

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE
LITERARY GAZETTE
AND
BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

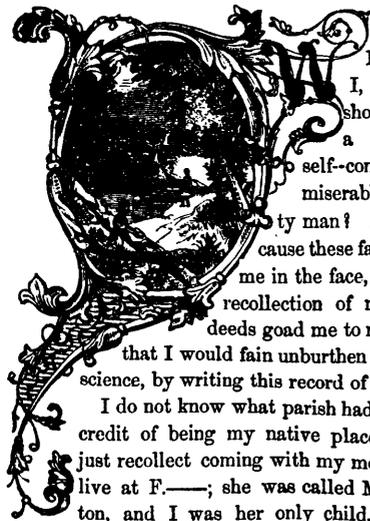
NO. 11

NOAH COTTON:

A TALE OF CONSCIENCE.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

THE MURDERER'S TALE.



THAT am I, that I should write a book, a self-condemned, miserable, guilty man? It is because these facts stare me in the face, and the recollection of my past deeds goad me to madness, that I would fain unburthen my conscience, by writing this record of myself: I do not know what parish had the discredit of being my native place; I can just recollect coming with my mother to live at F.—; she was called Mrs. Cotton, and I was her only child. Whether she had ever been married is extremely doubtful. At that period, this important fact was a matter to me of perfect indifference. I was a strong, active, healthy boy for my age, quite able to take my own part, and beat any other urchin who had dared to ask impertinent questions. The great man of the village, Squire Carlos, as he was called, lived in a grand house, surrounded by a stately park. His plantations and game preserves extended for several miles along the public road, and my mother kept the first porter's lodge nearest to the village. The Squire had been married, but his wife had been dead for some years. He was a very handsome man in

middle life, and bore the character of having been a very gay man in his youth. It was said by the village gossips, that these indiscretions had shortened the days of his lady, who died before she had reached her twenty-seventh year. She left him no family, and he never married again. The Squire often came to our house—so often, that he seldom passed through the gate on his way to the hall, without stepping in to chat with my mother. This was when he was alone, when accompanied by strangers, he took no notice of us whatever, and my mother generally sent me to open the gate. The gentlemen used to call me a pretty curly-headed boy, and I got many a shilling and sixpence from them on hunting days. I remember one day, when the aforesaid remark had been made, that another gentleman said: "Oh, yes, he is a very pretty boy, the picture of his father." And the Squire laughed, and they all laughed; and when I went home, I said:

"Mother, who was my father?"

"Mr. Cotton, of course," she replied; "but why do you ask?"

"Because I want to know something about him."

But my mother did not choose to answer impertinent questions; and though greatly addicted to telling long histories, she seemed to know very little about the private memoirs of Mr. Cotton. She informed me, however, that he died a few months before I was born—that he had been a fellow servant with her in the Squire's employ—that out of respect for his services, Mr. Carlos had placed her in her present comfortable situation. That I was called Noah, after my father, and that

• Continued from page 395.—Conclusion.

I must show my gratitude to Mr. Carlos, for all he had done for us, by the most dutiful and obliging behaviour.

This account of our private history was perfectly satisfactory to me at that time. I found it my interest strictly to obey my mother's injunctions, and the alacrity with which I waited upon the Squire and his guests, never failed in securing a harvest of coppers, which gave me no small importance in the eyes of the lads in the village, who waited upon me with the same diligence that I did upon the Squire, in order to come in for a share of the spoils. Thus a love of acquiring without labor, was early fostered in my heart, and led to a taste for show and expenditure beyond my humble means. In due time I was placed at the village school, and the wish to excel my companions, and be the first boy in their eyes, stimulated me to learn with a diligence and determination of purpose, that soon placed me at the head of my class. There was only one boy in the school, who dared to dispute my supremacy; he had by nature what I acquired with much toil and difficulty—an excellent head for learning, and a capital memory for retaining all he learned. It was not learning with him, it was merely hearing for he had only to read the most difficult lesson over and he could go up and say it off without making one mistake. He was the most careless, reckless boy in the school, as he was undoubtedly the cleverest. I felt bitterly envious of him; I could not bear that he should equal me, when he took no pains to learn. If the master had done him common justice I should never have stood above him. But for some reason best known to himself, he always favored me, and snubbed Bill Martin, who, in return, played him a thousand tricks, and taught the others to rebel against his authority. He called me a sneak, and Mr. Bullen, the master, the Squire's Toady.

There was constant war between this lad and me; we were pretty equally matched in strength, and the victor of to-day was sure to be beaten to-morrow—the boys generally took part with Martin. Such characters are always popular, and he had many admirers in the school. My hatred to this boy made me restless and unhappy, I really longed to do him some injury. Once after I had given him a sound drubbing, he called me "a base born puppy—a beggar, eating the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table." Foaming with rage, I asked him, what he meant by such language? and he pointed in my face, and told me "to ask my mother, as that virtuous lady could doubtless inform me better than he could." And I did ask my mother, and she told me that

I was a foolish boy to listen to such lies. That Bill Martin was a bad boy, and envious of my being better off than himself. That if I gave heed to such nonsense, I should make her miserable, and never know a happy day myself.

I felt that this was true. I loved my mother very much, her affection for me, and her kindness was boundless. She always welcomed me with a smiling face, and I never received a blow from her in my life.

She had been a very pretty woman, her countenance was mild and gentle, and she was always scrupulously neat and clean. I was proud of my mother. I saw none of the women in her own rank that could be compared with her, and any insult offered to her, I resented with my whole heart. I was too young to ask an explanation of the frequency of the Squire's visits to our humble home, and had the real explanation been given, I would not have believed it.

Mr. Carlos had no family, but his nephew and niece came twice a-year to spend their holidays at the old Hall. The boy who was to be his heir was a fine manly fellow, about my own age, and the girl, who was two years younger, was a sweet child, and as beautiful as she was amiable. I had just completed my twelfth year, and was tall and stout for my age. During the time that these young people were at the Hall, I was dressed in my best clothes, and went up every day to wait upon them. If they went fishing, I carried their poles and baited their hooks; if they wished to follow their sport down the river, I managed the light row boat, and found out the best places for them. Often we left boat and fishing tackle, and had a scamper through the woods and meadows. I found Miss Ella birds nests, and hazel nuts, and we used to laugh and chat on terms of perfect equality, making feasts of wild berries, and telling fairy tales and ghost stories. Often we frightened ourselves with these ghost stories, and would run back to the boat, and the bright river, and the gray sunshine, fearing that the evil spirits we had conjured up were chasing us through the dark wood; then, when we had gained the boat, we would stop, and pant, and laugh at our own fears.

Walter Carlos was a capital shot, and very fond of all kinds of field sports. His skill with a gun, made me very ambitious to excel as a sportsman. Mr. Carlos was very particular about his game. He kept several gamekeepers, and was very severe in punishing all poachers who dared to trespass on his guarded rights; yet, when his nephew expressed a wish that I might accompany him in his favorite sport, to my utter

astonishment, he took out a license for me, and presented me with a handsome fowling-piece. "This, Noah, he said, "you may consider in the way of business, as it is my intention to bring you up for a gamekeeper."

Oh, what a proud day that was to me—with what delight I handled my newly acquired treasure. How earnestly I listened to all Joe, the gamekeeper's directions about it, the use of it; and how I bragged and boasted to my village associates of the game that I, and *Master Walter* had bagged in those sacred preserves that they dared not enter, for fear of those mysterious objects of terror—mantraps and spring guns.

"The Guy, he thinks that no one can shoot but himself, sneered Bill Martin to his train of blackguards, who were lounging against the poles of the porter's lodge, as I returned to my mother's with my gun over my shoulder, and a brace of hares in my hand.

"I guess that there be others who can shoot hares without the Squire's leave, as well as he. Doubtless he fancies himself quite a gemmam, with that fine gun on his shoulder, and the Squire's license in his pocket."

These insulting remarks woke up all my evil passions. My gun was unloaded, but I pointed it at my tormentor, and told him "to be quiet, or I'd shoot him like a dog."

"Fire away!" says he, "It is a better death than the gallows, and that's what you'll come to."

"I shall live to see you hung first!" I cried, lowering my gun, while a sort of prophetic vision of the far off future swam before my sight—I really wished him dead, and the thought familiarized my mind to the deed. That Bill Martin, was my evil genius, the haunting fiend, ever at my side to tempt me to commit sin.

Young as I then was, my heart had been deeply moved by the beauty of Miss Ella Carlos. I could have waited upon her all day without feeling the least fatigue, and at night my dreams were full of her. I don't think that she was insensible to my devotion, but it only seemed a matter of amusement and curiosity to her. I remember one day—oh, I shall never forget it, for it formed a strong link for evil in my unhappy destiny, that I was sitting on the bank of the river making a cross bow for my pretty young lady, and she and *Master Walter* were sitting beside me watching the progress of the work, that the latter said—

"I wish I were two years older."

"Why do you wish that?" asked Miss Ella.

"Because papa says I could enter the army then, and I do so long to be a soldier."

"But you might be killed in the wars."

"And I might live to be as great a man as the Duke of Wellington," said he, with enthusiasm; "so we will set the one chance against the other."

"But it requires something more than mere courage to make a great man like him," said Ella, laughing. "I have heard papa say, and he fought under him in Spain, that it takes an hundred years to produce a Wellington."

"I think papa did the Duke great injustice," returned Walter. "There is not one of the heroes in Plutarch to compare with him. Julius Cæsar himself was not a greater conqueror than Napoleon, and Wellington beat him. But great as the Duke is, Miss Ella, he was a boy once—a soldier of fortune, as I shall be; and who knows but that I may win the same fame?"

"It's a good thing to have a fine conceit of one's self," said the provoking Ella. "And what would you like to be, Noah?" she said, turning her bright blue eyes on me; "an Oliver Cromwell, at least, as he was a man of the people, and you seem to have as good a head-piece as my wise brother."

"I wish," I said, with a deep sigh, "that I were a gentleman."

"Perhaps you are as near obtaining your wish as Walter is. And why do you wish to be a gentleman?"

"Oh! Miss Ella, can you ask that?"

"Why not? I wish to know."

"Because I might then hope," I added, in a low voice that trembled with emotion, "that you would love me, and that I might one day ask you for my wife."

The young thing sprang from the ground as if stung by a viper, her eyes flashing, and her cheek crimson with passion. "You are an impertinent, vulgar boy," she said. "You think of marrying a lady. You have not even a fortune to atone for your common name and low origin. Let me never hear the like of this from you again."

She left us in high dudgeon. I was silent then and for ever, upon a subject the most important to me in life. But her words had awakened a strange idea in my breast that finally led to my destruction.

That money was the only real obstacle to the attainment of my wishes. That, common as my name was, I only required the magic of gold to ennoble it; and proud as she was, if I were but rich, even she would condescend to listen to me, and become mine.

From that hour, Miss Ella walked and talked with me no more. I saw her daily at the hall, and the distance that now separated us, tended to increase the passion that consumed me. Shortly

after this conversation, master Walter went to the military school, and Miss Ella accompanied her mother to Paris in order to finish her education, and I was placed under the head game-keeper to learn the art of detecting snares and catching poachers.

I filled the post assigned me with such credit to myself, and so completely to the satisfaction of my master, that, after a few years, I was promoted to be head game-keeper, on a salary of one hundred pounds per annum, and the use of this cottage and farm, rent free.

My old passion for being a gentleman revived with double force, and though I had not seen Miss Ella for years, my boyish attachment for her was as strong as ever. I determined to devote all my spare time to acquire a knowledge of books, and to save all I could from an income which ought to have been more than adequate to my wants. But I found that my desire to dress better, and appear superior to my comrades, involved considerable expense, and that keeping a handsome horse, and carrying a handsome gun, could not be accomplished without spending more money than I could well afford.

At that time my personal appearance was greatly in my favor. When dressed in my velvet shooting jacket, white cords and top boots, with my green hunting cap placed carelessly on my head, I fancied myself what many said I was, "a handsome young fellow."

I had just completed my twenty-third year, when my old flame made her appearance once more at the hall. Miss Ella was no longer a pretty child, she was a beautiful and accomplished woman; and a feeling of despair, mingled with the admiration with which I regarded her, as she rode past me in the plantations accompanied by a young gentleman and an elderly lady. The gentleman was a younger brother, whom I had never seen; the lady was her mother. Miss Ella was mounted upon a fiery horse, which she sat to perfection. I raised my cap as the party rode by.

"Who is that handsome young man?" asked the elder lady. "He looks like a gentleman."

"Oh! that is my uncle's game-keeper, Noah Cotton. He has grown very handsome, but what a name—Noah; it is enough to drown all pretensions to good looks."

"How came you to know him, Ella?"

"Oh! you know that my uncle is not over particular. An aristocrat with regard to his game, and any infringement in his rights on that score, but a perfect democrat in his familiarity with his inferiors. This Noah used to be our play-fellow; and would you believe it, mamma, the saucy lad

had the impudence, not only to fall in love with me, but the audacity to tell me so!"—

"And what did you do?"

"Oh! of course, I never spoke to him again. It is a pity he is not a gentleman. He is a handsome fellow."

I stood rooted to the spot where the party had passed me, but a sudden curve in the road, although it hid me from their view, brought them close to the place, and enabled me to hear distinctly every word they said.

I was flattered by the commendations passed upon my person, but almost stung to madness by the contemptuous manner in which Miss Ella spoke.

I saw her many times during that visit to the hall, but beyond raising my cap respectfully when she passed, no word of any former acquaintance dropped from my lips. Once or twice, I thought from her manner, and the earnest way in which she regarded me, that she almost wished me to speak to her. In helping her to mount her horse one day in the park, our eyes met, and she blushed very deeply, and flung down her veil, while her hand trembled as it lay for a moment in my grasp. Trifling as these circumstances were, they gave birth to the most extravagant hopes, and filled me with a sort of ecstasy. I almost fancied that she loved me. Alas, I knew little of the coquetry of woman's nature, or that a girl of her rank and fortune would condescend to notice a poor lad like me, to gratify her own vanity and love of admiration.

I went home intoxicated with delight, and that night I dreamt that I found a pot of gold in one of the plantations, and that Miss Ella had consented to become my wife. My vision of happiness was doomed to fade. The next day Mrs. Carlos and her son and daughter left the hall, and I did not even see her before she went.

For weeks after her departure I moped about in a listless, dispirited manner. Some desperadoes had broken into the preserves and carried off a large quantity of game, and Mr. Carlos severely reprimanded me for my neglect.

This made me return with double diligence to my business, and, after watching for a few nights, I had every reason to believe that the chief depredator was no other than my old enemy, Bill Martin, who, absent for several years with a gang of gipsies, had suddenly made his appearance in the village.

A desperate, low blackguard he had become, and as usual, his old hatred to me was manifested by the lowest personal abuse whenever we met. My hatred to him was too deep to find vent in words. I

was always brooding over schemes of vengeance, and laying plans for his destruction.

One day, in going through the plantations, I picked up a large American bowie knife, with Bill Martin engraved upon the handle; this I carefully laid by, hoping that it might prove useful on some future occasion—meanwhile the game was nightly, thinned, and the caution and dexterity with which the poachers acted, baffled me and my colleagues in all our endeavors to find them in the act.

"That Bill Martin is a desperate fellow," said Mr. Carlos to me, one morning after we had discovered traces of the marauders, "I have no doubt that he is the criminal, but we want sufficient proof for his apprehension."

"Give him rope enough and he will hang himself," I replied. "I will relax a little from our vigilance, and he will be off his guard. It won't be long, depend upon it, before we have him in jail or out of the country."

"By the by, Noah," said Mr. Carlos, "I am going to Ipswich to receive payment from my lawyer for Crawford's farm which I sold a few months ago. It may be late when I return to-morrow night. I should not like to meet master Bill and his gang after night in a lonely part of the park, with a large sum of money in my pocket. I wish you would bring your gun, and wait for me about ten o'clock, at the second gate in the avenue—"I should feel perfectly safe in your company."

"That I shall," I cried, "with the greatest pleasure—I am not afraid of twenty Bill Martins"

At that moment I had not the most distant idea of raising my own hand against his life.

I walked on after we parted, in a sort of dreaming state; the thought uppermost in my mind, was a vague wish to know how much money Mr. Carlos expected to receive for the sale of Crawford's farm. "It will most likely be paid in instalments of four, or five hundred pounds. In all probability, he will return with one of these sums in his pocket." Then the busy fiend whispered how much could be done with that sum. Five hundred pounds, is an immense sum in the estimation of a poor man. It would buy a commission in the army and make a gentleman of you at once. But then, people would suspect how I came by it. It would enable you to emigrate to America or Australia, and become the purchaser of a tract of land, that should make your fortune. Yes, I would change the odious name of Noah Cotton, and return, and marry my adored, but cruel Elsa.

After having indulged for some time in this species of castle building, I began to consider

whether it would be a matter of such difficulty to obtain the money, and realize the latter of these dreams.

I did not wish to take the life of Mr. Carlos, for he had always been very kind to me and my mother, yet, for all that, I did not respect him. His language was free, and beneath the dignity of a gentleman, and often coarse and immoral. I had frequently seen him intoxicated, and while in that state, I had assisted him many times in walking up to the Hall.

I had often remarked to my mother, when such an event had filled me with deep disgust. "Had Mr. Carlos been a poor man, he would have been a great blackguard." And she would grow very angry, and say "that it was not for the like of us to make remarks upon the conduct of our betters. That it was very unbecoming, especially in me, on whom the Squire had conferred so many favors. That I should shut my eyes and ears, and let on to no one, what I saw or heard."

I did neither the one thing nor the other. I was keenly alive to the low pursuits of my superior, whom I could only consider as such, as far as his wealth was concerned, for hitherto, I had led a more moral life than he had. I neither gambled, nor drank, nor swore, had never seduced a poor girl to her ruin, and then boasted of my guilt. If the truth must be spoken, I regarded the Squire with feelings of indifference and contempt, which all my sense of past favors could not overcome.

"Oh, if these spoilt children of fortune, did but know the light in which such deeds are regarded by the poor, and the evils which arise from their bad example, they would either strive to deserve their respect; or at least endeavor to keep their immoralities out of sight.

It is no excuse for my crime, to say, had Mr. Carlos been a good man, I should never have taken his life, yet I feel certain, that had had that been the case, I should have been a better man. I should have shown my gratitude to him by endeavoring to deserve his esteem, as it was, I felt that his good opinion was of little worth, that he could not prize qualities in me, to which he was himself a stranger. The only tie which bound me to him, was the sordid one of interest. He paid me well, and for the sake of that pay, I had, up to this period been a diligent servant.

But what has all this to do with my temptation and fall. Much, oh, how much, these convictions of the unworthiness of my master's character, and the little loss that his death would be to the community at large, hastened me far on the road to crime.

After having once indulged the idea, that I could easily rob him, and make myself master of the property on his person, I could not again banish it from my mind. I quickened my pace, and began whistling a gay tune. But the stave suddenly ceased, and in fancy I was confronting Mr. Carlos by that lonely avenue gate. I rubbed my eyes to shut out the horrid vision, and began slashing the thistles, that grew by the road side with my cane. Then I thought I saw him pale and weltering in his blood, and I heard Bill Martin's fiendish laugh, and his prophecy respecting the gallowes.

I stopped in the middle of the road and looked hard at the dust, what a terrible idea, had that thought of Bill Martin conjured up. There was an opportunity to gratify my long treasured hatred and revenge. That knife—I walked hastily on—yes, that knife. If the deed were done with that knife, and I could but contrive to send him to the spot after the murder had been committed, he would be the convicted felon—I the possessor of wealth that might ultimately lead to fortune.

I was now, near the village, and I saw a bosom friend of Martin's, with a suspicious looking dog lounging at his heels. I knew that anything said to Adam Hows, would be sure to be retailed to his comrades, for with the latter, I never held the least communion.

"A fine day, Mr. Cotton," quoth Adam.
"Prime weather for shooting. Is there much game this season?"

"There was," I replied. But these confounded poachers are making it scarce. I only wish I had the ringleader within range of my gun."

"How savage you are. Why not live, and let live Noah. What right have these rich men to lay an embargo, upon the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, aye, upon the very fish that swims in the stream, which God gave for the use of all. Tyrants, they have not enough of the good things of this world, but they must rob the poor of their natural rights. I only wish, I had them within range of that, which a poor man dare not carry in a free land. But there will come a day," and he ground his teeth. "Pray God that he may hasten it, when these cursed game laws and their proud makers, shall be crushed under our feet."

"That will not be in your day, nor in mine," I replied, "no, not if we lived to the age of your venerable namesake, of apple-eating celebrity, and like him you seem to have a strange longing for forbidden fruit, and taste it too, I apprehend, if I may judge by that lurcher at your

heels. You are wrong to keep that dog, it looks bad."

"I am not acquainted with his private tastes," said Adam, patting the snake-headed brute, "Like his betters, he may relish a hare, but I never saw him eat one. Fox my boy! are you fond of game? The keeper thinks that you are a game dog. Fie, Fox! fie! It is as bad to look like a thief as to be one."

"You had better put that dog away. If the Squire sees him, it will rouse his suspicions

"Damn the Squire! who cares for the Squire! He poaches on other preserves besides his own. Ha, ha, Mr. Cotton."

The color flushed my face. "I don't understand your joke."

"Oh, no, of course not—you are such an innocent fellow. But there are others that do. Are you going to the cricket match to-morrow? The fellows of S——, have challenged our fellows to a grand set to, on their common—'tis famous ground. The men of S——, play well, but I think our bullies can beat them. I am told that you are the flash man of the club."

"I love the game! 'Tis a fine, manly, old English game, and I should like to go very well, but I have an engagement at home."

"Can't you put it off?"

"Impossible."

"Consider the honor of the club?"

"Duty must yield to honor. I have promised to meet my master at the second avenue gate at twelve to-morrow night, when the coach puts him down, and to see him safe home."

"Safe home—why man 'tis only a mile from the hall. Is he afraid of ghosts?"

"Oh, no," I said dropping my voice, and assuming an air of mystery. "He is going to Ipswich to receive a large sum of money, for the sale of Crawford's farm, and he was afraid that he might be robbed in that lonely place, and he asked me as a particular favor to meet him with my gun."

"A large sum of money did you say?" and Adam drew nearer and gazed upon me with an eager and excited stare.

"Yes, very large, perhaps seven or eight hundred pounds."

"You don't say—and you are to meet him at the second avenue gate at twelve o'clock."

"Yes," don't mention it to any body. To tell you the truth, I don't much like the job, I would rather have a jolly day with the club at S——. I am sure we should win the match."

"I thought that the coach came in from Ipswich about ten," said the man, still dreaming over the vision of gold.

"Well, I am not certain that he will come by the coach, twelve is the hour he named to me."

"Oh! of course he knows best, and such a large sum of money. I would not venture upon the road of a night, with twenty shiners in my pocket. But eight hundred—the man's a fool—good day, Noah—don't raise a bad report against my poor dog. You know the old proverb—give a dog a bad name. Eight hundred pounds—my eye! what a sum."

Away he trudged with the game destroyer at his heels. I sat down upon the stile and looked after him.

"There go your way to Bill Martin, tell him the tale I have told to you, and between us, Mr. Carlos has little chance of sleeping on a feather bed to-morrow night. I will bet my life, that neither of us go to the cricket match at S——. Bill will have a different job on hand if I read that man aright."

I felt certain that an attempt would be made to rob Mr. Carlos, by these ruffians. I had only to be an hour beforehand, dispatch the victim, secure the prize, and return to the spot, and detect Martin and his accomplice in the very act, and for this purpose, I determined to secure the co-operation of another game-keeper, who might accompany me to the place and help me to secure the villains.

I was so elated with this plan, that I quite forgot my own share in the atrocity. The leaven of iniquity which I had introduced into the breast of another, was already fomenting, and two human beings were already subjected to the same temptation to which I had yielded. It is astonishing how a fellowship in guilt hardens the guilty. Many men like wolves are great cowards alone, but give them a companion and pusillanimity is instantly converted into ferocity. The coward is always cruel, the mean-spirited merciless. The consciousness that two of my fellow men premeditated committing the same crime, wonderfully strengthened me in my resolution to plunge my soul into the abyss of guilt.

The wish to overreach and disappoint them, became at last a stronger incentive to the murder than the lucre of gain. The burning hatred I had felt for years against Bill Martin, was on the eve of being gratified.

THE MURDER.

When I arrived home, I found two of the principal members of the cricket club, both respectable merchants in the village, waiting for my return.

I was their best hand, and they left no argu-

ment un urged in order to induce me to go. I took them separately aside and confidently informed them of my reasons for staying at home; this, I justly thought, would help avert all suspicion from me, as the real culprit. Of course they felt convinced that my going was out of the question, and took their leave with regret.

My mother was not very well, she had a bad headache, and complained of being very nervous, a fine word she had picked up from the parson's lady, and we passed a very dull evening together. I had never before shunned my mother's eye, but this night I could not steadily look at her. She at length noticed my agitation, and asked if any thing had gone wrong with the game.

I said "no," "that I was sorry that I could not go to the club, I had a great mind to send George Norton, the other game-keeper, to meet Mr. Carlos, instead of going myself."

"You must go yourself," she cried, eagerly. "If any harm happens to the squire, we shall lose our best friend, the only real friend we have in the world, you must not think of leaving him to the care of another, he will be angry, and it may mar your fortune for life."

"In what way, mother," I said, gloomily; "I think you place too much importance on the squire's good will, I could earn my own living if I were out of employ to-morrow."

My mother said, that I was proud and ungrateful, I retorted, she grew angry, and for the first time in my life, she went to bed without kissing and bidding me good night, or wishing that God might bless me. I felt the omission keenly, it seemed as if my good angel had forsaken and left me to my fate. For a long time I sat brooding over the fire, my thoughts were full of sin. I went to the cupboard where my mother kept a few simple drugs and a small bottle of brandy in case of accidents or sudden illness. I hated ardent spirits, and seldom took any thing stronger than a cup of tea or milk, or when very tired, a little home-brewed beer, but this night, I took a glass of brandy, the first raw liquor I had ever drunk in my life. Stupified and overpowered, I soon found relief from torturing thoughts in a heavy stupid sleep.

Breakfast was on the table when I unclosed my eyes. The brandy was replaced in the cupboard, and my mother was regarding me with a sad countenance and tearful eyes. You were ill last night, Noah?"

"Yes,"

"And you did not call me."

"You parted with me in anger, mother, I felt so miserable I took that brandy to raise my

spirits. It had a contrary effect, it made me drunk for the first time in my life."

"I hope it will be the last."

"Yea, if the repetition does not prove more agreeable. My head aches, my limbs tremble, every thing is distasteful, who could feel pleasure in a vice so bestial."

"Habit, Noah, reconciles us to things which at first awakes aversion and disgust. All pleasure which has its foundation in sin, ends in pain and self-condemnation. Drunkenness is one of those vices, which, when first indulged, creates the deepest sense of shame and humiliation, but custom renders it a matter of indifference."

"I took a cup of strong tea, and after immersing my head in cold water, the nausea from which I was suffering gradually abated, and I soon felt myself well again. While I was standing at the open window, I saw Adam Haws and Bill Martin pass. They seemed in earnest conversation—I called to Haws and asked him if he were going to see the cricket match?"

He said "that it depended upon the loan of a horse. Harry Barber had promised them his, but it had broken pasture, and they were going in search of it."

I did not believe this statement, I was sure that it was meant for a blind, and I told them, "that in case they did not find Barber's horse, I would lend them mine."

They were profuse of thanks, but did not accept my offer. "They were certain of finding the lost animal." At four o'clock in the afternoon, I heard that they were still at a tavern just out of the village. If I did not keep my appointment with Mr. Carlos, I felt certain that they would.

All day I was restless and unable to settle to the least thing. My mother attributed my irritability and want of appetite, to the brandy. I knew the real cause, and as the night drew on, I was in a perfect fever of excitement, yet not for one moment did I abandon the dreadful project. I had urged myself into the belief, that it was fate and that I was compelled by an inexorable destiny to murder Mr. Carlos. I was to meet him at ten o'clock, two hours earlier than the time I had named to Adam Haws. At half past nine, my mother went to bed, complaining of indisposition, I was glad of this, for it left me at perfect liberty to arrange my plans.

I dressed myself in a waggoner's frock and hat and with Bill Martin's knife in my pocket, and a large bludgeon in my hand, I sallied into the road; my disguise was so complete, that few, without a very near inspection, would have detected the counterfeit. Fortunately, I met no

one whom I knew, and reached the second gate in the dark avenue, just in time to hear the coach rattling along the turnpike road, and the well known voice of the coachman speaking to the horses as he drew them up, in order that my victim might alight.

There was a short pause—I heard Mr. Carlos, in his frank and cheerful good natured tones, bid the coachman good-night, and presently after, his step sounded upon the hard gravel walk. The first gate that opened from the road, swung to after him, and he began to whistle a favorite hunting song as he entered upon the dark road where I was waiting his approach.

Nervous as I had been all day, I was now calm and collected I had come there determined to do a deed of blood, and no human interference could at that moment have shaken my resolution. I stepped behind a large tree, that grew beside the gate, for I did not wish Mr. Carlos to recognize me as his murderer. When he turned to close the gate, he called out in a clear voice.

"Noah! are you there!"

I did not answer, but springing from my hiding place, with one blow levelled him to the ground. In the hurry of the action, my hat fell off, the moon suddenly burst forth, and his eyes met mine as I plunged the bowie knife to the hilt, in his breast,—he gasped out.

"This from you, Noah Cotton. Poor Elinor, you are indeed avenged!"

He never spoke more,—I hastily searched his pockets, and took from him a pocket-book, which I knew must contain the coveted treasure, and flinging the bloody knife some distance, I hastily retraced my steps to the lodge.

I entered at a back gate, and going up to my own room, I carefully washed my hands and face, and dressed myself in the clothes I usually wore, thrusting the waggoner's frock and hat, and the fatal pocked-book into an old sack, I carefully concealed them, until a better opportunity, under a heap of manure which had formed a hot bed in the garden. When all my arrangements were completed, I once more had recourse to the brandy bottle, and taking a less potent dose than the one of the preceeding evening, I took down my gun, and walked to the cottage of the second game-keeper, and asked him to accompany me to the avenue to meet Mr. Carlos. George Morton instantly complied with my request, and we walked to the appointed spot, discussing in the most animated manner as we went along the probable result of the cricket match. As we entered the avenue, we were accosted by Bill Martin and Adam Hawes.

The men were both greatly excited, and they exclaimed in a breath, "Mr. Carlos has been robbed and murdered. The body is lying just within the second gate. Come with us and see."

"And what brings you here, you scoundrel?" I said, suddenly collaring Bill Martin. "Trespassing at midnight in these preserves."

It is not pheasants and hares that you have been shooting, as the muzzle of that pistol sticking out of your pocket, can prove. If Mr. Carlos has been robbed and murdered—you are the villain that has done the deed."

On hearing these words, Adam Haws ran off, and though his companion made desperate efforts to break from my grasp, I held him tight, and with the assistance of Norton, we secured his hands behind him with our handkerchief, and I remained with the prisoner while Norton ran back to the village for more help.

It was one of the most awful moments in my life, while I stood alone in that dark wood with my hand upon his collar confronting that unhappy young man. He neither spoken or trembled, but all was so still around us, that I heard his heart beat distinctly.

We remained in this painful and constrained silence for some time, at last, he said, in a subdued voice:

"Noah Cotton, your superior cunning has mastered mine. In order to destroy me, you have killed your benefactor."

The moon was at full, but the trees cast too deep a shade upon the spot we occupied to enable him to see my face, I was however taken by surprise and gave a slight start. He laughed bitterly.

"I am right—a guilty conscience needs no accuser. Now Noah Cotton, for once be generous. I am very young to die; I too have a widowed mother, and a little orphan sister to support. For their sakes give me a chance to make my escape. Your plans are so well laid that all the blame of this must rest upon my head. "Have mercy upon me oh mine enemy."

My heart was moved. I was almost tempted to grant his request, but then I considered that my safety absolutely depended upon his destruction. "William Martin," I said, very calmly, "Your attempt to charge me with this crime, is a miserable subterfuge in order to avert suspicion from yourself. Circumstances appear strangely against you, what interest could I have to kill a good master. Mr. Carlos was of more value to me as a living, than a dead man."

"That is true" he said, "Oh, God! it is a strange mysterious affair. I did not kill him, I call God to witness!"

"And what brought you and Adam here?"

Martin sighed deeply, and I heard him mutter to himself, "The wages of sin is death; I need not expect any mercy from him, I must die. Oh my poor, poor mother!"

Hardened as I thought this ruffian had been for years, the big, bright tears coursed each other down his sunburnt cheeks. his large chest heaved convulsively, and loud sobs awoke the deep stillness of the wood.

I could stand this no longer. "Martin," I said, in a low voice, "behave more like a man. If you were innocent, you could not be affected in this manner by the mere appearance of guilt.

"I am not innocent. Yet, I swear that I did not kill him."

"But your comrade did."

"No, no, this was his first attempt at crime."

"Why, Bill, your own words condemn you."

"Dont use them against me. I am mad, I don't know what I say."

"Hush, I hear steps approaching. Be quiet one moment, and I will give you a chance for your life."

"It is too late," groaned the poacher, as a large posse of men burst through the trees. "I must trust to God."

I consigned my prisoner to the constables and though I would have given worlds, not to have accompanied the rest to the spot where the murder had been committed. I knew that it would awaken suspicion to remain behind. I therefore placed myself at the head of the band of men, and a few minutes brought us to the fatal spot.

We gathered round it in silence. Surprise and horror were depicted on every countenance. Some who had known him for years shed tears. I could not, but I gladly buried my face in my handkerchief, to shut out the dreadful spectacle. The moon piercing down between the trees, looked full in the dead man's face. Those glassy upturned eyes, chilled me to stone with their fixed icy stare. "Oh! it is terrible," I cried, "to see a man so full of life and health but yesterday, look thus."

"Is he quite dead?" said George Norton; "my poor dear master! Noah, lend a hand to raise him up."

With a deep groan, I seconded his efforts, and the head of the murdered man, rested upon my knees as I crouched beside him on the ground.

A viper was gnawing at my heart, the viper of remorse, I would have given my chance for an eternity of bliss, which not many hours ago I had possessed as man's only true inheritance, to have

recalled the transactions of that night. "See here is a wound in the breast," I cried, "he has not been shot, but stabbed with a long sharp instrument. He must have been suddenly attacked, for he seems to have made no effort to defend himself."

"Here is his hat!" cried another. "The back of it is all battered in. He has been first knocked down, then stabbed. That Martin is an infernal villain!"

Whenever I heard Martin reproached for this foul act, I fancied that those dead eyes of my murdered master looked into my soul; yet, I lacked the moral courage to say, "I am the man!"

We formed among us a litter of boughs and carried the body up to the hall. We had not proceeded many steps on our sad journey, before Norton stumbled over something in the path. It was the bloody knife. "Here is something," he said, "that will give a clue to this mystery. By Jove, 'tis Bill Martin's American knife that he was bragging about the other night, at the White Horse—murder will out—and if evidence were to be wanted of his guilt, this is sufficient to hang him."

Faugh! the blood is yet upon the blade.

The knife passed from hand to hand, and to mine among the rest. I did not see the blood, it appeared to me red hot to glow and flicker with the flames of hell.

It was the dawn of day when we arrived at the hall. The fatal news had travelled there before us. The old servants were all collected upon the steps to meet the body of their master, and as we drew near, they rent the air with mournful cries.

"This is a bad job for you, Noah," said the old butler, "you have lost your best friend."

"Hanging is too good for the friend who did this," I replied.

"And Adam Haws is off with the money?"

"We suppose so. Martin has been searched, but there is none with him. In all probability, the other ruffian will be taken."

"Come, Noah, into the kitchen, and tell us all about it," cried several voices; and I had to endure a fresh species of torture in recapitulating all the circumstances, that I dared reveal; to listen to all their comments, doubts, and surmises, and answer all their agonizing questions. I was beginning to feel hardened and answered them without changing countenance.

MY MOTHER.

I was relieved from my embarrassing situation by a message from my mother, begging me to

return home without delay, as she was very ill and wished to see me.

"Ah, poor woman! she will feel this. It will be a terrible shock to her," said the servants, significantly. "Yes, yes, Noah, you had better lose no time in going to comfort your mother."

I looked in amazement from one to the other; I did not then comprehend their meaning, I knew it only too soon.

As I slowly walked home, I pondered over their words, and beyond losing the situation of keeper to the lodge, and head game-keeper, I could not see in what way the death of Mr. Carlos should so terribly affect my mother, without she suspected me of being his murderer, and so well had my plans been laid, that that was hardly possible. The murder had been an impulsive, not a premeditated act. Four and twenty hours ago, I would have killed the man that could have thought me capable of committing a deed so base and treacherous.

The clocks in the village were striking eight, when I entered the lodge. My mother was sitting in her easy chair, supported by pillows. Her face was death-pale, and she had been crying violently. Two women, our nearest neighbors, were standing beside her with salts and harts-horn.

"Oh! Noe, I'm glad thee be come, thy mother has been in fits ever since she heard the dreadful news. We could not persuade her that you were safe, until she saw you herself."

"Mother," I said, going up to her, and kissing her rigid brow, "are you better now?"

She grasped my hand tightly, but made no reply. Her face became convulsed. The tears flowed over her cheeks like rain. Her head fell back, and she fainted in my arms.

"She is dying!" screamed both the women.

"No, no! she will be better presently. Open the window. Give me a glass of water. There, there, she is coming to. Speak to me, dear mother?"

"Is it true, Noah? Is he—Is the squire murdered?" she at last gasped forth.

"It is too true, mother, I have just helped Norton carry the body up to the hall."

"Oh, God! I hoped it had been false!"

"It is a shocking piece of business, but why should it affect you, mother, in this terrible way?"

"That's what I say," said Mrs. Clarke, the woman who had been the former speaker. "It do seem so strange to us, that she should take on in this here way, for a mere stranger."

"Don't ask me any questions, Noah," said my mother, in a low firm voice, "I am better now."

The sight of you has revived me. If you will stay with me, these kind neighbors may go home."

"At ten o'clock, the magistrates meet to examine the prisoner. I am one of the witnesses. I must be there. I can stay with you till then."

"Oh, Noe! you must tell us all about it," said the other woman. "How did it come about?"

I was not prepared for this fresh agony; but I rehearsed my dreadful part, and related all I had heard and seen, since the capture of Bill Martin. My mother listened to the recital with breathless interest; when it was concluded, she again burst into tears, exclaiming, "poor Mrs. Martin, how dreadful it must be for her. I pity her from my very soul!"

I had never given Martin's unfortunate mother a thought. I was not naturally cruel, and this planted a fresh dagger in my heart. "It is about eight years ago that she lost her husband," said Mrs. Clarke, "he died from the bite of a mad dog. Little Sally was not born until five months after her father's death. I don't know how she contrived to scratch along and keep out of the work-house. But she was always a hard-working woman. She had no friend like the squire, to take her by the hand, and this boy, Bill, was always a great trouble to her. Howsoever, she tried to do her part for him, and almost starved herself to death, in order to keep him tidy and give him a good schooling. This fresh misfortune will go nigh to break her heart."

And was it to add to this poor creature's sorrows, that I was prepared to give false witness against her son, for well I knew his life depended upon my evidence. For Martin, however, I felt no pity. His death never filled me with remorse, like the murder of the squire. I was convinced that I had only forestalled him in the deed. But he sought the appointed spot with the determination to rob and kill, and I persuaded myself, that he only met the fate that he richly deserved.

After I had satisfied the insatiable curiosity of the two women, they left us, and I was alone with my mother.

For some minutes she remained silent. Her hands pressed over her breast, and her tear-swollen eyes fixed intently upon the ground.

"Noah," at length she said, slowly raising her head, "I should like to see him once again. Do you think that the family would allow me to look at the corpse?"

I actually started with horror. I felt the blood recede from my cheeks and my hair stiffen on my head. "Good God! mother, what should make you wish to see him. He is a frightful spectacle.

So frightful, that I would not look upon him again for worlds!"

"Oh!" groaned my mother, it is hard to part from him for ever without one last look!"

"Mother, mother!" I cried, "what do you mean by your strange conduct, and still stranger words. In the name of God! what was the squire to you?"

"Noah, he was your father," returned my mother, slowly and solemnly, "I need not tell you further what he was to me." Had she stabbed me with a red hot knife, the effect would have been less painful. "My father!" I cried, with a yell of agony, the ringing echo of which deprived me of sense as I reeled to her feet and fell. "Mother! mother! for my sake recall those dreadful words."

Some minutes elapsed before I again awoke to the horrid consciousness of my terrible guilt. My crime appeared in a new aspect. An aspect that froze my soul, and iced the warm stream of my young blood with despair. I had been excited, agitated, almost maddened with the certainty of being a murderer, but there was something of the human feeling and human passion in those tumultuous feelings. But the terrible certainty that I was a parricide. Had killed my own father for the sake of a few paltry hundreds which I now knew I could never enjoy, chilled me into the most stupid apathy. There could be no forgiveness for a crime like mine, neither in this world nor the world to come.

I could have cursed my mother for having so long concealed from me an important fact, that, if known, had saved the life of her paramour. Her silence might have been the effect of shame. But no, when I recalled the frequency of the squire's visits, his uniform kindness to me, and, above all, the dark hints of Bill Martin, I was convinced that she had all along been living with him on terms of abandoned intimacy, and that her crime was scarcely less than my own. Yet, in spite of these bitter recriminations when I turned towards her, and met her sad, tearful, pleading eyes, all my love for her returned, and I looked upon myself as the monster who had caused those tears to flow. "Mother," I said, creeping to her feet, "why did you keep this dreadful secret from me for so many years?"

"Noah," said my mother, "it is hard to acknowledge one's sin to one's own child. It is one, however, that I have been bitterly punished for committing."

"But you still continued to live on those terms with the squire?"

"Alas! Noah, I loved him," and she threw her

apron over her head, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"I will show you, mother, how one crime produces another," I was about to say, when a loud rap at the door summoned me away to give my evidence against Martin and his accomplice.

This I did minutely and circumstantially from my conversation with Adam Haws, until the time when accompanied by Norton, we took the prisoner. It was so clear, so plausible, so perfectly matter of fact, that this hideous lie was regarded by wise and well educated men, by whom it was received as God's truth.

I was spoken of as a sober, excellent young man, well worthy of the squire's confidence, and grateful for the favors he had bestowed upon me, while the character that Bill bore, was enough to condemn him, independent of the startling evidence I and others had given against him.

Bill kept his eye fixed on me during the time I was speaking. I felt it in my soul, for his glance, unseen by me, for I dared not meet it, thrilled me through and through. He was asked what he had to say against the evidence I had given, he replied, "nothing." That as far as he was concerned, it was perfectly correct. But that God, who looked deeper than man, knew that it had been framed in hell for his destruction.

His words were regarded as the ravings of a desperate man. But to cut this painful part of my story short, for it is agony to dwell upon it, he was tried, sentenced and condemned, was finally executed at Ipswich, and I saw him hung.

Yes, reader, you may well start back in horror. "To be sure of my victim, I actually witnessed his death struggles, and returned home, satisfied that the tongue I most dreaded upon earth was silenced for ever. Shallow fool! Conscience never sleeps. The voice of remorse sounds up from the lowest deeps, with the clang of the archangel's trump, blasting the guilty ear with its judgment peal. With him my peace of mind, self-respect, and hopes of heaven died for ever.

I have often thought that God gave me this last chance in order to try me, to see if any good remained in me, if I could for once resist temptation, and act towards Martin as an honest man. Yes! I have often felt amid the burning agonies of my sleepless phantom-haunted nights, that had I confessed my guilt, and saved Martin from destruction, God would have had mercy upon me.

Dreadful as these events were, they seemed only the beginning of sorrows. When Mr. Walter came to the hall to attend his uncle's funeral, and the will of the deceased was opened by his man of business, and read to the family after they returned

from church, it was found that the squire had named me in this document, as his *natural son*, by *Anne Cotton*, and had left me the porched cottage in which I now live, together with the fifty acres of land adjoining, and two thousand pounds in the funds, the interest to be devoted to the maintenance of my mother for her life, and both principal and interest to devolve to me at her death.

This handsome legacy seemed to console my mother not a little for the death of Mr. Carlos. For my own part, it only served to debase me further in my own eyes, and deepen the pangs of remorse. Gladly would I have quitted that part of the country, but I was so haunted by the fear of detection, that I was afraid that it would awaken suspicion among my poor neighbors. On every hand, I heard that the squire had made a gentleman of Noah Cotton, while I cursed the money in my heart, and would thankfully have exchanged my lot with the poorest emigrant that ever crossed the seas in search of a new home.

The property bequeathed me by the squire was about a mile from the village, in an opposite direction to the porter's lodge. My mother quitted her old home with reluctance, but I was glad to leave a place which constantly brought to my mind such terrible associations. The night before we removed to the porched house, for so my new home was called, I waited until my mother went to bed, and then carefully removed the sack and its fatal contents, from the bed of manure, in which I had concealed it on the night of the murder. The waggoner's hat and frock, together with the sack I had burned in a field at the back of the lodge, and then slunk back like a guilty thief under the cover of darkness to my own chamber. It was some time before I had courage to open the pocket book. It felt damp and clammy in my grasp; it had been saturated with his blood, and the roll of bank notes it contained were dyed with the same dull, red hue. I did not unroll them. A ghastly sickness stole over me whenever my eye fell upon them. The pocket book fell from my grasp, for I seemed distinctly to trace his dying face in those horrible stains. That last look of blank surprise, and unutterable woe, with which he regarded me when he recognized in me his murderer.

It was necessary to put out of sight these memorials of my guilt. I could not bring my heart to destroy such a large sum of money, neither could I dare to make use of it. That old bureau had been bought by my mother at a sale. She had given it to me as a receptacle for books and papers. I possessed so few of these, that I

generally had kept my shooting apparatus in its many odd nooks and drawers. While stowing away these, I had discovered a secret drawer which shut with a spring, and into this I thrust the blood-stained pocket book and the useless treasure it contained. Never since that hour have I drawn it from its hiding-place; my earnest wish is, that when I am gone to my last account, that money may be restored to the family to which it lawfully belongs.

When I settled upon the farm, it afforded me a good pretext to give up my situation as game-keeper. Mr. Walter, now Sir Walter Carlos, had just come to reside at the hall, and being a great sportsman, he was very unwilling to part with my services.

"Wait at least, Noah," he said, "until the shooting season is over, as I expect my sister and her husband, and a large party down to shoot at the hall. This will give me time to find some one in your place."

Reluctantly I complied with his request. The words carelessly spoken by him, had sent an arrow through my heart. The sister, for whose sake I had committed that fearful murder to acquire wealth, was the wife of another. How had I ever dared to hope that one so far removed from me by her position in society would ever condescend to cast a thought on me. Blind fool that I had been, I was conscious of my madness now when I had forfeited my own soul for the smiles of one who never could be mine.

And the gay party arrived in due time at the hall, and Sir Walter forgot its old possessor, the friend of his boyhood, the murdered man, who slept so quiet in the church-yard, while pursuing his favorite sport. Captain Manners, the husband of my beautiful Ella, was a fine, dashing looking officer, and I felt bitterly jealous of him whenever I saw him and his young bride together. In spite of her sables, she was all smiles and sunshine, the life and soul of the party at the hall.

One fine afternoon, I shall never forget it, I was following the gentleman with the hounds, when we came to the fatal spot where Mr. Carlos had been murdered.

I had never trod that path since the night of his death, though in my dreams I constantly revisited the spot, and enacted the revolting scene again in all its horrible details. But there was no avoiding it now. I felt as if every eye was upon me as I stooped to caress the dogs in order to conceal the agitation which was trembling through my frame. Just as we drew near the gate, Sir Walter fired at a partridge, which fell among the long fern just at my side.

"Hollo, Noah! pick up that bird, 'tis a splendid cock!" cried Sir Walter.

I parted the fern with trembling hands to do his bidding. The bird lay dead on the very stone over which my unhappy father's life blood had gushed. I saw the fresh, warm drops that had flowed from the heart of the bird, but beneath was a darker stain. I tried in vain to lift up the bird. Before me lay the bleeding, prostrate form of Mr. Carlos, with the terrible reproach gleaming in his eyes through the deepening mists of death. My senses reeled—I saw no more, for I sank down in a fit. The first of those dreadful epileptic fits, which have since been of such constant occurrence. When I recovered myself, Sir Walter was supporting me, and Mrs. Manners was fanning me with a small branch of sycamore leaves.

"He's coming to," she said. "Why, Noah," (addressing herself to me,) "what ails you, were you ever in this way before?"

I said, "No, but I had not been well for some time past, and when I stooped to lift the bird, every object turned round with me, and looked first red and then black, and I remembered nothing more."

"You must be bled, Noah," returned Sir Walter, kindly. This is a clear case of blood to the head. Go home, and I will send Dr. Pinnock to you as I am return to the hall."

"I am better now," I said, glancing towards Mrs. Manners, who was regarding me with a look of interest and compassion. "You are aware, Sir Walter, that it was on this spot that your poor uncle was murdered—that stone is stained with his blood. When I tried to pick up the bird, the whole scene came so vividly before me, that it really made me ill."

"No wonder," said Ella, thoughtfully, "my poor, dear uncle, he was so fond of you, Noah."

"He had a good right to be," returned Sir Walter. "You are aware, Ella," he added, in a low voice, "that our friend, Noah, is his son."

"Indeed!" she cried in surprise, "that accounts for the affection we both felt for him when a boy; an interest we feel for him still."

"I do not deserve your good opinion," I faltered out; "but, believe me, Mrs. Manners, I am deeply sensible of your kindness."

I lifted my hat with profound respect, looked long and sadly upon her—it was for the last time, she followed her husband to India, and I never saw her again,) and whistling to my dogs, I pursued my solitary way.

(To be continued.)

THREE HUNDRED A YEAR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE CALL.

"How much salary do they offer?" asked Mrs. Carroll of her husband, who was sitting near her with a letter in his hand. He had just communicated the fact that a Parish was tendered him in the village of Y——, distant a little over a hundred and fifty miles.

"The money is your first thought, Edith," said Mr. Carroll, half chidingly, yet with an affectionate smile.

This remark caused a slight flush to pass over the face of Mrs. Carroll. She replied, glancing, as she did so, towards a bed on which lay three children.

"Is it wrong to think of the little ones whom God has given to us?"

"Oh, no! But we must believe that God who calls us to labor in his vineyard, will feed both us and our children."

"How are we to know that HE calls us, Edward?" inquired Mrs. Carroll.

"I hold the evidence in my hand. This letter from the vestry of Y—— Parish contains the call."

"It may be only the call of man."

"Edith!—Edith!—Your faith is weak; weak almost as the expiring flame."

"What do they say in that letter? Will you read it to me?"

"Oh yes. And Mr. Carroll read—

"*Rev. and Dear Sir* :—Our Parish has been for some months without a minister. On the recommendation of Bishop——, we have been led to make you an offer of the vacant place. The members of the church, generally, are in moderate circumstances, and we cannot, therefore, offer any thing more than a moderate living. There is a neat little parsonage, to which is attached a small garden for the use of the minister. The salary is three hundred dollars. You will find the people kind and intelligent, and likewise prepossessed in your favor. The Bishop has spoken of you warmly. We should like to hear from you as early as convenient.

Very affectionately, &c., &c."

"Three hundred dollars!" said Mrs. Carroll in a disappointed tone.

"And the parsonage," added Mr. Carroll quickly.

"Equivalent to sixty or seventy more."

"Equivalent to a hundred dollars more, at least."

"We are doing much better here, Edward."

"True! But are we to look to worldly advantages alone?"

"We have a duty to discharge to our children which, it seems to me, comes before all other duties."

"God will take care of these tender lambs, Edith, do not fear. He has called me to preach his everlasting Gospel, and I have heard and answered. Now He points to the field of labor, and shall I hold back because the wages seem small? I have not so learned my duty. Though lions stood in the way, I would walk in it with a fearless heart. Be not afraid. The salvation of souls is a precious work, and they who are called to the labor will not lack for bread."

"But, Edward," said the wife, in a serious voice, "will it be right for us to enter any path of life blindfold, as it were? God has given us reason for a guide; and should we not be governed by its plain dictate?"

"We must walk by faith, Edith, and not by sight," replied Mr. Carroll, in a tone that indicated some small measure of impatience.

"A true faith, dear husband!" said Mrs. Carroll, tenderly, while a slight suffusion appeared about her eyes. "A true faith is ever enlightened and guided by reason. When reason plainly points the way, faith bids us walk on with unflinching steps."

"And does not reason now point the way?" asked Mr. Carroll.

"I think not. From our school we receive nearly seven hundred dollars; and we have not found that sum too large for our support. I know that I work very hard, and that I find it as much as I can do to keep all things comfortable."

"But remember that we have rent to pay."

"I know. Still a little over five hundred dollars remain. And the present offer is only three hundred. Edward, we cannot live upon this sum.—Think of our three children. And my health, you

know, is not good. I am not so strong as I was and cannot go through as much."

The wife's voice trembled.

"Poor, weak doubter!" said Mr. Carroll, in a tender yet reproving voice. "Does not He who calls us to this labor know our wants? And is not He able to supply them? Have you forgotten that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof?—Whose are the cattle upon a thousand hills? Did not God feed Elijah by ravens? Did the widow's oil fail? Be not doubtful but believing, Edith! And what if we do have to meet a few hardships, and endure many privations? Are these to be counted against the salvation of even one precious soul? The harvest is great, but the laborers are few."

Mrs. Carroll knew her husband well enough to be assured that if he believed it to be his duty to accept a call from Lapland or the Indian Ocean, he would go. Yet, so strongly did both reason and feeling oppose the contemplated change, that she could not help still speaking out what was in her mind.

"The day of miracles is past," she replied—"We must not expect God to send us bread from heaven, if we go into a wilderness, nor water from the rock, if we wander away to some barren desert.—This Parish of Y——cannot afford a living to any but a single man, and, therefore, it seems to me that none but a single man should accept their call. Wait longer, Edward. We have every comfort for our children, and you are engaged in a highly useful employment. When the right field for ministerial labor offers, God will call you in a manner so clear that you need not feel a doubt on the subject."

"I feel no doubt now," said Mr. Carroll. "I recognize the voice of my Master, and must obey. And I will obey without fear. Our bread will be given and our water sure. Ah! Edith. If you could only see with me, eye to eye. If you could only take up your cross hopefully, and walk by my side, how light would seem all the burden I have to bear?"

Mrs. Carroll felt the words of her husband as a rebuke. This silenced all opposition.

"I know that I am weak and fearful," she murmured, leaning her head upon her husband, and concealing her face. "But I will try to have courage. If you feel it to be your duty to accept this call. I will go with you: and, come what may, will not vex your ears by a complaining word. It was only for our little ones that I felt troubled."

"The Lord will provide, Edith. He never sends any one upon a journey at his own cost. Fear not; we have the God of harvests on our side."

The will of Mr. Carroll decided in this, as in almost every thing else. He saw reason to accept the call, and did not, therefore, perceive any force in his wife's objections.

The school, from which a comfortable living had been obtained, was given up; an old home and old friends abandoned. Prompt as Mr. Carroll had been to accept the call to Y——, the process of breaking up did not take place without some natural feelings coming in to disturb him. How he was to support his wife and children on three hundred dollars, did not exactly appear. It had cost him, annually, the sum of five hundred, exclusive of rent; and no one could affirm that he had lived extravagantly. But he dismissed such unpleasant thoughts by saying, mentally—

"A way with these sinful doubts! I will not be faithless, but believing."

As for Mrs. Carroll, who felt, in view of the coming trials and labor, that she had but little strength; the parting from the old place where she had known so many happy hours, gave her deeper pain than she had ever before experienced. Strive as she would, she could not keep up her spirits. She could not feel any assurance for the future—could not put her entire trust in Heaven. To her, the hopeful spirit of her husband seemed a blind confidence, and not a rational faith. But, even while she felt thus, she condemned herself for the feeling; and strove—with how little effect!—to walk sustainingly by the side of her husband.

THE CHANGE.

Six months have elapsed since Mr. Carroll accepted the call to Y——. He has preached faithfully and labored diligently. That was his part. And he has received quarterly, on the day it became due, his salary. That was according to the contract on the other side.—His conscience is clear on the score of duty; and his parishioners are quite as well satisfied that they have done all that is required of them. They offered him three hundred a year and the parsonage. He accepted the offer; and, by that act, declared the living to be adequate to his wants. If he was satisfied they were.

"I don't know how he gets along on three hundred dollars," some one more thoughtful about such matters, would occasionally say, "It costs me double that sum, and my family is no larger than his."

"They get a great many presents," would in all probability be replied to this. Mr. —, I know, sent them a load of wood some time ago; and Mr. B——told me that he had sent them a quarter of a lamb and a bushel of apples. And I have,

two or three times, furnished one little matter or another. I'm sure what is given to them will amount to half as much as Mr. Carroll's salary."

"This makes a difference, of course," is the satisfied answer. And yet, all told, the presents received by the whole family, in useful articles, has not reached the value of twenty-five dollars during the course of six months.—And this has been more than abstracted from them by the kind ladies of the parish, who must needs visit and take tea with the minister as often as convenient.

Six months had passed since the Rev. Mr. Carroll removed to Y——. It was mid-winter; and a stormy day closed in with as stormy a night. The rays which came in through the minister's little-study window grew faint in the pervading shadows, and he could no longer see with sufficient clearness to continue writing. So he went down stairs to the room in which were his wife and children. The oldest child was a daughter, six years of age, named Edith from her mother. Edward, between three and four years old, and Aggy the baby, made up the number of Mrs. Carroll's household treasures. They were all just of an age to require their mother's attention in everything.—As her husband entered the room, Mrs. Carroll said—

"I'm glad you've come down, dear. I can't get Aggy out of my arms a minute. It's nearly supper time, and I haven't even been able to put the kettle on the fire. She's very fretful."

Mr. Carroll took the baby. His wife threw a shawl over her head, and taking an empty bucket from the dresser, was passing to the door, when her husband said—

"Stop, stop, Edith; You mustn't go for water in this storm. Here, take the baby."

"I can go well enough," replied Mrs. Carroll, and before her husband could prevent her, she was out in the blustering air, with the snowflakes driving in her face.

"Oh, Edith! Edith! Why will you do so?" said her husband, as soon as she came back.

"It is as easy for me to go as for you," she replied.

"No it isn't, Edith. I am strong to what you are. If you expose yourself in this way, it will be the death of you."

Mr. Carroll shook the snow from her shawl and dress, and brushed it from her shoes, saying, as she did so—

"Oh, no! a little matter like this won't hurt me."

She then took the tea-kettle and placed it over the fire. After which she sat out the table, and busied herself in getting ready their evening meal.

Meanwhile, Mr. Carroll walked the floor with Aggy in his arms, both looking and feeling serious: while the two older children amused themselves with a picture-book.

As the reader has probably anticipated, the "living" (?) at Y——proved altogether inadequate to the wants of Mr. Carroll's family: and faith, confidence, and an abstract trust in Providence by no means sufficed for its increase. At first, Mrs. Carroll had a servant girl to help her in her household duties, as usual. But she soon found this would not do. A dollar and a quarter a week, and the cost of boarding the girl, took just about one-third of their entire income. So, after the first three months, "help" was dispensed with. The washing had to be put out, which cost half a dollar, weekly. To get some one in the house to iron, would cost as much more. So Mrs. Carroll took upon herself the task of ironing all the clothes in addition to the entire work of the house and care of her three children.

For three months this hard labor was performed, but not without a visible effect. The face of Mrs. Carroll grew thinner; her step lost its lightness: and her voice its cheerful tone. All this her husband saw, and saw with intense pain. But there was no remedy. His income was but three hundred a year; and out of that small sum it was impossible to pay one hundred for the wages and board of a girl, and have enough left for the plainest food and clothing. There was, therefore, no alternative. All that it was in his power to do, was done by Mr. Carroll to lighten the heavy burdens under which his wife was sinking; but it was only a little, in reality, that he could do; and he was doomed to see her daily wasting away, and her strength departing from her.

At the time we have introduced them, Mrs. Carroll had begun to show some symptoms of failing health, that alarmed her husband seriously. She had taken cold, which was followed by a dry, fatiguing cough, and a more than usual prostration of strength. On coming in with her bucket of water from the well, as just mentioned, she did not take off her shoes, and brush away the snow that had been pressed in around the tops against her stockings, but suffered it to lie there and melt, thus wetting her feet. It was nearly an hour from the time Mr. Carroll came down from his room before supper was ready. Aggy was, by this time, asleep: so that the mother could pour out the tea without having, as was usually the case, to hold the baby in her arms.

"Ain't you going to eat any thing?" asked Mr. Carroll, seeing that his wife, whose face looked flushed, only sipped a little tea.

"I don't feel any appetite," said Mrs. Carroll.
 "But you'd better try and eat something, dear."

Just then there was a knock at the door.—On opening it, Mr. Carroll found a messenger with a request for him to go and see a parishioner who was ill.

"You can't go away there in this storm," said Mrs. Carroll, as soon as the messenger had retired. "It's full a mile off."

"I must go, Edith," replied the minister. "If it were many miles instead of one, it would be all the same. Duty calls."

And out into the driving storm the minister went, and toiled on his lonely way through the deep snow to reach the bedside of a suffering fellow man, who sought spiritual consolation in the hour of sickness, from one whose temporal wants he had, while in health, shown but little inclination to supply. That consolation offered, he again turned his face homeward, and again breasted the unabated storm. He found his wife in bed—something unusual for her at ten o'clock—and on laying his hand upon her face, discovered that she was in a high fever. In alarm, he went for the doctor, who declined going out, but sent medicine, and promised to come over in the morning.

In the morning Mrs. Carroll was much worse, and unable to rise. To dress the children and get breakfast, Mr. Carroll found to be tasks of no very easy performance for him; and as soon as they were completed, he called in a neighbor to stay with his wife, while he went in search of some one to come and take her place in the family until she was able to go about again as usual.

That time, however, did not soon come.—Weeks passed before she could even sit up, and then she was so susceptible of cold that even the slightest draft of air into the room affected her; and so weak that in attempting to mend a garment for her children, the exertion caused her to faint away.

When Mrs. Carroll was taken sick, they had only fifteen dollars of their quarter's salary left. It was but two weeks since they had received it, yet nearly all was gone, for twenty-five dollars, borrowed to meet expenses during the last month of the quarter, had to be paid according to promise; shoes for nearly every member of the family had to be purchased, besides warmer clothing for themselves and children, and several little bills unavoidably contracted, had to be settled. The extra expense of sickness, added to the regular demand, soon melted away the trifling balance, and Mr. Carroll found himself with his wife still unable to leave her room—in fact, scarcely able

to sit up—penniless and almost hopeless. His faith had grown weak—his confidence was gone—his spirits were broken. Daily he prayed for strength to bear up; for a higher trust in Providence; for light upon his dark pathway. But no strength came, no confidence was created, no light shone upon his way. And for this we need not wonder. It was no day of miracles, as his wife had forewarned him. He had, as many do hoped for a sustenance in a field of labor where reason could find no well-grounded hope. He knew that he could not live on three hundred a year; yet he had accepted the offer, in the vain hope that all would come out well!

The last shilling left the hand of the unhappy minister, and at least six weeks remained before another quarter's salary became due.—He could not let his family starve; so, after much thought, he finally determined to call the vestry together, frankly state his case, and tell his brethren that it was impossible for him to live on the small sum they allowed.

A graver meeting of the vestry of Y—parish had not for a long time taken place. As for an increase of salary, that was declared to be out of the question entirely. They had never paid any one over three hundred dollars, which, with the parsonage, had always been considered a very liberal compensation. They were very sorry for Mr. Carroll, and would advance him a quarter's salary. But all increase was out of the question. They knew the people would not hear to it. The meeting then broke up, and the official members of the church walked gravely away, while Mr. Carroll went home feeling so sad and dispirited, that he almost wished that he could die.

The Parish of Y—was not rich; though six hundred dollars could have been paid to a minister with as little inconvenience to the members as three hundred. But the latter sum was considered ample; and much surprise was manifested when it was found that the new minister asked for an increase, even before the first year of his engagement had expired.

The face of his wife had never looked so pale, her cheeks so thin, nor her eyes so sunken, to the minister, as when he came home from this mortifying and disheartening meeting of the vestry. One of those present was the person he had gone a mile to visit on the night of the snow-storm, and he had more to say that hurt him than any of the rest.

"Edith," said Mr. Carroll, taking the thin hand of his wife, as he sat down by her and looked sadly into her face, "we must leave here."

"Must we? Why?" she asked, without evincing very marked surprise.

"We cannot live on three hundred a year."

"Where will we go?"

"Heaven only knows! But we cannot remain here!"

And as the minister said this, he bowed his head until his face rested upon the arm of his wife. He tried to hide his emotion, but Edith knew that tears were upon the cheeks of her husband.

THE SEQUEL.

Just one year has elapsed since Mr. Carroll accepted the call from Y—. It has been a year of trouble, ending in deep affliction.

When the health of Mrs. Carroll yielded under her too heavy burdens, it did not come back again. Steadily she continued to sink, after the first brief rallying of her system, until it became hopelessly apparent that the time of her departure was near at hand. She was too fragile a creature to be thrown into the position she occupied. Inheriting a delicate constitution, and raised with even an unwise tenderness, she was no more fitted to be a pastor's wife with only three hundred a year to live upon, than a summer flower is to take the place of a hardy autumn plant. This her husband should have known and taken into account before he decided to accept the call from Y—.

When it was found that Mrs. Carroll, after partially recovering from her first severe attack, began gradually to sink, a strong interest was awakened in her favor among the ladies of the congregation, and they showed her many kind attentions. But all these attentions and all this kindness did not touch the radical disability under which she was suffering. They did not remove her too heavy weight of care and labor. All the help in her family that she felt justified in employing, was a girl between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and this left so much for her to do in the care of her children, and in necessary household duties, that she suffered all the time from extreme physical exhaustion.

In the just conviction of the error he had committed, and while he felt the hopelessness of his condition, Mr. Carroll, as has been seen, resolved to leave Y— immediately. This design he hinted to one of the members of his church.

"You engaged with us for a year, did you not?" enquired the member.

That settled the question in the mind of the unhappy minister. He said no more to any one on the subject of his income, or about leaving the parish. But his mind was made up not to re-

main a single day after his contract had expired. If in debt at the time, as he knew he must be, he would free himself from the incumbrance by selling a part of his household furniture. Meantime, his liveliest fears were aroused for his wife, as symptom after symptom of a rapid decline showed themselves. That he did not preach as good sermons, nor visit as freely among his parishioners during the last three months of the time he remained at Y—is no matter of surprise. Some, more considerate than the rest, excused him; but others complained, even to the minister himself. No matter. Mr. Carroll had too much at home to fill his heart to leave room for a troubled pulsation on this account. He was conscience clear on the score of obligation to his parishioners.

At last, and this before the year had come to its close, the drooping wife and mother took to her bed, never again to leave it until carried forth by the mourners. We will not pain the reader by any details of the affecting scenes attendant upon the last few weeks of her mortal life: nor take him to the bedside of the dying one, in the hour that she passed away. To state the fact that she died, is enough—and painful enough.

For all this, it did not occur to the people of Y—that, in anything, they had been lacking. They had never given but three hundred a year to a minister, and, as a matter of course, considered the sum as much as a reasonable man could expect. As for keeping a clergyman in luxury, and permitting him to get rich, they did not think it consistent with the office he held, which required self-denial, and a renouncing of the world. As to how he could live on so small a sum, that was a question rarely asked; and when presented was put to rest by some backhanded kind of an answer that left the matter as much in the dark as ever.

Notwithstanding the deep waters of affliction through which Mr. Carroll was required to pass, his Sabbath duties were but once omitted, and that on the day after he had looked for the last time upon the face of his lost one. Four Sabbaths more he preached, and then, in accordance with a notice a short time previously given, resigned his pastoral charge. There were many to urge him with great earnestness not to leave them; but a year's experience enabled him to see clearer than he did before, and to act with greater decision. In the hope of retaining him, the vestry strained a point, and offered to make the salary three hundred and fifty dollars. But, much to their surprise, the liberal offer was refused.

It happened that the Bishop of the Diocese

came to visit Y— a week before Mr. Carroll intended taking his departure with his motherless children for his old home, where a church had been offered him in connexion with a school. To him three or four prominent members of the church complained that the minister was mercenary, and looked more to the loaves and fishes than to the duty of saving souls.

"Mercenary!" said the Bishop, with a strong expression of surprise.

"Yes, mercenary," repeated his accusers.

"So far from it," said the Bishop, warmly; "he has paid more during the year for supporting the Gospel in Y— than any five men in the parish put together."

"Mr. Carroll has!"

"Yes. How much do you give?" addressing one.

"I pay ten dollars pew rent, and give ten extra, besides," was the answer.

"And you?" speaking to another.

"The same."

"And you?"

"Thirty dollars, in all."

"While," said the Bishop, with increased warmth, "your minister gave two hundred dollars."

This, of course, took them greatly by surprise, and they asked for an explanation.

"It is given in a few words," returned the Bishop. It cost him, though living in the most frugal manner, five hundred dollars for the year. Of this, you paid three hundred and he two hundred dollars.

"I don't understand you, Bishop," said one.

"Plainly, then; he was in debt at the end of the year for articles necessary for the health and comfort of his family, to pay which he has sold a large portion of his furniture. He was not working for himself, but for you, and, therefore, actually paid two hundred dollars for the support of the Gospel in Y—, while you paid but twenty or thirty dollars apiece. Under these circumstances, my friends, be assured that the charge of being mercenary comes with an exceeding bad grace. Nor is this all that he has sacrificed. An insufficient income threw upon his wife, duties beyond her strength to bear: and she sunk under them. Had you stepped forward in time, and lightened those duties by a simple act of justice, she might be still living to bless her husband and children! Three hundred a year for a man with a wife and three children, is not enough; and you know it, my brethren! Not one of you could live on less than double the sum."

This rebuke came with a stunning force upon

the ears of men who had expected the Bishop to agree with them in their complaint, and had its effect. On the day Mr. Carroll left the village he received a kind and sympathetic letter from the official members of the church, enclosing the sum of \$200. The first impulse of his natural feelings was to return the enclosure, but reflection showed him that such an act would be wrong; and so he retained it after such acknowledgments as he deemed the occasion required.

Back to his old home the minister went, but with feelings, how different, alas! from those he had experienced on leaving for Y—. The people, among whom he had labored for a year, felt as if they had amply paid him for all the service he had rendered; in fact, overpaid him, as if money, doled out grudgingly, could compensate for all he had sacrificed and suffered in his effort to break for them the Bread of Life.

Here is one of the phases of ministerial life presented with little ornament or attractiveness. There are many other phases, more pleasant to look upon, and far more flattering to the good opinion we are all inclined to entertain of ourselves. But it is not always best to look upon the fairest side. The cold reality of things, it is needful that we should sometimes see. The parish of Y— does not, by any means, stand alone. And Mr. Carroll is not the only man who has suffered wrong from the hands of those who called him to minister in spiritual things, yet neglected duly to provide for the natural and necessary wants of the body.

THE THREE CALLERS.

BY CHARLES SWAINE.

MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy straying

'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of nought save playing,

And so she smiles and waves him an adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn! returns no more,

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,

One young, fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,

And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
So Noon, unnotic'd, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin fire-light, flickering faint and low;

By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all Life's pleasures go.
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

PRESIDIO DEL NORTE.

A TALE OF NEW SPAIN.



AY, my good Beatrice, thou didst never see so noble and handsome a cavalier as the young Sieur St. Deny's. Do not speak to me of any other, I will hear none of thy foolish prattle; and as to Don Carlos, I pray thee name him not again, if thou

hast any love for me!"

"The good saints defend us!" said the duenna, lifting her hands and eyes, "my young lady will never be married at this rate, for her mind changeth as often as the moon! There was the young Count from far

away across the seas,—he had more gold than could be counted in a twelve-month, and my young lady listened to his wooing with a right good will, till,—"

"Till she grew tired of it, good Beatrice, and what then?"

"Why then," continued the duenna, "came that bold gallant in the train of M. d'Iberville, from New France, and then senora took cold leaning from the balcony listening to his guitar, and his mad love madrigals!"

"And what of that, *madre* dear? he was a handsome youth, and looked well among my flowers by moonlight; but when he had sung all his love ditties, the poor simpleton was at his wit's end, and I laughed at him—and so we parted."

"And now," resumed the duenna, with a very important air, "my noble lord, Don Carlos, has come with a brave suite all the way from the great city of Mexico, having heard the fame of my young lady, Donna Maria's beauty, and my master, Don Pedro de Vilescas, has given him generous entertainment, and listened favorably to his proposal for his daughter's hand."

"But Donna Maria has no thought of listening

to him herself, good Beatrice," said the girl, laughing, "and if she has smiled on him, why, it is not because his suit pleaseth her, but because her father's guests claim courteous hospitality from the daughter of his house."

"Now the saints give me patience," exclaimed Beatrice, "did I not see thee with my own eyes standing by the fountain yonder, and the Count was kneeling before thee? and didst not thou blush like a ripe pomegranate when he praised thy beauty? and didst not thou dance with him while the merry castanet chimed to thy light steps, and all my master's guests whispered, 'what a noble pair is Don Carlos and the young Donna Maria de Vilescas?'"

"And prithee, my good Beatrice, what would'st thou have me do? shall I sit moping over my tapestry, or conning over the *padro's* dull books at my lonely lattice, while there is merry-making in the hall, and dancing on the lawn? as well might I have remained and told my beads with the old nuns of Santa Chapella."

"Now my young lady is not vexed with her poor *madre*," said the duenna, pleadingly. "The blessed virgin knows that the old fort would be in utter darkness, if it were not for the light of her bright eyes, and her smile which is more gladsome than sunshine."

"Then, I pray you, Beatrice, let me remain in peace, and do just as I please in the old fort," said Donna Maria, and she pouted very prettily, well knowing from experience the salutary effect of such moods, on her indulgent attendant.

"Well, well, my young lady, don't be angry, and I will say no more about Don Carlos, good or bad; only he is a grand-looking cavalier, and handsome—that is, considering he is not very young,—"

"Yes, as handsome as my father," interrupted Donna Maria, with a merry laugh, "and not *quite* so old."

"But he has chests of gold," resumed the duenna, again waxing warm with her subject; "his very lacqueys are covered with gold and diamonds, they say he has the wealth of a whole Mexican mine which can never be emptied."

"And if he was master of a hundred mines,

Beatrice, and all the diamonds of Brazil sparkled on his retinue, I would sooner throw myself into the river than marry him."

"It was an ill wind," said the duenna, quite discomfited, "that brought the young *Sieur St. Denys* to the fort; his handsome face and gallant air, forsooth, have won my young lady's favor in spite of the Count's gold, and his fine palace and broad acres."

"Now, don't be grumbling like a cross old woman, Beatrice," said the young lady, gaily throwing her arms round the duenna's ample waist, "what should I do shut up in a fine palace with the solemn looking Count—I, who have been as free as a bird all my happy life! why, I should pine away and my heart would break in three days! And then he is so jealous, he looks ready to kill me if I only smile at *St. Denys* or speak a civil word to him."

A tear actually stood in her eye, at the thought of such a dismal fate, but it was quickly chased away by brighter visions, and the *Hidalgo* with his gold and his castle vanished, as her memory traced a far more gallant figure, and her young fancy sketched a fate, much more attractive than that of being consigned to his companionship.

Donna Maria, an only child, and idolized by her father, had been nurtured in wealth and indulgence. Motherless from her birth, if she was not spoiled by the flattery and devotion of all around her, it was because she could not be spoiled, for there was no alloy to the pure gold of her affectionate and unselfish nature. If a little wilfulness or a dash of harmless caprice or girlish vanity sometimes appeared, it was no wonder, for she knew that her beauty was the theme of wandering minstrels, and the fort of *Presidio del Norte* was daily besieged by knights of bold adventure who sought the far-famed hospitality of the Commandant that they might catch a glimpse of his charming daughter.

But Donna Maria was yet scarcely seventeen, and retained all the naive simplicity and light heartedness of a child. In the little circle of her brief experience, she had found abundant happiness,—and in truth her joyous nature would have found happiness on a desert island, if beautiful flowers had bloomed there, and brilliant birds sung around her, and pet animals had come to share her caresses and feed from her delicate hand. But her heart was not lightly won, for as yet no knight, famed in field or bower, had realized her visionary ideal; and it would have been little short of a miracle if any mortal man had combined all the extravagant elements of perfection which her fancy had drawn from the old romances of her father-land, and from the legends which Bea-

trice had gathered from her Andalusian birth-place, and instilled into her mind from the first dawn of its perceptions.

But the hero of Donna Maria's day dream came at last, and the citadel of her heart surrendered at the first glance of his dark, brilliant eyes, aided as they were by a manly and graceful figure, features faultless in their bold, masculine symmetry, and rendered more irresistible by a short curly beard of jetty hue, and hair of the same color parted on his broad forehead in the fashion of the day, which united somewhat of the foppery of a carpet knight, with the bolder accomplishments of a *chevalier errant*.

The *Sieur Juchereau de St. Denys*, a young noble of high birth and enterprising disposition smitten with the love of adventure, had attached himself to the fortunes of *M. la Motte Cadillac*, successor of *M. d'Iberville* in the early government of Louisiana. Inheriting little from his courtly ancestors, except an honorable name, he determined to carve out his own fortune in the wilderness of a new world. Though a mere stripling when he crossed the Atlantic, by his good conduct, his daring courage and versatile talents, *St. Denys* essentially aided the projects of *M. Cadillac*, and rendered important services to the colony. He acquired the languages of savage tribes with wonderful facility, and he also won their respect and affection by his address, his fearless confidence, and the good faith he always held with them. In all treaties and alliances his services were indispensable; and it may be supposed they were frequently called into requisition, since among the many Indian tribes that then inhabited that vast territory, not a few viewed the encroachment of the French with suspicion and determined animosity.

Most of the early settlers of this continent, were allured thither by exaggerated reports of the mineral riches of the new world. *M. la Motte Cadillac* caused research to be made for those rich mines, in the region which he governed. But being disappointed in such golden expectations, he wisely turned his attention to the less brilliant, but far more rational and profitable attempt, to colonize the country, to encourage a love of agriculture, and to reap the benefit of commerce with the natives, and the neighboring country of Mexico, or New Spain. He seems to have lived in advance of his age, and to have forestalled some modern ideas of free trade and international privileges. But the ignorant and narrow-minded Spaniards were as far behind the age then, as they are at the present day. *M. Cadillac*, whose headquarters were on the *Isle Dauphine*, near the entrance of the *Mobile*, despatched a vessel richly

laden to Vera Cruz, but the Viceroy at that place would not allow his people to land, nor give them permission to sell their cargo. They were grudgingly presented with a few animals and a small store of provisions, which they greatly needed, and the good ship returned with her burthen, and safely anchored again under the banner of the *fleur de lis* at Isle Dauphine.

But the governor possessed the true element of success, perseverance, and not in the least discouraged, he directly planned an expedition over land, the command of which was given to his favorite, the young *Sieur St. Denys*. *St. Denys* was entrusted with merchandise to the amount of five hundred pounds sterling, a large sum for that day, and that region of the world. He was directed to leave it in *depot* with the *Natchitoches*, a friendly nation, who inhabited an island in the river Rouge, forty leagues from its mouth in the great Mississippi, while he proceeded to the Spanish settlements to enter into negotiation with their authorities.

We are strongly tempted to follow *M. St. Denys* along his adventurous journey through that savage country, for there is fascinating interest in his many chivalrous exploits and generous actions. But we fancy we detect a lurking impatience in all misses from fifteen to thirty, to reach the denoument of the story, and we also fear to encroach on the limits prescribed to a Magazine, now unfortunately drawing to a close, and therefore turn our eyes from the old chronicle, and leave all details to the imagination. Like one of the good fairy race of olden time, now alas extinct, *St. Denys* seems to have pursued his mission in the true spirit of a chivalrous benevolence, reconciling differences, allaying strifes, cementing treaties, and scattering seeds of civilization in the rude and barren wilderness. He distributed abundance of grain to sow the fallow fields, and utensils of husbandry, giving the first lessons of industry and domestic comfort which that rude people had ever received.

The chief of the *Tonicas* with fifteen of his bravest huntsmen followed *St. Denys* as an escort, with voluntary homage; and at the village of the *Natchitoches* he selected twelve Frenchmen from his own train, and dismissing the rest, proceeded with them and the Indian guides on his course to the west. A journey of twenty days brought them to *Cenis*, not far from the place where the enterprising discoverer, *M. de la Salle* was murdered. There the *Tonicas* left him, and *St. Denys*, obtaining other guides, travelled a weary journey of a hundred and fifty leagues farther to the south-west, before he reached any Spanish habitations.

The sun was flashing with golden light on the waters of the broad Rio del Norte, one glorious summer evening, and his parting smile was so bright and joyous that the little birds seemed to forget that it was time to seek their leafy coverts, and continued to pour such a gush of melody that the sunset guns of the fort of *Presidio del Nortewere* fairly outdone by them. A few chattering monkeys, half familiar with human habitations, were holding parlance on the swaying top of a tall date tree within the enclosure of the fort, while a group of flamingos sat perched on a picket, and several splendid parrots, trying to articulate Spanish, were balanced on the sharp angle of a redoubt, like privileged visitors who set all military etiquette at defiance. Even the insect tribes, and creeping reptiles took advantage of the commandant's well known indulgence; and glittering lizards, and rainbow-hued chamelions crawled unmolested on the walls, and myriads of little winged creatures, dusky and brilliant dyed, sported in the crimson but fast waning day-light. A group of idle soldiers amused themselves by pelting the monkeys with various missiles, and the little mimics of mankind answered by ferocious grinning, as they threw a shower of dates on the heads of their assailants, while the parrots, turning down their ears to listen, tried to repeat the words they heard, and the rival din between mischievous monkeys and noisy birds, became almost deafening.

A small Spanish settlement was thriving under the protection of the fort, and at that idle hour a great part of the population were out of their houses, some returning from field labors, others smoking at their doors with national gravity, and females, wrapped in mantillas and veils, with stately yet graceful steps bent their way to a little chapel, distinguished only by a simple cross, and the tinkling bell which was then chiming for vesper service. Patches of cultivation struggled with the native wildness of the country, and the distant horizon circled interminable forests. The residence of the commandant *Don Pedro de Vilescas*, was attached to the fort, and the old noble, whose youth had been passed between the court and the camp, in his native Spain, was not unmindful of the comforts of life, nor had he found it necessary to dispense altogether with its luxuries. He kept a numerous train of retainers, wearing the livery of his ancient house, and he might have been cheated into the belief that he was still the master of a feudal castle, but for the incongruities of his isolated position, which sometimes presented a whimsical contrast to his affected state.

The wing of the dwelling in which was situated the apartments of his fair daughter, *Donna*

Maria, was surrounded by beautiful gardens, sweeping down to the del Norte, and filled with flowers of the most exquisite bloom and fragrance, and trees laden with rich fruits, such as ripen under golden skies, the spontaneous growth of that delicious climate. A balcony overlooked the garden, which was the favorite resort of the young senora; and on the evening just described she was sitting alone, beautiful as the fairest flower that opened in that paradise of bloom and fragrance. Yet Donna Maria was not alone, for bright, tropical birds, companions of her many solitary hours, in gilded cages, hung in her fairy bower, amid the clustering roses that shaded it; and a graceful pet lama couchant at her feet, looked up with soft, pleading eyes, as if asking for the dainty confections with which she daily fed it, or the playful caresses so often lavishly bestowed. But it looked in vain, for Donna Maria's thoughts were at that moment in fairy-land, weaving a golden tissue of airy fancies, and though her hand touched the silent strings of a lute, and her eye followed the airy motions of a humming bird, poised on the petals of a starry jasmine, yet outward objects left no impression on her mind, which was then wholly intent on the brilliant, airy castle, her warm imagination had constructed. Donna Maria's vision, it must be confessed, was not like that of a cloistered nun—altogether of saints and angels; the old Spanish romances that she loved so well, and read so often, were compounded of less ethereal ingredients. But St. Ignatius himself could not have frowned at the innocent blush which crimsoned her cheek, as amidst the pomp of tournaments and the clash of arms, a *preux chevalier* of more than mortal mould, seemed to kneel at her feet to receive a prize of victory.

Donna Maria was suddenly roused from her day-dream by the prolonged blast of a French horn, winding among the hills and awakening a thousand echoes. For a moment she fancied the accomplishment of her dream was at hand; and, as if to complete the illusion, a band of horsemen was seen spurring along the rugged way approaching to the fort. The garrison of Presidio del Norte were directly under arms, and the silent and lonely place became at once invested with activity and life. The fair maiden leaned from her balcony as the troop drew near, and curiosity changed to an indefinable sensation as her eyes fell on the manly form of the young leader. Never had cavalier so graceful—of such noble bearing—so handsome, though bronzed by exposure to many suns—passed the portals of del Norte. No wonder that Donna Maria, as she gazed admiringly at this unexpected personation of her romantic ideal, felt, in the strange

fluttering of her little heart, a presentiment that the crisis of her destiny was involved in his arrival.

In the midst of the troop—which, it must be admitted, in general looked soiled and travel-worn—was borne the French ensign, quartered with the arms of M. de Cadillac. They halted at a short distance from the fort, and an esquire was sent forward to crave the hospitality of Don Pedro for the Sieur St. Denys and his followers, he being charged with a commission from M. La Motte de Cadillac, Governor of Louisiana. After a short parley, the heavy bolts were withdrawn, and the gates thrown open, and Donna Maria flew to a window which commanded an interior view of the fort, to witness the entrance of the cavalcade. St. Denys, mounted on a black steed of great strength and beauty, rode in advance with that bold and pliant grace which marked the accomplished cavalier. His figure was displayed to advantage in the usual riding dress of that period, with the buff overcoat worn indifferently by knights and ordinary horsemen, and on his breast appeared emblazoned a lynx head, his ancestral crest, with the significant device, "Je ne cherche qu'un," "I seek but for one." The fame of Donna Maria's charms had already reached his ears, and as he rode into the quadrangle, his eyes involuntarily glancing to the wing occupied as the commandant's quarters, he caught a glimpse of her airy figure, standing with her attendants at an open balcony. By a quick impulse he checked his steed, and raising his plumed cap with gallant courtesy, bowed till the drooping feathers touched the saddle-bow. It was a transient glance on either side; but Cupid in those days made brief work with his bow and arrows, using less discretion than in this calculating age, for beauty was then the sole idol of man's homage, and the exterior attraction of a manly figure, with those chivalrous graces which constituted the *ne plus ultra* of knighthood, sufficed to win the most delicate female heart.

Don Pedro de Vilescas received his unexpected guests attended by his principal officers and his household retinue. He felt it incumbent to assume somewhat of the grave pomp of Spanish etiquette, and even in the isolated fort of the Presidio was generally, on extraordinary occasions, scrupulous in its observance. But nature never intended the good, easy Don Pedro for an observer of forms and ceremonies, nor for a skilful diplomatist—he had too much genuine *bonhomie*, and was too often governed by the feelings of the moment. And so when the Sieur St. Denys threw the reins on his horse's neck, and hastened to render courteous and respectful greeting to his

veteran host, he was at once won by the young man's frank and graceful address, and casting ceremony aside, received him with kind and hospitable welcome. In a short time the fort resumed its usual quietude, the Indian guides were dismissed with presents, after liberal entertainment, and St. Denys' followers conducted to comfortable quarters, while he was received himself as an honored guest in the commandant's own family.

At the hour of supper, Donna Maria took her accustomed seat by her father's side, more closely veiled than usual, in the presence of so many strange guests. But the veil of a Spanish maiden is a coquettish little affair, and only enhances the charms, which it coyly affects to hide. In this instance it could not conceal from St. Denys the dark gazelle-like eyes, the rich complexion, and small ruby lips, parted with arch smiles, and displaying teeth of dazzling whiteness, which had already stirred the pulses of many a colder heart than his. Nor could it prevent those same soft dark eyes from reading the admiration his glance betrayed, nor from perceiving that *his* face excelled in manly beauty the most perfect fancy sketch of her dreamy life, and altogether cast into shade the renowned heroes of romance. And when the cheerful meal was closed, and Don Pedro, warmed with generous wine, in the simplicity of his heart praised his daughter's skill in lute and song, and with paternal pride placed the graceful instrument in her hand—though her voice trembled, and sweet tears gushing from new-born feelings filled her eyes, St. Denys truthfully declared that never before had he felt the inspiration of sweet sounds.

As the kind fates had thus made all things ready, the young people could do nothing less than fall desperately in love with each other. The rich summer days—soft moonlight evenings—and the wealth of bloom and fragrance in that delicious clime—the charm of music, for St. Denys touched the guitar with no unskilful hand—and the sometimes stolen interviews in spite of Spanish reserve and dame Beatrice's surveillance—all tended to promote the growth of a passion as pure and innocent as that which formed the happiness of Eden in the brief history of its early existence. Nothing seemed impossible to the young lovers but separation and estrangement—to them no obstacle existed, and no cloud arose on the sunny sky of their perfect enjoyment. Dame Beatrice sometimes shook her head, for she had reached an age when gold is generally more attractive than love, and their pompous guest, Don Carlos de Velasquez, had gold enough to outweigh poor little Cupid, whose fluttering wings, alas!

make him very light, and hard to be kept in the scales.

Donna Maria, to be sure, only laughed at the grave, disagreeable Count Velasquez, whose boasted palace in the far-off city of Mexico seemed as dismal to her imagination as that of the giant in a fairy tale, nor would she be persuaded to listen a moment seriously to his proposals. Don Pedro loved his daughter too well to be in haste to part with her, though the Count's magnificent display of wealth, and the splendid dowry offered Donna Maria, gratified his pride and ambition. But, as usual, he yielded to her tears and entreaties, and Don Carlos was rejected, to his own great mortification and the undisguised pleasure of the young Senora. She actually clapped her hands with delight, as she peeped from the balcony and saw his fine retinue winding along the banks of the Del Norte, when he abruptly left the fort to return homeward, The Sieur St. Denys, who had suffered the usual amount of jealousy while the negotiation was pending, felt no less delight at the termination of that alarming treaty. The field was now fairly his own, and he pursued the advantage with the address of a skilful knight. No wonder he was proud of his success, when Donna Maria, on that same evening, as they wandered by the silver stream, and the stars looked down on her pure face, and friendly shadows hid her blushes, confessed that she had never loved till he passed the gates of Del Norte, and that if the noblest cavalier in King Philip's court should seek to win her hand, she would sooner die than give it to any other than himself.

But St. Denys, in the happiness of love's first and most enchanting experience, did not neglect the important mission with which he had been entrusted by M. la Motte de Cadillac. Very skilfully he endeavored to negotiate with Don Pedro concerning the treaty of commerce which the Governor of Louisiana desired to establish with the colonies of New Spain. Don Pedro listened with profound gravity, and professed a zealous desire to establish friendly relations between the two colonies; but after many interviews, St. Denys found the subject had not progressed a step. In fact, Don Pedro distrusted his own judgment in so important an affair, and resolved to share the responsibility with another. He therefore answered that he could do nothing without consent of the Governor of Caouis, who held a superior command, to whom he would send an express with a copy of the proposed treaty. In the mean time he prayed the Sieur St. Denys to accept such hospitable entertainment as he could offer till the return of his messenger from

Caouis, sixty leagues distant from Presidio del Norte.

Under any other circumstances, St. Denys would have felt extreme chagrin at such ill-timed hesitation. But it must be confessed the charming society of Donna Maria soon reconciled him to the delay, and before the messenger's return, a question far more important to his individual happiness rested on the decision of Don Pedro. He had certainly never sought clandestinely to engage the affections of the fair Senora, for her father had treated him with almost parental kindness, and he had no reason to suppose his suit would be displeasing to him. But Don Pedro, not being particularly discerning in affairs of the heart, had been to perceive the progress of their mutual attachment; and when St. Denys, on a fitting opportunity, took occasion to make known his wishes, and ask consent to their union, he was even more puzzled than he had been by the proposal of a commercial treaty. Though even his Spanish pride was satisfied with the pedigree of the Sieur St. Denys, yet as a suitor for his daughter's hand, a young adventurer seeking fortune in a foreign land did not entirely satisfy his parental ambition. Against this objection was weighed kindly regard for St. Denys, and concern for Donna Maria's happiness. So Don Pedro, who was always morbidly afraid of committing himself by some act of indiscretion, had recourse to the usual expedient of indolence and irresolution, and deferred a definite answer, hoping some fortunate event would decide it for him. He urged his daughter's youth as a reason for retaining her, suggesting that it would allow St. Denys time to climb higher on the ladder of promotion, and delicately hinting that so fair a bird as the one he sought was worthy of a gilded cage.

St. Denys took the suggestion in good part, and was by no means driven to despair by the ingenious evasion. If he refrained from remonstrating with the father on a subject so near his heart, he certainly neglected none of the little arts which love suggests to retain the affections of the daughter. Don Pedro loved his ease, and his morning routine of duty, and the long siesta after noon, left the young lovers with little restraint on their intercourse, except from the surveillance of Dame Beatrice,—and she often dozed too soundly to keep a very watchful eye, nor was she always aware that Donna Maria preferred a stroll by the river, or a quiet tête-à-tête in the fragrant orange walks, with the young stranger, to a soto voce conversation carried on in her presence, over the embroidery frame.

But the return of Don Pedro's messenger from

Caouis interrupted this pleasant intercourse, and reminded the lovers that the inevitable hour of separation was approaching. The Governor of Caouis courteously sent an escort of twenty-five horsemen to conduct the Sieur St. Denys to that place, that he might confer with him personally on the articles of the proposed treaty. Whatever regrets St. Denys may have felt on this occasion, he promptly obeyed the summons, and ordered a few of his own attendants to be in readiness to quit the fort of Presidio del Norte early on the following morning.

This long chapter of explanation brings our story back to the opening scene, where Donna Maria was introduced in conversation with her Duenna on the evening preceding the departure of St. Denys. Their voices gradually sunk into silence, for the Senora's heart was sad with thoughts of approaching separation, though even then, shining through the gloom, came sunlight glimpses of a happy re-union. A few bright birds of song were trilling from a myrtle copse, but otherwise, the quiet that attends closing day was stealing over the face of nature. At the termination of the garden, a sunny bank, tufted with drooping tamarinds, sloped to the river's edge, and lengthened shadows lay mirrored on the water, which was scarcely rippled by a gentle current. Donna Maria looked restlessly along the stream, for she knew that St. Denys had crossed it but an hour ago, and that his bark must be soon returning. Presently she caught the sound of a light keel parting the quiet waves, and the quick dipping of distant oars. A flush mounted to her cheeks, and hastily turning to Beatrice, as if with sudden thought, she besought her to "return, and fetch a mantilla from her apartment as the air was growing chilly since the breeze had risen in the mountains."

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders. "My young lady would do well to come in herself," she said; "it is little good befalls a delicate Senora by staying out after nightfall."

"Now go, my good, kind Beatrice," she said, coaxingly, "and I shall soon follow you—I will stay but a short time, just to see the moon rise yonder; and you need not hurry back so as to get out of breath, you know," she added, with an arch smile.

"Yes, yes," replied Beatrice, "and if any harm happens to my young lady, who will be blamed but the careless old Duenna."

"Harm, Beatrice? pri'thee what can harm me here—here, where I have played and walked from noon till midnight ever since I was a little child in your arms? Now, truly, I think my wise Beatrice is losing her senses!"

"Not a bit of it," she replied, "but yonder cactus hedge is not so thorny that a good rapier may not cut a passage through it, nor is this bank so high that a roving cavalier from the Del Norte may not come into the garden without my young lady's leave, if he chooses!"

"The blessed Virgin forbid!" said Donna Maria, laughing. "But in truth my poor Beatrice is moody to-night, and does not love her little Senora!"

"Not love my young lady!" she replied, lifting her hands and eyes; "the saints know!"—

"Yes, the saints know that thou art vexed with me, because, forsooth, I have not given thee this sparkling bauble," taking a cross from her bosom, "which thou hast so much admired! I had vowed it to our Lady, but it will look so well on thy plump neck, Beatrice!—there, do not stop to thank me, but run quickly, and bring my mantilla—Saint Benedict, I have such a chill!" and, throwing her arms round the Duenna, the laughing girl fairly dragged her along till she reached the nearest path to the dwelling.

Feeling quite sure that Beatrice would now execute her commission, Donna Maria returned with flying footsteps to the river side, and meeting a young house slave by the way, she whispered a few words which sent him back in merry mood to the fort. She had just reached the bank, and stood concealed behind a magnolia tree, when a small canoe touched the strand, and a cavalier, throwing down the oars, sprang ashore and looked searchingly around. Scarcely a leaf stirred, and not a living thing was in motion. Donna Maria mischievously kept her concealment, while St. Denys, after waiting a few moments with evident impatience, threw himself on the smooth turf, and commenced singing in a low voice, probably in the hope of alluring the fair one to the spot.

"Come, my fairest! closing day
Lingers still with parting ray,
Come, while yet its crimson beam
Flashes on the trembling stream.

Leave me not alone—
"Je ne cherche qu'un."

"Many lands my feet have trod,
Roving from my native sod,
Lured by fame in strife of arms,
Or the light of beauty's charms,—
Vainly beauty shone—
"Je ne cherche qu'un."

"Now I rest beneath these skies,
Waiting, fair one! till thy eyes,
Brighter than the starry night,
Come to bless me with their light,
Not in vain they shone—
"Je ne cherche qu'un."

"Ah, St. Denys," exclaimed Donna Maria,

springing to his arms, which opened fondly to receive her, "would you make me believe that you have never sought but one? confess now how many fairer damsels in your own far off, sunny land have received your homage, and had faith in your device?"

"None, my own sweet Marie, till I saw thee, never has my heart been moved by mortal woman. I have seen beauty which dazzled my eyes, and grace which almost stirred my soul to worship, but my affections were untouched, and it was thee alone who could inspire a pure and devoted passion, thy loveliness and beauty which alone realized all my fancy had imaged in the *one I sought*."

"I believe thee, St. Denys, for there is truth in thy eyes, and my own heart responds to thine, and feels that till thou came, its destiny waited to be accomplished. But to-morrow we must part—we part—and the good saints only know when we may meet again, or how!" and in the painful agitation of the moment, Donna Maria laid her head on his shoulder and wept bitterly.

St. Denys gently kissed away her tears, and his own heart was moved almost as sadly as her own. But he struggled for cheerfulness, and smiling as he raised her head, and looked into her sweet face, he said—

"Cheer thee up, my own Marie, why should we weep to part only for a few days, or weeks at most; are we not still near in heart and affection, and every moment we will be near in thought, and the holy Virgin will cheer thee with bright hopes, and keep me safe for thy sake!"

"But thou art going such a weary way," she answered, attempting to smile, "and my father has not consented to our union, perhaps he never may, even if thou shouldst escape all the dangers of thy perilous journey. Never before have I had an anxious thought for the future."

"Nor shouldst thou indulge it now, Marie; thy father is good and kind, and loves thee too well to cross thy inclinations. I will win fame for thy sake, dearest, and seek the golden favors which fortune bestows on her favorites. Thou must smile on our parting, for I would carve my fortune with a bold hand, and that smile will be my inspiration. My rough journey of sixty leagues to Caouis, would be but a pastime, were it not for leaving thee, thus sad, but since I go with a brave escort, and under Vice-regal protection, thou hast nought to fear for my safety, even if my single arm which has served me in many an hour of peril, could not still befriend me."

Donna Maria could not reply, for tears trembled on her long lashes, and her lip quivered with emotion. It was not the perils of travel which appalled her, but the loneliness of a first separa-

tion lay like a dark shadow on the morrow, and oppressed her spirits with sadness, never felt before. St. Denys drew her arm through his, and clasping her hand tenderly, they turned into the fragrant orange walks, so often frequented by them, and an hour flew by unheeded, in the unreserved confidence of affection, the sweet expression of their inmost feelings, breathed in low, murmuring accents, which the dull, worldly ear could neither hear nor comprehend.

The blast of a horn, announcing the early hour at which the gates were usually closed, reminded the lovers that it was time to appear at the fort, and they slowly turned their steps in that direction. Donna Maria found the door leading to her own apartments closed and fastened, and absorbed in her own sad and tender thoughts, it was a moment before she recalled the order she had given the young slave in the garden, and which he had executed faithfully and with a cheerful will. He had nimbly followed dame Beatrice and secured the door after her, when she went in to fetch the mantilla, and thus the young lovers were left to enjoy their parting interview without hindrance or observation. The Senora's merry laugh, as she opened the door, was responded to by a sobbing complaint from the Duenna, whom she found sitting on the floor in an attitude of deep despondence. Her gravity was completely overturned, as she looked at the disconsolate prisoner, who directly began an accusation against the slaves, who, she believed, had combined against her. But Donna Maria speedily removed this suspicion by frankly confessing the truth; and with her usual address, she found it easy to obtain forgiveness from the indulgent Duenna.

Donna Maria passed a sleepless night, and at early dawn the following morning, she had just sunk into restless slumber, when the note of preparation was heard in the court below, and the tramp of horses, indicating the departure of the troop. She rose hastily from her couch, and throwing a veil over her pale face, hurried to a balcony,—the same from whence she had witnessed the arrival of the Sieur St. Denys. The horsemen were already mounted, and waited the word of command from St. Denys, who stood exchanging a few parting words with Don Pedro and the officers of the garrison. Another moment and he had vaulted into the saddle, and ordering the men to lead in advance, he rode slowly from the court yard. But ere he left, he paused below the balcony where he knew she was waiting to return his farewell glance, and meeting her tearful eyes, he took from his bosom a small bouquet of orange and myrtle flowers, which she had given him the preceding evening, and pressing

it to his lips, returned it next his heart, then bowing low, put spurs to his horse and galloped from the fort. The gates closed after him, and returning to her own apartment, Donna Maria looked out from a window which commanded a distant view, and watched the train, following the windings of the Del Norte, till the last horseman appeared like a speck on the horizon. Once St. Denys turned, and by an expressive gesture she knew that he perceived her, and then soon the cavalcade had vanished, and a cloud of dust only marked their retreating steps. Poor Donna Maria, how long that day appeared to her! how vainly she sought to close her heavy eyes, that she might sleep over the dreary blank, and in dreams, perhaps, live over the last few happy weeks of her existence. Patience to that loving heart! if weary months of anxious doubt, and hope deferred, await thee, take courage, and be strong in truth and constancy!

The Sieur St. Denys, in the meantime, proceeded on his way, and with little adventure, reached Caouis, which was a settlement of some importance on the river Salado. The governor received him very hospitably, and invited him to remain as a guest at his house as long as his convenience would permit. But St. Denys soon wearied of Spanish etiquette, and was too impatient to return to the Presidio Del Norte, to brook any unnecessary delay. Several days passed before the governor consented to enter on the business of the treaty, and when St. Denys at length explained the terms suggested for a commercial regulation, and very eloquently set forth its advantages, he had the mortification to receive for answer, that it was necessary for him to proceed to Mexico, and lay his credentials before the Viceroy, who alone had authority to negotiate treaties in the Spanish provinces. The governor courteously offered him the conduct of an officer, and an escort of the twenty-five horsemen who had already escorted him.

St. Denys in the course of his adventurous life had been accustomed to combat with difficulties, and was not discouraged by slight obstacles. He determined to fulfil faithfully his engagement to M. LaMotte Cadillac, and his pride was piqued to prove himself a skilful diplomatist, by the conclusion of a successful negotiation. From Caouis he sent back a messenger to Don Pedro, informing him of his ill success, and his extended journey; nor was the opportunity neglected of sending to Donna Maria a tender missive, expressing the love and admiration that truly filled his heart, and the fond regrets of protracted absence. Never before had he indited so long an epistle; for, in those days, the soldier of fortune

was seldom an accomplished scribe. But to Donna Maria it carried a charm beyond the art of genius, and it rested near her heart in all the tedious hours that followed, though every word was inscribed on her faithful memory.

The distance from Caouis to Mexico was two hundred and fifty leagues, and the road was through a wild, unsettled country, attended with difficulties and dangers to the unfrequent traveller. St. Denys thought lightly of danger and fatigue, but a sigh of regret escaped him when he mounted, and turned his horse farther from Presidio, and thought of the bright tearful eyes that were vainly waiting to welcome him there, and the long distance which would soon lie between them. But our hero was not given to sighing, constant activity braced his nerves, and the energy of an ardent and determined mind was manifested in all his undertakings.

The sun was shining with noon-day splendor, when St. Denys and his followers entered the far-famed capital of New Spain. Weary and drooping with the sultry heat, both men and horses were rejoiced to find shelter and repose from their toilsome travel. Mexico still retained traces of its former splendor, its temples, converted into christian churches and palaces, the abodes of its ancient Incas, despoiled by the avarice of cruel conquerors. St. Denys, after suitable rest and refreshment, was presented to the Viceroy, to whom he delivered his passport and credentials. His Excellency, a stern and saturnine man, examined them with close attention, and without question or remark, returned them to him. St. Denys, surprised and indignant at his want of courtesy, coldly took his leave, but scarcely had he reached his lodgings, when an officer of justice followed with a file of soldiers, and arrested him in the name of the Catholic King. In spite of remonstrance and demand of explanation, he was hurried to prison, totally ignorant of the accusation for which he was committed.

St. Denys bore his hard fate with manly courage though not without a strong effort to obtain redress, or at least to receive the satisfaction of an explanation. But the Viceregal presence was not easy of access, and all his efforts failed. His prison was a dungeon, except where a few faint rays of light penetrated through a narrow grating, and his food was of the coarsest kind. Day after day passed away, and he saw no one but his jailor, who could not solve the mystery of his incarceration, and probably would not have done so if he could. The cheerful endurance of his young prisoner, however, made a favorable impression on the jailor, and he gradually allowed him many privileges, and one most desired,

materials for writing. St. Denys directly wrote to the Governor of Caouis, and to Don Pedro de Vilescas, believing they would both interest themselves in seeking to liberate him from his unjust confinement. He afterwarde learned that neither of these letters reached their destination.

A month passed away, and St. Denys began to fear that he was forgotten by all the world, and immured in that cell for life. The hum of the busy city sometimes reached his ears, and the chime of sabbath bells came in broken sounds, through the thick barrier of his prison walls. How strange it seemed to be thus cut off from the active, living world without! Even his elastic spirits drooped, and his sanguine hopes faded; his repeated application to the Viceroy received no notice, and his health began to suffer from anxiety and deep depression. The jailor observed the change, and on his own responsibility kindly permitted him to exercise for a short time every day in the court yard of the prison. As he was returning to his cell one morning, he was met in the passage by a young French officer, attached to the service of the Viceroy. In spite of his changed appearance the officer recognized him, for he was present when St. Denys was presented to his Excellency, and his prepossessing appearance had favorably impressed him. He directly addressed him in French, and St. Denys surprised and agitated, could scarcely control his emotion, on hearing his native accents, under circumstances so peculiar. An explanation took place, and M. Bienville closed their brief interview with a promise to use all his influence to obtain St. Denys' liberation.

From that time the situation of the prisoner greatly changed. M. Bienville faithfully kept his promise, and he often visited St. Denys, sometimes accompanied by other officers, his countrymen, many of whom were attached to the service of the catholic king, in New Spain. His cell lost much of its gloom, for it was again cheered with hope, and visited by sympathizing friends. At their repeated solicitation the Viceroy was at last persuaded to release St. Denys from confinement; but strange as the fact may seem, no explanation was ever given of the arbitrary act of imprisonment. The only plausible conjecture was, jealousy towards the French, whom his Excellency appeared to favor; and being naturally of a suspicious temper, he listened to artful suggestions which made St. Denys appear to him in a false light and in the character of a spy. The act was sanctioned by the custom of the times, which gave the delegate of an arbitrary sovereign despotic authority, and in those distant colonies the representative of royalty had no limits to his

power, and too often but little regard to justice. Then, as at the present time, the errors of the great found ready apologists in the sycophants who surrounded them.

The Sieur St. Denys seems to have entertained no resentment towards the Viceroy, who, on his part, sought to make amends for his injustice by conferring many favors. He presented St. Denys with a purse of gold, and provided him with lodgings, furnished with every luxury that could be desired. He also frequently invited him to the Viceregal table, where he was always received as a welcome and distinguished guest. His Excellency, in fine, became exceedingly attached to St. Denys; he had discernment enough to appreciate his talents and many estimable qualities, and used every means in his power to induce him to enter the service of New Spain, which he justly represented as far more profitable than that of the poor colony on the Mississippi. The French officers also used their influence to persuade him to accept the Viceroy's offer, assuring him that they found the service both lucrative and in every respect agreeable.

Few young men in St. Denys' situation would have resisted proposals so greatly to his advantage. He held no rank in Louisiana, having served there only as a volunteer, and the Viceroy offered him a company of cavalry, and pressed it repeatedly, when he persisted in refusal. Such a command, which would have been a step to higher promotion, must have gratified his ambition, and opened a nearer prospect to a union with Donna Maria. But he loved his country with the pure patriotism of a noble heart, nor would he, for any selfish advancement, exchange her service for that of a rival power, often at open strife with her. His grateful attachment to M. Cadillac, whose interests he could greatly serve, also influenced him not a little, in forming his decision.

St. Denys was long kept in suspense respecting the negotiation he had so much at heart, for the Viceroy deferred an answer, from time to time, hoping that he would become familiarized to their mode of life, and retract the refusal he had made to his generous offers. His hopes were encouraged when a report by chance reached him, that St. Denys was engaged to marry a daughter of Don Pedro de Vilescas, and he one day ventured to suggest that "he was already half a Spaniard, since he was so soon to be connected with the commandant of del Norte."

St. Denys candidly confessed his attachment to the young Senora, but added "that he had small hope of obtaining her hand at present, since he had no fortune to offer, nor a position equal to her father's expectations."

The Viceroy answered "that, if he accepted the command which he offered him, that objection would be removed, and he could have no hesitation in asking her for his wife," adding, "that he gave him two months to consider the proposal."

Never did two months pass more heavily than those did to St. Denys. His own mind was firmly made up, but he was constantly solicited by friendly well-wishers, and at times he was ready to accuse himself of folly, in throwing a fortune from him, and neglecting a chance which would at once place the hand of Donna Maria within his own. But at the end of the two months, the Viceroy still found him inflexible; and, though greatly disappointed, he again placed a purse, containing a large sum, in his hand, telling him with a smile, "it was to defray his marriage expenses," and adding, "that he hoped Donna Maria would have more influence than he had in persuading him to remain in Mexico." He then also informed him that in regard to a commercial treaty with Louisiana, it was not in his power to grant it.

St. Denys had heard directly from Don Pedro but once since he left Presidio, and a letter from Donna Maria was received by the same messenger that brought her father's. It was full of tenderness and affectionate anxiety, and he could detect the sadness of her heart through the assumed gaiety with which she strove to hide it. She had not heard from him since he left Caouis, and his long absence, and the uncertainty attending him, evidently weighed painfully on her mind. As he had no longer anything to detain him in Mexico, the vain object of his journey being decided, St. Denys could not conceal his impatience to depart, every moment seeming an age till he could assure Donna Maria of his safety, and again enjoy the happiness of her presence. He therefore named an early day, and on the morning of his departure the Viceroy sent him a noble horse from his own stables, as a parting gift, with an officer and two horsemen to escort him on the road to Caouis. At that place, St. Denys dismissed the escort, and proceeded with his own attendants to the Presidio del Norte.

The fort looked silent and lonely as St. Denys approached it at the close of day, and the Spanish colors hung lazily from the tall flag staff. Their jaded horses dragged wearily along the dusty road, for they had been impatiently urged to the extent of a long day's journey. But as they approached a place of rest and refreshment, with their usual instinct they pricked up their ears, and moved with accelerated pace, while a blast on the horn, which was a signal to open the gates, attracted

the attention of every one in the settlement and fort. St. Denys rode in advance of his attendants with a beating heart, and his hands, which never trembled before, could scarcely grasp the reins of his steed. In a moment, he passed the gate, and throwing himself from the horse, was received with a glad welcome by Don Pedro and the assembled garrison. He hastily returned their greeting, and passed on to the household apartments. We will not follow him there, but close the doors, and leave the young lovers alone for a few moments to enjoy the happiness of reunion.

St. Denys soon became aware that Don Pedro was embarrassed by some impending difficulty or misfortune, his manner was so abstracted, and every face looked anxious and gloomy. On enquiry, he learned that the inhabitants of several Indian villages, near at hand, had revolted, in consequence of impositions practised by Spanish settlers, particularly those of Presidio, and they were preparing to remove to another situation. Don Pedro feared the consequences of this desertion, for which he would be made responsible, and it would also reduce the garrison to extremities, as they relied on those savages for the means of subsistence.

The Sieur St. Denys cheerfully offered his services in this emergency, and they were gladly accepted by the commandant. Relying on his influence over the savage tribes, acquired by familiar intercourse, and a knowledge of their dialects, he directly mounted his horse, taking with him only two of his faithful attendants. The savages had already left their wigwam villages, and were travelling onward to seek another home. St. Denys speedily overtook them, for they travelled slowly, being encumbered with the spoils of their deserted homes and their little children. As soon as they perceived him, he waved his handkerchief as a flag of truce, and advanced to address the chiefs who waited to receive him.

St. Denys briefly represented the danger to which they would be exposed by settling amongst a strange people, whom he knew to be cruel and inhospitable. He promised them, in the name of Don Pedro de Vilescas, that if they would return to their villages, no Spaniard should again set foot in them without their permission, and that the officers and soldiers would also respect their rights and privileges.

This short address, which was eloquently delivered in their own language, and embellished with figures of speech after their own fashion, was listened to with great satisfaction, and produced the desired effect. Don Pedro, with exceeding joy, beheld St. Denys returning with the savages, for their desertion would inevitably

have ruined him. He ratified all the promises which St. Denys had made them, and they re-entered their deserted villages, where the Spaniards were henceforth forbidden to set foot, on pain of death, without express permission.

This fortunate event, which involved so many important consequences, was an occasion of great rejoicing at the Presidio del Norte, and throughout the settlement. Don Pedro could not sufficiently express his gratitude to St. Denys for the signal favor he had conferred, and in the warmth of his heart gave a cheerful consent to his union with Donna Maria.

The marriage was accordingly celebrated with all the Spanish pomp and magnificence which the place afforded; and the happiness of the wedded pair, which did not depend on the festivities of a season, was as enduring as the strength and constancy of their devoted affection.

St. Denys remained at the Presidio a few weeks after his marriage, and then carried his young bride to the fort of Mobile, where M. de la Motte Cadillac waited to receive them. The governor there received from him an account of the failure of his mission, and with a smile regretted that the commercial treaty had been less successful than the matrimonial one.

In the history of the growing settlement of Louisiana, to which he firmly adhered, the Sieur St. Denys gained an ample fortune, and distinguished reputation, while his domestic happiness was secured by the virtues and attractive graces of his lovely wife. Among the French population of that now flourishing State their descendants still bear an honorable name.

AIM TO MAKE HOME PERMANENT AND ATTRACTIVE.

THE human being is like a delicate plant, and needs rest and nurture, needs permanence in its relations, cannot endure perpetual change. The moss will not grow upon the rolling stone, or on mountain top that is swept with ceaseless winds. The moving sands are an eternal desert; but give to those waste places quiet, and little by little life lays hold upon them, gathers strength day by day, and in process of time, the polished rock is clothed with a fruitful soil, the flinty sands are decomposed into richness, and the frightful desert smiles with living beauty.

Life needs permanency and rest. "Build ye houses and dwell in them," saith Jehovah to the people of his love, "plant gardens, and eat the fruit of them." This counsel to those whom he would preserve, was, that they have permanent homes, and enjoy the fruit of their own labors.

The same great principles lie at the foundation of every age.

To every family then, let me say, make your home pleasant, and let the delights of vanity go. Store your little private domain with reminiscences of the past—with mementos of friendship and affection—with comfort for the body, and with books and pictured histories which shall prove a solace to the heart, and shall furnish an abundance of wholesome food and of delightful stimulus to the mind.

Be not discontented with your place, but rather nobly endeavour to make it better, leaving on it the impress of your character, a memorial of your presence. Be not mis-led by foolish customs, however ancient or universal; you are more honored in their breach than in their observance.

Look for your brightest enjoyment in communion with God, in the society of good men and women, and of little children; in converse with the wise and holy dead, who are yet speaking, though invisible—in the service of your father who is in heaven, and of your brother.

Have a home, a place of worship, a church to work with, and, if you can, a circle of friends whose natural tendencies, whose education, whose general habits and sympathies so harmonize with your own, that you all have a mutual understanding and confidence. Be perfectly true to these friends through all changes. Never betray them, never forget them, never neglect them.

Establish yourself in these *permanent* relations. In these, hold fast. "Plant gardens" for your *soul* to gather richness in—in whose cool grottos you may find rest and pleasant shade—in whose private walks you may hold converse with those you honor; gardens that shall have some wholesome herb for you when you are sick, and poor, and miserable, that shall yield fruit of entertainment and spiritual strength. The poorest of you is not so poor, but in this Christian land, he may have such a garden, and the richest of you is not so rich that he can afford to do without one.

Give over all those semi-barbarous notions of life, which place its enjoyment in show and vanity, in change and luxury. Take the Christian idea and act on that; seek for permanency, for those quiet and enduring pleasures; the still and deep delights that are found in *home* and in Christian labor, and in open and free communion with the good, in seeking for wisdom by practising it; for truth, by living up to its demands, and for righteousness and its reward of eternal joy in the manifold activities of the life divine. Let your soul be at peace, heed not the ceaseless jars of a contentious world, regard not its stupid maxims and its fanciful and wayward impertinence, the

demands of fashion, and the example of idle and simple-minded persons, who, for sheer want of something to do, and out of the morbid hunger of an empty heart, are making changes perpetually. "Build houses and dwell in them. plant ye gardens and eat the fruit of them." We make great boast of our schools, and to hear some men talk, we should almost suppose them to be meat and drink, and wisdom, and wealth and salvation. But great and excellent as are the blessings of the education which these give, there is an institution older than the school, and to which, it is, in every sense, subordinate. I mean the *family*, the *home*. He who should raise the character of the *homes* of America, will be a greater benefactor than any one who shall improve her schools merely. The moral principles, the sentiments of patriotism, the habits of order and of disinterested sacrifice, the warm affections, the religious awe, the sacred convictions which are born and nurtured in a good home constitute an education which is a thousand fold more valuable than the mere knowledge imparted in a school. Look to your hearths and firesides; make your homes good, gardens of fruitfulness and beauty, and you will have wrought as excellent a work as it is permitted man to accomplish upon earth.

"Build ye houses and dwell in them, plant ye gardens and eat the fruit of them." Learn how to make your homes each a vineyard of God. It is worth the labor of a life time, and to many of us, it will cost as much; but the reward is richer than wealth, and more honorable than fame, and more blissful than pleasure; a reward worthy of our immortality, and enduring as the truth and love of God, for a good Christian home is a vestibule opening into the eternal mansions of the Father's home in heaven.

D. N.

TO N. S. A.

In thy Album, (dear Agnes,) thou ask'st me to write,

And freely my poor muse wou'd gladly endite
An offering that were at once worthy of thee,
Yet speak to thy heart as memento of me;
But where are the words that cou'd aptly express
All the warmth of my wishes for thy happiness.

Our acquaintance but recent—our interviews
few—

Yet strangely my heart hath been drawn unto
you;

And it feels like some strange fitful dream to this
heart

That we met but to *know*, and we *know* but to
part!

But yet, if this parting, thy welfare involve,
I must not repine,—nor shall distance dissolve
The vivid impressions you leave on my mind
Of thy nature, so gentle, so tender, so kind :—
Thy mem'ry I'll cherish, and ne'er shall forget
That I met thee with pleasure, and part with
regret.

Oh! may bright ample fortune, for thee take wide
scope,
And crown with fruition, each wish, and each
hope ;
Till each wish, and each hope, may e'en full sated
be ;
But (dear Agnes,) throughout all, think sometimes
of me—
Friendship says that thou wilt—fancy whispers
thy mind,
Full oft will revert to the friend left behind.

ANNA, MINSTREL OF THE HEATH.

Hamilton, C. W.

FOR OH! TO ME HOW CHANGED EACH THING,

OR THE EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

Whene'er I hear them speak of the land of my
birth,
With emotion my sadden'd heart swells,
As in fancy it flies, to that one spot of earth
Where affection and memory yet dwells—
The sun itself seems ting'd with gloom,
For oh! to me how changed each thing—
No more for me sweet flowrets bloom—
My bark is driven on a foreign strand,
No friendly beacon night—
A stranger—homeless in a stranger land,
I wither, droop and die!

For the dear twilight hour, I now wait in vain,
Its homejoys no more shall I see,
Nor those dear loving faces it brought, ne'er
again
Will smile sweetly and fondly on me ;
E'en the sun, to me, seems tinged with gloom,
Alone! bereaved! how changed each thing ;
No more I heed the flowrets bloom,
No more I joy, when sweet birds sing,
No more for me the sweet birds sing,
My bark is driven on a foreign strand,
Dark clouds obscure the sky.
A stranger, cast upon a stranger land
To wither, droop, and die.

ANNA, MINSTREL OF THE HEATH.

Hamilton, C. W.

THE MOTHER.

A SOFT'NING thought of other years—
A feeling linked with ours,
When life was all too bright for tears,
And hope sang wreathed with flowers ;
A memory of affections fled,
Of voices heard no more,
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That name of fondness o'er.

O, mother! in that magic word
What love and joys combine !
What hope oft, alas, deferred !
What watchings—grief—are thine !
Yet, never, till the hour we roam,
By worldly thralls opprest,
Learn we to prize that holiest home,
A tender mother's breast.

Ten thousand prayers at midnight poured
Beside our couch of woes ;
She wasting weariness endured
To soften our repose ;
While never murmur marked thy tongue,
Nor toils relaxed thy care ;
How, mother, is thy heart so strong,
To pity and forbear ?

What filial fondness e'er repaid,
Or could repay the past ?
Alas, for gratitude decayed !
Regrets that rarely last !
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy blessed bosom o'er,
We muse on all thy kindness shown,
And wish we'd loved thee more.

'Tis only when the lips are cold,
We mourn, with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old,
The days forever set ;
And not an act, or look, or thought,
Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught,
Wakes anguish in my soul !

On every hand, in every clime,
True to her sacred cause,
Filled by that influence sublime
From which her strength she draws,
Still is the mother's heart the same,
The mother's lot is tried ;
And O, may nations guard that name
With filial power and pride.

THE SEAL-WIFE.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

UPON the wild and magnificent coast of Donegal and Sligo, there are thousands who give implicit credit to marvellous stories, of which a seal is the hero—or, we should rather say, the heroine, for nearly the whole of them relate to females. A belief prevails that seals are the embodied spirits of human beings who perished in "the flood," compelled to exist in this form, by way of penance, until purified by the destruction of the world by fire—fire, according to their notions, testing ALL things—when they will obtain freedom, and enter the mansions of the blessed. Tradition adds, however, that once in every century they are permitted to resume their original forms, and for the space of twelve hours, as from sunset to sunrise, sport upon their native earth, laying aside their "skins," which they are forced to resume before they can return to the waters.

John of the Glen, or John O'Glin, as he was called, was one of a somewhat numerous class in these wild districts, who set up a horse on the strength of their neighbours' fields;—he was, in short, a merry, careless, cockle-merchant, migrating between the inland glens and the sea-shore, carrying, in large panniers, on either side of his mare "Molche," crabs, lobsters, periwinkles, and cockles, frequently in larger quantities than Molche approved of.

There are few of the glen farmers who are not acquainted practically with cockle hawkers of this description; fellows, who, watching their opportunity, turn their hungry cattle into the best pastures, and destroy more in an hour, than can be grown in a week. The good-natured glensmen have no objection to extending their hospitality to "the baste," as well as to his master; and would gladly bestow upon the horse the same fodder as they give their own; but this does not satisfy the hawker—he turns his horse into the poor man's clover, or even among his oats.

We do not mean to accuse John O'Glin of this shameful proceeding; but certainly "Molche" was a stout, fat little nag as ever trotted over the hills of Sligo or Donegal, or among their wild and exquisite glens; yet her master was never master of either field or stable. The sea-coast air, along these districts, with bare heathy mountains overlooking the trackless sea, is perhaps the

purest in the world, but there is little likelihood that "Molche" lived upon it. Now, John O'Glin was considered a "brave hearty boy," full of life and spirit, the wild spirit of the glen, sharpened by the buying and selling sort of intercourse, which, above all other things, gives the keenest edge to an Irishman's wits. It is true he neither bought periwinkles nor cockles—those he gathered; but he purchased lobsters, and having sold his fishy cargo in the inland glens, he did not return with empty panniers to the sea-side—not at all—he carried eggs and heather brooms to the shore,—and *more than either*, for certainly his eggs had the flavor, and his heather the smell of potteen—he declared it was their nature so to smell; but this was doubted.

John, amongst his other accomplishments, had a most sweet voice—he could sing the melodies which along this coast are more varied, and far wilder than the melodies of any other country, so as to captivate every heart to which he wished to appeal; and many bought his fish for the sake of his song. He loved music for its own sake, and beguiled his hours on the bleak strand while hunting for his small fish, waiting for his companions, or watching for the return of the boats whose cargoes consisted of lobster pots, and bladders to be filled with potteen, by one of his favorite melodies. But people—even Irishmen, cannot always sing. The day had been sultry; Molche was obstreperous, for she had nothing to eat but the short thick grass which grew on the top of the cliffs, and sadly wanted to get back to the glens; so, finding that her master would not come, she set off on her own account, and he had a run of five or six miles to catch her—in short, he was very weary—and at last, tired of looking over the blue waters for the boat he had expected since morning, he lay down beneath the shadow of a rock and fell asleep. Now the place he had chosen to repose in, was for all the world like a basket; there was the high rock above him, and a ledge of rock all around, so that where he lay might be called a sandy cradle.

There he slumbered as snug as an egg in a thrush's nest, and he might have slept about two hours, when he hears singing—a note of music, he used to say, would bring the life back to him if

he had been dead a month—so he woke up, and to be sure of all the outlandish tunes, and to quote his words again, put “the one the old cow died of to the back of it,” he never heard before. The words were queerer than the music—for John was a fine scholar, and had a quarter’s latin, to say nothing of six months’ dancing, so that he could flog the world at single or double handed reel, and split many a door with the strength of his hornpipe.

“Meahla Moor,” he says, “who’s in it at all,” he says; “sure it isn’t among haythens I am,” he says, “smuggled out of my native country,” he says, “like a poor keg of Inishowen,” he says, “by the murdering English!” And “blessed father,” he says again, “to my own knowledge, its neyther Latin nor Hebrew they’re at, nor any other living language, barring its Turkey;” for what gave him that thought was the grand sound of the words.

So, cute enough, he dragged himself up to the edge of the ledge of the rock that overlooked the wide ocean, and what should he see but about twenty as fine, well-grown men and women as ever you looked on—dancing, not a hearty jig or a reel, but a solemn sort of dance, on the sands, while they sung this unnatural song, all as solemn as they danced. And they had such green things on their heads as never were seen before, and the ladies’ hair twisted and turned round and round their heads.

Well, John crossed himself, to be sure, like a good Christian, and swore if he ever saw Letter Kenny again, to pay greater attention to his duty, and to take an obligation on himself which he knew he ought to have done before. And still the people looked so quiet, and so like Christians, that he grew the less fearful the longer he looked. And at last his attention was drawn off the strangers by a great heap of skins that were piled together, on the strand close beside him, so that, by reaching his arm over the ledge, he could draw them, or one of them over. Now John did something in skins himself, and he thought he had never seen them so beautifully dressed before. They were seal skins, shining, all of them, like satin, though some were black, and more of them grey; but at the very top of the pile, right under his hand, was the most curious of them all, snowy and silver white. Now John thought there could be no harm in looking at the skin, for he had always a mighty great taste for natural curiosities, and it was as easy to put it back as to bring it over. So he just quiet and easy reaches in the skin, and soothing it down with his hand, he thought no down of the young wild swan was ever half so smooth; and then he began to think

what it was worth, and while he was thinking and judging quite innocent like, what it would fetch in Sligo or may be Donegal, there was a skirl of a screech among the dancers and singers: and before poor John had time to return the skin, all of them came hurrying towards where he lay. So believing they were pirates, and may be some new fashioned revenue officers, he crept into the sand, dragging the silver colored skin with him, thinking it wouldn’t be honest to its *rale* owner to leave it in their way.

Well, for ever so long, nothing could equal the hillbalo and “shindy” kicked up all about where he lay. Such talking, and screaming, and bellowing; and at last he hears another awful roar, and then all was as still as a bridegroom’s tongue at the end of the first month, except a sort of snuffling and snorting in the sand. When that had been over some time, he thought he would begin to look about him again, and he drew himself cautiously up on his elbows, and after securing the skin in its bosom, (for he thought some of them might be skulking about still, and he wished to find the owner,) he moved on and on, until at last he rested his chin upon the very top of the ledge; and casting his eye along the line of coast, not a sight or a sign of any living thing did he see, but a great fat seal walloping as fast as ever it could into the ocean. Well he shook himself and stood up, and he had not done so long, when just round the corner of the rock, he heard the low wailing voice of a young girl, soft and low, and full of sorrow, like the bleat of a kid for its mother or a dove for its mate, or a maiden crying after her lover, yet ashamed to raise her voice.

“Oh, murder!” thought John O’Glin, “this will never do—I’m a gone man. That voice, an’ it not saying a word, only murmuring like a south breeze in a pink shell, will be the death of me. It has more real, true music in it, than all the bagpipes between this and Londonderry. Oh, I’m kilt entirely through the ear,” he says, “which is the high road to my heart. Oh! there’s a moan!—that’s natural music! The ‘shan van ro,’ the ‘dark valley,’ and the ‘blackbird’ itself, are fools to that!”

To spring over was the work of a single minute; and sure enough sitting there, leaning the sweetest little head that ever carried two eyes in it, upon its dawshy hand, was as lovely a young lady as John ever looked on. She had a loose sort of dress, drawn in at her throat with a gold string; and he saw at once that she was one of the outlandish people, who had disappeared all so quick.

“Avourneen das! my lady,” says John, making his best bow; “and what ails you, darling stranger?”

Well, she made no answer, only looked askew at him; and John O'Glin thought she did not sigh so bitterly as she had done at first. And he came a little nearer and—

"Cushla ma chree, beauty of the waters," he says, "I'm sorry for your trouble."

So she turns round her little face to him, and her eyes were as dark as the best black turf, and as round as a periwinkle.

"Creature," she says, "do you speak Hebrew?"

"I'd speak any thing," he answers, "to speak with you."

"Then," she says again, "*have you seen my skin?*"

"Yes, darling," he says in reply, looking at her with every eye in his head.

"Where—where is it?" she cries, jumping up and clasping her two little hands together, and dropping on her knees before John.

"Where is it!" he repeats, raising her gently up, "why on yourself to be sure, as white and as clear as the foam on a wave in June."

"Oh, it's my other skin I want!" she cries, bursting into tears.

"Shall I skin myself and give it you, to please you, my lady?" he replies. "Sure I will, and welcome, if it will do you any good, sooner than have you bawling and roaring this way," he says, "like an angel," he says.

"What a funny creature you are," she answers, laughing a lilt of a laugh up in his face. "But you're not a seal," she says, "and so your skin would do me no good."

"Whew!" thought John O'Glin, "whew! how all the blossom is out on the May bush! Now my eyes are opened," for he knew the sense of what he had seen, and how the whole was a memory of the old world!

"I'll tell you what it is," said the poor fellow, for it never took him any time at all to fall in love, "I'll tell you what it is, don't bother any more about your bit of a skin; but take me instead of it. That is," he said, and he changed color at the bare thought of it, "that is, unless you're married in your own country."

And as all this discourse went on in Hebrew and Latin, which John said she had not a perfect knowledge of; he found it hard to make her understand at first, though she was quick enough too; and she said she was not married, but might have been, only she had no mind to the seal, who was her father's prime minister; but she had always made up her mind to marry none but a prince.

"And are you a king's son?" she says.

"I am!" says John, as bold as murder, and

putting a great stretch on himself. "More than that, I'm a king's great grandson. In these twisting times there's no knowing who may turn up a king; but I've the blood in my veins of twenty kings, and what's better than that, Irish kings!"

"And have you a palace to take me to?" she says; "and a golden girdle to give me?"

Now, this John thought was mighty mean of her; but he looked in her eyes and forgot it.

"Our love," he says, "pulse of my beating heart, will build its own palace; and this girdle," and he falls on his knees by her side, and throws his arm round her waist, "is better than a girdle of gold!"

Well, to be sure, there was no boy in Donegal had better right to know how to make love than John O'Glin, for no one ever had more practice. And the upshot of it was, that (never, you may be sure, letting on to her a word about the seal skin,) he clapt her behind him on Molche, and carried her home. And that after he had hid the skin in the thatch, he went to the priest, and he told him a good part of the truth; and when he showed his reverence how she had fine gold rings and chains, and as much cut coral as would make a reef, the priest did not look to hear any more, but tied them at once.

Time passed on gaily with John O'Glin—he did not get a car for Molche, because no car could go over the Sligo mountains in those days; but he got two or three stout little nags, and his wife helped him wonderful at the fishing. There wasn't a fin could come within half a mile of her that she wouldn't catch, ay, and bring to shore too; only (and this was the only cross or trouble John ever had with her, and it brought him a shame face many a time,) she'd never wait to dress anything for herself, *only eat it raw*. And this certainly gave him a great deal of uneasiness. She'd eat six herrings live enough to go down her throat of themselves, without hardly drawing her breath, and spoil the market of cod or salmon, by biting off the tails. When John would speak to her about it, why she'd cry, and want to go back to her father, and go poking about after the skin, which she'd never mention at any other time. So John thought it would be best to let her have her own way, for when she liked, its nursing the children, and singing and fishing, she'd be at all day long. They had three little children, and John had full and plenty for them all, for she never said anything against his selling her rings or chain, or corals, and he took bit after bit of land, and prospered greatly; and was a sober, steady man, well to do. And if he could have broke her of that ugly trick she had of eating raw

fish, he'd never say no to her yes—and she taught the young ones Hebrew, and never asked them to touch a morsel of fish until it was put over the turf. And there were no prettier children in all the barony than the “ seal woman's,” with such lovely hair, and round blinking eyes, that set the head swimming in no time; and they had sweet voices and kind hearts, that would share the last bit they had in the world with any one gentle or simple, that knew what it was to be hungry; and God knows it isn't in Sligo their hearts would stiffen for want of practice.

Still John was often uneasy about his wife. More than once, when she went with him to the shore, he'd see one or two seals walloping nearer than he liked, and once when he took up his gun to fire at a great bottle-nosed one that was asleep on a sand bank, she made him swear never to do so;—“ for who knows,” she says, “ but its one of my relations you'd be murdering.” And sometimes she'd sit melancholy-like, watching the waves, and tears would roll down her little cheeks, but John would soon kiss them away.

Poor fellow! much as he loved her, he knew she was a sly little devil, for when he'd be lamenting latterly how cute the fish were grown, or anything that way, she'd come up and sit down by him, and lay her soft round cheek close to his, and take his hand between hers, and say, “ Oh, John, darlin', if you'd only find my skin for me, that I lost when I found you, see the beautiful fish I'd bring you from the bottom of the sea; and the fine things. Oh, John, it's you then could drive a carriage through Sligo, if there were but roads to drive it on!”

But he'd stand out that he knew nothing of the skin, and it's a wonder he was heart-proof against her soft, deluding soothing ways. You'd have thought she'd been a right woman all her life, to hear her working away at the “ Oh do' and “ Oh don't;” and, then, if she didn't exactly get what she wanted, she'd pout a bit; and if that didn't do, she'd bring him the youngest baby, and if he was hardened entirely, she'd sit down in a corner and cry—that never failed except when she'd talk of the skin, and out she never got any good of him about it, at all! but there's no end to female wit, they'll sit putting that and that together, and looking as soft and as fair faced all the while as if they had no more care than a blind piper's dog, that has nothing to do but to catch the halpence.

“ I may as well give up watching her,” said John to himself, “ for even if she did find it, and that's not likely, she might leave me, (though that's not easy,) but she'd never leave the children,” and so he gave her a parting kiss, and set off

to the fair of Strabane. He was away four days, longer certainly than there was any call to have been, and his mind reproached him on his way home for leaving her so long, for he was very tender about her, seeing that though she was only a seal's daughter, that seal was a king, and he made up his mind he'd never leave her so long again; and when he came to the door, it did not fly open as it used, and show his pretty wife, his little children, and a sparkling turf fire. He had to knock at his own door.

“ Push it in, daddy,” cried out the eldest boy “ mammy shut it after her, and we're weak with the hunger.”

So John did as his child told him, and his heart fainted, and he staggered into the rooms and then up the ladder to the thatch.

IT WAS GONE! and John sat down, and his three children climbed about him, and they all wept bitterly.

“ Oh, daddy, why weren't you back the second day, as you said you'd be,” said one.

“ And mammy bade us kiss you and love you, and that she'd come back if she'd be let; but she found something in the thatch that took her away.”

“ She'll never come back, darlings, till we're all in our graves,” said poor John. “ She never can come back under ninety years, and where will we all be then? She was ten years my delight! and ten years my joy—and ever since ye came into the world she was the best of mothers to ye all! but she's gone—she's gone for ever. Oh! how could you leave me, and I so fond of ye? Maybe I wouldn't have burnt the skin, only for the knowledge that if I did I would shorten her days on earth, and her soul would have to begin over again as a baby seal, and I couldn't do what would be all one as murder!”

And so poor John lamented and betook himself and the three children to the shore, and would wail and cry; but never saw her after, and the children so purty in their infancy, grew up little withered atomies, that you'd tell any where to be seal's children—little, 'cute, yellow, shrivelled, dawshy creatures, only very sharp indeed at the learning; and crabbed in the languages, beating priest, minister, and schoolmaster, particularly at the Hebrew. More than once, though John never saw her, he heard his wife singing the songs they often sung together, right under the water, and he'd sing in answer. And then there'd be a sighing and sobbing. Oh! it was very hard upon John, for he never married again, though he knew he'd never live till her time was up to come again upon the earth even for twelve hours; but he was a fine moral man all the latter part of his life—as that showed.

THE PINE BARRENS.

A SKETCH OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BORN in New England, and a true child of the North, it was my lot in life to be early transplanted from the dear native soil, to that more luxurious but less congenial, of the South.

I went there, a young wife, and there my heart, though at first rebellious, became naturalized by the birth of my children, and its deepest and holiest interests at length associated with that once stranger land, by its becoming the grave of my first-born infant, and finally that of my beloved and revered husband.

It was during a season when the yellow fever had raged with unusual malignancy, and the city was rapidly being thinned by its ravages, and by the daily hurried departures for the North, that I retreated with my young family to a settlement among the Pines, where one of my friends had recently thrown up a comfortable summer residence, and now urged me to try the salubrity of the air.

Merely intending to pass there the remaining summer and autumnal months I was glad to hear of any habitable situation, and was not disposed to be over nice on the score of conveniences,—nevertheless it was with great difficulty that a house of any sort could be procured.

After a while, at about a quarter of a mile distant from what was termed by courtesy the village, a little patch of cleared ground was pointed out to me, with a deserted log house of somewhat larger dimensions than usual, backed by a kitchen, built nearly on the same plan and scarcely inferior in size. There were no fences, no window sashes:—merely outside shutters—and the doors hung loosely without lock, latch or button. There was a well of fine clear water, but the bucket had disappeared, and the curb was broken away; the whole estate was to be purchased for an amount small almost beyond belief.

It was a case of desperation. Meagre as it was, the "art of our necessities" made it precious, and I purchased it without delay.

I found that my little retreat had capabilities, and quickly commenced supplying its deficiencies. We boarded the walls within and without, built additional rooms, enlarged the piazza, and

shaded it with ornamental vines—cleared and enclosed more land, set out fruit trees, &c., &c.

Our town furniture was brought up and arranged with a somewhat ludicrous effect against the walls of our unpapered and unplastered drawing-room and bed chambers. A new kitchen was built, and the old one converted into a stable: the luxury of a bathing-house was added, and various other appliances of comfort, which, though rude and unshapely to the eye, contributed in no small degree to our convenience and happiness. In making these improvements, I became almost unconsciously attached to the place, and here at last, with my young family, I became a fixture for many years; superintending their education myself, until the boys were of an age to require a more enlarged system of instruction.

One of the first things we found necessary, was the erection of scaffolds, on which large piles of light-wood were enkindled every night throughout the summer, for the purpose of purifying the air, as well as to attract insects from within doors. This was the custom of the whole settlement, and surprisingly beautiful was the effect on a dark night, when the glare of the different fires, reflected variously upon the foliage and tall trunks of the surrounding pines, contrasted strongly with the intense shadows beyond, and the negroes, moving about, or standing in groups, added life to the striking and animated picture.

Our neighbors—all within ten miles were so called—but I mean our immediate neighbors, whose proximity constituted the village, consisted of about ten or twelve families, near enough to be within sight of each other, but for the intervening trees, which permitted barely some little roof corner or chimney, or fence, to designate to each the scattered abodes of the rest. One public, main road passed through the village, and various lesser paths led off from it, leading through the woods, and formed gradually by the waggon wheels of the country people. I seldom rode out without directing my servants to provide themselves with hatchets, hoes, &c., in order to mend and clear as we went: and whenever a leisure day could be spared, I sent them out for that

especial purpose:—in this, though it was troublesome and often vexatious, we persevered till we were rewarded by several very pleasant drives in different directions about the forests. From these roads again branched off little 'blind roads,' as they were not inaptly termed, leading from one remote plantation to another, and discernible to a practised eye only. On these we seldom ventured.

The country people soon began to visit us:—they came partly from curiosity, partly to "accommodate" us with the produce of their labor, and partly, no doubt, from good, honest, social feelings. I returned their visits, and in some instances made the first advances; indeed, in our drives, we rarely came to any habitation without stopping, and were always saluted with the civility, "*won't you light?*" which we rarely declined. Some we found communicative and hospitable, others shy and hard to propitiate, but the greater part indifferent. Absorbed in their daily toils, they had little regard for the courtesies of life, and saw us enter and take our departure with equal sangfroid,—never forgetting, however, that universal custom of the South, the momentary extension of the hand, sometimes in its gloveless state, not altogether the most winning overture that could be imagined, especially, when every little white-headed, sun-scorched, dirty-fingered urchin, from two years old and upward, must have a share in the ceremony.

The principal apartment of all these log houses was entered upon directly from the piazza, which no Southern house, even the poorest, is without. It usually contained a bed, a buffet for cups and tumblers, a pine table with painted legs, and four or five straw bottomed chairs. Adjoining this room, was another, sometimes two, smaller and darker, containing bed, or beds, as the case might be, with just room enough to walk through, and surrounded by shelves and wooden pegs for the family linen and wardrobe. Here let me not omit to mention the chief ornament of the principal apartment,—the pride and glory of the whole establishment;—a finical eight day clock, peddled all the way from New England, and purchased at twice its worth, with the hoarded savings of years. Opposite this was a small wooden framed looking-glass hung high,

"As if it scorned the base degrees
By which it rose——
Nor would vouchsafe one look upon the ground."

and, beneath it, as well as in other vacant spaces about the walls, was suspended a white napkin,

fastened by a loop at each corner, extended thus for the sole purpose of ornament, either wrought in colored worsted, or marked out into diamonds by deep indentations of the smoothing iron. The greater the pretension of the family, the greater the number of these tasteful appendages.

Our drives about the woods fully their peculiar charms. The pleasure we took in them was heightened by the pains necessary to their accomplishment. With what rapture would my children start from their seats, clasping their hands and uttering cries of amazed delight, when through some vista of the forest, where the underwood had not too thickly gathered, they caught glimpses of the wild deer leaping and bounding in their graceful freedom, or stooping to drink at the river branch.

There was a large pond a few miles from our house, and great was the joy, when, after traveling the woods for an hour before breakfast, we came out at last upon this wild spot, and saw the white and grey cranes in flocks, I might almost say in masses upon its bosom. At certain seasons we were always sure to find them there: the place had been their haunt for years, and had thence received its name, The White Lake.

Sometimes a sweet flavor like that of the New England honey-pink, warned us of the vicinity of the dangerous rattle snake; or, amidst the trembling leaves, stole forth and disappeared again the gay-colored moccasin. Sometimes, in crossing with difficulty the boggy swamp roads, we espied the alligator lurking amid the gloom; and glad was I to escape his dark and unwholesome haunts, and rising again among the healthy pines, catch the clear whistle of the partridge, and see once more the cheering sunlight along our path. There was always a chill upon my spirits in passing through those dark and entangled swamps; but my children felt it less;—their young eyes would strain upward to catch a view of the higher branches of the wild olive, soaring up with its slender trunk, or the cucumber tree, lifting its head above the loftiest pines. Often would they pause to admire the large white flowers of the bark, with its delicate rose-colored stripes, and its leaves so valuable for their medicinal properties.

They knew well where to seek the pericimmon and the purple mulberry. Every wild flower seemed to woo their grasp, and the bottom of the barouche was crowded with the kalmias, the sweet bay, and the yellow jessamine in their seasons. Sometimes we must needs all alight to peep into the excavated sand, the retreat of the sand-colored gopher; and happy and proud was each smiling urchin, in turn, to mount his horny back and be

carried on at his snail's pace, for the length of a yard or two, while as he sprawled along, turning his grave face to the right and left, shouts of laughter went up, and the tall woods echoed with their mirth.

We were frequently accompanied in these excursions by a lady who, with her little invalid son had, like ourselves, sought the pine land for health. She was a young creature, Emely Campbell—the widow of a clergyman. She had retired to a small plantation,—for by this misnomer were all our residences in the Pine Barrens distinguished—chiefly because it afforded her a hope of raising from his state of extreme debility, the little, feeble, and almost crippled object of her devoted tenderness.

Pale, but beautiful was the countenance of that afflicted child. His head was evidently too large, and his shoulders gave indication of approaching deformity. But his soft grey eyes were full of truth, sweetness and serenity, and his lips wore a smile of patient sufferance that spoke directly to the heart. His mother was delicate even to fragility, and though nature, in her exceeding fairness, the sunny tinge of her hair, and the clear blue of her eye, seemed to have marked her countenance for a light and laughter-loving expression, its character was that of quietude if not of pensiveness. Even among Southern ladies, she was remarkable for the beauty of her hands and feet. It was a lovely and an affecting sight when that hand rested tremblingly on the boy's head, or clasping it in his own, he gazed upon it admiringly, and covered it with kisses.

It may readily be supposed, that cut off as we were, in a great degree, from refined society, my children and myself alike, sought eagerly the intimacy of this interesting family. Little Albert was amused to sit and watch the sometimes riotous sport of my boys, and they loved to come about him when it was ended, and listen to the various stories with which a habit and love of reading beyond his years, had stored his young mind, and which he evinced a peculiar readiness and power in repeating.

The first time I saw this lovely child, I felt a conviction that he was not for this world; but his mother, deceived by the first effect which a change of air had produced, was full of hope.

"Is he not better? Do you not see the rose beginning to bloom upon his cheek?" she would say, and how could I resist that appeal, or cast the shadow of my own fears over the transient sunshine of her heart?

There was no physician in our neighborhood, and some skill in simples which I had acquired in

bringing up a young family, enabled me occasionally to relieve the boy in some of the distressing paroxysms to which he was subject: this gave me with Mrs. Campbell an interest and an influence I should not perhaps otherwise have obtained. She was very helpless. Educated in indolence and luxury, accustomed to depend upon servants for every thing, she was now in her widowhood, completely in their power. Indulgent to excess, as much from the want of energy to control, as from the natural gentleness of her disposition, she continued to live with a crowd of these kind hearted but indolent creatures about her, feeding upon and wasting her substance, though attached warmly to her interest, and in their ignorance, their levity and their laziness, scarcely earning a subsistence:—managing the affairs of their mistress as they would have done their own, in all good will indeed, but in utter inefficiency.

The gentle and feeling deportment of Albert towards these people was remarkable. Child as he was, he seemed to pity their ignorance, and sought every opportunity to impart to them from his own little store of knowledge. I have often seen him of a Sabbath evening while a crowd of little, eager, black faces were upturned to him, standing with his pale, serene countenance and beaming eyes, looking down upon them from the highest step of the piazza, reminding me of the beautiful picture I had seen of the child Jesus teaching in the temple.

His colored nurse was the object of his warmest partiality. Next to his mother she was most tenderly beloved by him. She had belonged to Mrs. Campbell from the time of her own childhood, and was of exactly her own age. She, too, loved marm Nancy, as she was called, who on her part appeared most devotedly attached to both.

Marm Nancy was very ill at one time, and her life was feared for. One day when it was thought she was dying, I had been sitting by her for an hour or two, and had stepped out to relieve the oppression of my feelings at hearing her heart-rending groans: as I stood alone, leaning over the piazza, I heard the tones of that sweet and plaintive voice, always so peculiar and so touching. It was Albert in earnest prayer.

"Oh God—oh God," repeated the child, "it is a dreadful thing. Please God have mercy on her."

Deeply moved at this simple and fervid outpouring of the heart of childhood, I was moving silently away, when he caught a glimpse of me, and with his little innocent art, half ashamed to have been overheard, he began to play with his dog, whistling and calling to him, and affecting to

be too much absorbed to notice me. I would not wound his delicacy by letting him know that I observed him, but even at this distant period I am moved almost to tears whenever I recall the scene.

Memory, perhaps, clings the more tenaciously to these little incidents, that they were, not long afterwards, followed by the death of this interesting boy. Marm Nancy recovered, and was soon able, and too soon called upon, to resume her office of nurse.

It was a mild summer-like evening in autumn. The sun had set in its accustomed splendor. Little Albert lay upon a sofa in the piazza, and his mother supported his head upon her lap. He had been ill for several days:—his mother thought he was suffering under one of those debilitating but seldom dangerous attacks of fever, so common to this climate, during the summer; but I read something darker in the uncertain wandering of his eye—the deep paleness, and occasional flush upon his cheek—the ceaseless working of his small fingers, and the fluttered breathings that seemed like the struggling of his young spirit to escape its mortal coil. Emely suddenly caught the expression of my eyes as I bent over him. I saw her start. She looked at her child, and a deadly paleness came over her features:—it was the first crush of conviction; and after one long and agonized gaze, she uttered a deep groan, and fell prostrate on the floor beside his couch. Albert appeared not to heed her—his pure spirit seemed already touched by, and mingling with unearthly influences. I hastened to raise my poor friend as she lay upon her face, her beautiful hair spreading like a mantle about her—but paused, for she had not, as I at first imagined, fainted, but in a suppressed and choking tone, was pouring out prayer upon prayer for the life of her child. Never were petitions uttered with such agony of soul. But they were vain.

That night the little sufferer died, and his mother never recovered from the shock. Before his death, Albert had obtained from his mother a promise that Nancy should never pass into other hands. He could not bear to think that this faithful creature should ever be subjected to the will of owners less fondly attached to her than they were.

Mrs. Campbell continued to reside in her retirement when the motive for which she had sought it existed no longer. But the world forgot not her, as she seemed to have forgotten the world. Several attempts were made to woo back to society, a being so fitted to grace it.

Her hand was sought by men of standing and

distinction. Love, wealth, pleasure, all that are usually supposed to captivate a young and beautiful woman, were laid at her feet, but her heart was buried in that little grave beside which she passed so many solitary hours.

Her health, at first, seemed very gradually to decline, but about a twelvemonth after Albert's decease, the ravages of some internal malady grew every day more apparent, and she at length became unable to leave her room. No one but myself was admitted to her. Nancy clung to her pillow, and was the most alert and watchful of nurses.

Mrs. Campbell often said to her, "I do not forget my promise to Albert; when I am gone, you will have your freedom."

"Oh, Misses!" she would reply, "I pray God you live to bury poor Nancy: but if you die, I die too, rather than be sold to strangers."

Alarmed at the now rapid failure of my friend, I begged her to call in a physician; but she always declined; alleging that it would be vain, and would only subject her to unnecessary annoyance. Nancy knew, she said, exactly what to do for her, and she had more confidence in her than in any one. Mrs. Campbell had a brother, her only near relative, residing in the city. He came several times to see her, but was of a cold, phlegmatic temperament, seemed not very deeply interested in his sister's case, and made but short visits.

Sometimes I found the invalid under very strong nervous excitement, with flushed cheeks and elevated spirits; at others in a state of torpor; feeble, pale, and disinclined to converse. I felt exceedingly uneasy, and often questioned Nancy closely as to her mode of treatment, but seldom with any very satisfactory result. It seemed to me that my friend was wasting away without sufficient effort being made for her relief. I confessed my fears to her brother, Mr. Bingly, but he seemed to attribute much to weak nerves, and thought it best not to insist too much upon the medical aid to which she expressed so strong an aversion.

An epidemic which attacked my two youngest children successively at this time, prevented my seeing Emely for several weeks, and I received discouraging accounts from Nancy, to whom I sent every day.

When my children's recovery enabled me again to go to her, I was shocked at the change apparent in so short a time. I now determined, on my own responsibility, to send for a physician from town. Nancy was evidently assuming too much. She appeared unwilling that I should remain long in the chamber, and sometimes, arguing the

necessity of quiet, denied me admission. To this, however, after yielding once or twice, I concluded not to submit. However faithful and well intentioned, she might be ignorant beyond a mere knowledge of her mistress' habits and feelings, and I felt it to be my duty to interfere. I now found that there were certain drops administered several times a day, some portion of which, on examination, I discovered to be morphine. These drops had been kept from my knowledge until now. I inquired particularly about them. Nancy seemed displeased. She said her mistress had always taken them; they were all that did her good. Her mistress knew what they were. She could not remember what physician had first recommended them. She only knew that her mistress had confidence in them, and would take nothing else. I was more and more dissatisfied. I looked anxiously for the arrival of Dr. R——. He came shortly, and I stated all that I knew of Mrs. Campbell's situation, not omitting to mention my own fears and doubts in regard to the course pursued by Nancy.

Dr. R—— remained half an hour in the sick chamber, he then returned to me with a very grave face. My friend, he said, could not survive many days. He had questioned the nurse, and seen the drops. He thought there had been foul play. Mr. Bingly now arrived with his own physician. The two medical men consulted together, and the drops were subjected to analysis. There was no longer a doubt of the guilt of Nancy. The more speedily to effect her promised freedom, she had been administering a slow but sure poison. Not to disturb the last hours of the unfortunate Emely, her favorite, closely watched, was permitted to remain near her till she died, which she did, in a calm and beautiful state of mind, happy at the thought of being reunited to her child.

Nancy received her liberty according to the will of her mistress, but was immediately arrested on the charge of attempting her life. Aided by some of her fellow servants, however, she escaped, and we never heard of her again.

MY HUSBAND'S VOICE.

BY PAULINE.

Oh! tell me not of the harp's deep chords,
Of its tremblings soft and low;
Or the melody that wanders on
In the voice's rippling flow.

My music springs from a dearer source,
And it makes my heart rejoice;
'Tis the sounds of love that reach my ear
Through my darling husband's voice!

My husband's voice, oh I hear it oft,
Yet its notes are ever dear!
And they fall like strains of liquid love,
On my ever list'ning ear.

Oh! my husband's voice there music dwells,
'Tis life, 'tis all to me!
And the deepest strings of my heart are touched
With its soul-felt melody.

It never tells me of hope and joy,
But my clouds of care are past;
In the gentle breath of my husband's voice
Not a cheerless ray can last.

And it never falls in a sadd'ned chord,
Or speaks in a lonely tone;
But the crystal founts of my heart o'erflow,
And my sunlight all is down.

My husband's voice! if it now be sweet,
Oh what will its cadence be?
When it lingers *for ever* by my side
In a blest *Eternity!*

LIFE.

Life! what do the poets say of thee?
Their speech be various as the varied to Him
That sits supreme and launches the decree—
A bubble that doth oceans surface skim—
A flower that withers ere the evening dim—
A fly that sports him in meridian ray—
One of those notes that form a solemn hymn—
A gust of wind, upon the mountain guy—
Or symbol such as speaks a bright and fleeting
stay.

What art thou life! Let drooping age declare,
Whose grasp of time is los'ing fast and sure,
And for his fate with faltering thoughts prepare,
Whose heart ne'er sought the gospel treasure
pure,
But toy'd with vice, from penance deemed
secure,
And sought and won, what man still yet performs
By feats of mind or tactics, to procure,
Hear what of life, that trembling tongue informs,
"A day of sunshine set, in night of howling
storms."

Say thou, oh! christian! thou of peace and hope,
Who shar'st with angels in thy humble state,
The smile of Him who doth his grace increase,
And mak'st thy heart with holy joy elate
By dwelling there, He who did create
Those sparkling worlds that fill and dazzle night,
But what, oh! christian! what of this estate?
Methinks I hear thee—all thy joy despite—
"A weary journey to my father's mansions bright."
McK.

THE GUNSMITH OF PARIS.

On the afternoon of the 23d of June, 1789, a large mob collected around the blazing palace of the Count St. Almer, in Paris, all armed, and obstinately determined to prevent any one endeavoring to stop the conflagration. Shouts succeeded shouts, as the burning rafters, one by one, fell in, and it was not until the entire building was level with the ground that they dispersed.

In the Rue St. Joseph's, but a few rods from this scene of outrage, was the workshop of Pierre Martel, the Gunsmith of Paris. It was a low, ten foot building, with nothing remarkable enough in its exterior to recommend it to notice, save the fact of so mean a building being situated so near the princely palace of the proud and haughty Count St. Almer, the favorite of the King. On the afternoon which is referred to, heedless of the tumult without, Pierre, and his apprentice Antoine, were quietly at work in the little shop. Government had employed him to furnish a stand of arms within a certain period, and upon this work he was now engaged. Every shout of the mob was distinctly heard by the Gunsmith, still the hammer rung upon the anvil, as if he wished its clinking might drown the uproar; but from the frequent glances which the apprentice cast toward the window, it was evident that he, at least, had rather be at liberty to join the crowd than at work.

"Your mind is absent, boy," said Martel, looking up—"Go if you wish, and learn a lesson Frenchmen never should forget."

Fresh bursts of applause, and shouts of "Vive la république" filled the air, and the apprentice of Martel, gladly availing himself of this privilege, took his cap and left the shop. For another hour Martel worked on in silence; he was then interrupted by the entrance of a neighbor.

"Most glorious news, Martel," cried the new courier, "but how is this—why are you at work when all Paris is alive with rejoicing?"

"What has happened, Briel?" inquired Martel, calmly.

"Are you an idiot?" exclaimed Briel. "Do you pretend to say you have not heard the news?"

"Nay, good Briel," replied Martel, "I am but a poor mechanic, and can ill afford to lose my time for every show that comes along."

"Well then, the story is simply this," said Briel.

"Be as brief as possible," interrupted Martel, "my work is at a stand while I am talking with you."

"A mob of citizens," continued Briel, "attacked the palace of the haughty Count St. Almer, the King's favorite, and levelled it with the ground. But what is better, two companies of the Royal Guards, which were ordered out, refused to fire upon the mob—"

"And the Count," exclaimed Martel, eagerly.

"Escaped during the confusion in the disguise of a monk."

"Heaven be praised," said Martel, "he is yet reserved to feel my vengeance"—

"You, Martel?"

"Yes. I've sworn an oath, a horrid oath—the Count shall die a violent death."

"How has he offended you," said Briel.

"Swear by the mother of him who died upon the cross never to divulge without my consent what I may now impart."

"I swear."

"Many years ago," said Martel, the Count St. Almer, by reason of his enormous crimes, was forced to embrace the Church or perish upon the scaffold. Of course, he chose the first, became a monk, and afterwards confessor. I had a daughter then, a sweet flower just budding into womanhood. She was the very image of her sainted mother, and as I watched her dawning beauties, day by day, I fancied I had a solace for my old age. She was accustomed to confess to St. Almer—a double dealing villain as he was—or as he was styled, Father Jerome, who from the first moment he saw her, laid a plan for her destruction. Too well did he succeed—what means he used—what fiend he summoned to his aid I know not, but my poor girl fell a victim to his infernal arts. She is now dead of a broken heart, and he stalks unharmed a favorite of the King. But a day of retribution is at hand. In less than one short month the anniversary of her death will come round—let the Count look to himself"—

"How happens it," said Briel, "if the Count took the cowl he is still a noble?"

"When the present Louis ascended the throne of France," replied Martel, "he petitioned the See of Rome to restore St. Almer to his titles—it was granted."

"But think, Martel," said Briel, "think of

your own fate if you persist in your intention. The Count is rich and powerful—allied to the best blood of France. The King has not a greater favorite."

"Were he the King—were he Louis himself," exclaimed Martel, fiercely, "but hush, here comes Antoine. Well boy, what has brought you back?"

"Come to the window, quickly," cried Antoine—"see—see the mob have discovered the retreat of the Count, and are pressing upon him."

Martel threw open the window, and looking in the direction pointed out by Antoine, saw a single person contending with the mob. He was a man, apparently about thirty years of age, of a tall form, and well proportioned. Around his left arm was wound the remains of a scarlet roquelaire, trimmed with gold lace, torn and dusty. His white feather hung drooping over his face, and the glittering jewels of his hat were broken, and some entirely destroyed. With his right hand he wielded a shining blade. Retreating slowly, and disputing every inch, he kept them at bay, while at a little distance stood the two companies of the Royal Guards, leaning on their arms and looking tamely on.

"He comes this way," exclaimed Martel—"Antoine give me an axe—throw the door wide open!"

"Martel, what mean you," demanded Briel, "what are you going to do?"

"What I please, Briel," replied Martel.

"You are not going to kill him. By Heavens, you shall not murder him while I stand here."

"Back, Briel—interfere at your peril," shouted Martel. "I act my pleasure—enough, I will not murder him now."

Instantly the Count darted into the shop, and pushing the door to, exclaimed—"Citizen, if you be a man, protect me from the fury of the rabble."

"Umph," said Martel, "does the proud Count St. Almer claim the protection of a poor, despised mechanic—you forget, my lord."

"You will not refuse me?"

"No. Were the murderer of my own mother to cross my threshold and claim the protection of my roof, he should have it, even if my own life was the forfeit."

The door-way and shop was now filled with the excited mob, shouting "down with him—down with the aristocracy—vive l'république."

"Back—back," shouted Martel, brandishing his ponderous axe—"back—one and all—the man who moves a step toward the Count receives his death. Shame on ye, men of Paris, to attack a single man with such fearful odds. What is his crime?"

"He's the King's favorite, murmured several voices."

"And what of that," retorted Martel, "because the king bestows more love on him than you, are you bound to wreak your spite on him. Shame, citizens! where is your boasted generosity. Go and leave him to me."

There was a whispering for a few minutes among the crowd, and then with a shout of "vive l' Martel," they cleared the shop, leaving Martel alone with the Count.

The French are ever inconsistent—ever acting from the impulse of the moment. A short time before, the infuriated mob would have torn the nobleman in pieces could they have got at him, now there was not one who would have refused to act in his defence if Martel did but say the word.

"Citizen," said St. Almer, "you have my heartfelt thanks."

"You owe me nothing," replied Martel. "I saved your life because it was my pleasure so to do. It would have been to me but poor revenge to let you perish by the mob. I'd see you die a lingering death—you know me not."

"Indeed, you're right."

"Your highness has forgot," continued Martel; "listen while I relate a short and simple but true tale. There was once a nobleman of Paris whom the Count St. Almer honored with his friendship and confidence. This nobleman had an only child, a young and tender girl, whom the Count St. Almer, under the mask of friendship, by his devilish arts betrayed, and then thinking it satisfaction enough, consented to cross blades with the injured father. The Count fell with a wound in his breast, then the nobleman was banished, and—

"Enough, Victor Morain"—

"Aye, villain, I warrant you know me now."

"Help, ho!" cried St. Almer, darting toward the door.

But the quick hand of the Gunsmith was upon his throat, and dragged him back.

"Monster," said St. Almer, his voice husky with terror—"would you murder me?"

"No! great Count, not now; your time has not yet come. Until the thirteenth of July you are respited, for by the Holy Virgin, by Heaven, by the sun, moon and stars, by the power that rules above us, you shall not survive that day."

Saying this he released his prisoner, who horror-stricken, staggered against the forge, and then rushed out of the building.

Night had already cast its shadows for several hours upon the city of Paris, when Martel, the Gunsmith, enveloped in the ample folds of a large

cloak, issued from his humble dwelling, and took his way to the most unfrequented part of the city. There was no moon; and the faint glimmering of the street lamps, barely gave light sufficient to show his path. He paused for an instant as he reached the outskirts of the city and looked back in the deep gloom, to see if he was watched; but nothing met his eye save the jagged rough-cast buildings of the poorer classes. Exchanging civilities with the guard on duty, he wrapped his cloak closer about and passed into the environs with a quickened step. For an hour he kept steadily at the same pace, until he suddenly stopped at the entrance of a grave yard; casting another look behind, to assure himself no one followed, he entered the yard, and gave a peculiar rap upon the face of a tomb-stone. Instantly the stone sunk into the wall, a bright ray of light darted out, and several voices murmured—"tis he." Passing in, the wall closed up, and Martel found himself in the presence of twenty or thirty men, whose knit brows and clenched fists showed they had met together for no common purpose. Martel immediately recognized the faces of Robespierre, Danton, Marat and others, and casting his cloak aside, he took a seat at the table.

"You are late to-night," said Robespierre, in a low cautious tone.

"I am," replied Martel—"I had difficulty in avoiding the extra patrols which are out to-night. I was obliged to wait until their duty took them to another part of the city."

"What news have you from the gay city?" asked Danton.

"The best, all Paris is ripe for revolt. This very afternoon, the palace of the Count St. Almer was assaulted by the mob, and razed to the ground, and even the military sided with the populace."

"That is indeed the best of news," said Robespierre. "Have you finished the stand of arms?"

"I have; and, to avoid suspicion, have given out that they were for Government."

"Then every thing is ready," continued Robespierre. "A few more riots, such as this day has produced, will revolutionize France, and then farewell to royalty. We must now let actions speak, enough has been wasted in words. When shall we commence?"

"As soon as possible," replied Martel, "but the populace must be armed, and let the first action be the boldest, something which will strike terror to the hearts of the king and his ministry."

"The Bastile," muttered Marat.

"The Bastile," echoed a dozen voices.

"Let the Bastile then be the first attack,"

said Martel, "but stay—the people must be armed. The Hotel des Invalides contains thirty thousand muskets. Shall we first possess ourselves of them?"

"It were best so to do," said Robespierre, "but when?"

"On the thirteenth of July," replied Martel.

"The tocsin shall be sounded exactly at noon, to call together the Parisians, and the conflagration of the Hotel des Invalides shall be the signal to our distant friends."

"Be it so," said Robespierre, "and now before we separate—here in the close neighborhood of the mighty dead—up all, and swear to achieve the liberty of France."

"Every sword flashed in the dim candle-light, as the conspirators answered, "We swear."

Immediately upon leaving the shop of the Gunsmith, St. Almer proceeded with hasty steps to the palace of the Tuilleries. There he was never denied admittance; learning the King was in his private closet, he ran through the familiar passages, and with more haste than ceremony, threw the door open, and ushered himself in.

Louis was gazing out of the window, and as the door opened, he turned with an angry rebuke upon his tongue for those who had thus dared to intrude upon his privacy without previous notice; but his anger quickly turned to mirth, when he beheld the wo begone countenance of St. Almer.

"How now, St. Almer," exclaimed he, with a merry laugh, "what has happened to cause you to look so poverty-stricken?"

"Many men would have hung themselves for the loss of such a palace as mine," replied St. Almer.

"And what of that," rejoined Louis, "six million francs from our royal treasury are already yours to assist in restoring your palace to its former beauty. To-morrow we hold a court, and measures shall then be taken to bring the rioters to justice. Meanwhile, to show you that the loss of wealth has not in the least diminished our love and respect, accept this chain—"

St. Almer knelt, while Louis carelessly threw over his neck a costly string of pearls and diamonds.

"Most gracious Liege," said St. Almer, rising, "should you ever stand in need of my poor services, recollect that there is one sword at least which will spring from its scabbard to assert your rights. But to the business which brought me here. Does your majesty remember Victor Morain, Count of Chavoigne, whom the late King banished?"

"Perfectly."

"He has returned unbidden from his banishment. He is now in Paris, in the disguise of a mechanic, and threatens my life."

"For what?"

"An old feud between our families. Would it please your majesty to grant me a file of soldiers to lodge him within the Bastile?"

"Most assuredly, cousin, if your life is in danger," replied Louis, writing a few lines and giving it to St. Almer. "Here is an order to that effect."

St. Almer bowed, upon receiving the paper, and drawing his hat over his face, left the apartment. The following morning, just at day-break, the key of the gloomy Bastile was turned upon Pierre Martel.

That day, a grand court was held by the royal family. Upon the throne sat Louis the Sixteenth, of France, and by his side, his consort, the unfortunate Maria Antoinette. The lillies of France, upon silken banners, drooped over their heads, and a body of the faithful Swiss Guard, with fixed bayonets, were drawn in double lines about the base of the throne. Immediately in front, was a table costly decorated, around which were gathered the nobles and peers of the Realm. At the foot of the throne, on the right, stood the Count St. Almer, and upon the left M. de Launay, Governor of the Bastile. The rest of the individuals present consisted of the body-guard, household officers and troops, servants and retainers.

"My Lords and Nobles," said Louis, rising, "it is with extreme regret we have learned the depredation that was committed but yesterday upon the property of a good and loyal subject, the Count St. Almer. Sire de Launay, you will see that the rebellious soldiery, who yesterday refused to fire upon the mob according to your orders, are arrested and brought before us. The Count will furnish you with a list of the ring-leaders of the riot, you will attend to it."

"May it please your majesty," said Launay.

"What say you," replied Louis.

"It were best to station a few troops at the Bastile, as I fear the next building the mob assault will be that."

"It shall be done," said Louis. "Now bring in the prisoner."

The trumpet sounded. The retainers at the lower end of the hall divided, and the Gunsmith appeared between a file of soldiers.

"Release him," said Louis—"It was done."

"Are you Pierre Martel?"

"By that name, I am addressed," replied the Gunsmith.

"But Victor Morain, Count of Chavoigne, is your true title, is it not?"

"It is."

"Were you not banished from the Court of France by an edict of the late King?" continued Louis.

"Most true," replied the Gunsmith.

"For what term?"

"Twenty-five years."

"Has it yet expired?"

"Scarce half."

"Why, then, dared you return, without permission?" demanded Louis.

"Because it suited my convenience. If that be not satisfactory, find an answer to content yourself."

"Audacious subject," thundered Louis, but checking himself, said in a calmer tone, "you are accused of meditating violence against the life of the Count St. Almer—nay, you have been heard to declare he should perish by your hand. Call the witnesses."

"It is unnecessary," interrupted Martel, "I deny it not."

"You then acknowledge yourself guilty."

"I have already told you, trembling nobleman, he should not survive the thirteenth of July. I still say it."

"Neither shall you, Victor Morain," interrupted Louis. "We here appoint that day for your execution; and to see the sentence carried into effect, St. Almer, we appoint you officer of the day."

"So please your majesty," said St. Almer, "Pray you excuse me."

"I have said it," replied Louis, decisively, "away with the prisoner."

"Break up the court," continued he—"St. Almer, we would speak with you in private."

Time flies. The scene is changed to the great hall of the Bastile. The time, July thirteenth, 1789. A file of soldiers were drawn out. Upon one side stood the Count St. Almer, Sire de Launay and a Priest, who was performing the last sad offices for a criminal under sentence of death. Upon the other stood an executioner, with his axe and block, and kneeling upon one knee—his neck bared, his head resting upon the block, was Pierre Martel, the Gunsmith of Paris.

"Victor Morain," said St. Almer, as the Priest closed the book.

The Gunsmith looked up.

"The thirteenth of July has arrived."

"But its sun has not yet set," replied Martel with a bitter smile.

"Executioner," said Launay, "raise your axe."

A moment of dread silence followed,—
 "Strike!"

At that instant, a distant shout was heard, followed by the rattling of musquetry, and a strange, unearthly sound—faint indeed, but sufficient to arrest the attention of every one present. It was the *Tocsin*.

"Father of mercies," exclaimed Launay, "what new outrage is about to be perpetrated? Ha! the Hotel des Invalides is enveloped in flames."

A cry escaped from the lips of St. Almer, as the axe hurled by the hands of the Gunsmith whizzed within an inch of his head, and buried itself in the woodwork of the door. Martel was instantly seized by the soldiers, and after a short scuffle, secured. During this, a large mob had collected around the prison, shouting and knocking on the gate.

"Throw open the window of the balcony," said Launay—"what would you have, citizens?"

Another shout arose, and several missiles were thrown toward the balcony. "Silence!" cried a voice above the rest—It was Robespierre's. "We would have you restore to us the person of Pierre Martel, safe and uninjured."

"It cannot be done, without an order from the King. He is a prisoner of State."

"Dare to refuse and we'll burst the gates in."

"Launay drew back in time to escape a bullet which whistled close to his ears.

"They are bringing battering-rams against the gates," exclaimed Launay, as a dead hollow sound echoed through the building. "Heaven help us or we are lost—again—again—it can stand such shocks but a short time longer—the hinges have already started from their sockets—crash—the chains are broken—the bolts give way. Mother of Heaven come to our aid!"

Crash—crash—crash—down fell the gates with a stunning noise—the mob rushed in and a scene of blood and carnage ensued—Launay was assassinated, his head fixed upon a bayonet and carried into the street—one by one was the garrison murdered, and their mangled bodies thrown out into the yard; and then the destruction of the building commenced.

But where was Martel? When the gates gave in, he burst from those who held him and pursued St. Almer through all the turns and windings of the prison until they reached the roof, where St. Almer in despair clung to the railing. With the cry of a fiend, Martel sprung upon him—he lost his balance and fell over the battlements, dragging St. Almer with him. They reached the ground just as a turret tottered and fell upon them, covering them from the sight of

every one, and burying their animosities in death.

Some months after, as the workmen were clearing away a part of the ruins of the Bastille, they came across two bodies, with their hands upon each other's throats. They were Pierre Martel, the Gunsmith of Paris, and his victim, the haughty Count St. Almer.

HAPPIEST DAYS.

THEY tell us, Love, that you and I
 Our happiest days are seeing,
 While yet is shut from either's eye
 The change that waits on being;
 Ah! life they say 's a weary way,
 With less of joy than sorrow;
 For where the sunlight falls to-day,
 There'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not bear
 The test of change and sorrow,
 And only deeper channels wear
 In passing to each morrow;
 Then better were it that to-day
 We fervently were praying,
 That what we have might pass away
 While we the words were saying.

The heart has depths of bitterness
 As well as depths of pleasure;
 And those who love, love not, unless
 They both of these can measure.
 There is a time, and it will come,
 When this they must discover;
 And woe if either then be dumb
 To power that moved the Lover!

There are some spots where each will fall,
 And each will need sustaining;
 And suffering is the lot of all,
 And is of God's ordaining;
 Then wherefore do our hearts unite
 In bonds that none can sever,
 If not to bless each changing light,
 And strengthen each endeavor?

Then, while these happy days we bless,
 Let us no doubt be sowing;
 God's mercy never will be less,
 Though He should change the showing.
 Such be our faith, as on we tread,
 Each trusting and obeying,
 As two who by his hand are led,
 And hear what he is saying.

A R I A .

COMPOSED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY W. H. WARREN OF MONTREAL.

Allegro. Vivace. *Donizetti.*

pia

ff *p*

