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THE YOUNGER BROTHER.*

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE FRONDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ELIE BERTHET.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ESCAPE.

The small party soon found themselves in an open court, and each one respired with more freedom in the pure and cool night air that blew around them. Still they were not beyond the precincts of the cloister; dilapidated buildings surrounded the court, except on one side, which presented a thick wall, only broken by a single door. But this door seemed not to have been used for many years; its iron work was covered with rust, and a pile of large stones was heaped up against the lower part. Boniface, however, set to work, and aided by Fabian and Vireton, speedily and silently removed the latter obstacle; and taking a large key from his pocket, he opened the door with an ease which showed that it had been in use more recently than might have been supposed. Then, having first looked cautiously forth, he intimated to his companions that they might safely issue, an invitation which Elizabeth and Fabian gladly obeyed. Eustache, after having exchanged a few whispered words with his relative, silently rejoined them, and the door closed softly behind, while they could hear Boniface immediately commence replacing cautiously the stones at its foot; for the worthy servitor seemed anxious to place in safety this secret issue, unknown to the guards of the palace, but very convenient for himself and his comrades.

Fabian desired to address a few words of thanks to the humble functionary who had contributed to relieve them from so great a danger; but it was now too late.

They found themselves in a narrow, miry passage, of which the abandoned postern formed one end, the other issuing on the *Rue Saint-Honoré*. The night was dark and gloomy, and a profound silence reigned everywhere around. The agitated Elizabeth drew closer to her companion, trembling as with cold, and asked in a low murmur:

"Oh! Fabian! Whither are you taking me?"

At this moment the Sorbonnian, who had gone a little in advance, returned to them, assured that all was quiet in the *Rue Saint-Honoré*, where a few large street lanterns cast a smoky light around.

"Monsieur de Croissi!" he said, with some embarrassment; "a few paces hence a carriage is in readiness to transport you to a place where you will be in perfect safety; but I have already told you that my instructions did not provide for the contingency——"

He paused and looked at Elizabeth.

"The contingency that I should be accompanied by a person whose safety is dearer to me than my own?" interposed Fabian. "If you cannot extend your services to both, Monsieur, speak without reserve. I will seek elsewhere an asylum for this young lady and myself, and shall not be the less grateful to you, and those

* Continued from page 294.

who have employed you, for the services already rendered. Let me know at least the name of my generous protector!"

"What! are you really ignorant of it?" inquired Vireton. "Did you not know that it was the Coadjutor who concerted with me, and caused me to execute, this plan of escape? Have you not divined that I am charged to conduct you to the Coadjutor's own mansion?"

"I did not dare to think so," replied Fabian; "for the second time that noble dignitary has saved me from great danger, without my knowing why I excited so deep an interest on his part. But how could he know that I was to be found this evening at the Palais Royal, and that I should incur the displeasure of the—of a very powerful personage?"

"You may ask him that question yourself," returned the Scholar; "all that I know is, that he is perfectly acquainted with all that concerns you, and that I myself have apprised him—but enough, neither the place nor the time is well chosen for these explanations. Heaven knows that I would gladly serve you, as well as this poor young lady, but I am afraid to go beyond my instructions. But still we must find some asylum for her."

"You see, Fabian!" said Elizabeth, with a sigh, "what embarrassment I have already caused you; better leave me to my fate! But, Sir," she added, to Eustache, "do you not know some honest family in this city, who would give me refuge for this night at least?"

"Elizabeth!" replied Fabian firmly, "I will never consent that we should separate! Why not, in this our perplexity, address ourselves to the benevolent prelate, who has already come to my aid? Monsieur Eustache, do your orders forbid you to conduct us to the presence of the Coadjutor, to implore his pity!"

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed the Sorbonnian, after a few moments' reflection, "we will at least try it; the Coadjutor is a man of ready resource in the most difficult cases. Besides, the evil is already done; the lady has accompanied you, although perhaps I ought to have opposed it at the time. Come along then! Monseigneur will bring himself out of the scrape as best he can; let us hope he will get himself and us well out of it!"

They reached the *Rue Saint Honoré* in an instant, but Eustache, turning sharply to the left, took the *Rue Croix des Petits Champs*, in which was the principal entry into the cloisters, the same through which Fabian had been admitted with his brother, a few hours before. In a dark corner of the street was stationed a chariot with

two horses; the coachman was asleep on the box, and all around was silent and motionless.

However, when the Sorbonnian advanced to awaken the coachman, this solitude seemed suddenly peopled; five or six individuals, wrapped in large mantles, and mute as spirits, issued from several gateways in the neighbourhood, and quickly approached the scholar. Elizabeth could scarcely repress a cry of alarm, and clung more closely to Fabian, who arrested his steps at the sight. But their disquiet regarding those ominous phantoms was not of long duration; Eustache addressed to them a few words in a low tone, and they at once disappeared, in different directions, as if by enchantment. During this short conference, the coachman had descended from his seat, and opened the door of the chariot; freed from his dark companions, Eustache invited them to enter, and seated himself beside them; and the coach drove off with all the rapidity of which the heavy vehicles of that period were capable.

The mysterious apparition of these men had struck the two young people; it had even left in their minds a vague distrust, which Eustache Vireton soon discovered.

"I would wager," he said, in a light tone, "that I could guess what occupies at present the minds of Monsieur de Croissi, and of this amiable young lady! You are surprised, are you not, to have seen me suddenly surrounded by a troop, that seemed to come from underground? Well! I have no reason now to make a secret of the circumstance, and I will frankly tell you the truth. It appears, my worthy young gentleman, that they wished to engage you in some enterprise which the Coadjutor opposes with all his might; he suspected that you would refuse to undertake the part destined for you, and it was to withdraw you from the consequences of this refusal, that he arranged with me the plan of escape of which you are reaping the benefit—thanks to my excellent cousin of the kitchen! But I must also tell you, that if, in place of refusing, as you appear to have done, you had accepted the charge, I had orders to seize your person as you quietly issued from the cloisters with your brother—and I rather think the stout fellows we encountered but now, would have shown you all resistance was vain."

Fabian remained for a short time pensive and silent.

"I have been made the sport of passions and interests which I do not even understand," he said at length; "and amid the chaos in which I am plunged, I can scarcely distinguish friend from foe. But you, Sir," he added, addressing

Vireton, "who and what are you? What motive have you, to encounter such danger to succour me, who am altogether unknown to you? I cannot believe that you are only a simple scholar of the Sorbonne."

"And yet it is the plain truth, *nunquam magis amica veritas*," replied the scholar, who, when embarrassed, was apt to take refuge in Latin. "I found myself by chance, in the hands of a man, accustomed to use all whom he encounters, as instruments to forward his projects. The evening of the tumult on the Pont Neuf, I was charged by the Coadjutor to watch you, and bring him news of your health. To-day, after having escaped with difficulty out of the hands of your brother's myrmidons, I returned to Monseigneur, still ignorant of what consequence the details I brought him regarding you might be, but certain beforehand of his good-will towards you. The news I gave him of the kind of captivity in which you were detained, of my visit to the 'Three Pigeons,' of the danger I had run of sleeping in confinement, joined doubtless to what had reached him from other quarters, seemed to interest him deeply. While I was still with him, a letter in cipher was handed in, which announced that you were this evening to be at the Palais-Royal; at least I conjecture so, for Monseigneur immediately began to question me about my cousin Boniface, and about the possibility of penetrating into the cloisters, and leaving them at pleasure. You know the rest, and although in your present embarrassment, you may find some difficulty in recognising your friends, I trust that you will never rank me among your enemies."

These explanations, vague as they were, began to give Fabian some idea of the truth; it seemed to him evident, that the Coadjutor, desirous of saving at all hazards the life of the Prince of Condé, had found no surer means than to watch him who was intended to be charged with the crime, and cause him never to be lost sight of. Some degree of pity for his unfortunate position doubtless mingled with the motives of Paul de Gondi, and to this might be attributed the timely warnings and efficacious assistance he had from time to time received. Still, however reasonable were these suppositions, Fabian was about to interrogate Eustache regarding some circumstances which still seemed obscure, when the dull sound of the chariot wheels, in passing under a vaulted roof, gave notice that they had reached the end of their journey.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE REFUGE.

THE CLOISTERS of Notre Dame were then, as at present, an assemblage of irregular buildings, arranged around several courts, and serving originally as habitations for the canons and clergy of the cathedral church.

The principal wing formed what was called the *Petit Archevêché*, and was especially appropriated for the use of the Coadjutors of the Archbishop of Paris. In ordinary times nothing could be more calm and silent than its vast precincts, frequented only by ecclesiastical dignitaries; but at the time of which we speak, it more resembled a fortress, than the abode of a prelate. In it were lodged the gentlemen—his partisans—and the numerous lacqueys who formed so formidable a retinue for Paul de Gondi, when he went to the Parliament every morning. Guards, armed with halberds, watched the various entries, and sentinels were each night posted around the walls. In short, every precaution was taken to place at defiance any sudden attack; and, to gain possession of the *Petit Archevêché*, a regular siege would have been necessary. In addition to this, in times of danger, the Coadjutor caused the neighbouring towers of Notre Dame to be furnished with grenades, and in case of attack, the old metropolitan church of France would have served as a citadel for the bold Chief of the Fronde.

In spite of the difficulties of penetrating within these well guarded and fortified premises, the coach containing our fugitives met no delay; after the coachman had exchanged a few words with the gentleman who came forward to reconnoitre them, Eustache Vireton asked if the Coadjutor had returned.

"Only within the last few moments," grumbled the gentleman in reply; "but it is not my fault if he thus exposes himself, without an escort, night after night. However, he is master here! As for you, Master Scholar, I am instructed that he awaits you, with the person of whom you know, in his library. Good night!" And he returned into a small room which served as a guard-house.

The carriage rolled heavily across a dark court and drew up in front of a stone stair-case. The travellers dismounted, and, guided by Vireton, to whom every one they met seemed well known, they reached a large ante-chamber, where a single lacquey was sleeping profoundly on a bench.

"Wait for me here," whispered Eustache; "I will go and announce you to the Coadjutor, whom

the unanticipated presence of this young lady might disturb. Never fear—I shall speak in your favor!”

“Our only earthly hope is now in the powerful protection of the Coadjutor,” murmured the young Countess, sinking into a seat.

Eustache returned a smile of encouragement, and without waiting to awaken the valet and have himself formally announced, he entered the adjoining apartment.

The Coadjutor was alone and busily employed; seated before a large desk, with letters and papers, he was committing to writing, by the light of two large silver candelabra, the notes which afterwards served as the foundation of his celebrated Memoirs, and which he took great pains to put in order every night. Although, during the whole day and part of the night he had given free scope to that restless activity which never left him an instant idle, his appearance displayed no languor or fatigue; when Eustache entered, he turned towards him with that frank gaiety which betokens the most perfect tranquillity of mind.

“Ah! 'tis thou, my worthy lieutenant!” he exclaimed, throwing down his pen, and leaning back in his chair. “Well! it appears that we have succeeded wonderfully. The air of the poor Baron de Croissi was most amusing when he found his prisoner slip out of his clutch, even in the midst of the Palais Royal, and almost under the very eyes of the Queen! It was a fine and bold stroke, *ma foi!* and all the honour of it belongs to thee, my brave scholar! Thou seemest to have a rare disposition for intrigue.”

“I am glad that Monseigneur is satisfied with my small services,” replied Eustache, with outward humility, but inward pride. “Monseigneur must not, however, attribute to others than himself the whole success of the affair. *Discite justitiam moniti.*”

“You wish to flatter me,” returned the Coadjutor, also affecting a modesty he was far from feeling; “the plan was thine own, and thou hast executed it almost unaided. But, by-the-bye! where is our man? Did'st thou not bring him with thee?”

“Yes, Monseigneur, he is in the ante-chamber, but——”

“Why does he not enter, then?”

“To say sooth, your Excellency! the stroke is a finer one than you supposed. It is double!—in place of one prisoner, I have rescued two.”

“What riddle is this, Eustache?” enquired the Coadjutor with surprise.

“It is nothing but the truth, Monseigneur! Just fancy—when we were farreting our way out

of the palace, a charming girl, overcome with despair and drowned in tears, threw herself into the arms of our gentleman, who vowed that he would not stir a step in our company without her.”

Deep wrinkles of thought were by this time gathered on the brow of the prelate.

“Here is a new perplexity,” he exclaimed; “did'st thou know this young lady?”

“Who should it be, Monseigneur, but Made-moiselle de Montglat, the Queen's maid of honour?”

“What was thy stupid brain about, to allow this?” returned the Coadjutor, with vexation; “I dare answer for it that, to finish the affair, thou hast brought the damsel here—to the Cloisters of Notre-Dame?”

“Indeed,” replied the Sorbonnian timidly, “she was unwilling to quit Monsieur de Croissi, and I supposed that your Excellency's ordinary benevolence——”

“Plague take the rascal and his suppositions!” ejaculated Paul de Gondi, starting from his seat and traversing the chamber with agitated steps; “Thou hast played me a pretty trick, Master Eustache! the abduction of the young gentleman out of the reach of his scoundrel of a brother, was nothing but a trick of jugglery; and some day, when the Queen was in a good humour, I could have amused her with the story. But to carry away so boldly one of her personal attendants who had incurred her displeasure, is rather too serious for a joke. The Queen will be furious at her disappearance, and should she come to learn that I had a hand in this prank, at the very moment when she had procured me the dignity of Cardinal——”

“Cardinal!” interrupted Vireton, in astonishment.

“Yes, Cardinal!” repeated the Coadjutor.

“This evening, after the close of the secret council, she presented me with my formal nomination; judge, then, if the moment is well chosen to involve me in an affair which must cost me her favour? Besides, where could you conceal this girl in so public and frequented a mansion as this? It would soon reach the ears of the Queen, and of certain other ladies, and then——”

He paused and bit his lips with vexation.

“Come, we must not think of it,” he resumed; “send away these young people! Get them a chariot, and let them be conducted wherever they please. I would keep the youngster, but I suppose he would not consent to be separated from his fair one. Quick! let them depart! I will not see them!”

"But, pardon me, Monseigneur!" Eustache ventured to remonstrate; "where would you have them to go at this hour? They are both strangers in Paris, and know not where to find refuge. Besides, remember that if you abandon them, they will be at once discovered, and you know what a cruel lot is in store for them."

"What matters it to me? I have done enough for this young fellow, and it is not my fault if he persists in getting himself into trouble. I have already rescued him twice—let him arrange his own affairs now! After all, I have not the least interest in keeping him out of prison, or putting him in. I strove to thwart the enterprise against the Prince of Condé; I have thwarted it, and what care I for his intended assassin. As for the girl, I admit that I felt compassion for her, while I saw her weep in the Queen's presence; I even resolved to take the first opportunity of obtaining her pardon. But that is no reason that I should quarrel with the Queen Regent on her account. Let her go to the convent of the Carmelites, if she chooses; it is no business of mine!"

"But, Monseigneur,--"

"Be off, and do as I have told you!"

"Monseigneur—consider the scandal!"

"Eh! what?" exclaimed the Coadjutor in surprise, for though his morals were none of the strictest, he had a horror of "scandal."

"I repeat, Monseigneur," resumed Eustache de Vireton, "that it is not customary for two young people, situated like our poor friends, to drive about, as you propose, in search of a shelter."

"It is true!" returned Paul de Gondi, with an anxious air; "but what can we do? I tell thee, Eustache! do not thus create new embarrassments for me; I will not allow it."

"Will your Excellency only consent to see them for an instant?"

"For what purpose?"

"Whatever Monseigneur may please; to read them a lecture—on scandal, for instance."

"There is no resisting thee, Eustache," said the Coadjutor, with a laugh, throwing himself into an arm chair, "let them come in; when they are here we can determine on what course is to be taken, under existing circumstances."

Vireton gladly obeyed this mandate, and hastened to the ante-chamber to introduce the young couple, whom he had, in a manner, taken under his protection.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CARDINAL ELECT.

ELIZABETH AND FABIAN slowly followed their conductor into the presence of the Coadjutor, and saluted him silently and respectfully. Elizabeth leant heavily on the arm of her lover; the keen emotions of the day had spread over her features an expression of the most touching melancholy; she no longer wept, but her sad and hopeless looks inspired more pity than her tears. Her movements were languid, and her rich ornaments seemed to crush her down with their weight.

The grief of Fabian was of a more manly character, and seemed to have for its object only the timid and feeble girl, of whom he was now the sole support. His countenance was firm, and the violent passions he had so recently experienced had left few traces on his features, but his eyes watched attentively every gesture of his young companion; it was for her he suffered, for her he implored pity and succour.

On seeing them thus appear, sustained by one another, the Coadjutor, in spite of his resolutions, could not exclude a sentiment of compassion; he was not altogether ignorant of the fatality which had pursued these two noble and handsome young people, whom ambition and intrigue had snatched from their rural retreats, to bruise and wither. He could not maintain his anger in the presence of the pale and trembling girl, and rising, he presented his hand with unaffected courtesy, to conduct her to a chair.

"Be seated, my child," he said gently; "be seated and resume your courage. Heaven, who rules the hearts of kings, will not abandon you, if you have confidence therein."

These religious consolations, strange as they might appear from the mouth of Paul de Gondi, were not altogether the effect of habit or hypocrisy. Like many others, he knew and felt the right, though lacking the courage or inclination to pursue it.

Elizabeth could only reply by bending her head; but Fabian, emboldened by the benevolent accent of the prelate, said with profound gratitude:

"The measure of your kindness toward me is full to the brim, Monseigneur! Yesterday, you saved my life, when in the hands of an enraged populace; this evening, you have withdrawn me from the terrible anger of my sovereign; and yet again I venture to implore your powerful protection for this unfortunate young lady, whom I have overwhelmed in my misfortune. Like me, she is the object of formidable enmity, but she

has less force and courage to sustain and combat it."

"No, no! do not believe him, Monseigneur!" cried Elizabeth, with clasped hands. "If one of us must be chosen as the object of your generosity, let it be this noble young man, who has ventured, in the face of so many powerful personages, to refuse an act which he deemed dishonorable. It is he, Monseigneur, who has a right to your protection, and not I, who must bear the just punishment of my ingratitude to my royal mistress."

"My poor children!" replied the Coadjutor sadly, after a moment's reflection; "I would fain protect you both, for your affliction touches me, and you are the innocent victims of that implacable policy to which I daily devote, it may be, too great a portion of my thoughts. Unhappily I am at present in so peculiar a position, that I cannot serve you, as the anxious desires of my heart would lead me to do. I cannot explain to you how dangerous it would be for me to give you shelter in the cloisters of Notre Dame."

"Monseigneur!" asked Elizabeth firmly, rising as she spoke, "is it not true that my presence alone causes your embarrassment, and that, were I absent, you could safely afford an asylum to Monsieur de Croissi?"

"I will frankly admit it, Mademoiselle!"

"Will your Excellency then have the kindness," interrupted the young Countess, "to place at my disposal the coach which brought us hither; it will re-conduct me to the Palais Royal, which perhaps I ought never to have quitted."

"Do not think of it, Elizabeth!" cried Fabian with anguish; "do you forget that if you return to the palace to-night, you will be disgracefully dismissed from it to-morrow? Do you forget that to-morrow the gates of a convent will close upon you, and for ever separate you from the world and from me?"

"Young lady!" interrupted the Coadjutor in a severe tone, "it may appear cruel to reproach you in the midst of your misfortunes, and yet I must open your eyes to the imprudence you have committed, in thus quitting the palace by stealth and accompanied by a young cavalier. This action, even though your peculiar circumstances may seem to afford some excuse, is not the less blameable in itself, and it has, you observe, entailed a world of embarrassments."

"Will your Excellency deign to hear me?" replied Elizabeth, in a supplicating voice. "Will not the fearful position in which I found myself placed, serve as my excuse? No one knows what poor Fabian has already suffered for me, and by me; no one knows with what bitter

reproaches he would be entitled to overwhelm me, did I not endeavour to console him in that misfortune of which I am the sole cause. Before the ambition of my good aunt, on my behalf, condemned me to the tiresome pomp and splendour of the court, I loved Fabian, and was beloved by him; our affection ought to be superior to all the vicissitudes of time and fortune—we were betrothed in the sight of Heaven. In obedience to my beloved relative, I left Montglat, and soon appeared to forget Fabian, nay! to disdain him; he received no letters from me—he must have accused me of ingratitude and inconstancy. Oh! how he must have suffered, since that proud and cruel woman, whom I considered my benefactress—"

She paused, struck by a sudden recollection, which the Coadjutor at once divined.

"Continue, continue, my child!" he said with a smile; "it is true that the Duchess de Chevreuse is my friend, but I would not willingly undertake to excuse all her faults, or even those of her fair daughter. Indeed, to speak the truth, I sincerely compassionate you on having been at the discretion of Madame de Chevreuse."

"Alas! Monseigneur, it is only too true; she had assumed over me a strange ascendancy of which I am now ashamed. Lest I should any where find support against her tyranny, she had me constantly watched by her spies. My affection for Fabian gave her offence, and she forbade me to write to Normandy; I ventured to disobey this order, and that very day the Duchess showed me my intercepted letter."

"Poor Elizabeth!" exclaimed Fabian; "and I had accused you of neglect!"

"This was nothing," continued the Countess de Montglat; "Fabian suffered on my account, but at least he lived tranquil and resigned in his native Province. This brilliant world, which had made one betrothed guilty of deceit and ingratitude, now endeavoured to render the other a murderer. Cunning and falsehood were employed for this purpose, and it was I who was made to lay the snare for my unhappy friend; it was my name they employed to lead him into an infamous action, which he has, however, nobly and energetically repulsed. It is therefore through my means that he would be condemned to an endless captivity, were he now discovered. Consider, Monseigneur! When I met him this morning, in the gallery of the Palais Royal, a hunted fugitive, ought I to have abandoned him when his misfortunes were caused by me? Oh! I assure you, in all sincerity, that I thought not, in quitting the palace, of avoiding the deserved punishment destined for me by the Queen; but Fabian

said that my presence alone could give him courage to support life—and I accompanied him in his flight.”

A silence of a few minutes succeeded to the simple and touching explanation of Elizabeth.

“I believe you to be sincere, my daughter!” said the prelate, with a thoughtful air; “and if the step you have taken is blameable in itself, it is possible that your motives may be innocent, or even praiseworthy. But, however affected I may be by your affliction, I seek in vain for the means of aiding you.”

“I will leave you, Monseigneur!” said the young Countess resignedly; “I will return to the Palais Royal.”

“I will then be the companion of your return as well as of your flight,” added Fabian firmly.

“Come! since it must be so, I will protect you,” said the Coadjutor. “Your enemies must be met by craft and caution—and I shall so meet them. You will remain here, my dear children!” he added with a benevolent smile, “and I shall defend you to the outrage against all comers.”

“Oh! Monseigneur! a life-long gratitude—”

“Stay a moment!” interrupted the prelate, with his usual malicious look; “I place certain conditions on my services.”

“Oh! name them, your Excellency! name them!” cried Elizabeth and Fabian at once.

“The first is that you marry each other to-morrow in my private chapel; I must take this precaution for certain personal reasons. As neither of you have near relatives who are entitled to interfere, the affair will be without difficulty; I will undertake the arrangements.”

Fabian directed a glance of anxious affection towards the Countess, who lowered her eyes with a blush.

“Fabian!” she murmured; “am I not already your betrothed?”

“So far well!” resumed Paul de Gondi. “The second condition is that you engage to obey me unhesitatingly in all I may consider necessary for your safety.”

The young couple hastened to assure him of their absolute obedience.

“Well, then, to commence!” continued the Coadjutor; “I announce that you must consider yourselves as prisoners here for the present; beyond these walls, dangers of every kind environ you. Nay more! As crowds of people enter these cloisters every day, and as among them there might be some who would recognise you, you must consider yourselves confined to your apartments; without this I cannot consider you secure.”

“We will obey strictly, Monseigneur!” was the reply.

“You see, my good friends!” he said with an air of regret, “my hospitality will neither be very agreeable nor very splendid—but it is certainly better than that afforded by the Bastille or the Convent of the Carmelites.”

He then summoned an attendant to conduct them to the several apartments assigned for their use, and took an affectionate leave of his young friends.

After their departure, the Coadjutor remained silent and thoughtful, without remarking that Eustache Vireton, who had been no uninterested spectator of the preceding scene, was still in the apartment. A movement on the part of the scholar roused him from his reverie.

“Ah! ’tis thou, my lieutenant!” he exclaimed with a smile. “Well! what dost thou want?”

“Only to ask Monseigneur if my services have met with his approbation.”

“Certainly, Eustache, certainly! And thou would’st doubtless remind me of my promise? But before I assign thee the benefice which is to recompense thy zeal, I have still further need of thine assistance. Thou art daring, skilful and full of expedients, and may’st be very useful to me. Remain with me yet awhile, Eustache, and thou wilt not lose thy time.”

“With all my heart, Monseigneur!” cried the Scholar joyfully; “and should your Excellency permit, we will work in concert for the happiness of our young friends.”

“Their happiness!” repeated Paul de Gondi, with a sigh; “thou thinkest then that, the actual danger past, they will be happy?”

“Certainly, I do! The young man is so brave, so frank, so honourable—”

“And *she* is so beautiful! she loves him so dearly!” added the Coadjutor with a melancholy air.

“Ah! Monseigneur! that would be a more natural reflection for a young gallant than for a Cardinal.”

“What would’st thou have?” exclaimed De Gondi, heaving a fresh sigh; “I had a heart and disposition the least ecclesiastically inclined in the world, and yet I had to resign myself to this priestly robe—what matters it whether black, or violet, or scarlet? But leave me, my lad! thou must needs lack repose.”

“And you, Monseigneur?”

The prelate in silence signed to Eustache to withdraw, and, left to himself, plunged anew into those political calculations, which formed the principal subject of his thoughts.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CLOISTERS OF NOTRE-DAME.

A MONTH had elapsed since the interview recounted in the last chapter, during which time Elizabeth and Fabian had remained in concealment within the Cloisters of Notre Dame. On the third day after their arrival there, they had been privately united by the almoner of the Coadjutor. This marriage, as has been seen, was celebrated under no very brilliant auspices; but De Gondi considered it necessary, to avert the malignant reports to which the sojourn of Elizabeth within his mansion, would, sooner or later, have given rise. This important ceremony, however, brought little modification of the secluded mode of life which had been prescribed to the young couple; they saw each other only once a day, in the presence of Dame Germain, the Coadjutor's housekeeper, whose intrusive curiosity rendered her by no means an agreeable companion at their interviews. With the exception of this daily interview, they remained in their own separate apartments, in the most complete seclusion. This life was melancholy and monotonous, and they heard nothing which could lead them to expect a speedy termination to their confinement.

In the meantime, the most complete mystery had attended the evasion of Elizabeth from the Palais Royal. The Queen, to avoid scandal, had caused the report to be spread that the young Countess was absent in pursuance of her orders; and if the courtiers did talk, they talked in whispers. Anne of Austria, as may be believed, gave the Coadjutor full credit for a share in the extraordinary disappearance of her maid of honour, but, though they met almost every evening in her oratory, she had never introduced the subject; the prelate, on his side, had discovered that it would be very imprudent, at the present time, to plead the cause of his young friends. There seemed a tacit convention between them, not to introduce a subject which might give rise to a misunderstanding, while political affairs required that they should act in concert; but still, neither had the Queen any intention of pardoning those who had offended her, nor the Coadjutor of abandoning his *protégés*.

The most dangerous enemy of the young people was undoubtedly the Baron de Croissi; from the very first he had no hesitation as to their asylum. Although Albert was in disgrace with the Queen Regent, he was not the less invested with formidable powers against the two fugitives, and it has been seen that he was one to make

ample use of them, in spite of all political considerations. He therefore set his spies around the Cloisters of Notre Dame, and endeavoured to form an intimacy with several of the Frondist gentlemen who formed the retinue of the Coadjutor. The sagacity of Eustache Vireton, to whose vigilance the Coadjutor had committed Fabian and Elizabeth, had hitherto succeeded in defeating all the Baron's schemes; but it was not doubtful that should the power of the Coadjutor suffer any declension, the implacable De Croissi would attempt to seize his victims by force, with the certainty of not being disavowed by the Queen.

The fate of Fabian and his young wife was thus intimately connected with the fortunes of their protector, which were themselves influenced by all the political fluctuations of the moment. At this period of trouble and excitement, events rapidly succeeded each other, and since the abrupt departure of the Prince of Condé for Saint Maur, great changes had occurred at court. On the first information, the Prince had been alarmed at the boldness of the plot which had been designed to remove him from the political stage, but he soon profited by the indignation which certain vague reports of the attempt against him had raised in his favour. He had required and obtained the dismissal of the ministers, De Servien, De Lionne, and Chateaufort, whom he suspected of being the prime movers in the plot; he obtained a safe-conduct that he might enter Paris without fear of arrest; and, at last, re-assured by these pledges, he had quitted Saint Maur with a magnificent retinue, and returned to take possession of his hôtel. Every day he repaired to the Parliament, as formerly, with a numerous escort, and had it not been for the energetic opposition of the Coadjutor, his power throughout Paris would have been greater than that of the Queen Regent herself.

Such was the state of political affairs and of the more private events of this history, on the 21st of August, 1651, about a month, as has been said, after the nocturnal flight from the Palais Royal. On the morning of that day, the square in front of the Church of Notre Dame was crowded with an immense mass of people, waiting to accompany the Coadjutor to the Parliament. The session of the evening before had been very stormy; the *isabelle* scarfs had been displayed in large numbers in the Great Hall, and Condé had summoned together all his retainers and partisans, in order to show that the old and legitimate Fronde would not be overborne by the new. De Gondi, on his part, also prepared for the struggle, and all who belonged to his

party were expected to attend that morning at the *Palais de Justice*.

It may therefore be believed that all Paris was in commotion. Artisans, in their workshops, were rubbing the rust from old harquebusses which had belonged to their fathers in the times of the League; at every step strange figures might be met, dragging heavy sabres, and loaded with antique cuirasses; and, to judge from the warlike air of certain citizens, ordinarily of the most pacific character, the conflict, if one should take place, could not fail to be warm.

These preparations assumed a graver air in the immediate vicinity of the cloisters. There were seen in that quarter fewer of these valiant citizens, in their military harness, and more gentlemen and trained soldiers, properly mounted and equipped, and ready for serious resistance. Heaps of rough materials were placed at the corners of the streets and lanes, out of which, should occasion arise, barricades might be instantaneously formed; a full supply of grenades, with men qualified to make effectual use of them, furnished the summit of the towers of *Notre Dame*; several houses around were closed and fortified as if to sustain a siege. The principal court of the *Petit Archevêché*, in particular, presented the picture of an arsenal at the moment of attack. Muskets, harquebusses, pikes and halberds were ranged along the walls, and cavaliers and foot-soldiers thronged the vast court. In the centre were five or six chariots intended to convey to the *Palais de Justice* the leaders of the party. Lacqueys and pages, in the livery of the Coadjutor, threaded with hurried steps this confused mass of men, horses, arms and warlike munitions; cries and shouts filled the air, loud oaths and wild denunciations echoed from the walls of the ecclesiastical abode; it was altogether a scene of disorder and turmoil sufficient to awake serious apprehensions for the peace of the capital of France.

The noise of this tumult reached, though only in a subdued murmur, to a plain and simple chamber in a distant portion of the building, the windows of which opened on a small retired court. Elizabeth and Fabian, clad in very ordinary attire, so as not to attract the attention of those who might observe them, were seated in this chamber near each other, and were conversing in a low tone, without dreaming of the tumultuous passions which were raging so near them. Their companion, Dame Germain, the house-keeper, was not however quite so inattentive to what was passing externally, and from time to time she leaned over the stone balcony of the window, as a louder shout than usual bore to

her ears the name of the Coadjutor, the idol of the day. Her pre-occupation permitted the young couple to converse together more freely than was generally the case in the presence of the good lady; but their conversation was sad and melancholy, and a settled gloom appeared on the countenances of both. Fabian had endeavoured in vain to communicate to Elizabeth cheerful consolations and bright hopes for the future, in which he himself did not partake, and at last a profound silence ensued, during which the mind of each was occupied with the most anxious thoughts.

At this moment the door of the apartment was suddenly thrown open, and Eustache Vireton rushed in with breathless haste. He was clad in simple vestments of black, but a large rapier suspended at his side by a long steel chain, gave him a more warlike air than he usually assumed. At his abrupt entrance, Dame Germain uttered a scream of alarm, and the two young people anxiously started from their seats; but the Scholar of the Sorbonne did not trouble himself much about the impression he might have produced.

"Quick, quick, Monsieur de Croissi!" he exclaimed, with panting breath; "get ready at once, they are waiting for you."

"For me?" repeated Fabian in amazement; "where do you wish to take me?"

"To the Parliament!" returned Eustache.

"Oh! do not be so rash, Monsieur Vireton!" cried Elizabeth; "Fabian will be at once recognised, arrested, or at least——"

"I can only reply," interrupted the Scholar, "that these are the orders of Monseigneur, and he certainly has sufficient reasons for anything he does. If I do not err egregiously, he has in view some project for releasing you both from the false position in which you are now placed."

"But how? by what means?" asked Fabian.

"My instructions do not inform me," replied his friend, with a smile; "I only know that he requires you, Monsieur Fabian, to prepare to follow him immediately to the *Palais de Justice*; and, what is somewhat singular, he requests that you should assume the same dress you wore on the occasion of your presentation to the Queen Regent. His charge on this point was imperative."

"This is very strange," said Fabian, looking to his young wife.

"Obey our protector," she returned unhesitatingly. "Let us obey him, dear Fabian, without endeavouring to penetrate his designs."

"I will certainly obey," answered de Croissi; "for, were the Coadjutor to demand my life, I could not refuse it. But still methinks precaution

is necessary, and should I be seen by my unhappy brother—”

“You can wrap yourself in your mantle,” interposed Vireton, “and can thus escape impertinent intrusion—this is another recommendation of Monseigneur. But, in the name of all the saints, Monsieur de Croissi, get ready at once! I hear the trumpets in the large court, and the hour of the audience is already past.”

Fabian rapidly imprinted a kiss on the forehead of his young wife.

“Courage, Elizabeth!” he exclaimed, smiling; “our benefactor seems to be making another effort for our deliverance. I may perhaps bring you back good news.”

“Heaven grant it, Fabian!” murmured the young lady, who, seeing the moment of parting arrived, would fain have bid him stay; but the only sign of this weakness was the tear that trembled on her eyelid.

Eustache accompanied Fabian to his chamber, to hasten his movements. In obedience to the request of the Coadjutor, the young man assumed the costume which he had worn on the evening of his visit to the Palais Royal, armed himself with a good sword, and having wrapped himself in a mantle which concealed his face, a circumstance of so common occurrence in those days as to attract no attention, he hastily followed his impatient conductor into the grand court.

On entering the great court, the eyes of Fabian were almost dazzled by the rich and flaunting costume of the gentlemen and their attendants who filled it, a sight which his country education and late seclusion had rendered a complete novelty to him. Every dress was covered with rich embroidery and lace of gold and silver; bright weapons glanced in the sun; plumes of all colours waved above the silken bands (*frondes*) which decorated the hats of the partisans. De Croissi and his guide had some difficulty in making way through the compact mass, but at length they reached a coach, of which a valet appeared to defend the entrance against two or three moustached heroes, who insisted on occupying it. On recognising Eustache he immediately stepped aside and permitted him, together with Fabian, to enter the chariot; then, with a mute signal to the former, he turned away and was lost in the crowd.

Our two friends were scarcely seated when the Coadjutor appeared on the outside steps of the *Petit Archevêché*, and his presence was hailed with deafening shouts.

(To be continued.)

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO A WILD DOVE, WHICH DURING THE EVENING OF A DECEMBER SNOW STORM, SOUGHT REFUGE ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE PARLOR WINDOW.

BY E. L. C.

Whither, oh, gentle bird!
Wing'st thou, through chilling snows, thy weary flight?
Rudely thy downy plumage, soft and bright,
By the rough gale is stirred.

Wherefore, oh, beauteous dove!
Art thou a wanderer from thy own warm nest,
Where 'mid green clustering leaves, thou brooding
pressed,
The younglings of thy love?

Is it, that in thy breast,
Some cankerous grief, some dark remembrance dwells,
Whose withering power thy roving wing impels,
To seek afar for rest?

These wintry skies are drear,
Wanting the sunshine of thy southern clime;
These leafless trees bear not the golden lime,
Nor blooms the orange here.

Scarce from the driven snow,
May I discern thy soft and stainless form,
As soaring high, thou brav'st the beating storm,
Or wearied, stoopest low.

E'en as some heavenly dream,
Which blends with darker visions of the night,
Softening their terrors with its lovely light,
Thou to my soul dost seem,

Or like some spirit pure,
Tempted and tossed by the rude storms of life,
Yet by one thought sustained, that in the strife,
Who conquers, must endure!

So thou, oh! trustful one!
Towards the rays that from my windows stream,
Dost fearless press, since fondly thou dost deem,
That there thy rest is won!

How beautiful thou art!
So calmly sailing through the wintry sky!
As I behold thee, solemn thoughts and high,
Arise within my heart.

For thine, oh, gentle dove!
Thine was the shape which once God's spirit wore,
When to the Son, on Jordan's sacred shore,
The Father shewed his love.

And thine the fearless wing,
Which, when the deluge spread its watery waste,
O'er the drowned earth, with venturous speed didst
haste,

The olive leaf to bring—
Glad token that once more,
Heaven's rain was stayed, and refluxed the wave,
Each swollen sea, hasting again to lave
The sands of its own shore.

Symbol of purity!
Fair type, unstained, of heavenly peace and love!
Tempests surround thee, dark the skies above,
Yet tranquil is thine eye.

Be mine thy faith, oh Dove!
Mine the firm trust, which looks, through storms, afar,
Led by the radiance of one guiding star,
To him, whose name is Love.

JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THE entrance of company put a stop to further conversation, and Rosamond gladly escaped to the privacy of her own chamber. She had received no prohibition against writing to Jane Redgrave, and perceiving a beautiful writing desk upon a table, well stored with materials, she drew the table to the sofa, and bolting the door of her apartment to avoid interruption, she thus addressed her oldest and best friend:

BELOVED FRIEND,—I am at last an inhabitant of this great and busy London; and looking down upon the crowds of human beings flowing on in constant succession like the waves of the sea, which though they break upon the shore are never missed, another and another supplying the place of the lost, I feel like an atom in this vast tide of life. Yes, the thought makes me sad even to tears. Sometimes I say to myself, Can God remember an insignificant creature like me—one among this countless multitude?—a drop in a great ocean, a grain of sand in the immense desert of existence! Oh, dear Jane! life is a mystery doubly mysterious to those who, like me, vainly endeavour to fathom it. Yet amidst all my doubts and perplexities, I see order springing out of disorder, and good obliterating the steps of evil. God is just, and man has entangled himself in the web which was woven around him by providence to secure his safety. You will marvel, when I tell you, that I actually love that Grandmother whom you hated as the foe to your unfortunate husband, and I, as the unnatural mother of my father. Yes, I love her better than my Aunt Dunstanville, for I believe her to be more sincere. All our troubles have arisen from personal pique and family disputes, and in this my aunt, with all her talent and good humour, seems to have been the aggressor. I have found from her relation of my aunt's conduct to her, how little we can rely upon individual statements in these unfortunate domestic feuds. All parties are aggrieved, and imagine themselves transgressed against, without perceiving that they, in their turn, become transgressors; that when they retaliate supposed injuries with bitter and sarcastic speeches, they aggravate the evil of which they complain, until it becomes

irremediable. Half the sorrows of life spring out of the envy of individuals, who ought to feel a common interest in the welfare of those to whom they are bound by the ties of relationship. May God keep me from this dreadful cause of domestic strife. When I reflect on all the mental suffering which you and my poor father experienced from this cause, I am thankful that I stand alone—that no sister will ever feel annoyed at praises bestowed upon me, and that I cannot detract from talent or beauty, which should conduce to my own happiness when possessed by one so near and dear to me. What a long digression this is. How unlike all I meant to write. I am well, and as happy as circumstances will permit me to be.

There is a very beautiful young lady, about four years my senior, residing with my grandmother. She is to be my constant companion. I scarcely know whether to like or dislike Miss Morton. Her first appearance is very prepossessing. She has a tall, fine figure, and a face composed of very regular features, with splendid dark eyes, a fair skin, and a great abundance of rich, glossy, black hair; but there is something in the glance of those eyes, and in the smile that rests upon those bright, red lips, which is dubious—an expression I cannot exactly understand. She caresses and laughs at me in the same breath. I was simple enough to tell her all that had passed between Mr. Hartland and me, and to shew her his letters, and she has made it a matter of ridicule ever since. I bitterly repent having given her my confidence—but it cannot now be helped. I will try to learn wisdom from this painful experience, but it is so hard to seal up one's heart to a young and beautiful creature like my cousin Marianne, when one longs for sympathy and companionship. Perhaps I am prejudiced against her. She knows more of the world than I do, and my countryfied notions may shock her ideas of propriety and etiquette.

There is another relative here, of whose existence I never heard until to-day—a nephew of my grandmother's, a Mr. Walbrook. He is plain in person, but sincere and frank in his manners; a man of learning and piety, to whom my grandmother has been indebted, Marianne tells me, for

her conversion. My cousin laughs at him, but to me he appears a very superior person. I am sure you would like him the best of any person in the house. He is to instruct me in the higher branches of education. Now don't shake your head and smile, dear Jane; there is no fear of my falling in love with my tutor, for his years treble mine. You will rejoice to learn that Edgar Hartland has given up all idea of me, and is going abroad. I ought to be very glad, but somehow or another, the intelligence gave me pain. I should be sorry if I thought that we were never to meet again. I do not love Edgar, but I respect and admire him; oh! how much! I have seen none of the sights of London at present, as my carriage and walking dresses are not yet home, but in a few days I hope to give you a description of all the lions of the place. Adieu, beloved one. You live in the heart of your

ROSAMOND.

P. S. Write soon, and tell me about all the dear country folks—if my pet lamb, Lily, is grown a fine sheep, and as tame as when I left you. When Vic has a tortoise-shell kitten save it for me. I have no pets here.

Rosamond had scarcely finished sealing her letter, before she was roused by a light tap at the door, and her "Come in!" was answered by a ringing laugh.

"A pretty invitation truly, my fair Coz, and a bar between us to forbid my entrance. You had better have said, as we did when we were children, and shut the door in a comrade's face: 'You are on the right side to run away.'"

"A thousand pardons," said Rosamond, still holding her letter in her hand, and unbolting the door. "I quite forgot that I had passed the bolt."

"And what demanded such particular secrecy? No treason I hope, in the shape of love letters, secret assignments, etcetera," said Marianne, glancing suspiciously at the letter Rosamond held in her hand.

Rosamond blushed deeply, because she knew that she had been writing of Miss Morton, and that her opinion was not very favorable, but fearing lest she should misconstrue her emotion into an acknowledgment of writing love letters, unknown to her grandmother, she turned the superscription to Miss Morton.

"Mrs. Redgrave. Pray who may she be?"

"The friend who brought me up."

"Oh, yes! some poor woman in the country."

"Not exactly—Jane Redgrave was the child of a respectable yeoman. Her mother was a clergyman's daughter."

"And her husband—my pretty Rustic?"

Rosamond's face flushed to scarlet. "She was married to my father."

"How! you are not her child?"

"Oh! no. My mother's name was Doyle."

"What a tangled web! I cannot understand it. Come tell me all about it. Begin at the beginning; I have no doubt that it is as amusing as a romance. Those old prosy dowagers are gone, and I have just an hour to spare before retiring to rest. There's a dear, good soul, give me the life and adventures of Rosamond Sternfield?"

"Indeed I cannot," said Rose, tears filling her eyes. "You would not sympathize with me in events which have been the cause of great sorrow to more hearts than one. I fear, Miss Morton, that did I comply with your request, you would only laugh at me."

"Very likely; I cannot promise beforehand to be serious, if any ridiculous circumstance in your story should provoke me to mirth. But really, considering the nearness of relationship, and that we must inhabit the same house, I think there should be no secrets between us." Rose was silent. "Now that is too bad," continued her cousin, "after confiding to me that deaf and dumb affair; the early portion of your life can be but of trifling importance. If I was worthy of your confidence in the one case, I surely must be in the other. Nature, when she gave me a keen sense of the ridiculous, did not make me less to be relied on than the graver specimens of my kind. But you do not love me, Rosamond, because I speak the truth, and abhor flattery."

In a moment the arms of Rosamond were about her cousin's neck; and before she retired to bed, she put her in possession of the events of her early life—the frailty of her friend, and her father's disastrous death. To these details, Marianne listened with intense interest. There was no smile upon her proud lip, or sparkle in her eye; she seemed touched by the sad tale, and when Rosamond ceased her relation, she gently chid her for thinking it possible that such a tragedy could awaken in her breast feelings allied to mirth.

"Good night, Rosamond," she said. "I am grateful for the confidence you have reposed in me, and hope I can prove myself worthy of it. Give me your letter, and I will have it sent early to the post; I respect you for the love you bear Jane Redgrave. Whatever she may be to the world, she has proved herself a true friend to you." Rosamond thankfully placed the letter in her hands, and the cousins parted.

Before ten minutes had elapsed, Marianne Morton had read the contents of the letter, and was

watching the sparks receding from the ashes, as one by one they expired upon the hearth.

"So she mistrusts me—is sorry that she has placed any confidence in me—will be wiser for the future! Poor, silly, weak girl! She knows nothing of me yet. I must deal differently with her—must appear to sympathize in all this maudlin sensibility of hers—must weep as she weeps—and love where she loves. No! perish such hypocrisy! I will be what I am, and she shall be my willing slave. Aye, and like, and fear, and hate me, alternately, as she lists. I feel that I am the master spirit,—that her destiny is in my hands!"

CHAPTER VII.

Our will is free—and we can think and plan
The future destiny we wish our own;
But how to carry out our darling schemes
Is not with us.—A thousand circumstances,
Both unforeseen and unavoidable,
Ruah in between us and our dearest hopes,
And beings whom we know not, never saw,
Forming strong links in the mysterious chain
(Of human progress, fetter the strong will,
Making us weak and powerless as the babe,
Which must obey the motions of its nurse,
Who bears it onward in the path she lists.

Author.

THE revelations made by Rosamond to her grandmother formed a strong tie of sympathy between them; and before many days had passed, the orphan child of the once hated Armyng, was regarded by the penitent mother as an angel sent to her from heaven, to confirm her "late repentance," soothe "her long despair." Most young people, situated like Rose, would have cherished a lively antipathy against her erring relative; but without knowing the fact herself, Rose had entered more deeply into the philosophy of life, and was able to trace the actions of others to their original source. She had long come to a conclusion, that the world judged very falsely in these matters; too often passing a sweeping condemnation upon the faults of its children, without examining the circumstances that had led to their derelictions from the prescribed path of duty. Here was that wicked, cruel grandmother of hers, of whom Mr. Bradshawe, and her otherwise kind Aunt Dunstanville, could not speak too harshly, more an object of compassion than of reprobation. Brought up without a mother's watchful care, in the frivolous atmosphere of a fashionable boarding school—married from thence a mere child—and while needing mental instruction and guidance herself, placed at the head of a family, without having the remotest idea of the important duties she was called upon to fulfil—she

found her husband under the influence of his sister, who, more than double her age, and possessing a stronger mind than her own, was already greatly prejudiced against her. Then commenced that fierce domestic strife, in which the young wife was sure to be the loser; and, without the aid of religion to guide her in safety through the unequal contest, was certain to fall. Her own child had been made to act a part in this unholy drama; and while the aunt imagined herself his best friend, she was indeed his worst enemy, provoking an unnatural hatred between the mother and son, by establishing a detestable rivalry between the brothers. Oh! if well meaning people would but think deeply, before they act rashly, what hatred and misery might be averted from suffering humanity; and families now living in open hostility, might be united in the indissoluble bonds of harmony and love. So thought Rose, and our young philosopher was not far from right.

The next day Rosamond entered upon her course of study, and the hours devoted to mental culture, she found the most delightful in the day. Mr. Walbrook was astonished at the progress of his pupil, in whose welfare he felt the deepest interest, and into whose plastic and comprehensive mind, he lost no opportunity of casting the good seed spoken of in the Scriptures; and there was no portion of his instructions to which Rose listened with more absorbing attention, than to his explanations of passages in Holy Writ.

Marianne was highly amused by her young cousin's partiality to sermons, as she styled Arthur Walbrook's lectures, and declared, it was a thousand pities that her petticoats should stand in the way of her assuming the clerical gown.

"What a person she would have made," she cried. "My Aunt would have installed her, her private confessor, and bestowed upon her all the rich livings in her gift."

"Marianne," said Arthur sternly, "beware of acting the part of the tempter, by turning into ridicule a subject which you know to be sacred. Your cousin values her soul as a rational and immortal creature should value it, while you, poor girl! regard its importance and responsibility as an idle fable, not only burying your talent in the dust, but scoffing at those who are anxious to improve theirs."

"I am a very incorrigible person," said Marianne, with a gay laugh; "and I feel that it would require a younger and more attractive teacher to make me better."

Arthur Walbrook sighed deeply, but he did not resent his cousin's cruel personal remark.

"Marianne, I spoke harshly—forgive me!"—he

cried, extending his hand. "An erring creature like me should not condemn another. I have found from painful experience that the language of reproach seldom improves the heart."

Rose turned her eloquent blue eyes upon her cousin, to see what impression this generous concession had made upon her, but she met the same proud sarcastic smile, as Marianne replied:

"What am I to forgive? The quiet presumption of the Pharisee, who thought himself superior to the despised Publican? If there is a thing I despise upon the face of this motley world more than another, it is the complaisant smile of affected humility.

"Pride more conspicuous on the bended knee, Self-exultation in humility."

"I have seen too much of this cant; I have seen my poor aunt, from a lively, pleasant person, converted into a sour, morose devotee, regarding her fellow creatures as wretched sinners not worthy of her notice, and their most innocent amusements, as unforgivable crimes."

"Your aunt had much to repent of, Miss Morton, and you should rejoice to see her what she now is, an humble and consistent Christian."

"Yes, yes, I understand your set phrases. A gloomy fanatic is a *consistent Christian*! You know well how to manage your converts, and for your spiritual things, get a large exchange of the temporalities—how much you, in your own person, owe to this pious fraud. My aunt's conversion has been to you a mine of gold. From the depths of poverty, it has lifted you into comparative ease and affluence, written your name in my aunt's will, where I have no doubt you would rather see it than in the Book of Life."

"No more—Miss Morton, no more, I beseech you. If you continue in this strain, I fear that I shall not be able to restrain my indignation. But no, that would be unfaithful to my trust,—I must still pity and pray for you."

"Nay, Sir Hypocrite, I pray you, keep your petitions for yourself. You have need of them all. I neither ask, nor need your advice. I stand alone and independent of others, nor will I stoop to sneak to any one, in order to obtain the *mammon of unrighteousness*. Try your skill upon Rosamond there—she is weak and ignorant of the ways of the world—she will be *rich*—she will make a more profitable convert."

She swept out of the room, and Rosamond remained alone with her tutor. They gazed upon each other, but neither seemed inclined to break the silence. At length Arthur Walbrook spoke.

"This has been a distressing scene, Miss Sternfield; and although I make all due allow-

ance for my cousin's violent character, her accusations have given me great pain; and I feel that some explanation of her sarcastic reproaches is due to myself."

"Spare yourself, my dear and esteemed friend," said Rosamond; "I never take heed to words spoken in anger."

"I wish they had been spoken in anger; anger is honest, and however violent, it lays bare the most secret thoughts of its victim. But what Miss Morton has said to me sprang from malice, and as malice always misrepresents, it requires an answer.

"Your grandmother doubtless told you, Rosamond, that she had an elder sister, though only elder by fifteen months. They early lost their mother, who died shortly after her confinement with her second son, Miss Morton's very worthless father; and well had it been for the family if he had died with his mother—for Marianne is only one, among the many illegitimate children he left to the tender mercies of an unfeeling world. My mother, when seventeen years of age, contracted an intimacy with a son of one of her father's tenants, whom she had occasionally met at the house of her foster mother. There is a sort of fatality in these things; Miss Louisa Morton was a handsome, accomplished girl, with pleasing manners, and an open guileless heart. My father was a frank, honest lad, with a good presence, and a very agreeable address, but was not very industrious, and thought as too many in his class have thought before him, that if he could marry a young lady, who would possess a good property, his fortune was made. Step by step he insinuated himself into my mother's good graces, until in an unguarded moment, she suffered the handsome rustic to declare his passion—listened, pitied, and finally eloped with her low-born admirer.

"The anger of my grandfather, Sir George Morton, was implacable; she sought his feet to implore pardon for her rash marriage, and was thrust from his doors. Then came loss of caste and bitter repentance, until better feelings awoke in her breast, and she resolved to overcome these useless regrets, and live and labour for the man she loved.

"Sir George did not confine his wrath to mere words. My father leased a farm that had been held on the same tenure by his father and grandfather, of Sir George. The lease was expiring. A renewal was sternly refused, and he was forced to quit the beloved home of three generations. He tried to hire another farm in the neighbourhood; Sir George used his influence to prevent his procuring one. He secretly maligned his

character, and persecuted him from place to place.

"Without friends, without money, and with his delicate, high-born wife, drooping like a fading flower, the heart of the stout yeoman died within him; and unable to hire a farm himself, he was glad to obtain a place as overseer of an estate in a distant county. His master was a gay, fashionable young man, who spent most of his time in London; and the old hall afforded him for a few years, a quiet asylum for my mother, and his young family, consisting of myself, and two little sisters.

"This period was the sunshiny portion of my life. I considered the beautiful place which my father cultivated as our own. The ample gardens overgrown as they were with weeds, were to us a second paradise; and my dear sisters, Sophy and Harriet, revelled all day long amidst a wilderness of neglected sweets.

"My mother, my dear, gentle, uncomplaining mother! I see her yet, with her face so mild and pale, so delicate and sweetly pretty, in her neat, plaited cap and stuff gown, sitting upon the garden chair, beneath the shade of a mighty chestnut, sewing, and from time to time glancing up with a subdued smile, to watch her infants at their harmless play, or calling us to her, in order to effect an instant reconciliation after some petty quarrel.

"The first precepts of that Divine faith, which Miss Morton affects to despise, I learned from her lips. Religion had reconciled her to her altered lot, had taught her to forgive her enemies, to labour cheerfully and contentedly to obtain her daily bread. My father was an uneducated man, but he had taste and talent enough to appreciate the excellent qualities of his devoted partner. He loved her, in his humble, honest way, and endeavoured to cultivate his mind, during every spare moment, in order to render himself more worthy of her regard. My poor but honored father! how I admire and venerate your tender care of the bruised rose-bud that you stole from the hot-house of wealth, to wither in your lowly garden.

"Yes, Rosamond, in spite of the difference in their rank, in their education and pursuits, I have no doubt that your poor aunt was happier as a wife and mother, than your wealthy grandmother, and had less reason to repent her choice. But as religion can ennoble the beggar and place him in his Maker's eyes, in the same rank as princes; so a want of true piety can debase and sink to the lowest level, the talented and nobly born. My mother, through its divine teaching, rose superior to her circumstances; and employed her time in rearing chil-

dren for heaven, instead of degrading them like her sister, to become the heirs of perdition.

"The curate and the schoolmaster of the village, with their worthy partners and rosy unsophisticated children, were our only friends; but they were a host in themselves, and many a happy evening we spent in each other's humble homes; but this was not to last. When I had just attained my tenth year, my father got word from the steward of the estate, that Mr. Ashburnham was coming down to spend the shooting season at the hall, with a few friends; and he requested that my mother would get the place in order against his arrival, commissioning her to hire servants to assist her in making the necessary preparations for his visit. The steward's letter threw us all into great consternation. For a fortnight, nothing was to be seen in the hall but scenes of dirt and confusion. The plasterers, whitewashers and paper-hangers had it all their own way, while the poor children were banished from their old accustomed places, by the shrill yells of fierce old women, scrubbing and scouring floors and staircases, who drove them without ceremony into odd corners, to wait upon themselves in the best way they could. My poor mother had to preside over this babel of confusion, a spirit too meek and quiet to be able to stem such a torrent of words and work. The noise and discomfort preyed greatly upon her health and spirits, and for her sake, I wished Mr. Ashburnham and his friends across the water.

"At length all these ablutions and decorations came to an end, and my mother, as she discharged the last dame of the mop and pail, quietly remarked to her husband, as she drew her chair to the kitchen fire:

"How grateful I feel, my dear George, that we are once more alone, and can get our homely meal in peace.' My father laughed, and we all sat down to our milk and bread, in high spirits and with cheerful faces. Alas! how little does man know of the future. Could we have looked into the coming events of the dark tomorrow, where would have been the smile that that night gladdened our hearth! The next day the new servants arrived, followed by carts loaded with wine and choice provisions from the London markets. Liveried grooms, with their dogs and horses, filled the stables, and strange faces crowded the servants' hall. Among all the luggage and confusion, the children as usual were much in the way; and I was pushed about with very little ceremony, by the proud pampered menials. 'This boy,' quoth one, 'will just do to clean boots and shoes, and fetch in water.'

"And feed the dogs," said another.

"I viewed the speakers with infinite disdain, and was about to reply to what I thought 'their impertinence;' but my mother laid her hand on my shoulder, and whispered in my ear.

"They mean no offence; you must not give them any. Remember, Arthur, you are poor!" I never knew the real etymology of that word till then.

"At noon the carriages arrived, containing the guests. We were all eager to see them alight, and hurried to a window which commanded the view in front of the house. Our master, Mr. Ashburnham, a fine handsome young man, sprang lightly from the front seat of an elegant open equipage, which he had himself driven, and offered his arm to an old gentleman who had been his companion. As the old man descended the steps, and his stern, harsh features were fully revealed to us, my mother gave a faint scream, exclaiming 'My father!' and fell senseless into our arms.

"In the hurry and confusion that ensued, we quite forgot all about the company. After a few moments my mother revived, and although she looked as pale as death, she mastered her feelings, and became composed. The housekeeper, who was a stranger only just arrived, requested her to assist in preparing luncheon for the company; my mother mechanically obeyed her wishes, but it was plain to us all that her heart and thoughts were far away from her work.

"In the meanwhile Mr. Ashburnham had taken Sir George Morton to the stables, in order to have his opinion on the merits of a fine race-horse, that he was about to enter at Newmarket for the ensuing races. At the stable door he encountered my father, who took off his hat, and respectfully saluted the gentlemen as they passed.

"Jones," said Mr. Ashburnham to his steward, who was with him, "who is that fine looking farmer?"

"Your overseer, Mr. Ashburnham; a hard-working, honest, trustworthy man. You might pick the whole county before you could find his equal. He has been here eight years, and I have never been able to detect him in the slightest fault. His wife, too, is a pretty sensible woman; I have heard that she was a lady who ran away with him, and her appearance and manners warrant the truth of the report.

"What is the fellow's name?" mumbled Sir George Morton.

"George Walbrook."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Sir George, turning fiercely to Mr. Ashburnham. "If I had known, Mr. Ashburnham, that you had har-

boured so long the ruffian that robbed me of my daughter, I never should have demeaned myself by entering your doors."

"My dear Sir George, I was ignorant of the fact until this moment. My steward manages all these things."

"Well Sir, you know it now—and if you choose to retain this incendiary in your house, I must quit it instantly."

"There is no need of an alternative, my excellent friend. Jones, go and tell that fellow that his services are no longer required. Pay him his wages, and let him quit the hall immediately."

"The steward was a humane man. He looked the remonstrance he dared not utter, while the respect he felt for my poor mother was increasing every moment.

"My mother had just returned to the kitchen, after having laid the tray for the gentlemen's lunch, when my father came in.

"Louisa," he said, "dress the children, and help me to pack up our little property; I have received orders from Mr. Jones to quit the hall immediately."

"This is my father's doings," said my poor mother, wringing her hands.

"Your father's!"

"Yes, he is here."

"Curse him!" muttered the yeoman; "he is a hard, unfeeling man."

"Oh! do not curse him, George. Cruel as he has been to us, I should not have disobeyed him; he is still my father."

"You repent then of becoming my wife?" said my father, his eyes flashing a gloomy fire. "Had I married a woman in my own rank I need not have been a hireling in any house, but at this moment should have been master of my own hearth-stone."

"These were the only harsh words I ever heard my father utter to his wife, and seeing her weep, his better feelings instantly prevailed; taking her in his arms, he kissed away her tears, and said:"

"Cheer up, poor Loo. He has robbed me of a comfortable home; he shall not rob me of thee."

"God will find us another home, my beloved," said that angel woman; "but as we are now under the same roof, I will not lose the opportunity given me, to try and soften his heart. If I fail, we are nothing the worse. If I succeed, I have won my father."

"My little sisters were very lovely children, and my mother called us into her little sleeping room, and washed our faces, and brushed and combed Harriet's and Sophy's rich curling locks over her

fingers, and dressed us plainly but neatly in our Sunday clothes. She then wrote a few lines upon a card, and told me to lead my two sisters by the hand, and go boldly into the dining room, and present the old gentleman with the white hair the card, and to make a low bow, and say to him.'

" 'Sir George Morton, my mother told me to give you this.' She then kissed us, and with tears bade God speed us; and, I believe, during the brief period of our absence on that fruitless embassy to pride and avarice, she never rose from her knees.

"I could read well, and as my mother had not forbidden me to read what she had written, I did so.

" 'Father, I beseech you, by the love you bore me when a child like these, for their sakes not to deprive their father of his situation, and these helpless little ones of bread. From your afflicted but still attached daughter,

LOUISA.'

"I thought, for I was but a boy, that it was impossible for the old gentleman to refuse such an humble petition, or to receive us coldly, and I regarded the beautiful little girls with great pride and satisfaction. Yet, my heart died within me, and my hand trembled on the lock of the door. ere I dared to present myself before the grand gentlemen assembled in the dining room. I heard the ringing of their glasses, and their gay peals of laughter, and thinking how disappointed my poor mother would be, if I failed in my mission, I pushed open the door, and dragged my companions after me into the middle of the room. But there we came to a dead halt. My knees shook under me, and I dared not advance another step. Alas! that one human creature should thus stand like a thing ashamed before his fellows of the earth, and bow his head like a bulrush before a mere man. Shame upon humanity, that has made wealth a God, to which the poor are commanded to bow down and worship, by a mandate as stern as that issued of yore by the haughty Persian. Would that there were more men in the world, like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, to resist the imperious usages of Society, and refuse their homage to the golden image which the world has set up.

"Our entrance excited no small surprise. 'What beautiful children, Ashburnham!' cried one dispirited looking man. 'You never told us what a fine family you had in the country.' This was followed by a hearty laugh—while another equally witty said; 'My fine little fellow, do you want your papa?'

" 'Oh! no sir,' was my reply, for not understanding at that time, their jokes, their speaking to me gave me courage. 'My father is in the

kitchen. It is my grandpapa I was looking for.' The old gentleman turned upon me with a scowl. I walked up to the table, and put the card into his hand.

"He glanced upon it for a moment. His face grew purple with passion; he tore the card into pieces, and trampled upon it, then giving me a smart blow in the face, he cried, 'Out of my sight, beggar's brat! and tell your mother, that I would serve her in the same manner, if she dared to shew her face before me.' Cries of 'Shame! shame, Sir George! They are your own children!' resounded on all sides, and smarting with pain, and burning with indignation, I dragged my sisters away, and escaped from the general confusion.

"My mother bore her disappointment with silent resignation. She had done what lay in her power to mollify the resentment of her unfeeling parent, and she calmly left the rest to God, firmly believing, that all that had happened to her was for the best. Before evening all our preparations were made, and we quitted forever the home in which we had passed the happiest period in our chequered lives. My mother shed a few tears, as she glanced at the old building, rising majestically above the lofty trees which surrounded it. A turning in the road hid it from our sight, and we commenced the descent of a very steep hill, which led to the little village, where my father had hired an humble lodging until he could procure another situation. The cart, which the steward had kindly lent us, to transport our goods thither, was loaded with bedding and boxes and some few articles of furniture. I was seated upon the front of the cart, driving the horse, which was but a poor sorry animal, never used but to bring the grist from the mill, or parcels from the town.

"My mother and the two little girls walked behind; and my father at the side of the cart, in order to steady the load as we made the abrupt descent of the hill. Just in the very worst part the old horse stumbled and fell, and threw me into the road, while a heavy trunk struck my father violently on the back of his head, in its descent. I remember hearing my mother and sisters scream; I remember nothing more of that frightful accident. When I recovered to any knowledge of the past, I was in the good curate's house, confined to the bed, and to one painful position, having dislocated my hip, and otherwise very seriously injured my right leg, by the overturning of the cart. My poor mother, more like a ghost than her former self, was flitting about my bed in deep mourning; and then it was, I learned for the first time, that my father

had been killed by the blow he received upon his head, by the fall of the box from the cart.

"Mr. Ashburnham had been shocked beyond measure at the awful catastrophe, which had followed his abrupt dismissal of a good and faithful servant. Fierce words had arisen between him and Sir George, upon the occasion, and the latter had left the hall in great displeasure. Mr. Ashburnham had twice visited my mother in her affliction, had paid all the expenses attending upon my father's funeral, and was responsible to the village surgeon, for his attendance upon me. This was good and kind. It shewed that perverted as his heart had been in the idle circles of fashion, it was not wholly dead to the calls of humanity. To comply with the request of a bad man, he had committed an act of cruel injustice; but he was deeply sensible of his error, and sincerely lamented the fatal result. His kindness during the agonising period of my mother's widowhood, saved us from much misery and actual beggary. He gave us a little cottage in the village, rent free, to be occupied by my mother as long as she remained an alien from her family; and when I was sufficiently recovered from my accident to be able to walk on crutches, he paid the good schoolmaster for teaching me, instructing him to give me the best education which lay in his power, in order that I might be able to follow the same profession when I grew up; and contribute to the support of my mother and sister.

"This anecdote will convince you, Rosamond, that however warped by bad example, and the selfish maxims of the world, there is some good in every heart,—a precious germ, which, vivified by the spirit of God, might spring up into a goodly tree, and blossom and bear fruit for eternity. It is our duty as Christians to examine carefully the characters of others, and to find out, if possible, this hidden germ of good, long buried though it may have been amongst the rubbish of depravity; and by gentle tending and sympathising care, to bring it once more to the light. There are few hearts so deadened in the ways of sin, but there remains some chord which may be touched—some tender feeling which may be awakened, to remind them of their former innocence, and make them loathe their present debasement and guilt. Touch but that chord, let the emotions awakened by the collision have their full play; instead of harsh condemnation and useless reproaches, soothe and confirm the penitent while the tear yet lingers in his eye, and you may win a soul to God.

"Ministers are always more successful in gaining converts who appeal to the best feelings of humanity, than those who thunder in their ears the

terrors of the law. There is a natural obstinacy in the human mind, which hardens itself into resistance, when punishment is threatened in an imperious tone; while the proudest heart is softened when led to reflect upon its ingratitude to a benevolent and indulgent father. The former course may give rise to servile fear, or dogged opposition—the latter falls like dew upon the thirsty soul, and melts it into tears. It was the latter course which I pursued with your grandmother, and you see the results; but to my tale.

"Years passed away, in the peaceful obscurity of that dear village. My mother supported herself and the girls by her needle; and my evenings were devoted to their instruction. My lameness excluded me from all active employments, and my love for my admirable parent induced me to exert all my faculties, to obtain the requisite knowledge, which would enable me, in my turn, to keep a school, to maintain those beloved objects of my care. These were the seasons of refreshment, when the love of an Almighty Father hovered perpetually around us, and softened all our labours. Memory loves to return and linger over those halcyon days. It seemed to me a blessed task, a holy privilege, to be allowed to work for those I loved—to share their trials, and participate in all their joys and sorrows. Poor in this world's acceptance of the word; but oh! how rich in treasures beyond the reach of mere wealth or station to procure. One in heart, one in love and faith, our hopes, our prayers, were one, and all these blessings were hallowed by the love and fear of God. Who shall dare to mock at the meek faith which Jesus taught, when it produces results like these?—when, wanting all the luxuries of life, our trust in Him made a paradise of earth.

"My sisters—my gentle loving sisters, those twin angels, whom the Eternal Father only suffered to remain on earth, until prepared for heaven,—how dear they were to the soul of their brother! With what a fond delight I contemplated their opening beauty,—how proud was I to be the companion of their evening rambles in the fields and woods, after the labours of the day were done. With what pleasure I watched them bounding through the mazy labyrinths of the grove, to find the brightest wild flowers for their lame brother; and when they lighted upon some unexpected treasure among the wildings of nature, how their gay, silvery laugh, came ringing like the sweetest music to my ear, as both would exclaim: 'These are for our dear Arthur, and these for our own mother.' Oh! we were happy, Rosamond,—so happy! The money we earned procured us plain food and clothing.

and even enabled us to save a trifle for our poor brethren; and what else did we require. A dearth of books was my greatest sorrow; but when my want was made known to Mr. Ashburnham, he kindly gave me the key of his library, opening all its inexhaustible stores to my eager craving for knowledge.

"A proud man was I, the day that I took possession of the old school-room, as master, and sat down as a teacher in that awful chair, before which I had often stood, in reverence and wholesome fear, as a favorite pupil. My good master had been left a small farm in a distant part of the county, and I was called to fill his vacant place.

"For several years I occupied this situation, with credit to myself, and gave much satisfaction in my humble sphere. But it was with the utmost difficulty, and not without exercising the most rigid economy, that I could from my narrow stipend maintain my family, for as soon as I was able to earn my own living, I determined to provide a home for my mother and sisters; my own feelings of independence, no longer suffering me to let them remain pensioners upon the bounty of our benefactor, who shortly after died, deeply regretted by us all.

"During the spring, my sister Harriet got very wet, in carrying home some work she had finished for Mrs. Thurton, the wife of the new occupant of the Hall. A violent cold was the result, and the dear girl, who was always very delicate, never recovered from its effects.

"Not having witnessed in our own family the insidious inroads of consumption, we had no idea of her danger; still hoping from the brightness of her eye, and the vivid glow upon her cheek, that our darling would soon recover her wonted health and spirits. The curate's wife, who often visited our cottage, first apprised us of the fatal truth, and filled our minds with the most agonising apprehensions. Sea air was recommended, and we gladly sold every superfluous article in the house, to provide means for the journey. Every remedy that human art, or human love could suggest, was tried, but tried in vain. The sweet girl died in my arms, as serenely as an infant sinks to sleep upon its mother's breast. She was happy, oh! how happy! and I dared not repine; but my grief fell like drops of scalding water upon my heart; my brain seemed scorched, with the burning weight of tearless agony. I had loved her as a second self. To lose her was worse than to have encountered a double death.

"I cannot describe my mother's grief. For our sakes she reserved it for her secret hours; and sel-

dom did I pass a night without being startled by her bitter moans. From the ravages that it made upon her person, and her increasing grey hairs, which at her age were premature, I could well define the depth of her suffering. Sophy made no outward lamentations. She never breathed the name of her sister; and left the room abruptly, if any stranger unthinkingly recurred to our loss: but her rosy lip had lost its smile, and her eye its joyous glance: her look was bent earthward, her steps fell feeble and slow, and never wandered farther from the door, than to her sister's grave. I marked with painful anxiety the mournful change. I reasoned with the silent mourner. I implored her, for my mother's, for my sake, to resume with cheerfulness her accustomed tasks, to trust in God, and to seek in His holy word, a consolation for our grief—her answer was simply, as she turned her sad glance, full of meaning on my face:

"Physician, heal thyself! leave me alone. There are some things over which we have no control. The light of home has vanished, and do you marvel that my soul is dark?"

"I knew too well, by my own sufferings, that to offer common-place advice was vain, and I made no reply. I trusted that time, her strong good sense, and the deep love she bore to her mother and me, would soften her affliction, and restore her wonted peace of mind. Vain hope! She lingered on from day to day, and before the winds of autumn garnered to the bed of earth the last leaves of the forest, the sods were piled upon her lowly grave.

"You weep, Rosamond! But oh! could you have felt the desolate stillness of our once cheerful, happy home, you would have experienced the stern reality of grief. During the illness of my sister, I had been forced to give up the school, for she was unable to bear the noise. Now I was glad to resume it, to deaden the grief which consumed me, by constant occupation. But when the hours of study were over, when my poor mother and myself were once more alone, then we felt the full depth of our bitter bereavement. For months I could not realise that our two lovely virgins were gone, to light their lamps at the fountains of light. I fancied their steps at the door, bringing fruits and flowers, their sweet voices murmuring glad welcomes in my ear. I started from my dream of happier days, and met the wan, meek face of my parent bathed in tears.

"Then we sought in communion of thought to allay the fever of concealed sorrow—we talked of the dead—we recounted all their little adventures from their tender infancy; we dwelt

with enthusiastic love on their affection, their industry, their piety and works of charity. We recalled their last looks, their triumphant end, and we no longer wept; we felt that they were happy—that God had called them home in mercy, and we said: 'That lovely in life, in death they were not divided.' And we knelt and prayed, that our end might be like theirs; that we might be re-united to the beloved and lost in heaven.

"Slowly the winter passed away. It was the longest and saddest I had ever known. The returning spring stretched me upon a bed of sickness; which, by disabling me from following my business, reduced us to great poverty; when I was so far recovered as to be able to resume my school, we were literally without food in the house. My dear mother had nearly starved herself in order to procure comforts for me. The constitution, worn down by the ravages of secret grief, by long nursing, and heart-crushing care, failed altogether; and I was now called upon to see her perish, almost from want, before my eyes. In my distress I applied to some charitable neighbours; they did much; but like ourselves, they were very poor, and could not supply all that was necessary to give my beloved parent a chance for life. In my desperation, I determined to apply to the gentry at the hall, and implore their assistance. A sinful pride hindered me from applying for help in person, but I wrote a pathetic letter to Mrs. Thurton, informing her of our distressed condition, and imploring her assistance and relief.

"I sat down by my mother's bed, to await the return of my messenger; but a fever of impatience drove me constantly to the door. In all our troubles I had never before been forced to the humiliating position I now held. I could not bear to think of myself as a common beggar, a suppliant for charity; I looked at my poor, dying mother,—I felt that I had done right. She was sleeping quietly; the last deep sleep which often precedes death, but I could not for a moment suppose that I, who had suffered so much from the cruel destroyer, was again to be called upon to resign my all, the last tie that bound me to earth.

"A carriage drove rapidly up to our cottage door. The color rushed to my face, my heart beat audibly.

"O, blessed God!" I exclaimed; "why have I dared to doubt thy mercy? behold thou hast sent help in the time of need; we shall not perish." I descended the rickety stairs as quickly as my disabled limb would permit me, and received a

fashionably dressed woman, in middle life, upon our miserable threshold.

"Is your name Walbrook?" she exclaimed hastily.

"It is, Madam."

"And your mother? where is she? I must see her."

"I hesitated. 'She is sleeping—is very ill—I fear that she is unable to receive strangers'"

"So ill—so very ill! What doctor attends her?"

"Alas, Madam, we are too poor to obtain medical advice. We must trust in the tender mercies of our God."

"No doctor! no nurse!—This must be remedied immediately. Lead the way to her chamber. I must—I will see her!"

"For the first time, I was struck with the extraordinary likeness which existed between my mother and the stranger, and seeing her so earnestly bent upon visiting the invalid, I no longer refused her access to the sick chamber, though, shame to me, I felt humiliated at being forced to expose our destitution to such a gaily dressed person.

"With my assistance she ascended the stairs, and stooped her proud head to gain an entrance into the low ceiled room, which directly under the eaves, slanted upwards to the centre of the roof, where a person could barely stand upright, by the side of a miserable flock-bed. My poor mother was still sleeping, and a beam from the setting sun stole in through the small casement in the roof, and rested upon the pale still countenance of her, who calmly slumbered her last evening upon earth away.

"During my absence, a great change had taken place in the appearance of the sufferer. The features had become sharper and more rigid; a bluish shade had settled upon the temples, and beneath the hollow, deeply-sunken eyes; she appeared to breathe with difficulty, while a heavy moisture stood in thick beads upon her death-pale brow.

"She is dying,' murmured the stranger, bending anxiously over her." "Poor, poor Louisa! after so many years to meet you thus.' Tears flowed fast from her eyes. One drop fell upon the brow of the sleeper. Had it been a spark of fire, it could not have awakened her to more intense consciousness; she opened her eyes, she gazed upon the weeping woman at her bed's head in silent amazement, then faintly exclaimed: 'My dream was true! My sister, my dear, my long lost sister! I bless God that He has granted my

prayers, and permitted me to behold you once more before I die.'

"Talk not of death,' said Mrs. Sternfield, clasping her damp cold hand passionately in her own; 'I cannot part with you so soon. Long, long have I wished to find you out, and snatch you from obscurity; but I knew not where to find you. I happened to be upon a visit at the Hall, when your son's letter to Mrs. Thurton, made me aware of the fact that the sister whom I had so long sought, was in my immediate neighborhood. I flew hither upon the wings of speed, and hope that now we have met, it will be to part no more.

"My mother sighed and shook her hand.

"I am too happy in the prospect of death to wish to remain longer upon earth; but, Harriet, if my memory is indeed dear to you, be a friend to my son; he is alone in the world, without money, without friends. Transfer your kindness to him, I need it no longer; and may God bless you both, and make you a comfort to each other.'

"A sweet, serene smile stole over her face. I felt that her hour was come, that her spirit was passing upwards to the skies; and sinking upon my knees, and folding her now lifeless form to my heart, I exclaimed in my bitter grief!"

"Leave me not, Oh! my mother!"

Arthur paused, choked with emotion; it was some time before he could resume the thread of his discourse.

"It is useless to dwell upon these past agonies; but of all the sorrows which sin has entailed upon suffering humanity, there is no grief like that of parting with the friends we love, even when we know them to be happy, and religion points upward with her holy finger to the skies, and tells us to seek for them at the throne of God. Worldly as she then was, Mrs. Sternfield respected and shared my grief. She paid the expenses of her sister's burial, and raised a plain but substantial monument over her tomb and that of her children. She seemed to have attached herself to me with a strange sort of sympathy, and though for some time I resisted her offers of service, and assured her that I could maintain myself, she seemed determined that we should not part.

"Arthur,' she said, 'the patrimony that should have belonged to your mother, my father bequeathed in his will to me. This my conscience urges daily upon me, should be yours; and I shall feel happier by making the restitution. You must not refuse the good I offer you; but it has one condition. God has deprived me of my children. Age is stealing upon me, and the recollection of the past is full of bitterness—the

future a blank! You must supply the place of the sons whom I have lost; must become my friend and counsellor. You must not say me nay. I have set my heart upon your becoming an inmate of my house.'

"Thus urged, it was impossible to refuse her gracious request. The kindness she had shewn to my poor dying mother had endeared her to me; and when I had heard her mournful story, I felt a strong desire to become instrumental in her conversion, to obtain for her that consolation and peace of mind that religion alone could bestow. I accompanied her to London, and have remained under her roof for the last five years. She wished me to enter into holy orders; and though my inclinations pointed to the church I could not overcome a scruple of conscience, which led me to consider that no maimed or deformed person was worthy to stand before the Lord, as a priest in His holy temple. Still in my humble station, I had many opportunities of doing good. My aunt had settled upon me, what should have been my mother's portion, had she married to please her imperious father; and as my wants were few, I had ample means of alleviating the necessities and sufferings of many worthy Christians who pine in the miserable garrets of this huge metropolis.

"It would take more time than I can at present bestow, to tell you how, step by step, I grappled with the fierce remorse which at times shook the reason of my poor aunt, and brought her to the very verge of insanity—how perseveringly I soothed her despair, and weaned her from the vanities and follies of the world, which she still clung to, as the only remedy for her deep and cureless grief. Much had I to endure from the mocking sarcasms of Marianne Morton, whose beauty and talents, for a time, dazzled my better judgment, and made me blind to all her faults. I saw your grandmother at last, rise like one awakened from the dead; freed from the slavery of sin, by the light of divine truth; and my heart rejoiced, and I blessed the Lord for his goodness to the children of men. But to that fair and false girl no day of mercy dawned. My prayers, and tears for her eternal weal, up to the present hour, have found no answer in her cold, stony heart. But we must not despair; much as she resembles her cruel grandfather, some good may yet lie dormant in her breast, and you, my sweet cousin Rosamond, may be able to touch a chord which has never yet vibrated to me."

"You think too highly of me," said Rose wiping the tears from her eyes. "Oh! that I were good like you!"

"How little I deserve that title!" replied

Arthur. "But your good opinion, Rosanond, is very dear to me; you are so like my dear lost sisters, that my heart clave to you from the first moment my eyes rested upon you. I felt as if I had known you from your infancy—as if we had played in the same fields, and woven garlands of wild flowers from the same bough; so vividly did your presence recal the blessed days of my youth. These are the dreams of memory for ever busy with the past, for I am old enough, Rose, to have been your father."

"And as a father, will I love you," said Rose. "You shall be my guide in all matters of importance; and when I mistrust the decisions of my own heart, I will rely upon the moral rectitude of yours."

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY A. W.

Man lives upon the world; the world's applause
Determines every purpose—every thought
Is good or bad—each action and its cause
Must stand or fall, when to the issue brought
Of wordly wisdom. Man who loudly boasts
An independent nature, tamely bows
Before the mandates of gay fashion's hosts,
And at their bidding makes, or mars, his vows.

It matters not how noble, good, and pure,
The small still promptings of the inward mind,
Impelling man to actions which secure
Joy to himself and blessings to his kind:
He may not venture, openly and bold,
To act as virtue prompts; before him stands
The world's opinion—calculating—cold—
Which chills and chains at once his heart and hands.

The finest feelings of his soul descend,
To meet the standard given by the crowd,
And woman's love is valued, just as tend,
Her beauty's charms to make him pleased and proud.
The approbation of th' admiring throng—
The servile homage of the heartless rake—
Stamp value on that gem which should alone
Be valued only for its own dear sake.

But is it so with *Woman*? Can a nod
Direct the flowings of her fervent heart—
Or regulate *her* feelings by a mode—
And make her play, like man, the puppet's part?
No, no—not it! She may her fury form
Deck out, obedient to the Fashion's sway,
But 'twere as vain to strive to calm the storm,
As 'twere to turn dear *Woman's* heart astray.

When woman loves, the world to her is naught,
Its smile or frown unheeded pass her by;
It claims no kindred with her heart's deep thought,
Nor shares her secret sorrow—nor her joy!
Fond woman's world is centred all in him,
Whose image reigns within her inmost soul,
Wrapt with a beauty which no art may limn—
King of her bosom, with supreme control.

Is he a Prince? 'Tis not the outward show—
The gaudy trappings of his high estate—
The thousand glittering nothings which must glow
In pride and pomp around the nobly great—
Which shed in *Woman's* eyes o'er hi a she lobe,
A brighter lustre! No! 'tis he alone
Who gives a grace to pomp—'tis he who proves
Himself the sun whence all the glory shone.

Is he of lowly birth, and does he pass
From youth to age unnoticed and unknown;
Receiving not the incense of the mass,
But of a heart whose springs are all his own?
How she laments and pities, that the blind,
Unheeding world, should never see the bright,
Rependent glories of a heart and mind,
Which unto her alone pour forth their light.

A mind which seems to her of wondrous birth,
Because its aspirations soared so high:
Because with her it leaves the grovelling earth.
And points to regions far beyond the sky,—
Where, when life's bitter cup has pass'd away,
Sweet woman's many long borne griefs are o'er—
Where endless bliss, and love without decay,
Refills her heart and bids her grieve no more.

Should he by some transcendent deed, or skill,
Force Admiration from her fickle throne,
And make her bow beneath the mighty will
Of an all-conquering genius, till she own,
That, placed beside the soul-enkindled flame,
Which burns within the unenthralled soul,
How base and servile—pitiful and tame—
The deeds and thoughts which worldly men control.

How faint her plaudits—feeble all her praise—
Compared with woman's pure and soul-fell love
For such a being. With what deep amaze—
What timid fondness—like a trembling dove,
When clasp'd within his arms, fond woman's eyes
Look into his, and looking, speak so loud
A boundless adoration of the prize
She has in him—'tis he that makes her proud!

The admiration which the world may shower
Around his head finds vent in worldly speech—
Lauds his creations—wonders at the power,
Which drew them forth, and placed them in the reach
Of common men—which rendered free to all
The mighty workings of enlighten'd Mind—
Which tore from ignorance its shel'ring pall—
Gave light to darkness—vision to the blind.

But woman's love,—and that comprises all
Of admiration—all of high esteem—
Speaks not in words, her tongue in vain may call,
For language meet to shadow forth the beam
Which plays in lambent glory o'er her heart,
Reflecting light upon the brow of him,
Before whose matchless mind—whose wondrous art—
To her all else of earth-born glories dim.

Lips may not speak her thoughts, but from her eyes,
A language springs embodying in each glance,
A world of joy and triumph, thoughts which rise,
Like beautiful cherubs from a slumbering trance,
And throw around her bounding bosom's Lord,
A prouder glory, and a purer fame.
Than all the trophies which the world afford—
Its crowning laurels, or its deathless name!

(To be continued.)

IDA BERESFORD; OR, THE CHILD OF FASHION.*

BY R. E. N.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE unspeakable astonishment of Dr. Vernon, and his wife, may be better imagined than described, when Claude recounted to them the substance of his conversation with Lucy. They said indeed it was not more than she deserved; but partial as they were to their child, they could not help acknowledging that this was an exaltation surpassing far their wildest dreams. The Marquis called early the following day, and Claude, who was the first person he encountered, frankly apologized for his conduct on the preceding day; an apology which was freely received as it was freely given. For a long hour he was closeted alone with the Doctor and Mrs. Vernon, and the result of the conference was that, "if in two years his sentiments and those of Lucy remained unchanged, no farther obstacle would be offered to their union." Till then, he could travel or remain in England, whilst she perfected, in the retirement of her family, the virtues and amiable qualities of which she had already given so bright a promise. Whatever his real sentiments might have been, Pemberton, after some remonstrances, professed himself satisfied, having previously exacted a solemn pledge that his betrothed should, on no pretext whatever, visit London or Elm Grove, even for a day, till the period of his return.

His parting with Lucy, though accompanied by tears and regrets, was yet cheered in part, by the hopes of a future happy reunion. Still, never had his brow, usually so careless and bright, worn so sad an expression as when he turned from Dr. Vernon's mansion, and the easy smile, his unfeeling characteristic, was for once replaced by an unequivocal look of discontent.

"Two years!" he indignantly exclaimed; "'Tis too long—'tis disgraceful—I'll not stand it!"

"Nay, make no rash promises, my lord," said a voice, which he instantly recognized as Ida's.

He started, and looking up perceived her seated in the arbour, with a book, and nearly concealed by the leafy screen.

"Thank you for your timely interposition,"

he replied, as he approached her. "I know not what I was on the point of saying. But, tell me, Miss Beresford; do you not sympathize with me? Is it not a ridiculously long trial to subject us to?"

The faintest possible approach to a sneer, curled the chiselled lip of his listener, as she quietly rejoined.

"Though the trial may be useless,—ridiculous, in your case, 'tis necessary in Lucy's. She is too young to know her own opinions—her heart—yet. If your mutual constancy can stand the amazing test of two years absence, you will indeed, be worthy of each other. If not, the deserted party can easily console him or herself, by reflecting how unworthy the faithless one is, of regret or remembrance."

"Your philosophy is pleasanter in theory than in practice," returned the young nobleman, peevishly; "but 'tis amazing how calm, how stoical we can sometimes be, when our friends, not ourselves, are concerned. Were you in either of our respective positions—"

"I should consider myself too happy! too blessed!" she interrupted with an earnestness that startled him. "What is a separation of two, or four years, brightened by the certainty of a future happy reunion! 'Tis wrong, 'tis ungrateful of you to repine. Were you doomed to an eternal separation; were your future dark and gloomy, uncheered by one ray of hope, one gleam of brightness, then might you murmur."

"But, Miss Beresford, surely your picture is overdrawn. There are few, nay there are none, whose lot is so dark, so hopeless, as the one you have just portrayed."

"There are, and I could cite you one," she rejoined, raising her dark eyes to his, with an expression he could not fathom; "but you or Lucy could never be of the number. You belong to that favored class of mortals, whose minds, owing to their happy elasticity, can never remain long bowed down by misfortune, and who, disappointed in one hope, can ever turn to another for consolation."

"I can scarcely divine whether you intend compliment or satire, Miss Beresford; but still,

reply to me frankly. Were you in Miss Vernon's place, would you submit as patiently as she does? If, for example," and his voice slightly changed, "when I placed my hand and heart at your disposal some months since, and you had then accepted me, would you unobtrusively resign yourself to the absolute decree pronounced against us? Answer—"

"Yes, most certainly; but then, my lord," and her face flushed, the comparison is not just. My heart, unlike Lucy's, was free and unfettered."

"And you made me feel it," he somewhat bitterly replied; "but let us waive the subject. 'Tis the only one that can arouse unkind feelings between us, and I owe you much, Miss Beresford, much, for the kindness with which you have interested yourself in promoting mine and Miss Vernon's happiness. Kindness the more appreciated, as it was utterly unmerited."

"Unexpected you would say," she smilingly interrupted; "but come, tell me, my lord, how do you intend to wile away the interminable four and twenty months of your exile?"

"Heaven knows! I am sick of travelling, and London society will hereafter be distasteful to me, till I can introduce among its coteries the Marchioness of Pemberton. I think, as a last resource, I'll turn Antiquarian; collect all the old medals, write down all the old inscriptions,"

"And compose innumerable sonnets and verses in the Petrarch vein," added Ida, with a very indefinable smile. "I see you have sufficient resources, my lord; and believe me, there is no fear of your pistolling or drowning yourself in a fit of despair, or *ennui*. But now, 'tis time to part; farewell, and wherever you go, my good wishes will accompany you."

He lingered for a moment, and then silently pressing her hand, left the arbour with a hasty step; Ida looked after him for some time, and then flung herself upon her mossy seat, murmuring:

"Pemberton! I did well to reject the hand you proffered. Never could we have assimilated in character—never could we have been happy. But the fault would have rested with me alone, for if a kind worthy heart, and generous temper, were enough to ensure felicity, you possess them both. But enough of this. Such reflections but lead to sadder ones."

Taking up her book, she composed herself again to read, and in the absorbing interest of the volume before her, Pemberton was soon forgotten. It was not till the increasing twilight rendered further reading impossible, that she laid it down, and abandoned herself to a reverie,

long and calm, which the sweet breath of the flowers, the gentle evening breeze, which ever and anon half raised the curls from her brow, and the pleasant, almost solemn stillness that reigned around, rendered peculiarly delightful. Suddenly she was aroused by the sound of voices near her. The tones were those of Mrs. Vernon and Claude, who, apparently unconscious of her vicinity, had seated themselves on a rustic bench, almost in front of the arbour, where, completely concealed by the thick leaves, and deepening twilight, she was seated. Her first impulse was to spring up and reveal her presence, but the words of Claude arrested her.

"Yes, mother, I wronged Ida in that particular."

"As you have done in many others, my son."

The awkwardness of presenting herself at such a time, joined to an intense desire to know to what Claude alluded, induced her to retain her position. After a second he resumed.

"Yes, I always suspected her of a preference for the Marquis of Pemberton, especially from the period of his first visit, which, decidedly, was then intended solely for her. But what, think you, can have changed his intentions, dear mother? Is it that he found no favour with Ida?"

"The latter conjecture is the correct one. Lucy has confessed to me, that he proposed to her, even in London, and she rejected him."

"Strange girl!" murmured Claude, half aloud; "he who would seek to read her character, would undertake to solve a problem more difficult than that of the fabled Sphynx of old."

"Yes, she is indeed incomprehensible on some points," returned Mrs. Vernon; "but she has many redeeming qualities. One thing, that I cannot reconcile with her rejection of the rank and position offered her by Pemberton, is the intense longing with which she evidently looks forward to the approaching season, which she of course will pass in town with Lady Stanhope. That is the secret of the restlessness, the feverish anxiety, which seem to possess her so often. As Marchioness of Pemberton she could have reigned unsurpassed, unrivalled; but very likely she has formed an attachment for some other of the elegant noblemen, or men of fashion, whom she met during her sojourn in London."

"I know not," he rejoined. "She seems to me a being incapable of such a feeling. But has she never confided anything to you, who have filled the place of a mother, aye, the tenderest of mothers, towards her?"

"Never, but indeed in this latter respect I do not blame her, for she is not the only one. Others have imitated her faithfully."

Claude coloured deeply, for the hint came home to himself, but his mother quietly continued.

"And as she never made the slightest advances towards such a thing, delicacy of course forbade my soliciting it; not but that I have earnestly desired it, for I cannot but feel for her evident unhappiness. How changed she is from what she was, when she first came among us! What has become of the scornful indifference, the hauteur, which so wounded, so repulsed our affection? Tell me your opinion frankly, Claude."

"Well! it must be confessed she is changed much for the better, at least in appearance; but the cold proud reserve, the absence of all exterior marks of affection, of friendship, still remain; and indicate, I fear, that the woman will be what the girl foretold."

"Claude! Claude! I repeat to you what I have said before,—you are prejudiced against her."

"And I reply, mother, as I replied before,—'tis her own fault. When Ida Beresford first appeared amongst us, I will confess to you I could have loved her as much, aye more than a sister. The sympathy her misfortunes called forth, her striking beauty, and a certain noble frankness which to this day I admire in her, all tended to impress my fancy, and had she possessed but one womanly trait, one gentle characteristic, she would have been shrined in my inmost heart; but no! her arrogance, her unfeminine harshness, gradually changed this dawning preference into a species of aversion."

"Oh! Claude, my son!"

"And that aversion has now subsided into indifference."

"But, Claude, is it possible that witnessing the change daily taking place in her character, you can remain so frigid and severe. When you reflect that she has never known a mother's care—never—"

"I grant you all that, but the heart cannot be tutored; Ida Beresford herself has effectually put it out of my power ever to entertain a feeling of affection, or even friendship, for her. To speak truth, dear mother, you and Lucy have spoiled me. Accustomed as I have been to your gentleness, your sweetness of character, I find the failings of beings less perfect, insupportable; but enough of this, the night air is chill, and may injure you."

Carefully wrapping her shawl around her, he led her to the house, from which the lights were already glancing, little dreaming of the agony he had inflicted on the heart of the unsuspected listener, who, careless of the cold night dew that fell on her rich hair, or the damp, chilly air, reclined on her mossy seat, her burning brow

pressed against the earth now moistened with her tears.

CHAPTER XVII.

VAIN were it to pourtray the feelings of regret, of bitter reproach, that crowded into that short period, and rendered it an age of suffering. The certainty that her fiat was pronounced, that her utmost, her unceasing efforts, were unavailing as her tears,—for up to that moment, though she would not whisper it even to herself, a vague, undefined hope had lingered round her heart, that time might change, or at least soften, the feelings of Claude. But above all the bitter consciousness that she herself had trifled with her own happiness, cast away the pearl of price, the love of the only heart which she had ever entertained, in reality, even the faintest desire to possess—all filled her soul with a bitterness which no words or tongue could pourtray. For a time, yielding to her agonized despair, she gave vent to her sorrow in passionate murmurs against the injustice of her fate, and the cruelty, the coldness of the world; but by degrees her excitement subsided, and calmer thoughts stole over her. For the first time, a consciousness of her own faultiness, a feeling of remorse, of humiliation, filled her heart; and bowing down that brow, hitherto so proud, so haughty, to the dust, she acknowledged that she had deserved it all. As if reflected in a mirror, each act of her former life passed before her. The selfishness, the coldness she had displayed even towards the father who had worshipped her—the harsh, tyrannical sway, she had exercised over her household during that parent's lifetime,—and then the ingratitude with which she had met the benefits of Doctor Vernon and his wife,—the insolence with which she had repelled the affection of Lucy and Claude,—all rose to her memory; nor were the months of frivolity she had passed in London, the grasping vanity, the overbearing haughtiness, the utter heartlessness, that had marked their course, forgotten; she stood revealed to herself, a creature of imperfection and error, the plaything of passion and folly, and she shrank from the knowledge of herself. But in her hour of hopeless abasement who was she to turn to,—where was she to seek for comfort? At that moment the thought of the pious Lucy,—the gentle admonitions she had from time to time ventured to impart—her faith, her trusting confidence in a superior power; all rose before her, and like her she knelt and implored for mercy for her failings, and strength to amend, to alter for the future. And oh! how different were those few short murmured petitions, to the devotions she had hitherto per-

formed, devotions which she had considered alone in the light of a tiresome routine, a thing that had to be done, but in which her thoughts, her heart, had no share. She rose strengthened, solaced by the reflection, that though real happiness might never exist for her on earth, she might at least attain the calm repose which the faithful execution of the duties allotted her by Providence, and the approbation of her own conscience, could bestow. From that period, her restlessness, her disquiet fled, and was replaced by a quiet thoughtfulness, which, despite her utmost endeavours, was still too often tinged with sadness.

And thus two months, perhaps the happiest she had ever known, rolled over; but this quiet was destined to be broken, and that by a letter from Lady Stanhope; Ida's heart sank within her, as Dr. Vernon handed her the perfumed billet, and she inwardly summoned up her patience to meet untroubled its contents. As she had expected, it commenced with the most bitter reproaches concerning her obstinacy in having left Elm Grove, at the particular period she did, and her consequent loss of Pemberton, who, to the intense satisfaction of all her Ladyship's friends, was now amusing himself wandering over the world,—at the same time compassionating herself for the little sympathy, the little affection she received from Ida, in return for the unwearied solicitude she lavished upon her. But the chief import of her letter was, that she returned to London the following week, and would call for Ida at Dr. Vernon's.

"What news, Ida?" asked the Doctor, as she laid down the letter with a calm, unmoved air.

"Oh! none of any importance."

"Her Ladyship's edict to prepare for your London visit, is it not?" said Mrs. Vernon. "Well! you are happy at last, for of course you go? I need not ask."

"No! on the contrary, if you and Dr. Vernon are willing, I prefer remaining in the country."

"Ida! are you serious?" exclaimed Mrs. Vernon, in a tone of uncontrollable surprise.

The Doctor put on his spectacles, and looked at her, as if to satisfy himself that it was really herself who spoke, whilst Claude started, and fixed upon her a searching glance, which seemed to penetrate her most hidden thoughts.

"I am indeed serious," rejoined Ida. "Is there anything so wonderful in my wishing to remain in my present home, where I am so kindly, so tenderly considered?"

Moved by the first open expression of affection or gratitude, which Ida had ever uttered, Mrs. Vernon clasped her to her bosom, and inwardly

acknowledged she was already beginning to reap the fruit of the seed she had so patiently, yet hopelessly, sown.

Ida's answer to Lady Stanhope, though couched in the most respectful and grateful terms, did not tend in the least to appease the indignation which the rejection of her offer excited. Ere two days elapsed, she received a final epistle from her Ladyship, in which, after having reproached her for her ingratitude and heartlessness, in terms which caused Ida's cheek to burn, she solemnly declared "her intention of casting her off for ever, and that henceforth she need never apply to, or consider her, either in the light of friend or relative."

"So be it," said the latter, as she leisurely refolded the paper. "It does not grieve me much, for I never loved Lady Stanhope—perhaps she resembled myself too closely." At the moment, the thought of Mrs. Vernon's unwearied love and patience, rose in vivid contrast before her, and she blushed to think how unworthy of it she had proved. But already, she had commenced her atonement, and already the change had brought joy and gladness to the heart of her adopted mother. The spirit of invincible determination, which had so characterized her in her career of folly, was now put forth in a better cause, and proved one of the most effectual means of her reformation. Her eyes once opened to the folly of her conduct, the resolutions she had then formed to amend, were held sacred; and with a perseverance, an unflinching courage, which surprised even herself, she advanced rapidly in the path she had traced. But it must not be supposed from this, that Ida was changed so greatly as to approach at all to Lucy, in point of disposition. No! her character was as essentially different as it had been in the days of their first intimacy. Her manner still retained the coldness that had ever distinguished it, though divested of her former haughtiness; and she seemed carefully to guard against the slightest exhibition of feeling or even friendship. It was only at times, and that very rarely, that some passionate exclamation, some meaning word, would escape her; called forth involuntarily by some peculiar circumstance, to tell that any such feelings slumbered beneath her frozen impassible exterior. Her former independence of character, though somewhat softened, and her utter rejection of all confidence, still remained, and to a superficial observer, she was indeed Ida Beresford still.

Undisturbed by further epistles from Lady Stanhope or intercourse with the world of fashion, she devoted herself entirely to the completion of the many important branches of necessary

knowledge which she had hitherto almost totally neglected. Under the tuition of Mrs. Vernon she advanced with a rapidity which surprised as much as it delighted her instructress; but she was destined to receive a sudden and severe shock, which, at least for a time, entirely interrupted her efforts. From the period of her reception of Lady Stanhope's last epistle, she had received no direct tidings from her, but some months subsequently, through the medium of one of the public journals, she learned that the young and beautiful Duchess of Alferi, Lady Stanhope's only daughter, had died in Italy. Scarcely had the passing emotion this event excited, subsided, when Doctor Vernon received a hasty letter from Lady Stanhope's physician, informing him that her Ladyship, in returning to Elm Grove, whither she had immediately retired in overwhelming grief on hearing the sad intelligence of her daughter's decease, had met with a sudden and fearful accident. Whilst descending a steep hill in the immediate vicinity of her residence, the horses had taken fright, and, dashing on at a fearful pace, had overturned the carriage in their rapid flight. Lady Stanhope had been thrown out to a great distance, and was taken up perfectly senseless. Everything that human care or skill could effect, had been done, but her Ladyship was in a most dangerous state, and had never possessed her faculties from the moment of the accident. As she was continually raving about Miss Beresford, who, he understood, though under Dr. Vernon's care, was a relative of Lady Stanhope's, he deemed it his duty to inform her, at the same time pressing upon her the necessity of immediately removing to Elm Grove, as her presence might prove, if not of the greatest service, at least a source of consolation to the sufferer. It needed not the admonitions of Mrs. Vernon or her husband to induce Ida to comply with the injunctions contained in the letter, and without further hesitation she declared her intention to start the following day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER a few minute's further conversation, consisting of grave observations on the uncertainty of life, the vanity of worldly grandeur, Ida left the apartment with a heavy heart, to make the necessary preparations for her journey. But long hours were yet before her, and yielding to a feeling of depression, of lassitude, that stole over her, she ascended the stairs, and, entering the sitting room adjoining her own apartment, flung herself in a large arm-chair, and indulged in the dreamy reveries which, ever agreeable, had of late become

the only pleasure of her existence. Many and various were the half-defined thoughts that passed through her mind, and they scarcely needed a more eloquent language than her own varying expression to interpret them. The pale, shuddering look, when the dying image of Lady Stanhope presented itself, then the flashing proud glance, the deepening colour, the look of pain, when other and nearer thoughts succeeded. Once she bowed her head and clasped her small hands tightly together, as if some feeling of humiliation too deep for words filled her heart, but soon with an impatient sigh she raised her eyes. They fell on a large mirror suspended opposite, and gradually her look of pain, of abasement, passed away, as she gazed on the image of surpassing beauty it reflected. Her attitudes, though always free and unstudied, were ever remarkably elegant, and the position into which she had unconsciously thrown herself, was singularly so—her small, graceful head, leaning carelessly against the high back of the old chair, whose crimson hue contrasted so vividly with the glossy ebon of the tresses which hung in shining richness round her white and beautifully arched brow. The wonderful beauty of the small hands still unconsciously clasped, the delicacy of the foot resting on the cushion, and the whole exquisite grace of her faultless figure, might have formed a worthy study for the gifted sons of art, whose magic tints have left us such rare pictures of female loveliness. Long did the young girl survey her bright image, with a cold, listless air, but gradually the brightening eyes, the deepening colour, told that her sadness had yielded to the consciousness of her own magic beauty. The recollection of her own unworthiness, of Claude's coldness, which had of late bowed her down, were for the moment forgotten, and in their stead came the memory of all the soft flatteries, the passionate praises, that had been breathed into her ear in London. She felt they had not been spoken in mockery, and whilst a radiant smile lit up her beautiful countenance, she exclaimed aloud:

"Yes, I am indeed beautiful!"

Ere the words were well uttered she sprang from her recumbent position, and her brow, neck, even to her transparent fingers, were instantly dyed with crimson, for there, a few paces from her, at the open door, a witness to the vanity to which her haughty spirit so rarely stooped, stood Claude Vernon. His own flushed cheek and embarrassed air told he had been an involuntary listener to her proud boast, a boast, however, which his judgment might condemn, but whose justice his heart could not but acknowledge. For a moment he half turned away as if undecided

whether to enter; but at length, conquering his irresolution, he endeavoured to assume an unconcerned manner, and exclaimed as he quietly entered the apartment:

"My mother wishes to know, Miss Beresford, at what hour you will start to-morrow, that she may give the necessary orders. She thinks after sunrise will be sufficiently early."

"I shall leave before daybreak," faltered Ida, not daring to raise her eyes to his face.

"So early!—but as you will, I shall inform her."

He turned, and the deep silence which his entrance had broken was again restored. With a feeling of mingled shame, sorrow and almost despairing indifference, Ida covered her face with her hands. This last spectacle of her vanity and folly added the climax to the unfavorableness of the characters in which he had heretofore seen her, and she was now conscious of a feeling that fate had done its worst, and that she could not sink one degree lower in his estimation than she had now done. Letting her hands listlessly fall, she murmured.

"Thank God! He is gone!"

"Your gratitude is rather premature, Miss Beresford," exclaimed a voice which filled her with dismay. "I have presumed to remain unbidden a moment longer in your presence, to solicit a few moments conversation with you."

She looked up and her startled glance shewed her Claude, who as she supposed had left the room, standing erect, opposite her, his arm leaning on the mantel piece, his earnest gaze fixed on herself; notwithstanding the slight bitterness which marked his tones, his countenance was perfectly tranquil, and no expression was perceptible there, save his usual air of cold respect. With a calmness, a stoicism that surprised herself, Ida exclaimed in a firm tone, which her varying colour somewhat contradicted.

"Certainly, Mr. Vernon; speak on!"

A slight pause followed; Claude seemed to hesitate, but at length, said:

"Tis to offer some apologies—apologies which I have already deferred too long."

"Apologies for what?" asked Ida with a start, raising her wondering eyes to his. "Surely not," she continued, fancying it was his late coldness, his reserve, to which he alluded; "surely not apologies for any past unkindness, for I have been most culpable."

"Nay, 'tis not that to which I allude," he rejoined in a bitter tone, untouched by the ingenuous blush that had accompanied her last words.

"Were we to go back on the past I fear our mutual apologies would be endless, and 'twere at

best but a wearying task to enter on. No! I allude to one circumstance in which, Miss Beresford," and here his voice involuntarily softened, "in which you were not only entirely free from blame, but worthy of all admiration. I speak of the letter with which you entrusted me for the Marquis of Pemberton, and the misconstructions I dared to put upon that action. An error for which I entreat your forgiveness, as I also solicit your indulgence for the advice and admonition I then presumed to offer."

He paused a moment, and passed his hand across his brow, which was somewhat flushed, but Ida remained silent. "I might also speak of the generous devotion, the affection you displayed for my sister, an affection which I shall ever remember with deep gratitude, but she herself must thank you for that. I shall confine myself to my own offence, and again soliciting your forgiveness for the false pride which led me to defer my atonement so long."

Ida looked involuntarily at him. He spoke of false pride. Alas! how little of humility was there in his high brow, which had regained its usual air of lofty coldness, now that his self-imposed task was performed, and in the slightly compressed lips whose proud curve spoke of aught but abasement. She felt the hollowness of his words, the falsehood of their mutual positions. He whom she knew well despised her in his inmost heart, looked on her almost as a being below his censure, thus standing before her with words of humility, of entreaty on his lips. The consciousness was one fraught with overwhelming bitterness, but she was now an adept in the art of disguising her feelings, and she calmly, quietly exclaimed:

"Have done with this mockery, Mr. Vernon! 'tis unworthy of you."

Heedless of his somewhat angry start, his surprised glance, she continued:

"Heretofore, we have not been so scrupulously deferential, so careful not to wound, in our mutual intercourse, and it is useless to commence now. In the circumstance to which you have alluded, I have nothing to forgive, as you have nothing to apologise for. Your own heart must have told you that, and you should have followed its dictates, in preference to that of idle ceremony and common-place civility. Had you done so, you would have known better than to enter on apologies, hollow as they are unnecessary, and as mortifying to me to hear as they are annoying to you to utter."

She rose as she spoke, and with a calm, lofty step, approached the window, leaving Claude perfectly astounded by the startling frankness

with which she had expressed herself. But he quickly resumed:

"However you may look upon it, Miss Beresford, I have but accomplished a duty, and one whose immediate fulfilment your approaching departure rendered necessary."

"You might have left it unperformed, then, to console me on my return," said Ida, with an involuntary smile of bitterness, as the remembrance of the welcome he had given her on her return from London, rose on her recollection.

"In that case it might never be performed," he quietly replied; "for if Elm Grove prove more agreeable than your present home, you may never return; but I have already intruded too long on your time. Pardon me!" and with a cold but deep inclination he passed out.

Ida's heart was full of bursting, and she passionately murmured:

"He is right! I may not, I will not ever return!" She sank on the chair near her, and pressed her hands to her eyes as if to restrain her gushing tears, but in vain. As the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, she gave vent to the passionate emotion that must else have suffocated her, but not as she had done heretofore, in convulsive sobs, in wild out-bursts of grief. No! her head, bowed on her folded arms, and enveloped in the rich superfluity of her hair, the total immovability of her figure, might have led a spectator to believe that she slept, but the large burning tears that fell like rain from beneath her half closed lids, told that she was awake to the bitterness of sorrow.

Another half hour had chimed since Claude's departure, and she still remained in her attitude of hopeless grief, when the door opened, and Mrs. Vernon's kind voice exclaimed:

"Ida, dear, I have come to assist you,—but is it possible? Are you asleep?"

Ida heard her, but her energies, her mental powers, were totally prostrated, and she felt incapable of uttering a word. Mrs. Vernon softly approached, thinking she slept, and raised the rich tresses, damp with her tears.

"Ida, my child!" she exclaimed, as she perceived the cause of her silence, "whence is this grief? Can it be regret for leaving us, or is it Lady Stanhope who calls it forth?"

"No! no!" sobbed Ida; "but leave me, leave me, Mrs. Vernon, I am too utterly miserable."

"And why so, Ida? Can I, your mother, your friend, impart no comfort, no solace?"

"Ah! far from it, you but make me more hopelessly wretched."

A keen pang shot through Mrs. Vernon's heart, but it was only momentary, and seating herself

in the large chair which Ida had of late occupied, she passed her arm round the slight waist of the weeping girl, and drew her gently towards her.

"And now, my child," she exclaimed with a degree of firmness she rarely displayed, "I, your adopted mother, the representative of her who first held that title, and who, alas! was so soon snatched away from you, I entreat, I command you to repose your confidence in me. Long since I have perceived your sorrow—long since have I known that some grief is struggling at your heart, wearing away your life and spirits, but I forebore to press you. Further silence would be criminal. You are now leaving, at least for a time, my protection, perhaps to be exposed to new trials, new sorrows, or it may be a repetition of those that have already commenced to prey upon your existence, and I would be unworthy of the office I hold, did I permit you to depart unquestioned and un comforted. Speak, speak to me, my child!"

"I cannot, I dare not," murmured Ida, as she covered her crimsoning temples with her hands. "Even you, who are so gentle, would despise me. My secret shall die with me."

Mrs. Vernon regarded her for a moment with a look of sorrowful perplexity, and at length rejoined with a heavy sigh:

"'Tis well, Ida, I'll press you no further; I yield to you now as I have ever done; you have never yet sacrificed one wish, one inclination to me, and I need not hope you will commence now, but God knows that though you will not consent to be to me as a daughter, I have loved and still love you as a mother."

"Mother!" reiterated the girl with bitterness. "Mother! Ah! you know well the emptiness of that title for me; I know you have watched over, cared for me with the tenderness of one, but you never did, you never could, love me as a mother. None but the one who gave me birth could have witnessed my errors, endured my failings, and yet continued to love me. Though you fulfilled your heavy task nobly, its labours were never lightened by a mother's feelings, a mother's affection for me. Your care, your patience was for me,—your heart was for Claude and Lucy alone."

"Ida, listen to me," said her companion, gently yet impressively. "Listen to me, and judge whether I am not bound by ties the most sacred, to love as well as protect you. Whatever care or tenderness I have shewn was but the just return of the love that others that have gone before you, shewed to me when I was a portionless orphan. An alien like yourself, Ida, I found not only a refuge but a home under the same

roof as your father. Never once did one word escape from him or his kind parents, to make me feel or even remember my dependence. Flattered, caressed by all, I was indeed a child of their house as of their adoption, and after the death of his parents, which both occurred during a short period, your father's tenderness but redoubled. He was still, as he had ever been, my more than brother, he still afforded me a splendid home, surrounded me with luxuries, and when at length I resolved on uniting my fate with Dr. Vernon's, he gave me the ample dower I brought my husband. From that moment we never met. He and his high-born, beautiful wife, involved in all the dissipation of fashionable life, had never time to cast a thought on the humble village where I passed a happy existence in obscurity; but do not think that I could ever forget the deep, overwhelming debt of gratitude I owed him. And, now, my child, judge whether I should love you, if not for your own, at least for your father's sake, and tell me whether you will still refuse me your confidence?"

"I will not, my youth's best friend!" murmured Ida, as she sank on her knees on the cushion at Mrs. Vernon's feet, and suffered her head to droop on the shoulder of her relative. "I will tell you my cherished secret. Listen!" and her voice sank to a whisper, "I love—hopelessly love—your son!"

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Mrs. Vernon, with an irrepressible start. "What! you, Ida! who have ever been so cold and haughty; you, the gifted, beautiful Miss Beresford, the favorite of fashion, and idol of the high and noble,—you love my poor, obscure son!"

"Alas! yes," murmured her young companion, as she still hid her crimsoning cheek on her shoulder. "His one smile is far dearer to this wretched heart than all the grandeur, the riches of earth. Would to God that it were otherwise: would that I might school myself to forget, even to hate him—but that may not be. The very indifference, the scorn, which should have taught me the bitter lesson, have but rendered him dearer. And now, my friend, my mother! now that I have told you all, what comfort, what solace can you impart?"

"Alas! none, my poor, unhappy child," whispered Mrs. Vernon, as she pressed her to her heart, the full consciousness of the utter, the wild hopelessness of Ida's affection rushing upon her. "It would be worse than cruel to hold out hopes that may never be fulfilled."

"I knew it! I knew it!" sobbed Ida, with a burst of grief; "did I not say my sorrow was beyond the reach of your tenderness? But, tell

me, do you not despise, condemn me, for my weakness? Now, that you have read the pages of my heretofore carefully closed heart, do you not blush for the weak folly you find there?"

"My darling Ida, you do not regard me as a mother yet, or you would not speak so idly. But you will learn to know me better. You will find that I may yet learn to love you, even more than Lucy or Claude, for alas! are you not more unhappy? But why, Ida, why have you been ever so cold, so haughty, to Claude?—why, my child——?"

"What!" exclaimed Ida, passionately, whilst the flush on her cheek became still deeper; "would you have had me to throw myself on his pity, his compassion—betray to him my secret? I would die a thousand deaths first!"

"My noble child! faulty as you may be, you are well worthy of him, and may we not hope——"

"No more of that, Mrs. Vernon," faltered Ida, as she slid from her companion's arms to her feet; "no more of that. Had such a hope, however faint, yet lingered in my heart, I could not have bared it to your gaze. No: I know my fate better, and now, promise me, my adopted mother," and she raised her dark eyes with thrilling earnestness to her companion's face, "promise me by all that you hold most sacred, that you will never, never, reveal my secret. In life and death it must be inviolable. If you but knew that one word, one syllable, could render Claude a devoted suitor at my feet, promise me that word should never be spoken."

"I promise," said Mrs. Vernon. "My darling child! would that I might call you such by even a dearer tie than that of adoption,—as the wife of my son."

Ida's brow, then pallid as marble, became again painfully crimson, and bowing her beautiful head on Mrs. Vernon's knee, she murmured almost inaudibly:

"Spare me! spare me! Such imaginings but add to the hopeless bitterness of my sorrow. Whisper comfort and resignation to me as you do to Lucy, but speak not of him again."

And Mrs. Vernon did indeed, with her own resistless gentleness, breathe peace to her young and agitated heart, and when at length, after another long hour of open gentle communings she sought her couch, it seemed as if the heavy weight that had hitherto crushed her heart had been removed, and replaced by a holy, gentle peace, which brought back the sinless days of her first childhood.

(To be continued.)

MAIDEN TOWER.

A TRADITION OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY M. A. S.

WHERE the coast of Louth is washed by the waves of the Irish sea, and a few miles south of where the Boyne pours forth its tributary waters, there stands a tower whose antique form has long excited the surprise of the passing stranger, and has given rise to various ingenious conjectures touching its original use and destination. Some will contend that it owes its origin to a period prior to the Norman rule in Ireland, while others, (and they are the most numerous,) as steadily maintain that the building was erected by a Norman lady, for a purpose hereafter to be shown. Others again venture to pronounce it younger, by a few centuries, and hesitate not to place the date of its erection almost within the memory of man. Those who uphold the opinion of its antiquity are, it is true, supported by the testimony of tradition, (albeit somewhat apocryphal at times.) Yet as the building has in itself no corroborating evidence, I am afraid we must, with what reluctance soever, close our ears to the weird voice of tradition, and, turning away from her lofty visions of baronial state, settle down into the homely belief that the diminutive turret in question was erected by the government some time about the opening of the last century, to serve as a watch-tower, where their officials might look abroad over the neighbouring expanse of water, and take note of the presence of any suspicious vessels.

So far from possessing any of the peculiarly graceful ornament which distinguishes all the existing remains of the Norman architecture, this edifice presents an unbroken surface on each of its four sides, for it is a complete square, having here and there, at long intervals, a few narrow embrasures, something after the fashion of the loop-holes in a man-of-war. The only trace of ornament is a low parapet wall, surmounting the top and protruding several inches over the walls of the tower. The floor within this parapet is entirely destitute of covering, and is reached by a narrow spiral staircase. Within, the walls are of rough stone and mortar; without, they are what is called *rough-casted* or *pebble-dashed*, being of a drab colour that seems to imitate the hue of the far-stretching sand-banks amid which it stands; and yet the rude fabric is called

Maiden Tower, and *by it hangs a tale* of romantic sorrow, and hapless, though most devoted love. A strange misnomer doth the name seem to me, and as strangely misplaced seems the soft legend of the place. I have stood in years long past on the top of that lonely tower; I have looked abroad over the waste of waters, and I am bound to confess that that widely extended sea-view forms the sole attraction of the place. Truly, if the tower were erected by a noble lady, and for the purpose specified by tradition, I can only say that her architectural taste had not been formed on classic models, and that whatever her other accomplishments might have been, the science of architecture was not amongst them. With the memory of this ill-fated lady is mingled, inconspicuously enough, too, the more real and substantial likeness of a spirit who long inhabited this deserted tower. Byron has bequeathed to us a portraiture of the brilliant phantom of Norman Abbey—"Her frolic grace Fitzfulke." Many others have drawn, with pen and pencil, various other "local spirits;" but none of them, I fancy, at all resembles this of Maiden Tower, who appeared in the very questionable shape of a brawny female, with red bare arms, and legs to match—a round linen cap and coarse blue apron. Whether this exceedingly fleshy apparition took up its abode on the top of the isolated tower, from a Timon-like hatred of the spirits who inhabit this nether world, or for the purpose of drawing more near to her kindred of the world above, and in order to contemplate more at leisure the astronomical glories of "sun, moon and stars," I know not; but certain it is that she was tolerably well known in the neighbourhood, prior to her retirement from this lower earth, having for many years been a vender of apples at a certain stall in a certain street of the ancient town of Drogheda, from which town the tower is about two or three miles distant. This personage, then, took it into her head one fine morning to settle down for life on the only floor which the tower afforded, (open to the Heavens as I have described it,) and there did she maintain herself for years long, living, as it was believed, on the gratuitous offerings made by visitors to her, who appeared as the genius of the place. She was thence called

Betty of the Tower, and many a good story is still current in the neighbourhood of Betty's eccentric demeanor towards the travellers who visited her singular dwelling. She is with the past, yet her memory remains, and has gradually entwined itself, as I have said, with the lovelier and more gentle image of the fair and noble lady, by whom the fabric is said to have been founded. Thus it is that the inhabitants of the place will tell you in the same breath of the lady Geraldine's dark doom, and of the gruff and bitter repartees of Betty of the Tower. At some future time I may recur to the latter personage, but for the present I must confine myself to the former.

The legend of Maiden Tower, which I am about to relate, has all that indistinctness of outline, and shadowy colouring, which form the general characteristics of traditional stories. Hence it is that either the *sennachie* or the aged crone, who dwells with the most ardent admiration on the rare loveliness, and still rarer devotion of the ill-fated Geraldine, and praise, with ready eloquence, the courage and prowess of her noble lover, can neither inform us of the families from which they sprang, nor how it was that they came to locate in Ireland. Little versed in the history of England, these worthy chroniclers can give no clue to the reign in which these events occurred. Here then do we suddenly find our hero and heroine placed side by side in loving proximity; their origin, or the manner of their coming, as mysterious to us as was that of the fabled pair—the children of the sun, so called—to the early Peruvians. Their names, however, sufficiently declare to us that they were of Norman birth, while, from certain data presented by the legend itself, the reader will readily discover that its scene is laid during the brief but stormy reign of Richard the First, and when the minds of men were boiling in the wild ferment of enthusiasm commingled with military ardour.

It would seem that the lady Geraldine had been early committed to the care of Albert's parents, having lost her own while yet in the first years of life. Being, himself, the only child, the young Albert was free to give his whole heart, his undivided attention, to Geraldine, who was scarcely a year his junior, and having no other companions of their own age, the children were all the more closely drawn together. Their sports were the same—their thoughts and feelings were the same—and mutually communicated without a shadow of reserve. Such was their young life, when they gambolled around the chair of the stately Countess in the sunny joy of childhood, addressing each other by the tender appellation of brother and sister; and such it was, too,

when in later but not less happy years, they roamed, at will, through the glades and valleys of the park, rejoicing, though they scarce knew why, in the newly acquired knowledge that no fraternal tie united them, and drinking in the nectarine draught of hope presented by the fair and brilliant future. Their love seemed to belie the long received aphorism that "the course of true love never *does* run smooth," for theirs flowed on calm as the summer brook and transparent in its beautiful sincerity. It is probable that the Earl and Countess, (of what *ilk* we know not,) notwithstanding their paternal fondness for the child of their adoption, might not have so willingly encouraged the growing affection of our youthful lovers, had not the fair orphan been rich as well as noble, for wealth was precisely what they most wanted, having but a slender revenue to support the overpowering weight of their genealogical tree. Thus it was, then, that the love of Albert and Geraldine was suffered to glide on in its unruffled course. But fate, who delights in baffling the designs of men, and thwarting the burning desires of young hearts, had decreed that a fearful chasm should open beneath the buoyant footsteps of the happy lovers, and had sworn in her secret councils that theirs should be no exception to the common lot of earth's children—they must suffer—they must learn what it is to fear and doubt, and finally to mourn. Hapless maiden! and still more hapless youth! little dreamed ye as ye wended your flowery way through those brightly-marked years, that the clouds were already darkening over your heads, and that your all of happiness was soon to be shipwrecked on the wild ocean of religious warfare, then just opening to your youthful eyes.

It was the evening of a hot and sultry day, towards the close of summer, when Geraldine calling on her favorite dog, a small but choice specimen of canine beauty, who answered to the name of Fidèle, to follow, stepped forth from an open window of the castle on a terraced walk which ran along its front, and proceeded, though with a lagging pace, towards a smooth green slope, which overhung at a distance, a small sheet of water. Here she paused, and having stood for some minutes contemplating the glassy surface of the lake, or rather pond, she suddenly raised her head: "Come hither, Fidèle, we shall tarry here awhile!" and the pretty favorite, as though he understood her meaning, quietly stretched his length beside a small rustic bench which stood near—thus indicating that the place was a favored haunt of his lovely mistress. As Geraldine flung her fair form on the seat, she cast yet another "longing, lingering look"

towards a winding and broken pathway, which seemed to issue from the depths of a thicket or copse at the distance of some hundred perches from where she sat. There was a look of something very like petulance on her smooth brow as she once more withdrew her gaze from the thicket.

"Surely he cannot love as I do!" she at length murmured in a voice half audible. "Could anything on earth detain me from him when I knew that he awaited my coming? Cruel Albert! how little must he know of the wild, the all-potent love, which fills my entire heart, nay, soul!"

She looked around on the scene which had so often witnessed their mutual confessions—it was lovely as ever, but over its soft features there seemed to have fallen on the instant a thick and hazy veil. The sun had just sunk below the horizon, and already on the opposite extremity the broad disc of the full moon was slowly becoming visible. Her light, notwithstanding, fell faintly and dimly on the earth, having but little of the rich mellow radiance which in mid-age it usually displays, and though no cloud was to be seen on the firmament above, yet the stars came forth slowly and reluctantly, and in diminished numbers, peering forth sullenly through the thick haze. It was a melancholy evening, and as Geraldine sat alone brooding over her first disappointment, (trifling though it was, it seemed to her a grievous one,) she became gradually sensible of a sadness, which heretofore had never fallen on her sunny spirit, the effect, doubtless, of the oppressive weight of the atmosphere, acting in conjunction with the jealous apprehension that the love which formed the sum total of her own existence was but faintly (if at all) returned.

Suddenly a step was heard approaching. Eagerly did Geraldine start from her seat, but the next moment dispelled her hope. A servant appeared from behind a huge elm which fronted her seat, and with a low bow presented a large muffing cloak, together with a message from his lady, requesting that the lady Geraldine would no longer protract her ramble, as the dews of night were extremely injurious.

"Pshaw, Henry!" exclaimed the young lady with unwonted petulance—"I am very well here—tell your lady that I thank her for her kind care of my health, but I shall with her good leave tarry here yet a while—the evening air doth refresh me."

The servant departed to deliver his message, and Geraldine was once more alone. Another quick glance towards the coppice—no Albert appeared.

"Now, may my hopes be blighted, as I well

deem they will be ere long, if this is not beyond all endurance!"

The fair speaker was here interrupted by a voice behind; it was that of Albert, who had but just reached the spot in time to hear her last peevish ejaculation.

"Why does my own Geraldine thus complain? has aught occurred to ruffle her gentle mind?"

Could Geraldine resist the matchless tenderness which thrilled in every tone—the living, burning love, which lit up his fine eyes, or the soft yet ardent pressure of her hand, which gave the comment to his words? Assuredly not, and ere Albert had half gone through his brief yet full explanation, she began to reproach herself for the momentary doubt which had so unsettled her mind. This important affair settled, Albert drew the arm of Geraldine within his own, and they bent their steps towards the castle.

"Geraldine," said Albert suddenly, breaking silence, after a pause of some minutes, "what think you, sweet one! of the warfare on which our liege lord is about to enter?" and he turned an eagerly inquiring glance upon the face of his fair companion.

"What think I of it, Albert?" repeated the lady with beautiful enthusiasm; "I think, that if our monarch succeed in his purpose—one of the greatest and most glorious ever formed in the mind of man,—he will deserve to be placed on high amid the few great ones who adorn earth's family. Ah yes!" she added, still more earnestly, "Richard is indeed worthy of his name—men could not have given him a meetter title than that of the Lion-hearted. Were I not the betrothed bride of Albert, my highest aspiration should be that I might one day become the chosen bride of a Red Cross Knight!"

And as she concluded, a scarcely audible sigh escaped her—why did she sigh? Albert knew the secret, it might be, better than she herself did.

"Ha! then, I guessed aright!" he exclaimed in a tone of exultation. "Then, my Geraldine, my peerless one! thou shalt yet be a Crusader's bride; for, guessing in part thy sentiments, I have the more willingly given the reins to my own inclination, and have this day engaged to follow the banner of my right noble friend and relative the Lord De Morinville, who is now forming a band in order to join Richard before he leaves England for the Holy Land! But how is this, Geraldine! have I erred in hoping that my purpose would meet your approval? You turn away your head—you sigh—say, dear one! have I grieved thee by my rashness?"

It was some minutes before Geraldine spoke,

and when she did her voice was broken, and quivering with contending emotions.

"Oh, Albert! how could'st thou take a step so important without letting me know of it?"

"Nay, Geraldine!" said Albert archly, evading at the same time answering her question—"nay, Geraldine, whither has thy late enthusiasm flown?—Saidst thou not that to attack the infidel in the stronghold of his power, and wrest from his grasp the sacred Sepulchre of our Lord, is one of the most glorious of acts and enterprises? Wouldst thou then, that while all Christendom is bursting forth in the hot ardor of newly-awakened life, that I alone—your own favored Albert—should remain sluggish and inert? No! Forbid it—forbid so foul a shame—oh! ye benign powers, who blessed me with Geraldine's love!"

His ardor was infectious, and ere they reached the castle gates, Geraldine had not only conquered her own womanish fears, but had also promised to use her influence with the Earl and Countess that they, too, might consent to Albert's joining the expedition.

They then entered the castle, and having been informed that the Countess had retired to her oratory, and that the Earl might be found in the library,—he was a studious man for the times in which he lived, when book learning was so uncommon, and had expended a very large sum on his library, though it consisted of but a few time-worn manuscripts,—they at once decided on breaking the matter first to him, in order to engage his aid in the more difficult task of winning over the Countess, to a step which, however glorious its sequel might be, was still so full of hazard to her only child—the pride of her aged heart.

"Albert," whispered Geraldine, arresting his hand for a moment, as it rested on the lock of the library door. "Albert, dearest! I already begin to shrink from the sight of thy father's grief—oh! it will be pitiful to behold the sorrow, the deep grief of that venerable man, when he first hears of thy resolve!" and she looked imploringly in his face, glad to cover her own half repentance under shelter of the sympathy which she really felt for the parents of him she loved.

"Nay, now, Geraldine! is it thou who speakest thus of my father? Knowest thou not, dearest, that his mind is so full of ancient lore, that the affairs of the present have but little space therein?—For him, I fear not; it is my mother's heart that I am about to wound, and none knows better than I how severely it will wound her. But, come, my own love! let us enter at once—it is now too late for deliberation." The door gave way beneath his hand, and they stood be-

fore the Earl. He was seated at a small table, on which lay an open manuscript volume, whose richly illuminated pages flashed gaily back the light from a small lamp which burned on a high tripod close by. The windows were all shut, and though it was summer, the heavy drapery was drawn closely athwart them, as though fearing lest one straggling moonbeam might find its way through into the room.

The father of Albert was a man of grave and dignified bearing, with high bald temples, over which a few thin grey hairs descended from the crown of his head, parted in the middle like those of a female. He was attired in a long, loose robe, something like the dressing gown of the present day, and his whole appearance denoted a man who had learned to look upon his books as companions, aye! and who desired none other, or none better.

"I wish ye a fair good evening, my children!" And the smile of paternal affection broke over the seriousness of his features—it was clouded for a moment when he heard of Albert's proposed departure on a voyage of danger. Motioning to the young pair to take a seat, for he would not that even they should witness what he deemed the weakness of his heart, and covering his face with his hands, he rested his arms on the table before him, and remained several minutes in profound silence, though the tremulous motion perceptible in his thin fingers spoke of inward conflict. He at length raised his head, and though a tear was still visible on his furrowed cheek, the benignant smile had resumed its station on his lip and brow.

"Nay, Albert, my son!" he exclaimed, though in a low tone; "it rests not with me to forbid thy joining the ranks of those who are about to do battle against the haughty Saracen. I am thy earthly parent, it is very true, but when thy heavenly Father hath need of thy service, why should I arise in opposition. Go, then, my son! my only son! but stay," he abruptly added—"knows thy mother of this measure which thou art about to take?"

And, suddenly awakened to the recollection of her probable opposition, he seemed as though about to retract the consent just given. Then it was that the young man prostrated himself before his father, begging him with all the ardour of his naturally fervent soul to intercede for him with his mother, as otherwise he had no hope of obtaining her consent. Geraldine, too, bent her graceful head in supplication, and the Earl, persuaded even against his own reason, at once prepared to accompany them in search of the Countess.

"But will not the morrow suffice for this matter, Albert? Surely there will be time enough; let us spare thy mother for this night at least!"

"My father! my honored lord! there is not an hour to be lost—the day after to-morrow our vessel sails! Oh! let us seek my mother instantly—she is in her oratory!"

Slowly and reluctantly did the good earl close his book, and then offering his arm to Geraldine, with the stiff courtesy of a Norman noble of that age, they all repaired to the chamber of the Countess. Finding it still untenanted, the Earl tapped gently upon the low arched door of the oratory, whereupon the Countess appeared, observing with a placid smile as she calmly took her seat by Geraldine:

"See now, my fair daughter! the effects of approaching age—were I some thirty years younger, it would be deemed high treason in this chivalric age, to leave me alone and uncared for, during an entire evening. Out upon thee for a false and recreant knight," she continued, addressing her liege lord, who smiled a melancholy smile as he thought of the violent shock awaiting the good old lady, now so cheerful and serenely happy.

Fearful, indeed, was the shock when it did come, and it required all the tenderness of a husband, all the filial fondness of Albert and Geraldine, (for Geraldine loved her with a true filial love,) to enable the doating mother to regard the bright side of the picture—the glory and the honor awaiting her son; but all would have failed in overcoming her vehement opposition, had it not been for religion. Religion was the basis of this war; her son was called upon, in common with all the youth of entire Christendom, to enrol himself amongst the soldiers of the Cross; he was to march beneath a sacred banner, and to fight under the protection of the God of Battles. Yes—yes—she would—she must give him up, even as Abraham would have offered up his well beloved son. She looked upon her child—her only child—her eye wandered for a moment over the fresh young beauty of his early manhood; she thought of all he was, and had been to her, and stretching out her arms, she caught him wildly to her bosom, and gave free vent to her pent-up emotion in a burst of tears—while Albert wept upon her bosom, even as a child. It may well be imagined how fully these emotions were shared by the earl and Geraldine—the latter threw herself on a chair by the mother and son, and covering her face with her hands, wept long and bitterly—(it was, one may say, the first grief of which she had been sensible.)—while the earl stood gazing on the touching sor-

row of those he loved so much, with the big tears rolling unheeded down his dark and sunken cheek. * * * * *

Pass we now to the evening of the next day, being that which preceded the departure of Albert. The day (as such days generally do—even now,) had worn away heavily, and yet how brief it seemed to the loving hearts who so dreaded its successor. Exhausted by the weight of her own sorrow, the countess had dropped asleep in her arm-chair, with the hand of her son firmly locked within her own; the earl, probably through delicate consideration, had withdrawn to the sanctuary of a small cabinet, which opened on the saloon where they had been sitting, and Geraldine sat apart on a low couch, in one of the deep window embrasures, with her eyes fixed in tearful sadness on the darkening scene without. Hearing at length, her name, softly pronounced by a voice which ever thrilled to her heart, she started up, and finding that no waking eye remained near, she drew close to Albert's side.

"Geraldine!" said Albert softly, as he gently disengaged his hand from that of his mother; "Geraldine! the moments which remain to us are few, and will speedily pass away; let us then spend them together. Tell me, dearest! how dost thou propose to while away the many days of my absence?—Tell me, for methinks it will solace me somewhat in separation, in the far strange land, if I can only picture thee to myself as thou wilt most probably be at the moment!"

"Albert! thou hast struck upon the very subject which employed my thoughts, when I was aroused from meditation by thy voice. Now tell me first, thou who knowest all my heart, what plan or system would'st thou devise for me?"

Albert paused a moment—he smiled, but his smile was sad.

"Thou hast said, Geraldine, that I know thy heart—'twere strange if I did not; well then, do I know how entirely it is devoted to my unworthy self, and knowing this, I opine that what is named amusement will be of no avail in filling up to thee the drear vacuum. Thy plan, then, will in some way be connected with me; it must have for its object the preserving my image fresh in thy mind; say, loveliest! am I right?"

"Ha! then, thou dost, indeed, understand the deep heart of Geraldine!" and a gleam of former joy for a moment rested on her beautiful features; then passed away at once.

"Yes, Albert! I have been thinking that I will build for myself a tower, on the margin of the sea, whence I may, daily, and hourly look out over the waters, for the first glimpse of thy returning bark. There may I count, undisturbed, the

wearied moments, and alone with my ever-present love, forget the world without. Say, is not my plan a good one?"

"It is, at least, truly worthy of thy pure, and unworldly nature, my Geraldine!" returned Albert, sadly; "but I say not withal that it meets my approval."

"And why, Albert? why meets it not thy approbation?" Geraldine inquired earnestly.

"Because in the first place, and above all, such a course of continued watching, must inevitably undermine the health of body and of mind. In the next place, would'st thou not by withdrawing thy sweet presence from the castle, where it has so long been as the blessed sunshine—would'st thou not, dear one, deprive my—I will say *our*--aged parents—they who fostered and cherished our youth—of all the happiness that yet remains to them?—Think of that, Geraldine!"

This difficulty, however, was got over, and Geraldine succeeded in convincing Albert that nothing could be more "fit and proper" than her determination. Just as this point was amicably settled—Geraldine having promised to devote a portion of each day to the old people—the countess awoke from her slumber, and the earl soon after making his appearance, there was no longer an opportunity for separate converse.

That melancholy evening at length drew to its close—the night (a sleepless one to our four sorrowing hearts.) passed also away, and the day-dawn found Albert and Geraldine standing side by side on the ramparts of the castle, looking out upon the gray and mist-enveloped valley, which extended for some distance before them.

"After all, Geraldine—after all, our separation may be but for a few months, and then, consider the rich harvest of glory which that short period of glory may bestow—what proud triumph will be thine, my Geraldine! when thou shalt hear of thy colours, thy delicate rose and silver, having waved high over some bloody field and, received the homage of many a doughty knight. And then my return, oh! Geraldine—my beautiful—my own!—let us forget the passing sorrow of the present, looking forward to the exceeding joy of that rapturous meeting.—Nay, fairest one! why look so downcast—what means that doubtful and desponding look?" and he pressed with redoubled fondness the hand which rested in his own.

"Albert," said Geraldine, suddenly starting from a brief silence, "Albert I am about to ask a favour. I ask not if thou wilt grant it. I feel assured thou wilt—I wist thee to have it arranged so before-hand, that if thou art still amongst the living there may be a gay flag un-

furled at the mast-head, when thy vessel nears the Irish coast—but, if—if—" she paused—her voice trembled—if, on the other hand thou art dead, then let thy mariners hoist the emblem of mourning!" Albert smiled at what he deemed her childish fancy, but he promised, and that was enough. "And now," said Geraldine as she drew over her head a large hood, and gathered around her fairy form, the heavy folds of a walking-dress; "now let us walk to the coast, as I wish to point out to thee the spot which I have thought of for my watch-tower."

The spot to which Geraldine conducted her lover was then somewhat removed from the beach, but now the place is as, I have already remarked, close by the sounding sea,—that encroaching element having in the course of passing ages snatched a portion from the land, so that the walls of Maiden Tower are now, when the tide is in, literally washed by the ocean-wave; and the probability is that as the little building has no rock for its base, Neptune may one day, and that no distant one, sweep it away altogether in some one of his fits of fury.

While the lovers stood gazing out upon the gray waters, lying in all tranquillity before them, a vessel was suddenly visible upon the distant horizon, and Albert, rightly judging that it must be that in which he was to sail, hastily returned with Geraldine to the Castle, in order to prepare for his approaching departure.

Pass we over in silence the parting which followed—the grief of the almost broken-hearted mother, breaking out into wild and passionate lamentation—the deep yet wordless sorrow of the noble father, and the burning anguish which throbbled in the veins—in the heart of Geraldine. The hope of his return crowned with victory was but little alleviation to grief like theirs, and when he at length tore himself from their oft-repeated embrace, they, thus left behind, mourned as though without one tincture of hope.

(To be continued.)

SONNET TO SLEEP.

Hail, balmy Sleep! thou Nurse of Nature's woes!
O'er my weak eye-balls cast thy darksome veil;
Shroud me awhile from Misery's rough gale,
And, with oblivious draught, my senses close.
For on my couch Sorrow finds not repose,
And peace no longer greets me with a smile;
Nor she (whose charms forbid me to revile)
To all my griefs one pitying sigh bestows.
Oh, then, thrice valu'd Sleep! thy pow'r extend;
To ease the throbbings of my woe-worn breast,
Thy sweetly-soothing balm, in pity lend,
And let me taste one blissful hour of rest;
Or soon will Death's relentless hand remove
The direful pangs which wait on flighted love!

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, when pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

JANE EYRE--AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY T. D. F.

"It may be well written, but it is all we can grant. To our minds it is exceedingly low in its tone, disgusting in its narrative, highly indelicate in its details, and altogether deficient in its morality. We are annoyed at the unqualified praise this book elicits. Whence comes it? What do we with our love, our reverence for what is holy, true and elevating, and pure, and sinless, when we admire such a book as this."—*Register*.

"Beware," says Emerson, 'when the great God lets loose a *thinker* on this planet.' Such an advent seems to have taken place in the appearance of the unassuming, but remarkable book, the title of which has above been given. Like a meteoric stone it has fallen in our midst, and all are striving to analyze it and reduce it to some well known and existing class. Violent partisans are of course found both for and against it, but neither can the condemnation of the foolish, nor the applause of the judicious, save it; by its inherent humanity, it must either stand or fall. Tried by this standard, we believe Jane Eyre will stand, and this not for its keen satire, nor for its fine outlines of character, its pleasant dialogue, its exciting interest alone, but for its profound wisdom, its noble ideal of woman, and its genial humanity."—*Boston Transcript*.

THESE are extracts from the leading papers, which show the conflict of opinion caused by the appearance of this most unpretending book. Who, on reading its simple title, would imagine that it could contain within itself the seeds of such a mighty difference? Yet it has become almost an apple of discord; eyes sparkle, cheeks crimson, voices are raised, as one friend after another brings up the subject. Hardly has the deeply exciting, and yet painful news of the French Revolution, been able to withdraw the interest which has clustered around it, rendered stronger by the different emotions and feelings it calls up. Still, "Have you read Jane Eyre?" is the constantly recurring question. Now we hear of grave and reverend ministers, recommending it to their friends and people, not for its interest, but for its high moral; then comes the rumour of a respected teacher advising, in all kindness, his pupils to leave the polluting pages unopened, and not to tarnish their young minds with its immoral influence. Again a man of pure, almost severe taste, himself one of the best writers of the age, lets hour pass by after hour, while engrossed in its perusal; the midnight clock strikes unheeded, and not till the book is concluded, and the heavy sigh of relief comes, that all is over, that one heart is made happy and another led, from God and man defying pride and selfishness, to reverent humility, does he turn to the watch whose tell-tale hands point to the hour of four. Another, with perhaps equally pure taste, but of a different

order of mind, lays the book aside, with almost a feeling of disgust, thinks it impossible to finish it, is piqued to take it up again, reads on and can see nothing good or true in it, and when he has finished it, is only anxious that it be placed where sister or child cannot see its contaminating pages.

For our own part we are not surprised at this variety of opinion; we can easily understand how minds differently educated, can receive such different impressions from it, without condemning the taste of either, and though not falling short of any one in admiration of the book, we can see why it leaves with many so unfavorable an idea. The life it describes is as yet an artificial one to the dwellers this side the broad Atlantic. Sin there is—and enough of it, but it has hardly yet received the sanction of public opinion, and most men shrink from having their vices blazoned forth to the world. It is therefore hard for those who have not been familiarized to such a delineation of life and society as that given by Rochester, to realize its truth; they turn from it with disgust, and think the simple recital of it almost as contaminating as the actual presence. In their shrinking from the outward, they do not look into the inner life, which is also portrayed; they do not see the force of circumstances, the false position, which plunges a man of high aspirations, one thirsting for the true and good, into the black abyss of reckless dissipation; they do not listen to the cries of his spirit for relief, for a sustaining word, which can lift him from the blackness and

despair which the abuse of his noble nature has made to close over him. In the groanings of his soul, and the gnawing of the never dying worm within him, they do not read the antidote for the poison which his life would otherwise shed around him.

They therefore condemn the work as immoral because its hero is immoral; they do not consider that the author does not profess to place before them a faultless character. It is not said "I am drawing a person for you to copy"—far from it. It is a sketch of the many, a type of the large class in England and throughout the world, only less common as yet here, because man is more master of himself, less the creature of relentless circumstance, not so bound by position, and forced by artificial restraints and conventionalisms; and may it long continue so! A man who is known to be false to his own sense of right, who does openly defy public opinion, and public prejudice, which, in spite of the sins of the many, lean to virtue's side, loses caste, and is looked coldly upon. As yet there is every thing here, to sustain the good and pure, whereas in the elder world, every thing lures on to sensuality, and even high and most noble natures are plunged, almost without knowing it, into a life of excess; but the unsatisfying nature of that life upon those who have within them the elements of the good and true, is admirably portrayed in Rochester; he pants for freedom, to break the cerements of sin and selfishness, which pinion him down; he yearns for goodness, but he has not the strength of will, to work out his own redemption from them—he seeks aid, but not in the right way.

But a glance at the outline of the story will, perhaps, render more clear the reason why Jane Eyre fails to speak to all hearts, with the voice of love and humanity, which her author most surely intended she should do; for however he or she (for its authorship is still a mooted question) may have failed in the design, there can be no doubt, that the *aim* was a lofty one, and that it was intended to breathe new strength into weak resolutions; to brace on the armour of self-conflict, and to teach what a noble soul can bear; what strength of temptation a young feeble girl, armed with the spirit from above, can endure, and triumph!

The opening of the book reminds one of Dickens; the friendless child, cast upon the charity of worse than strangers—cold, unloving relatives; the persecution she endures, the silent desolation, the stagnant lake of her young heart, which has no joyous images to reflect, but is dark and dull from the leaden sky above her; the fearful trial of the nerves, to which her coarse

Aunt subjects her; the gradual change in her character, from the loving, gentle and docile, to the careless, defying child; and the final revolt of her whole nature, till from the inspiration of suffering she spoke out the truth to the wonder-stricken Aunt and Mrs. Reed, is admirably done, and can well bear comparison with any scene in *Oliver Twist*, or poor Little Nell. The few earlier scenes in the Brocklehurst school, or *Do-the-girls* hall, are rather too close an imitation, though the lovely episode of Helen Burns throws a touching, spiritual charm, over even these accents of suffering, and neglect. But now, the child's character is placed under influences which will gradually develop it; one pure and true mind gains ascendancy over her, and by degrees, Miss Temple's example and kindness repress the selfish, and draw out the dormant beauty.

And the mere presence of this one lovely being, renders her contented with her monotonous and uninteresting position. But when she loses her, Jane feels she can no longer remain in the confined sphere, which had so long been her position. With the decision which already characterises her, with no guide but her own heart, and its right inspirations, she takes measures for obtaining some other situation, and when one offers, she accepts it; boldly, yet timidly, proposing to enter upon the new course; but we have no fears for her,—we see she *trusts herself*, not with a vain self-confidence, but with true and high self-respect; she is humble, but strong, and with a truthfulness of character which gives a firm foundation against all the temptations which a new sphere will present to her. She expresses her own feeling, at thus changing her whole mode of life, in a few words.

"It is a very strange sensation to inexperienced youth, to feel itself quite alone in the world; cut adrift from every connection, uncertain whether the port to which it is bound, can be reached in safety, and prevented by many impediments from returning to that it has quitted. The charm of adventure sweetens that sensation; the glow of pride warms it; but then, the throb of fear disturbs it; and fear with me became predominant, when half an hour elapsed, and still I was alone."

She is placed at her ease by the pleasant manner in which she is received at Thornfield, by the kind, placid old housewife, and she begins to take the comforts of home, and to find delight in the charge of her interesting little pupil, Adèle; there is a tinge of mystery in the house, which just serves to keep up a pleasant excitement. "When thus alone, I often heard Grace Poole's laugh: the same,—the same peal,—the same low, slow, ha! ha! which, when first heard, had thrilled me; I heard, too, her eccentric mur-

murs, stronger than her laugh; there were days when she was quite silent, but there were others, when I could not account for the sounds she made."

This Grace Poole, or rather the person she represents, is ever coming up an object of fearful interest. It is thought by some, that this part borders upon the Udolphian mysteries, but when explained, it is satisfactory, and such a tissue of circumstances can be allowed to come within the range of possibility. Soon after her establishment at Thornfield, Mr. Rochester comes there; he is not represented as a dandy, or a gentleman of the first water; he is no Pelham, or Vivian Grey; but a strong minded, and almost uncorrupt man; he has no physical beauty; there is something in his perfect truthfulness and sincerity, aye bluntness, that wins respect, and from the glimpses he gives into his inner life, one soon learns to pity him, and a feeling of deep interest grows up.

"Yes, yes, you are right," said he; "I have plenty of faults of my own; I know it, and I don't wish to palliate them, I assure you. God wot, I need not be too severe about others; I have a past existence; a series of deeds, a color of life to contemplate within my own breast, which might well call my sneers, and censures from my neighbours to myself. I started, or rather (for like other defaulters, I like to lay half the blame on ill-fortune and adverse circumstances,) was thrust on to a wrong tack, at the age of one and twenty, and have never recovered the right course since; but I might have been very different; I might have been as good as you—wiser—almost as stainless. I envy you, your peace of mind, your clean conscience, your *unpolluted memory*. Little girl, a memory without blot or contamination, must be an exquisite treasure—an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment. Is it not?"

"How was your memory, when you were eighteen?"

"All right then, limpid, salubrious; no gush of bilge water had turned it to fetid puddle. I was your equal at eighteen, quite your equal. Nature meant me to be on the whole, a good man, Miss Eyre; one of the better end, and you see I am not so!" * * * * *

"You would say, I should have been superior to circumstances, and so I should, but you see I was not. When fate wronged me, I had not the wisdom to remain cool. I turned desperate; then I degenerated. Now, when any vicious simpleton excites my disgust by his paltry ribaldry, I cannot flatter myself that I am better than he; I am forced to confess that he and I are on a level; I wish I had stood firm. God knows I do! Dread remorse, when you are tempted to err, Miss Eyre. *Remorse is the poison of life.*"

"Repentance is said to be its cure, Sir?"

"It is not its cure. Reformation may be its cure, and I could reform; I have strength yet for that, if—but what is the use of thinking of it?—hampered—burdened—cursed as I am! Besides, since happiness is irrevocably denied me, I have a right to get *pleasure* out of life, and I *will* get it, cost what it may!"

"Then you will degenerate still more, Sir?"

Such was Rochester, a noble nature soiled, degraded by the hard usage of the world, but noble still, with every element of goodness, only needing to be carefully drawn out—the angel and the demon ever struggling for mastery—now one playing on the chords of his heart with softening melody—then the other sweeping its strings with wild and fearful violence. What wonder that Jane Eyre, when she found that she could ever keep this harp in tune, that her touch drew from it pure and heavenly music, which was gradually exorcising the unholy spirit of unrest, should yield her warmest, truest affection,—that she should feel a delightful charge had been committed to her—that of leading a wandering soul from the mazes of dark and sinful error, to the quiet and peaceful places of a pure and repentant life. And she did love with all the warmth of a true heart—and happiness seemed about to dawn upon them both. The bridal day came—they stood at the altar, the priest in his robes—trusting, confiding Jane in her bridal veil—and Rochester, with his aching, doubting, fierce heart. Could any thing then occur to separate them? Aye, before that altar, and with her bridal vesture around her, Jane must learn that her lover is deceiving her, that he is already the husband of another!

"And now where was the Jane Eyre of yesterday? where was her life? where were her prospects? Jane Eyre, who had been an ardent, expectant woman—almost a bride—was a cold solitary girl again; her life was pale, her prospects were desolate; a christmas frost had come at mid-summer; a white December storm had whirled over June flowers; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses..... Oh! never more could it turn to him, for faith was blighted, confidence destroyed! Mr. Rochester was not to me what he had been, for he was not what I had thought him. I would not ascribe vice to him, I would not say he had betrayed me, but the attribute of *stainless truth* was gone from his idea, and from his presence I must go—that I perceived well. When—how—whither, I could not yet discern."

And she does go; true to her sense of right, turning a deaf ear to the solicitations of her lover, resisting temptations, which, presented with the plausible manner of Rochester, might have moved many a sterner heart, and made it halt at least between what seemed two duties; but not firm, unyielding, Jane goes forth with her blasted heart, alone, unprotected, to buffet with the world, to seek for herself a new home, and new duties. And, the first struggle past, what does she do? Yield supinely to the wretchedness of her condition, give up the energy of life, and wail away her existence? No; like a strong minded, high principled woman, she feels that

there is no happiness, no peace, except in action, in fulfilling one's duty to the utmost; with a submissive spirit, she braces herself to the new sphere opened before her.

There is much to interest in the characters now presented to us—the sweet sisters of Moor House are a beautiful picture, but we object strongly to their brother; it is an injury to christianity to have such an embodiment of cold selfish ambition, represented as one of its devoted ministers; one cannot but turn with loathing from this living iceberg, which the warmth, and love of the blessed truth as it is in Jesus, has never penetrated, and Jane can hardly be forgiven for wavering one moment, as to her duty with regard to the offer made to her by this cold hearted religionist. He is not the first, (will he be the last?) who mistakes inordinate ambition for self glory, for devotion to the kingdom of God.

Those who have not read the book would not thank us for going into its minutæ, and we will therefore leave our rapid sketch, without even hinting at its close, which calls forth the virtuous indignation of so many readers—hoping that all who meet with the book will read it impartially and judge for themselves of its moral effect as a whole. But we cannot close without speaking of the exquisite "word painting" of nature; the landscapes open before us as if an unseen hand was guiding the pencil of a Claude Lorraine or Salvator—trees spring up, with their graceful boughs waving in the gentle breeze—clouds flit along, or sail majestically through the sky, and we watch them, we see them,—they seem not words, but the thing itself. One extract will give some idea of this exquisite delineation of nature.

"I was a mile from Thornfield, in a lane noted for wild roses in summer, for nuts and blackberries in autumn, and even now possessing a few coral treasures in hips and haws, but whose best winter delight lay in its utter solitude, and leafless repose. If a breath of air stirred, it made no sound here, for there was not a holly, not an evergreen to rustle, and the striped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white worn stones which causewayed the middle of the path. Far and wide on each side there were only fields where no cattle now browsed, and the little brown birds which stirred occasionally in the hedge looked like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop.....I lingered till the sun went down among the trees, and sank crimson and clear behind them. I turned eastward. On the hill top above me sat the rising moon; pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momentarily, she looked over Hay, which half lost in trees, sent up a blue smoke from its few chimneys; it was yet a mile distant, but in the absolute hush, I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life. My ear too felt the flow of currents, in what dales or depths I could not tell; but there were many hills beyond Hay, and doubtless many

becks threading their passes. That evening calm betrayed alike the tinkle of the nearest streams, the sigh of the most remote."

How beautiful such a description of an autumn twilight! how suited to the scene itself, when nature, in its sere and yellow leaf, suggests none of the rich affluence of beauty and imagination which pervades the spring and summer; and just so appropriate will be found each landscape picture which is presented to the reader.

However many persons may disapprove the *morale* of this novel, it seems as if scarce any one could deny it intense interest its has none, or few dull pages; no unnecessary descriptions, no elaborate philosophising; the style and language are good; Jane's career was full of trials and temptations, but how nobly did she bear the former, and resist the latter. With the deepest, purest, love for Rochester, she struggled to subdue it all, when she learned she had no right to the possession of such feelings,—unlike modern heroines, full of puny romance and affectation. She proves herself in every act, a strong minded, vigorous, judicious woman; and when the dreadful blow assailed her peace, and lacerated her confiding heart, she was still true to her God and herself. Every one must object to Rochester pouring into the ears of Jane so recklessly the recital of the gross errors of his life. Neither should any one wish to gloss over his sins, and above all the one he would have perpetrated against the innocent, trusting Jane. Yet he must be pitied for the deception forced upon him so cruelly by his marriage,—a marriage which the *law* should have annulled; but the sad fact of his most painful position should have been made known to Jane; he should not have held the cup of bright anticipation to her lips, but to be dashed aside by sorrow and disgrace; he should have had moral courage enough to have met his fate alone, and not attempted to involve another in sorrow, *aye* suffering, deeper than his own. But he wins his own forgiveness by the really noble and good within him, and committing him to the charity of the reader, we close with a *jeu d'esprit*, suggested by the book, written under a painting of a rose and its buds:

"Fold up thy petals, thou beautiful rose,
Shrink back to bud life, in timid repose;
Thy charms are all rivalled! Thy glory is gone,
Thy perfumes are wasted, thou'rt lost, thou'rt forlorn;
A new rose has opened, and oh! with what light,
Her beauties unfold, on our ravished sight,
'Tis the 'Rochester Rose,' and sure what can compare
With this sweet bud of beauty,—this lovely Jane Eyre.
Though 'tis nursed but in sorrow, in darkness and gloom,
Still in beauty its leaflets unfold them to bloom,
All pure in its bosom, sweet fragrances lay,
Till the zephyrs but steal them, and waft them away,
Bright impress of beauty, of truth and of love!
Thy truth is the truth of the angels above.
Thou'rt the Rochester Rose, oh! 'mid visions most fair,
What can vie with thee, pure one! Thou lovely Jane Eyre!

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

TRADE—NAVIGATION—DISCOVERY.

BY P. M'K.

To premise the subject of the Discoveries of Columbus by a word upon Navigation.

In those wild and fertile regions wherein man had been originally placed by his Creator, he continued long: the occasion of the dispersion of the human family from thence is well known by all; but with their migrations we are unacquainted, history being silent upon the operations of the human race during the infancy of society. That they were all by land, however, may be safely inferred from the conviction which so long prevailed, of the ocean being formed as a check to the progress of man, and as a bound to his habitation.

But navigation and shipbuilding were complicated arts, requiring the ingenuity and experience of ages to bring them to any perfection.

The savage on his rude raft, or in his frail canoe, essaying the stream that obstructed him in the chase, was the first to commit himself to the waters; and now mid the storms of the ocean and the icebergs of the pole, the adventurous mariner steers his hardy bark.

The rude and imperfect state in which navigation is still found among the uncivilized nations is strong evidence of its imperfect state among the unpolished, unenlightened nations of antiquity. Men are far advanced in improvement before commerce becomes an object of great importance to them; the very idea of property, of contracts, of exchange, presupposes considerable progress towards civilization. It is this idea which suggests to man those inalienable rights which naturally belong to him, the cultivation of which leads to the expansion of his mind.

Commerce commences in domestic circles; extends from individuals to communities; from communities to nations. Mutual interest and mutual necessity, the same which induce individuals to trade and traffic with one another, induce nations also; the principle is the same, it is only the area of trade that is enlarged.

And it is only between nations of dissimilar productions that commerce can thrive, or even exist at all: and as these are not always adjacent, the necessity for a more rapid medium of intercourse than overland transit naturally led to navigation.

And as international intercourse naturally in-

creased with the knowledge of the mutual advantages to be derived therefrom, the ambition of conquest and the necessity of procuring new settlements, ceased to be the sole motives for visiting distant climes.

The desire of gain became an incentive stronger than any motives of ambition or glory, inso-much that adventurers stood forth equal to any enterprise; long voyages were undertaken, and distant countries were visited, whose products or wants might increase that circulation which nourishes and gives vigour to commerce. Trade proved a source of discovery; it opened unknown seas, penetrated into new regions, and contributed, more than any other cause, to make men acquainted with the situation, the nature and commodities of the different parts of the globe.

But even after a regular commerce was established in the world, after nations were considerably civilized, and the sciences and arts were cultivated with success, navigation continued to be so imperfect that it can hardly be said to have advanced beyond the infancy of its improvement in the ancient world.

Among the nations of antiquity the structure of vessels was extremely rude, and their mode of working them very defective. With some of the great principles and operations in navigation, and which are now considered as the first elements on which that science is founded, they were unacquainted.

The attractive property of the magnet was not unknown to the ancients, but its more important and amazing virtue of pointing to the Poles, escaped their observation. It remained for the genius of Flavio Givis, a citizen of Malfi, in Naples, to open to man the dominion of the sea under this faithful guide. Until his day, until 1302, the course of navigation was regulated by the sun and the stars; and men, fearing to trust themselves to the deep, crept timidly along the coast, exposed to all the dangers, and retarded by all the obstructions unavoidable in holding such an awkward course.

In the mildest climes and least tempestuous seas it was only in the summer months that the ancients ventured from their harbours; nevertheless, the active spirit of commerce exerted itself.

The Egyptians, soon after the establishment of their monarchy, are said to have opened a trade between the Red Sea and the Western Coast of the Great Indian Continent: the commodities imported thence they conveyed down the Nile to the Mediterranean. The profusion, however, of every luxury afforded by the fertile soil and genial climate of Egypt, rendered the Egyptians very indifferent to commerce.

They even went the length of resolving, upon principle, to renounce all intercourse with foreigners—to discountenance travelling, and to hold seafaring persons in detestation; and accordingly, to prevent all contact with them, they fortified their own, harbours against their admittance; and this unsocial policy they maintained until the decline of their power.

The Phœnicians were characterized by a completely opposite policy; there was no profusion of earth's blessings for them; and their religion was neither unsocial nor hostile to improvement. Accordingly the trade of Tyre and Sidon became the most extensive and enterprising of any in the world.

The genius of this people, the policy, and the spirit of their laws, were entirely commercial. They were a people of merchants, who aimed at the empire of the sea, and actually possessed it. Their ships were the first to venture without the Gades or Straits of Gibraltar, or to visit the western coast of Spain and Africa. In many of the places to which they resorted, they planted Colonies, and communicated to the rude inhabitants some knowledge of their arts and improvements.

Having rendered themselves masters of several commodious harbours towards the mouth of the Arabian Gulf or Red Sea, they established, after the example of the Egyptians, a trade and intercourse with Arabia, and the continent of India on the one hand, and with Africa on the other; and from these countries they imported many valuable commodities, unknown to the rest of the world; and during a long period they engrossed that lucrative branch of commerce, without a rival.

The vast wealth acquired by this monopoly, at length incited the Jews, under David and Solomon, to aim at a share in it; and by the conquest of Idumea, and their alliance with Hiram, King of Tyre, they succeeded, so that Solomon's fleets were wont to trade between the Red Sea, Tarshish and Ophir, ports in India and Africa—to the great wealth and splendour of Israel.

But the peculiar institutions, and unsocial genius of the Jews, together with the disasters which befel their country, have been the causes

why that people did not improve navigation, or extend discovery.

The instructions and example of the Phœnicians thus lost to the Jews, were not equally unproductive of great results among their own descendants, the Carthaginians. Carthage imbibed the commercial spirit with facility, and was not long in surpassing Tyre in opulence and power, though she seems not to have aimed at obtaining any share in the commerce with India; having contented herself with extending navigation towards the west and north. Following the course which the Phœnicians had opened, her ships passed the straits of Gades, visited Spain, Gaul and Britain, and most probably Ireland. She made considerable progress by land into the interior provinces of Africa, traded with some, subjected others to her Empire, planted colonies along the western coast of Africa, and discovered the Fortunate Islands or Canaries, the utmost boundary of navigation in the western ocean. And with the progress of navigation and trade the ideas of the Tyrians and Carthaginians became enlarged and enlightened; Hanno approached the equinoctial line, while Hamilco explored the western coasts of the European Continent, for the sole purpose of discovering new countries, and exploring unknown seas. And while the Carthaginians were thus extending their discoveries towards the south and north, a Phœnician fleet fitted out by Necho, king of Egypt, (A. C. 604.) took its departure from a port in the Red sea, doubled the southern promontory of Africa, and after a voyage of three years returned by the Straits of Gades, to the mouth of the Nile. Eudoxus of Cyzicus is also allowed to have held the same course; but as the Phœnicians and Carthaginians have with a mercantile jealousy concealed their discoveries from the rest of the world, all their original and authentic accounts have perished with themselves. After the destruction of Tyre by Alexander, and of Carthage by the Romans, navigation so declined that the expedition of the Argonauts from the coast of Thessaly to the Euxine, appeared an effort worthy of raising the conductors into greatness equal with the gods, and the vessel itself into a constellation.

In the time of the Grecian enterprise against Troy, the knowledge of naval affairs seems to have been in a very rude state. In the heroic age the Greeks were unacquainted with the use of iron; their vessels were small and mostly without decks, with one mast, and without any anchor. They turned their observations towards the stars, and their mode of observing them was inaccurate and fallacious. When they finished a voyage they drew their paltry barks ashore, as savages do

their canoes, where they remained until the season of returning to sea approached.

But Greece advanced as rapidly in navigation as she did in civilization and refinement: her glory was established at Salamis, as upon the plains of Marathon, and having applied herself to commerce with ardour and success, she soon acquired the reputation of a maritime power of the first rank. Alexander's expedition into the East considerably enlarged the sphere of navigation, and of geographical knowledge among the Greeks. This hero, with a genius equal to the government of the world, framed such bold and original schemes of policy as gave a new turn to human affairs.

The powerful opposition and resources of the people of Tyre led him to study their origin; and, having destroyed that city, and reduced Egypt to subjection, he founded Alexandria, near one of the mouths of the Nile, with a view to centralize the trade of the east and west, and which was effected. This trade it continued to enjoy from the Ptolemys until the fifteenth century, when the Cape of Good Hope was discovered by Bartholomew Diaz, under the flag of John II. of Spain.

Alexander having aspired to the sovereignty of the Indies, when he had advanced as far as those rivers that fall into the Indus, or the present western boundary of the vast continent of India, and beyond which he reached not, he then perceived what immense wealth might be derived from intercourse with a country, where the arts of elegance, having been more early cultivated, were arrived at greater perfection than in any other part of the earth. He accordingly resolved to examine the course of navigation from the mouth of the Indus to the Persian Gulph, in order, if possible, to establish a regular communication between them. To this end he commissioned Nearchus, one of his ablest officers; and at the same time he caused the Cataracts, with which the Persians, from their jealousy and aversion to correspondence with foreigners, had obstructed the entrance into the Euphrates, to be removed, that the interior of his Asiatic dominions might be supplied by the Euphrates and the Tigris, while the west should be by the Arabian Gulph and the Nile.

Nearchus' surprise at perceiving the ebb and flow of the tide for the first time, affords a striking proof of the small progress of naval knowledge among the Greeks. This phenomenon of the ocean which is never perceptible in the Mediterranean, he regarded as a prodigy significant of the displeasure of the gods against his enterprise. He succeeded, however, in his arduous and important undertaking, but the course which he opened

remained unprofitable during the convulsions and revolutions consequent upon the death of Alexander; and until the Grecian monarchs of Egypt availed themselves of his information to enrich their kingdom.

The Romans who succeeded to the Greeks, were essentially a military people, and though their galleys swept those of Carthage and of Egypt off the sea, yet they had no respect for navigation. But commerce flourished, nevertheless, under Roman protection, being no more obstructed by the jealousy of rival States, nor interrupted by frequent hostilities, nor limited by restrictions. For, as soon as Rome imbibed a taste for foreign luxuries, the Indian Continent was frequented; and then it was that navigators became acquainted with the course of the periodical winds, which in the ocean that separates Africa from India blow during half the year from the east, and during the other with equal steadiness from the west; this knowledge enabled them to abandon the ancient slow and dangerous course along the coast; and so soon as the western monsoon set in, to take their departure from Ocelis, at the mouth of the Arabian Gulf, and stretch boldly across the ocean for Musiris, on the western shore of the Indian Continent. The uniform course of the wind supplied the place of the compass, and rendered the guidance of the stars less necessary.

Still, however, navigation had not reached in that quarter of the globe, at this time, further than the Malabar coast; and the little that was known by the ancients of the immense countries which stretch beyond this towards the east, they received from a few adventurers who had visited them by land. Nor is it probable that, during the Roman intercourse with India, any traveller had ever penetrated further than the banks of the Ganges. The spices and other rich commodities of the Continent and Islands of the further India, were conveyed to Musiris in canoes hollowed out of one tree; and the Egyptian and Roman merchants, satisfied with acquiring those commodities in this manner, thought it not necessary to explore unknown seas in quest of the countries which produced them.

But the progress of the Roman armies contributed greatly to extend discovery by land, and even to open the navigation of unknown seas; for as long as the Roman Empire retained such vigour as to preserve its authority over the conquered nations, and to keep them united, it was an object of public police as well as of private curiosity, to examine and describe the countries which composed this great empire. Even when the other sciences began to decline, Geography, enriched with new observations, and receiving

some accession from the experience of every age, and the reports of every traveller, continued to improve.

It attained to the highest point of perfection and accuracy to which it ever arrived in the ancient world, by the industry and genius of Ptolemy the Philosopher. He flourished in the second century of the Christian era, and published a description of the terrestrial globe, more ample and exact than that of any of his predecessors.

But the Roman Empire being at length overturned, and seized upon by barbarous nations, her arts, sciences, inventions and discoveries perished in a great measure, and disappeared; and in the general wreck, civilization itself was smothered. The customs and laws of the barbarian conquerors rendered it dangerous to visit any foreign country. The cities were few and inconsiderable, and destitute of those immunities which produce security or excite enterprise. The knowledge of remote regions was lost; their situation, their commodities, and almost their names, were unknown. In Constantinople alone was the knowledge of the arts and discoveries preserved; this city still traded with the islands of the Archipelago, and with the adjacent coasts of Asia, and imported the commodities of the East Indies from Alexandria. And when the Arabians had torn Egypt from the Roman Empire and thus put a stop to trade in that quarter, the merchants of Constantinople discovered a new channel by which the productions of India might be conveyed to their city. It was by the Indus, as far as that great river is navigable, thence by land to the river Oxus, and thence down its stream to the Caspian Sea by the Volga, and overland to Tanais, and finally to the Euxine Sea, where vessels from Constantinople were lying to receive merchandise brought by this route.

The Arabians who held Egypt in the meantime did not long remain indifferent to the sciences; they translated Ptolemy's work on geography, and made the science an early object of attention, so that to ascertain the figure and dimensions of the globe, having applied themselves to the principles of geometry and made astronomical observations, they employed experiments and operations, which Europe in more enlightened times has been found to adopt and imitate. But liberty and independence being once more restored to the cities of Italy, foreign commerce revived, and navigation was attended to and improved; and Constantinople became the chief mart to which the Italians resorted, having there obtained such mercantile privileges as enabled them to carry on trade with great advantage. They traded also with Aleppo, Tripoli, and other towns of Syria,

to which the productions of India were brought by the Persian Gulf, the Euphrates and Tigris, across the desert to Palmyra, and thence to the towns on the Mediterranean. This, however, being always a tedious and often a precarious mode of conveyance, the Soldans of Egypt having once more renewed the commerce with India in its ancient channel by the Arabian Gulf, the Italian merchants, notwithstanding the violent antipathy to each other with which Christians and the followers of Mahomet were then possessed, repaired to Alexandria, and enduring from the love of gain, the insolence and exactions of the Mahometans, established a lucrative trade with that port.

Then it was that Venice, Genoa and Pisa rose from inconsiderable towns to be populous and wealthy cities; their vessels not only frequented the ports on the Mediterranean, but passing through the Straits, visited the maritime towns, of Spain, France, the Low Countries, and England; and by distributing their commodities over Europe, began to communicate to its various nations some taste for the valuable productions of the East, as well as some idea of manufactures and arts, which were then unknown beyond the precincts of Italy.

And while the cities of Italy were thus advancing in their career of improvement, the martial spirits of the Europeans, heightened and inflamed by religious zeal, having prompted them to deliver the Holy Land from the dominions of the Infidel, vast armies, composed of all the nations of Europe, marched towards Asia upon this splendid enterprise, and gave a new spirit to commerce and discovery, and infused it, together with a relish for the arts and sciences, throughout Europe.

The rude enthusiasm which at this time excited the minds of men, prompted many an individual to enter upon long and dangerous peregrinations, which resulted in opening the most dazzling prospects to commerce. Benjamin, a Jew of Tudela, in the kingdom of Navarre, set out from Spain, in 1160, for the East, with the superstitious hope of finding his religion and his race all glorious and powerful in those blessed regions of the sun; and travelling by Constantinople, along the north of the Euxine and Caspian Seas, as far as Chinese Tartary, he turned to the south, traversed Farther India, embarked on the Indian Ocean, visited several of its islands, and returned at the end of thirteen years by way of Egypt, with much information concerning a large district of the globe, unknown at that time to the western world. Innocent IV, having felt alarm at the rapid progress of the Tartar arms under Zengis

Khan, sent Fathers Carpini and Ascolino at the head of a mission of Franciscans and Dominicans to exhort Kajuk Khan, grandson of Zengis, who was then at the head of the Tartar Empire, to embrace Christianity; but though they naturally failed in their mission with this haughtily descendant of the greatest conqueror Asia ever beheld, they were thus afforded an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Asia. Carpini proceeded by Poland and Russia as far as the extremities of Thibet, and Ascolino having landed somewhere in Syria, advanced through its southern provinces into the interior of Persia.

St. Louis of France contributed further towards extending the knowledge of those distant regions. Some designing person having informed him that a powerful Cham of the Tartars had embraced the Christian faith, the over-credulous monarch instantly resolved to send ambassadors to this illustrious convert, with a view of inducing him to attack their common enemy, the Saracens, in one quarter, while he fell upon them in another. Fathers Andrew, a Jacobine, and Rubruquis, a Franciscan, were appointed—there was no more heard of the former, but the journal of the latter has been published. He was admitted into the presence of Mangu, the third in succession from Zengis, and made a circuit through the interior parts of Asia. Others, from commercial motives, or mere curiosity, succeeded these religionists—the first and most eminent, was Marco Polo, a noble Venitian. The aspiring mind of this young trader longed for an adequate sphere of action; his father having already carried some European commodities to the court of the great Cham of the Tartars, and disposed of them to advantage, he resorted thither; and under the protection of Kublay Khan, the most powerful of all the successors of Zengis, he continued his mercantile peregrinations in Asia, upwards of twenty years, during which time he advanced towards the east, far beyond the utmost boundaries to which any European traveller had ever proceeded. He passed through the chief trading cities of Asia, penetrated to Cambalu, or Peking, the capital of the great kingdom of Cathay, or China, subject at that time to the successors of Zengis; he made several voyages on the Indian Ocean, and traded with those islands from which Europe had long received spices and other commodities; he obtained information of several countries which he did not visit, particularly the island Zipangri, probably the same now known as Japan; and at length returned with such pompous accounts of their fertility, populousness, opulence, trade and manufactures, as rose far above the conception of that uninformed age.

About half a century after Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, an Englishman, encouraged by his example, visited most of the countries in the East which he described, and like him, published an account of them, and mankind at length became excited by their observations and accounts; with respect to the remote parts of the earth, their ideas were enlarged, and they were not only insensibly disposed to attempt new discoveries, but received such information as directed to that particular course in which these were carried.

While this spirit was gradually forming in Europe, that wonderful property of the magnet by which it communicates such virtue to a needle or slender rod of iron as to the point towards the Poles of the earth, was observed by Flavio Givias; its use in directing navigation was immediately perceived, and the mariner's compass was formed accordingly. Its influence, however, was not so sudden or extensive as immediately to render navigation adventurous, and to excite a spirit of discovery, partly from the natural reluctance of men to relinquish their ancient habits, and partly from the commercial jealousy of the Italians, who, it is probable, laboured to conceal the happy discovery of their countryman from other nations.

The first appearance of a bold spirit under this novel guide may be dated from the voyages of the Spaniards to the Canary or Fortunate Islands, whither in the fourteenth century they made piratical excursions in order to plunder the inhabitants or to carry them off as slaves; still, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, navigation had not advanced beyond the state to which it had attained before the downfall of the Roman Empire.

The glory of leading the way in the new career of navigation belongs to Portugal; her attempts at acquiring the knowledge of those parts of the globe with which mankind were then unacquainted, not only improved and extended the art of navigation, but roused such a spirit of enterprise as produced the discovery of the New World.

(To be continued.)

LINES FROM THE PERSIAN OF SADI.

Were all thy fond endeavours vain
To chase away the sufferer's smart,
Still hover near, lest absence pains
His lonely heart.

For friendship's tones have kindlier power
Than odorous fruit, or nectared bowl,
To soothe in sorrow's languid hour,
The sinking soul!

THE QUEEN'S POLKA.

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

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The music begins with a series of chords in the bass staff, with the word "for..." written below the first few measures. The upper staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill and an accent (^) over a note in the fifth measure.

The second system of musical notation also consists of two staves in the same key and time signature. The upper staff features a melodic line with a trill (tr) in the fifth measure. The lower staff provides harmonic accompaniment. The word "Fine. pia." is written below the first measure of the lower staff, indicating the end of the piece and a change in dynamics.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth notes. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The word "D.C." (Da Capo) is written at the end of the lower staff, indicating that the first system should be repeated.

THE QUEEN'S POLKA.

Trio.

for

This system contains the first two staves of the Trio section. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The top staff features a melodic line with two triplet markings. The bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

This system contains the next two staves of the Trio section. It continues the melodic and harmonic material from the first system, with triplet markings in the top staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

8va.....

This system contains the next two staves. The top staff continues the melodic line, marked with an 8va (octave up) instruction. The bottom staff features a rhythmic accompaniment consisting of repeated eighth-note chords.

This system contains the final two staves of the Trio section. The top staff continues the melodic line, and the bottom staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

D.C. Pol.

OUR TABLE.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS;
BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.*

By an arrangement with the Harpers of New York, Mr. M'Coy of this city has been enabled to issue simultaneously with themselves, this anxiously expected work, which was, in consequence, in circulation here only twenty-one days subsequently to its publication in England. The time at our disposal has not sufficed us to read and to review it, but we have seen enough to warrant the assertion that it is worthy the great name of its great author, and that it will take its place in the highest rank of historical romance.

Truly does the author say, that the age itself is full of those elements which should awaken interest, and appeal to the imagination,—and that to “Englishmen in especial, besides the more animated interest in that spirit of adventure, enterprise and improvement, of which the Norman chivalry was the noblest type, there is an interest more touching and deep in those last glimpses of the old Saxon monarchy, which open upon us in the mournful page of our chronicles.”

In pursuing his work, the author has, we think successfully, endeavoured less to “portray mere manners,” than “to show more clearly the motives and policy of the agents in an event the most memorable in Europe; and to convey a definite if general notion of the human beings whose brains schemed and whose hearts beat in that realm of shadows which lies behind the Norman Conquest.”

It is needless to commend a work like this to public favor,—that it is sure to win. There is a world of interest and romance in the period when the Saxon yielded to the Norman rule. And the last of the Saxon Kings, in his noble struggle for independence, does indeed claim “the sympathies of every true son of the land, even if tracing his lineage back to the Norman victor.”

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND—BY THE AUTHOR
OF THE HISTORY OF A FLIRT.

A GOOD novel is a treat now-a-days, when the weather furnishes so perfect an excuse for laziness, that no amusement requiring greater exertion than is necessary to keep the eyes open, can be safely undertaken. The Hen-pecked Husband is a good novel, written with great taste and spirit, and full of pleasant humour, and interesting incident. The hero himself, good easy man, is a very fair specimen of his class, and seems, although his chains galled occasionally, to

have borne them for some time with praiseworthy philosophy and patience. He is a man of deep passions, nevertheless, with a keen sense of honor, and when he believes it to be trifled with, and in danger, he is roused to action—too late, however, to avert all the consequences, and the book closes tragically, with the death, after a long separation, of the wife,—and the utter despair of the husband. The tale will take a high rank among the publications of the season, and is one which we can unhesitatingly recommend to general perusal.

A SELECTION FROM THE PSALMS OF DAVID,—
EDITED BY MAJOR TALBOT.

THE members of the Church of England in this Province have long felt the want of a collection of sacred music, suited to the solemn and sublime language used in the services of their church, and although attempts, not altogether unsuccessful, have been made to supply their requirements in this respect, the compositions of the Royal Poet, which are described by the Rev. Dr. Gray, as “serving alike for the indulgence of joy or the soothing of sorrow, chasing away despondency and affliction, and furnishing gladness with the strains of holy and religious rapture,” are too often heard coupled with music, which not only expresses a different sentiment from the words which are sung to it, but is, in itself, of a character wholly unsuited to the worship of God. The compilation before us places in the hands of the devout Churchman a collection of Psalms arranged for each Sunday in the year, set to music which has been principally selected from the immortal works of the old masters, and which breathes the repentance and petitions of the chastened sinner, or in exultant strains blends expressively with the glowing and exalted descriptions of the power, the wisdom and the glory of God, in accordance with the spirit of those portions of the works of the inspired psalmist, which are here appointed to be sung to it.

The work, we perceive, has been edited by Major Talbot, whose persevering and successful exertions in the choral part of the services in Christ's Church are so well known and appreciated among us, and the arrangement of the music has been done by Mr. W. H. Warren, whose distinguished musical taste is perhaps not exceeded in the Province. With such advantages we are sure the public will gladly give the Book before us, that place in the Church and at the Household Altar, of which the care with which it has been compiled, and the talent with which the words and music have been arranged, render it so truly worthy.

* Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., author of Eugene Aram, Rienzi, The Last Days of Pompeii, &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: John M'Coy, Great St. James street.