brother's marriage produced a strange effect upon the mind of Mark Hurdstone. It cheated him of his revenge. Algernon, the world reputed rich and happy; and the Squire ceased to behold his wife with pride or affection, when the possession of her person, was no longer coveted by another. His temper, constitutionally bad, now became intolerable; and he treated the uncomplaining Elinor with such unkindness, that it would have broken her heart, if the remembrance of a deeper sorrow had not rendered her indifferent to his praise or his censure, whose kindest mercy she considered neglect.

Having no other passion left to gratify, but avarice, all his hoarding propensities returned with double force. He gradually retrenched his domestic expenses; laid down his carriage, sold his horses, discharged his liveried servants, and, to the astonishment of his wondering neighbours, let the noble park to a rich farmer in the parish, with permission to break it up with the plough. He no longer suffered the produce of his extensive gardens to be consumed in the house; but sold the fruit and vegetables, to any petty green grocer in the village, who thought it worth his while to walk up to the Hall, and drive a bargain with the stingy Squire. He not only assisted in gathering the fruit, for fear he should be robbed, but often acted as scare crow to the birds, whom he reviled as noisy, useless nuisances, vexatiously appointed to destroy the fruits of the earth.

Elinor gently remonstrated with him on the meanness and absurdity of such conduct; but he silenced what he was pleased to call her impertinent interference, by bidding her remember, that she brought him no fortune, and he was forced to make these retrenchments to support her.

After this confession, there was no end to his savings. He discharged his remaining domestics, sold most of the splendid furniture, and, finally, shut up the Hall, to avoid paying the window tax, only allowing the kitchen, one parlour, and two bed-rooms, to be visited by the light of day. The only person whom he allowed to approach the Hall, was the gardener, Grenard Pike, who rented a small cottage at the end of the avenue of oaks, leading to the back premises of the once noble mansion. This favoured individual was the Squire over again, in a lower walk of life; and the gossip dealers in the village,

did not scruple to affirm, that the likeness was not merely accidental—that Grenard Pike was elder brother to the Squire, in the natural way, but whether this report were true or false, does not rest with me to determine. If unrelated by blood, he and his master possessed kindred spirits, and perfectly understood and appreciated each other. This man had neither wife nor child, and the whole business of his life was, how to get money, and, when got, how to turn it to the best advantage. The wretched Elinor, shut out from all society, and denied every domestic comfort, was limited to the awkward attendance of a parish girl, who, together with her mistress, Mark contrived to half starve; as he insisted on keeping the keys of the pantry, and only allowed them a coarse scanty meal, twice during the four and twenty hours, which, he said, was all sufficient to keep them in health—more was hurtful both to the mind and body.

After dragging on this miserable existence for twelve years, Elinor found that, in all probability, she was likely to become a mother. The prospect of this event served rather to increase than diminish her sorrows. It was some time before she dared to communicate this unwelcome intelligence to her sordid husband, whom, as she anticipated, received the promise of his paternal honours with a very bad grace.

“All the world,” he exclaimed, “are conspiring together to ruin me! I shall be ate out of house and home by doctors and nurses, and my rest will be constantly disturbed by squalling brats; for, I suppose, madam, that, like my mother, you will entail upon me the curse of two at a time. But I hope that it will please Him who sends to take away. He will find me perfectly resigned to His will. You need not weep, madam; if my conduct appears unnatural, let me tell you, that I consider those human beings alone fortunate, who perish in their infancy. They are in no fear of coming to the gallows. They are saved from the threatened torments of Hell!”

Elinor shrunk from the wild flash of his keen dark eyes with an involuntary shudder. “Happy had it been for me,” she replied, sorrowfully, “if I had died an infant on my mother’s breast.”

The words seemed to choke her. She turned weeping from him and left the room. She perceived that her husband already calculated with selfish horror the expense of the unborn infant’s food and raiment; and she began to entertain some fears lest the young child, if it were so unfortunate as to survive its birth, would be starved to death, as the miser now barely allowed her a sufficient sum of money to procure the common necessities of life. Of food, they had scarcely enough to satisfy the wants of nature; and though Elinor bore the system of starvation with the indifference which often springs from a long and hopeless continuation

of suffering, the parish girl was loud in her complaints; and she was constantly annoyed with her discontented murmurings, without having it in her power to silence them in the only effective way. The Squire told Ruth that she consumed more food in one day than would support him and her mistress for a week, and he thought that what was enough for them might satisfy a cormorant like her. But the poor girl could not measure her craving, healthy appetite, by the scanty wants of a heart-broken invalid and a miser. Her hunger remained unappeased, and she continued to complain.

At this period Mark was attacked, for the first time in his life, with a dangerous fit of sickness. Elinor nursed him with the greatest care; but, apprehending that the disorder might terminate fatally, unless he allowed himself proper food and medicines, she gently represented to him that these could not be procured without money; but, finding him on this point inexorable, she commenced one night, while he slept, a regular search for the key of his strong box. She carefully examined his pockets, his writing desk, and bureau, but to no purpose; looking carefully into every chest and drawer which had not been sold by public auction or private contract. Not a corner of the chamber was left unexplored, until, giving up the search as perfectly hopeless, she resumed her station at the bed-side, to watch, through the long winter night, without fire, and by the sickly gleam shed by a miserable rush-light, the restless slumbers of the miser, fatigued with her exertions, and out of spirits with her want of success.

The solitary light threw a ghastly livid hue on the strong features of the sleeper, rendered sharp and haggard by disease and his late penurious habits of living, and only chased away the shades of darkness from the interior of the high-canopied bed, of sad-coloured stuff, sufficiently to reveal, through the gloom, the spectre-like form of the invalid, and the long bony, attenuated hands, which grasped from time to time the curtains and bed-clothes, as he tossed from side to side in his feverish troubled slumber. Elinor continued to watch the dark and perturbed brow of the miser, until he became an object of fear, and she fancied that it was some demon who had for a time usurped the human shape, and not the brother of Algernon,—the man whom she had voluntarily attended to the altar, and there sworn, in the presence of Almighty God, to love, honour, and cherish. A crushing sense of all the deception which had been practised upon her, of her past wrongs and present misery, made her heart die within her, and her whole soul overflow with bitterness. She wrung her hands and smote her brow in an agony of despair; but in that dark hour no tear moistened her eyes. To those who have once been under the dominion of insanity, a trifle may recal the train of thought which annihilated

reason; and Elinor felt that if she continued to gaze much longer on the face of her husband, she should be tempted to plunge a knife, which lay upon the table into his breast. With a desperate effort, she withdrew her eyes from the sleeper, and turned from the bed. Her gaze fell upon a large full length picture in oil, which hung opposite. It was the portrait of one of Mark's ancestors, a young man who had fallen in his first battle, on the memorable field of Flodden. It bore a strong resemblance to Algernon, and Elinor prized it on that account, and would sit for hours with her head resting upon her hand, and her eyes rivetted upon the picture. This night it appeared to regard her with a sad and mournful aspect, and the large blue eyes seemed to return her fixed gaze with the sorrowful earnestness of life.

"My head is strangely confused!" she murmured to herself; "into what new extravagance will my treacherous fancy hurry me? Physical wants and long watching will turn my brain!"

She buried her face between her hands, and endeavoured to shut out the strange, grotesque forms that appeared to dance before her. A death-like stillness reigned through the house; the silence alone broken by the ticking of the great dial at the head of the staircase. There is something inexpressibly awful in the ticking of a clock, when heard at midnight by the anxious watcher beside the bed of death. It is the voice of time, marking its slow but certain progress towards eternity, and warning us, in solemn tones, that it will soon cease to number the hours to us forever. Elinor trembled as she listened to the low, monotonous, measured sounds, and she felt at that moment a presentiment press upon her mind, that her own weary pilgrimage on earth was drawing to a close.

"Ah, Algernon!" she thought, "it may be a crime, but I sometimes think that if I could see you once more—only once more—that I could forget all my wrongs and die in peace."

The unuttered thought was scarcely formed, when a slight rustling noise shook the curtains of the bed, and the next moment a tall figure in white glided across the room. It approached, and Elinor, in spite of the wish she had just dared to whisper to herself, struggled with the vision as a sleeper does with the nightmare, when the suffocating grasp of the hag is upon his throat. Her presence of mind forsook her, and, with a shriek of uncontrollable terror, she flung herself across the bed, and endeavoured to awaken her husband. The place he had occupied a few minutes before was vacant, and, raising her fear-stricken head, she perceived, with feelings scarcely less allied to dread, that the figure which she had mistaken for the ghost of Algernon, was the corporeal form of the miser.

He was asleep—but this mind appeared to be actively employed. He drew near the table with a

cautious step, and took from beneath a broad leathern belt which he always wore next his skin, a small key. Elinor sat up in the bed, and watched his movements with intense interest. He took up the candle and glided out of the room. Slipping off her shoes, she followed him with noiseless steps down the great staircase, until he suddenly stopped in the centre of the entrance hall, and, putting down the light on the broad oak stairs, he next proceeded to remove one of the largest stone flags that formed the pavement of the floor. With some difficulty he accomplished his task, then kneeling down, and holding the light over the chasm, he said in hollow unearthly tones that echoed mournfully through the empty building: "Look here! will this save my soul?"

Elinor, leaned over the sordid wretch, and discovered, with no small astonishment, that the aperture contained a great quantity of gold and silver coins, and the most valuable articles of the family plate and jewels. "Unhappy man!" she mentally cried, "dost thou imagine that these glittering heaps of dust, will purchase the redemption of a soul like thine, or avert the certainty of future punishment?" "What! not enough?" again growled forth the miser. By Heavens! you have a human conscience—wait patiently, and I will shew you more,—aye, more—my brother's portion, as well as my own. Ha! ha! I did him there! The old man disappointed him, but it was I—I that suggested the plan, and guided his hand—shall I burn for that?" As if suddenly struck with a violent pain, he shrieked out,—“Ah! ah! my brain is cloven with a bolt of fire! Algernon mocks my agonies—laughs at my cries, and tells me that he has gold in spite of me, and all my malice. How did he get it? Did he rob me?” Elinor shrunk back aghast from this wild burst of delirium, and the miser, rising from his knees, began ascending the stairs. His task he performed with difficulty, and he often reeled forward, through extreme pain and weakness. After traversing several apartments, he entered what had once been the state chamber, and, stooping down, he drew from beneath the faded brocaded valencés of the bed, a strong brass bound chest, which he cautiously opened, and displayed to his wondering companion, a richer store of wealth than that on which she had so lately gazed.

"How! not satisfied yet?" he said, in the same harsh tones; "then may I perish to all eternity, if I part with one farthing more!"

As he was about to close the chest, Elinor, who knew that, without a necessary supply of money, both her unborn infant, and its avaricious father would perish for want, slid her hand into the box, and dexterously abstracted a few of the broad gold pieces it contained. The coins in coming in contact with each other, emitted a slight ring-

ing sound, which arrested, trifling as it was, the ear of the sleeper. "What! fingering the gold already!" he exclaimed, hastily slapping down the lid of the chest; could you not wait till I am dead." Then staggering back to his own apartment, he was soon awake, and raving under a fresh paroxysm of the fever. In his delirium he fancied himself confined in the dreary gulf of eternal woe. From this place of torment, he imagined that his injured brother could alone release him; and he proffered to him, whilst under the influence of that strong mental agony, all his hidden treasures, if he could redeem his soul. These visions of his diseased brain were so frequent and appalling, and the thoughts of death so dreadful to the guilty and despairing wretch, that they produced at last upon his mind, a strong desire to see his brother, that he might ask his forgiveness, and make some restitution of his property before he died.

"Elinor!" he said, "I must see Algernon—I cannot die until I have seen him—But mark me, Elinor, you must not be present at our conference. You shall not see him."

With quivering lips, and a face paler than usual, his wife promised obedience, and Grenard Pike was despatched to N—— Hall, to make known to Algernon his brother's dying request, and to call in the aid of the village doctor. As Elinor watched him depart, she pressed her hands tightly over her breast, as if to hide from the quick eye of the miser, the violent agitation which convulsed her whole frame, as the recollection of former days flashed back upon her too retentive memory.

"Surely, surely, he has been too deeply injured," she said, "to obey his unnatural brother's death-bed summons." Though strongly impressed with the idea that this would be the case, the desire of beholding once more the love of her youth, though forbidden to speak to him, or even to hear the sound of his voice, produced in her mind a state of feverish excitement, which kept alive her fears, without totally annihilating hope.

The misty grey dawn was slowly breaking along the distant hills, when Grenard Pike, mounted upon a cart horse, which he had borrowed for the occasion, leisurely paced down the avenue of oaks, that led through the park to the high road—methodical in all his movements, if life and death depended upon his journey, for no earthly inducement but a handsome donation in money, would Grenard Pike have condescended to quicken his pace. This, Elinor had it not in her power to bestow, and she calculated with impatience, the hours which must elapse, before such a tardy messenger could reach N——. Noon was the earliest period within the range of possibility; yet the sound of the horse's hoofs, striking against the flinty ground, still vibrated upon her ear, when she took her station at the chamber window, to watch for the arrival of the man, whose

image, a separation of two and twenty years had not been able to obliterate from her heart. Such is the inconsistency of human nature, that we suffer imagination to out-speed time, and compress into one little moment, the hopes, the fears, the anticipations, and the events of years; but when the spoiler again overtakes us, we look back and wonder at the rapidity of his flight.

Elinor thought that the long day would never draw to a close; yet it was as short as a dark stormy day in the middle of November could well be. Evening at length came, but no Algernon appeared. The apothecary had paid his visit, and was gone, expecting nothing less than the death of the patient could follow such an extraordinary event. The sight of him put the miser into a fever of ill-temper, and he sullenly watched his wife, as she lingered, hour after hour, at the window, till, in no very gentle accents, he called her to his bed-side. At that moment Elinor fancied that she heard the sound of approaching wheels; and she strained her eyes to discern, through the deepening gloom, some object which might realize her hopes.

"No," she sighed, "it was but the wind raving through the leafless branches—the ticking of the old dial—the throbbing of my own heart. He will not—he cannot come!"

"Woman! what ails you?" cried the invalid, in his usual harsh tones. "Reach me some drink!"

Elinor mechanically obeyed; but her head was turned the other way, and her eyes still fixed upon the window. A light flashed along the dark avenue, now lost, and now again revealed through the trees. The cup fell from her nerveless grasp, and faintly exclaiming, "Yes—'t is he!" she sank senseless upon the bed, as a carriage and four drove rapidly into the court beneath.

The miser, with difficulty, reached the bell that was suspended at the bed's head; and, after ringing violently for some minutes, the unusual summons was answered by Ruth, who, thrusting her black curly head in at the door, said, in a breathless manner:

"The company's come, ma'am! Such a grand coach, with two real gentlemen in black, standing behind it, and two on horseback riding afore. What are we to do for supper? They must be mortal hungry arter the'r long ride this cold night, and we have not a morsel of food in the house fit to set afore a cat."

"Pshaw!" muttered the sick man. "Silence your foolish prate! They will neither eat nor drink here. Tell the coachman that there is excellent accommodation for himself and his horses at the Hurdstone Arms. But first see to your mistress; she is in a swoon! Carry her into the next room, and mark me, Ruth, lock the door, and bring me the key."

The girl obeyed the first part of the command, but was too eager to catch another glance of the gay carriage, and the real gentlemen behind it, to remember the latter part of the Squire's injunction.

(To be continued.)

THE ORPHAN; OR, THE AFFIANCED.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last number.—Conclusion.

“And 'midst the scene—oh! more than all—there smiled
My child's fair face, and hers, the mother of my child.”

Mrs. Hemans.

ACTING on the friendly disposition of Lord Avon towards him, Sir Arthur Clifton now became a frequent visitor at his house, where his very agreeable manners, and perfect knowledge of the gay world, made him always welcome to Lady Barbara, who soon began to feel those days in which he did not make his appearance dull and tiresome. His attentions to herself were delicate, and unremitting; he drew beautifully, and wrote a pretty little hand for a lady's album; he played to perfection on the guitar, accompanying it with his voice. These were the accomplishments she delighted in, and he devoted them to her service with a grace that she owned, was very winning. Hearing her one day express a desire for a little spaniel she had seen, he instantly secured it for her, presenting it under the name of Fidelle. Lady Barbara, charmed with her pet, lavished on it the fondest caresses, calling it “her darling, her only solace, her only friend,” and this in the presence of Lord Avon, who hated the animal accordingly.

About a month after the unpleasant altercation concerning the diamonds, Lord Avon, unknown to Lady Barbara, had purchased a splendid necklace and ear-rings for her as a peace-offering, and was approaching her boudoir with them in his hand, when Burford issued from her lady's bed room, saying that she was lying down as she had a bad head ache.

“Oh, I will soon cure the head ache,” replied Lord Avon with a smile. “Is she in the boudoir?”

Burford coloured, answering that she believed so; he then walked through the ante-chamber and opened the door, but started back with an angry frown on perceiving Sir Arthur Clifton sitting on the sofa by the side of Lady Barbara, whose hand rested familiarly on his shoulder, while with the other she was fondling the dog on her knee. The sudden entrance of Lord Avon made her change her position, the colour mounting to her cheek as she did so; but her companion, with the utmost effrontery, merely said:

“Ah! Avon, my boy, what have you there—some gage d'amour for your fair lady?”

Lord Avon deigned not to answer him, but with a countenance expressive of severe displeasure, he said to Lady Barbara:

“Madam, I desire to see you alone.”

“Sir Arthur Clifton you will kindly allow us to enjoy a little conjugal *tête à tête*,” said Lady Barbara, rallying her courage and looking extremely haughtily. “Now my lord, your pleasure?” on his promptly obeying her.

“Vain, heartless woman,” ejaculated Lord Avon. “Is this the way you repay me for all the sacrifices I have made—to trample my honor and your own in the dust! Oh! more than mortal patience can endure!” and he stamped his foot violently.

“My Lord, I do not understand this language,” returned Lady Barbara, in reality much alarmed, but disguising it beneath a proud and lofty manner. “Sir Arthur Clifton came here at my request to copy out some music—in vain I might have asked you to do it for me. If you consider this so very improper, you impeach the conduct of hundreds of other women.”

“Lady Barbara, I am not easily deceived. Guilt was painted on your countenance on my unexpected intrusion—fear expressed in your quick movement from that villain's side. After what I have witnessed, it will neither pain nor distress you when I say, that from this hour we part. I shall write immediately to your father, and state my reasons—and beg him to receive you and protect you from further danger.”

“Avon! for God's sake, reflect before you act so harshly,” cried Lady Barbara, no longer able to conceal her terror; “I may have acted foolishly, but never, never guiltily: darken not my fame by withdrawing from me your protection,—it would break my father's heart.”

“You have broken mine, madam; but that is nothing,” retorted Lord Avon with intense vehemence; “deceit and infidelity are crimes I cannot pass over.”

“How cruelly, how unjustly you criminate me,” rejoined Lady Barbara, bursting into tears—“your wishes are parents to your thoughts; you never loved me, and you are glad to seize the slightest occasion to cast me off.”

“Do you call it slight cause, when, to prevent my entrance, you ordered your woman to tell me you were ill.”

“It is false, she dare not say so—summon her this moment to confront me.”

“It is useless, madam, I have seen enough. Can

you meet my eye steadily and say that Sir Arthur Clifton never presumed upon the familiarity with which you treated him. No, I see you cannot—that blush of shame betrays you, and to save and not destroy you, I will carry you back to your father."

"And will you give me up, and for ever? Avon, you dare not," said Lady Barbara, with a quivering lip."

"Your own after conduct must determine that, Lady Barbara; at present I will not trust myself to say more." He threw the leather case on the table, as he said this, and turning on his heel, left the room.

Lady Barbara, stunned by the decided manner in which he had acted, so unlike his usual yielding disposition, remained for several minutes, standing with her hands clasped, her eyes gazing on vacancy—the very image of despair. Then wildly starting, she pulled at the bell for her woman, who entered trembling. "Wretch!" shrieked her lady, "why utter such a falsehood to Lord Avon?—why tell him I was unwell, making it appear that I wished to deceive him?"

"I did it for the best, my Lady, indeed I did," sobbed the terrified Burford, "I never intended to do such mischief, so help me Heaven!"

"Silence! You have done what years of repentance cannot undo; quit my presence; never appear before me again." And Lady Barbara uttered such frightful screams, stamping up and down the room as if she were mad, that the woman fled in terror to Lord Avon.

He was sitting in his library, his face concealed within his hands, as he leaned upon the table. He looked up upon hearing the exclamation for help from Burford, and betrayed the tears that were fast falling down his cheeks.

"Come, my Lord, for God's sake come to my Lady," cried Burford imploringly. "It was all my fault; she never told me to say she was unwell—oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do?"

"I will not come; leave me instantly," he replied; but the screams of Lady Barbara reaching him in the same moment, he rose, adding, "great God! to what am I doomed with this woman."

He rushed up stairs, followed by Burford. As they drew near the boudoir, the screams suddenly ceased. He burst open the door, and beheld Lady Barbara prostrate on the floor, bathed in blood. His first impression was, that she had destroyed herself; he staggered forward, and raising her in his arms, found that in the violence of her passion, she had broken a blood-vessel. Promptly was she conveyed to her bed, and medical aid summoned. Her danger was great, and her life despaired of for many days. Lord Avon, in the greatest distress, sent off an express for Lord Traverscourt, who arrived in a state of consternation not to be described; but he

was relieved from his worst fears, by hearing that the faintest hopes, for the first time, were held out this very day, of her recovery; but to such deplorable weakness was the sufferer reduced, that they dared not mention to her that her father was in the house; nor was it until the close of another week, that they considered it safe to tell her. She became fearfully agitated on hearing it, entreating to see Lord Avon, who came to her immediately, when she implored him not to breathe to her father the cause of their unhappy quarrel.

Softened by the danger her life had been in, and the tears of contrition she now shed, he very readily gave the promise she required.

"Seal it on my lips, and then I shall know you have forgiven me," murmured Lady Barbara, raising her languid head from the pillow. Lord Avon gave the pledge, with all the affection of his warm, kind heart.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Lady Barbara, "yes even for my illness, since it has restored you to me; now let me see my father, it will do me good—alas! dear man, it was his indulgence that made me what I am."

Several weeks passed, ere Lady Barbara was sufficiently recovered to leave her room; and when she did so, her drooping figure, her feeble step, and altered face, showed the care that she still required. Her physician strongly recommended change of air, and as Traverscourt was near to the sea, where could she be better than at home? Thither, accordingly, she went, accompanied by Lord Avon, who, with infinite satisfaction, quitted London—a place he never had liked, as it did not agree with him.

Had Lady Barbara possessed sufficient wisdom, now would have been the time when she might have worked upon the tenderness of her husband, and have gained his affection; for he was disposed to pay her the most kind attentions, frequently remaining at home to read aloud to her; or wheeling her himself round the grounds in a garden chair, rather than leaving that duty for a servant to perform. But instead of appearing grateful, and sparing him as much as possible, she became more and more exacting in her expectations, until she wearied out his patience and his kindness; and to release himself from the bondage of her querulous complaints, he would occasionally take long rides for hours together, returning only as the shades of evening drew near. Lady Barbara knew that Emmeline's home was at Mr. Grosvenor's, and unable to conceal the uneasiness she felt at his lengthened absences, she asked him one day, if he had not been at the parsonage.

"Yes, I very frequently visit Mr. Grosvenor," was his reply; "his society is a great solace to me."

"Good God! and Miss Milman, there—is this your religion, Avon?" exclaimed Lady Barbara.

"Miss Milman is not there,—she is at Rosedale;

she has never been there since——” He could not finish the sentence.

“Then you go to hear all about her, which is much the same: why go there at all?”

“Because you drive me from your presence,—because you make me miserable,” replied Lord Avon, abruptly leaving her.

Only religion could, indeed, have supported him at this most trying period of his existence. In all his sorrows and vexations this bore him up from sinking, and made him look forward with hope to the end. He had always possessed a desire for study, and now that his mind had expanded to the glorious truths of the Gospel, he had joys with which the stranger could not intermeddle, or the world take away. Again the sea shore became his favourite haunt, particularly that one little spot between the cliffs, endeared to his remembrance. He was sitting one morning on the broken crag intently reading; his dog, a descendant of our old friend Blouse, laying crouched at his feet, when he was startled by a voice saying near him:

“I see misery is no respecter of persons; she finds her way into the houses of the great, as well as into the hovels of the indigent. I am sorry to see you looking so ill, my Lord.”

Lord Avon looked up, and perceived a very old man, bent double with years and infirmity, leaning on his staff, his white hairs streaming in the wind.

“Ha! old Humphrey, is that you?” said Lord Avon, recognizing him as an acquaintance made in the same spot, during a former visit at Traverscourt.

“How has the world gone with you since last we met?”

“But badly, my Lord,” replied the old man, “my eldest son is sinking fast into his grave, and it is a sore trial to my old woman and me, to look on his motherless babes, and remember how soon we must follow.”

“It must indeed, Humphrey, and I am grieved to hear it,” replied Lord Avon, feelingly; “yet do not forget that there is one who hath said, ‘leave thy fatherless children to me.’”

The old man started, and drawing nearer, said with eagerness: “And is it from your Lordship that I hear the blessed words of the Gospel? Who brought the message of peace and hope to your heart?”

“Affliction, Humphrey,—that unwelcome yet valuable friend,” replied Lord Avon with a sigh; “but your son is ill, you say—have you proper advice for him?”

“Not so good as we could wish, and this it is that grieves me the more,” returned the old man, passing the rough sleeve of his coat across his eyes; “ah! if she had been still at Dovecot, we should have wanted for nothing. Do you know, my Lord, young Miss Milman, who used to come like an angel amongst us?”

“Yes, well,” returned Lord Avon, with emotion; “she is far from this now, Humphrey, but if I can supply her place you may command me; would it disturb your son to see me?”

“Bless you! no, my Lord, but it is such a poor place for the like of you to enter, I should be ashamed to take you there.”

“Where the Spirit of God has entered, surely it is an honor to follow,” replied Lord Avon, rising. “Lead on, old man.”

Humphrey ejaculated a blessing, and then led the way towards the low range of cabins inhabited by the fishermen. There was something peculiarly interesting in the appearance of them both, as they walked together along the sands, the tall and handsome young nobleman forming a fine contrast to the old decrepit man. The scenery was also grand and sublime—the vast expanse of ocean on the one hand, and on the other the bold cliffs on whose summit stood a ruined tower, which now served as a sea mark. The beach presented a busy scene as they approached the cabins, many of the fishermen being employed in mending their boats, or repairing their nets.

“Ah,” said Humphrey, as they passed them, “never shall I see my Jem so employed again; well, well, the Lord’s will must be met with patience; He knows best, but it is hard to bear—hard to bear: and he is so good and dutiful to his old parents.”

He conducted Lord Avon to the little hovel occupied by himself, his wife, their son, and his four children. The place seemed so dark on first entering, that for several moments Lord Avon could not see the objects before him; not a ray of the blessed sun he had left, shining into the window, but as the mist cleared from before his eyes, he perceived a young man lying on a miserable pallet, his face emaciated and worn, from illness and his long confinement. His old mother sat beside him, gazing anxiously upon him, while the eldest girl appeared busily engaged in stirring some broth upon the fire; the other children were absent. The room, though clean and in perfect order, presented the appearance of great poverty.

“Here is my young Lord from Traverscourt come to see you, Jem,” said Humphrey; “and may the blessing of Almighty God reward him for his goodness.”

The cheek of the young man flushed on perceiving his distinguished visitor. He tried to raise himself up, but was too weak.

“I am very sorry to find you so ill, my friend,” observed Lord Avon, accepting the chair which Mrs. Humphrey had offered to him, with a profound courtesy.

“Yes, my Lord,” replied the young man, in a low hoarse tone; “it is a heavy trial to us all, particularly as our bread depended upon my exertions;

but, thank God, it was in the performance of my duty that I was laid low."

"Have you been long ill?" inquired Lord Avon.

"More than two months, my Lord," answered Mrs. Humphrey, seeing that it was a painful effort to her son to speak; "he went out one terrible rough day in his boat, and got drenched to the skin. This threw him into a fever, which has wasted him to the skeleton you see; but I do think it would not have gone so hard with him, only for his fretting so about us. My old man could not take the boat, I can do but little; and to keep ourselves from starving, we have been obliged to part with one thing after another, until nearly all is gone. But this I could bear, if I could only see my Jem getting better, poor dear." And the mother began to weep.

"I see you still retain one treasure, and it is the best," said Lord Avon, alluding to an old Bible that lay open upon the bed.

"Yes, my Lord," the poorest may possess that, praise be to God!" murmured the young man; "see the promise I was reading just, when you came in: it was from the ninth chapter of Job, the sixteenth verse—"thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away."

Lord Avon touched. "May the promise be this day fulfilled," he said, with deep feeling. "I am here to offer you any and every assistance you may need; you are evidently sinking from the want of proper nourishment—you must obtain this immediately; and, in a few days, I trust a great change for the better will take place, and this arm again do you good service," laying his hand upon the poor emaciated member as he spoke.

A faint smile stole over the face of the young man, followed by a tear, as he looked down upon it. "Ah, my Lord, it will serve me no more in this life, I fear," he murmured.

"With God all things are possible, my friend," replied Lord Avon; "be of good cheer—whatever He sees best for you He will grant; lose not your confidence which hath great recompence of reward. "Take this," he added, presenting a well filled purse; "let every human means be tried for your recovery. The result we must leave in the merciful hands of our gracious Father."

The young man, overpowered by astonishment and gratitude, could only look his thanks; while the old couple sank on their knees, and raising their eyes to heaven, implored that abundant blessings might be showered upon the head of their noble benefactor, who, they prayed, might live to see his children's children climbing round his knees."

Lord Avon sighed deeply,—such hopes, he thought were not for him. To conceal his distress, he took up a small book from the bed, and opening it, to his surprise read the name of Emmeline Milman on the blank page.

"How came this here?" he eagerly inquired.

"It was a present from sweet Miss Milman to our Nancy there, and a treasure it has been," replied Mrs. Humphrey; "that little book first led us to Jesus."

How powerfully was Lord Avon affected by these few words. He knew that Emmeline had been accustomed to wander frequently to the beach, but little was he aware at the time, of the high motives which had guided her steps."

"What a being has been lost to me," he mentally said, as he continued to turn over the leaves; "but I was not worthy of her, and for that cause have we been separated."

He laid down the book, the title of which was the "Young Cottager," and then rose to take leave, saying: "I must not remain now to fatigue your invalid; but you may depend on my calling to see him another day; and remember, that I charge you to let him want for nothing. Yet I have no need to give this caution to his mother—God bless you all."

He hurried away as he spoke, to avoid the overwhelming expressions of gratitude from the whole family, whom he had indeed by his bounty raised from the depths of despair, to renewed and humble hope. His own feelings, while retracing his road to Traverscourt, were full of peace. The benefit he had been permitted to confer, softening for awhile every care within his breast. His visits to the beach from this day became more frequent, since he now had a motive—and a good one. He watched the gradual recovery of the young fisherman with intense interest; and at the close of one little month, enjoyed the inexpressible happiness of seeing him engaged in painting his name on a fine new boat which he had given to him, and able once more to resume his usual occupation.

In the mean time the health of Lady Barbara visibly declined, owing, in a great measure, to her own imprudence. Against the advice of all her friends, she had insisted on attending a concert, where she had taken cold. This threw her back, and again confined her to her couch: how earnestly did Lord Avon wish to improve those hours of solitude she was now doomed to spend. But in vain; Lady Barbara had been educated for this world, and she had not a thought, a desire, beyond it. Even in this season of suffering and weakness, was her whole time employed in consulting with her woman upon the new dresses she intended to have for the ensuing spring in town. Poor soul! It was melancholy to hear her; and many a pang it cost Lord Avon, as he marked the sunken cheek—the hollow eye—the wasted figure of the dying creature. One day, when she was scarcely able to stand, she insisted on having one of her dresses tried on. Even Burford remonstrated, begging her Lady would wait until she felt stronger; but opposition only made her angry, and she

was lifted off her couch and held up, while they decked her in the white satin robe; the effort, however, proved too great, and she fainted. Lord Avon fled to her the moment he heard it, and shed tears of real agony over the beautiful wreck. It was too terrible for one of his tender nature, to behold her fading so fast away, and she so little aware of her awful state. His request after this, that she would consent to see Mr. Grosvenor, she repelled with terror.

"You do not think I am going to die," she said; "Oh, no! no, no,—I am too young—I assure you I feel better—pray do not alarm me." It is painful to dwell on a theme like this. To record the death of the righteous is hopeful—is joyous, for we are assured of the bliss that awaits them, the moment their ransomed soul take flight; *but when there is no hope*—when the Saviour is unknown, save as a terrible Judge, how dreadful! Oh! that the gay votaries of pleasure would remember this, in their moments of mirth and folly; would realize that dark hour when they will be filled with amazement, that they had allowed such worthless trifles to engross their whole time, their whole thoughts, to the exclusion of Him, who alone could befriend them, when all other help must fail.

Poor Lady Barbara! She clung to life with a tenacity the most distressing to a feeling mind to witness. When Lord Avon became aware of her immediate danger, he could no longer suppress his uneasiness before her father, to whom he urged the necessity of her seeing Mr. Grosvenor.

The Earl would not listen to him. "She would instantly take the alarm," he said, "and every thing depended on her mind being kept tranquil."

The physician said the same; and Lord Avon had the misery to see her sinking lower and lower into her grave, without the power to save her from the fell destroyer. But his voice was not hushed; and in fervent prayer was her name remembered before the throne of grace. He was thus occupied, when he was suddenly summoned to her bedside, and found her dying, yet shrieking and calling upon all around to save her.

"I will not die! will no one help me?—I must live! Oh, Avon, Avon!"

He raised her in his arms, but no word could he utter. In his countenance alone might be traced what he suffered.

"Tell me that I shall live, and I will bless you," again cried the sufferer; "but it is getting so dark,—where are you, my father,—Avon, save me! oh save!" A violent spasm seized her. One look of agony she cast upon her husband, then groaning heavily, her head sunk upon his bosom, and she was gone for ever.

The Earl of Windermere was sitting in his library, clad in deep mourning, his elbow resting on the table, whereon lay an open letter with broad

black borders. His wild, restless eyes would at times glance over it, and then he would press his hand upon them, as if to shut out some unpleasing object from his view. One lamp shed a lurid light over his pale but fine features, now expressing great mental affliction. His confidential man, Mr. Gautier, stood at a respectful distance from him, surveying him with suspicion and alarm. After a long silence, the Earl started up, desiring to see Mrs. Compton, who obeyed the summons in some trepidation. She also appeared dressed in mourning.

"You perceive, Mrs. Compton," said the Earl slowly and deliberately as he took up the letter, "that Lord Avon and his Lady may be expected at the castle this evening; I beg you to have all things prepared for their reception. Their rooms are of course ready."

"My Lord!" ejaculated Mrs. Compton, staring in astonishment and dismay; "surely your Lordship forgets that poor Lady Barbara Avon is no more, and my young Lord will come alone."

The Earl on hearing this, vehemently struck the table, saying, "it is false!—you say it but to madden me; she is alive, is alive, and will be here to-night! Contradict me, woman, at your peril!"

Mrs. Compton and Gautier exchanged looks of alarm. "Alas! my Lord," the former ventured to say; "your Lordship has taken this heavy misfortune too much to heart, and it has disturbed your mind. Pray, compose yourself before the arrival of Lord Avon, for it will add so much to his distress to witness yours."

The Earl now rose and walked up and down the room, muttering to himself, dead—dead—impossible; I will never believe it."

The sound of carriage wheels was at this moment heard in the court yard.

"They are come," he added wildly; "Mrs. Compton, remember my orders—prepare the bridal chamber, and lay on the bed the black velvet pall that covered your Lady. Hark! some one approaches."

Mrs. Compton shuddered, as the door opened, and Lord Avon, fatigued, wan, and looking wretchedly ill, entered the room. She instantly glided from it, while he approached his father. The Earl surveyed him for a moment in silence, and then inquired for Lady Barbara.

Lord Avon started. "My father is aware?" he said mournfully, and turning to Gautier.

"He is, my Lord," replied the man, bowing respectfully. "Your Lordship's letter was received several days ago, but we cannot make the Earl believe the sad truth even now."

Lord Avon clasped his hands; then desiring Gautier to retire, he said with much emotion:

"My Lord, the unhappy intelligence has reached you—was it not sudden and unlooked for?"

"What do you mean, sir?" returned the Earl,

glaring furiously upon him. "Why do I see you here alone; where is Lady Barbara?"

"My letter, which I see lying upon your table, my Lord, conveyed to you the tidings of my loss. My poor Barbara expired in these arms, a fortnight ago." And Lord Avon shed tears as he said this.

"Lady Barbara dead, sir!" cried the Earl, grasping his arm; "then, sir, you have murdered her—murdered her, to free yourself: nay, never frown upon me—I am your father—your unhappy father, and I shall live to see you hanged." And the wretched man sank into his chair, sobbing convulsively.

Lord Avon, considerably affected, sat down by him, endeavouring to soothe and reason with him.

"My Lord, reflect, I beseech you," he said; "this misfortune has been caused by no act, no fault of mine; but, by the will of God. All human means were tried, without avail. Lord Traverscourt, though in the deepest affliction, reproaches no one."

The Earl listened attentively to his son. At length, the truth seemed to glide over his mind, like a moonbeam over the dark and troubled waters.

"And she is really dead?—the young, the beautiful—and you are without an heir? Oh, awful retribution!" As he said this, he wildly struck his forehead, then abruptly added: "Where is Miss Milman, sir?"

The question was so suddenly asked, that a tide of crimson rushed to the deathlike face of Lord Avon.

"I believe at Rosedale, my Lord; but you are aware that we have never met since my marriage," he falteringly replied.

"It is well. Now Avon, mark me," said the Earl, rising, and sternly viewing his son; "if ever you renew your acquaintance with that beggarly orphan, that moment seals her doom."

"My Lord, for God's sake, peace; this is no time to talk on such a theme," returned the agitated Lord Avon. "Surely this mourning dress reminds me of the respect I owe to the dead. At present, my thoughts are with Barbara, in her cold and silent resting place; recall them not I entreat." And he burst into tears.

"But will you say the same, when months shall have passed away? No! Pledge me then your word, your honor, that you will never seek to see Miss Milman—never write to her, or hold any communication with her, whatsoever."

"My Lord, such a demand is both cruel and unjust, and I cannot comply with it," replied Lord Avon, very firmly, and drawing back.

"You refuse to obey, sir," returned the Earl, stamping his foot violently; "do so at your peril—at your peril, I repeat." And he shook his clenched hand in his son's face, who, without moving a

muscle, replied, in the calmest tone he could command:

"None know better than yourself, my Lord, how I have respected the tie between parent and child, that to keep this unbroken, I sacrificed the dearest wishes of my heart. My duty has been amply performed towards you, and, I trust, towards Lady Barbara, in all points. My bonds are broken, and there lives not that man on earth, who shall forge them again against my will."

His manner, unconsciously to himself, became more vehement as he proceeded in this speech. The effect it produced upon his father, was frightful; he uttered a frantic yell, and rushing upon his son, with one blow of his powerful arm, levelled him with the ground. The act recalled him to himself in an instant, and he gazed on him as he lay insensible, with feelings of horror, while the noise brought Gautier, and several of the servants into the room.

"Is he dead?—have I destroyed him? Oh, God! tell me," cried the Earl, as Austin raised his Lord, and rested his pale face upon his bosom; no signs of life were visible.

"Let a messenger be despatched for a doctor—he must be bled immediately," said the man, turning to one of the terrified domestics, who hurried away to obey him.

In less than a quarter of an hour, Doctor Morland, the Earl's medical attendant, arrived, and opened a vein in Lord Avon's arm. A deep drawn sigh was the first indication he gave of returning consciousness; with what joy was it hailed! The Earl, completely subdued, fell upon his knees, and burst into a distressing flood of tears.

"My father!" murmured Lord Avon, as his eyes slowly unclosed, and he beheld him.

"Avon! my own and only son, forgive your unfortunate parent," said the Earl, in a touching voice, bending over him.

"Forgive? oh, yes! were the fault a thousand times greater—pray be calm," replied Lord Avon, endeavouring to raise himself; but in the effort, he fell into the ready arms of his servant.

"Do not crowd round him, let him have air; Good God! he is dying," exclaimed the Doctor, as he marked the livid hue that had suddenly overspread his face.

All were aghast at these words, while the Earl, starting to his feet, gazed for an instant upon his son, then, uttering a deep groan, he fled wildly from the room. The domestics, too much engaged with Lord Avon to heed his movements, never missed him, till the report of a pistol reached their ears, when Gautier rushed to his apartment—alas! too late. The unhappy nobleman, in a paroxysm of madness, had shot himself, and was found lying weltering in his blood. The scene that followed, may be imagined, but we own how powerless we

are to describe it. Awful, most awful was it, to those who were called upon this night, to behold the death of the unrighteous suicide—he who had lived without God, without prayer, and who died without hope.

When the dreadful truth became known to Lord Avon, on his again reviving, he insisted, weak as he was, on being conveyed to his father's presence; nor would he leave him, though strongly recommended to do so by the Doctor, who saw how unequal he was for the trial. The Earl stared at him, as at one who had risen from the dead; but when he addressed him, he made no reply. Lord Avon hung over him, imploring he would give some sign that he knew him. One feeble pressure of his hand, alone indicated that he heard him. It was the last; for, as the lamp expired in the socket, the soul—the guilty soul, had winged its flight to another world.

Rather more than one year had passed since the melancholy events we have recorded, took place, when a travelling carriage and four horses, was seen passing along the high road leading to the little village of Rosedale. The month was July, the hour noon, and one of surpassing loveliness—still and calm as an infant's slumber. A great sensation was caused throughout the village, as the carriage dashed into it, and drew up before the only inn the place afforded—a sorry abode for a distinguished guest, such as he who alighted from it. Very pale and ill he appeared to be, but on his countenance there beamed an expression, at once so dignified and so full of benevolence, that all who beheld him, turned to look again.

"Austin," he said, to the respectable man who attended him, and who appeared to regard him with much solicitude; "engage rooms for me, for this one night, while I stroll over to the Rectory, and come to me there in two hours hence, for orders."

"I will, my Lord," replied Austin. "But will not the walk fatigue your Lordship too much at present?" he added, with hesitation.

"Oh, no—it will refresh me this beautiful evening," returned Lord Windermere; "the distance is nothing across the fields."

He moved forward as he spoke, and proceeded through the meadow, so well remembered in bygone days. A few minutes brought him to the little lawn before the house. Here he paused, for an unexpected scene presented itself to his sight; and he drew behind a tree, that he might observe it without interruption. A group of young children all dressed in uniform, were romping and playing on the green; the Clergyman, known by his dress, a pleased spectator of their innocent mirth. Under the shadow of trees, there was a table spread with fruit and cakes, at which a young woman presided, who, the Earl instantly recognized as Ruth. An old blind man, with an organ, stood near, and from

time to time regaled the ears of his young listeners, with his music. In vain Lord Windermere looked for another, and a fairer form. She was not there; and his hand trembled as he lifted the latch. He was on the point of entering, when two ladies issued from the house. How did his heart palpitate, and his cheek burn, on discovering in the one, his beloved, his beautiful Emmeline—happiness beaming in her eye, the sweetest smile playing on her lip. She was dressed in white—a dress Lord Avon had never beheld her in before, and he could not forbear an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. His gaze became rivetted—himself transfixed, as he marked her movements. In one hand, she held a small basket, which, when the children saw, they all ran eagerly forward, exclaiming:

"Oh, here is Miss Milman—dear Miss Milman, with our prizes."

The other lady, a pleasing looking person, apparently about six and twenty, smiled affectionately upon them, and assisted her young friend in the distribution of the books, according to their ages. Joy was painted on every face. Even the old blind man seemed to enter into the happiness around him, by the lively airs he played. Lord Windermere sighed, as the sweet laugh of Emmeline rose above the others.

"She has forgotten me," he said; "and she is happy: Oh, woman! where is the depth of those feelings, of which you make your boast? Why should I mar her peace a second time? No, I will go, and die alone, in a foreign land; better that, than to leave her a sorrowing widow. Emmeline, dearest, one farewell; in another and a happier world, we shall meet again."

He was turning away, when suddenly the organ man changed the stops of his instrument, and began to play a little melancholy air, that had once been a favourite of Lady Frances Lumley's. Emmeline started—the colour forsook her cheek, and, covering her face with her hands, she exclaimed:

"Oh! not that, not that—I cannot bear it."

The music ceased, in the same moment that Lord Windermere entered the gate, and hastily advancing towards the group, he stood before Emmeline. Thus taken by surprise, she gazed a second or two upon him in mute astonishment; then, uttering a cry of joy, she fell forward into his arms. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, immediately conjecturing who the noble looking stranger was, approached him; while Ruth clapped her hands in an extacy of delight. The voices of the children became hushed: all stood still.

"I fear I am here most unseasonably to interrupt your mirth," said the agitated Lord Windermere, turning to Mrs. Gardner, while he still supported the trembling, almost fainting Emmeline.

"No, no, pray come into the house. Poor dear

Emmeline—the surprise has proved too great for her.”

With the tenderest consideration, the amiable lady led the way through the glass doors, into the drawing room, where, after seeing that Emmeline had partially recovered, she left her alone with her friend. The Earl placed her on a sofa, and resting her head on his bosom, addressed a few words of affection, which had the power to call back her fleeting senses.

“Oh, what a moment is this! I never thought to see you again,” she murmured.

“Could you indeed think so, dearest one—that time could ever efface your remembrance?” replied Lord Windermere, raising her face and gazing long and tenderly upon it. “My own—my beautiful—how does this meeting repay me for all I have suffered since last we parted. How well you are looking! I scarcely know how far I am justified in risking your happiness by coming hither, but the temptation was too great to be resisted.”

“Oh! I am so thankful to you for the thought,” returned Emmeline; “in the last letter I received from dear Lady Frances, she mentioned that it was your intention to go abroad, and had you done so without seeing me, I should have felt sure that you had quite forgotten me.”

“And would that have troubled you, my darling girl?”

“Do not ask me now—I cannot tell you. I have tried so long never to think at all about you, that I do not understand my present feelings.”

Lord Windermere read them in her eyes, and fondly he pressed his lips to hers. “Dear sweet Emmeline!” he said “still the same engaging being as ever.”

“How soon do you leave England?” enquired Emmeline, falteringly.

“In a few days, my beloved; change of climate is absolutely necessary to my health, which has become sadly impaired since that awful event which gave me a right to my present title. Fanny told you, I believe, that I was attacked by brain fever shortly after my unhappy father’s death. On my recovery from this, I made a tour with her and Sir John Lumley as far as the Highlands of Scotland. Here I might have regained my health but for the imprudence of getting wet while out boating. This produced cold, which ended in inflammation of the lungs. The doctors apprehend consumption, and have ordered me to winter in the South of France. I would not write to you, Emmeline, as I feared it might only disturb and unsettle your mind; but though I appeared to neglect you, I heard constantly of you from Mr. Grosvenor, who has long been my kind and valued correspondent.”

“It is strange that Lady Frances never told me the reason of your going abroad,” said Emmeline,

in anxious alarm, and gazing on his pale face with eyes full of tears.

“It was by my desire that she was silent, love. I could not bear to risk your returning tranquillity by alternate hopes and fears about me, and I am rewarded for my forbearance by seeing you restored to your own blooming appearance.”

“This explanation does not satisfy me. I ought to have known all. Alas! how shall I feel when you are far away in a strange land, ill, and without one near you to take that interest in your well being which you so much require.”

“But I hope not to be alone, dearest; there is one friend who I think, with a little persuasion, would become the companion of my journey. I will not trifle with you, Emmeline, since moments are precious,” continued Lord Windermere, more seriously. “Do not imagine that to gratify the selfish wish of seeing you, merely to take leave, I am here; no, my darling girl, that would indeed be cruel. I am come to claim you as my own—to ask you to unite your fate with mine. What say you to my proposal?”

Emmeline started at this unexpected announcement, while the colour mounted to her temples. She *could* not answer him.

“I believe I ought to have written to prepare you,” proceeded Lord Windermere, pitying her agitation; “but I wished to test the strength of your affection, and discover whether it was sufficient to induce you to make the sacrifice.”

“Sacrifice!” repeated Emmeline, casting on him one of those tender reproachful glances which had always so powerfully touched him.

This one little word was enough, and he clasped her to his bosom with passionate fervour. “You are mine! God be praised for his goodness!” he exclaimed. “Emmeline! if you could know all that I have suffered in the last two years, you would understand my happiness at this moment. Had we married sooner, I might not have termed it a sacrifice on your part; but now, broken as I am in health, and my recovery so very doubtful, I fear it may prove one.”

“Oh! no, no. Never, under any circumstances!” said Emmeline, raising her face, which was bathed in tears, to his. “The more you need me, the more gladly will I go with you. If you are ill, I will nurse and comfort you; if you die, (her voice faltered,) I will die too, and be buried where you are buried.”

“Sweet, lovely, devoted being, may Heaven reward you!” replied Lord Windermere, deeply affected by her thus applying the words of Ruth. “Then tomorrow, my Emmeline, you will be prepared to kneel with me at the altar!”

“Tomorrow! Oh! dearest friend, not so soon! Give me time for reflection—indeed, indeed, you

must." And Emmeline bowed her head on his bosom.

"Gladly would I do so, beloved, but every day that I remain in England is against my health," returned Lord Windermere. "Perhaps I had better give you Mr. Grosvenor's letter, and then you can judge for yourself." He drew one from his vest and placed it in her trembling hands. The contents were as follow:—

"My dear Child,—Do not fear to give yourself up to the guidance of Lord Windermere; he is a noble being and a true Christian,—one in every way worthy to become your protector. I beg you will not hinder his departure from England, but consent at once to his wishes. It is essential to his health that he should proceed to a warm climate immediately. May Almighty God bless the means used for his recovery, and long spare him to you. And may His Holy Spirit continue to direct and guide you in all things. Bessy sends congratulations and love, with those of yours affectionately, &c. &c."

"Well, Emmeline, has your guardian given me a good character?" asked Lord Windermere, smiling as he watched her varying countenance.

"He has said all that is true; yet I do wish that you had written to me yourself," said poor Emmeline, her bosom heaving tumultuously.

"Surely I am no stranger to you,—you have known me long, my sweet girl, and must be aware that I will show every consideration your pure and delicate mind can desire, or that your mother could wish for you; what would you have me say more?"

Emmeline raised her eyes to his, gratitude and love portrayed in their soft expression; then sinking on his breast she murmured: "I will do all that you wish me, and tomorrow."

Lord Windermere held her there in speechless affection, shading her burning cheek with his hand. At this interesting moment, a low knock at the door disturbed him. It was Ruth, who came to know what commands the Earl had for Austin.

"Is he come already?" asked Lord Windermere, starting up and looking at his watch. "I had no idea it was so late. Have the goodness to say I will see him directly."

Ruth retired with a courtesy and a smiling happy countenance. "All's well that ends well," she thought.

"How much this room reminds me of past days, my dear girl," said Lord Windermere, again sitting down; "the words your poor father addressed to me, that last sad evening we were together; how often have they since recurred to my remembrance. 'Let the wreck before you,' he said, 'remind you of the day, when that manly form shall, in like manner, be cut down,—for come, it must, to you, and to all. Oh! prepare for it, my dear friend, as you hope for peace, in an hour like this, and fly to your Saviour, as your sure and certain refuge.'

"Such a wreck, am I become; but, I thank God, that he has led me through the deep waters to the ark of safety. I am not what I was then, in either mind or person. You see me sadly changed in appearance, Emmeline."

The tears of Emmeline were falling too fast to allow her to make any reply. The change was indeed great, but the knowledge of that happier one, wrought in his heart, served to console her for it.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner now entered the room. They had heard it was Lord Windermere's intention to sleep at the small village inn, and they came to intreat that he would remain at the parsonage, in preference. After some scruples, on his part, and persuasions, on theirs, he consented to do so, when Emmeline glided away with Mrs. Gardner, to confide to her the extraordinary change that had taken place in her circumstances, intreating her sympathy and her aid. Readily and kindly she gave both—being quite satisfied, after reading Mr. Grosvenor's letter, that all was well ordered, for her young and interesting friend. When Ruth was informed that her mistress was to be married on the morrow, her astonishment knew no bounds.

"La, bless me! is it possible?" she exclaimed; "well, I do wish my Lord had given us more time. Why, you have nothing ready, Miss Emmeline—but if I sit up half the night, you shall have your best white muslin dress. The worst thing is your bonnet; you never can be married to an Earl in a straw bonnet, it would look so queer."

Emmeline and Mrs. Gardner exchanged smiles. "Never mind, Ruth," said the latter; "we must employ the little time we have, in things of more importance. Lord Windermere will pardon the straw bonnet, I make no doubt, when he looks at the face beneath it."

"Dear heart! and I shall not be able to go with you," again complained Ruth; "I wish I had not been in such a hurry to get married, but William never would let me have any peace, till I consented, like a fool." And she began to cry.

"Oh, Ruth! do not speak thus," said Emmeline; "and William such a kind husband as he is."

"But what will you do, Miss Emmeline, for some one to wait on you; you know I was never parted from you before, and it is only natural that I should feel it."

"It will be but for a time, dear Ruth, I trust," replied Emmeline affectionately; "pray, help to support me, for indeed I require all that my friends can give me. Lord Windermere is looking very ill—don't you think so?" And she wept.

Mrs. Gardner now very judiciously proposed, that instead of talking and yielding to feelings, they should act; and she dismissed Ruth to give orders about the Earl's room, while she hastened to write several notes, and to make arrangements for the solemn event of the morrow. Her little Sunday

school scholars, she sent away, with a promise that they should all assemble with their mistress, to witness the interesting ceremony. She then returned with Emmeline to the drawing room, where they found Lord Windermere, deep in conversation with Mr. Gardner. The interruption, however, did not appear to disconcert either. The Earl drew Emmeline to the seat next himself, while Mr. Gardner said playfully to his wife:

“Charlotte, now that you have finished your womanly debate, about muslins and laces, pray let us have some tea; the urn has been hissing impatiently the last half hour.”

Mrs. Gardner smiled, and flew to obey him, with such pleasing alacrity, that she won the admiration of Lord Windermere, at once. Perhaps, a happier group could scarcely be found in the whole world, than that, which was now assembled in the little drawing room of the Rectory. The spirits of Emmeline revived, in the society of her beloved friend, who forced his own, on purpose to encourage her, and she was surprised when the old church clock told the hour of ten, and Mr. Gardner rang the bell for prayers.

It will readily be believed that sleep forsook the eyes of Emmeline this night. In no position that she turned, could she find rest, so excited were her feelings by the incidents of the last few hours. She tried to compose her thoughts to prayer, but even here she failed; therefore, casting herself on the mercy and goodness of God, in broken ejaculations she watched and waited, and longed for day. Happily, before it came, she had enjoyed one hour's slumber, from which she started in a kind of terror, remembering that some great event was about to take place, but scarcely collected enough to realise it. The sun was shining brightly into the windows of her room, that room which had been hers as a child. In the next reposed him, who, long ago had been its wild and thoughtless inhabitant. What recollections both of pain and pleasure rushed over her as she started up and gazed upon the scene without.

“Would that he had prepared me, even by one little week,” she said, “then this day would have dawned upon me in peace. Now all is tumult, all fear, all throbbing in this poor heart.”

Not long was she left a prey to such uneasy feelings, for Mrs. Gardner, with Ruth, entered, both laden with various packages. On perceiving how pale and agitated Emmeline looked, the former said:

“Now you are a very naughty girl, Emmeline; you have been yielding to your foolish nerves—up, rise up, and see the presents which your noble lord has sent you.”

“Aye, presents fit for a queen, my dear young lady—only look here.”

Emmeline sprang from her bed, while Ruth un-

closed a case and displayed a splendid India shawl, a long lace veil, and a casket containing some beautiful jewellery. These were from the Earl, in the other case was the bridal dress, with a letter full of affection from Lady Frances Lumley. Over this Emmeline wept tears of joy.

“Ruth is quite satisfied to let the marriage go on, now that you will not be obliged to wear a straw bonnet,” said Mrs. Gardner, smiling; “dearest Emmeline, I know that you care little for the finery, but what reason for gratitude have you, that God has raised you up a protector, a friend from among his own people. Mr. Gardner is quite charmed with Lord Windermere; he thinks his judgment so sound, his piety so sincere.”

“I have indeed been mercifully dealt with. May I only become more deserving,” replied Emmeline, fervently. “How is he today—dear Mrs. Gardner, have you seen him?”

“Yes, and he is looking far better; he says that he has not slept so soundly for ages as he did last night; but I must not linger here,” continued Mrs. Gardner, “for I have fifty calls upon me this morning. Ruth will remain to assist you, and you had better remain quietly in your room till I come to summon you.”

With what fond pride did Ruth attire her beautiful mistress in her bridal robes, gazing on her in an extacy of delight, when she had completed her task. Emmeline herself trembled violently, and when breakfast was sent to her, like a true heroine as she was, she left it untasted. At length the hour, the dreaded hour, arrived, and Mrs. Gardner entered to conduct her to the Earl, who awaited her in the drawing room. Emmeline tottered towards him and was received in his arms.

“My poor little trembling dove,” he said, pressing her affectionately. “Why all this needless alarm; this is treating me like a stranger, Emmeline.”

“You must pardon her for this day, my lord, and scold her tomorrow,” said Mrs. Gardner, smiling.

Emmeline tried to smile too, but she could not, as she clung to Lord Windermere, who gave her his fullest support; his carriage conveyed himself, Emmeline and Mrs. Gardner to the church door, which they reached in two minutes, so near it was. The whole village had assembled to see the noble bridegroom and sweet Miss Milman, as they walked up the pathway, and entered the church. Mr. Gardner stood at the altar, ready with his book, while a few of the oldest friends of Mr. Milman were also present; amongst them, Doctor and Mrs. Vidal, who would have been highly offended, had they been forgotten. Two pretty lady like girls, the daughters of Mr. Sutton Perkins, of Ruby Lodge, acted as the bridesmaids. Never, perhaps, had the marriage of an Earl been performed with so little courtly ceremony before; but Lord Windermere

heeded nothing—beheld no one but the beautiful and innocent being by his side, who pledged to him her vows in a voice solemn and distinct; seeming to have her strength restored to her from the moment she knelt down. All were charmed with the modest and devout composure she exhibited on the occasion. The ring was placed on her small hand; the last benediction pronounced, when Emmeline rose from her knees—the Countess of Windermere. One glance she cast at the monument of her parents—one tear she shed ere she was hurried away by her lord, whose eyes had followed the direction of hers. At the church door they were met by the Sunday school children with flowers in their hands to present to the bride. Affectionately she smiled upon them all, patting the heads of some, and receiving the greetings of her friends who flocked around her, with a grace peculiarly her own. She returned with the Earl to the Rectory, where they staid to partake of the refreshments Mrs. Gardner had prepared for them. At two o'clock, the Earl's travelling carriage was seen driving up to the gate. Ruth was in floods of tears while she assisted Emmeline to change her dress, because another than herself had been engaged by Mrs. Gardner, to attend her while abroad.

“Dear, dear Ruth, you shall return to me,” said Emmeline, warmly embracing her, “and Lord Windermere bid me say that you and William are to have that pretty little lodge you may remember at the Castle—how happy you will be then.”

“Oh, Miss Emmeline, my lady, I mean, that will indeed be delightful—how good, how kind,” exclaimed Ruth, her countenance at once brightening; but then she recollected her parents, and again it became overcast. Ah, how could she leave them in their old age, and they from various losses not so well off as they used to be.

“Make your mind easy about them, Ruth—your dutiful affection shall be rewarded by seeing your parents as happy as you could desire, rest assured,” and Emmeline kissed her faithful attendant, and hastened back to the Earl, who she knew was anxious to proceed on his journey. Deep cause had she for gratitude to the kind friends whom she was leaving, and much she felt on bidding them farewell; when she attempted to express her thanks to Mrs. Gardner, her voice faltered, and she could not proceed.

“Silence, sweet Emmeline,” replied her amiable friend. “The obligation has been mutual, and lonely will the village appear, when you, its chief ornament, are gone; you must not forget Rosedale.”

“There is little fear of that, Mrs. Gardner,” answered Lord Windermere, for her; “the name is enshrined in both our hearts—farewell—God bless you, and ten thousand thanks—when next we meet, if on earth, may it be at Windermere.”

The journey from Havre to Paris, was performed by the easiest stages, our travellers pausing at Rouen

for a few days to rest. Whose happiness could surpass that of Emmeline's, as she sat by the side of her beloved, her hand clasped in his, her head resting on his bosom, while thus they went on their way. Like the tenderest of brothers he regarded her, till days spent in each other's society, had regained for him her entire confidence, when he became to her the devoted, the ardent, the loving husband. Oh, how her love for him had increased since their union. She prayed that it might be regulated, that he might not become an idol to estrange her heart from God, and she besought him to help her in the effort, and not, by too much indulgence, to keep her thoughts fixed on himself alone. He smiled affectionately, as she would thus sweetly expostulate, then say with a sigh:

“Fear not, my darling Emmeline, to enjoy your brief sunshine of happiness; trials follow us to the end of our pilgrimage, to remind us that we are not yet at home—perfect bliss can alone be experienced in Heaven.”

What a contrast did the gentle, amiable disposition of Emmeline present, to that of the proud and capricious Lady Barbara: a contrast that often struck Lord Windermere, particularly when he would behold her anticipating his wishes, flying to serve him, soothing him if vexed, and entering into every plan—every proposal he suggested, with the most cheerful alacrity.

“If parents would but train their children for God, instead of, for the world,” he then would say, “Heaven would then be drawn down to earth, and each home become a Paradise.”

He never spoke of Lady Barbara to Emmeline. The faults of the dead he considered sacred; if his thoughts turned occasionally towards her, it was only in pity.

The dear Emmeline, for a time wondered at the great deference and respect she met from all, wherever she appeared, till she became accustomed to her new honors, which she sustained with such grace, sweetness and humility, that the Earl more and more charmed with her, only feared, like herself, that she might engross his heart too entirely. The new scenes through which she was journeying, and the new people she saw, called forth all the enthusiasm of her nature; it was with her, a constant exclamation of delight, whichever way her eye turned. Lord Windermere made a point of showing her everything that was worth seeing at Paris, although she frequently remonstrated, fearing the fatigue might be too great for him in his present delicate state of health. After a fortnight spent there, they proceeded to Moulins—from thence to Lyons, and Aix, to Montpellier, where the Earl made up his mind to remain during the winter months, and until the following spring was far advanced; he accordingly hired a fine old Chateau, which soon became endecared to Emmeline, as the first residence they

had shared together. But even here, in this blissful abode, care sought her out, and robbed her of a portion of her happiness, for the health of Lord Windermere did not appear to mend: indeed, his strength seemed rather to diminish, while his appetite entirely failed him. The flushed cheek, and panting breath, after the slightest exertion, were terrible signs to poor Emmeline, who had witnessed with agony, their fatal results in others, so well beloved. There were moments, when Lord Windermere would discover her gazing on him, intense anxiety traced on her countenance, tears filling her soft eyes, and he would gently rebuke her, even while he pressed her with tenderness to his bosom.

The devoted attention of Austin to his Lord *could* only be exceeded by her own; and, accustomed as she knew this faithful servant had been for years to attend upon him, she frequently would ask him, in faltering tones, if he thought the Earl was looking worse. Austin, who would have gone to the end of the world to serve his beautiful lady, strove to cheer and comfort her by saying, that the natural constitution of Lord Windermere was so good, that he felt convinced that, with God's blessing, he would ultimately recover. What gratitude beamed in the smile with which she would repay him for this blissful hope! It is needless to say how Emmeline implored her Heavenly Father to have mercy upon her—to spare the beloved friend He had raised up to console her for all she had lost. She *knew* that her prayers would be heard,—she knew they would be answered in the best way for her husband as well as for herself; but alas! would they be answered according to her wishes? Never before had she felt it so difficult to say, "Thy will be done." Yet she *did* say it, and she received her reward. God has said, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." He lent a gracious ear to her petitions. He blessed the means used for the restoration of her heart's treasure; for after a few months spent at Montpelier, a very perceptible improvement took place, in the health and appearance of the Earl. His cheek lost its delicate hue, and became bronzed with the sun—his drooping form resumed its erect and fine proportions—his step again became firm and commanding.

"Happiness is a skillful physician, my own darling Lily," he said, clasping his wife with ardour to his bosom; "Heaven has repaid your tender care, and may we never cease to adore the goodness of our Gracious Father."

Could there be anything now wanting to complete the earthly felicity of our two friends? If they thought there could, it was granted to them, ere they left the Chateau, in the birth of a child,—a boy—an heir to the house of Windermere. With what rapture did the Earl press the sweet babe in his arms, and imprint a father's first kiss on its beautiful lip, while a tear fell, as he thought of his

own unfortunate parent, and wished that he had lived to behold the young scion of a noble race.

"He *must* have loved it; his rugged nature might have become softened," he said; "but God's will be done,—for His glory shall my boy be trained."

If it were possible for Emmeline to become dearer in his sight than ever she had been before, it was now, when he would behold the infant, Lord Avon, reposing in her arms, his head resting on her beautiful bosom, his soft eyes closed in slumber,—what object can indeed be so touching in nature as the young and lovely mother with her first-born babe,—so pure, so holy, so calm is the love that binds them to each other.

It was with many a fond regret that Lord Windermere and his Countess quitted Montpelier, a place never to be forgotten by either, yet the dear friends they had left in England reconciled them to their departure from its peaceful shades. Emmeline took with her some dried flowers she had gathered from a favorite bank, where often she had sat with her beloved Lord; he smiled at what he termed her romance, though he was quite young enough to understand it.

During Lord Windermere's absence from the castle it had been undergoing great alterations; the painful associations connected with the place making him anxious to change its appearance as much as possible, without destroying that monastic sombre beauty admired so much by Emmeline. The iron bars were all taken down from the windows, and the apartments of the late Earl rendered light and cheerful. "All the old heavy and faded furniture was replaced by new of the most costly and elegant description. The grounds were left as before, but the Temple had been rebuilt by order of the Earl, directly he heard that Emmeline had made it her resort; the shrubs and briars were cleared away, and the trees removed that excluded the sun,—one old elm alone suffered to remain, under whose branches its white dome was shaded.

Who can express the joy that was experienced by all the domestics on the return of their beloved Lord to his native home. A joy increased *ten fold* when he presented to them his Countess and the young Lord Avon. As for good old Mrs. Compton, she wept and laughed alternately, putting on her spectacles, to examine the child and discover who he most resembled, the only thing she could not quite reconcile was his French nurse.

"My young Lord shall not be attended by a Catholic, with her dumb idols, her beads and her fast days forsooth," she remonstrated, but on discovering that Nanette was a Protestant, her heart changed and warmed towards her, "because," she added, "she is a stranger in a strange land, Mrs. Compton should have remembered that the Christian is kind to all. It is for God alone to be the judge.

Emmeline had always admired the castle, but now that she entered it under such altered circumstances to those with which she had left it, every object she beheld delighted her, and as the Earl, with his usual affection, welcomed her to her new home, she sweetly murmured :

“Father of Mercies, may thine orphan child never forget in the days of prosperity all that thou wert to her in the dark ones of adversity ; keep me, Oh ! keep me thine forever.”

One of her first acts after her arrival was to write to her faithful Ruth, and communicate the glad tidings that Lord Windermere had presented a beautiful farm on his estate to her parents in order that they might not be separated from their only child in their old age. Ruth and her husband were to have one of the lodges, and the following month found these valued, though humble friends, happily settled in their new abodes, praising God that he had raised them up such a kind and generous benefactor.

The old farmer walked about his little property in a perfect extacy.

“Why dame here, be’es oxen and cows and pigs, all made ready to our hand, I do vow, I shouldn’t be surprised to see feathered fowl falling from the skies, next—our new Lord is dreadful kind, that is certain.”

“It is all owing to my having nursed his beautiful lady, my own sweet Miss Emmeline,” replied the dame, “for the love he bears to her is he kind to us.”

“Thou art wrong, dame, to take the merit to thyself,” returned the honest farmer, “to God be all the praise ; His goodness has placed us here, and to Him let us kneel in thanksgiving. Bend thy old knees, dame, it will do us both good to say a prayer, for my heart is full some how, and I must get rid on it or I shall burst.” And the tears of the old man expressed his feelings far better than his words.

Sir John and Lady Frances Lumley readily accepted the Earl’s invitation to the castle, and arrived the following week. The affectionate meeting between the dear friends may well be imagined. Lady Frances now possessed a little girl, who fortunately saved Norman from being totally spoiled, as she fully shared with him her mother’s tenderness, and many were the playful disputes between the two mammas, which child had the higher claim to be called beautiful, the little Clara, or her cousin, young Lord Avon. Happy hours ! Emmeline wished she could clip the wings of old Time, they sped away so fast.

It was pleasing to see how eager Lord Windermere was to show his gratitude to all those who had befriended his beloved Emmeline in her sorrows ; he had wished much that Mr. Grosvenor would have accepted a valuable living in his gift a few miles from the castle ; but the old man was so devotedly attached to his own parish that it would have broken

his heart to leave it ; he promised, however, to pay his friends a visit at no distant period. From Miss Grosvenor, Emmeline learnt that the undutiful daughter of Mrs. Larkins had become a widow and returned a penitent to her mother’s house, and that Maria, profiting by her sister’s example, had consented to give her hand in marriage to a respectable and wealthy merchant, even though he wore spectacles and an odious wig.

The day that Mr. Grosvenor and his sister fulfilled the wishes of the Earl, by coming to the castle, proved one of complete and unalloyed happiness ; smiles shone on every face, nor was there one who could say he was forgotten or disregarded by his Lord. A grand entertainment had been ordered for his poorer tenants, but the Earl would not break the domestic circle on this day by a single stranger guest at his own table.

After dinner, the young Lord Avon was brought in and placed in the arms of the aged Minister, who blessed him and most impressively and touchingly dedicated him to the service of His divine master. It was a beautiful sight to see the old man and the young babe, the one having finished his course with joy, and about to depart and receive his reward ; the other, a lovely bud just expanding into life, looking up, and smiling in his venerable face. A tear gathered in the eye of the Minister as he returned him to his nurse, and again sat down, saying :

“This is indeed a moment replete with delight, my dear friends, and it almost overpowers me. Emmeline, my beloved and excellent child, how are you now recompensed for all your sorrow. Faithful is He who promised and has fulfilled—who has turned your mourning into laughter—your tears into smiles,—yet listen to the old man’s caution : in meekness and in patience you sustained your trials ; but you will find prosperity far more difficult than these to bear ; the first lead us nearer to God, while the last too often draws us away from Him. When wandering in sunny places, we do not care to look whether shelter is near us ; but let the dark cloud arise, and how soon we fly under the protecting tree as a refuge from the rain ; sweetly has it been said that ‘the disciples suffered the Saviour to sleep while the ship sailed smoothly along ; but when the winds and the waves arose, and the sea became boisterous, they cried, ‘Lord save us, we perish !’ Remember, my child, your Lord’s command to watch, and trade with the talents he has committed to your care, as one who must be called upon to give an account ; but I know you will do this,” he added affectionately, as Emmeline drew round to his side, and, with the simplicity of a child, listened to his revered counsils. And oh ! it makes me happy to think that in your noble Lord you possess a friend who will help and not retard you on your pilgrimage.”

“Once I was in danger of proving such an enemy

to her ; but, God be praised, that time has passed," said the Earl, encircling his beautiful Countess with his arm, and tenderly pressing her. "The pious qualities of this dear girl, so consistently displayed, first made me admire religion. Her father's dying words taught me to revere it ; but it remained for the Divine hand to kindle the torch within my breast and to display to my view the Saviour in his matchless perfections,—consequently, my own utter sinfulness. Now can I truly say that to be a religious man is to be a happy man. In my days of darkness all was distrust, doubt, and uncertainty : these have vanished before that glorious light which God gave to a ruined world, to guide us through its dangers, to Himself; and peace is mine—that peace which can alone be felt and understood by the mind renewed. Emmeline, my precious one, our path now lies together ; side by side we will journey on until we reach the mansions where your sainted parents live in glory. Then can I say without shame, 'Here is your orphan child—I have not kept her from you.'

Emmeline gazed in his face with feelings far too deep for utterance. He saw this, and kissing her, he changed his manner, as he playfully added :

"Now let us return to the drawing-room, and we will ask Fanny to sing the song played by the old blind man at Rosedale."

Cheerfully did Lady Frances comply, and as she sweetly warbled the air that brought with it a train of such tender recollections to them both, Lord Windermere and Emmeline exchanged looks of love, and again praised God that the sorrow of the night had been changed into the joy of the morning.

MORAL RULES AND SENSE OF DUTY.

THE regard to the general rules of morality is what is properly called a sense of duty ; a principle of the greatest consequence in human life, and the only principle by which the bulk of mankind are capable of directing their actions. There is scarce any man who, by discipline, education, and example, may not be so impressed with a regard to these general rules of conduct, as to act upon almost every occasion with tolerable decency, and through the whole of his life avoid any tolerable degree of blame. Without this sacred regard to the general rules of morality, there is no man whose conduct can be much depended upon. It is this which constitutes the most essential difference between a man of principle and honour, and a worthless fellow. The one adheres, on all occasions, steadily and resolutely to his maxims, and preserves, through the whole of his life, one even tenor of conduct. The other acts variously and accidentally, as honour, inclination, or interest, chance to be uppermost.—*Dr. Adam Smith.*

(ORIGINAL.)

ANACREONTIC.

ANSWER TO THE SONG OF "LOVE NOT."

"LOVE NOT !" Why "love not ?" Since 'tis our fate to die,
Should not our life pass merrily, while flitting swiftly by ;
Proving at best an April day, whose sun is gladly seen
To brighten with its dimpling smiles the fields just turning green ?
Oh ! if that sun were blotted out, how could we then be gay,
With every true endearing joy thus roughly swept away ?
Doomed to exist quite passionless, like any stone or tree,
With one faint ray of love unblest—'t were better NOT TO BE.

But now gay spring, thick blossoming, leads in the pleasant weather,
That tempts all creatures from their homes to meet and sport together :
The birdies in their scented bowers—the bees upon the wing,
To cheer their little busy mates, of love now sweetly sing.

Let every lad then seek his lass,—each Jean list to her Jock,
And circling ties of happiness their throbbing hearts close lock ;
Should surly Care come glowering near, we 'll laugh loud in his face,
Till shamed he quickly steals away, nor leaves behind a trace.

Montreal, 8th June, 1842.

IMAGINATION.

BY imagination, we understand a creating power possessed by the mind, enabling it to form numberless ideas, which are not the immediate result of external impressions, or of recollection. By the imagination every man creates thoughts ; they are entirely his own, and they might never have existed, had they not occurred to his individual mind. It is by the force of imagination that certain images, fancies, and conceits, frequently present themselves, although they may not be authorised by reason, nor have any prototype in nature. These sometimes die away like the visions of the night, answering no permanent purpose. Sometimes they may suggest ideas, which may lead to corresponding experiments, and terminate in realities ; or amid the wilds of conjecture, they often furnish hints which the judgment knows how to improve into useful plans and consistent theories.—*Cogan.*

EMMA DARWIN; OR, THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE HEATH," "JUVENILE TRAVELLER," &c. &c.

Continued from our last Number.

THOSE who have merely read of the delightful task "of teaching the young idea how to shoot," can form but a very inadequate estimate of the self-denial and mortification which falls to the lot of the instructress, particularly when she is determined conscientiously to discharge her duty. All power over the pupil should be exercised with tenderness, decision, and discretion, without the smallest approach to tyranny, or undue severity. Emma had been taught to know, that to the young mind example is as important as precept, and she resolved to teach only that, which she did not fail to practice. This principle was formed under a deep conviction that to live to the glory of God, and to the good of our fellow creatures, is the grand object of human existence, and the only one which can bring peace at the last! She therefore strenuously hoped, that under divine assistance her pupils would become not only accomplished, but high principled, and rightly informed.

How truly is it to be lamented, that too frequently, external accomplishments form the *summum bonum* of female education, while the study of religion and morality, are made a secondary consideration, or wholly neglected. To so fatal an error may be attributed the seed and growth of every vice that can reach the female character. Pity that woman should so little understand the end and aim of her creation, as to descend to the contemptibleness of wasting her life in what has no real foundation either of happiness to herself, or utility to her species. And something more severe than pity, is due to the mother who will allow her child to fix her thoughts only upon outward show, and arts of attraction, to the sacrifice, or neglect of the noblest, and best feelings of her nature. How little does she consider that although the other sex may encourage, the sensible part of them must inwardly despise such petty traps of cunning and artful slavery!

Emma commenced her arduous duties under favourable auspices. Lady G—— had, hitherto, herself superintended the education of her two little girls, the one nine, the other eleven years of age. They were affectionate, and docile in disposition, mild in temper, and pleasing in manner; the first seeds of good principle had been sown with maternal care, and Emma hoped to cultivate them so as to render her pupils useful members of society, and happy in their own resources. She saw that the task before her had been so well planned, that there would be very little difficulty in its execution; and

she piously resolved that no effort on her part should be wanting to render it complete.

Lady G—— was not one of those *fine* ladies who considered it a condescension to notice with attention, the person to whom she had judged proper to entrust the education of her children; she thought that such a being, ought, and must be deserving of her friendship, or would be unworthy of the important trust confided to her: she treated Emma as her friend, and taught her servants to respect her as their superior, while her children looked up to their instructress with gratitude and affection. They saw in her conduct, an example worthy their imitation, and from her lips heard only that which was instructive and good.

Sir Lionel was the parent of four children. His eldest son had, at the time of Emma's entering the family, just left Sandhurst, and obtained a commission in a Regiment of Guards; the youngest son was at Eton, but, becoming delicate in health, his father judged it advisable to remove him; and a private tutor, in the person of a young clergyman, was engaged for him at home. This change, however, had not the desired effect; the youth continued declining, and it was ultimately considered expedient by his physician, that he should try the climate of Italy. The anxious parents were unwilling to part with their son, even for a season; they therefore made immediate arrangements that the family should accompany him, that he might not, in the slightest degree, be deprived of those endearing attentions, which maternal affection only knows how effectually to bestow.

Anticipating the wishes of her young friend, Lady G—— proposed, that, previous to their departure, Emma should pay a short visit to her faithful Margaret, between whom, in accordance to their mutual agreement, a constant correspondence had been kept up. We should certainly fail in an attempt to describe the happiness of the good old creature, as she saw Emma open the wicket gate, and lightly trip up the neatly weeded path leading to the cottage. In a moment, they were encircled within each other's arms, and if the tongue did not give utterance to their feelings, their tears spoke volumes of affection and joy. Emma's stay, however, was limited; the carriage which had brought her to the door, was ordered to call for her at the same hour on the following day. But short as was the visit, it was productive of great consolation. She found Margaret cheerful and happy, surrounded by the essentials necessary to the ease and comfort of old

age. In obedience to Emma's desire, she had taken the daughter of a poor neighbour, as a companion and an attendant; their combined exertions had kept in excellent order, every article of furniture, as well as the domestic animals: for a little favourite spaniel, some poultry, and a cow, had been left under her care. The last mentioned had been very useful, in contributing essentially towards her support; after supplying her own wants, the sale of eggs, chickens, butter and milk, added considerably to the good old woman's revenue, which her generous mistress had taken care should be adequate to her wishes.

Every flower and shrub that had been planted by Emma, shared Margaret's special care, and not a single weed was suffered to intrude upon any of the beds, or neatly trimmed walks. The day was charming—the scene around was in itself sublime and cheerful, enlivened by sunshine and the music of birds, which answered each other from the full blossomed trees,—nothing could be more inspiring to the grateful feelings of Emma: it was a scene, with all its associations, not easily to be forgotten. Wrought in heavenly contemplation, she wandered towards the sacred spot in which were deposited the remains of her beloved parents. Here

"Memory swells

With many a proof of recollected love."

Her eyes filled with tears. With uplifted hands, she devoutly poured forth the feelings of her pious heart to that God whose Divine hand can administer a balm into the deepest wounds that affection can suffer. She was calmly religious; hers was not the enthusiasm which, being suddenly enkindled, may as suddenly evaporate. It had "grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength." Having performed what she considered a sacred duty, she rose from her knees with a countenance irradiated with Divine consolation; and, although her cheeks were wet with tears, hope beamed from her expressive eyes. She returned to pass the remainder of the day with her faithful Margaret, to whom she had not yet told the secret of her intended absence from England. She knew it would be woful tidings, and scarcely dared trust herself to make a communication that would cloud the happiness so fully demonstrated upon her unexpected appearance. She, therefore, resolved to delay that which would be painful to learn till the last moment, preparing her mind, in the mean time, to expect that their next meeting would probably be at a distant period. This, however, was done with great tenderness by Emma, who deposited in Margaret's hand a sum of money sufficient to defray all her expenses at least for a year, with a little surplus to be disposed of in charitable purposes among her former protégées. And she had the happiness to find, when the carriage arrived to convey her to

London, that the poor old soul, although bathed in tears, bore her departure with more composure than on the former occasion. As Emma took a last view of the cottage, she prayed that God's blessing might rest upon it, and that its worthy inmate might be comforted by the balm that flows in the fountains of Heaven!

Upon her arrival in London, she found her friends all busy in the "din of preparation," the following day being fixed for their departure. They left town in two carriages; the first contained Lady G—, Emma, her two pupils, and a waiting woman; the other, which was a chariot, was occupied by Sir Lionel, the invalid, and his tutor, of whom we must now give some trifling description. Mr. Montague was the son of a clergyman, who held a living in the gift of Sir Lionel. He had been educated at Cambridge, and received the degree of B. A.; since which period, until his present engagement, he had been assisting his father in the capacity of Curate; an irreproachable character and amiable manners, combined with a refined and highly cultivated mind, recommended him particularly to the notice of his patron, who considered himself fortunate in procuring so competent an instructor for his son. The affectionate and unremitting tenderness which this amiable young man evinced towards his suffering pupil, made him a general favourite with all the family. By Sir Lionel he was treated with the kindness and confidence of a friend, and his judgment referred to upon all subjects of importance.

For the benefit of consulting an eminent physician in Paris, our travellers had taken that route; with a determination of remaining there no longer than might be deemed necessary, as their grand object was to gain Florence by easy stages as quickly as possible. Their stay, however, in the mighty metropolis of France was sufficiently retarded to enable Emma to visit the most interesting institutions. She saw the Tuilleries, the Boulevards, the Palais Royal, the Luxenburgh, the Jardin Des Plants, and every other place of importance to which Lady G— could accompany her and her little pupils. They had been about a fortnight in Paris, when Dr. M. considered his patient sufficiently improved in health to proceed without danger on his journey. The change of scene and climate had already, it would appear, worked miracles in his constitution; the bloom of health had superseded the deathly hue which for some months pervaded his countenance. This change had produced one equally great on the spirits of the whole party, for the exceedingly mild and affectionate disposition of the youth endeared him to all; by his parents he was loved with excessive fondness. There was an enthusiasm in his disposition closely allied to the sublime, and his remarks upon events, and the scenery through which they passed, were, at his tender age, remarkable for in-

telligence and observation. Their route was now towards Switzerland, and Charles, which was the name of the invalid, expressed a desire that they should proceed by the pass of Mount Cenis, and return by that generally denominated Napoleon's master work—the Simplon; his wishes were in perfect unison with those of the rest of the party; not one dissenting voice was raised in opposition. Who shall describe Emma's feelings as she journeyed onward through the sublime and romantic scenery with which that country abounds, and saw Alp on Alp arise like stepping stones into another system? And how sweetly did her feelings harmonize with surrounding objects,—with what reverential awe and gratitude did she reflect upon the magnitude of that Almighty Being, who, in his wisdom, formed the wonders which she beheld, and which had created in her mind such perfect astonishment and admiration!

The party delayed a few days at Geneva, occupied principally in taking views, and in contemplating the beauties and grandeur of nature, as here exhibited in her most magnificent features. In this delightful climate, Charles regained every appearance of health. The happy sympathies of nature conveying rapidly their healthful influence to the secret recesses of the mind, his intellectual powers became proportionately invigorated. His parents witnessed the change, with hearts replete with gratitude and joy, for they now fondly hoped the prospect of their journey would be realized.

They proceeded on their route and passed rapidly over places of minor interest, taking only such notice as would enable the younger branches of the party to speak the language of general information besitting the polished circle with which they were intended to mix. As they entered the city of Milan, the fine course—the beautiful pavements—the theatre,—but, above all, the magnificent marble dome,—excited much of Emma's attention. The Grand and learned institutions of Padua and Bologna, also, created in the mind admiration and respect; but she had never seen, or in imagination fancied, any place so captivating to look upon, as the queen of cities, the lovely Florence. Here, it was Sir Lionel's intention, they should make a prolonged stay, being the climate particularly recommended for his son, and they were delighted with their charming residence.

Emma and her pupils found full occupation in taking sketches of the surrounding scenery, and in perfecting themselves in the language of the country, which, in England, they had commenced studying together. Sir Lionel and Lady G—delighted in affording amusement as well as instruction to their children, and frequently took long journeys, in which pleasure and amusement were equally combined. They visited Naples for the purpose of seeing Mount Vesuvius, which at that time was

in full action. Sir Lionel engaged lodgings, commanding a full view of the mountain, upon which they often gazed in admiration and wonder. Emma and her pupils would frequently ascend immense heights, and look down with delight on the most beautiful bay in the world, or the party would occasionally take boats and waded on the smooth waters by heavenly zephyrs, glide along, entranced in rapturous admiration of the splendid crescent,—the city in its centre, and the magnificent chains of stupendous Appenines rising in the back ground.

They visited Pompeii and Herculaneum, which afforded ample subject for the mind to reflect upon, and supplied them with many specimens of natural curiosity. On one occasion, Charles expressed a desire to see Venice, the city, as it is called, of palaces and churches; the appeal to the indulgent father was irresistible; he made a point of denying nothing which he considered consistent with his means and duty; at first it was intended that it should be a party exclusively for the gentlemen; but Lady G—, observing that the girls had, in their late excursions, profited so much under Emma's tuition, and had produced such exquisite sketches, not only of the most beautiful scenery, but also, of the costumes of the inhabitants, of the different provinces through which they had passed, that she thought it would be a pity to deprive them of any advantages that might be derived by their visit to a place fraught with so much to admire and work upon; no opposition was offered to this suggestion.

Emma and her pupils were equally delighted with this beautiful city, built amidst and seeming to rise out of the waters. Like the great mass of travellers, their attention was attracted by the ease and comfort of the swift gondola, which, in perfect security, and seemingly without effort or motion, wafts the passenger from canal to canal, to their extreme boundaries, and even to the main land at many miles distance.

The magnificent edifices surrounding all sides of the city commanded their admiration: the fire of genius was visible in their construction, and excited their warmest praise.

The pencil was employed with great success in taking beautiful sketches, which, upon their return to Florence, were converted into fine drawings, to which were added written descriptions of every place and object worth notice, the whole forming a clever and very interesting volume.

The change of scene, variety of amusement, and different resources which had recently fallen to the lot of Emma, had not for one moment diverted her attention from the path of duty. As her mind expanded so did her gratitude to God increase: from his hand she had received all the blessings with which she was surrounded, and most devoutly did she worship the beneficent giver. Nor in the midst

of her happiness had she forgotten her faithful Margaret, to whom she had frequently written; and after being twelve months in Italy, sent her a check upon Sir Lionel's banker for a sum sufficient to defray her expenses for the ensuing year.

Alas! that sanguine hope, which had shed an halo of joy around the breasts of the affectionate parents, was now clouded by sorrow, the most afflicting! The disease, which had been long preying on the vitals of their beloved son, and which had baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, whose efforts had been only able to retard its progress, without eradicating the evil, now assumed a most alarming crisis, and aroused the most painful apprehension for its fatal termination; alive to every danger, and anxious to gratify every wish of their suffering darling, who, conscious of his own situation, expressed an ardent desire, to see once again his brother. In consequence of this wish, Sir Lionel despatched a messenger to England, with a request to the Horse Guards, that his son might be allowed three months' leave of absence, to visit his family in Italy. The request was granted, and the young aspirant to military fame, who, by purchase, had just obtained his Lieutenantcy, soon made his appearance at his father's hotel in Florence.

At the time of his arrival, the family were involved in the most painful anxiety respecting the invalid, although there were no apparent symptoms of immediate death, yet they dared not flatter themselves, as they had previously done, that there was the smallest hope of his recovery.

Emma's feeling heart, poured out to her imagination, the grief with which the young soldier would be afflicted, when he beheld the altered death-like countenance of that brother, who had so tenderly expressed a desire to see him—an interview, which, in all probability would be the last!

At the moment of his announcement, she was seated by the couch of the sufferer, tenderly administering to his wants, by supplying him with small quantities of broth, and offering his medicine as required. As Charles beheld his brother enter, the hectic flush overspread his pale cheek, and for a moment the tear of joy sparkled in his eye, while his poor wasted hand was extended to receive the pressure of filial love; but alas! how coolly—how senselessly, was it acknowledged! The handsome countenance of the gay Lieutenant beaming with health, importance, and self-satisfaction, scarcely cast a glance of recognition towards the invalid, whom he merely addressed, with: "Well, my boy, I hope you are better," at the same time fixing an impertinent gaze on the blushing face and tearful eyes of Emma, who could scarcely imagine that such a destitution of feeling could exist in any human heart. She rose to resign her seat, when the dear sufferer, gently taking her hand, said: "Do

not leave me, Miss Darwin, pray, do not leave me." She returned the warm pressure of his fevered hand, but with difficulty could she suppress the indignation which she really felt towards the senseless being, who stood gazing at her like a statue, and apparently possessing about as much sensibility. Her Ladyship's entrée, speedily relieved her from her office; she retired, equally disappointed and disgusted.

Lady G—— was devoted in her attentions to her sick child, and never left him, except when her health required rest, and then her place was supplied by the endearing attentions of Emma, towards the little sufferer, who was so delighted with her conversation, and kindness in reading and explaining different portions of Scripture to him, that he would willingly have had her by him continually. Nor was her Ladyship less sensible of her valuable services; she had witnessed too many proofs of her inestimable worth, not to hold them in proper estimation, while she proved, by every available means, the sincerity of her grateful feelings and true friendship, which Emma valued above any earthly treasure.

Lieutenant G—— was a being by himself. He did not appear to possess one single trait of character, that would pronounce him to be the offspring of his excellent parents: his disposition was a compound of all the opposite qualities, with which they were imbued—his heart, the seat of pride, arrogance, revenge, and duplicity; and his mind, as shallow as his heart, was impure. To account for so great a perversion of principle in one, whose family ranked high, in all the best qualities of human nature, is beyond the power of our poor ability to explain; but so it was—whether from an erroneous education, or from the example of profligate associates, who had gained an ascendancy over his morals, before his principles had been sufficiently matured, to enable him to stem the tide of dissipation, this youthful candidate to military honours, in some way or other, had unhappily fallen a victim to their influence, and now promised to become a confirmed rake, and useless profligate. In person he was remarkably handsome, his manners insinuating, and therefore the more dangerous. In duplicity, he had become so perfect an adept, that when he thought it worth while, he could assume a character, to which, in reality, he had no pretension. Whether blinded by their affections, or unwilling to believe their son capable of vice, Sir Lionel and Lady G—— appeared to pass over, with only an occasional mild reproof, the ruinous follies into which he was frequently plunging, and which they attributed more to the expensive profession he had chosen, than to any want of honourable principle. Yet, much may be said in palliation of their blindness; for, doubtless, the plausibility of his character, concealed from them his most heinous faults.

From the moment he had seen Emma, it appeared that he had marked her for his prey; but her mind was too richly stored with the gems of piety and Christian virtues, to be in danger of falling into error.

Sorel, Canada East, May, 1842.

(To be continued.)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

A father stood with folded arms, and motionless, beside the body of his dead child, and thus communed with himself:

'T is but a few days since, a beauteous child
Gamboll'd around me, and, in wood-notes wild,
Rang forth its heart, in joyousness and glee,
And fond Affection's mystic minstrelsy:—
Her golden locks hung clust'ring down her cheek;
Her liquid eye spoke, more than tongue can speak,
Of that possession, which all India's wealth
Can never purchase,—buoyant, balmy health!
Of more it spoke: of that rare gift to man,
Call'd Genius,—crown of the Almighty's plan.
But rarely mortals doth He thus endow!
It shone, a halo, on her lofty brow.

In grief and anguish I now gaze upon
The self-same child, from 'mid the living gone!
No more shall she upon the grassy lawn,
Vie with the movements of the bounding fawn;
No more upon the zephyr's wing shall rise
Her joyous carol, to the list'ning skies.
The choral voice is mute; the glowing cheek,
As cold as ice—as wintry snow-wreath, bleak!
The golden locks are smooth'd upon the brow:
The liquid eye? 'T is glaz'd and frozen, now!
The lips are parted—(mockery of mirth,—
Alas! too plain the fiat, "Earth to earth.")
The beauteous form must moulder 'neath the sod,
But oh! the Genius—shall ascend to God!

CHRISTIANITY.

THOUGH Christianity be as generally professed and as clearly taught amongst us, as ever it was in any nation, there are but few that are ever the better for it; the most being here also as bad, both in their principles and practices, as they which live in the darkest corners of the earth, where the light of the Gospel never yet shined. The far greater part of the people in this kingdom know little or nothing of the religion they profess, but only to profess it as the religion of the country wherein they live. They may, perhaps, be very zealous for it (as all people are for the religion in which they are born and bred), but take no care to frame their lives according to it, because they were never rightly informed about it.—*Dr. Wm. Beveridge.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ORKNEY BOATMAN'S SONG.

BY J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE.

The foaming Sea is dear to me,
It bears me on to thee, love!
And what care I, though the spurne-drift* fly,
It speeds me on to thee, love!
The heart that 's true, ne'er dreads the view
Of stormy clouds or sea, love!
The curling wave may scare the slave,
It ne'er will scare the free, love!

The wintry blast may bend the mast,
The sheet I'll ne'er let fly, love!
Till the water o'er the gunwale pour,
While the squall blows loud and high, love!
The waves may roar, on the rocky shore,
And the sea-birds sadly wail, love!
O'er the watery grave of the storm-toss'd bravo,
That sink 'mid the angry gale, love!

The tumbling tide, and the ocean wide,
Are blithesome sights to me, love!
The grey-gull's cry, in the gathering sky,
Is music sweet to me, love!
Now, sun-beams smile on the dusky isle,
And the cot that shelters thee, love!
Through the dashing spray, I'll cleave my way,
And hasten home to thee, love!

From the beetling cliff, our dancing skiff,
With throbbing heart you 'll see, love!
But your blushing cheek will gladness speak,
When fondly pressed by me, love!
With tale and song, we 'll drive along
The merry hours with thee, love!
And the morning beams, will chase sweet dreams
Of her that 's dear to me, love!

ON EDUCATION.

I THINK we may assert that in a hundred men, there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received. It is on education that depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy, have consequences very important, and of a long duration. It is with these first impressions, as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn, by different canals, in quite opposite courses, so that from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.—*Locke.*

* Spurne-drift—Foam-drift.—The spray caught up by the wind from the sea in the sheltered channels between the islands, during violent squalls,—a local term in Orkney.

(ORIGINAL.)

ROSE MURRAY; OR, THE RIVAL FREEBOOTERS.

BY RUSSELL.

Continued from our last number.

THE progress of our tale leads us again to the mansion of Sir W. Murray, in which, at the time referred to, there were seated Sir William and his daughter Rose.

The conversation had turned on the subject of their late fears, caused by the reception of the anonymous letter before mentioned, and the lovely daughter was laughing at their groundless fears and anxiety. Since we last left them, Sir William had determined on returning to the land of his birth, and had been busily employed in settling his affairs and disposing of his property, having gained the consent of his daughter, who yielded her own wishes to a plan with which she saw was connected her father's happiness. Her hopes of hearing anything concerning her lost cousin had grown fainter and fainter, and now were almost extinguished, after all the exertions of her father had failed in gaining any clue to his fate, further than the first report that he had fallen desperately wounded in battle, and his that body was not found among those of his comrades who fell around him. Though she had not forgotten him, yet, her mind being drawn to other objects, in the many preparations necessary for leaving their present home and a return to Scotland, the rose had begun to return to her cheek and the former elasticity to her step. She had indeed begun to look forward with some impatience to the time when they should leave, and frequently talked with her father on the strange sights she expected to meet with on her voyage, and in her new home. On this subject, Sir William was eloquent. He delighted to recount the feats of his youth, and the scenes of comedy and tragedy connected with his school-boy and college days. Many a time would the lovely girl burst into laughter at the stories of Sir William, and wonder that her father should ever have been the wild and frolicsome fellow his stories indicated. The tricks put upon his tutors were a special matter of merriment, and the excuses (but half serious) of the good old man, but added zest to the manner in which Sir William would describe the thunders of offended dignity, the warnings of bleeding and outraged authority, or the wilful blindness to what could not be properly taken notice of or punished by his tutors; and, on the part of himself and companions, the assumed ignorance of crimes laid to their charge,—the utter stolidity of comprehension when a charge was to be established against one of their set; the sorrowful pride of impeached virtue, or, if need must be, the dignified sorrow of compulsory repentance. But when Sir

William would tell of his victories over those older and stronger than himself, gained in behalf of his friends, who were no matches in strength to their antagonists, his spirit would infuse itself into the breast of the lovely Rose, and she would feel proud of her father for those things, which, even at that time, (he would say.) gave him more pleasure than any of the more important victories which, in other scenes, and on a wider and more elevated stage had fallen to him during life. Then, perchance, would come scenes of his early loves, and remembrances tender, yet melancholy, of later years. Her sainted mother—her lost brother—with all the train of happy and sad thoughts linked with them; and on such occasions, the silent tear would trickle over the fair cheek of Rose,—tears, in which the heart has more to do, than with the brightest smile, and around which the heart clings with a deeper, more enduring love, than around the brightest scenes engraved on its sunniest tablets. In such conversations would Sir William and his daughter, (as the latter was engaged on some light piece of fancy work or article of comfort for the poor in the neighbourhood,) while away the evening; but, on the present occasion, their conversation seemed of a hopeful and joyous character. We must now leave the quiet, happy scene, which, like too many of this world of sin and sorrow, was but the precursor of a storm.

We left Colonel M. and his companions starting on an expedition, which Captain George had opposed, and attempted to crush by force; but who, on the failure of his purpose had been thrown into chains, a guard being set over him, with orders to keep him safe at all hazards. The nature of that expedition has already in part appeared, as well as the causes that led to undertaking it. We have already said that Colonel M. had been able, during the war, to be of material assistance in protecting Sir William Murray and his property from bands of marauders, under the guise of patriots, and had thus gained admittance to his family, and that, by his art, insinuating himself into Sir William's confidence, he had endeavoured to inflict on him a deadly wound in the person of an only daughter. Struck with the beauty of Rose, he determined to make her his own, and, for this purpose, had used all the art which he had so successfully employed in other cases. These failings, he had called in the assistance of Pierre, whose openly avowed principles of licentiousness had procured him an indignant rebuke from his intended victim,

and an early banishment from the mansion of Sir William. Foiled in his secret attempts of villainy, and his proposals of marriage being rejected with contempt by the daughter, on a promise of secrecy, extorted from her by the threatened destruction of her father, he continued in the confidence of Sir William as formerly; and afterwards, his proposals being renewed, through him, they met with a like rejection, coupled with an utter refusal of further intimacy or acquaintance. He had, at the desire and request of Captain George, again rescued Sir William from a band of villains, instigated by himself; but all his future efforts to regain the confidence of the Baronet had been vain.

Feeling little remorse for his villainies, or rather boasting in his successes, his passions were continually influenced by his friend and creature, Pierre, whose efforts to accomplish the ruin of Sir William were unceasing, from a desire to gratify his private revenge. For this purpose, he had studiously endeavoured to create a breach between Colonel M. and Captain George, ever since he saw that the latter, by his power over the band, and influence with Colonel M., cut off all hopes of such an undertaking, and had foiled him heretofore in the disguised attack projected on Sir William Murray's property. In creating this breach, we have seen he was at last successful; and, at the time we now meet them, they were waiting till the darkness of the night to make the attack which was to crown his passion for revenge with success.

On this evening Sir William Murray and his daughter had protracted their conversation to a later hour than usual, in such reminiscences of his boyhood and college days, as those in which we left them engaged, and in pictures of future happiness and friendship to be enjoyed. He had dwelt with a father's love, and with a father's pride, on the prospects of his lovely daughter, and the interest which her surpassing beauty would create in the circles in which he had been accustomed to move in the land of his fathers. After his customary blessing bestowed on his only child, they had separated for the night. Sir William was in the act of being undressed, when a violent knocking at the door made him dismiss his servant to enquire into the cause of so very unusual a disturbance. Sounds as of altercation led him to throw his gown hastily over his remaining garments, and proceed himself to the scene for information. He was instantly seized by two men, and, in spite of his struggles, securely bound. His cries for help were silenced by a pistol presented close to his ear, accompanied with an assurance, that the first attempt to renew them would procure its contents. The resistance offered by the servants being soon overcome, some had dispersed themselves over the house in search of plunder, and others, finding their way to the wine cellar, had brought up a cask of its contents and were

busily employed in proving the quality of Sir William's vintage. The struggles of Sir William were still more violent on hearing the cries of his daughter, and on seeing her, with her maid, borne forcibly in the arms of two ruffians past the place where he was confined. His attempts to learn the cause of the attack, and his offer of all he possessed to spare his daughter, were equally unheeded. Borne on in their arms, his daughter was placed on a horse, which stood prepared at the door; but, it being evident, that in her present condition they could not proceed, she was again dismounted, and in a short time placed on a kind of litter. After a short consultation between the two who were most active in giving directions, her maid was hoisted into the place intended for her mistress, with no very gentle hints of what she might expect, should she either prove refractory, or possess a like inability.

Sir William in the mean time seeing resistance useless, had, on promise of implicit obedience, been unbound; and, mounted on a second horse, he was waiting the direction of his captors. The flames beginning to burst from the mansion house elicited a volume of curses from the apparent leaders, and the command to burst open the heads of the casks of liquor, of which several were now in due course of being emptied, was instantly obeyed by those nearest to the speaker.

In an instant afterwards several were mounted, and in another, part of the band began to move forward, accompanied by one of the leaders, while the other was endeavouring to call together the others from the plunder which even the violence of the flames could not deter them from now seeking. By the assistance of two or three of those most obedient, and after an example of summary justice inflicted on one or two of those hesitating, with much difficulty the remaining men were reduced to order, and got ready for following their companions.

In a short time overtaking their companions, they proceeded together as fast as those who bore the litter with its fair burden, by frequent changes, were able to advance.

"Well, my noble Colonel, may our success be an omen of the future—he! he! he!" said one of the leaders, whom the reader will have recognized as Pierre. "Our attempt hitherto has been smiled on by some propitious star, though, by the by, there are not many of them to be seen tonight—and it only remains that the star of love be favourable to make you the happiest of men—he! he! he!"

Receiving no answer, he proceeded. "But why so dull, my noble patron? One would think you were returning from an unsuccessful expedition, or that you already repented of getting into your hands the loveliest rose of the many whose sweets you have already pressed, blushing, to your heart."

"I was thinking," answered Colonel M. "that I

had almost wished Gentleman John's report of Sir William's house being guarded by a large number of men, had been true! It seems almost cowardly to attack the house of an old man, and, finding none but him and his daughter, to carry them off without opposition."

"Why, my brave and noble patron," answered Pierre, with his peculiar sneer, "he! he! he! You seem to me to quarrel with your own good fortune. Instead of sacrificing some half dozen of Sir William's friends, or losing as many of your own, Venus favours you as much as she did Paris, when carrying off Helen, and here you are with her rival in loveliness, quarrelling because you had not an opportunity to prove your love for her by ridding her of half a dozen or more of her friends. Perhaps the changeable goddess means to try your prowess by her own weapons, in subduing your prize herself, instead of her friend, by the aid of your rusty sword—he! he! he! I wish you all success, my noble patron, as I doubt not you will have—he! he! he! he! he! he!—though I am afraid she will be rather a refractory pupil."

"Amen!" said the Colonel; "but we must advance at more speed, to give us a hope of that species of warfare. We will not be able to reach a place of safety by morning. See, good Pierre, whether she has not recovered from her swoon." In a moment after, Pierre returned with the answer, that she was, and had more than once asked where she was, and whither they were carrying her, but had been ordered to be silent, as no questions could be answered.

"See her mounted on her palfrey, and let her maid ride behind one of the men," said Colonel M.

Pierre signified obedience, and, in a few minutes the exchange was made. To the earnest and repeated requests of Rose, who had recovered her faculties, who her captors were, and where they were bearing her, Pierre answered, "Friends, and to a place of safety," and signified that no other questions could be answered at present, but that in a short time all would be known.

After the arrangement just mentioned, the party proceeded onward at a brisk pace, and we must now leave them, to return to the late mansion of Sir William, around which, on the following morning, might be seen a number of persons led thither by sympathy or by curiosity, to learn something of Sir William and his family, and the cause of the destruction of the mansion.

Among the several groups of persons, all eagerly engaged in enquiring or explaining the origin of the fire, or listening to the contradictory stories of the servants, about the mysterious and forcible abduction of Sir William, the principal one in number and interest, seemed to be that gathered around two men heavily armed, whose horses, reeking with foam, as they were being walked backward and for-

ward by their black serants, showed that they had ridden far and fast that morning. After listening impatiently to the hurried and not very intelligible description of Sir William's servant, as to the manner of his master's abduction, one of the strangers addressed his companion:

"I fear, Harry, we are already too late—the villains have secured their prey. Good God! is it possible, that so much goodness and beauty has fallen a prey to such infamous wretches! Fool that I was, to have dreamed, that honour or truth could be joined with infamy! Madman that I was, to hesitate about a point of honour with such villains!"

"My dear Captain," said Squire Harry, for it was no other than he; "be calm, for God's sake: it is now you act the madman. Consider where you are, and how much depends on your coolness and energy. Your rashness and passion can only cut off all hopes of rescuing those you would gladly have saved."

Finding that at present Captain George was too much excited to listen to the dictates of prudence, and knowing that his resolution to pursue the band could be of no avail, without a knowledge of their route, and the assistance of others, he turned to the servants, who had related the manner of attack, and, by a series of questions, was enabled to get a tolerably accurate acquaintance with the principal facts, shortly related above. The replies to his questions, as to the personal treatment of Sir William and his daughter being satisfactory, tended to reduce Captain G. to reason, by showing, that, for the present at least, they were not in immediate danger; and they now set about means—the one to ascertain the route the band had taken, and the other to procure assistance, to give probability of a successful issue, if they had the good fortune to overtake them in their course. A sufficient number of men were easily procured as volunteers, to pursue the robbers, and assist in rescuing Sir William and his daughter, who were greatly beloved in the neighbourhood; but, before horses, and the necessary means of attack were procured, the day had already far passed its meridian. Hastening onwards at full speed, they at first found no difficulty in following the traces of the band, through the partially open country; but, towards evening, they found themselves entirely at fault, the band having apparently separated into two parts; the one holding to the left, through the more open country, and the other to the right, by a more unfrequented route, which led directly into the heart of the blue ridge of mountains.

In a consultation, as to the probable direction in which those whom they more immediately sought, had gone, the opinions of the party were nearly equally divided, Squire Harry holding, that those to the right must be part of the band dismissed by

Colonel M. to one of their places of rendezvous; and that he and those whom they sought, had taken the more easy path, on account of the fatigue necessarily attending the mountainous and wooded track. Captain G., on the other hand, argued that this was but a ruse of Colonel M. to put them at fault, and lead them to choose the wrong path—that those, in the open and easy way, by the start they had got, could easily outstrip any pursuers, when disencumbered by ladies, and, that the mountain path, though slower, was more intricate, and likely to baffle the efforts of any who should attempt to follow it.

It was at last resolved, to separate into two parties, and endeavour to find some traces which might satisfy them as to the route those they sought had taken. It was getting dark, and still no mark had been found of the true way; when, a piece of calico was accidentally seen on the branches of a tree, which overhung the path. On examination, it appeared as if it had been recently torn by the bough from the dress of some one who had passed under the tree. Captain George, now convinced that his conjectures were right, made the preconceived signal, to denote the true path being found, by firing one of his pistols. Dismissing one of the party, to ensure the return of Squire Harry and his companions, they carefully followed the scarcely perceptible tracks, till night rendered it impossible for them to advance farther.

Colonel M., after dividing his band into two parties, with command for the one to keep the open and direct road for some distance, and by another route to meet him again at a place appointed, continued his route as expeditiously as possible, barely halting long enough to allow his band, with their captives, to procure a little rest. Near the evening of the next day, he arrived at the place of his present destination. During his whole route he kept on his mask, and scarcely ever approached Sir William and his daughter, but for a moment to enquire and see that all was as comfortable as their situations permitted. To Sir William's slightest wish for any change in the arrangements in regard to himself or daughter, he gave the utmost attention; but to all his questions as regarded the motive or object of their unwarrantable capture, he opposed an obstinate silence, or signified his inability to gratify their wishes. Before arriving at the place of their destination, the party had alighted from their horses; and Rose, being assisted to dismount, the horses were sent off in another direction, under the care of a number of the band; while the rest, under Colonel M., proceeded on foot through a winding path, till, at the distance of about quarter of a mile, they arrived at the entrance of a valley, in which was seen a small mountain lake, glittering like a polished mirror, in the beams of the setting sun. Immediately on the bank was an enclosure, hitherto con-

cealed by the trees, which, as they entered, seemed to Sir William to be the remains of an old fort. Within this, were two or three small houses, built of logs, but nearly in ruins, into the largest and least decayed of which, Rose was shown, with her maid; while Sir William was directed to occupy the one immediately adjoining. His attempts to be permitted to occupy the same hut with his daughter, but drew forth the assurance from the man in the mask, that any signs of resistance would lay him under the necessity of using compulsion to insure obedience.

Rose, on entering, observed traces of late repairs, and some attempts at ornament—the walls of the cottage being hung with branches of the various evergreens, which grew around the lake. Passing into the inner apartment, she was surprised to find it fitted up with taste and elegance. The walls were hung around with the most delicate damask drapery,—the floor covered with rich carpeting,—the sideboard glittering with plate,—and everything had an air of opulence and splendour. Astonished and perplexed at the contrast with the outward decay apparent from the passing glance she had given it as she entered, her heart sunk within her, as her simple maid, who had passed into a third chamber, which opened from the room where she was, came out, exclaiming, 'la! me, Missus Rose, here be your own dresses, all lyin in dat room. Following her maid, who seemed overjoyed at the happy termination of this adventure, she was still more perplexed and anxious, when she saw that she had not been deceived, and found various articles, left in her own boudoir, at the time of her mysterious seizure, arranged before her. Overcome by fatigue, and harassed by uncertainty as to her own fate, and that of her father, she sunk exhausted on the sofa. Unable to conjecture the cause of the attack on her father and herself, she thought of the mysterious letter her father had received, advising him to remove from the neighbourhood, and bitterly regretted her neglect of the warning. She recollected the danger was pointed chiefly against herself, and that now, was her only consolation. She had, thought at first, that the object of their captors was to extort from her father, money, as a ransom; but the present elegance and splendour forbade her hoping that money was the object. Forebodings of death, and her father's sorrow, tortured her mind, and if suspicions darker than death, crossed her mind, she turned from them with fear and horror.

Her simple maid, seeing none of the outward expressions of grief, which accompanied her own simple sorrows, had mistaken for composure, the bitter agony which denieth tears, and with all the light-heartedness peculiar to the Negro, bustled about, attracted by fresh proofs of elegance and splendour, and with the freedom of a favorite maid, and all the happiness of ignorant wonder, was asking a thou-

sand questions at her mistress, who, heedless of all around, had sunk under that dread and mysterious sense of impending evil the soul feels more terrible than death. As her mind struggled to grasp the dark shadows her imagination bodied forth, and which were succeeded only by forms more terrible, she prayed for any certainty—any reality, however terrible—in preference to the withering uncertainty of the fate which rested upon her.

Praying to God for strength to support her, she waited long and anxiously for a solution of her doubts. At last, the door opened, and a man in a mask entered. She arose at his entrance, and, after some moments of deep silence, asked him what he wished, and why she was there? As he approached, and attempted to take her hand, she shrunk back, and with a feigned composure, again desired to know his business, and the reasons for his unwarrantable treatment of her father and herself. Kneeling on one knee before her, he entreated her forgiveness for the seeming harshness which the depth and passion of his love had forced him to use and assume. He called Heaven and earth to witness, that nothing but the fervor of an unextinguishable passion, could have forced him to use any means which might seem harsh or connected with restraint, towards one whose will would be his only law, and to fulfil whose slightest wish, would confer happiness!

"To such language as this," answered Rose, "I cannot listen; I know not even who addresses me, and must believe that love never could use such means as have been used by you, to any one who had such power, as you profess I have, over you."

"Know!" said Colonel M., interrupting her, and removing the mask; "know who I am." And as he saw Rose start and become deadly pale, he added: "One, I hope, not entirely unknown to you."

"I must confess," answered Rose, trembling violently, "that more than once I had suspected who you were. If your professions to obey my wishes are real—if your love be such as you represent, prove them so, by immediately releasing me, and sending my father and myself back to our home."

"That cannot be," replied Colonel M.; "I have risked soul and body in obtaining this interview. And now the die is cast and cannot be recalled, even could I wish it to be so. But ask any other proof of my love, and I swear to you by the stars of Heaven, by whatever is dear, or sacred to you, that I will fulfil it! Ask anything but to lose you, and, by the love I bear you, it shall be done."

"Of what value are your oaths, or your professions of love, when the first and only request I make, has already been denied? This shows that neither is true, and that you merely use the current language of deception."

"By the light of those eyes," exclaimed Colonel M. passionately, "by all that is dearest to me, my

words are true. Ask any other proof of my sincerity, and, by Heaven, you shall have it; if I grant it not, then charge me with hypocrisy."

"These are idle words," answered Rose calmly; "such as you may now condemn me to hear—but such as I can never believe. Send me back, and I shall have some reason to believe you."

"You are cruel as you are fair," said Colonel M. "I have already given you repeated proofs of my regard for you and your father; even after I had little reason to continue my love, good fortune gave me an opportunity of showing it in saving your father and his property from a band of robbers, and yourself from their hands. I ask not for thanks for what I have even accounted the happiest moment of my life, as it brought me acquainted with you," "and," continued Colonel M., seeing Rose about to acknowledge her obligation, "now it depends upon you to say, whether they shall be my choicest blessing, or a curse."

Emboldened by the apparent calmness of her manner, so different from his former experience, which had led him to expect tears and prayers, he proceeded:

"Ever since that time, there has been but one object present to my mind and heart; need I say what that object has been? And believe, dearest Miss Murray, it was the feeling that I could not exist without you, that urged me to measures which, to all but the transports of love, would have seemed unwarrantable. Forgive the measures which your own charms have led me to adopt—throw aside that coldness and severity of manner, and make me the happiest of men."

"Remain where you are, I command you," said Rose, as Colonel M. rising, advanced towards her; "Unhand me, sir, if you be a man! Step not one foot nearer to me, unless you wish to see me do that which none but a woman, in defence of her virtue, has a right to do," exclaimed Rose, as she escaped to the other side of the room, holding in her hand a short bright dagger—advance at your peril—move not one step nearer, unless you wish to make both me and yourself murderers!"

Colonel M. gazed with astonishment, mingled with admiration, on her beautiful features lighted up with a heavenly fire, till he felt his spirit quail under the lightning of her glance. He felt and knew, what he had never before believed, that true virtue existed, or how mighty was its power over the human soul. But his evil genius was beside him; the taunts of his companions, their affected sympathy, the sneers, the whispers, the jests at his vain boastings,—all rushed through his mind, should he confess himself conquered by a woman.

"Give me but hope," he at length said, "that you will yet favour my suit. I would not force you to an acknowledgment of love before I prove to you the reality of my own."

"You have already had your answer!" exclaimed the lovely Rose, all trace of weakness having vanished in the excitement of the moment, "and be assured it can never be changed."

Colonel M. had, with difficulty, repressed his anger hitherto; but now, his brow darkening, and his whole frame shaking with passion, he exclaimed:

"You have thus far known but my love; you shall hereafter feel my revenge! Know that you never pass from these walls until you are mine."

"Then God help me!" ejaculated Rose, looking upward, her hands clasped together as if in prayer; "God forgive me! I can but die!"

"You have a father," added Colonel M. slowly, as if weighing every word he uttered; "you have a father! He, too, can suffer—and die!"

The holy enthusiasm which had shone in her beautiful countenance faded, and the soul's light that had sparkled in her eye, grew dim at the mention of her father. She had for the moment forgotten him, and that he was exposed to the vengeance of such a man; the grey hairs of her father stained with his blood, and all that fancy could picture to her mind of terrible in the threats of Colonel M., made her feel her desperate situation.

"You surely but jest," exclaimed Rose. "You dare not injure one of his grey hairs!"

"In this, at least," answered Colonel M., with a sneer, "I can prove my sincerity!"

Clasping her hands together in an agony of grief, she besought Colonel M., by all he held sacred—by all that was dear to him—to spare her father. She threw herself at his feet, and adjured him by his hopes of Heaven, his dread of punishment, his honour as a soldier and a man, to spare the grey hairs of her father. Her entreaties were of no avail to move Colonel M., who saw that he had touched the true chord to which her heart vibrated, and who, was resolved to make the most of it; he assured her that not a hair of his head should be touched, would she but acknowledge and return his love.

Colonel M. heard her continued entreaties without visible emotion; and, in answer, assured her the fate of her father was in her own hands. Her own obstinacy in rejecting his suit, and that alone, would bring upon her father all the sufferings she feared. "I leave him in your hands," said Colonel M., as he departed. "You are safe from intrusion till tomorrow, when I shall await your answer. Think well of it, and, for the present, farewell!"

To be concluded.

GREEK AND LATIN.

THAT man must have a strange value for words, when he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek and Latin, whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life—Locke.

(ORIGINAL.)

WHY TARRIES MY JOHNNIE?

INTRODUCTION.

THE following humble imitation of a very affecting Scottish lyric was suggested to the author by the much lamented death, at the early age of twenty-four, of his dear relative, John Robertson, junior, Esquire, Advocate of this Province, on board Her Majesty's steamship *Prometheus*, while on her passage from Malta to Gibraltar, on the 18th of March last.

In explanation of this feeble effort to commemorate the virtues and accomplishments of the deceased, which, considering his youth, were, indeed, of a high order, it may be mentioned, that while prosecuting his professional studies in this city, Mr. Robertson was attacked by a pulmonary complaint, which finally brought him to his grave. Having been admitted to the Bar, after a public examination, which elicited complimentary congratulations from the Judges and the professional gentlemen present, he was advised to take a voyage across the Atlantic for the benefit of his health. He travelled with delight, and, at first, somewhat improved health, through Scotland, which was his native country, though brought to Canada in his infancy by his parents, who still survive to deplore his premature loss. But at Edinburgh he was subjected to another severe attack of his complaint, and was recommended by Dr. Sir G. Ballingall to return to Canada with as little delay as possible. Upon going to London with the view, among other objects, of taking a passage for this purpose, he again had occasion to take medical advice; but, instead of returning to Canada, he was strongly advised to proceed to some warm climate on the Continent, and to reside there during the winter. With this advice he was induced to comply, though his passage had actually been taken for America; his case being, as he himself expressed it in an explanatory letter to his father, one of "life and death," and the severe winters of Canada being adverse to every symptom of his complaint. Accordingly, he went to Paris, whence he travelled across France to Marseilles, where he embarked for Naples, with the intention of passing the winter months in that capital and the neighbourhood. But after remaining there for several weeks, he found the climate more unpropitious than he had been led to expect, the season being unusually rainy, and the mountains not far off frequently covered with snow. This and a third severe attack of his malady, combined with what he conceived to be bad medical treatment, induced him to proceed to Malta, where he arrived early in February. The sequel of his melancholy and somewhat romantic story, will be found in the notes which I have ventured to append to the following production.

I am afraid that these details will occasion too large a draft upon public attention with respect to the fate of a single individual, though deeply lamented by a numerous circle of private friends and acquaintances. But the Editor of this interesting Miscellany having kindly offered me whatever space I should require, and Mr. Robertson having been an occasional contributor to its pages, I hope that at least the constant readers of the *Garland* will pardon my desire to do some little justice to the memory of one who may have ministered to their amusement in this transitory vale of sorrow and tears, and to my own feelings, in making what I fear to be an unworthy attempt to communicate the virtues and early promise of a relative whom I deeply loved, and now, alas! deeply deplore.

Why tarries my Johnnie! for he's lang awa!
 Why tarries my Johnnie! see leal and see braw!
 I hae na' much siller, I hae na' great gear,
 But I wad gie it a' to see him ance mair.

It's now a lang summer, a winter, and more,
 Since he left us alane for a far distant shore—
 It was na' for glory, for fame, or for wealth,
 But the best o' a' riches—the blessing of health.

I weary to see him, see fair and see meek,
 Wi' his beaming bright een—and hear him then
 speak
 O' a' the great wonders he heard and he saw,
 Since the day that he left us and went far awa.

“O! cease thus to grieve us,—O! cease thus to
 rave!
 For your Johnnie lies cold in a far distant grave:
 He died on the ocean, while hast'ning to thee,
 But a kind friendly hand closed his bonnie blue ee.”

“Like an infant asleep, he smiled e'en in death,
 And to his Creator resigned his last breath—
 So calmly and meekly he looked to the last,
 That they knew not the time his spirit had past.”

“But they brought him to land, and buried him
 where
 The giant Gibraltar looms high in the air:
 'T was the sailors of England that bore him ashore,
 And their 'mackerel flag' was the pall that he wore.”

“Each morning and evening, high o'er his lone
 tomb,
 The bugle will play, and the cannon will boom;
 But sweetly he'll sleep, and calmly he'll rest,
 Till the trumpet shall sound that awakens the
 blest.”

O! I canna believe that my Johnnie's fast pillow,
 Should be the dark sea and the dark rolling billow—

Without father, or mother, or sister to tend
 His last breathing wish—or witness his end!

O! I canna believe that my Johnnie is dead—
 That from his fond breast the life-spark has fled;
 But if so, he's surely an angel in Heaven!
 And God may aye take the gifts He has given!

O! sleep, then, my Johnnie—sleep sound in thy
 grave!

And green be the wild-plants that over thee
 wave,—

Till the day that we meet on that thrice happy shore,
 Where kindred and friends a' shall be parted no more.

D. C.

Montreal, 23d June, 1842.

NOTES.

VERSE IV.

He died on the ocean while hast'ning to thee.

THE following extract of a letter from Mr. Robertson to his aunt in Edinburgh, dated at Malta, the 2d of March, cannot fail to be perused, I should hope, without producing a salutary effect upon the mind of the reader, whoever he may be, and whether young or old. It displays, in the prospect of almost immediate death, not the characteristics of a cold and callous philosopher, indifferent concerning the hopes and fears of a future state of existence, because inured to abstract reasoning on all subjects, whether material or immaterial; but those of a truly devout and pious Christian, ready to submit to the divine will, and prepared for the issue. But the subject of our humble narrative, it is just to his memory to say, was, from his earliest years, of a serious and religious disposition of mind, without encroaching in the smallest degree upon his natural affability and the playful recreations of youth. He was a regular and studious attendant of religious ordinances; and I have often seen him betray great uneasiness and perturbation of temper, otherwise amiable and placable in the extreme, if prevented by his own negligence or the fault of others, from going regularly to church. In proof of all this, it may be mentioned, as a beautiful and affecting trait in his character, that, though obliged, on his last sad journey, to leave home rather hurriedly, he could not be prevailed upon to embark until put in possession of a pocket-bible, though I believe he had a larger one in his trunk:—

“The cause of your not hearing from me from Naples, was a severe indisposition. I became so ill from the climate and bad medical treatment, that, as a last hope, I left for Malta on the 8th of last month; but it was too late. Since my arrival, I have been under the treatment of the Government Doctor, who is a Surgeon in the Navy, and bears a good professional reputation. He has done every thing in his power for me; but my constitution is too far gone. The day before yesterday he prepared me for the worst, and advised me to arrange any matters I had to settle, as he is without hopes of my recovery. Yesterday I called the Surgeon of the 88th Regiment in consultation, and after a minute examination of my lungs, etc., his opinion is likewise unfavourable. He told me plainly that the chances of my recovery were decidedly against me, and advised me to be prepared for the worst. I must be brief, for the mail is closing. You will imagine the state of my feelings. To be in a strange land without a friend, and to know that I am dying! But God's will be done. I shall make an effort to reach Canada; or rather, in the first place, England; and if I cannot get farther, but am able to reach you, I trust you will allow me to die with you.”

It may not be uninteresting to add, that this letter is written in a neat and steady hand, and that the

foregoing extract from it, is punctuated as now laid before the reader. "See," as Addison in similar circumstances said to Lord Warwick,— "See in what peace a Christian can die."

THE SAME VERSE AND LINE.

"H. M. Steam V. Prometheus, at Sea, 18th March, 1842.—Mr. John Robertson was brought on board Her Majesty's Steam Vessel Prometheus, on the evening of the 14th March, for passage to Gibraltar, and being extremely ill, in the last stages of Phthisis, came under my care. He was very much advanced in the disease, and so much exhausted, that I did not from the first expect that he would survive the voyage. I prescribed for him what I considered necessary to diminish pain and cough, with relief to the symptoms; but he daily became weaker, as he could take but little nourishment, from want of appetite; and food or drink also brought on a troublesome hiccup. He continued in this state till the night of the 17th. At about twelve, after giving directions to the attendant, who constantly remained with him, concerning his medicines, he went to sleep, and slept tranquilly. At half-past four on the morning of the 18th, the attendant perceived him looking earnestly at him, but on speaking to him, could obtain no answer but a slight gesture. I was called immediately, and found him speechless, with apparent want of consciousness—breathing and pulsation continuing, though irregular and rapid. He gave no indication of pain. In the half hour preceding his death, life passed away so gently, that the gradation was scarcely perceptible. He expired at half-past seven, A. M.; his friend Mr. Davenport and myself being present.

"While on board this vessel, he received every possible attention and kindness, and nothing was neglected that could be done to relieve or comfort him.

HENRY EDMUND; R. N.

Surgeon.

"Thomas Spark, Lieut. and Commander."

THE SAME VERSE.

But a kind friendly hand closed his bonnie blue ee.

This friendly hand was that of Thomas Davenport, Esquire, who was in this country some three years since, and to whom I introduced Mr. Robertson, then living with me, while prosecuting his studies. I have in our late melancholy, but otherwise satisfactory correspondence, acknowledged my own obligations, and those of the bereaved family, to Mr. Davenport, for his next to fatherly kindness and attention to the deceased during the closing scenes of life. But I gladly avail myself of this public opportunity again to thank him most gratefully; and to assure him, that no time nor circumstance shall ever efface from our minds the impressions which his humane, generous, and disinterested conduct throughout the whole sad event, has made upon them.

I might give in separate portions various extracts from Mr. Davenport's letter announcing Mr. Robertson's death, so as to elucidate several lines and even expressions in the foregoing production; but I prefer giving the following quotation from it entire, with the view of saving the time and trouble of the reader, by referring to notes in detached fragments. From Gibraltar, on the 22d of March, Mr. Davenport wrote to me as follows:—

My dear Sir,—I wrote you a long letter from Malta, just as I was on the point of embarking, mentioning the surprise and sorrow I experienced in meeting your relative in this part of the world and in such extreme ill health. And yet I feel a melancholy satisfaction that it has been my fate to smooth his pillow in a strange land. Upon my calling up him the day previous to my sailing, he was much affected, and indeed so was I, at the idea of leaving him behind. A consultation of medical men was held, and they were unanimous in their opinion that a sea voyage was his only chance; but that the chance was

little of his recovery. It was then decided that I should take him with me to Gibraltar, and if he bore the voyage well, it was further resolved that I should send my own man with him across the Atlantic. It is with excessive grief I now enclose you a document, framed on board of ship, to which I got the Surgeon to append a description of the decease of Mr. Robertson, on the morning of Friday last, at half-past seven o'clock. His death more resembled the soft sleep of an infant than the departure of the spirit of a man; and it was some time before I could venture to close his eyes. It is impossible for me to offer consolation on this heavy blow; I can only grieve with you.

We reached Gibraltar on Sunday morning, and at five o'clock in the evening the body, in a coffin made by the ship carpenter, was borne by seamen, and covered by the flag of his country; and dust was committed to dust in the burying place of the Neutral Ground, situated under the Rock of Gibraltar. I shall have a plain stone erected, marking the spot where his remains lie. It may be right to mention that every thing was properly done—nothing was neglected. After the body was put into the coffin, it was placed on the main deck, where it remained covered with the Union Jack until we made the land.

VERSE VI.

'T was the sailors of England that bore him ashore,
And their "meteor flag" was the pall that he wore.

To Commander Spark we have also expressed our warmest acknowledgments for his attentions to the deceased, while alive; on board of his ship; and for the marked respect which he paid to the remains of an utter stranger to him. This public mention of their will, I hope, be gratifying to an officer in Her Majesty's service, who has in the present instance displayed all the noble characteristics of a true "mariner of England"—hearty benevolence, disinterested friendship, generous conduct, and unaffected sympathy for those in distress.

The following is Commander Spark's letter to me, almost entire:—

{ H. M. Steam Vessel Prometheus,
Gibraltar, 21st March, 1842.

Sir,—It is with sorrow I address you in performance of a melancholy duty. Your brother-in-law, Mr. J. Robertson, junior, took passage on board H. M. Steam Vessel under my command, on the 14th instant, at Malta, for Gibraltar. He came on board in the very last stage of consumption; but embarked in the hope—a hope destined not to be realised—that he would be able to reach Canada. The exertion and excitement attending his removal was too much for his remaining strength. He had in my Surgeon an able, kind-hearted, constant attendant, who did his utmost to ease and comfort him, as did all on board, particularly Mr. Davenport. But, Sir, on the third day, the morning of the 18th March, his symptoms became suddenly worse, and at 7, 30m, A. M. he resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator, with a scarcely perceptible movement, and in the calmest manner possible.

I had a coffin made on board; and, after our arrival this day, at 5, P. M., the remains were conveyed in my boat, and, accompanied by Mr. Davenport, my officers, a portion of my crew, and myself, followed the body to the Protestant Burial Place, the funeral service being impressively performed by the Rev. Dr. Burrows, the Garrison Chaplain.

It is my business to acquaint you, that immediately after his death, I had his effects publicly examined on the quarter deck before my officers and passengers, and an inventory was taken of all: a copy of which, with a memorandum of the proceedings, signed by those present, I herewith transmit to you.

Mr. Robertson had given into Mr. Davenport's possession his money, and authorised him to pay all expenses, which he has done, and will account for the remainder.

I have to acquaint you that his will duly made at Malta, before his embarkation, * * * * * As I have these papers and all his effects in my charge, under my seal and that of Mr. Davenport, I await your instructions as to whom I am to deliver the same. I beg you to believe me, with deep sympathy for the loss yourself and family have sustained, your very faithful, humble servant,

THOMAS SPARK,
Lieut. and Commander, R. N.

* This letter never came to hand.

* Which he has done most faithfully and honourably.

VALE ROMANÉE.

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

Andante.

mf

dolce

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system begins with the tempo marking 'Andante.' and the dynamic marking 'mf'. The second system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The third system introduces the dynamic marking 'dolce' (softly), indicated by a dollar sign symbol. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The notation includes various note values, rests, and phrasing slurs.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting accompaniment in the left hand.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It ends with a double bar line and the word "Fine" written in italics to the right of the staff.

con espressione

The third system of musical notation is in a new key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting accompaniment in the left hand.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece in the same key signature and time signature as the previous system.

con espressione

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand, a *rall^o* marking, and the instruction *D.C. al Segno*. The system ends with a double bar line.

OUR TABLE.

THE WAR IN SYRIA—BY COMMODORE NAPIER.

THE author of this history has been for many years a favourite of Fame, by whom his many sterling and striking qualities, have been accorded their full meed of praise. Since the storming of Beyrout, a new laurel has been added to his crown, and a new lustre thrown around the former successes of his energetic, daring, and enthusiastic character. He is what the mind naturally pictures to itself, as the free and dauntless sailor—the indomitable defender of the glory which has been bequeathed to England by the heroes of the deep, whose prowess won for the Ocean-isles the proud distinction of the Empire of the Sea.

Sir Charles now appears before us in a new character—that of the historian of a war in which he played the most conspicuous part. The book is stamped with the impress of its author's nature. It is written in a frank and manly strain; the greatest fault of which, is, that the author, being his own historian, has leaned too much to self—has taken the place of some other writer, and drawn his own character, perhaps with truth, but in a manner which would have come better from some other source. The trumpet which proclaimed his prowess has been ringing in his ears, and he has not been able to withstand the strong temptation which prompted him to give it a more enduring place in the pages of his own book. He has also treated in rather a cavalier manner, some of the higher officers with whom he was associated, and under whose command he *nominally* was. We say *nominally*, because he acted during the campaign, more as a chief than as a subordinate, fearing the wrath of his superiors as little as he did the fire of the enemy, when he saw clearly before him the course by which the objects of the expedition could be secured. The course pursued by Sir Charles Napier would be dangerous to follow—as a precedent, it might lead to the most unhappy consequences; but, in his case, the dazzling character of his success completely hid the perilous path by which that success was attained.

It will be remembered that after the fall of Acre, the Commodore entered into a convention with Mehemet Ali for the evacuation of Syria. It will be remembered, also, that his diplomacy was not admired either by Admiral Stopford, or by Sir Charles Smith, the Commander of the Troops, both of whom protested against the arrangement into which he entered. In the mean time, however, he had sent a copy of the convention to England, and the contents of it, being approved of by the Foreign Office and the Admiralty, the Commodore was furnished with a weapon to revenge himself upon his superiors, who had characterized the agreement made with Mehemet, as “hasty and unauthorized,”—an opinion which Sir Charles Smith had conveyed to him, in the following letter:—

“Head-quarters, Beyrout, 30th November, 1840.

“Sir—Had you fortunately abstained from honouring me with your letter of the 27th instant, I should have been spared the pain of replying to it. I am not aware that you have been invested with special powers or authority to treat with Mehemet Ali as to the evacuation of Syria by the Egyptian troops; and if you have such special powers and authority, you have not taken the trouble of acquainting me therewith.

“The convention into which you have entered had been, as relates to the advanced stage of military events in Syria, more than attained by the retreat of Ibrahim Pasha. If therefore you have, unknown to me, had authority to treat, I must decline to be a party to recommending the ratification of the said convention; and if unauthorized to treat, such convention is invalid, and is by me protested against, as being highly prejudicial to the Sultan's cause, in as far as it has or may have relation to the operations of the army under my command. It is needless for me to add, that a copy of this protest shall be forwarded to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

“I have, &c.

“C. F. SMITH, Major-General, Commanding the Forces in Syria:
“Commodore Napier, C.B., H. M. S. Powerful.”

To this missive, received shortly after the convention was transmitted to England, Napier made no immediate reply. But, on being armed with the approval of the Government, he sent to the Commander of the Troops the subjoined epistle, which, though written with calm equanimity, betrays the pleasing sense which the Commodore entertained of his triumph over his chagrined and disappointed rival:—

“H. M. S. Powerful, Marmorice, 6th January, 1841.

“Sir—Had I unfortunately abstained from writing to you, and the Admiral had quitted the coast, you would have had just cause to have complained of my want of courtesy.

"When I left Beyrout, Sir Robert Stopford was Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces by sea and land; it was therefore unnecessary for me to communicate to you what my powers were, as on him alone devolved the duty of approving or disapproving of my convention. He disapproved of it; and Ibrahim Pasha returned to Damascus. I quite disagree with you that the convention was prejudicial to the interests of the Porte; and I am happy to say it has been approved of (with the exception of the guarantee) by Her Majesty's Government; and I am now going to Alexandria to see it carried into execution."

"I have, &c.

CHARLES NAPIER, Commodore.

"To Sir Charles Smith, &c., &c., Gibraltar."

The personal narrative of the Commodore occupies a considerable portion of the book. The events which occurred under his own eye, or within the sphere of his immediate influence, are described with a vigorous and graphic pen. A large portion is also occupied with despatches which have before been published. The author's comments upon the conduct of the war in general, are clever and searching, affording evidence that he understands the theory pretty near as well as he does the practice of "the art." The book will be a favorite with the public, and in particular with professional men, from the insight which it gives into the hitherto secret history of the expedition, as well as from the free and bold manner in which the narrative is written. If it be as popular as its author, it will be very well liked, indeed.

MORLEY ERNSTEIN, OR THE TENANTS OF THE HEART—BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

We have before us another new novel by the author of *Attila*, the perusal of which has afforded us much pleasure. It is essentially different in its character from the mass of the author's writings, being a story of domestic life, intended to display the workings of the animal, in a contest for supremacy with the spiritual man. The hero, Morley Ernstein, is a youth of rank and fortune, who, becomes associated with a highly educated and accomplished scholar, but one who has cast himself loose from the "trammels" of morality and religion, and whose aim is to make a convert to his dangerous doctrines, of the man he calls his friend. The hero, though tried in the furnace of affliction, after a keen struggle with the tempter, conquers the animal spirit, and follows the bidding of the "Spirit of the Soul." The interest of the story is exceedingly well sustained—two beautifully drawn female characters being introduced, in order to give an object to the pursuits of the hero. The author has by this book afforded evidence that he is a careful thinker, and a devout believer in the doctrines of Christianity—and the moral of the work is such, that of it not even the most fastidious can disapprove. The whole end and aim of the novel is better and higher than that which generally prompts to the composition of works of fiction, and, being so, we feel pleasure in recommending it to general perusal.

GASPAR, THE PIRATE OF THE INDIAN SEAS—BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY."

This is one of a class of fictitious works, which, in the present age, we scarcely expected to see forced into light. It partakes of the least inviting features which belong to the tales of those whose "home is on the sea," and who there indulge in the lawless excesses which the trumpet tongue of fame has assigned to pirates. The author, if he be the same who amused the world with the "Tales of the O'Hara family," must have fallen sadly off in the knowledge of the "wells of feeling in the human heart," or he would scarcely have permitted his name to appear in company with so utterly valueless a book. It is simply a sketch of the birth, parentage, crimes, and execution of a human monster, who from his birth-day till his death, proved how utterly the being who wears the image of the Deity can fall from his high estate—to what depths of degradation he can descend. The book does not possess one redeeming feature—no single quality to wreat it from that oblivion which alone can save its author's fame from ruin.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?—OR, THE WILL AND THE WAY—BY THE AUTHOR OF WEALTH AND WORTH.

AN agreeable novel, inculcating an excellent moral, under this title, is just published in New York. It is an interesting tale, written in a free, easy, and graceful style, occasionally, indeed, interspersed with touches of really affecting language. The authorship is attributed to Mr. Epes Serjeant, though its predecessor was almost universally believed to have been the work

of a lady well known on this Continent—Miss Sedgwick. The publishers, on the part of the lady, have disclaimed it. We have had an opportunity of glancing over the contents of the book, and feel pleasure in stating that it is one which, to the young, whose minds and intellects are not yet fully expanded, a perusal of it may or must be highly useful.

CABOOL; BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO, AND RESIDENCE IN THAT CITY, IN THE YEARS 1836, '37 AND '38—BY LIEUT. COL. SIR ALEXANDER BURNES.

THE untimely fate of the gifted author of this volume has given to it an interest, melancholy though it be, much deeper and far more general than it would otherwise have possessed. This interest has been heightened by the tragic events and terrible incidents of which the Afghan country has since been the theatre. It is also curious and instructive, as showing how unexpectedly the blow must have fallen, which brought the voice of weeping to so many homes, and aroused the burning indignation of a mighty people, and a powerful Empire.

In looking over the volume, the reader cannot fail to note the buoyant spirit of the author, and the pleasant fancies which had their birth-place in his mind. Neither can he avoid contrasting them with the character of the elements in which he moved, and the rancorous feelings which must have reigned paramount among the people by whom he was surrounded, during the years spent in the peaceful pursuits of the objects of his mission. Sir Alexander was sent to Cabool in 1836, as the chief of an embassy, which, in addition, to its political duties, was expected to make a full and general enquiry into the character of the people, and the condition of the remote country into which they were instructed to penetrate. No better choice could have been made, than that which fell on Sir Alexander, who, from habit and education, was thoroughly qualified to perform either of the duties which had been assigned to him. Lieutenant Wood, one of his companions, surveyed the Indus, and followed the Oxus to its source, and published a separate account of that interesting journey. Being confined to one location, Sir Alexander could not follow the bent of his inclinations, and personally examine into the antiquities, peculiarities, and curiosities of the country; but he rested not in his determination to acquire every kind of information which was calculated either to be of use to the Government, or of interest to the people of his native land. Unfortunately, his life was destroyed at the very hour when his services were most necessary; and the shedding of his blood was but the prelude to the still more terrible tragedy which followed.

Coming so soon after the stunning intelligence, the book has naturally created a deeper sensation than was to be expected from its contents, which are not of an exciting nature, being confined to the depicting of domestic scenes and personal incidents, interspersed with pictures of oriental manners, which are painted with ease and grace, and brought before the eye with a life-like vividness, which only the pencil of the master can produce.

This is the second work of which Sir Alexander was the author. The first, entitled "Travels into Bokhara," was a much more laboured production than this appears to be. It treated, to a considerable extent, of the same country, which Sir Alexander had formerly visited. It was, however, a work upon which the author had expended much time and a vast quantity of labour, with a view of conveying generally to the public mind the stores of information of which he had become possessed through much privation and no little toil. The present work affords a contrast to the former one, being, as we have before remarked, altogether of a lighter and more amusing character, though by no means devoid of valuable and solid information for those who take an interest in our Eastern Empire.

WE have been favoured with a Journal kept during a march in India, by an Officer in the service of Her Majesty, which we shall have much pleasure in laying before the readers of the *Garland*, in our next number. Every thing connected with our Eastern Empire has acquired a new interest from the melancholy events which have recently taken place in that country, and though it does not refer to these occurrences, we are satisfied that the Journal from the interesting route which its author followed, and the graphic descriptions of scenery it contains, will be extremely well received. The author is a young Officer intimately connected with one whose contributions have at all times formed one of the chief attractions of the *Garland*, by whom we have been furnished with a copy for publication.